

HEART LARCENY

Written by

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EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A bustling downtown street is packed with traffic. HOPE, 30, a stunning fashionista in black, adjusts the gun holster hanging on her hip as she walks up.

INT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

JUSTIN, 30, sits on a bench with an old-school Cadillac emblem as a medallion around his neck.

Hope glances at him and sits at the other end.

She takes her backpack off and pulls out a wad of money.

He sits back.

She notices.

HOPE

What?

Hope counts it.

JUSTIN

Damn. What do you do?

She examines him head to toe.

HOPE

I rob people.

Justin smirks and fiddles with his necklace.

JUSTIN

That's funny. It's cool you don't want to tell me. I'm on my way to an interview.

She stuffs the money back in the bag.

HOPE

Interviewing to be a d-boy?

JUSTIN

Actually, yeah. An audition for a boys in the hood type deal. What do you really do?

She pulls her gun and points it at him.

HOPE

This should help, right?

He looks around.

JUSTIN

I get it. This is one of those pranks. Cameras are probably everywhere in this joint.

HOPE

Not today. Just shut up and give me those shoes.

He looks down at his shoes and back at her.

JUSTIN

That gun ain't even real.

Hope takes aim at a window in an abandoned building across the street and fires.

Glass shatters.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I should have listened to my mama. She said come to Charlotte. My dumb ass decided on Chiraq.

HOPE

Shoes now. Throw your wallet on the bench and matter of fact, strip down.

JUSTIN

What! Nah. These goodies ain't for everybody.

She sighs as she puts the gun close to his temple.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Alright.

Hope quickly looks down the street.

Justin kicks off his shoes in her direction and removes his shirt.

Her mouth drops open as she looks at his chiseled chest.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

So, you like what you see?

Hope strengthens her stance and tightens her grip on the pistol. Her breathing quickens as she clutches her chest.

She sits down on the bench and switches the gun to the other hand, still pointing it at him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Baby, it's okay. I'm not something you see everyday. Do I need to call 911?

HOPE

I'm supposed to be robbing you.

She lowers the gun.

JUSTIN

I've been know to be wrong, but I thought that was what you were doing.

Hope appears to have a conversation with herself as she points the gun at herself and then Justin.

HOPE

You got me. You really turned the tables. Slick.

Justin grabs his shirt and puts it back on.

JUSTIN

You know, you can get help. They make medicine for your condition now.

She reluctantly places the gun in her bag.

HOPE

I think I love you.

He sighs and checks his watch.

JUSTIN

I know what it's like to not have things go according to plan. Let me make it up to you. I'll take your bag and run.

Hope smiles and adjusts her clothes.

HOPE

That sounds good. A do over. I'll count to ten before I come after you. One...two...

Justin snatches the bag and takes off running.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Justin stops and does an imaginary lay-up shot. He jogs off.

JUSTIN

She don't know how much basketball
has built my endurance.

INT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Hope stretches and cracks her neck.

HOPE

Nine...ten. He don't know I'm a
runner and a track star.

She takes off.

THE END