

OFFICE NINJA

"THE PILOT"

by

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THE PILOT

FADE IN:

ALL IS BLACK

We push through the black as if a spaceship deep into space. On the edges, the outline of what could be trees or even people, but it's too dark to tell. We are moving fast.

Now a PAIR OF EYES appear in the dark, blinking. And before we have a chance to figure out whose body the eyes lay on, a BURST OF LIGHT, the dark transforms and out of it emerges

A NINJA

Our Ninja. Ninja SHO-JU. He is in full-on Ninja garb, face covered so only his eyes can be seen. He brandishes a pair of nunchucks swinging them in the air.

A series of elaborate ninja chops and kicks - almost posturing against a blank background.

He tumbles in a summersault and lands in a

DARK FOREST

Surrounded by thick trees, Sho-Ju finds himself in a clearing in the heart of the forest.

In front of him, from Sho-Ju's POV we see a SAMURAI WARRIOR, braced in a defensive stance against a tree at the edge of the clearing. Ready to receive Sho-Ju's attack.

SHO-JU

Launches himself at the Samurai like a bullet, feet first screaming through the sky.

THE SAMURAI

Swings his blade through the air, trying to react in time but he misjudged a true ninja's speed. The Sho-Ju missile is about to hit him...

The Samurai reacts, expecting to be hit

but instead of making contact, Sho-Ju flies right by the Samurai. HE MISJUDGED THE LEAP! And now instead of hitting the Samurai, he is streaking off in the distance.

THE SAMURAI

Looks puzzled as Sho-Ju flies away.

SHO-JU

Looks back at his intended target, brows furrowed with doubt, then panic as he

CRUMPLES

Into a tree.

INT. EYE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

AN EYE TEST

Your standard eye test with letters going from large to small.

SHO-JU'S POV

The rows of letters are all hazy - we see two of each of them. Then a pair of glasses covers our POV and the letters snap into focus.

ANGLE ON

Sho-Ju, sitting in the eye doctor's chair, a pair of THICK BLACK RIMMED GLASSES now ridiculously placed on his head. He still wears his ninja outfit.

The office itself is your standard, sterile suburban eye-doctor's office. Framed diplomas, old issues of Road & Track on the counters etc.

THE EYE DOCTOR

Nods in satisfaction.

EYE DOCTOR

Uh-huh. That'll do it.

SHO-JU

Looks at himself in the mirror, doubtful. His glasses slip slightly down his nose - he pushes them up carefully.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A line of Samurais', very similar to the one Sho-Ju did battle with earlier. On a hill commanding them is a miniscule man in an EVIL SCIENTIST OUTFIT. (later we'll know this man to be Dr. Fission).

We pull across the line, then reverse to see the opposite side of the field where an array of ninjas are ready to charge. All look identical, all brandishing weapons. They start to close in on each other. Braveheart style.

Suddenly, as they get ready to engage in battle, one ninja stops, reaches into his robes and takes out a pair of thick glasses. He puts them on. It's Sho-Ju.

EVERYONE FREEZES

Stares at the sight of a ninja wearing glasses.

ANGLE ON

A Samurai - his jaw very slowly drops open.

SAMURAI

Uhhhhh...

For a moment, no one moves.

Then, both sides of the battle buckle over, laughing hysterically. Pointing. Ninja's and Samurais, arms around each others' shoulders - united in ridicule.

NINJA 2

A random other ninja, howling.

NINJA 2

That's just ridiculous.

SHO-JU

Head hanging low, walks off the battle field, dejected.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A typical gym locker room. Rows of lockers on both sides of the room, two benches at the center. The only difference: Instead of athletes changing into workout gear, this locker room is filled with Ninjas.

They move stealthily about, changing in and out of their gear. They pop up on screen at random, from the ceiling, from under benches, from the towel bucket.

SHO-JU

At the end of a row of lockers. He takes off his glasses and slips them into his pocket.

CLOSE ON HIS EYES

Staring at his empty locker in disbelief.

Almost on the verge of tears.

POV OVER HIS SHOULDER

To reveal he is focused on a PINK SLIP that hangs from the top of his locker.

CLOSE ON THE PINK SLIP

Which literally reads "PINK SLIP"

Slowly, the Ninja removes the Pink Slip, clutches it between his thumb and forefinger.

ANOTHER NINJA

A somewhat out of shape Ninja, who has saddle stepped right next to Sho-Ju looks on, sympathetic. Shakes his head.

ANOTHER NINJA

Bummer.

Then gives Sho-Ju a firm, solid slap on the ass. And walks away.

CHEESY NINJA MOVIE STYLED TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER I: THE NINJA AND THE NEW PATH

LIVING ROOM MIRROR

Sho-Ju stands in front of a full-length mirror, dressed in head-to-toe black ninja garb, a staff at his side. He leans slightly, resting his weight uneasily on one leg.

We are focused tightly on Sho-Ju. The rest of the room remains unseen.

SHO-JU (VO)

Hmmmmm...

Sho-Ju frets. Eyebrows furrowed. Something causing great confusion. With a subtle gesture with his left hand, we see the cause of alarm -

CLOSE ON: A RED TIE

He fashions it on his ninja suit, deliberately, skeptically. Then holds up a picture in his right hand - a torn cover page from a MEN'S MAGAZINE (GQ like) with a picture of a successfully dressed business man.

Sho-Ju compares his own appearance - ninja garb and tie - with the business man. Of course they look nothing alike, but Sho-Ju is happy with his imitation of corporate America.

Satisfied he puts away the picture, picks a briefcase up from the floor.

We pull back now to reveal Sho-Ju in his home environment - a quaintly decorated living room with a slightly eastern flare. There is nothing remarkable about the room. Very minimalist and plain.

SHO-JU

You look sharp guy. Go get-em.

Sho-Ju pops open his briefcase. It contains a single fancy sheet of paper, a pen, and several throwing stars. He pulls out the pen, tucks it away in a pocket and shuts the briefcase.

INT. H.R. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sho-Ju sits across the table from a woman in her early 30s dressed in twenty shades of pink. She reviews a piece of paper - presumably Sho-Ju's resume.

The conference room is completely bare, white walls a round table and two chairs. The HR Lady is completely engrossed in the paper, her eyes scanning back and forth across the document.

H.R. LADY

Interesting.

Across the way, Sho-Ju is a little nervous. He sips from a glass of water.

H.R. LADY

So Sho-Ju, why don't you just walk me through your resume.

Sho-Ju sets down the glass of water. Cracks his knuckles. Clears his throat.

SHO-JU

Well, for the last 13 years I've been a ninja warrior...

An awkward pause. H.R. Lady leans in, ready to hear more, but that's all Sho-Ju has to say. He takes another sip of water.

H.R. Lady looks closer at the resume, which we see for the first time in detail.

CLOSE ON THE RESUME

It is pretty simple - his name (NINJA SHO-JU). A line for work experience under which is the header

NINJA 1991-Present.

And then that's it.

H.R. LADY

Well...that's very impressive. Any relevant skills you think you could bring to the job?

Sho-Ju ponders this deeply.

SHO-JU

I'm pretty good at kicking things.

H.R. Lady barely glances at him, still studying the resume.

H.R. LADY

Uh-huh. The job is mainly to assist our sales team in selling sheet music to suppliers. Of course, you yourself wouldn't be doing the selling - that takes at least 5 years - you'd be assisting -

Sensing his answer wasn't satisfactory, Sho-Ju is impelled to add more, interrupting H.R. Lady.

SHO-JU

I can also levitate.

H.R. LADY

(non pulsed)

We are looking for someone whose able to multi-task, so that's good. Now...

But as she continues to talk, Sho-Ju notices something. The glass of water H.R. Lady has at her side is precariously close to the edge of the table.

He hones out her blabbing which becomes a monotonous din in the background.

CLOSE ON THE WATER CLASS

Partly hanging off the lip of the table, starting ever so gradually to tip.

SHO-JU

Flips on his pair of black rimmed glasses.

CLOSE ON SHO-JU'S EYES

Widening, reacting.

THE BACKGROUND

Begins to fade away to an eerie mystical black canvas. Suddenly it's only Sho-Ju and the falling glass, the conference room is essentially gone.

As the glass begins to capsize, SHO-JU leaps in CRAZY JAPANIMAE FLASH SEQUENCE, twirling like a corkscrew toward the table, whipping out a NUNCHUCK which he swings around so it is fully extended.

SHO-JU
 (overdramatic)
 Nooooooooo!

ONE OF THE NUNCHCK BUTTS

Swings under the falling glass of water, reversing its trajectory, sending it back up.

SHO-JUN
 Not on my watch!

He then whips his other arm around and re-sets the water back on the table, somersaulting backwards off the back wall to return to his seat.

As soon as he's back in his seat, the background returns - we're right back in corporate world.

H.R. LADY

Seems to have noticed none of this. She casually picks up the glass of water and takes a sip as she drones on.

H.R. LADY
 Finally, you would be playing a vital role in our companies distribution chain. You'd be part of a passionate team of people who believe in elementary school sheet music and the efficiency of distributing it at bulk rates to wholesalers for profit. How does that all sound?

H.R. Lady looks up to Sho-Ju, puzzled - something is different about him. Sho-Ju reacts to this and realizes he's still wearing his dorky glasses. He quickly removes them, holding his head high.

SHO-JU
 I am ready for the challenge.
 (a beat)
 Now lets talk dental plan.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

A packed elevator. Monday morning. Sho-Ju, sporting his tie and glasses, stands uneasily, briefcase in hand, at the center.

To his right, the H.R. Lady. She stares blankly forward, blinking occasionally as the elevator makes its slow ascent to whatever floor their headed to.

To his left, a GIGANTIC MAN, blue power suit. His head is

completely out of frame. Sho-Ju only comes up to his chest.

Next to him, a SLACKER. Only in his early 20s, sporting a 5 o'clock shadow (and it's only 8 a.m.). He is dressed casually, Baseball cap pulled low over his face. He taps his foot impatiently.

Next to the SLACKER, a BALD BLACK GUY, sporting a dorky sweater vest and bow-tie. He's in accounting. We don't even have to be told this to know it immediately. Maybe it's the calculator he always carries.

On the other side of the elevator, A MOUSY WOMAN, somewhat plump. A pleasant smile on her face, and an I LOVE COASTERS button proudly on her chest.

Also in the elevator - a FLY, that lazily circles back and forth. Sho-Ju never takes his eyes off the fly as the conversation around him carries on.

SLACKER
(to BLACK GUY)
Good weekend?

BLACK GUY
(anal/effeminate)
Great weekend.

GIGANTIC MAN
(booming voice)
Fantastic weekend.

H.R. LADY
Really nice weekend.

MOUSY WOMAN
(mousy)
Weekend wasn't bad.

SUDDENLY, SHO-JU, HAVING TRAILED IT WITH HIS EYES THIS WHOLE TIME, REACHES BEHIND HIS BACK AND (FROM SEEMINGLY NOWHERE) PULLS OUT A DOUBLE-EDGED KANZAI BLADE.

THE SWORD SWIPES DOWN IN A BLAZE OF ENERGY.

SHO-JU
Hi-yahhhhhhhhhhh!

It happens in a flash. There's a solid THUD, and the buzzing from the fly stops. Everyone in the elevator looks at Sho-Ju for a beat.

H.R.
It's his first day.

Accepting this, everyone goes right back to business.

SLACKER (TO BLACK GUY)
Did you get my e-mail about the SRO
reports?

BLACK GUY
Sure did.

And the elevator dings, the door opens and we

FADE TO BLACK