

The Customer is Always Right

written by

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INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A well-lit room filled with the K.O.A (Karen Organization of America), each sporting the signature "I'd like to speak to the manager" haircut, with determined glints in their eyes. The air buzzes with anticipation.

The atmosphere is charged with anticipation, each Karen exuding determination as they exchange fervent glances. The ambient buzz of excitement underscores the forthcoming agenda.

The space is adorned with corporate-style decor, and the members' resolute expressions suggest a shared purpose within this enclave of organized entitlement.

KAREN HINDENBURG

Let's start this meeting with our affirmation.

KAREN HINDENBURG turns to a chart with the affirmation written on it. Everyone stands, placing their hands over their hearts.

ALL

(in unison)

K - Know your rights. A - Accuse
Everyone. R - Request the Manager.
E - Escalate to Authorities. N -
Neglect Reason.

Everyone sits down, turning their attention to Karen Hindenburg.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(Looking at the agenda)

Ladies, today's emergency Karen Council meeting is called to order. Our goal: to discuss the impending arrival of the new General Manager of Box Mart and strategize on how to make his life unbearable.

KAREN #2

(Aggressively flipping her perfectly coiffed hair)

I heard he actually enforces policies! Can you believe that?

Karen 2 nods with exaggerated disbelief. Karen 3 shoots her an approving look.

KAREN #3

(With a disdainful sniff)
 And they say he's efficient. We
 can't have that kind of nonsense.
 It is our duty to show him who's in
 charge.

Karen 3 makes a dismissive hand gesture. Karen 4 adjusts her oversized sunglasses, looking equally outraged.

KAREN #4

I heard he's likely to forbid
 returns. Preposterous!

Karen 4 crosses her arms in defiance. Karen Hindenburg smirks, enjoying the reactions.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(Shaking her head
 disapprovingly)
 Alright, let's get down to
 business. Suggestions?

KAREN #2

(Smiling deviously)
 I say we start with his morning
 coffee. Decaf only. The horror!

Karen 2 mimes pouring coffee and smirks. Karen 3 grins, finding the idea mischievously delightful.

KAREN #3

(Grinning)
 And let's flood his email with
 complaints about the temperature in
 the store. Too hot, too cold, it
 doesn't matter. Just flood it.

Karen 3 pantomimes typing furiously, enjoying the chaos she envisions. Karen #4 leans in, whispering her suggestion.

KAREN #4

(Whispering
 conspiratorially)
 Why not go for the straight
 approach? Surely there is a
 minority group we can exploit in
 the store. Why not claim they
 assaulted one of us? He'd have his
 hands full with that one.

Karen #4 raises an eyebrow, looking around for agreement. The other Karens exchange approving glances.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 (With a wicked grin)
 Excellent ideas, but I have other
 plans in store. We'll show this
 General Manager that the customer
 is always right...

ALL
 (in unison)
 The customer is always right!

Everyone sits back down returning their attention to Karen Hindenburg.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 On another topic, our new
 headquarters will be finished soon,
 so be ready to meet there from now
 on.

INT. BOX MART GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

In a dimly lit, cluttered office space reminiscent of a chaotic thrift store, the air heavy with the scent of stale coffee and aged paperwork.

A disheveled OLD MAN, with unruly grey hair and a receding hairline, occupies a cluttered desk. The room is adorned with mismatched furniture and stacks of unorganized papers.

Frantically typing at a worn-out computer, the old man twitches occasionally, amplifying the sense of disarray.

On the opposing side of the desk, JAKE, a scrawny and bespectacled figure, struggles to maintain composure amid the chaos, attempting to interject as the older man emphatically pounds on the battered computer monitor.

The faint hum of flickering fluorescent lights adds to the overall sense of a neglected, outdated workspace.

OLD MAN
 (spat)
 Stupid piece of junk. I fucking
 hate technology.

JAKE
 Well, if you'd just listen to me...

The older gentleman takes the old CRT monitor and tosses it out the glass window leading to the store below. No one is near it as it crashes to the floor and busts into pieces.

Several customers and cashiers look over to the sound, shrug, and continue with their day.

Jake gets up, walks over to the window, and looks down at the remnants of the monitor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You sure you don't want to stay and train me on...

OLD MAN

Fuck this job. You can keep your technology and deal with these goddamned Karens.

The old man puts on a hat while attempting to remove his tie.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You'll see, they will do anything in their power to make your life a living hell.

JAKE

They can't be that bad. I've dealt with many a rude customer in my time.

OLD MAN

So, it seems.
(harumphs)
Do you know how old I am?

JAKE

Retirement age? Like 65?

OLD MAN

It may look that way, but dealing with those bitches from the K.O.A has made me lose my hair, for starters, and forced me to look like I'm 65 when I'm only in my late 30s.

The old man grabs a cane from the wall and walks out the door down the stairs cussing the whole way.

OLD MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fuck this job, fuck these customers, and bless you in your journey to deal with them. I fucking quit.

INT. JAKE'S TEMPORARY OFFICE - LATER

The office is a stark contrast to the bustling chaos outside. Neatly organized shelves of office supplies line one wall, and a generic motivational poster featuring a mountain peak hangs on the opposite side.

The desk is tidy, with a computer displaying incident reports and a coffee mug bearing the generic company logo.

As Jake sits behind the desk, staring at the monitor, the sterile atmosphere is broken by a knock on the door. KIMBERLY enters, carrying a cardboard box filled with office supplies and a few personal items.

JAKE
(nodding towards the box)
Just put it anywhere for now.

Kimberly places the box in the corner, glancing around the room.

KIMBERLY
(with a smirk)
Temporary digs, huh?

JAKE
(sighing)
Yeah, until they sort out the mess
with the old manager.

As Kimberly takes in the surroundings, her eyes narrow on a section of the wall that seems out of place, slightly concealed by a rolling whiteboard.

KIMBERLY
(leaning in)
What's behind the whiteboard?

Jake glances at it, then back at Kimberly, contemplating whether to reveal the hidden shelf.

JAKE
(nonchalantly)
Just some old storage space.
Nothing interesting.

Kimberly raises an eyebrow, unconvinced.

KIMBERLY
(smirking)
I've worked here long enough to
know when something's up. What's
the story?

JAKE
(sighs, giving in)
Alright, fine. But don't spread it
around.

Jake pulls the whiteboard aside, revealing a dusty shelf filled with VHS tapes. Each tape is labeled with dates and incidents.

KIMBERLY
(raising an eyebrow)
VHS tapes? Seriously?

JAKE
(smiling)
Old habits die hard. It's the
previous manager's way of keeping
track of incidents.

Kimberly pulls a tape labeled "Christmas Eve Brawl" and holds it up. Reflecting on the date but before she can say more, Jake puts on a vest and tidies it.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
Welcome to Box Mart.

Kimberly replaces the tape and wipes her hands of the dust. She turns around to see Jake swallowing something.

Before she could ask anything Jake guides her out of the room.

EXT. BOX MART - STORE FLOOR - DAY

The fractured remnants of the CRT monitor sprawl across the linoleum floor, blending seamlessly into the hustle and bustle of indifferent customers.

As Jake descends the stairs, guiding a nonchalant Kimberly in tow, his gaze momentarily fixates on the scattered debris.

A brief shake of his head conveys both annoyance and resignation, but the urgency of the present moment redirects his attention.

With a mental note to address the aftermath later, Jake steels himself to confront the ongoing challenges within the bustling store.

Kimberly walks beside Jake. He taps her on the shoulder.

JAKE
 (leaning in)
 Hey, can you round up the crew?
 I've got something to say.

KIMBERLY
 (squinting)
 Sure thing, new guy. But keep it
 quick; we've got a store to run.

INT. BOX MART - EMPLOYEE BREAK AREA - LATER

The employee break area buzzes with activity as the diverse crew gathers, exchanging curious glances and hushed conversations.

Jake, positioned somewhat awkwardly at the front, tries to assert authority amidst the clamor of voices and scattered laughter.

The room bears witness to a spectrum of personalities, each employee encapsulated in their own pre-shift rituals and discussions.

JAKE
 (awkwardly)
 Uh, hey, everyone. I'm Jake. I know
 I'm the new guy, but I thought it'd
 be cool if we had a little... team
 chat. Yeah?

Some employees nod hesitantly. Others exchange puzzled looks.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (trying to sound
 inspiring)
 We're like a family, right? A
 weird, dysfunctional family that
 spends too much time together. And,
 uh, families don't let anyone mess
 with them, right? That goes for
 Karens as well.

Awkward silence. JAKE fidgets.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Oh, and about that monitor that
 went out the window earlier? Yeah,
 we'll get it sorted. Anyway, we're
 not going to let anyone push us
 around. No more. I mean it.

EMPLOYEE #1
 (skeptical)
 What's a Karen?

JAKE
 (smiling)
 Ah, good question. You see, a "Karen" is a term for someone, typically a customer, who... well, let's just say they can be a bit challenging. If you come across one, just send them to the manager. That's me now, by the way.

EMPLOYEE #2
 (casually)
 Are the policies changing?

JAKE
 (smiling)
 Ah, good question. I'm working on a few things, talking to corporate and all. But hey, safety first, right? We'll keep you in the loop.

The employees exchange glances, some nodding in understanding.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake storms into the manager's office, frustration evident on his face. He slams the door shut behind him.

The office, moments ago a scene of authority, is now a sanctuary for Jake to collect himself. He paces back and forth, muttering to himself.

JAKE
 (to himself)
 What the hell did I just do?
 Embarrassed myself in front of the whole store.

He glances at the neatly organized incident reports on the desk, realizing the weight of the responsibility that comes with being the manager.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 Gotta get it together. Can't let them see weakness.

As he takes a deep breath, Jake straightens his tie and splashes water on his face from a nearby sink. He reopens the door, determined to face whatever comes next.

INT. BOX MART STORE - DAY

At the front of the big box mart, the cashier stand serves as the epicenter of transactional chaos. Conveyor belts inch forward, laden with an assortment of products, while overhead lights flicker intermittently.

The constant beep of a scanner and rustle of bags blend with the occasional laughter or disgruntled mutterings of customers. Weaving queues snake through aisles, creating a maze of shopping carts and baskets.

The cashier's area becomes a microcosm of the store's hustle and bustle, an intersection of commerce and human interaction amid the sprawling retail landscape.

Kimberly is diligently checking out items at her register.

KIMBERLY
(muttering to herself)
Just another day in retail
paradise.

Kimberly notices a white KAREN #2, flanked by her two mixed race children, approaching the checkout. The older child sits by the bagging station, and the younger one, barely hitting puberty, is putting items on the conveyor belt.

As Kimberly scans the items, she spots the younger girl placing alcohol on the conveyor.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Um, I need to see ID for the
alcohol, please.

KAREN #2
(excited)
Oh, it's been forever since I've
been carded!

The Karen reaches for her wallet, but Kimberly clarifies.

KIMBERLY
(smiling)
I'm talking about her. Store
policy. Anyone who touches alcohol
must be carded.

KAREN #2

(scoffing)

Since when? In this state, I can take my child to a restaurant and order them alcohol, and they'd only have to card me.

KIMBERLY

(confused)

Did I miss something? When did I move back to Germany?

The older child, offended, walks away mad.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

(trying to ease the tension)

It was only meant as a joke.

KAREN #2

(seriously)

Oh, you can't talk about Germany in front of Jews or black people.

KIMBERLY

(confused)

Why?

KAREN #2

(smirking)

They associate it with Nazis.

The younger girl, a Karen in training, walks over, putting her hands on the carousel.

YOUNGER KAREN

(grinning)

How would you like to never work for the state again? My mother works for the State Department. She can make sure you never get a job in this state again if she wanted to.

KAREN #2

(nodding)

That's right, sweetie. I hold sway over the State Department.

JAKE, the store manager, who had been watching, steps up.

JAKE

Is there a problem?

The Karen turns to Jake with ill intent.

KAREN #2

(angrily)

This employee won't let me buy alcohol. My daughter was just putting it on the conveyor belt for me, and this bitch decided she wanted to card my sweet little angel.

JAKE

(firmly)

Store policy states that anyone under 21 who touches alcohol forbids the sale. I'm afraid I can't sell this to you now.

KAREN #2

(threateningly)

Do you know who you're talking to? I work for the State Department. I can make your life a living hell. You need to remember the customer is always right.

JAKE

(smiling)

I think you need a lesson in where that slogan even came from. I won't be the one to teach it to you, but if you want to pursue this any further, I will have to ask you to leave.

The Karen, taken aback, warns Jake.

KAREN #2

Mark my words, I'm not done with you.

She uses a food stamp card, nods to the Karen in training, who smashes a candy stand, sending candy flying everywhere. They exit the store.

Jake, still standing firm, watches as the Karen and her daughters make a dramatic exit. The chaos left behind with the smashed candy stand creates a mess, but Kimberly maintains her composure.

KIMBERLY

(sighs)

Well, that was an adventure.

Jake, offering a reassuring smile, approaches Kimberly his hands are fidgety.

JAKE

You handled that well, Kimberly.
Remember, store policies are in
place for a reason.

KIMBERLY

(smiling back)

Thanks, but dealing with the State
Department threat was unexpected.

JAKE

It's not the first time I've had
similar challenges. Let's clean
this up, and I'll make a note of
the incident in case she decides to
escalate.

As they start cleaning the scattered candy, Jake looks at
Kimberly with a serious expression.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Just another day in retail. Get
ready for more, and always
remember, the customer is not
always right when they're breaking
the rules.

KIMBERLY

(nodding)

Got it.

They continue cleaning. Jake breaks the tension with a
revelation.

JAKE

I don't know if you noticed, she
actually doesn't work for the State
Department.

Kimberly looks over at Jake, puzzled.

KIMBERLY

How could you tell?

Jake smiles and chuckles but is noticeably shaken.

JAKE

When was the last time you ever
heard of someone from the State
Department using food stamps?

Kimberly ponders for a moment, then laughs a little as they continue to pick up the candy display. She looks over to see his hands shaking as he's grabbing candy.

A look of concern crosses her face as she continues to pick up candy.

INT. KAREN HINDENBURG'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is dimly lit, adorned with ostentatious decor. Karen Hindenburg sits behind an imposing desk, a luxurious white cat purring in her arms. The air is thick with an aura of authority.

On the other side of the desk, a distressed Karen, visibly shaken from her encounter at the store, recounts the tale of her failed manipulation.

KAREN HINDENBURG
(leaning back, sinister
smile)
Tell me everything, my dear.

Karen pours her heart out, detailing the thwarted attempts to bend the new manager to her will.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)
(rising, placing the cat
on the desk)
Do not weep, my child. This manager
is but a speck in the grand scheme.
He will learn the consequences of
opposing us.

Karen Hindenburg circles the desk, her hand resting on the shoulder of the distraught Karen.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)
(firmly)
Fear not, my loyal subject. I will
ensure he faces the repercussions
of crossing our path. He will
understand the weight of his
decisions.

The distressed Karen, overwhelmed by Karen Hindenburg's presence, falls to her knees, reaching out for her leader's hand, kissing it in reverence.

KAREN #2
Thank you, President.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is small, cluttered with paperwork and reports. Jake, tired but determined, sits behind his desk, typing up incident reports from the day's Karen encounter.

JAKE

(muttering to himself)
First day on the job, and I've
already got a report longer than my
arm.

He glances at his watch, realizing it's time to meet with the night shift crew.

EXT. BOX MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot at night is a vast expanse illuminated by buzzing, flickering fluorescent lights mounted on tall poles.

Rows of vehicles, their colors dulled under the artificial glow, stand in neat lines. Crisp air carries the distant hum of traffic from the nearby road, blending with the sporadic clicks of car doors and the low murmur of conversations.

Darkened corners cast shadows, where occasional gusts of wind stir abandoned shopping carts. The intermittent glow of a lamppost highlights patches of worn pavement, revealing traces of past oil spills.

It's a silent theater of retail aftermath, where the echoes of the day's shopping adventures linger under the moonlit sky.

Jake steps out into the quiet parking lot. A few NIGHT SHIFT EMPLOYEES are gathered, ready to tackle the post-closing cleaning routine. Jake approaches them, exuding a sense of authority trying to hid his anxious demeanor.

JAKE

(smiling and stuttering)
Hey, folks. I'm Jake, your new
store manager. Let's make this
store shine. First impressions
matter, even for a retail store at
night.

The Night Shift crew nods, and they enter the store.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jake's hotel room is a modest yet comfortable space, adorned with generic hotel furnishings.

The neutral-toned walls are punctuated by framed, unremarkable artwork, giving the room a touch of attempted homeliness.

A queen-sized bed with neatly arranged pillows and a crisp duvet takes center stage, flanked by two nightstands topped with standard-issue lamps.

A small desk sits against one wall, cluttered with Jake's laptop, scattered papers, and a half-empty coffee cup. The room features a window covered with heavy curtains, allowing only a subdued glow of city lights to filter through.

A generic armchair in the corner offers a solitary respite, while a flat-screen TV mounted on the opposite wall remains largely untouched.

The bathroom, separated by a door, is functional, equipped with the essentials—a clean sink, a shower-tub combo, and a standard set of toiletries.

The room emanates a sense of transience, where the familiarity of routine is traded for the predictability of hotel living.

Jake arrives at the cramped hotel room, exhaustion evident on his face. He kicks off his shoes and collapses into the chair next to the bed, attempting to unwind.

JAKE
(sighing)
First day down. Wonder how many
more Karens I'll meet.

He absentmindedly picks up his laptop, opens it, and starts scrolling through various videos online. His initial weariness turns into fascination as he dives into the bizarre world of Karen encounters.

The first video is a Karen in her car at a drive-through for a fast-food restaurant. There is no sound. The worker hands the food out the window and goes to prepare another order.

The Karen looks to be going through her order and throws it back through the open window. She opens her car door and tries to slip through the window.

The worker returns with a look of confusion before the Karen reaches over and grabs the worker by the hair trying to pull her through the window. There is a small exchange before the worker forces the Karen to let go and slam the window shut.

The Karen, screaming, bangs on the window until it breaks, then gets in her car and drives away.

Jake flips over to another video. It has sound but is hard to discern.

A Karen is standing before a cashier.

KAREN IN VIDEO

Your company has a policy to accept all coupons. Even those that are expired.

CASHIER IN VIDEO

As I've said before, ma'am, that's not our policy.

Karen reaches across the counter, but the cashier pulls away before the Karen can grab hold of her.

A couple of bystanders rush to hold the Karen back, but she starts swinging at them wildly, clocking people in the face, even scratching and biting.

Jake shakes his head and moves on to another video.

There is a Karen looking over a mask display during the pandemic. She's throwing masks off the display.

KAREN IN VIDEO

I'm tired of this bullshit. We shouldn't have to wear masks in a free country. It's all a way to control the people. This pandemic is a hoax.

She takes the display and pushes it over while workers gather around trying to get her to stop. Karen refuses, and a security guard comes up to her trying to get her restrained while she attacks him.

Jake watches with a mix of amusement and disbelief. His curiosity sparks, and he starts researching the Karen Organization of America.

Jake pulls up a video of a news report. It's a local video from a news channel he's not familiar with.

HOST

In breaking news. A local woman has been placed under arrest and fined for filing a false police report.

The screen shows a Karen keeping her dog close to her side while she's on the phone. The video footage is from the victim.

KAREN IN VIDEO

Help. I'm in the park, and there is an armed black man threatening me.

(pulls the phone away from her ear)

That's right, keep recording.

HOST

In this video, you can see the Karen on the phone with police while the victim records, keeping his distance.

Jake flips over to another video from the same news source.

HOST (CONT'D)

In tonight's headline, Florida woman charged with assault and permanently banned from a local store. Authorities say that the local woman has been harassing local cashiers and locations. Sometimes even leading picket lines against said businesses. Police have been on site trying to keep the peace.

The scene cuts to a local cashier whose face has been blurred.

CASHIER IN VIDEO

They started calling themselves the K.O.A. They said their mission is to show that the customer is always right when they don't seem to know the truth behind the meaning.

HOST

Cashiers have been frightened from even working retail.

The scene shows cashiers working to check out their customers.

HOST (CONT'D)

Many have decided they would rather seek employment elsewhere.

Jake sits back, absorbing the information.

JAKE

(muttering)

These Karens are a different breed. Gotta be prepared.

He takes notes, determined to understand the enemy he faces. The charismatic demeanor that got him through the day at the store transforms into a resolute focus.

Jake works to write a proposal to the company execs and works away through the night.

EXT. BOX MART - STORE FLOOR - DAY

Jake walks purposefully through the aisles, determined to improve the store's atmosphere while taking deep breaths and muttering to himself.

INT. BOX MART - STORE AISLE - DAY

Fluorescent lights overhead cast a bright, even glow on shelves lined with an array of products.

The subtle hum of background music blends with the rhythmic sounds of shopping carts gliding across the polished floor.

Prominent signage directs patrons to different sections of the store, creating a sense of order within the bustling environment.

Karen, mid-40s with the classic "I'd like to speak to the manager" haircut, approaches a Hispanic MAN with headphones, shopping peacefully.

KAREN #3

(angry)

Excuse me! I've been calling for you. Don't you work here?

The man pulls off his headphones, irritated.

MAN

(confused)

Can I help you with something?

KAREN #3

(snarling)

Finally! I was asking for you to help me. You work here, don't you?

MAN

(defensive)

No, I don't work here.

KAREN #3

(dismissive)

Liar! I just saw you helping someone else. Now, I want you to help me.

The man slips his headphones back on, ignoring the escalating Karen. She storms off to find Jake.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - DAY

Jake, a mix of frustration and determination on his face, is helping a customer when Karen storms up.

KAREN #3
 (furious)
 You! Manager! One of your employees
 won't help me!

Jake, sighing, follows Karen to the man with headphones.

INT. BOX MART - STORE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Jake ceases, pulling his arm away from the Karen, who points accusingly at the man with the headphones on.

JAKE
 (trying to explain)
 He doesn't work here. Please, he's
 just shopping.

KAREN #3
 (hysterical)
 You're just protecting your lazy
 ass workers! This is what happens
 when you employ illegal immigrants.

JAKE
 Mam, I'm going to need you to calm
 down. He is not employed with us he
 is just another customer, like I
 said.

Jake is visibly shaken and trying to hold himself together.

KAREN #3
 Well if you don't want to do
 something about it, I will.

Karen's slap lands on the man's face, jolting him backward. Simultaneously, Jake, fed up, seizes his walkie-talkie while attempting to restrain Karen #3.

JAKE
 (into walkie-talkie)
 I need someone to call the police.

Retreating with raised hands, the man moves away from the escalating situation. Jake, struggling, attempts to pull Karen #3 away from further confrontation.

Karen, fueled by anger, draws her fist back, poised to strike the man once more.

Seizing the opportunity, Jake moves swiftly, grabbing hold of Karen's raised arm, preventing the impending strike.

MAN (IN SPANISH)

You crazy bitch. Step down before I do something I'm going to regret. I will hit a woman in self defense.

Karen #3 struggles fiercely against Jake's grip on her arm, attempting to break free and continue her aggressive assault.

KAREN #3

Speak English, Damnit. This is America not a third world country.
(agitated)
Let go of me you worthless asshole.
I'll sue you for assault.

A couple of customers, who happen to be off-duty officers, witness the chaotic scene unfolding. Reacting swiftly, they rush to intervene and assist Jake in restraining the unruly Karen #3.

One of the off-duty officers promptly pulls out handcuffs, coordinating with the other to restrain Karen #3. Meanwhile, Jake, visibly shaken, stumbles back into the shelf, grappling with the overwhelming aftermath of the chaotic encounter.

Off-duty Officer #1 quickly takes charge, kneeling with his knee in Karen #3's back to maintain control. He looks up at Jake, offering a reassuring glance amidst the disarray.

OFF-DUTY OFFICER #1

I was in the next isle and heard what was happening. I may not be on duty but it's my job to offer assistance until the cavalry comes.

JAKE

(catching his breath)
Much appreciated.

EXT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - DAY

Police arrive as Jake, with a resigned expression, offers the irate Karen#3. As the officers escort her outside, Jake can't help but mutter to one of the officers.

JAKE

(muttering)
Another day in the retail circus.

Jake sighs and reaches for a cigarette in the store but stops himself, realizing the futility.

His face reflects a mix of defeat and exhaustion, despite the resolution of the chaotic events. Slowly, he turns away from the scene, deciding to retreat outside.

EXT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - DAY

Jake steps outside, seeking a moment of solitude. He reaches for a pack of cigarettes, contemplating a smoke to ease his nerves. Kimberly, sensing his stress, joins him.

KIMBERLY
(leaning against the wall)
Rough day, huh?

JAKE
(nodding, lighting a
cigarette)
You have no idea. These Karens are
relentless.

KIMBERLY
(smiling)
You're handling it pretty well,
though. I've seen managers crumble
under less.

JAKE
(exhaling smoke)
It's my job, I guess. Store
excellence, they call it. Sometimes
feels more like diving into a
lion's den.

KIMBERLY
(laughing)
Well, you're the go-to guy for
that, right? The store excellence
hero.

JAKE
(chuckling)
More like the sacrificial lamb.

KIMBERLY
(sincerely)
You know, Jake, you don't have to
bear all of it alone. We're a team
here. If the pressure gets too
much, we've got your back.

JAKE
 (smiling)
 Thanks, Kimberly. It means a lot.
 It's just... anxiety, you know?

KIMBERLY
 (nodding)
 Yeah, I get it. But hey, even
 heroes need a breather. Take a
 moment, and then let's get back in
 there. We'll tackle this circus
 together.

Jake takes a final drag of his cigarette, flicks it away, and with a newfound resolve, heads back into the store with Kimberly by his side.

INT. BOX MART - EMPLOYEE BREAK AREA - DAY

Jake, deep into the labyrinth of incident reports, uncovers a file labeled "Manager's Struggle." Kimberly notices the change in Jake's focus.

KIMBERLY
 (OFFHAND)
 Oh, that's the old manager's file.
 He went through the wringer.

JAKE
 (interested)
 Went through what?

KIMBERLY
 (sipping coffee)
 Karens. They pushed him hard. Used
 to be a different store before he
 lost it.

Jake flips through the file, revealing glimpses of the previous manager's struggle. Pictures of picket signs, disgruntled Karens, and a manager drowning in despair.

JAKE
 (amazed)
 They picketed the store?

KIMBERLY
 (nodding)
 Wanted him out. Drove him to the
 bottle. He called corporate,
 practically begged to be replaced.
 They got what they wanted, and he
 left for good. We could hear him
 swearing all the way out the door.

JAKE
 (realizing)
 So, the Karens have a playbook.

KIMBERLY
 (smiling)
 Seems like. Old man Jenkins was the
 casualty. Now you're on the front
 lines.

JAKE
 (resolute)
 I won't let them run me out.

KIMBERLY
 (curious)
 Got a plan?

JAKE
 (smirking)
 I'm going to turn their playbook
 against them. But first, we need to
 understand it.

Kimberly notices a small logbook of incidents on the table and flips through the pages. She stops at one incident and recalls it.

KIMBERLY
 (smiling)
 I was there for this. One Karen is
 a handful on their own, but this
 day there were two of them.

Kimberly takes Jake back up to his office.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - LATER

Kimberly pulls out a VHS from the wall and slips it into a VCR.

KIMBERLY
 I recognized this video from the
 other day. I felt it best if you
 saw it for yourself.

Kimberly turns on the old TV and presses play.

EXT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - CHRISTMAS EVE - DAY

The atmosphere is festive, Christmas decorations everywhere. A massive crowd gathers around a display of the season's hottest toy, Furby's. People are already scrambling to get their hands on them.

TWO KARENS, mid-40s, eyeing the last Furby on the shelf. The tension is palpable as they reach for it simultaneously. Their eyes lock, and it's clear that a storm is brewing.

KAREN #3
(aggressive)
I saw it first! Step away!

KAREN #4
(defiant)
I've been waiting here for hours.
It's mine!

Their dispute escalates into a physical altercation, drawing attention from the crowd. They start pulling each other's hair and clawing at the Furby. Chaos intensifies as the two Karens get bystanders involved, turning the confrontation into an all-out brawl.

Store employees attempt to intervene, but the Karens seem determined, hinting that this conflict might be premeditated.

Police, already on the scene, struggle to control the escalating situation. Some would-be shoppers try to sneak by and grab the last Furby, getting pulled into the fight.

The situation descends into chaos, and police resort to using mace, but it proves ineffective.

The manager is unwittingly pulled into the brawl, finding himself on the floor, gasping for breath, as people trample him.

The two Karens seize the opportunity to flee into the chaos, leaving the police struggling to contain the situation.

INT. BOX MART - JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Kimberly, watching the chaos unfold on the security cameras, exchange worried glances.

JAKE
(voice full of disbelief)
Are they seriously fighting over a Furby?
(grimacing)
This is more than just a holiday shopping frenzy.

KIMBERLY
Did you notice the two Karens?

Jake looks closely, realizing the Karens are no longer in the brawl.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
They caused a riot, officers
helpless, and then vanished.
Couldn't be identified.

Kimberly turns off the TV as they sit back at the office desk.

JAKE
This is organized chaos. There's a
pattern to these incidents, and it
goes beyond typical customer
complaints.

KIMBERLY
(smiling)
You've got a way with words.

JAKE
They're not just random Karens.
It's like a playbook, a coordinated
effort to disrupt and cause havoc.

KIMBERLY
(cocking her head)
So, what's the plan?

JAKE
(resolute)
First, I'll document everything we
know. Then, I need to escalate this
to corporate. This goes beyond my
pay grade. We're dealing with an
organization here, and we need
reinforcements.

Kimberly nods in agreement.

KIMBERLY
What about the police?

JAKE
(smiling)
They're good for handling
individual incidents, but we need
someone who can see the bigger
picture. I'll request additional
security and corporate
intervention.

Kimberly glances at the incident reports scattered across the desk.

KIMBERLY

(smirking)

So, You're going to turn their
playbook against them.

JAKE

(nodding)

It's the only way to win. We play
by the rules, document everything,
and bring in the heavyweights when
needed. I've had to do similar in a
few other stores.

(half-heartedly laughs)

Why they chose me for their go to
person is beyond me.

Jake and Kimberly are interrupted by another cashier slamming
into the doorway. He is out of breath.

CASHIER #1

Sir, there is someone asking for
you, she said if you don't come
she's going to escalate to the
authorities.

Jake and Kimberly exchange glances before rushing out the
door.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - DAY

Karen Hindenburg, a middle-aged woman exuding an air of
importance and disdain, confronts Jake near the store
entrance. The atmosphere becomes charged as they exchange icy
glares.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(smirking)

You must be the illustrious
manager. I expected someone with
more... finesse.

JAKE

(cool)

I'm Jake, the manager here. What
can I help you with?

KAREN HINDENBURG

(patronizing)

Oh, Jake, sweetie. I'm here to help
you. You see, the customer is
always right, and your reign here
seems to be missing that point.

JAKE
 (sarcastic)
 Well, I'm glad you came to
 enlighten me.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 (threatening)
 Consider this a friendly advice,
 dear. Step down, let someone more
 accommodating take charge, or I
 might have to escalate my endeavors
 for the sake of the common
 consumer.

Jake, maintaining his composure, nods politely and excuses himself.

As soon as he's out of sight of Karen Hindenburg, he attempts to collect himself with a deep breathing exercise.

INT. BOX MART - JAKE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jake sits behind his desk, visibly agitated, reviewing the encounter with Karen Hindenburg. Kimberly enters, sensing the tension.

KIMBERLY
 (raising an eyebrow)
 What was that all about?

JAKE
 (sighing)
 Seems like our "friend" has a keen
 interest in how I run things here.
 Thinks I'm not customer-friendly
 enough.

Kimberly leans against the doorframe, a skeptical look on her face.

KIMBERLY
 customer-friendly? In this store?
 Is she delusional?

JAKE
 (sarcastic)
 Apparently, she's the harbinger of
 customer satisfaction. Warned me to
 step down or face... "escalation."

Kimberly stifles a laugh but senses Jake's concern.

KIMBERLY

(serious)

What do you think she means by "escalation"?

JAKE

(looking defeated)

I don't know, but she made it sound like she has some influence. Said it's for the sake of the common consumer.

Kimberly smirks, unconvinced.

KIMBERLY

Common consumer? She's probably here to satisfy her own ego.

JAKE

(agitated)

Whatever it is, I can't afford more trouble right now. She hinted at having connections or something.

Kimberly raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

KIMBERLY

Connections? In a discount store?

JAKE

(resigned)

I know it sounds ridiculous, but there's something about her that feels... calculated. We need to tread carefully.

Kimberly ponders for a moment.

KIMBERLY

Maybe it's time to call for backup, like you mentioned before.

Jake nods, realizing the gravity of the situation.

JAKE

You're right. I'll draft a message to corporate. This might be beyond our initial limits.

As Jake starts drafting the message, the weight of the situation hangs heavy in the room, hinting at the challenges that lie ahead.

INT. BOX MART BOARDROOM - DAY

The CEO of Box Mart, sweating nervously, faces a room filled with corporate backers. They're baffled by the sudden surge of Karen encounters. Various suggestions are thrown around, each worse than the last.

CEO

(voice shaking)

We need to address this Karen Organization of America, but installing moats around our stores is impractical.

BACKER #1

How about a Karen hotline? They can call and complain instead of causing a scene.

CEO

(dismissing)

We've tried that. They just want to see the manager.

BACKER #2

What if we hire motivational speakers to uplift their spirits?

CEO

(displeased)

This isn't a self-help seminar. We're dealing with a Karen epidemic.

The CEO, realizing the gravity of the situation, takes a deep breath.

CEO (CONT'D)

(resolute)

We need someone who's faced this before. Someone who understands the K.O.A.

The double doors swing open, and in walks Jonas, arms crossed, a "bitch, please" attitude on her face.

JONAS

(smirking)

You called?

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake sits at his desk, looking over resumes for the security guard position. The door opens, and in walks JONAS, a tough-as-nails woman in her 90s. She wears an unimpressed expression and exudes an air of confidence.

JAKE

You must be Jonas. Please, have a seat.

Jonas eyes the chair skeptically but sits down with a nonchalant nod.

JONAS

Cut to the chase, kid. I ain't got time for niceties.

Jake, a bit taken aback, clears his throat.

JAKE

Alright then. Let's get to it. You've got an impressive military background and served as a nurse during World War Two. Quite the resume.

Jonas smirks, unimpressed.

JONAS

Resumes are just fancy words on paper. I'm here 'cause I heard this place has a Karen problem. I don't tolerate nonsense.

JAKE

(nods)

That's what we're trying to address. We need someone who can handle difficult situations.

Jonas pulls out a cigarette and starts to light it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sorry, no smoking in here.

Jonas gives Jake a challenging look, then puts the cigarette out on her arm, unfazed.

JONAS

Happy now, boss?

Jake, bewildered, glances at the burnt-out cigarette.

JAKE

I guess that works. Look, we need someone to keep the peace, not start fires. You're hired as our new security guard.

Jonas smirks, her eyes revealing a spark of amusement.

JONAS

Kid, I've dealt with Nazis. A few Karens won't ruffle my feathers. When do I start?

Jake, realizing he's dealing with a force to be reckoned with, tries to hide a smile.

JAKE

Welcome aboard, Jonas. Let's hope your unique skill set is what we need. I've heard you come highly recommended.

They shake hands, sealing the deal as Jonas prepares to face a new kind of battle.

JONAS

Don't let the rumor mill fool you. I'm more than capable of handling your little problem.

INT. K.O.A. SECRET HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The K.O.A. members huddle in their dimly lit lair, tension thick in the air. A notification lights up their secret chat - an imminent threat from an unknown adversary.

KAREN HINDEBURG

Our man on the inside just sent us word of what cooperate intends to do.

KAREN #1

(nervously)

Who in the world are they sending to deal with us?

KAREN #2

(panicking)

Could it be a corporate superhero? Do those even exist?

KAREN #3
 (fidgeting)
 This is bad. What if they know all
 our secrets?

Karen Hindenburg, the poised leader, remains unshaken. Her eyes gleam with a mix of curiosity and determination.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 (smiling)
 No need to panic, my dear Karens.
 Let's turn this into an
 opportunity. Find out who they're
 sending, but remember, we're
 masters at turning the tables.

The K.O.A. members disperse, their worries momentarily replaced with a newfound mission. Karen Hindenburg, sipping her coffee, is ready to play the game with a sly grin.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - DAY

Jonas and Jake, an odd pair, stand by the entrance, observing customers bustling through the aisles.

JONAS
 (smirking)
 This place has more drama than a
 reality show.

JAKE
 (grinning)
 You have no idea. Welcome to the
 retail circus.

They share a knowing look, prepared for whatever retail absurdity comes their way.

JONAS
 You want to talk circus, Back in my
 day...

JAKE
 (nervously)
 I'm sorry, but I see a situation
 about to start.

Jake observes Karen #4 brazenly cutting in line at the register.

The customer behind Karen #4 musters the courage to confront her, but the venomous glare she receives is enough to make them retreat and find another line.

Kimberly, the cashier, pretends not to notice, scanning Karen #4's items with a forced smile as the tension in the air thickens.

Kimberly scans the Instant Pot, and it rings up at \$199.

KAREN #4
(agitated)
That price isn't what was listed.

KIMBERLY
(stutters)
I'm sorry?

KAREN #4
I only decided to buy that cause it
said the price was \$50.

Kimberly, feeling the pressure, takes a breath and glances at Jake for assistance, unaware of Jonas standing beside him.

Jonas, with a small canister buckled to her belt, steps up behind Karen #4, putting on the fakest smile.

JONAS
What seems to be the problem?
Perhaps I can help you with that.

Karen #4 turns around with a snooty attitude, attempting to stare Jonas down.

KAREN #4
Who the hell are you?

JONAS
I'm Jonas. I can be your best
friend or your worse nightmare.
(pause)
Now how about we talk civilly, or
am I going to have to escort you
out of the store?

Karen #4 sizes up Jonas.

KAREN #4
Where the hell is the Manager. I
demand to speak to him.

JONAS
He's busy right now. I've been
given authority to help any
customer in the store in his stead.

KAREN #4

Fine, then. According to this ad the listing for this item is supposed to be \$50. This is a competitor listing that your store should be honoring.

Jonas looks at the paper Karen #4 pulls from her purse. She raises an eyebrow at Karen #4.

JONAS

What do you think this is, Walmart? Even they don't have that policy in effect anymore. If you wanted the product at that price then shop at that store. We don't have to honor the bullshit you're peddling.

Karen is taken aback and sputters, struggling to find words.

KAREN #4

Of all the nerve.

(angry)

That is not how you speak to a customer.

JONAS

Listen here, bitchy, I can speak to you how I want. If you want to throw your little tantrum I can easily have you escorted off premises.

KAREN #4

Fine, I don't have to take your shit.

In a fit of rage, Karen #4 abandons her cart and shoves Jake aside on her way out of the store.

INT. KAREN HINDENBURG'S CAR - DAY

Karen #4 gets into the car with Karen Hindenburg, fuming from her encounter in the store. Karen Hindenburg smirks, sensing an opportunity.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(slyly)

Well, spill it. What did you find out about our new employee?

Karen #4 takes a moment to compose herself before sharing the information.

KAREN #4
 (frustrated)
 She's a tough one, that's for sure.
 Seems like she used to run the show
 somewhere else, dealt with all
 sorts of chaos.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 (raising an eyebrow)
 Chaos, you say? Tell me more.

KAREN #4
 (smirking)
 She's got this weird sidekick vibe
 with the actual manager, Jake. They
 handle situations together. Oh, and
 she carries this mysterious
 canister on her belt.

Karen Hindenburg's evil grin widens as she envisions
 potential chaos.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 (smiling)
 Interesting. We might just have the
 key to rattle this retail kingdom.

As they drive off, Karen Hindenburg's sinister satisfaction
 sets the stage for the KOA's over-the-top planning.

INT. KOA OFFICE - LATER

Karen Hindenburg sits behind her desk, surrounded by stacks
 of resumes. She scowls as she sifts through the pile, tossing
 resumes into the trash with a disdainful flick of her wrist.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 (internally)
 Ugh, these names. I can't hire
 someone with a name like "Dustin."
 What were their parents thinking?

Karen picks up a resume and squints at the name.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)
 (mockingly)
 Dustin, really? Adults need adult
 names. Can't have someone named
 Dustin running around representing
 KOA.

She crumples the resume and tosses it into the trash.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)
 (looking at the next
 resume)
 And what's this? "Aiden"? No, no,
 no. We're running a professional
 organization here, not a daycare.

Karen theatrically throws the resume over her shoulder.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)
 Adults need to act like adults, and
 that starts with having a serious
 name. Maybe they'll learn that in
 the real world.

She continues to sift through resumes, tossing each one with
 a mixture of disdain and arrogance.

Karen Hindenburg narrows her eyes at Karen #1, her second in
 command, who looks visibly displeased.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)
 (angry)
 Forget it. You're my secretary now.

Karen #1 protests, objecting to the perceived demotion.

KAREN #1
 (confused)
 But that's a peasant's position.
 Put someone else in charge.

Karen Hindenburg gives her a disgruntled look, dismissing her
 objection with a wave of her hand.

KAREN HINDENBURG
 (scoffs)
 What do you think I'm doing? You
 failed your job in the
 organization, and now you must
 atone for your transgressions. Now
 I want you to get everyone together
 for tonight's meeting.

Karen #1, now relegated to the role of secretary,
 begrudgingly accepts her new position. Karen Hindenburg
 resumes her task, looking over more resumes with an air of
 superiority.

INT. K.O.A. HEADQUARTERS - SECRET LAIR - NIGHT

The KOA members gather around a table adorned with ridiculous
 Karen memorabilia. Karen Hindenburg bursts in, drawing
 attention.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(ominous)

Karens, we've got ourselves a prime target. Someone who thinks she can outsmart us.

The KOA members exchange excited glances, ready for an absurd plan.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)

(evil laughter)

It's time for a face-to-face meeting with Jonas. Get ready for Operation Retail Meltdown!

The KOA members join in the laughter.

INT. BOX MART - LINGERIE SECTION - DAY

Kimberly, preparing for her break, notices a middle-aged MAN awkwardly browsing through women's underwear.

KIMBERLY

(polite)

Can I help you find something, sir?

MAN

(nervous)

Kinda, I guess. I'm trying to find something for my wife, but I'm not sure what to get her. I'm not even sure if she likes lace or not.

KIMBERLY

Is she around? Perhaps you could ask her.

Uncertain and hesitantly, the man pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

INT. BOX MART - STORE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

A middle-aged WOMAN walking with her SON stops as the phone rings. The woman answers the phone.

WOMAN

What do you want, dear? I know you're not in the sports section like you said you'd be. We just walked from there.

INT. BOX MART - LINGERIE SECTION - CONTINUOUS

The man looks around nervously from the lingerie to Kimberly and back.

MAN

Well, I have to admit I did stray from there to get you something.

INT. BOX MART - STORE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Sensing trouble, the son pulls out his cell phone and starts recording. The woman puts the phone on speaker.

WOMAN

Let me guess, you want to get me something but you want me to pick it out for you.

MAN (OVER THE PHONE)

Well, yeah. I was wanting to get you some lingerie but I couldn't figure out which would be better for you.

The mother presses the phone against her forehead, regretting her decision.

WOMAN

(half-whispered agitation)
Did your son put you up to this?

MAN (OVER THE PHONE)

Not necessarily. Though you know I can't figure out what looks good on you.

(upbeat)

You know perhaps it would be better if he chooses it for you.

The woman just about crushes the phone.

WOMAN

(yelling)
What kind of bullshit are you trying to pull?

INT. BOX MART - LINGERIE SECTION - CONTINUOUS

The man pulls the phone away from his ear as the voice of the woman can be heard both on the phone and across the store. Kimberly holds onto the rack, stifling her laughter.

WOMAN (OVER THE PHONE)

I knew you were hopeless when it came to choosing things, but tactless doesn't even begin to describe your incompetency. You must really love sleeping on the couch. Well, listen up, fucker, I'm not going to play your games today.

The man ends the call, stifling his own laugh. He pulls out his phone and sends a text to his son.

INT. BOX MART - STORE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

The son stops recording while his mother is fuming and looks at the text.

SON

(reading the screen)
Please tell me you got that on video.

The mother grabs the son's phone and looks at the screen.

WOMAN

You motherfuckers. That's it; you're grounded for a week. As for your father, he can sleep on the couch for the next month.

INT. BOX MART - EMPLOYEE BREAK AREA - LATER

Kimberly is bursting with laughter as she enters the break room. She has her hands wrapped around her waist trying to restrain herself.

KIMBERLY

Dear lord, I needed that today.

Kimberly wipes a tear from her eye and looks around.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Huh, I wonder where Jonas could be.

INT. BOX MART - ELECTRONICS SECTION - DAY

In the bustling electronics section, bright overhead lights illuminate rows of gleaming gadgets.

Shelves are neatly stocked with the latest technology, and customers weave through the aisles, testing gadgets and comparing prices.

The faint hum of electronic devices and the occasional beep of a scanner create a lively ambiance.

Jonas, standing guard near the electronics, notices KAREN #5 approaching with a disgruntled expression. Karen #5 holds a damaged electronic gadget.

KAREN #5

(angry)

Your store sold me this garbage,
and now it doesn't work! I demand a
refund.

JONAS

(deadpan)

Sure thing. Let's take a look.

Jonas examines the gadget, noticing signs of rough handling.

JONAS (CONT'D)

It seems like this has seen better
days. Did it take a tumble or two?

KAREN #5

(defensive)

That's none of your business. I
bought it, and it should work
perfectly.

JONAS

(smirking)

Well, ma'am, products tend to work
better when you don't use them as
soccer balls. No refund for you.

Karen #5 huffs in frustration taking the electronic device and storming off.

INT. BOX MART - TOY SECTION - LATER

In the lively toy section, vibrant colors and playful displays captivate the eyes.

Shelves are adorned with a myriad of toys, from action figures to board games. Excited children and parents browse through the aisles, and the air is filled with the sounds of laughter and the occasional squeal of delight.

Bright, overhead lights create a cheerful atmosphere, making it a haven for families seeking entertainment.

As Jonas patrols the toy section, she witnesses KAREN #6 berating a cashier.

KAREN #6
 (indignant)
 This toy is supposed to sing and
 dance, and it's not doing either! I
 demand compensation.

JONAS
 (raising an eyebrow)
 Let me have a look.

Jonas presses a button on the toy, and it starts singing and
 dancing perfectly.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 Looks fine to me. Maybe it just
 needed a bit of tough love.

KAREN #6
 (appalled)
 I should speak to the manager.
 You're useless.

JONAS
 (smiling)
 Ma'am, I am the manager. Feel free
 to escalate your complaint to
 corporate. Though I doubt you'll
 have much luck.

EXT. BOX MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

Under the bright daylight, the parking lot sprawls
 expansively with rows of neatly aligned vehicles.

Cars of various shapes and sizes are neatly parked, gleaming
 under the sunlight. Shopping carts corralled in designated
 areas await their next use.

Customers traverse the lot, heading towards the entrance, and
 the occasional breeze carries with it a sense of bustling
 activity.

The distant hum of traffic further establishes the commercial
 energy of the space.

As Jonas stands near the entrance, KAREN #7 storms out of the
 store, cart in tow.

KAREN #7
 (furious)
 Your cashiers don't know the first
 thing about customer service. I've
 been waiting for ages!

JONAS
 (cool)
 I apologize for the inconvenience.
 Let's get this sorted.

Jonas checks the receipt and notices that Karen #7 is mistaken.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 Ma'am, you were in and out in less than five minutes. No need to exaggerate.

KAREN #7
 (muttering)
 Well, it felt like ages. Your cashier couldn't ring fast enough.

JONAS
 (smirking)
 Time flies when you're having fun, doesn't it?

Karen #7 grumbles and pushes her cart away.

INT. BOX MART - BREAK AREA - DAY

Kimberly watches the interactions from a distance and approaches Jonas.

KIMBERLY
 (laughing)
 You handle them like a pro. Haven't seen Karens put in their place so efficiently.

JONAS
 (smirking)
 I've dealt with worse in my time. These Karens are child's play. Though I feel they are trying to see what I'm capable of. They have no idea of my full capabilities.

KIMBERLY
 (skeptical)
 You think it's going to stay this way?

JONAS
 (serious)
 Karens adapt, but so do I. Let them bring it on.

INT. BOX MART - HOUSEWARES SECTION - DAY

The housewares section boasts an array of home essentials, neatly organized on well-lit shelves.

Clean and orderly, the aisle features kitchenware, bedding, and decorative items.

Shoppers move purposefully, inspecting items for their homes.

The soft hum of background chatter mingles with the clinking of dishes and occasional cart wheels.

Jonas patrols the housewares section when she notices KAREN #8 aggressively arguing with a store employee, EMMA.

KAREN #8

(angry)

I demand to speak to the manager.
This store has the worst service
I've ever encountered!

EMMA

(nervous)

I'm sorry, ma'am. Let me find the
manager for you.

Jonas intervenes before Emma can go.

JONAS

(calm)

I'm the manager. What seems to be
the problem?

KAREN #8

(dismissive)

Finally! Your employee here doesn't
know how to treat customers. I've
been waiting, and she's been
completely unhelpful.

EMMA

(apologetic)

I tried my best, ma'am.

JONAS

(serious)

I'll handle this. Thank you, Emma.

Emma nods, relieved, and steps away.

KAREN #8
 (impatient)
 I want compensation for the
 inconvenience. And a discount on my
 entire purchase!

JONAS
 (resolute)
 I can't offer that without
 understanding the issue. Let's
 discuss it calmly.

KAREN #8
 (raising her voice)
 Calmly? Your staff is incompetent,
 and you want me to be calm?

JONAS
 (firm)
 If you continue to raise your voice
 and harass my employees, I'll have
 to ask you to leave.

KAREN #8
 (mocking)
 You and what authority? You can't
 kick me out!

JONAS
 (smiling)
 Watch me.

Jonas takes out her walkie-talkie and speaks into it.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 Security to the housewares section,
 please.

INT. BOX MART - HOUSEWARES SECTION - CONTINUOUS

A security guard, MIKE, arrives promptly.

An older gentleman, around the same age as Jonas, exudes an
 air of authority, paired with an alluring smile that lights
 up his face as he spots Jonas.

MIKE
 (saluting)
 What's the situation, Jonas?

JONAS

(polite)

This customer has been aggressive with the staff. I need her escorted out.

KAREN #8

(indignant)

You can't do this!

MIKE

(serious)

Ma'am, please follow me.

Karen looks back at Jonas with an evil look.

JONAS

Do you really think a business can't decline a customer who is being unreasonable?

KAREN #8

I know my rights as a customer. You have no right to refuse service.

Mike tries to take Karen #8 by the arm but she pulls away. Mike looks to Jonas who puts her hand telling him to wait.

JONAS

Do you remember the little debacle about certain stores refusing to sell cakes to gay people? Do you remember the ruling?

Karen #8 takes a moment to think and gets smug.

KAREN #8

Ha, those places were allowed to refuse service to their customer base cause those...

JONAS

(agitated)

Choose your next words carefully or my friend here won't be so gentle when he kicks you from this store. You see, his husband and I are brother and sister.

Karen eyes Mike with disdain.

KAREN #8

(stutters)

Those shops were allowed to refuse service to people.

JONAS

Now you know that a business can refuse service to anyone.

KAREN #8

(quickly)

That's not what that means!

JONAS

(leaning in)

You know, we should probably get your autograph. Refusing service in style is an art, and you've just painted a masterpiece.

Karen #8 scowls, and Mike ushers her toward the exit.

INT. BOX MART - NIGHT

Jonas, finishing her rounds for the night, walks down the quiet aisles towards Jake's office. She knocks on the slightly ajar door.

JAKE

(glancing up)

Hey, Jonas. Everything quiet on the retail front?

JONAS

(smirking)

As quiet as it gets in this circus. Thought I'd drop by and wish you a pleasant evening.

JAKE

Appreciate it. Same to you. See you tomorrow.

Jonas tips her imaginary hat and heads towards the front of the store. The night is calm, and the buzz of the fluorescent lights overhead is the only sound echoing through the empty aisles.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jonas strolls confidently towards her car, a worn-out sedan. As she digs out her keys, the atmosphere shifts. Unbeknownst to her, members of the Karen Organization of America (KOA) emerge from the shadows and surround her.

KAREN #9
 (smirking)
 Mrs. Hindenburg would like to have
 a word with you.

Jonas glances around, sensing the sudden tension. Before she can react, a Karen steps forward, wearing a fake smile.

KAREN #9 (CONT'D)
 Follow me, please.

Jonas, with an air of nonchalant indignation, nods and follows Karen #9. They walk towards a car parked a bit away from the entrance.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the sedan is well-kept and comfortable, with clean upholstery and modern features.

The soft hum of the engine is accompanied by the gentle whirr of air conditioning, creating a pleasant atmosphere within the vehicle.

Karen #9 opens the door for Jonas, who eyes the situation with suspicion. Jonas gets in, and another Karen promptly pulls out a bag.

KAREN #10
 (smiling)
 We need to keep our lair a secret.
 You must be covered before your
 meeting.

She reveals a disguise - a wig, sunglasses, and a scarf.

JONAS
 (raising an eyebrow)
 You've got to be kidding me.

KAREN #10
 (grinning)
 No jokes here. Mrs. Hindenburg
 doesn't take kindly to unauthorized
 guests.

Jonas, realizing she's in an unexpected twist, reluctantly puts on the disguise. The Karen members nod in approval.

KAREN #9
 (offering a fake smile)
 Now, let's meet the queen of
 Karens.

EXT. KOA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Karen Association of America's headquarters looms like an ominous fortress, a parody of corporate grandiosity.

The building stands tall, adorned with tacky signage and oversized "I'd like to speak to the manager" haircuts as if mocking the seriousness of traditional corporate structures.

The air surrounding it is thick with self-importance and an eerie sense of entitlement.

The entrance boasts a gaudy, golden door, hinting at the delusions of grandeur harbored within its walls.

It's a place where entitled murmurs echo through the halls, and the flickering fluorescent lights cast shadows that seem to conspire with the air of absurdity that pervades the place.

Jonas, disguised and surrounded by Karen members, is ushered into Karen Hindenburg's office. Hindenburg, sitting in a luxurious chair, strokes a white fluffy cat.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(smiling)

Welcome, Jonas, to your reckoning.

Jonas eyes the scene with a mix of amusement and skepticism.

INT. KOA HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The interior of the Karen Association of America's headquarters is a bizarre spectacle of faux sophistication and misplaced entitlement.

The reception area features ostentatious golden accents and garish decor that clashes with any semblance of good taste.

An oversized "I'd like to speak to the manager" haircut sculpture stands as an odd centerpiece, symbolizing the exaggerated self-importance of the organization.

The fluorescent lighting casts an unflattering glow on the outdated carpeting, creating an atmosphere reminiscent of a time capsule from the '80s.

As one ventures deeper into the headquarters, the meeting rooms appear frozen in a bygone era, with tacky furniture and outdated technology adding to the overall sense of absurdity.

Jonas, now seated, smokes a cigarette, a cloud of smoke surrounding her. Karen Hindenburg and a few other Karens observe her.

JONAS

(between drags)

Back then, Karens were a little more refined. Hell, the corporations were smarter too.

The scene shifts to a flashback at a Bloomingdale's store. A manager, in a sharp suit, talks to a high-class Karen. He turns to fire an employee.

JONAS (V.O.)

Back then, they hired men just to be fired, just for the sake of appeasing the original Karens.

The scene shifts again, returning to Jonas in the present.

JONAS

(smirking)

Businesses knew how to handle the clientele, and Karens didn't need an entire organization. This is a bit of a nice setup you got here.

KAREN HINDENBURG

Why not join us? I'm sure you know more than you're letting on.

Jonas, taking another drag from her cigarette, considers the proposition.

JONAS (CONT'D)

(smirking)

I'll have to think about it, sweet cheeks. Your tactics are unrefined, and the Karen movement has lost its bite since the old days.

Hindenburg glances around the room and leans in, as if sharing a secret.

KAREN HINDENBURG

We merely need someone on the inside. Someone who can persuade the manager in charge to be more agreeable with the customer. After all, the customer is always right.

Jonas, with a no-nonsense look, takes a final puff of her cigarette before putting it out on Hindenburg's desk.

JONAS

(smirking)

You drive a hard bargain.

Hindenburg smiles and reaches out to shake Jonas' hand. Jonas takes the hand, maintaining her composure.

Before being escorted out, Jonas subtly retrieves a device from her pant leg and skillfully slides it under Karen's desk.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake sits engrossed in Half-life 3 on his Steam Deck as Jonas enters, holding a folder behind her back.

JONAS
(serious)
Jake, I need a moment. It's urgent.

Jake, immersed in his game, glances up briefly.

JAKE
(dismissive)
I'm busy right now.

Jonas, undeterred, glares over the handheld device.

JONAS
(angry)
This is crucial! How can you play
at a time like this?

Ignoring her, Jake continues gaming. Frustrated, Jonas rips the console from his hands, hurling it against the wall, shattering it.

JONAS (CONT'D)
(furious)
A baby's toy? Focus!

Jake, now attentive, looks at Jonas with disdain.

JAKE
(sighs)
Fine, you have my attention.

Jonas leans over the desk, intense.

JONAS
The Karens have a plan to sink us.
Picketing, flooded emails—they aim
to cripple the company. I have
evidence—photos of the K.O.A.
members. We need to act.

Jake eyes the spilled pictures.

JAKE
 (pensive)
 Some are banned already. What's the
 plan?

Jonas gives a wicked grin.

JONAS
 Leave it to me.

INT. TV NEWSROOM - DAY

A news anchor reports on a press conference with the State
 Governor.

NEWS ANCHOR
 (on TV)
 Breaking news: Governor announces a
 solution for businesses affected by
 picket lines. Legal measures to
 bypass traffic-obstructing
 protests.

EXT. STATE CAPITOL - DAY

The governor, a mundane figure, speaks at the press
 conference.

GOVERNOR
 (on TV)
 We understand the challenges faced
 by local businesses. To ensure
 their operations, we're introducing
 legal measures. Businesses can now
 request assistance to navigate
 picket lines that interfere with
 traffic.

EXT. BOX MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

Karen #1 leads a group of Karens forming a picket line at the
 entrance.

KAREN #1
 (angry)
 No one gets in!

DRIVERS approach, unfazed. Karen #1 tries to block the path.

KAREN #1 (CONT'D)
 (Shouting)
 Stop! Join the boycott!

The approaching CARS ignore them. Karen #1 hesitates. The Karens scramble, clearing the way.

Karen #1 lands on the grass as the car screeches past. She gets up dusting herself off and looking at the new grass stains on her jeans.

KAREN #1 (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
We'll get you next time!

INT. BOX MART - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Jonas watches from the entrance, smirking.

JONAS
(to herself)
Not today, Karens. Not today.

The failed picket attempt is captured by a passing NEWS CREW.

NEWS REPORTER
(on TV)
In an interesting turn of events,
picket lines face new challenges as
drivers legally bypass protests.
Local businesses welcome the
change.

The news coverage is a small victory for Jonas against the KOA's tactics.

MONTAGE

Parking Lot - Entrance

Karen #1 approaches the entrance with a picket sign. Jonas, disguised as a store employee, intercepts her.

JONAS
(smiling)
Welcome to Box Mart! We appreciate
your support.

Karen #1, confused, enters the store unknowingly.

There is a rack in the entrance where other signs have been placed. There is a sign on the wall that says. "Valet, sign placement. All signs will be returned upon exit."

Beside it is a shelf with another sign that says "Recharge your bullhorn here."

Karen #1 places her sign in the rack.

Customer Service Desk

Karen #2 heads to Customer Service, intending to cause a scene. A friendly employee redirects her to the wrong department.

EMPLOYEE

(pointing)

Oh, for customer complaints, please head to Aisle 10. They'll assist you there.

KAREN #2

I must speak...

EMPLOYEE

You'll find that we have an area set up for all complaints.

Karen #2 grumbles and follows the wrong directions.

The aisle itself is empty but the shelves are lined with laundry soap. A banner is hanging over the aisle that says "We get rid of any filth by any means."

Break Room

Karen #3 tries to rally fellow Karens to charge the break area.

A janitor spills a bucket of water, forcing the Karens to disperse. Some of them slip and try to get angry but there is a plethora of slippery floor signs, in multiple languages, already in place.

JANITOR

(apologetic)

Oops! My bad. Watch your step!

Electronics Section

Karen #4 attempts to confront employees in Electronics. Jonas, disguised as a manager, intervenes.

JONAS

(firm)

Sorry, ma'am, but you'll need to head to the checkout for assistance.

Karen #4 reluctantly complies, unaware she's being redirected. She stands before the electronics check out counter and looks around to see the counter is empty.

Craft Section

Karen #5 notices a small section on the end cap showcasing different Picket signs.

An employee comes over and smiles.

EMPLOYEE

Were you interested in our new crafting projects? We're offering a class today on better ways to improve your next picket line. You'll be the talk of the town and people can see your signs even better.

Electronics Section

Karen #4 goes to check her watch but another employee steps up to the counter, a pin shows the employee is deaf. He tries to sign to Karen #4.

When Karen goes to protest the employee holds up his hand asking for a moment. He pulls out a small device and presses a few buttons.

DEAF EMPLOYEE

(from the device)

Sorry for making you wait. I'm here to assist you today. Are you needing something from one of our security shelves?

Karen #4 is perplexed and unsure of how to proceed.

DEAF EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

If you'd like I can get someone who might better be able to assist you.

Front Exit

Multiple Karens, frustrated, decide to leave. At the exit, Jonas, now dressed as a security guard, checks their receipts.

JONAS

(friendly)

Thank you for shopping at Box Mart. Have a great day!

The Karens exit, puzzled and perplexed. One tries to turn to Jonas and argue but looks closely at Jonas and flees after the others.

INT. KAREN HINDENBURG'S SECRET BASE - NIGHT

Karen Hindenburg sits at her desk, surrounded by loyal Karens. Screens show various angles of Box Mart and Jonas' activities. She turns to look at the group and notices they all have items bought from the store.

KAREN HINDENBURG

What is wrong with all of you? You were supposed to destroy the business not buy from them. You were all chosen for your unique talents. Now you've gone native?

Karen Hindenburg presses her hand to her face.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Never mind, Jonas was supposed to join us. What is she playing at? Well, if she wants to play it that way, then it's time to send in the trolls.

The Karens around her look up in shock. One of them whips out a phone and starts dialing a number.

INT. BOX MART - ELECTRONICS SECTION - DAY

An employee arranges a new PlayStation display across the aisle from the Xbox section. The PlayStation shelf is noticeably bare, while a lone Xbox console remains available for purchase.

Enter a couple of adults sporting PlayStation-branded clothing. One of them gazes at the display.

The PS NERD has a lisp.

PS NERD

Will you look at that. Sold out again.

PS NERD glances disdainfully at the Xbox section.

PS NERD (CONT'D)

And would you look at that no one wants to play Xbox. Those Xbots sure don't know what they are missing with the PlayStation 5. Sony sold the highest amount of consoles three to one.

XBOX NERD (O.S.)

Says the Sony Pony who doesn't see that the PlayStation is only being sold out due to Scalpers.

The PlayStation nerds turn toward the Xbox Nerd with expressions of disgust.

The Xbox Nerd is wearing an Xbox hat and shirt.

PS NERD

This coming from the fanboys who don't buy games. What, the Game Pass not got any good games on it?
(pause)
Probably not. You want real games get a PlayStation.

XBOX NERD

What games? You guys had one real game and it didn't even win any awards last year. Oh for seven I do believe. What's the matter can't play Spider-Man anymore since it's gone to PC?

A bespectacled man, the NINTENDO NERD, with nappy hair confidently strides over.

NINTENDO NERD

Why are you guys still crying about games? The switch was always where it was at. Hell, if game devs were smart they would stop spending millions of dollars building for outdated systems and build only for the switch.

Everyone looks at the Nintendo Nerd and laughs.

XBOX NERD

This is an A and B conversation. C your way the hell out of it. Your console ain't shit. Sure Microsoft has been releasing games to it but they've had to scale it way the fuck down just to be able to run it.

Ps nerd looks over at Xbox nerd.

PS NERD

What fucking games? Xbox has no games, bitch.

XBOX NERD

Wanna talk about no games? What's the line up for PlayStation?

PS NERD

Check it, Final Fantasy, Call of Duty, Helldivers, Last of Us 2 Remake.

XBOX NERD

3rd party, Microsoft game, 3rd Party, and another cash grab. Plus you guys have been port begging for the games you claim we don't have.

Nintendo Nerd pulls out his phone and with his sausage fingers records the back and forth.

PS NERD

You can't even say you have any games when they go day-and-date with the PC. PlayStation always has exclusives.

XBOX NERD

Yeah that's the only thing keeping Sony afloat, until they release your precious exclusives to PC. On top of the fact your exclusive games aren't even making back the money put into them. You guys had to rely on Call of Duty just to get the money for your first-party games.

PS NERD

Bitch, please. Sony made the biggest mistake porting our great games to a dying system. PC ain't shit and Xbox still ain't getting PlayStation Games.

NINTENDO NERD

I can attest to that. Rockstar refuses to put GTA 6 on the PC proving it's become irrelevant.

The second PlayStation nerd laughs, drawing the attention of the Xbox and first PlayStation nerds towards the Nintendo Nerd.

XBOX NERD

Stay out of this.

PS NERD

Stay out of this

Nintendo nerd backs off but continues to film.

PS NERD (CONT'D)

We're willing to pay any amount of money to Sony. You broke ass welfare bitches only get to play games cause they come to game pass. And let's be honest. There ain't no good games on there.

Jonas has been watching and has had enough. She steps in with her backup security guard.

JONAS

You mother fuckers have had quite enough fun with your bullshit. It's time you all left. You fuckers wouldn't be anywhere without PC.

Jonas and the Security officer drag them out of the store while Nintendo nerd keeps recording the whole thing.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake is engrossed in a YouTube video, tuned in to the ChaosLounge channel on his office computer.

CHAOS

(on the video)

What the hell is going on in Florida? I thought it was bad enough that fanboys console warred on Twitter, now they are taking it into the real world. Just look at this video that got uploaded.

ChaosLounge streams the video of the recent incident, capturing the moment when everyone gets kicked out.

CHAOS

(on the video)

How messed up is this? These are grown ass men and they are fighting the console war in the middle of a store. This is embarrassing.

Jake pauses the video, looking up at Jonas.

JAKE

Looks like the K.O.A has switched up their tactics a bit.

JONAS

I've not been able to get back to their secret hideout. Not since we've been able to thwart them so easily.

JAKE

Something tells me this is just the beginning.

JONAS

I've got a listening device in her office. I'll be keeping tabs on what they plan next.

JAKE

No wonder the CEO was adamant about sending you.

INT. KAREN HINDENBURG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Karen sits regally, her cat lounging on a nearby cat tree, embodying an odd mix of entitlement and eccentricity in their peculiar headquarters.

Karen directs her commands to one of her devoted followers.

KAREN HINDENBURG

I want a notice sent out across every network, group, and website. I need everyone to gather at Box Mart and demonstrate who the customers truly are. Show them that if they won't comply with our demands, we'll drive them out of business. It's our entitlement as customers to receive what we desire. The saying is "The customer is always right," and I'll ensure they understand the phrase unequivocally.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

From Florida lines go forth bouncing from location to location.

Zooming in on Pennsylvania, the map reveals a diverse landscape of cities and towns.

Pittsburgh, a city of bridges, contrasts with its industrial charm.

Small towns dot the rural expanses, each with its unique character.

As the scene unfolds, the animated lines represent the interconnectedness of these locations, creating a lively visual journey across the state.

INT. HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL FURRY ORGANIZATION - DAY

The National Furry Organization's interior is a vibrant and welcoming space adorned with colorful furry art, plush decorations, and community bulletin boards.

Fursuiters mingle, exchanging stories and sharing their passion for anthropomorphic characters.

KAGE, the leader of the organization, glances through his emails, his expression turning sour. Not adorned in a fur suit, he navigates the digital messages with a displeased frown.

KAGE

Why would the K.O.A want us?

One of the Fursuiters looks over, he's wearing a lion fur suit.

FURRY #1

What's wrong, uncle?

KAGE

The K.O.A wants us to meet with them at their base.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

The map zooms out from Pennsylvania and focuses in on the state of Texas.

INT. BIKERS ORGANIZATION - DAY

Motorcycle paraphernalia lines the walls, accompanied by dim lighting that enhances the gritty ambiance.

Bikers clad in leather jackets gather around.

JAMES, the leader, reads the email aloud to the assembled members.

JAMES

They are looking to shut down one of the local stores and need help.

BIKER #1
Are they stupid or something?

JAMES
I want to see this shit show
personally.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

On the map of the United States, arrows burst forth from Texas and zoom in on California.

INT. NAACP - DAY

Motivational posters with quirky slogans line the walls, and the office furniture features playful designs.

Despite the lighthearted decor, the commitment to promoting equality and justice is evident in the passionate discussions and advocacy materials scattered throughout the room.

The lead organizer, FRANKLIN, scrutinizes the email, surrounded by attentive onlookers.

FRANKLIN
Is this woman serious?

OFFICE WORKER #1
I thought they were the cause of a
lot of our problems.

FRANKLIN
We'll send a representative down
there and see what's going on for
ourselves. This is out of my hands
until we get a full report.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

The map zooms away from California, returning to Florida, pinpointing the KOA headquarters for a closer look.

EXT. KOA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Members from various organizations gather near the entrance, idly lingering where a stage has been set up.

Karen Hindenburg stands on the stage, surveying the assembled crowd with visible disdain. She turns sharply to one of her assistants.

KAREN HINDENBURG

Sometimes you have to scrape the bottom of the barrel if you want results. These people are the dregs of society but that also means we can use them to our advantage.

Karen Hindenburg redirects her focus to the assembled crowd.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)

Thank you, everyone, for attending. I understand everyone had other plans and didn't want to be here.

A voice from the crowd calls out.

FURRY #1

I'm missing a convention to be here.

KAREN HINDENBURG

Help me and I'll make sure you're handsomely rewarded.

The crowd hushes, eagerly awaiting the next words.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)

There is a store here that needs to be taught a lesson. They've not shown the proper kindness that belongs to customers.

A murmur of confusion ripples through the crowd.

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)

Come on, you all know the phrase; the customer is always right.

CROWD MEMBER #1

I think you're confused on the context...

KAREN HINDENBURG

Quiet you. There is no context to that phrase. When a customer tells a member of customer service how things are supposed to be that's when they need to learn to listen and do as they are told. It is us, the clientele that keeps them in business.

Disheartened, a few individuals in the crowd begin to disperse and leave the gathering.

CROWD MEMBER #2

Now, I want to see where this leads. I think we should all take a moment to see how far she gets what she wants. Lets all go down to this store and see how bad things are for ourselves.

Remaining attendees exchange puzzled glances, then collectively decide to head towards the store to see the commotion for themselves.

JONAS (V.O.)

From what I've gathered there is a group on their way here now.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas positions herself in front of Jake, wearing a sly smirk.

JONAS

My sources have determined that we're going to have an influx of new shoppers but they won't be following the program set forth by the KOA.

JAKE

What makes you think that?

JONAS

I've been keeping in contact with the different agencies that we've helped through donations and fund raisers. They all wanted to see what the KOA was up to and have banded together to make sure they fail. No one wants to see the KOA of all organizations succeed.

JAKE

Should we rally the troops?

JONAS

I think it's time we implement a new strategy. There has been a breakthrough in our tech department. People that wish to wear new items out or even don't feel like standing in line can now be checked out by a representative on the fly.

JAKE
 (confused)
 How does that work?

Jonas proudly reveals a small scanner strapped to her waist, showcasing her secret device.

JONAS
 This little device is a hand held scanner. Instead of allowing people to back up the lines we can get them in and out with minimal issue.

JAKE
 Brilliant. But I have one question. Whose going to advise our people on this new concept and ready them for what's to come?

JONAS
 Who else? You are the only one who can inspire them.

Jake leans back in his chair with a groan, clearly reluctant to take on any leadership responsibilities.

JAKE
 (complains)
 Why did I agree to take this job?

JONAS
 From what I hear you came highly recommended by the company as well. You've handled situations no one else could.

Jake sighs, retrieves his pack of cigarettes, and contemplates them for a moment.

JAKE
 Gather everyone that isn't currently on a project. We're going to be meeting outside. I'm going to need a long smoke for this.

Jake rises from his desk, places a cigarette in his mouth, and strides out the door.

EXT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Jake stands outside, smoking by the entrance, facing away from the gathering crowd, attempting to collect himself.

Kimberly steps forward, placing a comforting hand on Jake's shoulder, offering a reassuring smile.

KIMBERLY

Jonas filled me in on the situation? How can I help you?

Jake diverts his attention from the cigarette momentarily, glancing at it, and then attempts to pull out another one, only to discover his pack is empty. He crushes the pack, redirecting his focus to the gathering crowd.

Jake composes himself, making an effort to overcome the urge to flee. He glances down at his hands, noticing a slight shake, but clenches his fist, regaining control, and prepares to address the crowd.

JAKE

I want everyone prepared for an influx of customers. There is a bit of a convention going on and I want everyone ready to handle this with extreme care. We've come up with a new strategy to allow for faster checkouts and will be getting everyone equipped with this new device.

Jake gestures towards Jonas, who promptly takes the scanner from her belt and displays it to the assembled crowd.

Kimberly steps forward to address the crowd, providing support to ease the stress on Jake.

KIMBERLY

I've been trying to get a few of you trained on how to be cashiers. We'll only be accepting credit and debit cards through this process. For anyone using cash please refer them to the cashiers in the front. There will be people that will want to wear certain things out of the store be sure to get them to buy it on the spot and have them keep the receipt.

Jonas steps away momentarily and returns with a cart laden with the devices.

The employees exchange hesitant glances, but a few nod in agreement before hurrying to the cart, gathering the devices, and strapping them around their waists.

Jake takes a deep breath, noticing more cars entering the parking lot.

JAKE
(to himself)
Just another day. Come on you can
do this.

Jake slaps both sides of his face with his hands, attempting to pull himself together. He takes a deep breath and reaches for his own device, strapping it on. He wants to show the others they will not be doing this alone.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Every employee disperses to their assigned sections, ready for the moment of truth. Jake lags behind but finds himself back at his normal post on the front wall, watching over the store.

Jonas joins him by his side, hiding a present under the back of her shirt. Jake doesn't notice as he stays focused on the store.

As the customers pour in, Jake offers a forced smile, graciously welcoming them.

Among the customers, people in full fursuits, bikers in leather, and individuals representing various regions of the U.S. are visible.

As each person arrives in different sections, they are greeted by representatives offering various items tailored to their interests and preferences.

INT. BOX MART - STORE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

A couple of fursuiters arrive in the pet aisle, where rows of collars and harnesses line the shelves, offering a plethora of selections to cater to their furry preferences.

One of the employees walks over to them with a warm smile, ready to assist in finding the perfect pet accessories for their fursuiting needs.

EMMA
Do you like our selection? Please
feel free to try one on. I'm
certain you'll fine we have the
finest of leather collars as well
as some of the nylon in various
colors.

One of the fursuiters examines the array of harnesses, selecting one from the shelf and holding it against their fur, meticulously ensuring it complements their furry ensemble like a custom-tailored suit.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That looks good on you. If you'd like you could purchase it now and wear it, as long as you keep your receipt.

Digging into their bag, one of the fursuiters retrieves a credit card, ready to finalize their purchase.

Emma swiftly scans the merchandise with her device and then taps the credit card against the sensor. She hands over the receipt with a friendly smile.

INT. BOX MART - AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The automotive section for motorcycles in Box Mart offers a variety of products and accessories catering to bikers.

Rows of motorbike gear, including helmets, gloves, jackets, and boots, are neatly displayed.

Additionally, the aisle features maintenance items such as oil, filters, and cleaning supplies specifically designed for motorcycles.

James inspects the motorcycle helmets, disappointment etched on his face as he notices the lack of intricate designs. His frown deepens when Jonas approaches him.

JONAS

Looking for anything in particular?

JAMES

I was hoping this store might have some helmet designs available.

James lifts his nondescript helmet, presenting it to Jonas with a hint of dissatisfaction.

JONAS

You're in the right area but the wrong section. Come with me and I'll show you something special we have.

James appears slightly confused but acquiesces, nodding in agreement as he follows Jonas.

Jonas leads James down an aisle adorned with various helmet decals. They pass by a booth where another employee is diligently applying a full decal setup to a customer's helmet.

JONAS (CONT'D)

We have a specialist working each day to bring newer and unique decals to every kind of helmet you can think of.

James grins and approaches the specialist, engaging in a conversation about helmet customization.

Jonas, with a satisfied grin, turns away and communicates through her walkie-talkie.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Jake, Things are running smoothly. We've been able to help people effectively while seemingly being over run. At this rate we'll turn these people against the KOA in no time.

JAKE (OVER THE WALKIE)

Don't get too confident. I fear the ring leader may attempt something in the long run.

JONAS

I bet a cup of lukewarm coffee to a stale doughnut that something's about to hit the fan.

JAKE (OVER THE WALKIE)

I need you to stay vigilant.

JONAS

Ten-four.

INT. BOX MART - SPECIALTY SECTION - CONTINUOUS

In this special aisle, a rainbow of equality flags hangs overhead, casting a vibrant spectrum of colors on the shelves below.

A diverse collection of pamphlets and brochures lines the shelves, featuring information from various support organizations such as the ACLU, LGBT rights groups, mental health advocates, and more.

Bright posters proudly proclaim messages of inclusivity, reminding everyone that they are supported and celebrated.

CJ, the NAACP representative, surveys the aisle with a furrowed brow, disappointed by its emptiness. The lack of tangible products representing the various organizations leaves the space feeling hollow.

As CJ surveys the seemingly empty aisle, Jake quietly steps in behind him, a friendly yet curious expression on his face. CJ senses Jake's presence and turns to find him standing there.

JAKE

A little disappointed?

CJ nods, and with a thoughtful expression, he starts examining the pamphlets on display.

Jake watches, genuinely interested in CJ's perspective.

JAKE (CONT'D)

A lot of places are offering products that suit different tastes but we've not been able to get them delivered here. There has been a major backlash with the local community and every time we display them someone comes along and smashes them.

(pause)

We do have an alternate way of getting them. Our recent catalogue has a section that provides such items for your convenience. You can have them delivered to any store or have them shipped directly.

CJ

It's nice that you've thought ahead but I don't understand why you can't just stalk them in your store.

JAKE

You're from the NAACP, right? Were you not told about how people are pushing back against anything they consider "woke"? Well this state is a far cry from what people consider to be acceptable. We've even had to cordon off our book section so that no child can be permitted to anything related to the different groups.

CJ

This is terrible. Is there something that can be done?

JAKE

Partially. The leader of that organization must be brought down. The head of the KOA.

CJ

(defeat us attitude)

Oh, her. She looks to be a handful but I would love to see her brought low myself.

JAKE

From what I gathered, during the Pandemic she threw a major fit over having to wear a mask and led a revolt against the store policies.

CJ

I know she' planned on sending all the different organizations to cause an uproar here, but no one seems to see her point of view.

JAKE

We've got the upper hand. We've yet begun to fight.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Karen Hindenburg strides into the store, her face etched with displeasure. However, her frustration mounts as she observes an unexpected sight—customers peacefully browsing, grabbing various items, and leaving without causing any chaos.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(angry muttering)

What in the world is going on here? Why isn't chaos erupting? This is not how it was supposed to be.

Confused and agitated, Karen navigates through the store, searching for any signs of disturbance. The tranquil scene before her stands in stark contrast to the anticipated chaos she had envisioned for Box Mart.

INT. BOX MART - SPECIALTY SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Karen spots Jake engaging in a civil conversation with CJ in the support organizations aisle.

As her gaze sweeps the section, she scowls, puzzled and frustrated by the lack of the expected turmoil.

KAREN HINDENBURG

What the hell is all this? You should be neck deep in shit right now.

JAKE

Give it up, Karen. Your plan has failed.

KAREN HINDENBURG

You have no idea what I'm capable of. The first thing that needs to happen is this woke bullshit has to go.

Karen Hindenburg storms through the aisle, upset by the unexpected harmony, and starts knocking over flyers and pamphlets, attempting to create chaos by disrupting the orderly display of support organizations.

Flyers flutter to the ground as she vents her frustration, trying to instigate the chaos she anticipated.

JAKE

(into a walkie)

Jonas, she's here. I need assistance. I'm in the specialty aisle.

A voice echoes through the store's intercom, cutting through the air with an air of authority.

JONAS (OVER INTERCOM)

We have a code K, Specialty aisle.

The resonating echo of determined footsteps reverberates through the store, signaling an approaching force with an unmistakable intent.

The aisle becomes a symbolic battleground as a diverse coalition of employees, customers, and security personnel stand firm on either end, united against the disruptive force disrupting the peace.

Karen Hindenburg freezes in her tracks, her predatory gaze scanning the defiant assembly before her. A moment of tense stillness hangs in the air.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(scowling)

What are you all looking at?

(MORE)

KAREN HINDENBURG (CONT'D)

It seems I was mistaken calling on the majority of you. The dregs of human society falling victim to the wiles of a chain store. None of you have what it takes to stand up to a corporation and show that you mean business. They exist to follow our will. They need our business, we don't need them.

JAKE

Give it up Karen. You may see others as beneath you but in reality you embarrass yourself in hopes of making a point based on something taken out of context.

KAREN HINDENBURG

No, the motto has always been "the customer is always right."

JAKE

Do you even know what that means? Are you just deluding yourself into thinking you always have to be right at the expense of others?

KAREN HINDENBURG

Don't give me that self-righteous bullshit.

JAKE

You'll never come to understand what you put others through. You look down on staff as if they were second class citizens. Your short sightedness will be your undoing. I must ask you to leave.

The security guards cautiously approach Karen Hindenburg, their hands gesturing for her to leave. They aim to escort her out, hoping to defuse the escalating tension.

With a scowl, Karen begrudgingly allows the security guards to escort her out of the store, creating a momentary calm in the previously tense atmosphere.

EXT. BOX MART - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Karen Hindenburg strides away from the store, a facade of importance etched across her face. She pauses for a moment, glancing back at the onlookers who are cheering her departure.

Entering her car, Karen Hindenburg attempts to start the engine. It sputters for a moment before roaring to life, enabling her to speed off, narrowly avoiding a few onlookers and cars in the process.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - LATER

Seated at his desk, Jake struggles to compose himself. Taking a series of deep breaths, he eventually opens a drawer, revealing a prescription bottle of anti-anxiety medication.

Jake looks at the bottle a moment debating on whether he should take them before dropping them back in the drawer and shutting it. Instead he focuses on his computer writing up a report.

Kimberly enters the room, discreetly knocking to capture Jake's attention.

KIMBERLY

Hey.

JAKE

Come on in. I'm just...

Jake glances at his computer, his attention divided and distracted.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I was just about to write up a report. I don't think this will be the last we see of Karen.

KIMBERLY

You don't think she'll try something she'll regret do you?

Jake shifts his focus entirely to Kimberly, giving her his undivided attention.

JAKE

From what Jonas told me it is quite possible. I don't know what she's planning and Jonas is too busy helping others in the store to get more info on the KOA.

KIMBERLY

I hope she's not planning on coming back anytime soon.

JAKE

Consider that to be wishful thinking.

EXT. KOA HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Karen emerges from the KOA office, adorned with bandoliers of paintballs, war paint on her face, and a paintball gun casually resting on her shoulder.

KAREN HINDENBURG

If it's a war you want...

EXT. BOX MART - PARKING LOT - LATER

Karen Hindenburg sits in her car at the end of the parking lot aisle, revving her engine. She chews on a wad of bubblegum, her expression a fierce scowl.

Karen Hindenburg slams her car into drive, tires squealing on the pavement as she rushes past the customers. With determination, she crashes her car into the entrance of Box Mart, causing a chaotic scene.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Customers scramble to dodge out of the way as the car careens to a sudden halt near the checkout stands. Panic ensues as people run in all directions, some looking on in shock and surprise.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Kimberly exchange glances before rushing to the window.

They peer out, witnessing Karen Hindenburg stepping out of her car with a paintball gun brandished like Rambo.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Karen clicks off the safety on the paintball gun and opens fire on the customers.

Jonas jumps behind a shelf of Pokémon figures. Each figure is hit and knocked off one by one, resembling a shooting gallery.

Jonas grabs her walkie and looks out just in time to see a few rounds barely miss her, causing her to shrink back behind the shelf.

JONAS

Commander, Come in. We've got a situation down here.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas continues to communicate over the walkie-talkie, her voice laced with urgency and concern.

JONAS (OVER THE WALKIE)

Come in Commander. This a mayday, mayday! Our forces are under heavy fire and are requesting backup. I have no resources to push this broad back and she's pissier than a bull seeing the color red.

(static pause)

Casualties mounting up. I can only hold her attention for so long.

(static yelling)

You can't his the barn side of a broad!

The radio abruptly falls silent, drowned out by the chaotic barrage of paintballs smashing through the office window, the glass shattering into a cascade of fragments.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

A battalion of Karen doppelgangers charges into the store front, armed to the teeth with paintball gear.

Synchronized footsteps echo a warlike cadence as chaos ensues, turning the once-peaceful shopping environment into a battlefield of absurd proportions.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake hurriedly opens the drawer, his hands trembling as he grabs two anti-anxiety pills. He swallows them down with a gulp, attempting to steady his nerves in the face of the escalating absurdity.

JAKE

That's it, I fucking quit. I've been asked to do too much to help this company.

Kimberly steps up behind Jake, who is frantically trying to pack his files. In an attempt to snap him out of his panic, she delivers a resounding slap across his face.

KIMBERLY

For God's sake. Pull yourself together.

Jake gazes at Kimberly in shock, his expression a mix of surprise and bewilderment.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

If you didn't know we've trained
for this contingency.

Kimberly extends the walkie-talkie towards Jake, a sense of urgency in her eyes.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

You just need to give the word. We
have a meetup spot in the sports
section.

(pause)

I'm going down there now and
getting the equipment prepared.

Jake, his hands trembling, presses the walkie-talkie against his forehead, taking a moment to gather his resolve. After a deep breath, he smashes the talk button.

JAKE

All hands on deck. We need
reinforcements. This is a code
Rainbow Riot.

Jake looks at Kimberly, who gives him a look of admiration, acknowledging his decision to take charge of the situation.

JAKE (CONT'D)

All personnel fall back to the
sports department for further
instructions.

INT. BOX MART - AISLES - CONTINUOUS

People scramble around, seeking cover and trying to get out of the way as the makeshift army of militant employees begins to form.

Kimberly efficiently hands out paintball guns to the assembled employees, and Jonas arrives, wiping the sweat from her brow, ready for the unconventional battle.

JONAS

Each section advisor take your crew
members and case the aisles. Report
back locations and be sure to take
no prisoners.

The employees salute and move out in groups, taking turns clearing aisles to ensure there are no Karens lurking in the store.

Jake, determined and resolute, turns around, only to be met by the unexpected arrival of the leaders from various departments. They're ready to join the fight against Karen Hindenburg's paintball insurgency.

The LEADER OF ELECTRONICS, a tech-savvy individual with a headset, steps forward.

LEADER OF ELECTRONICS
We heard the call, Commander. The
Electronics Department is reporting
for duty.

The LEADER OF GROCERY, a no-nonsense individual with a cart of supplies, nods in agreement.

LEADER OF GROCERY
We're ready to stock up on victory.

The LEADER OF CLOTHING, fashionably dressed with a paintball gun slung over their shoulder, strikes a pose.

LEADER OF CLOTHING
Our department is here to color-
coordinate the chaos.

The LEADER OF SPORTS, armed with sports equipment, gives a competitive grin.

LEADER OF SPORTS
Let's turn this into a game we can
win.

Jake, inspired by the unexpected support, gives a determined nod.

JAKE
Welcome aboard. We're taking the
fight to the Karens. Gear up and
move out!

The leaders, fueled by a shared purpose, join Jake as they prepare to face Karen Hindenburg and her paintball army in the ultimate showdown.

As Jake rallies the department leaders, the unexpected reinforcements arrive in style.

Two enthusiastic FURRIES, CJ, and JAMES from the bikers group, emerge armed with custom paintball miniguns, ready for action.

CJ

Time to bring some firepower to
this paintball party!

James hoists the hefty paintball minigun with a growl.

JAMES

Bikers may roll with thunder, but
today, we paint with a storm!

Jake, momentarily surprised, quickly embraces the unexpected
allies.

JAKE

Glad to have some extra firepower.
Let's make this a colorful
rebellion. Follow me!

The eclectic group, united in their quest against Karen
Hindenburg, readies themselves for the impending paintball
showdown.

INT. BOX MART - ELECTRONICS - CONTINUOUS

Emma and her crew briskly walk down the electronics aisle,
eyes scanning in all directions. Suddenly, a group of Karens
at the other end of the aisle use the endcaps as shields,
opening fire on Emma's team.

The team valiantly returns fire, but they are gradually hit
one after another. Emma, wounded, goes down but manages to
pull out the walkie.

EMMA

Contact, we have contact.
Electronics section. My team has
been wiped out.

JAKE (OVER THE WALKIE)

We're sending reinforcements to get
you out of there. Keep them busy
until we get there.

Emma, despite being wounded, nods to the walkie and then
rolls onto her front, laying down suppressive fire while
screaming like a maniac.

The Karens try to fire on her, hitting nothing but the
products on either side of the aisle, and they wildly shoot
over Emma's head.

Emma manages to take out two of them just as the cavalry,
James, arrives from behind the Karens, taking out the
remaining few.

JAMES

I'm here to provide support. Are you badly hurt?

EMMA

Don't worry about me. Just get those bitches.

INT. BOX MART - PET SECTION - LATER

The two furries are using bags of cat litter to build a bunker they can hide behind.

CJ pauses, using a couple of rolls of toilet paper as makeshift binoculars. He squints through the tissue tubes, attempting to get a clear view of the approaching Karens.

CJ

Open fire.

A brave duo of customers attempts to dash across the middle of the aisle, but they are met with a barrage of paintballs from the miniguns.

In a surprising turn of events, the remaining rounds find their marks, splattering the approaching Karens with colorful paint.

CJ pulls his hat over his head letting out a sad sigh at the unexpected victims of the paintball chaos.

CJ (CONT'D)

Damnit. They never prepared us for this kind of loss in the line of duty. I'm going to get court marshaled for this.

INT. BOX MART - HOUSEWARES SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Hidden across the entrance to the housewares aisle is a tripwire. Karen #4 steps across its slack form, but Karen #5 isn't as lucky. It goes taut and triggers a trap, splattering the second Karen with hidden paintballs.

Karen #4 watches in shock as Karen #5 goes down. Suddenly, she is bombarded with shots ringing out from multiple directions. She reacts to each impact and falls over, crying out in agony.

KAREN #4

(feigning death)

This was supposed to be hand wash only cashmere.

INT. BOX MART - CLOTHING SECTION - LATER

The clothing section transforms into a parody of a war zone, with paintball splatters and clothing racks knocked over.

The leader of the electronics team cautiously moves forward, scanning for Karens. Suddenly, Karen #6 emerges from her hiding spot, firing wildly.

The Leader of the electronics skillfully dodges the paintballs, retaliating with precise shots that hit Karen #6, sending her sprawling to the ground.

The leader of the PET SUPPLIES CREW, armed with a paintball sniper rifle, takes aim at a group of Karens from the top of one of the aisle shelves.

The sniper fires a series of well-aimed shots, hitting each Karen in quick succession. The Karens retreat, realizing they're outmatched.

KIMBERLY, JAKE, and JONAS, observing the chaos from a strategic vantage point, exchange worried glances.

The unmistakable sound of revving MINIGUNS echoes through the store. CJ, James, and the furies, burst onto the scene.

CJ and James unleash a barrage of paintballs, mowing down the Karen insurgents with precision causing the Karens to scatter in disarray.

CJ and James stand tall, still holding their paintball miniguns. They exchange a glance, nodding in satisfaction at a job well done.

The section leaders gather around, expressing gratitude to CJ and James for chasing the Karens away.

Karen Hindenburg takes aim at Jake, a malicious grin on her face, and fires a shot. The paintball whizzes past Jake, narrowly missing its target.

Jake, aware of the looming threat from Karen Hindenburg, swiftly turns in the direction of the toy section. Jonas and Kimberly follow closely behind, ready to offer their assistance.

INT. BOX MART - TOY SECTION - LATER

Jake, Jonas, and Kimberly strategically position themselves behind mockup buildings in a miniature city display, reminiscent of either Tokyo or New York.

Karen Hindenburg, flanked by two loyal Karens, gestures for them to scout the sides while she confidently strolls down the makeshift main street of the toy city.

Karen #2, realizing the futility of the paintball gun, discards it with a dismissive toss. She abandons Karen Hindenburg, opting for self-preservation instead.

Jake, his back pressed against a mock skyscraper, takes a few deep breaths and cautiously peeks around the corner.

Karen Hindenburg is mysteriously missing, allowing Jake a sigh of relief.

The muzzle of a paintball gun is pressed against Jake's head, inciting a moment of sheer panic.

Jake shifts his eyes to see Karen Hindenburg holding him at gunpoint, offering an evil smile.

KAREN HINDENBURG

Call your men off. Do as I say and nobody else gets hurt.

Jake looks at the trigger, aware that Karen Hindenburg is a little itchy to pull it.

JAKE

(bluffing)

You got to wonder if you've got rotten luck on your side or if you're just an idiot.

KAREN HINDENBURG

What are you prattling on about?

JAKE

(though a reluctant smile)

What's to say that chamber ain't empty? What's to say that you can't fire the next shot.

Karen Hindenburg scowls and pulls the trigger, but to her frustration, the gun won't fire.

Jake quickly seizes the opportunity, grabbing Karen Hindenburg and using her as a makeshift shield. A couple of paintballs meant for Jake instead hit Hindenburg.

Hindenburg, shocked and angered, pulls away from Jake, turning her gaze towards her own subordinate who inadvertently hit her.

The worried subordinate, beads of sweat forming on her forehead, glances nervously at Hindenburg, realizing the gravity of her accidental action.

KAREN HINDENBURG
Are you fucking shitting me right
now?

KAREN #2
I'm sorry. I...

Karen Hindenburg, fueled by anger, clears the chamber of a misshapen paintball and chambers another round before unleashing a rapid barrage of paintballs on her unfortunate subordinate.

The chaos ensues as the subordinate attempts to dodge the colorful onslaught, creating a bizarre scene in the midst of the toy city.

Karen Hindenburg, having dealt with her subordinate, turns her attention to Jake, who realizes his luck has run out. A tense moment unfolds as Jake braces himself for whatever comes next.

KAREN HINDENBURG
Game over asshole.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)
Get down!

Jake quickly evades, leaving Karen Hindenburg face to face with Jonas and Kimberly, who are ready to confront the unruly customer.

KAREN HINDENBURG
(yells)
NO!

Karen Hindenburg, overwhelmed by a barrage of paintballs, goes down in a spectacular fashion, firing off wild rounds into the air before collapsing to the ground.

Kimberly rushes over to check on Jake, concern etched on her face, while Jonas casually blows on the barrel of her paintball gun, as if she's preparing for another round of playful combat.

Jake quickly checks himself for any paintball hits, then shifts his gaze to witness the defeated figure of Karen Hindenburg sprawled on the ground, surrounded by the aftermath of the colorful battle.

JAKE

I thought I was done for.

KIMBERLY

You're lucky her gun jammed when it did.

Kimberly extends a helping hand to Jake, assisting him to his feet. She brushes off any stray paintball residue from his clothes with a swift gesture.

Sirens wail in the distance, signaling the approaching authorities. Jonas, with a satisfied smile, turns away and walks off, confident that the situation is under control.

EXT. BOX MART - PARKING LOT - LATER

Karen Hindenburg, defeated and restrained, is wheeled out of the store in a straightjacket and face mask, resembling a subdued Hannibal Lecter.

POLICE OFFICER

Careful with this one. She's a biter and spitter.

As the officer attempts to lead Karen Hindenburg away, Jake steps forward, raising a hand to stop them.

JAKE

I've been wanting to teach you a valuable history lesson on the idea that the customer is always right. The saying came from a restaurateur. He felt that if a customer wanted something then changed their mind then that's what they wanted. The customer was always right about their own choices. People like you have misquoted and bastardized the whole issue till it'd been twisted into a rallying cry to take on big corporations.

KAREN HINDENBURG

(muffled by the mask)

We'll see who gets the last laugh. I'll be back with even more followers. You can't stop us all.

JAKE

That's where you're wrong. The judge will see to it you never terrorize another customer service member.

Jake turns away and engages in conversation with a couple of officers as Jonas joins him. They both casually lean against the cop car, discussing the aftermath.

JONAS

You really pulled through and handled this situation quite well. The higher ups were good to talk up your abilities.

JAKE

Please, I've been wanting to quit this job since the walkout of oh seven.

JONAS

You're going to have to tell me about that little adventure, say over a cup of coffee and while we kill people in Call of Duty?

JAKE

If you remember correctly you destroyed my Steam deck.

Jonas smirks and discreetly pulls the Steam Deck from under the back of her shirt, handing it to Jake.

JONAS

I felt bad after destroying yours that I managed to get you the higher end version.

JAKE

You didn't have to.

JONAS

If you want to keep up with me and my crew, you're going to need it.

Jake, overwhelmed with gratitude, pulls Jonas into a heartfelt hug, appreciating her support in the chaotic ordeal.

MONTAGE

The local news outlets report on the unusual incident at Box Mart, capturing the bizarre events that unfolded in the store.

The headlines range from "Paintball Chaos at Box Mart!" to "Karens Clash in Unbelievable Store Showdown!"

The reports emphasize the unexpected turn of events and the unconventional resolution to the conflict.

Viewers and readers are left bewildered by the surreal nature of the situation, turning the incident into a viral sensation on social media.

In the courtroom, Karen Hindenburg stands before a stern judge, her bandoliers of paintballs replaced by handcuffs.

The news reports echo the events at Box Mart, detailing the failed attempt to disrupt the store and the subsequent paintball showdown.

The judge, unamused by the absurdity of the case, delivers a sentence that reflects the severity of Karen's actions.

JUDGE

You and your compatriots are here
by sentenced to work retain under
the Box Mart banner.
(slamming the gavel)
Court adjourned.

As the gavel falls, the news cameras capture the moment, ensuring that Karen's ill-fated foray into paintball warfare becomes a lasting memory in the annals of retail history.

INT. BOX MART - STORE FRONT - DAY

Karen Hindenburg is being watched as she runs the checkout. The lookout is Jake.

Karen Hindenburg slowly scans items in disgust. A look of "this job is meant for the lower class" present on her face.

The customer is watching as Karen comes across an item, a packet of soap, that won't scan.

CUSTOMER

Hey, since it won't scan code does
it mean I get it for free?

Karen looks up in frustration and winds up to throw the soap but is stopped by Jake.

The customer flinches and steps back.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Jesus it was only a joke.

JAKE

You'll have to forgive her. She's
not used to being in customer
service.

END