

PETE THE ASSASSIN

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INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luxury high-rise office. A CEO (60s) nervously stuffs papers into a shredder as two GOONS with machine guns stand guard.

CEO
C'mon! C'mon! Faster!

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, a DRONE watches them.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Classic stake-out van. ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: CEO and goons. ASHLEY (20s), definition of millennial, types away.

ASHLEY
Ok, I've got visuals. Two
bodyguards. Large caliber weapons.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside of the CEO's office stands PETE (30s), dressed in all black, spec-ops type military gear. Total badass.

PETE
Confirmed. Ashley, kill the lights.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

She types away.

ASHLEY
And lights are killed.

SUPER: ASHLEY. COMMUNICATIONS. (ALSO, INTERN).

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

Pete pulls night-vision goggles down over his eyes.

PETE
God, I love my job!

SUPER: PETE. TACTICAL ELIMINATIONS. (AKA ASSASSIN).

IN THE CEO'S OFFICE.

BZZT. Lights out. Darkness.

CEO

Oh no.

The goons ready their weapons when POP! POP! One goes down. POP! The other falls. CEO looks terrified.

CEO (CONT'D)

No. Please! I -

POP! CEO - quite dead. Pete stands over him.

PETE

Target eliminated.

Pete removes his goggles.

PETE (CONT'D)

What ya thinking? Grab some 'za?

IN THE VAN, Ashley thinks about it, nods.

ASHLEY

Yeah, sounds good. You're buying.

MONTAGE - PETE AND ASHLEY'S ASSASSINATIONS.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Pouring down rain. Ashley, disguised as a valet, holds an umbrella for another pompous CEO-type as he climbs in a car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

CEO brushes rain off, as Ashley gets in the driver's seat.

CEO

34th and Lex, and hurry up, I -

The CEO notices Pete sitting in the back next to him with a pistol. POP! CEO - dead. Ashley looks through the rearview.

ASHLEY

You know what most interns do?

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Humongous drug-lord type mansion. Pete, dressed as a delivery guy, runs up the steps.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
They pickup coffee. They make
copies.

Pete rings the doorbell.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
They get to sit in meetings.

PETE
Hold that thought.

A fat mafioso answers. Pete flips through his clipboard.

PETE (CONT'D)
Hi. Are you Mr Aw-chi-o-grasso?
Ouchi-i-greaso? Ocho-lesbo?

MR. OCCHIOGROSSO
Occhiogrosso. Who the hell are you?

Pete smiles. POP! POP! Two bullets into Mr. Occhi-whatever.
Pete runs back down the stairs.

PETE
You were saying?

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
What they don't do...

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Chiseled dudes and beautiful babes strut around a pool.
Ashley, sunbathing, when a SLEAZY RICH GUY approaches her.

ASHLEY (V.O.)
...is assist with assassinations!

SLEAZY RICH GUY
Hey. How you doing?

Ashley turns to him, unable to hide her contempt.

ASHLEY
Wow. So original.

Pete, in a terrible waiter disguise, approaches with drinks.

PETE
Buy a drink for the lady, sir?

SLEAZY RICH GUY
Yeah, sure. Whatever.

Ashley grabs a drink; Rich Guy does the same.

ASHLEY

Cheers.

They clink glasses and Rich Guy drinks.

SLEAZY RICH GUY

So, why don't I take you back to my
room, oil up that sweet ass and -

Rich Guy convulses and dies. Ashley sits him back, puts shades on him, a la *Weekend at Bernie's*. Then she grabs a robe and covers up, as they quickly exit.

PETE

C'mon! Isn't this better than
bringing coffee?

ASHLEY

Let's just get out of here. I think
I got herpes just from sitting in
that chair.

END MONTAGE.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Ashley types away at her computer.

ASHLEY

Have you ever thought about - I
don't know - doing something else?

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Pete, all black, carries a duffel bag across the upper level of an office high-rise that's under construction.

PETE

Why? I love what I do.

BACK IN THE VAN, Ashley swivels to another screen, types.

ASHLEY

You kill people Pete.

BACK IN THE OFFICE BUILDING, Pete takes his tools out of the bag: Parts of a SNIPER RIFLE.

PETE

I kill bad people.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
You kill people that are bad for
Mr. Porter's business. That's
pretty subjective.

PETE
If Mr. Porter sends me after you,
chances are you're a d-bag. You saw
this guy's file. Grade-A fuckstick.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
I guess so.

Pete deftly assembles the gun.

PETE
It's about doing what makes you
feel fulfilled, and eliminating Mr.
Porter's enemies does that for me.
I wouldn't work for anyone else.

BACK IN THE VAN, Ashley swivels to another screen, types.

ASHLEY
Must be nice. My parents are dead
set on me going into business.

BACK IN THE BUILDING, Pete places the weapon.

PETE
Why don't you just do what you want
to do? What's that thing you kids
say? Do you, boo-boo?

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
No one says that. And have you met
my parents? They would disown me.

PETE
I guess, but I'm telling you - life
is too short to do what other
people want you to do.

He adjusts the scope, stops.

PETE (CONT'D)
This is one of those teaching
moments, isn't it? I've never had
an intern before. I really like it.

BACK IN THE VAN, Ashley sighs.

ASHLEY

Great. I'm getting lessons on life from a corporate assassin.

PETE (OVER RADIO)

Who better to teach about the value of life?

ASHLEY

What does Mr. Porter even do?

AND BACK TO PETE, who lines up the rifle.

PETE

For one, he sponsors those orphanages. And, for two, he provides internships.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)

True. Porter Industries is consistently rated one of the best places to work, and I'm very grateful for this internship.

BACK IN THE VAN

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Even if it is weird as fuck.

Ashley looks at calculations on her screen.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Couldn't you have gotten closer? This shot - it's over a mile.

BACK TO PETE. He positions himself behind the weapon.

PETE

Oh, another teaching moment!

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)

Jesus. Not this again.

PETE

This is a Barrett M107 .50 cal Sniper Rifle. The max effective range of this beautiful piece of ass is 2,000 meters. That's almost a mile and a half in American.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
I'm from Toronto; I know how far
2,000 meters is. And could you
maybe not sexualize your weapon?

He reaches into his bag, pulls out a BRASS BULLET...

PETE
But that's with the standard 660
grain bullet, which weighs 42.8
grams. We're using a brass bullet,
which comes in at a sexy 26 grams.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
Did you even hear a word I said?

Pete loads the bullet and looks THROUGH THE SCOPE. We move in
HYPER SPEED through a jungle of skyscrapers.

PETE (V.O.)
The thing to remember when shooting
long distances is to always
establish your constants.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
I have a computer. I can just tell
you. That's literally why I'm here.

PETE (V.O.)
If the cross-sectional area for .50
cal brass bullets is .1963 inches
squared, and we bump the drag
coefficient to .045; now the
initial velocity is 3,200
feet/second which is the...

IN THE CROSSHAIRS, a fat, bald CEO-type in his OFFICE sits in
an office chair, a bare-breasted woman bouncing on his lap.

A large bodyguard watches from the corner. He adjusts his
tie, as if trying to stay focused.

PETE
I'm sorry; what was I saying?

Pete continues to watch the CEO and the woman have sex.

PETE (CONT'D)
Uh, 3,200 feet per second with a,
uh.. oh yeah. Oh baby. Daddy likey.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)
You know I can hear you, right?

PETE

You want me to what? But I'm working. Ok, maybe just a little...

ASHLEY

Pete! Are you listening? We -

A rustling sound as Pete is, uh, adjusting himself. Then... the CLICK OF A GUN, and...

BACK IN THE BUILDING, Pete looks through the scope of the rifle, with a GUN TO HIS HEAD.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)

- have movement on your floor.

PETE

Yep. I see that now.

Pete turns - FIVE ASSASSINS, all in black, pointing guns at him. CHAD (30s), the leader, holds the gun to Pete's head.

A BRUCE SYSTEMS INCORPORATED emblem - A shield with a flaming sword- is prominent on their uniforms.

PETE (CONT'D)

Really? Chad? From Bruce Systems, Inc? I cannot fucking believe that Chad from BSI got the drop on me.

CHAD

Fuckin' believe it, Pete. Out here with that old ass Barrett. Nobody uses that shit anymore. It's all about the A-MAX .50 now.

ASHLEY (OVER RADIO)

He's right. The A-MAX is the new standard.

PETE

What's that Ash? Oh you're - bzzt!

Pete clicks the radio off. The other assassins look confused, nervous. One of them, BRANDON (20s), speaks up.

BRANDON

C'mon man. Let's just do this.

CHAD

Shutup Brendon!

PETE

Oh, you've got an intern too! Cute.

BRANDON

I'm not a fucking intern. And my name's not Brendon. It's Brandon.

CHAD

Uh, it's whatever the fuck I say it is ok, Brendon?

PETE

This seems to be a real point of contention between you two.

BRANDON

Whatever man. Just pull the trigger. This is Pete from Porter Industries, not some -

CHAD

I fuckin' know who it is Brendon. That's why I'm the fuckin' senior level assassin, and you're just some junior level bitch.

Chad turns his attention for half a second towards Brandon, and that's all Pete needs. With some quick assassin wizardry, Pete grabs the pistol and POW! One bullet to Chad's head.

BRANDON

Shit. See? This is what happens!

POP! POP! Pete kills another. Three left. RAT-TAT-TAT! Pete uses Chad's body for cover, as the BSI guys unload.

Pete throws down Chad's bullet-riddled body and crawls behind a half-built wall. The BSI team cautiously moves toward the wall in formation.

The first assassin pokes his gun around the wall. Pete GRABS it, JAMS HIS KNIFE straight through the guy's jaw. Two left.

PETE

Oh! In the face!

Pete uses the dead body as a shield as he charges another bad guy. The bad guy fires until CLICK! No more ammo. Pete drops the body and stabs his huge knife toward the bad guy.

Bad guy moves and pulls his own blade. In a series of sweet moves that would make Jason Bourne say, "Damn!", they fight.

Pete slashes the guy's arm and he drops the knife, unable to hold his arm up. SLASH! SLASH! The guy loses the other arm.

PETE (CONT'D)
I guess you're unarmed now.

The bad guy thinks about it and then STAB! Knife meet throat.
Pete turns and CLICK! Brandon has a pistol to Pete's head.

BRANDON
Drop the knife, Pete.

PETE
Oh, Brendon, I didn't -

Pete drops the knife, raises his hands.

BRANDON
Motherfucker! It's Brandon! I'm
gonna enjoy killing you.

Pete holds up his first finger.

PETE
Before you do, can I just say one
thing?

With lightning speed, Pete pokes Brandon in the nose.

PETE (CONT'D)
Got your nose.

BRANDON
What the? When everyone finds out,
I killed Pete, I'm gonna get -

Brendon tries to pull the trigger, but can't. As he talks,
blood starts coming out of his nose, ears, eyes, mouth.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
- promoted to... What was I saying?

Brendon collapses, gurgling on his own blood.

PETE
Brendon, Brandon? Brin-don? Anyway,
that's called the assassin poke of
death. It's kinda like my thing

Brendon finally stops gurgling.

PETE (CONT'D)
You don't learn that one until
you're senior - oh shit!

Pete runs back to the rifle, THROUGH THE SCOPE, The old CEO, visible from the waist up, puts on a shirt. The woman stands nearby. Pete clicks the radio on.

ASHLEY

Pete! Tell me you didn't do the assassin poke of death.

PETE

No time. Give me the coordinates.

ASHLEY

We have to abort. We'll come back another time. We'll -

PETE

No. He'll find Chad dead and he'll bail. We do it now. Uh, 3200 feet per second... Drag coefficient...

ASHLEY

It's an impossible shot. You can't -

PETE

The angle of the hypotenuse. Carry the one. Divide by zero, fuck it.

Pete pulls the trigger and we FOLLOW THE BULLET as it spins through the maze of glass and steel buildings.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FAT CEO'S OFFICE

A SECOND HOOKER, suddenly visible, lifts up her head, throws her hair back and wipes her mouth.

SECOND HOOKER

So, uh, is that it or what?

Then... glass shatters. The CEO's head explodes, sending blood and gray matter all over the woman's body.

SECOND HOOKER (CONT'D)

What the...

She slowly realizes what's happened and SCREAMS! And...

PARTY MUSIC starts thumping and we're...

INT. PORTER INDUSTRIES HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

DING! An elevator door opens and Pete - sharp suit. Shades. All smiles - walks out like the FUCKING MAN.

Behind him, Ashley, less impressed by the surroundings.

It's the office party to END ALL OFFICE PARTIES, something like a frat rager meets a Sultan's Birthday party. It's over the top and completely inappropriate.

ASHLEY

This is really inappropriate. I should talk to HR about this.

PETE

Who? Terry?

Pete points to a fat guy in nothing but a necktie and some tighty-whitey underwear (neither tight nor that white).

The revelers part like the Red Sea creating a PARTY GAUNTLET, full of drink, drugs, sex. Pete passes on all of it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Guys! You know the rules: First, I see the boss. Then we get boss!

ASHLEY

What does that even mean?

TRACI (O.S.)

You heard him! Get outta the way!

That's Traci (30s). Tiny with too long nails and too high heels. She is not to be f'ed with. She smiles at Pete.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Like the party, Pete? I planned it for you.

More people party in inappropriate ways.

PETE

You really outdid yourself, Traci.

ASHLEY

Yeah. This is all kinds of wrong.

Traci gives Ash the finger, turns to Pete.

TRACI

Thanks. How about later we have our own private party... at your place.

PETE

I don't know. This party seems fun, and my place is so out of the way.

ASHLEY

I think by party, she means sex.

Traci throws herself up against Pete's body.

TRACI

That's exactly what I mean.

Pete, still hyper-focused on getting to Mr. Porter.

PETE

Traci, you're funny. Where's Mr. P?
Need to get him this paperwork.

Traci, disappointed, nods her head.

TRACI

He's over there.

Ashley flips the bird back at Traci as they walk past.

ASHLEY

Why's she want your balls so bad?

PETE

What? Traci's always joking around.

ASHLEY

Joking around about your balls.

Just ahead, MR. PORTER (60s), bald, thin, stands in front of a HUGE CAKE, as TWO STRIPPERS (one male and one female) bust out. Both give him a sloppy, icing filled lap dance.

PETE

Mr. Porter!

MR. PORTER

Pete!

Mr. Porter stands and hugs Pete, covering him with frosting.

ASHLEY

Double stripper cake. Ok...

MR. PORTER

Ashley, it's almost 2020, and we have to be respectful of all people. Some like men; some like women, and some, like myself, aren't particularly choosy.

Ashley can't even. Pete hands Mr. Porter the documents.

PETE

The paperwork for that BSI job.

Mr. Porter looks at Pete, sighs.

MR. PORTER

Right. Why don't you two step into my office.

ASHLEY

But I really want to stay out here with all the strippers and skanks.

Mr. Porter, oblivious.

MR. PORTER

I know. So do I, but duty calls.

ASHLEY

I was just being - nevermind.

They walk together to...

INT. MR. PORTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A plush, CEO's office. Mr. Porter closes the door, drowning out the party noise. Pete and Ashley sit. Pete wipes frosting from his cell phone and tosses it on the desk.

PETE

We neutralized Mr. Bruce and his team. Pics are on the phone of -

Mr. Porter stops him.

MR. PORTER

I know, Pete. You did great work. You've always done great work, which is why this is so hard.

Pete looks confused.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

There's no easy way to say this, so I'm just gonna say it. I have to let you go. Let both of you go.

Pete, even more confused. Ashley, also surprised.

ASHLEY

I'm getting fired from being an intern. This sucks.

MR. PORTER

You're not getting fired. I'm closing the assassin division.

ASHLEY

Still sounds pretty shitty.

PETE

But I've been here my whole life. I've done everything you've asked. I love working here.

MR. PORTER

And I couldn't ask for a better assassin. But that's just it - you've killed everyone. There's just no one left.

He turns to Ashley.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

And don't you worry: I'll write you an excellent recommendation letter.

ASHLEY

(talking to herself)

So tell us about your time at Porter Industries. Well, I helped kill people, and then I got fired. As an intern? Yep as an intern. But I've got a great recommendation.

PETE

But if I'm not an assassin for Porter Industries, who am I? What will I do?

Mr. Porter is genuinely sad.

MR. PORTER

I know; change can be hard, but this is how we grow. You'll land on your feet, both of you.

Mr. Porter smiles, pats Pete on the back, as they walk out of the office and BACK TO THE PARTY, music thumping loud.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

For now just enjoy this last party. Those other answers will come.

Pete and Ash look toward the elevators, through the party.

ASHLEY

Fuck! My parents are gonna kill me.

PETE

Do you want me to...

ASHLEY

What? No! Fuck no.

PETE

You're right. I'm just - why don't you just tell them?

ASHLEY

Why don't you work somewhere else?

The party still rages. TERRY, the HR guy, speaks up.

TERRY

Hey you two! Let's celebrate

ASH

Fuck it.

Ash walks down the party gauntlet, doing shots, smoking weed.

PETE

What are you doing?

ASHLEY

I'm doing what Mr. Porter said to do - enjoying the party.

PETE

Yeah, but you're a...

ASHLEY

I'm a college student who just got fired from being an intern. My parents are gonna go ballistic, so I'm gonna get blasted. I'm gonna do all the shots, take all the drugs, and suck all the dicks. Fuck you, and your double-standards.

PETE

You're right, I guess.

Pete sadly shotguns a beer. He wipes tears away as he does a shot, some pills, a bong rip. A woman shoves her breasts in Pete's face, and he pathetically motorboats them.

ASHLEY

Hey, it's gonna work out. I'll call you tomorrow ok? Also - fuck you.

Ash heads off to party more; Pete makes it to the ELEVATOR at the end of the party gauntlet. He pats himself down.

PETE

Shit. I left my phone on the desk.

He smiles weakly and trudges down the PARTY GAUNTLET again.

BINOCULARS POV.

Someone watches Pete sadly takes all of the drugs again.

END BINOCULARS POV

And we're...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A man stands in the shadows of an empty room, binoculars in hand, the BSI logo prominent on his suit. Meet SIMON (30s).

SIMON

Simon says don't worry, Pete.

He raises the binoculars back to his eyes.

BINOCULARS POV

Pete, phone in hand, sadly walks the party gauntlet again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I know someone who's still interested in you.

END BINOCULARS POV.

And we're off to...

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Modern. Sleek. Luxurious. Pete's got money.

On the bed- Pete starts to come to. He rolls over and sees Traci, sipping on a Starbucks coffee.

PETE

What are you doing here?

She hands Pete a coffee, takes a sip of her own.

TRACI

Mr. Porter said to make sure you got home safely.

PETE

Did we... ?

TRACI

No, but would you like to?

PETE

Phew. That woulda been weird, huh?

She approaches him, seductively, when...

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Ew, gross. Am I interrupting?

They both turn to see Ashley, standing with a bag of fast-food breakfast. She sits down, starts eating.

PETE

How did you get in here?

ASHLEY

Door was open. You really should be more careful.

Ashley throws a hash-brown in her mouth.

PETE

How are you here? I thought you were gonna do all the drugs and suck all the dicks?

ASHLEY

Oh, I did. Well not the dicks part. I actually got so fucked up that I just passed out under my old desk.

Pete rubs his head.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Luckily, I'm young and I recover fast. Anyway, I was thinking, maybe its not so bad we got fired.

PETE

Did you tell your parents?

ASHLEY

Hell no. So I need to be out of the house all day. I'm gonna go do some yoga. You wanna come with?

TRACI

Lame.

Pete stands up, finishes getting dressed.

PETE

The only place I'm going is back to the office.

TRACI

No can do, Peter.

ASHLEY

For once I agree with Hot Mess over there. Why do you even want to go back? You've got money, a sweet apartment. You don't need to work.

PETE

It's not about the money or the sweet apartment. It's about helping Mr. Porter. I will die if I don't work for Mr. Porter. Literally die.

TRACI

Aw, Pete. You're so sweet.

ASHLEY

And totes dramatic. Are you still fucked up from last night?

PETE

Yes, but that's not the point. Mr. Porter needs my help.

TRACI

He thought you might try this, so he made you this care package to help you start your new life.

She hand him a cardboard box that includes: a BONG, a blow-up doll, some sparklers, a bottle of alcohol, and a VHS tape.

ASHLEY

He couldn't spring for the Blu-Ray?

TRACI

Watch the tape, Pete.

Pete walks to the TV and puts in the tape. ON THE SCREEN: Mr. Porter, in his office, still trashed from the party.

MR. PORTER (ON TV)

Pete, I know you're probably confused right now. And probably still really fucked up. You did a lot of drugs at the party. A lot.

Pete nods in agreement.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

You've been so focused on killing for me, and I appreciate that, but now's the time for some new experiences. Have some fun. See a movie. Go do that yoga shit that Ashley's always going on about.

ASHLEY

Yoga's a very common thing. Why has no one heard of it?

MR. PORTER

Traci's got another little parting gift for you.

She gives Pete her best sexy look.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

It's in the garage.

Traci stops, dejected.

TRACI

It's a truck.

MR. PORTER

Jesus, Traci. Spoiler alert.

ASHLEY

How did he know...?

MR. PORTER

It's a truck. To help you get started on your new life's highway.

ASHLEY

What the hell? Pete gets a truck, an escort, and a personal video? I got fired too, you know.

MR. PORTER

Oh, and don't mention this video to Ashley. Or the truck. All I got her was a Starbucks gift card.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I didn't get that either.

Traci takes a sip of her coffee, shrugs.

MR. PORTER

All your credentials are now obsolete. You are no longer permitted within 100 feet of the building. Thank you Pete. Because of you, Porter Industries has no more enemies. So get out there. Go for it! Have fun. Porter out.

Mr. Porter fades out, and a montage of Pete and Mr. Porter in happier times begins, while a sappy song like, "How Do You Talk to an Angel?" plays. Pete watches, until he throws up again all over the bed.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

A bell rings as Pete and Ash enter the most spiritual yoga studio in the universe. You can feel the oneness.

ASHLEY

This is gonna be a lot of fun.

PETE

I don't know. I'd really rather just get back to work.

Behind the counter, registering a new member, is BLUE (40s), more like an overweight, wannabe '80s rocker than a yogi.

BLUE

So basically, you can come here as many times as you want for the first three months.

CUSTOMER

Like, even on Christmas?

BLUE

Why the fuck would you wanna be here on Christmas? Don't you wanna spend time with your family?

CUSTOMER 1

My family was killed when I was a child. I raised myself on the streets, taught myself how to survive, until I eventually became CEO of a Fortune 50 company and -

BLUE

Wah! Wah! Get the fuck outta here!
Family first. Dick!

Blue crumbles up the paperwork, tosses it at the man as he leaves. He finds a cigarette and lights up.

ASHLEY

Who the hell are you?

BLUE

And hello to you too. I'm Blue.

He extends his hand; she doesn't take it.

ASHLEY

Where's Sarah?

BLUE

Sarah's out. I'm her brother.

PETE

Should you be smoking?

BLUE

Don't worry; all natural. Helps with my chi and shit.

ASHLEY

Whatever man. We're just gonna jump in this class. Let's go, Pete.

She heads toward a class of happy people who have just unlocked their chakras. An older, hippy-ish teacher bows.

BLUE

Yeah, that's cool I guess. But if you really want a full on Kundalini boner, then you need my class.

ASHLEY

I don't want that at all.

PETE

Your class?

BLUE

Fuck yeah, bruh! It's like yoga extreme. When we're done, that 'versal energy's gonna be all over you, and you're gonna love it.

Blue sticks out his tongue like a porn star.

ASHLEY

Why don't you just keep your spiritual jizz to yourself.

PETE

Yeah, I don't think that's what -

BLUE

Total yoga virg' huh? I get it. But you just gotta get out there and go for it. Have some fun, you know?

As Blue speaks, Mr. Porter's words echo through Pete's head.

VISION OF MR. PORTER

MR. PORTER

...Porter Industries has no more enemies. So get out there. Go for it! Have fun. Porter out.

Vision of Traci appears, tries to look sexy.

BACK TO THE YOGA STUDIO

Pete shakes the vision out of his head.

ASHLEY

Forget this. C'mon Pete. Let's go.

PETE

Mr. Porter said to try new things.

ASHLEY

Ten minutes ago, you didn't even know what yoga was. Now you wanna get some karmic handjob from this dipshit?

PETE

I'm just trying to put myself out there. Let's give it a shot.

She shrugs.

ASHLEY

Ok. Sure. New experiences, right?

BLUE

Fucks to the yeah, bruh and bruh-ette! That's what I like to hear!

ASHLEY

He needs some yoga clothes. You got anything?

BLUE

Hell yeah. I gotchu.

MONTAGE - INT. YOGA STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - PETE TRIES ON YOGA CLOTHES, A LA *PRETTY WOMAN*.

Each outfit is more ridiculous than the last. Ashley and Blue sit back and judge each look.

-- Pete in shorts and a t-shirt. It actually looks appropriate. Ashley says yes. Blue shakes his head no.

-- Pete in yoga pants that are two sizes too small and a matching tank top. Pete asks, "Yeah?" Ash and Blue - "Meh..."

-- Ash spins around in her chair, bored.

-- Pete in a jockstrap and football helmet. Blue and Ashley's expressions say, "Where did you find a football helmet?"

-- Blue watches PornHub on his phone, tries to hide it.

-- Pete in men's short shorts and a tank top that reads, "Does running out of fucks count as cardio?" Blue gives a thumbs up. Pete smiles. Ashley shrugs. Let's do it!

END MONTAGE

INT. YOGA ROOM

Pete and Ashley enter, carrying yoga mats. An attractive woman stretches out two spots in front of them.

ASHLEY

See? Try new things. Meet new people.

PETE

Yeah. Ok. This might work.

Just then, a fat, hairy man squeezes in to a space between Pete and the woman. Pete tries to look around the fat man, but there's no chance.

He looks for another spot, but then a handsome, fit man sits next him. This is STEVE THE YOGA ASSASSIN (30s).

STEVE

Pete? Porter Industries Pete?

PETE

Steve? From LionRock International?
What are you doing here?

STEVE

I'm here everyday; three o'clock
Bikram.

ASHLEY

I've never seen you here before in
my life.

STEVE

That's because you're always doing
the little girls' class with Sarah.
This is a man's class.

Ashley looks around. Besides Pete, Steve, and the fat guy, the class is all women.

ASHLEY

There's like 3 dudes here.

STEVE

Whatever. The question is - what
are you doing here?

Steve strikes some yoga poses. Pete tries to keep up.

PETE

Trying new things.

As they talk, Steve does more and more advanced yoga poses. Pete tries to match each one, but fails. He sucks at yoga.

STEVE

Heard Porter shitcanned you. Wanna
job? We got a junior level position
at LionRock. You could be my
assistant.

PETE

I only work for Mr. Porter.

STEVE

That's too bad. Guess I'm just gonna have to kill you.

ASHLEY

Thought you were here for yoga?

STEVE

Yeah. Three o'clock Bikram. But at four - you're dead.

Pete and Steve eye each other, as Blue walks in.

BLUE

All right fuckers! Who's ready to spread some chakras out like a drunk whore behind the 7-11?

Ashley and Pete, confused. Steve cheers, turns to Pete.

STEVE

This guy's the best.

BLUE

Let's get started, huh? Breathe that shit in. Yeah!

Blue walks around class as he talks. Except for Blue's antics, it's a pretty standard yoga class.

BLUE (CONT'D)

All right everyone, get that face down and that ass up.

The fat man gets into CHILD'S POSE, his ass uncomfortably close to Pete's face, while Blue adjusts Pete, his crotch much too close to Pete's butt. Pete's the meat in a weird yoga sandwich.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Get that ass up in the air like a baboon in heat. I like it! You sure you haven't done this before?

Blue smacks his ass. Hard.

PETE

Ow. Is this normal?

ASHLEY

No. This is weird as shit.

STEVE
Yo. Chatty Cathy's. You're fucking
with my focus.

PETE
You're really into this, huh?

STEVE
Everyday bitch. Everyday!

Blue moves around the room confidently.

BLUE
All right, you mo-fo's. Chair Pose.

Everyone moves to the CHAIR POSE - sitting as if they were in
a chair, without the chair. Blue walks to Ash.

BLUE (CONT'D)
Let me just -

ASHLEY
Don't fucking touch me.

BLUE
Ok.

Blue walks on. Pete is dripping sweat. It's hot.

Everyone gets in PLOW POSE - lean back on the shoulders, legs
over the head. Blue, of course, comes over to help.

BLUE (CONT'D)
There you go. Let me just push
those legs down and -

PETE
Actually, I'm good.

STEVE
Stop being a dick Pete. Let the man
help you out.

Blue kneels down puts his hands on Pete's legs.

BLUE
That's it - fucking. Plow. Those.
Bad. Vibes. Right out of here.

Which each word, Blue thrusts into Pete, sweat flying.

STEVE
Blue, could I get a little help?

BLUE
Sure thing Steven. On the way.

Blue smacks Pete's ass again.

Cut to END OF CLASS.

Blue is in front of class, kneeling on his knees.

BLUE (CONT'D)
I just want to take a moment and
recognize ya'll for the fuckin'
work you put in today.

Pete looks around the room. Everyone has their eyes closed,
except for Steve, who's watching Pete intently.

STEVE
Four pm mother fucker.

BLUE
You know - I don't want to go all
TMI here, but sometimes I feel like
I don't really fit in.

ASHLEY
Yeah, no shit.

BLUE
I've been through some hard times.
Lost some jobs, some friends. Done
some drugs. A shit ton of drugs. As
we all have. And sometimes people
say things like "Blue, chill out."
Or "Blue, your yoga sucks." Or
"Blue, stop jerking off to the LuLu
Lemon catalog." And I'd like to
tell you that it don't bother me,
but you know what? It does.

Blue is on the verge of tears. He's genuinely grateful.

BLUE (CONT'D)
But every time I teach here, I feel
like I just got fucked with a
karmic dildo. And I want more!

STEVE
So vulnerable. Thanks for sharing.

BLUE
Anyway, how about we wrap up with
some classic scrotal relaxation?

People start to move, as if they know what that means.

ASHLEY

He said total right? Total relaxation?

PETE

Negative. That's not what he said.

Blue starts to remove his clothes.

BLUE

All right, everyone. Just get comfortable. Relax. Let your balls hang out. Or a tit if you don't have balls. A nip. A few pubes. Whatever works for you. Just go for it. No judgement.

Blue is nearly naked when a yoga-instructor-looking woman walks in: SARAH, Blue's sister and ACTUAL STUDIO OWNER.

SARAH FOXTROT

What the actual fuck Blue!

BLUE

Goddamn Sarah! I said no judgement!

SARAH

Oh, there's judgement motherfucker! I told you: no more "scrotal relaxation." No more fuckin side-scrots, or "scrots of hazzard". Nothing with the scrotum or your dick or slapping people's asses you fat fuck-ass disappointment. Everyone in the family hates you.

BLUE

This is the shit I'm talking about!

Blue grabs his mat, stands up to leave.

BLUE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry ya'll had to see this. Namaste motherfuckers.

SARAH

Put your fucking balls away and get out. Everyone else who came here for a real class - I apologize. We'll see you again tomorrow.

The group gets up. A nice old lady tucks her breasts back in to her shirt. Steve, clothes in hand, points to Pete, and makes a slashing motion over his throat.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Pete and Ashley, still dressed for yoga, exit the studio.

PETE
So that's yoga?

ASHLEY
No. Not at all.

Then...

BLUE (O.S.)
Hey man....

Instant assassin mode: Pete twists Blue's arm around his back and slams him against the wall. Blue screams.

BLUE (CONT'D)
Hey bruh! Chill with the Jason Bourne shit! You're totally blocking my chi bruh!

PETE
Oh. It's you.

Pete loosens up his grip. Blue shakes his arm out.

BLUE
Jesus, man. What are you? Some sorta ninja or something?

PETE
Yes. I'm a highly trained corporate assassin for a major company.

BLUE
Really? That's badass!

ASHLEY
Maybe let's not advertise that huh?

STEVE (O.S.)
Your girlfriend's right, Pete.

Steve steps out of the shadows, also still in his yoga clothes, carrying a mat and a water bottle.