

The Assessment



written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Nunchucks, samurai swords, framed photos of fearsome warriors, stoic ninjas, Bruce Lee, and Steven Seagal – this room isn't just decorated, it's a shrine to martial arts.

MIKEY (18) sits at his computer, clad in karate gi with a Rambo-style red headband, his eyes laser-focused on an Email.

*ON SCREEN - EMAIL SUBJECT: "TOP SECRET VACANCY JUST FOR YOU"

Do you have what it takes to become a Ninja?

Mikey Kobayashi, you have been chosen for a sacred assessment.

The path to becoming a Shinobi begins now.

Click here if you've got the guts.

*Glory favours the brave.**

Back on Mikey as he leans in. A flicker of a nod. Game on.

EXT. STERILE OFFICE PARK - DAY

Mickey emerges from a corner, still in karate attire. He checks the paper print out in his hand and peers up at --

A sleek, unmarked building: intimidating and mysterious.

A single word over the door: "KONBATTO SUKURU"

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Cavernous, empty, and eerily silent. Fluorescent lights BUZZ overhead.

Mikey approaches the front desk where a striking oriental RECEPTIONIST sits. She wears a Japanese kimono dress.

MIKEY

Mikey Kobayashi.

RECEPTIONIST

You're here for the opportunity?

MIKEY

Yes Ma'am. It won't pass me by.

RECEPTIONIST

Follow the black line. Good luck.

He looks down --

A black line snakes across the floor, disappearing into a dark hallway.

Mikey nods, resolute. He follows.

DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The black line twists and turns like a maze. Mikey walks, and walks... and walks.

He passes rooms labeled:

"EMOTIONAL STABILITY TESTING"

"PHYSICAL AGILITY SCREENING"

"WILLPOWER TRIALS"

He peeks into one - a shirtless man and a woman in a sports bra face off. Their bruised, chiseled abs tense as they trade gut punches, expressionless.

Mikey smirks in approval. Marches on

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Fluorescent lights HUM.

A stern, black clothed NINJA sits across from Mikey at a metal table.

NINJA

Name?

MIKEY

Mikey Kobayashi.

NINJA

One question, Kobayashi - and if you hesitate for even a second, walk away. Are you ready to swear loyalty unto death?

MIKEY

One hundred percent.

NINJA

Good.

The ninja slaps a heavy packet labeled "SURVIVAL TESTS" onto the table.

SERIES OF SHOTS – MIKEY ENDURES "TESTING"

- Mikey sprints blindfolded through an obstacle course.
- Mikey destroys a Godzilla mannequin with nunchucks.
- Mikey solves a Rubik's Cube while doing squats.
- Mikey stands firm as two ninjas take turns driving golf balls into his bare chest.
- Mikey huddles in a dark corner, bruised but determined.
- Mikey backflips between shifting, color-changing floor tiles, narrowly avoiding the razor-sharp spikes that thrust up from the gaps below.
- On edge, Mikey creeps toward a sleeping TIGER. Inches from its jaws – an untouched birthday cake.
- Mikey crouches in the dark corner, visibly shaken, a nasty laceration slashed across his left arm. The birthday cake sits untouched beside him.

INT. DARK HALLWAY

Back in his karate gi, Mikey limps after a silent ninja toward a looming door marked: "*The Master Samurai.*"

Mikey gazes at the words in awe. The ninja unlocks the door, swings it open, and gestures for him to enter, where --

A cloaked SAMURAI MASTER sits at a table, back turned.

Mikey gulps then enters. The door slams behind him.

Tense beat.

SAMURAI MASTER
Sit down, Mr. Kobayashi.

MIKEY
Yes, Master.

Mikey sits - the samurai master remains with his back turned.

SAMURAI MASTER
... You have proven yourself worthy. You have earned the right to wear the sacred uniform – and to stand among an elite brotherhood of warriors.

Mikey's eyes brim.

MIKEY

Thank you, Master.

SAMURAI MASTER

I will even grant you the honour of wearing your headband into battle.

Mikey taps his headband, emotions welling up.

SAMURAI MASTER

... Mr. Kobayashi, I shall now reveal myself to you. Only those who have made sacrifices such as yours are granted this privilege.

MIKEY

Yes, Master.

Mikey waits, his anticipation bubbling over...

Tense beat, then...

The chair spins, revealing a hooded...

RAT.

Mikey recoils – the rat mask is laughably fake.

SAMURAI MASTER

I am Master Splinter.

Samurai master Splinter rises and opens a shabby cupboard in the corner of the room.

SAMURAI MASTER

Behold your sacred Ninja uniform.

In the cupboard --

A hanging TEENAGE MUNTANT NINJA TURTLES costume.

Queue - the "TURTLE POWER" song.

As Mikey stares in disbelief.

SAMURAI MASTER

Remember brave ninja - evil moves fast... but good moves faster.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Mikey stands in the turtle costume, his red headband now with eye holes tied over his eyes. He looks defeated — the costume is ridiculous.

Behind him stands a martial arts dojo named:
"KONBATTO SUKŪRU".

Beneath, is an English sign: "UNDER 10's COMBAT SCHOOL".

Three over dejected souls stand close by in turtle costumes, wearing; blue, orange and purple eye masks.

A flashy convertible drives by, full of obnoxious HIGH SCHOOLERS.

OBNOXIOUS HIGH SCHOOLER
Hey, losers - Cowabunga!

Mikey and the other turtles dip their heads as the high schoolers roar with laughter and speed off.

Mikey shakes his head... then spots a FATHER and YOUNG BOY approaching. He lights up and jumps into their path, smiling.

MIKEY
Welcome to Konbatto Sukuru combat school! I am Raphael.

Mikey performs an impressive weapons demonstration, handling two toy-like sia's with controlled precision and speed.

MIKEY
That was just a taste of the skills you'll pick up here at Konbatto Sukūru, under the tutelage of our expert sensei.

Beat.

FATHER
... Great. Thanks.

The father and young boy head toward the dojo doors.

YOUNG BOY
Who was that, daddy?

FATHER
Stupid turtle characters from the nineties. Don't let it put you off.

The two enter the dojo.

Mikey turns to the camera.

His eyes - beyond fed up - lock with ours.

MIKEY
... Go fuck yourselves.

FADE OUT: