

**CORRECTIONS**

*Excerpt*

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**WARM SUNLIGHT STREAMS THROUGH BIG BAY WINDOWS.**

Over tranquil music comes a soothing WOMAN'S VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*That's it: feel that stretch from  
the bottom of your heels to the  
tips of your fingers...*

**INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY**

The sun creates an ethereal quality to the room and obscures details of its inhabitants beyond their faces (for now).

We stop on the cynical expression of DESEREE 'DES' HARDING (white, early 30s). It appears permanent. This is a woman who's seen some shit. Hefty build. All hips. She attempts the stretch, but is inflexible - physically and metaphorically.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*That's right. Don't think about  
this place, or the state of your  
life, or that stupid hipster with  
his little man purse who didn't pay  
for dinner last night. Couldn't  
find his wallet, my ass.*

The Voice belongs to a DOOMSDAY YOGA INSTRUCTOR (20s).

DOOMSDAY YOGA INSTRUCTOR  
*But to hell with him. This is about  
staying in the present. Because  
with these murder hornets, who  
knows about the future?*

A yoga mat runs into Des'. It belongs to mild-mannered, linebacker-sized RUEBEN (black, 40s). He smiles. Des stares him down. Rueben frowns. Scoots his mat away.

ERLING (O.S.)  
He doesn't bite.

Near Des is ERLING (Norwegian, male, late 20s), guilty of effusive friendliness. Des, revealing a Southern accent:

DES  
He'd probably eat the whole hand  
going for a french fry.

Erling not-so-subtly eyes Des' physique.

DES (CONT'D)  
Hey, mine's muscle.

DOOMSDAY YOGA INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)  
*Alright, let's stand up!*

DES  
Jesus, namas-fuck you-te. What kind  
of dumbass yoga is this anyway?

BRITT (black, early 40s) - genus: academia - chirps in:

BRITT  
It's called vent yoga. Repressing  
anger stimulates cortisol levels,  
which can be incredibly damaging to  
the central nervous system.

DOOMSDAY YOGA INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)  
*Reach up to the sky like 5-0 just  
caught you with three kilos of  
crack in your trunk. I know some of  
you know what I'm talking about...*

GEMMA (Asian, mid-20s). Winged eyeliner, full foundation. Her  
look and accent are all Texas.

GEMMA  
She's doing the breathing so wrong.

She stretches out a bod that would know. NOGUERA (Hispanic,  
20s), hardened face and covered in tattoos, checks her out.

NOGUERA  
I can help you, if you want.

GEMMA  
Honey, I can do it all by myself.

DOOMSDAY YOGA INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)  
*Drop into child's pose. Or the  
fetal position. Because wasn't that  
the last time you were truly happy?*

Nearby, MCCABE (white, 30s), meaty neck covered with tattoos  
and a piercing blue gaze, shoots daggers at Manny.

MCCABE  
Girls like her are smart enough not  
to touch someone like you.

GEMMA  
You mean girls like Asian girls?

MCCABE  
It was a compliment.

GEMMA

Someone like you would think that.

BRITT

Good! I can see the oxytocin levels rising already! Do you feel more amenable to conflict resolution?

Gemma and McCabe narrow their eyes at her.

BRITT (CONT'D)

...yeah, probably needs more time.

DOOMSDAY YOGA INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

*Now just bang your head lightly on the mat. Moderately to aggressive is also okay.*

DES

What the actual fuck are we doing here?

MCCABE

Thank you.

DES

I don't want your fuckin' gratitude.

RUEBEN

Can't everyone just get along?

Noguera laughs at McCabe.

NOGUERA

Really killing it with the ladies.

MCCABE

Not here for killing ladies, Spic.

Noguera and McCabe explode into a fist fight. Suddenly, we see that Noguera has a La Eme tattoo on his arm. McCabe's neck tattoo is a swastika. As the other participants pull them apart, everyone starts arguing.

The obscured focus burns off to reveal: Rueben, McCabe, Noguera, and others wear INMATE UNIFORMS. Gemma, Erling, Britt, and others wear OFFICER UNIFORMS.

So does Des. McCabe is a foot taller than her, but she renders him useless with a rear wrist lock. Britt tries the move on Noguera. He stares at her. She defers apologetically.

Amidst the commotion, Rueben faints and crashes to the floor. Everybody stops. Looks at him. Then goes back to fighting.

Outside the window, a grounds-keeper (ADAR) sculpts bonsai trees with TWO-FOOT HEDGE SHEARS. He raises the shears to a shocked Des in greeting. Her jaw drops.

Because he also wears an INMATE UNIFORM.

DES (V.O.)  
*Goddamn competitive benefits.*