

The class has ended, and the clients are filing out, some stopping to chat with Justin as they leave, exchanging high-fives and fist bumps.

PETE HENDERSON, Justin's best friend and business partner, emerges from the back office. He's in his early 30s, a little bit thicker, with a laid-back demeanor that contrasts with Justin's polished persona.

PETE

Another packed class, bruh. We killing it!

Justin chuckles, wiping the sweat from his brow with a towel.

JUSTIN

Well, I'm killin' it. You hiding in the back missing out on everything.

PETE

You do what you do and you let me do what I do, okay.

PETE

I don't tell you how to run around and be all sexy-flexy, do I?

JUSTIN

Aight, you right.

PETE

Yeah, now mind your business!

(then)

And someone's gotta keep the books straight while you play superstar.

JUSTIN

Well every superstar need his sidekick.

PETE

That's super heroes, fool! And I ain't no damn sidekick. I'm the brains of the operation.

JUSTIN

Oh, is that what you call it?

PETE

Whatever my guy, man

They both laugh, the camaraderie between them evident. The banter is easy, natural-these two have been through thick and thin together.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Hey, superstar!

The camera shifts to reveal SAMANTHA REED, late 20s, Justin's fiery younger sister, cutesy as hell, strolling into the Gym with a mischievous grin. She leans against the counter, eyeing her brother.

JUSTIN

What up, sis!

PETE

(smitten)

Hey, Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Hey, Petey.

JUSTIN

If y'all don't stop flirting in my face. It's nasty and I don't like it.

SAMANTHA

Did I miss the part where you were supposed to start selling your own line of protein shakes and motivational tapes?

PETE

(laughs)

Not yet. But in due time.

She turns her attention to Pete, giving him a mock salute.

SAMANTHA

How's business? Keeping this one in check?

PETE

(grinning)

Barely. But the numbers are looking good and our social media presence is climbing.

JUSTIN

There might even be room for you to become a trainer when we expand.

SAMANTHA

Oh, please. I'd love the chance to tell people how to sculpt their abs in just ten minutes a day.

Justin rolls his eyes but can't help the smile tugging at his lips. There's genuine warmth in their interactions, a tight-knit bond that feels lived-in and real.

JUSTIN

You done roasting my profession yet?

SAMANTHA

(pretending to ponder)

Hmm... nope. But I'll give you a break. Taylor and I are grabbing lunch later- join us?

JUSTIN

I wish, but I'm swamped today. I wasn't playing about that expansion, we have a meeting to prepare for... Rain check?

SAMANTHA

(playfully)

Fine, but don't think Taylor's letting you off the hook. You skipping out again.

JUSTIN

Oh no! Anything but that!

Samantha smirks, then pulls him into a quick hug. The affection between them is clear, the kind of sibling relationship that's both teasing and protective.

SAMANTHA

Take care of yourself, okay? And don't work too hard.

JUSTIN

Yeah, yeah. Love you, too.

As Samantha waves goodbye and exits the Gym, Justin watches her go, a small smile lingering on his face. Pete claps Justin on the back, snapping him out of his thoughts.

PETE

You know she gonna marry me right?

Justin playfully shoves Pete.

JUSTIN

Whatever, man. You ready? We've got work to do.

PETE

After you, Morris Chestnut.

Jharperfilms