

BENJAMIN PHAM

FADE IN:

INT. PASTRAMI SHOP - DAY

ANGELA, a woman in her late 20s, sits anxiously in a secluded corner. She's physically fit, gruff and roughed up, but dressed in an unassuming sweatshirt. The restaurant is a low key deli, the cheaper type of establishment with only one dollar sign on Yelp.

She glances toward the door repeatedly, shaking her leg as she waits impatiently.

ANGELA  
Come on, come on.

In walks JULIE, a woman in her 30s who's just as fit. By the look in her eyes, she seems more experienced -- like she's seen some shit. She's worried as she hurriedly rushes to the seat in front of Angela's.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ, took you long enough.

JULIE  
What the hell happened?

ANGELA  
Jimmy's out! He fucking bailed.

JULIE  
What?

Angela leans in frantically, she's panicked.

ANGELA  
He won't do the job. Says he can't handle the pressure.

JULIE  
Calm down--

ANGELA  
What are we gonna do? We can't get the job done without him!

Julie motions for Angela to compose herself.

JULIE

Okay, okay, our hitman's out.  
Doesn't mean we can't do it.

ANGELA

How? We need someone to hit. We  
need someone to throw it. Someone  
to steal. Jimmy was our vet.

JULIE

Jimmy's nothing more than a  
greaseman, okay? He's always taken  
his sweet time at home, anyway.

ANGELA

Well who's gonna do it now?

Julie looks at Angela and gives her a wry smile. Angela's  
face turns to horror.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No, no, no. No way. I can't. I'm  
not ready.

JULIE

I've seen you steal before.

ANGELA

That's different. That was small-  
time. We're talking about the big  
score, this time.

JULIE

Same shit. You're good. Damn good.  
I've never seen anyone slip through  
as quiet as you.

ANGELA

I can't.

JULIE

You're on this team because we  
trusted that you'd do the job when  
the day came.

Julie leans back in her chair and looks at Angela smugly.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You could've left any time--  
followed Jimmy out the door. But  
you're still here.

(beat)

You're ready.

ANGELA

You sure?

JULIE

Come on, kid. You got this.

Angela smiles. Julie laughs, but briefly turns serious.

JULIE (CONT'D)

But if you get caught, you're dead  
to me.

Angela nods and returns a relieved chuckle.

RHONDA (O.S.)

You ladies ready?

The two look up and nod to see RHONDA, who looks older than both and twice as tough. She's wearing a tracksuit, and carrying a large clipboard.

ANGELA

Yes, Coach.

RHONDA

Well come on then. Hope you got  
your pastrami salami shit 'cause  
this softball league final ain't  
gonna win itself.

FADE OUT.