

A CHANGE OF HEART

Written by

Joel van der Lee

E: [vanderleejoel@gmail.com](mailto:vanderleejoel@gmail.com)  
P: (403) 919-4820

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATION WAITING ROOM - DAY

The "TICK. TICK. TICK." of an expensive gold watch with a fine leather strap.

DANIEL STANIEL (39), a polite and intelligent, but over-stressed and over-worked man, sits on a couch frowning, sweating profusely and twiddling his thumbs.

He TAPS his feet on the floor with a furious TEMPO.

His eyes flick from his wristwatch to the clock on the wall every few seconds. It's 3:04pm.

His phone RINGS, and "Mr. Honcho" lights up the screen.

His eyes flick to his watch one more time before he answers.

DAN

Mr. Honcho, good afternoon!

(listens)

Yes, sir.

(beat)

Well, sir, it's hefty. I think I'll need some time to recov--

(beat)

Yes sir.

(beat)

(frown deepens)

I understand, sir.

The door is thrown open, and Dr. BRODY CHILLMAN (33), a fit and handsome surfer-bro with frosted tips, saunters into the room loudly CHEWING gum. His eyes meet Dan's.

DAN (CONT'D)

I have to go, sir. I'll finish ASAP and be back in a jiffy.

Dan hangs up and stands in a huff.

DAN (CONT'D)

Excuse m-

BRODY

Shit! Forgot my clipboard.

Brody spins around and walks back through the door, leaving a slack-jawed Dan standing there.

TICK. TICK. TICK.

Brody re-enters, now holding a clipboard covered in surfing brand logos and stickers. Once again, he meets Dan's eyes.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Sup?

DAN

Sup? Sup?! I paid for expedited surgery and my surgeon is--

(glances at watch)

--6 minutes late!

BRODY

Whooooa. You gotta chill the fuck out, brah!

Dan clenches his jaw, unblinking.

Brody checks his clipboard.

BRODY (CONT'D)

It's Danny, right?

DAN

Dan.

BRODY

Dope! Let's catcha look at that thumper! Leave the ringer though, broski, can't have that stressful shit in the OR.

Brody turns and walks into the OR.

Dan stands still for a moment. With a few paranoid glances left and right, he slides his phone into his sock before following Brody in.

PRE-LAP: TICKING

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

TICK. TICK. TICK.

The watch on Dan's wrist TICKS away.

Dan stares at the ceiling absently. The MUFFLED SOUND of Brody CHATTING grows clearer as Dan tunes in.

BRODY

--so, I smack the floater, flip the rail, and guess what I say to him?

Dan just now notices he's being spoken to.

DAN

Huh?

Brody bursts out LAUGHING and SLAPS his knee.

BRODY

That's exactly right, bro!

Dan blinks.

DAN

Listen, uhm, Dr. Chillman...

(beat)

Don't take this the wrong way  
but... are there any other surgeons  
available?

Brody's laugh tapers off.

DAN (CONT'D)

I mean, don't get me wrong, you  
seem like a nice guy! And I like  
your... uhm...

(beat)

Hair! Work's just been hassling me  
and, well... you know how it is...

BRODY

(beat)

You know much about anesthesia,  
Danny?

DAN

It's Dan. And not really, no.

BRODY

Well, Danny, me neither. But  
apparently it helps people chill  
the fuck out. And for serious? I'm  
thinkin' you don't realize how  
'chill' you are right now.

Brody holds up a mirror to Dan's face and angles it towards  
his body.

DAN

Waaah!

Dan, in shock, examines his chest through the mirror.

It's splayed open with surgical tools. Some of his organs are visible through his ribcage. His heart BEATS rhythmically with a multitude of tubes and machines attached to it.

BRODY

Yeeeeaaa... Might be a slip late to swap docs, broski.

DAN

W-When did we even start? Why didn't you say anything?! Why am I not totally under?! Dr. Chillman, you have to--

BRODY

Chilllllll, bro, chilllll. The anesthetic's runnin', but you didn't go completely under. Your brain's just workin' like a wave kissin' a beach right now.

DAN

(exasperated)  
Oh my god.

BRODY

Waves. Kissin'. Beaches, brooo.

It's at this moment that Dan's sock lights up. His phone starts ringing.

DAN

Oh, good gravy! Could you grab that for me, Doctor? There's a big meeting today and--

BRODY

--You brought the ringer in? Bogus! I told you that shit ain't allowed in here! Fucks with the equipment!

The lights and equipment in the room begin to flicker. Brody scrambles to get the phone out of the sock.

The flickering increases until, just as Brody fishes the phone out, all the electronics flash and go dark.

For a moment, Dan and Brody are silent.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Booooguuuus.

DAN

Uhhmm, what? What's going on?

Brody gets up and starts frantically looking through the room for something. Cupboards and drawers RATTLE and SLAM as he searches.

BRODY  
No stress! No stress!

DAN  
I'm kinda stressing here, Doc!  
(beat)  
Something feels really weird...

BRODY  
Yep! Gimme a sec, bro. Just a minor case of 'stalled heart'.

Dan is silent.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
Now where did...  
(beat)  
Maybe here?...  
(beat)  
Fuckin' A!

Brody returns to the operating table victoriously wielding a defibrillator. With the push of a button it BEEPS and starts to power up.

Dan looks pale as a ghost.

DAN  
(softly)  
Am I... Am I dead?

BRODY  
Yea, technically! But no worries, Danny. Your brain's still a'bumpin' so I'ma get that heart a'thumpin!

Dan pales further.

The defibrillator BEEPS three times, signaling that it's ready to rumble.

Brody hoists it in the air, looking like a crazed-surfer version of Dr. Frankenstein as he rubs the paddles together to get the current flowing.

Brody starts to bring the paddles down towards Dan's heart --

-- Dan is terrified.

Brody looks strangely euphoric --

-- the paddles draw closer.

BRODY (CONT'D) DAN  
Cowabungaaa!!! Sweet petunias!!!

With a loud WHIRR, the auxiliary power turns back on --

-- the room is bathed in a reddish light --

-- Dan's heart starts beating again.

Brody's smile disappears as he sees the light change--

-- it's too late to stop --

-- the paddles reach Dan.

A BLINDING white light fills the room, accompanied by a resounding POP and the CRACKLE of electricity.

The white light fades. Color and motion steadily return.

Dan, now in Brody's body, starts to stir. His vision swims, and it takes him a moment to come back to his senses. He realizes he's lying on the floor.

As he tries to get up, he sees his hands. He's wearing latex gloves. And he seems to be wearing... scrubs?

He clambers to his feet and GASPS.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
Soooo, this is awkward.

Dan is looking at his own body, mid-operation. Brody's voice is coming from Dan's mouth.

Dan can't seem to collect himself.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
Listen, bro. Hey!  
(beat)  
Hey!!!

Dan, shaky and wild-eyed, looks at Brody.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
Kay. I'ma give you the realio dealio, ya feelio? We Freaky Friday body-swapped. Ever caught that flick? The one with... what's her name...  
(snaps fingers in thought)  
...Jamie Lindsay Lotus?

Dan blinks.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Straight up... this ain't the first time I been in this sitch.

(whispers)

Fuckin' Mondays...

(normal)

We can flip back though! Just gotta staaay coooool.

Dan blinks, then starts hyperventilating.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Nooo, nonono. I need you calm and collected right now, Danny.

DAN

Well, geez Doc! How in the heck am I supposed to do that?!

BRODY

I'm gonna talk you through this! You need to breathe. Freakin' out? Breathe it out. Breathe that freak right out. Like water down the tube. The ocean takes a breath.

Dan takes a breath. Then another. He's still freakin' out, but his body seems to steady a bit.

BRODY (CONT'D)

We can't switch back till your body's all fixed up...

(beat)

You're gonna need to be the surgeon.

DAN

What?! But I can't--

BRODY

--You can, and you will. I'ma talk you through this, brah. First, angle that mirror so I can see into that chest cavvie.

Holding his breath, Dan steps forward and angles the mirror.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Neato burrito. Now, pick up the little clamper things and the knifey thing.



Dan picks up the clamper things and the knifey thing.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Check yourself with that clamper,  
bro, it's our only one. Now put it  
over that big ol' veiny thing on  
the left.

DAN

How are you a surgeon?

BRODY

They give out bonus points for  
style.

Dan shakes his head, but starts to bring the clamper down.

TICKING starts again.

He tries to position it --

-- it slips in his hand --

-- shoots into the air!

-- Dan jumps to catch it --

-- fumbles it --

-- it bounces between his hands --

-- but shoots off to the side --

-- and falls... --

-- ...perfectly down a vent in the floor.

Dan looks at Brody with a horrid expression.

BRODY (CONT'D)

What happened? Bro? I couldn't see.  
What is it, bro? Bro?... Bro?

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

TICK. TICK. TICK. Dan is pacing.

DAN

What do we do what do we do what do  
we do?!

BRODY

Bro, you gotta chill the fuck out.  
We can figure this out!

DAN

No! We can't! Ugh, Mr. Honcho's  
gonna kill me!

Dan turns away and covers his face with a hand - he can't look at his own body in this state. It's like a physical representation of how he feels every day. Barely hanging on.

Brody takes a long, deep breath.

BRODY

Listen, Danny. Work was already  
killin' you. That's what gotcha  
here in the first place. You gotta  
chill. The fuck. Out.

(beat)

Repeat after me. The ocean...

Dan stays silent.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(insistent)

The ocean...

DAN

Th-the ocean...

BRODY

Takes...

DAN

T-Takes...

BRODY

A breath.

DAN

A breath...

(again, slowly)

The ocean takes a breath.

Dan takes a big, dramatic breath. The TICKING fades away as he takes a second, then a third.

Dan straightens. He turns around and seems steadier, more confident.

DAN (CONT'D)

Okay. What do we do?

BRODY

Weeell... we'll need a new clamp.  
And I know juuust where to find  
one.

DAN

What do you mean?

Brody gestures with his eyes at Dan's beautiful watch.

DAN (CONT'D)

Nope. No way.

BRODY

Yea way.

DAN

No! You know how much this cost?  
No. No, no, no.  
(beat)  
No!

BRODY (PRE-LAP)(V.O)

Yeeea brah, that's gettin' er good!

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Dan's face is leaned down close into his own chest cavity as he works with the tiny surgical tools. His Swiss watch, now covered in gore, is fastened around a section of his heart.

Dan is working on his heart with a steady, focused intensity. His eyes strain with concentration and sweat glistens on his forehead.

BRODY

Okay, final wave comin'. Just slam  
the kook on the stringy one. Don't  
touch them white caps... Now crack  
the lip of the gnarly bastard on  
the right and we're sunset, bro!

Dan's hands shake ever so slightly. He closes his eyes and takes another deep breath. His hands steady again, and his eyes open with a calm, icy determination.

Dan finishes up and stands back to admire his work with a sigh of relief and a spoonful of pride.

Brody smiles and nods his head in respect.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Dan pulls the final stitch. He grins and wipes his brow.

BRODY

Killer, that's some bitchin'  
stitchin, brah! Now, one more shock  
and we can smack the snack-shack.

With a nod, Dan grabs the defibrillator and powers it on. He rubs the paddles together till the machine is charged.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Ready, bro?

DAN

(smirking)  
Fuckin' A!

Dan thrusts the paddles downwards--

-- Brody looks euphoric --

-- this time, Dan looks euphoric too.

BRODY

Cowabungaaa!!!

DAN (CONT'D)

Cowabungaaa!!!

The paddles reach.

A BLINDING white light fills the room, accompanied by a resounding POP and the CRACKLE of electricity.

The white light fades. Color and motion steadily return.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Dan lays in a hospital bed, staring at the ceiling with a serene expression. He's doing absolutely nothing, and loving it.

His watch is on the table beside him. It's been washed, but there's a small bloody smudge still on the face. He's pulled the pin, so there's no TICKING. No time being told at all.

His phone rings. It's "Mr. Honcho", of course. He smiles and ignores it.

With a deep, deep, deeeeeeep breath, he closes his eyes... and hears the sound of WAVES as he becomes one with his bed.

:FADE OUT  
**FIN**

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