

CHANGE OF HEART

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. GYM PARKING LOT - DAY

BRAD, 23, steps out of a sedan. Still wearing his postal worker uniform. Takes a deep breath, face contorted into a grimace. He tosses a deck of playing cards into his gym bag.

INT. GYM FLOOR

JAY, 29, is at the squat rack. Military cut, in good shape.

Brad, in workout clothes, comes over. Jay finishes doing a set of three hundred and fifty and re-racks the bar.

JAY
What's up?

BRAD
I lost big time in a poker game.

JAY
Shit, again? You've got an addiction. How much this time?

BRAD
Ten grand.

JAY
Fuck. What are you going to do?

BRAD
I don't know.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Brad throws back a shot and slams the glass on the table. He and Jay sit across from each other in a darkened corner booth.

Jay throws back a shot for himself and sets the glass down. Brad goes back to nervously shuffling his deck of cards.

JAY
Who's the guy you have to pay?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Crazy Sal.

JAY

Jesus Christ. Have you tried
gamblers' anonymous?

BRAD

Yeah, but I always end up betting
the odds whether I'm going to show
up or not.

Jay rubs his forehead.

BRAD

I tell you though, after tonight
this is it. No more gambling. No
poker. No chips, I'm done.

They clink shot glasses.

JAY

Just one thing. How are you going
to disguise ourselves?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brad and Jay stare down to two black leather bondage masks
in the back seat of Brad's car. Full face coverings with
zippers. One has eye and mouth holes. The other has a long
Pinocchio-like nose.

BRAD

It's something me and Lori have
been trying out. It's all I have.
Which one do you want?

JAY

I guess the one that doesn't have
the holes.

EXT. ACROSS FROM GYM ENTRANCE

Brad is back in his postal uniform. Bondage mask over his
face. Jay is beside him, in street clothes and bondage mask.
He brandishes a pistol.

JAY

I'm not planning on using this.
It's just for intimidation.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Right.

JAY

They're about to close. Last people coming out.

From their POV, The GYM MANAGER, 21, a scrawny kid with a mullet, comes toward the front door.

BRAD

Go, now. Rush him!

They come out of the shadows and rush the door, easily able to force it back in against the manager's weak show of force.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

GYM MANAGER

What -- what is this?

Eyes Jay's gun.

BRAD

Easy guy. This isn't what it looks like. Well, maybe it is. Just take us to the main office.

Holds out his mail delivery bag.

BRAD

Cha-ching, catch my drift?

INT. OFFICE

The Gym Manager faces the wall. Jay holds his gun on him. Brad stuffs cash from a safe into his mailbag.

GYM MANAGER

You guys aren't planning on doing anything else, are you?

BRAD

Keep quiet.

GYM MANAGER

I -- I mean, those masks. I'm straight, you know. One hundred percent pussyman, yo.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

Shut it. No one's trying to jump
your ass.

BRAD

Five grand. Shit, that's not
enough.

GYM MANAGER

I swear that's the only cash I know
of down here.

Brad's phone rings. He holds it up. Name on caller ID says:
"CRAZY SAL."

BRAD

(into phone)

Uh, yeah? Still at the gym. No, no,
I'll have it, just--

(beat)

No, you don't need to--

(beat)

Yeah, I'll wait.

LATER

CRAZY SAL, 50, and his bodyguard, TALL RICH, 40, enter the
office. They look straight out of the mafia. Crazy Sal takes
one look at the masked men and says:

CRAZY SAL

Oye, vey!

Brad and Jay quickly unmask themselves, embarrassed.

CRAZY SAL

That's better. Now, look, there's
something important I gotta say.

BRAD

I've got half the money. I'll get
you the rest--

CRAZY SAL

Ah, please. Please. I've turned
over a new leaf. I'm no longer in
with gambling and debt collecting.
Greed makes you do crazy things,
eh?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
So you're saying--

CRAZY SAL
I'm saying you owe me nothing. Quit
while you're ahead. Find harmony
with the universe and all that
bullshit, capiche?

Walks over and pats Brad's cheek, then turns and leaves with
Tall Rich.

GYM MANAGER
Can I turn around now?

JAY
Shut up!

The sound of a car peeling away.

BRAD
Damn.

JAY
What now?

The sound of oncoming sirens.

JAY
(to Gym Manager)
What did you do?

GYM MANAGER
Silent alarm. Hey, I thought you
guys were serious.

Brad takes out his deck of cards, starts shuffling, and then
dealing.

JAY
Bro, at a time like this?

BRAD
Got a better idea?

FADE OUT.