

Killer Karen

by

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And

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FADE IN:

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET - DAY

POV: CELL PHONE CAMERA - RECORDING

Face contorted. Eyes bugging like she's about to stroke.
Dressed in designer duds, makeup flawless...

KAREN KOOPER (30s) might be attractive somewhere else. But in this moment, not so much.

At least to twenty-something pudgy clerk SAMANTHA she's shrieking like a banshee towards.

Karen leans across the cashier counter. Bras tumble off.
Spittle flies from Karen's twisted lips.

KAREN

I want to speak to your manager,
Ms. Community College reject!

SAMANTHA

Ma'am -

KAREN

Ma'am's for people over fifty. Do
you know what these are?

Karen waves wadded COUPONS in Sam's face.

SAMANTHA

Expired coupons for a special sale
not available at this store?

KAREN

"Special"? "Expired"? I bet you
hear that a lot, Missy. These
coupons are fine. You're just too
incompetent to live!

The POV widens, reveals the store:

CUSTOMERS watch the altercation. One WOMAN films on her cell.

Sam's COWORKERS gather around her. Working class solidarity
against Karen's tirade. One, TANISHA, whispers in Sam's ear.

TANISHA

Want me to call security?

SAMANTHA

Don't escalate! She'll get worse.

KAREN
I'm not the problem here!

Karen's face tightens. About to explode.

Until a compact body parts the rows of hanging lingerie,
clears it like a Safari Explorer in the African Bush.

It's EILEEN (30s) to the rescue. More granola than Karen,
they make an odd couple. Eileen grabs Karen's arm, hisses.

EILEEN
C'mon. We've got to go.

KAREN
I don't "got" to do anything.

Eileen gulps at the growing crowd.

EILEEN
This is so not worth it. Please!

Karen sighs, sweeps frilly items into a shopping bag.

TANISHA
Hey, that's stealing!

KAREN
(patronizing)
No, sweetie. I'm a paying customer.

She tosses a wad of CASH on the counter.

KAREN
You don't deserve my credit card!

Goods in hand, Karen 180s and stomps out. Eileen mouths a
silent "I'm sorry" to the employees, meekly trails Karen.

Sam watches them leave, breathes a sigh of relief.

TANISHA
Get outta here, Karen!

Customers applaud. Coworker LISA eyes Karen's butt.

LISA
She's shopping here? For what?

TANISHA
Hubby's probably bored. Drama
Queen's looking to shake things up.

Samantha sniffles. Lisa bearhugs her to stop the tears.

LISA
Don't let bitches like that get you down. You were way too nice!

TANISHA
Yeah, you shoulda told that MILF wannabe to hit Hot Topic and fuck herself with an AC/DC dildo. You know, the three speed kind.

Sam bursts out laughing, despite her tears.

SAMANTHA
I wish. But I couldn't. Look how much she spent!

Tanisha and Lisa glance at Karen's \$300 receipt.

TANISHA
Her name's "Karen"? OMG. Of course!

Both coworkers laugh their asses off.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - LATER

Karen and Eileen hover over the *Quik-Sushi Express Counter*. Spotting an avocado roll, Eileen's eyes light up.

EILEEN
Ooooooh, oooo. I call dibs!

Karen sneers at other pre-made options, and the SERVER.

KAREN
That's all you've got - tuna? No wonder you're rolling rice in a mall. Did Taco Bell turn you down?

The two pay, then head off in search of an empty table. The sushi server flips Karen the finger behind her back.

MOMENTS LATER

The two sit down. Karen unpeels a chopstick, pokes her roll.

KAREN
Are we absolutely sure it's fresh?

EILEEN
That's why you should eat veggie. Way less salmonella risk.

KAREN

Sushi without fish? Isn't that like sex without a dick?

Eileen chews, mouth full.

EILEEN

Sex? What's this odd concept you speak of, Ms. Married Person?

KAREN

Sorry, Ms. Single Tech Bro. Perhaps such mysterious relationship perks aren't meant for the likes of you.

EILEEN

The big project's *almost* over. And since I cut out meat, I'm losing weight and looking fiiiiine. Maybe I'll get lucky soon?

She bats coy eyes at Karen over soy sauce bottles.

EILEEN

Todd might appreciate you going veg. It's slimming. Moral, too!

KAREN

Eileen, I didn't order a sermon with my meal.

EILEEN

Don't be such a Karen, Karen! Vegetarianism's 'no harm'. Why kill something if you don't have to?

Karen claws at her roll, anger growing.

KAREN

Sometimes killing's justified.

EILEEN

You don't really mean that. Why?

KAREN

(grins)

Because it tastes good, beeyotch!

Eileen shares a moment of connection with her old pal.

EILEEN

Have you ever considered meditation for those anger issues of yours?

KAREN

Meditation? Vegan rolls? What's next, Crystals and UFOs?

EILEEN

Try it! You should've seen yourself in the store. You looked *just* like that meme.

KAREN

What meme? A sexy one, I hope?

EILEEN

The one with the upset lady, her friend and the snarky cat?

KAREN

Well, that clerk *was* a total pussy.

EILEEN

(more serious)

Do you hear yourself? I only came over when you started screaming.

KAREN

I wasn't *screaming*.

EILEEN

Oh, you *SO* were.

KAREN

I was asserting myself. They wouldn't honor my coupons. That's breach of contract!

EILEEN

You said she was "too incompetent to live." In any world that's rude.

KAREN

I should've left everything on the counter, let her reimburse the store for the loss!

EILEEN

But since you didn't...

Eileen extracts underwear from a bag - waves it like flag.

EILEEN

Todd will freak when you model this! Here's your stress relief!

Karen snatches the items back, blushes.

Eileen pokes the tuna on Karen's plate, her voice sing-song.

EILEEN
Todd'll be eating fish too!

Karen giggles, pushes Eileen's hand away: 'No.'

EXT. MALL ENTRANCE - DAY

The women emerge, loaded down with purchases. Karen slings a GARMENT BAG over one shoulder.

A "Presto Limo" waits. At the wheel: Driver RALPH sucks on a fat cigar, eyes glued to his phone.

Eileen opens the back door, hops in. Karen hovers on the sidewalk, frowns.

A startled Ralph jumps, stashes the stogy in a shirt pocket.

RALPH
Hey ladies - long time, no see!
Prince Charming at your service. I
got your pumpkin ride right here!

Eileen waves off smoke. Opens the window, coughs.

EILEEN
Ralph, have you been smoking in the
car again?

RALPH
Just happy to see you, Ms.
Thompson! You two enjoy your
shopping spree?
(winks)
Get anything good for me?

KAREN
Some advice: Second hand smoke
stinks and she's clearly got bags.
Least you can do is hold the door.

Eileen shoots Karen a look: "Stop". Ralph fires up Waze.

RALPH
Where's home again, Princess?

KAREN
Her name's "Eileen." You've been
driving us for years and you don't
remember? Does smoking kill brain
cells, too?

Ralph's face falls. He types in the address by memory.

RALPH
Just making small talk, Mrs.
Kooper.
(under his breath)
Bitch.

He drives off. Eileen waves goodbye to Karen through the window, and makes the "phone call" gesture.

EILEEN
Call me tonight! Let me know how
Todd reacts to the... purchases. I
want a blow by blow.
(giggles)
Get my drift?

Karen sighs, grabs heavy bags. Wades out into a sea of cars.

INT. MALL PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

And soon finds herself adrift. Where'd she park?

Karen stomps from marker to marker, the weight of her bags growing. Her frustration, too.

The distance from A-12 to A-22 seems vast. She steps one way. Reverses. Mashes an angry finger to her keys, listens...

CHIRP. There it is! Half hidden past A-20: her massive SUV!

Karen storms over, pops the back and throws bags in, next to a case of BOTTLED WATER.

Then slams the door. Revealing...

Clerk Samantha, standing near a battered HONDA CIVIC. Shock morphs to suspicion. Karen snaps.

KAREN
Come out looking for self-respect?

Samantha recoils, hurt. She's sick of Karen's shit, too.

SAMANTHA
You think I'd follow you here? Once
was more than enough.

KAREN
I should report you for harassment!

Karen jumps into the SUV, revs the engine.

NPR CLASSICAL MUSIC plays from the radio.

SAMANTHA

Listen, I'm sorry about the coupons. But please - my shift's over. All I wanna do is go home.

She opens the Civic door, *accidentally* dings Karen's SUV!

KAREN

You scratched my paint job! Do you have *any* clue how much that costs?!

Samantha backs off, wedged between cars. Karen spews.

KAREN

You parked too close. This is all your fault!

SAMANTHA

I... I got here at 5AM. There was no-one. You parked next to me!

KAREN

Don't call me a liar!

SAMANTHA

No, I'm calling you crazy.
(anger growing)
Fucking Karen, leave me alone!

Karen growls, throws the SUV into reverse. Stomps the gas.

Samantha's sleeve catches on trim, drags her down! Blind from anger, Karen doesn't stop. Until...

CRUNCH. Karen pulls the brake. Jumps out. Stares down.

Poor Sam's pinned under Schwarzenegger sized wheels, ribcage crushed. She reaches out to Karen with a gore slicked hand.

SAMANTHA

Help...

Karen grabs her hand. The arm rips off.

Karen shrieks, drops it. Gags when she realizes she's standing in a growing pool of blood.

She looks around. If there are any witnesses, cars block their view.

Samantha GURGLES; bizarrely, barely still alive.

KAREN

I'm trying OK? You see that, right?

Karen hops back in her SUV. Attempting to get the tire off Sam, she rolls *forward*. Another CRUNCH.

Karen panics. Reverses. One final BUMP. More SQUISH, less CRUNCH this time.

On NPR radio, an advertisement for a CSI TV show blares:

ADVERTISEMENT (O.S.)

With forensics, no-one gets away!

Karen's eyes widen. First with terror, then relief.

KAREN

(whispers)

But if there's no body...

Grabbing the garment bag, Karen jumps out and lays it down.

She folds Samatha's body into it. The arm separately, of course. Karen's forced to stifle several "ews."

Pouring bottled water, she washes away as much blood as she can.

Karen stuffs Samantha's bagged corpse in the back of the SUV. The head hits a wall: CLANG.

KAREN

Sorry!

But as she slams the door, her face hardens.

KAREN

Bad life choices led to this. Don't blame me.

Slipping behind the wheel, Kate cranks music. SCREECHES off.

EXT. ABANDONED STRETCH OF HIGHWAY - LATER

The SUV's parked. The hatch yawns open. The SCRITCH-SCRITCH of sand being displaced.

Karen drags Sam's wrapped corpse towards a field. Grunts.

KAREN

Jesus Christ! You work at Victoria Secret and you weigh HOW much? Leave plus sizes to actual models.

Karen drops Sam's feet. THUD.

She picks up rocks one by one, and starts to cover the corpse. But they're heavy, one drops-- And lands where Sam's arm *once* was. Karen giggles darkly.

KAREN

Looks like you got lucky after all?

More rocks placed. Karen sweats - this is hard work.

KAREN

I swear, this is for your own good.
I'm protecting you from insects.
And me from, well, the law? I'd
give you a proper burial. But
Macy's didn't have a shovel sale!

SOMETIME LATER

Karen holds one last stone. A scrap of the DRESS from the garment bag peeks out. Karen's eyes betray regret.

KAREN

So much for returns, if it doesn't
fit.

Karen stumbles back to the SUV, washes blood off its tires. Sliding behind the wheel, she drives off.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Upper middle class decor - aspiring to uber rich... someday. Karen races in, breathless. She drops her bags, calls out:

KAREN

Todd?!?

(beat; more insistent)

Answer me! *Honey*, are you home?

Nothing. What next? She spins -- spots her own *bloody footprints* on the floor.

KAREN

Oh my God!

Karen dashes to a cabinet, finds bleach. She wipes down her shoes, scrubs incriminating tracks away. And backtracks to-

INT. KAREN'S GARAGE - SECONDS LATER

Karen scrubs the SUV's interior until she's overwhelmed by bleach fumes. Gagging, she retreats back inside.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

And yanks open a *different* cabinet. Inside: a HUGE WINE BOX. COSTCO family style. She sets it on the table. Grabs a glass-

And pours. Gulps it down. Holds her head in shaking hands.

KAREN

Shopping's *supposed* to be relaxing!
What the fuck do I do now!?

She pours a second. Downs that, too. With wine comes inspiration. Karen grabs her shopping bag, and storms into...

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM

A poster of Hillary Clinton dominates one wall. On it, the inspirational caption:

"She Was Right About Everything! It's Your Turn Now!"

Karen snags her laptop from a desk, collapses onto the couch.

She roots in the shopping bag, pulls out a SILK CAMISOLE. Shrugs it on.

KAREN

(bitter)
No offense, Victoria. But this
isn't worth twenty to life!

A SALES RECEIPT flutters down into her lap. Karen picks it up. Gulps more wine - reads:

"Thank you for being an honored customer! Your server today: Samantha Collins." Karen spit-takes.

On her laptop, she Googles "Murder" and "Samantha Collins." Thinks better of it - deletes. Clears her browser history.

A pop-up SALES notice catches her eye. She starts to click, shakes her head "no".

KAREN

Focus! Sales later. News now!

She turns on the TV; cycles through news stations, searching.

A ZOOM notification on her laptop makes her jump. Karen peeks at the name: It's Eileen!

Karen groans. Hits "Accept." Zoom boots, and displays...

INT. EILEEN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eileen's missing. But huge words flash onscreen.

"Don't Be Evil!"

Karen jumps, spills wine. Is Zoom talking to her? Has she gone nuts? Before that can be answered, Eileen sits up.

A "Kitty" Avatar filter masks most of Eileen's face. She giggles. Digital "whiskers" bob.

EILEEN

Sorry, had to wiggle a cord. Boo!
Drinking already? Lemme guess, the
new outfit did the trick. You and
hubby did the nasty? Please don't
say you're already done!

Karen waves a mute hand at the screen. Eileen glances over her shoulder at the glowing words.

EILEEN

Oh, you dig my sign? It's from
Google's original motto. They've
sold out, but I still find it
inspiring! I had the neon custom
made. Mega-Retro, huh?

Karen stammers. Eileen grows concerned. Her kitty avatar cries cartoon tears, meows.

EILEEN

Hey hon, you look... rough. Did
something go south with Todd? And I
don't mean that in a *good* way.

KAREN

For fuck's sake. Turn that off!!

EILEEN

Oh. Wait, this setting? Fine.

She clicks a key. Digital kitty's replaced with an orange TABBY. Her paws generate gibberish in Chat.

EILEEN

Ooops. Queen Lizzie Two says hi!

Eileen pushes her purr pet aside. Karen dives into her pitch:

KAREN

Can you come over?

EILEEN

Why? Did you and Todd have a fight?

KAREN

This isn't about Todd! I just...
need some girl time.

EILEEN

This project's an all nighter.
Would tomorrow work?

KAREN

About what happened at the mall: we
left together. You were with me
'til the end, right?

EILEEN

Except for the trip home, of
course. I could've used you then.
Ralph kept talking over me. If I
could handle him *half* as good as
you did that clerk-

KAREN

Her name was Samantha Collins.

She sniffles, grabs a tissue. Misunderstanding, Eileen melts.

EILEEN

Hey, don't let her get to you.

KAREN

What?!?

EILEEN

We all get called Karens sometimes.

Karen feels her confidence return. The wine's hitting, too.

KAREN

It's like the "N" word but worse!

EILEEN

Guys like Ralph don't like it when
women stand up for themselves.

KAREN

It's not my... I mean, OUR fault
they're useless boobs!

EILEEN

Speaking of massive "boobs" - why don't we go back to that store tomorrow, and demand they give us DOUBLE coupons? I could use a robe like yours, too!

KAREN

Go back? No!!

Nearby, the sound of a door UNLOCKING.

Karen spills wine across the laptop, fumbles with her tissue to wipe it up. Eileen squints, features magnified by Zoom.

EILEEN

No offense, but you're acting weird. About those meditation classes; yoga's a great way to start. My gym -

KAREN

(hisses)

No time to talk. Todd's here!

EILEEN

Oh. Then later. Three's a crowd.

Eileen waves bye. Grins like a dirty co-ed.

EILEEN

Break the bed and at least one law!

Eileen gulps. CLICK. Hangs up. FOOTSTEPS approach. Karen jumps as TODD (30s) walks in.

Suit. iWatch. A briefcase embossed with "Blackrift Realty." BP Oil spills don't look as slick as him.

Karen slams the laptop shut, plasters on a smile.

KAREN

Todd! Sweetie, how was *your* day?

TODD

(grunts)

Busy on the downtown revitalization gig. Didn't even stop for lunch.

He beelines for the kitchen. Karen models her hard won robe.

KAREN

My day was... eventful. Eileen and I took some "me time". I bought this. What do you think?

TODD

Fancy. Silk?

KAREN

I mean, how does it look on me?

TODD

You look...

Karen holds her breath.

TODD

Pale. And did you gain weight?

Insult on top of injury. Karen droops.

KAREN

No, I'm wearing street clothes!
(beat)

The REAL me's underneath.

Todd's stomach growls. He tries to walk around Karen. Desperate, she grabs his arm.

KAREN

We need "WE time" even more!

TODD

In an hour, OK?

KAREN

Baby-

TODD

Karen, please! I just want a beer and time in my basement office. I had a craptastic day at work.

KAREN

You want a beer *more* than me?

TODD

(eyes her wine glass)
That's not a hard concept for you.

He leaves. Karen droops, watches her husband retreat.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A King-sized bed - fantasy luxe. Birds CHIRP. Synthesized from an alarm clock, but it works.

Karen groans, rolls over. Pats the mattress, eyes closed.

Todd's not there. Based on the unwrinkled sheets - he never was. Karen stares at the evidence.

KAREN

Guess that couch in your office
basement "did the trick" more?

She turns on the TV, flips through morning stations. Still no breaking news about any murder at the mall.

Eyes glued to a hyper-chipper NEWS ANCHOR, Karen shrugs off her now wrinkled robe...

...and slips into: GYM CLOTHES.

INT. FANCY GYM / ENTRANCE - MORNING

At a smoothie bar, a blender whirs. Adrenaline pumping music pipes over it. A sign reads: "Tanning Beds This Way!"

Karen fidgets in a long check-in line. If ever she needed to work out her frustrations, it's today.

But the RECEPTIONIST (20s) at the desk has a different idea!

Wearing a gold NECKLACE, the girl giggles on the phone. She swipes member cards extra slow to protect her glitter nails.

Karen clears her throat. Shoots her a nasty look. Either the receptionist doesn't hear - or care.

Karen breaks the line and veers towards the workout room.

THAT the girl notices. Putting down the phone, she yells:

RECEPTIONIST

Ma'am - that's only for members.

Karen snarls over her shoulder.

KAREN

You see me every day!

RECEPTIONIST

You have to swipe your card. No exceptions.

KAREN
Swipe this!

Karen flips her the finger. Keeps walking.

INT. FANCY GYM / CARDIO SECTION - MINUTES LATER

On an ELLIPTICAL, Karen walks even faster. She stomps the pedals. The frame vibrates with her rage.

KAREN
(growls to herself)
I've been a member three fucking
years. She can't recognize my face?

Karen boosts the speed. Her mind and machine switch gears.

KAREN
But what if someone at the mall
does? What's my Plan B? I know:
self-defense. "Assault with a
Civic." I stood my ground!

She shoves hard on a stroke. The machine jolts, slams Karen into the display. She pants. Glares at blinking red lights.

KAREN
Get a hold of yourself. Things
aren't as bad as they seem. You
just have to calm down.

Her eyes slip to a Yoga Class, separated from the weight and cardio sections by glass walls. It's about to start.

INT. FANCY GYM / YOGA CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

Packed. Lots of Lululemon-clad butts in the air.

Karen struggles with Plank Pose. She's never done yoga, and it shows. Her arm buckles. She falls on her side.

KAREN
Oooooof!

MODEL-MOMS turn. Karen cringes. Inching back on all fours, she tries again. Blood rushes to her face. She shakes.

The INSTRUCTOR taps her mike, speaks with an English tone:

INSTRUCTOR
Could someone please assist our new
friend, please?

A LAUGH causes Karen to look up. It's not one of the yogis...

In the weight room, three MUSCLE HEADS pass a phone, snicker at the screen. One's tall, one short, the third blond.

Someone touches Karen's shoulder. Karen jolts - whips around to see: a HOT GIRL (20s). Flawless features. Kind eyes.

HOT GIRL

Hey, we all start somewhere. Lemme help with your form?

The class restarts. Karen relaxes into the flow.

KAREN

That was embarrassing! So when does all the peace of mind stuff start?

HOT GIRL

Let's work on your balance first.

Karen nods towards the jocks in the weight room.

KAREN

They can't make the place sound proof? And what's with all the glass? I feel like a Best in Show Goldfish!

HOT GIRL

I love this design! Community and openness is important, right?

INSTRUCTOR

Ladies, time for Downward Dog!

Hot Girl slips behind Karen, adjusts her butt.

One of the Muscle Heads notices. Mimics Hot Girl having sex with Karen doggie style.

His friend rips the phone out of his hands. Stares down.

Karen grabs her mat - stomps off to the far end of the room.

HOT GIRL

Was it something I said?

Karen scowls in her corner. Glares as Hot Girl moves with limber, youthful ease.

LATER

Class finished, the Instructor and Participants roll up mats. Karen exits, red faced. Hot Girl calls after her.

HOT GIRL
There'll be a beginner's class
Wednesday. You should come!

In the weight room: the Jocks snicker at the word.

HOT GIRL
It gets more fun with practice.

The second Jock guffaws.

HOT GIRL
Just get your rhythm down!

The third Lifter doubles over, shakes with mirth. Karen snarls at Hot Girl, mortified.

KAREN
No thanks, Pretzel Girl. I'm done!

She storms past the Jocks.

KAREN
So much for stress relief!

INT. FANCY GYM / ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Karen beelines for the exit. The receptionist looks up; they lock eyes. To avoid a confrontation, Karen swerves left into-

INT. FANCY GYM / TANNING BED ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

Secluded. A changing booth tucked into the corner. Karen eyes a tanning bed. Todd's comment echoes in her mind.

TODD (O.S.)
You look kinda pale.

KAREN
Fuck it. Why the hell not?

She heads for the changing booth... But the receptionist pops in first, a folded TOWEL slung over one bare arm.

RECEPTIONIST
Ma'am? Can I help you now?

Her tone instantly puts Karen's nerves on edge.

KAREN
I don't know. Can you?

Karen pulls the towel hard, gives the receptionist rope burn.
She YELPS.

Ignoring her, Karen sniffs the towel - wrinkles her nose.

KAREN
Is it clean? This smells funny.

RECEPTIONIST
That's Eucalyptus infused.
Customers find it calms the mind.

KAREN
I wish. Now, if you'll excuse me-

She shoves the girl aside, stomps towards the changing booth.

RECEPTIONIST
Ma'am, you need to sign in first.

That's the last straw. Karen whirls around.

KAREN
Stop calling me Ma'am. And I told
you - I'm a long time member!

RECEPTIONIST
Tanning beds are extra. If you were
a long time member you'd know that.

The girl arches a plucked eyebrow.

KAREN
I pay the Gold Tier! What sort of
Dick's Sporting Goods scam are you
running here?

Karen wads up the towel, chucks it at the wall. It lands on
the SECURITY CAMERA, drapes over the lens.

RECEPTIONIST
(groans)
Minimum wage for her shit? Fuck no.

She types an access code into a tanning bed's panel.

RECEPTIONIST
A complimentary ten minute session
on the House. Here.

KAREN

Thank you. I guess I'll keep my membership after all. This is... a pleasant turn of events.

The receptionist opens the lid, mutters under her breath.

RECEPTIONIST

For us both. I can't hear you in there. Bitch.

Triggered, Karen explodes!

She shoves the receptionist into the bed. The girl falls in, butt first. She grabs onto the side - SNAPS a glitter nail!

She opens her mouth to scream. Karen grabs her necklace - twists it. The receptionist gags, air cut off...

Until the gold chain breaks in half! Karen SLAMS the lid down on the girl's head repeatedly.

KAREN

You. Call. Me. A. Bitch?!? If. I. Am. What. Are. You?!?

The poor receptionist's knocked out cold. Sudden silence.

Karen looks around. Did anyone see? Thanks to the towel, the security camera didn't. Whew.

The girl groans. Not dead yet. Karen slams down the door.

And changes the timer to a full hour. Inside, the girl pounds weak fists against the lid.

Karen grabs a metal dumbbell, whacks the latch. CLANG.

Worried about noise, she switches to a neoprene weight. It takes several strikes, but the latch breaks off.

Stepping back, Karen pants and eyes her grisly handiwork.

KAREN

Enjoy your comped crisping. Dear.

The bed SMOKES. Karen hurries --

INT. FANCY GYM / ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

-- Past the Muscle Heads, who point and sneer.

KAREN

Careful who you're pissing off,
assholes!

TALL MUSCLE HEAD

Don't get your panties in a bunch,
Karen!

His shorter friend chimes in, too.

SHORT MUSCLE HEAD

Hey beautiful, what's your Secret?

They howl with laughter. Karen pauses, confused. "How do they know my name?" She flips them the double birds, storms off.

EXT. GYM PARKING LOT - DAY

Karen rages toward her SUV, fumbles for her keys and realizes...

She's holding the receptionist's necklace! It glitters in her hand. Karen closes a fist over it. Keeps walking. Smiles.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

The table is a blizzard of paperwork.

Karen storms in, still dressed in gym clothes. She beelines for the cabinet, pulls out her stash of COSTCO wine.

She pours. Sips. Paces, oddly energized. Todd walks in from the living room - double-takes.

TODD

You're home early.

Karen stops. Stares.

KAREN

You too.

A "WTF?!?" expression on his face, Todd sits.

TODD

You know, that *doesn't* have
electrolytes. The Gatorade's over
there.

She gulps wine, resumes walking. Too much energy to stop now.

Todd turns to papers labeled "Blackrift Building-For a New Millenia!." He dodges the elephant (and Karen) in the room.

TODD

Why so energized? Exercising's supposed to wear you out.

KAREN

If you do it *right*, it pumps you up.

Tossing her glass down the sink, Karen drifts to his side.

KAREN

Whatcha working on?

TODD

The same thing it's been all month, but you didn't care 'til now. Our downtown development project. We've got to push that homeless shelter out. Rezoning's a major bitch.

Karen flinches at the word. But likes what she reads.

KAREN

"Two Hundred Million?!? Honey, I'm feeling frisky. Let's go to the couch and watch a movie. Something romantic. This time, you choose!

She runs a finger along his arm. Todd groans, annoyed.

TODD

Please, Karen. These numbers can't finalize themselves!

Karen studies Todd's face. A lost cause. She pouts, leaves.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK. Karen fires up the TV. Growls to herself:

KAREN

Romcom or Pornhub? What'll it be?

But on the news, a headline blares: "Freak Fatal Tanning Bed Accident at Boutique Gym!" Karen snorts.

KAREN

"Boutique"? My botoxed ass cheeks. Their Eucalyptus towels smell like dog shit!

A photo of the receptionist flashes. Karen snarks.

KAREN

You had that smirk in pictures? Was being snotty part of your front-desk training, bitch?

(grins)

Sucks to be you. Bet you wish it was self-defense.

Karen stops. Sniffs the air. Then her pits. She never took a shower. After that "work-out"... she's overdue.

INT. KAREN'S SHOWER - MINUTES LATER

Karen lathers up. Seems to relish it too much.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Karen crawls into bed, squeaky clean in her new silk robe. She pulls the broken necklace out of her pocket. Fondles it.

KAREN

I guess she had taste after all.

She blinks in a sound sleep. Snores.

INT. EILEEN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Eileen's so *not* sleeping. Cradling a "Starbakes Espresso", she's on a programming roll.

She munches a Hot Pocket. Spits out meat, sets it aside. Fingers fly as she debugs code onscreen.

EILEEN

"Learn to code" they said. Put in the work, and you'll be Mark Zuckerberg with ovaries. Hours like this are turning you into a robot, Eileen. Crushing your soul into teeny tiny Hot Pocket crumbs. Still-

(beat)

Working at home hath it's perks. Time to Tik-Tok and Chill...

She switches over to Tik-Tok, scrolls through Cute Kitty Pictures and "Save the Planet with Your Diet" clips.

Until a trending video catches her eye: "Krazy Karen Loses Her Shit Over Big Boob Coupons!"

It's a video of Karen screaming at the clerk! Eileen gasps, puts on glasses, squints. Sets the clip on LOOP.

INT. GYM - DREAM SEQUENCE

Dressed in her flowing silk robe, Karen lounges on a tanning bed. Weird Celtic music lifts.

The three Muscleheads reverently gather around. The tall one massages her feet.

TALL MUSCLE HEAD

How can he ignore you? Beautiful,
hubby's missing out!

The short jock massages her neck, caresses her cheek.

SHORT MUSCLE HEAD

Those losers deserved it. Don't you
ever stop being you!

The blond lifter serves Karen a GOBLET. It bubbles like a potion. He hands it to her with a bow:

BLOND MUSCLE HEAD

Those yoga chicks are empty
calories. You're the real deal!

Karen lifts the glass to sip, realizes it's... RINGING?!? The tanning bed catches fire, smokes. Karen dives off it-

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen sits up abruptly. Startled awake! Someone's Face-timing her cell. Karen answers - it's Eileen.

This time, Eileen's filter is "Hello Kitty". Karen double takes. Is she *still* dreaming? No. Eileen's breathless:

EILEEN

Did you see the video I texted you?

KAREN

What? No. I was, uh, sleeping...

EILEEN

At this freaking hour? Is your
serotonin level on the fritz? Put
me on hold, check it out! But when
you do - super-duper pinkie swear,
you won't lose your shit!

Karen flips to messages. Sees the video... SHRIEKS. She toggles back to Eileen.

KAREN

Did you tape that?

EILEEN

What? No! I'm in it, too - on the right near the Spanx aisle. It had to be someone else in the store!

KAREN

Who else can see this?

EILEEN

It's public. So -- the whole world?

KAREN

You're the tech geek. Take it off!

Eileen switches off her filter, pouts.

EILEEN

I can't. It's not my Tik-Tok.

KAREN

"Tik-Tok?" What the Millennial Mess is that?

EILEEN

Zoomer. It's like if Youtube and Instagram had a baby. Did you see what happened at your gym?

Karen stammers. How much should she let on?

KAREN

Uh, no? I left early. What?

EILEEN

Some girl fried in a tanning booth! They say she was in there so long, her skin superglued to the lights!

KAREN

Oh. That's... so horrible.

EILEEN

I *told* you my gym's better. The new Aikido class I'm taking is da bomb! The instructor's pretty yummy, too. There's a class tomorrow, wanna go?

KAREN

Martial arts? That teaches you how to kill- er, defend yourself?

EILEEN

Well, the focus is peaceful. Steven Seagal 80s stuff. You'd love the class, but I gotta warn you: sometimes it gets a little rough.

KAREN

I'm in. Sign me up!

Karen hangs up. Remembering her dream, she lays back - sighs. Until she realizes...

The gold chain gleams on Todd's pillow, in plain sight! She grabs it, speed-races to the closet.

Rummaging on a shelf, she fishes out a Doc Martens shoe box.

KAREN

2021 fashion? So old school!

She kisses the necklace for "good luck." Dumps the shoes out, tucks the jewelry in.

KAREN

Momma'll come back later. Soon!

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM

On the couch, Karen hunches over her laptop - composes a customer complaint to *Speedee Deliveries R. Us*:

"The box arrived past the delivery window. You should pay ME for lost time!" She hits send with an evil grin.

Her eyes slip to the phone at her side. Should she?

Karen grabs the cell, rewatches the Tiktok. At an ugly point, she hits pause. Smothers it into the couch, screen down.

For two seconds.

Then peeks again: the still frame depicts her open mouth in full scream.

KAREN

I don't look like *that*. Fake news.

She zooms in. The screen's too small. Karen grabs an iPad, plays the clip repeatedly - ever more appalled.

She scrolls to the comments. They're brutal:

- Where'd they find that one? The Rachael Ray reject bin?
- Stuff a bra in her mouth. My eardrum bled from that scream!

Steaming, Karen creates an account (username 'Cool Karen'). Types a rebuttal:

"People are being way too harsh. That poor customer got stiffed. Don't we all feel like that now and then?"

Instantly, a reply DINGS: "Cool Karen? You her sister? LMAO." Karen gasps. Grabs her cell and texts Eileen:

KAREN

I watched the video again.

EILEEN

Oh no. Forget it exists. Please?

KAREN

You should see the comments!

EILEEN

Honey, you don't need negative vibes like that in your life. Put the phone down. Go have fun.

KAREN

Where?

EILEEN

Downtown, maybe?

KAREN

Not alone. Want 2 Come?

Eileen texts back a DECAPITATED CARTOON MOUSE.

EILEEN

Look what Lizzie 2 left in my bed.

KAREN

Tom caught Jerry? About time.

EILEEN

You're seeing the G rated version. She's cute, but a predator. I'm in Kitty Godfather clean-up mode now. So paint the town red without me?

KAREN

If you insist.

Karen's face falls. Leaving the chat, she toggles to camera selfie mode. After a moment, a smile grows.

KAREN

Why not? You still got it, girl!

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Karen tries on several fancy outfits, settles on a slinky sequin dress.

A MANNEQUIN HEAD on her dresser models earrings. She picks the sexiest baubles she can find.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Karen trots in, high heels clicking on tile.

Todd's drowning in paperwork. The only thing changed is the bourbon glass in his hand. He glances up; a mild double-take.

TODD

Uh, going out?

Karen arches a playful eyebrow.

KAREN

Do this look like 'balance the checkbook' wear to you?

TODD

Only for Kim Kardashian. Where to?

Karen pauses wistfully at the door.

KAREN

Remember how we used to go dancing?
Those dark, cozy spots downtown?
I'd love to see them again...

She shoots him a look: 'wanna join'? But Todd bends over his papers - the hint flies high over his head.

TODD

Have fun on the nostalgia tour. Be careful. Crime's up in those shit-hole neighborhoods.
(chuckles)
That's why Blackrift gets them cheap!

Karen's expression morphs from coy to cold:

KAREN

Fine. Have one more, don't wait up.
I hear Eileen's got the night off!

Looking around, she snatches a kitchen KNIFE from a butcher block. Stuffs it in her purse, shrugs off Todd's look.

KAREN

For those shit-hole neighborhoods.
Something's got to keep me safe.

She stomps out - determined. Tonight, Karen's on the prowl!

INT. DANCE BAR - NIGHT

Low rent, packed and live! A beat blasts overhead. Karen maneuvers through a dancing crowd. Glares when she gets bumped. Someone calls out:

BAR PATRON

OMG, check out the MILF!

Karen's face lights up: she turns. Her smile fades as she spots a TWO GUYS ogling a DANCER. The comment wasn't for her.

She finds a table, sits down.

Fishing a note pad from her purse, she scans the crowd: Like a drone seeking targets. Cross hairs implied.

- One waitress spills a drink on a patron. Karen writes down the girl's name-tag: Amy. And a note: "Incompetent."

- Another waitress (RHONDA) chats on her cell, waves off complaining customers. Karen can't make out her ID, jots a description instead: "Unprofessional. Big boobs."

African American waitress (JULIE, 25) approaches. Despite her uniform, her personal style shows through.

JULIE

Welcome to Lexa! I'm Julie - what
would you like?

Karen yells over the music. Not easy, but she tries.

KAREN

White Russian.

JULIE

Black Russian? You betcha.

KAREN

No. Can't you hear me? White!

Julie and Karen exchange looks.

KAREN

For the drink. With Almond Milk.
Absolutely, positively no soy.

Julie writes it down, flashes Karen a chipper thumbs up.

JULIE

Got it. Be back in a jiff!

Julie beelines for the bar. A MAN approaches Karen. Developed pecs glisten through his open shirt.

PEC GUY

Hey, Baby! You look fine! And
familiar. Have I seen you before?

The memory of the Muscle Heads laughing makes Karen cringe.

KAREN

Nowhere, I'm sure!

She pulls out her cell to blow him off, pretends to check emails. The Tik-Tok video "beckons" to be played...

Julie returns, hands her a cocktail. Karen sips - chokes.

KAREN

I clearly said with Almond Milk!!
How could you screw *that* up?

JULIE

I heard Soy. I'm so sorry, Ma'am!
The music's loud, and I thought...

KAREN

Apparently, you don't think at all.

Julie freezes at her tone.

JULIE

Excuse me?!? If you want quiet,
there's a diner a few doors down!

The dance tune ends. Temporary silence. Just as Karen blurts:

KAREN

Maybe you should go, since you
don't want to do your job, girl!

People swivel towards them, stare.

JULIE

Girl?!? Talk to the hand, bitch!

Karen splashes the drink at Julie - stomps out. Dancers applaud her exit. Karen's furious. But her eyes betray excitement, too.

INT. DANCE BAR - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dirty dishes. Cramped. Julie storms in, pissed off.

She grabs a washcloth to clean her uniform. Amy and Rhonda help - their attempts make the smear worse.

RHONDA

Man, you should've punched her!

JULIE

I told you, we should unionize.
This customer is always right shit
blows!

AMY

Did she even pay for that drink?

RHONDA

And you see how she was dressed?
She ain't no regular. All those
rich bitches invading *our* space!

JULIE

This gentrification crap's gotta
go. Even if we have to throw them
out ourselves!

Manager DOUG storms over, shoves a TRASH BAG at Julie.

DOUG

Attitudes matter, Ms. Johnson. If
you're so in the mood for throwing
things out, try *this* for a start!

JULIE

(hisses)
Glad to.

She grabs the bag, stomps out the door.

EXT. DANCE BAR - BACK ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Filthy. A DUMPSTER the sole decor.

Julie throws the bag in, fumbles to untie her splashed apron. Closes the dumpster lid...

Something GLITTERS behind it. It's Karen - a bizarre grin on her face! Julie double-takes.

JULIE

Don't you have a Jacuzzi to haunt?
Shoo!

Karen reaches into her purse. Savors the moment, super slow.

KAREN

About what happened. I thought we
should finish on - a high note.

Julie's warning signs scream. She steps back. Karen advances.

KAREN

Do you understand how rude you
were?

JULIE

I *understand* you're creeping me
out! I don't know who you are, lady-

KAREN

You're about to find out.

Karen's hand closes on the knife. Amy steps out the door!

AMY

Julie, don't kill the messenger -

Karen freezes. The blade partially exposed.

AMY

But Doug wants *you* to pay for that
drink.

Julie whips around, exposing her back to Karen.

JULIE

He does? What a dick!

Amy stares over Julie's shoulder at Karen, points.

AMY
Isn't that the bitch who wanted
Almond Milk? What's that? Why's she
here?

Karen hides the knife, strides off. Yells over her shoulder.

KAREN
I'm writing a review on Yelp!

Amy and Julie exchange bemused looks. Amy winks.

AMY
Guess our five star rating's toast!

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Karen stalks down the street. Rants to herself.

KAREN
Don't think this is over, *Julie*. I
know where you work! Unless you get
fired, which you so deserve. Next
time, I'll bring something... fun.
A meat cleaver? No, too cliché. I
know: a vegetable peeler! Make you
suffer, like your customers do!

Karen's so into her fantasy, she doesn't see an UBEREATS
BIKER approach. A PIZZA BOX rattles on the bike rack. A
"Pizza Bytes" hat bee-bops on his head.

The bike zips past, splashes Karen's shiny dress.

KAREN
Hey! You can't see *this*, asshole?

The biker parks at a house. Karen races after him.

Soon, the two stand facing each other. Awkward. Karen notes
the house's address. Smirks through an improv lie:

KAREN
You're delivering to 5558 Perry?

UBEREATS BIKER
Yeah. What's it to you?

KAREN
That pizza's mine.

He eyes her, skeptical.

UBEREATS BIKER
You're Laquisha Williams?

KAREN
Yes! I'm... adopted. Is there
something you want to say?

She steps back towards an alley between the houses.

KAREN
Give me a moment. I've got your tip-
right here.

Palming the knife, she "accidentally" drops her purse.

KAREN
Oops!

He steps forward to help. Karen yanks him into the alley.
Metal flashes. The biker SCREAMS. Blood spatters on brick.

LATER

Karen swaggers towards her SUV, eats a folded slice.

Dabs blood off her dress with a napkin. Licks her fingers,
slides behind the wheel.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - LATER

Todd's waiting - kitchen chair turned to the door. Karen
strolls in, energized. Todd's face kills her mood.

TODD
You were out for hours. Dressed
like that?

KAREN
You saw me when I left.

Trailed by Todd, Karen saunters into the...

LIVING ROOM

TODD
Where'd you go?

KAREN
Some no-name hole in the wall.

TODD
And who'd you dance *with*? It sure
as hell wasn't Eileen!

TODD (CONT'D)
(Karen freezes)
Yeah, I called. She was home. So,
who was your dance partner?

KAREN
Wouldn't you like to know?

Karen pushes past. He grabs her arm - knocks her open purse to the floor!

Karen's eyes widen. Will he see the bloody knife? No. He holds her shoulders, tears in his eyes.

TODD
I didn't mean to ignore you. Just-

KAREN
You think I'm cheating! You don't
know me at all!

She storms upstairs, leaves a forlorn Todd alone.

INT. KAREN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Blood circles the drain, Psycho style. Scrubbing like Lady Macbeth, Karen cleans the knife until it shines.

She admires her reflection in the blade.

Then pulls something from her purse: The Biker's HAT. She fondles the blood-stained fabric. Then tiptoes to...

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She tucks the hat away in the shoe box - next to the receptionists' gold chain. She sighs up at it.

KAREN
Good times.

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Morning light shines on the staircase; illuminates pink spandex jeggings. Topped by a black "urban" hoodie.

Dressed like a fashion shoot, Karen tiptoes downstairs.

KAREN
Todd? I've got a class at Eileen's
gym. She's picking me up soon.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 I know last night was...difficult.
 But I need you to move the car!

No response. She peeks in the kitchen. Finds half-finished coffee. Todd's papers and briefcase are MIA.

KAREN
 Working on a weekend? Too bad.
 You're missing out!

She spots her reflection in a mirror. Winks. She drifts over, strikes poses. Pouts with duck lips, too.

KAREN
 You sexy rebel, you! Do you need
 psych-up tunes for your first day
 at Karate School? I bet you do!

Flipping through her cell's playlist, Karen finds a song that fits her mood: This is Me. Instantly, the beat hits home.

KAREN
 (sings along)
 I'm not a stranger to the dark.
 Hide away, they say. 'Cause we
 don't want your broken parts.

She dances around the apartment. With no "witnesses" (again), all her inhibitions melt away!

KAREN
 But I won't let them break me down
 to dust. I know that there's a
 place for us. For we are glorious!

She picks up speed, whirls: The DOORBELL RINGS!

KAREN
 Eileen! Wait 'til you hear where I
 went last night!

She reverses course to answer, belts out tunes:

KAREN
 'Cause I am brave. I am bruised. I
 am who I'm meant to be. This is -

She flings the door triumphantly open:

KAREN
 Me!

It's not Eileen! POLICE OFFICER MARTIN (50s, African American) stares back.

Seeing Karen's outfit, he does his best *not* to grin.

OFFICER MARTIN

Karen Kooper? I'm Officer Martin. I
know it's early, but may I come in?

Karen peeks past Martin, spots his patrol car at the curb.
She quickly scans the cul de sac. What if a neighbor sees?

One does. Middle-aged AGNES stands on her lawn, holds a hose.
Spotting Martin with Karen, Agnes frowns.

Karen gasps. She waves Martin in - slams the door!

MOMENTS LATER

Martin surveys the room. Karen follows, tries to keep cool.

OFFICER MARTIN

You were out last night?

KAREN

Not really. Who, um, said so?

OFFICER MARTIN

You did. A few seconds ago. To
someone named "Eileen"?

Karen gulps. Busted!

KAREN

That? It's part of the song lyrics.
She be shushing like-
(turns sassy)
Don't go there, Girl!

Realizing who she's talking to, her voice trails off. Officer
Martin returns a "whatever" shrug, roams near the couch.

Karen hovers, unnerved.

KAREN

Would you like some coffee, Sir?

OFFICER MARTIN

Is that a cop joke? FYI, I dig
donuts too. But don't tell my wife.
She's after me to lose some pounds.

He chuckles. Karen laughs - but it's so fake.

KAREN

For your coffee, would you like it
with sugar, almond milk or bla-

Choking off the word, she races to the kitchen.

KAREN
Be right back!

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Karen kicks into hyperdrive. Heats coffee. Pours two mugs.

KAREN
That little snitch! It's not like I
did anything wrong. In that part of
town, it's perfectly normal to have-

Her eyes slip to the butcher block.

KAREN
A knife.

She picks up the knife. But her jeggings have no pockets. And the hoodie's pockets are too shallow, the handle sticks out.

She stuffs the blade down her bra. Grabbing the mugs, Karen walks casually (in her mind at least) back to --

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen bends over to serve Martin his mug. The unseen blade pokes her stomach. Ow. She sits across from him. Slurps.

Watches Martin as he drinks. Martin puts his mug down, grim.

OFFICER MARTIN
Thanks for the hospitality, Ms.
Kooper.

KAREN
Please. Call me "Mrs.".

OFFICER MARTIN
Mrs. Kooper: I'm here to
investigate a potential felony.

Karen fidgets: the knife slides *through* her bra, ends up loose in the hoodie's waist. One wrong move, and it'll fall!

OFFICER MARTIN
So I have some questions. There's a
girl you had words with recently.

He pulls out a pen, pad and phone - leans forward.

Karen instinctively reaches under her hoodie, fondles the knife. She appraises Martin's neck. Where to slash first?

Martin turns on his phone, plays: The Tik-Tok video!

OFFICER MARTIN

Samantha Collins turned up missing.
Is there any information we should
know this leaves out?

Karen slumps. It's not about Julie! Martin side-eyes her.

OFFICER MARTIN

You *have* seen this video before?

KAREN

Yes, but... you're here because I
yelled at a sales clerk? In a mall?
(laughs nervously)
I'm a taxpayer. I'm subsidizing
your salary for this?!?

Martin shoots her a look, good cop demeanor fraying.

OFFICER MARTIN

Some don't find this funny. Ms.
Collins was so upset she left work.

KAREN

I left the store first! It's right
there in the clip. Look!

OFFICER MARTIN

I don't have to. At the precinct
we've played this many times. It's
dramatic, to say the least. Ms.
Collins hasn't been seen since.
After this altercation - did you?

KAREN

To be honest? I'd forgotten she
exists.

LATER

Martin lingers on the porch; Karen rigid at the door.

She shoots a look across the street at Agnes, now accompanied
by husband ROGER. He records the cop and Karen's house.

Karen glares. Officer Martin hands her a card.

OFFICER MARTIN

Ms. Collins's family is quite concerned. If you think of anything she said before or after the video, you've got my number.

(beat)

And uh, Mrs. Kooper: Would you say that video's representative?

KAREN

Excuse me, what?

OFFICER MARTIN

Do you have a habit of getting into loud disagreements in public? Because if so -

Karen stares. What's this leading to?

OFFICER MARTIN

I find meditation and yoga helps. This job can be... stressful.

Martin walks towards his car. Karen waves goodbye. Just as...

Eileen's car arrives. Seeing the police officer, she parks. Sticks her head out the window. Frowns.

EILEEN

Karen K-

INT. EILEEN'S GYM - DOJO CLASS - MORNING

Ki-ya!! GI-clad STUDENTS punch and yell! Karen eyes the drill, sips water. Eileen guides her through the door.

EILEEN

Rent-a-Cop visited you over a Tik-Tok?!? Major overkill!

EILEEN

I should sue for police brutality. He didn't even read me my rights.

EILEEN

They think you had something to do with that missing clerk?

Karen spit-takes.

KAREN

Such a stupid question. You
couldn't pay me to go back into
that store. Do they have to take an
IQ test to join the force?

(beat)

That video makes me look like
Cruella de Ville on bath salts. You
have to help me find who put it up!

EILEEN

Uh, what for?

KAREN

So I can convince them to take it
down. Duh. Or at least put it in
proper context!

EILEEN

I'll see what I can do. Hey...
what's going on with you and Todd?
I got a call from him last night.
He said you went out alone?

Karen's face falls. Until she notices: A WALL OF WEAPONS
across the room. She wanders over, eyes a curved blade.

KAREN

Ooooh, wicked. I like!

SENSEI HENRY strolls over. Chiseled. Handsome. A black belt
cinched across his muscled waist.

SENSEI HENRY

Welcome, New Warrior. That's a
Kama: a Japanese farming instrument
used in war.

Karen strokes the blade, purrs.

KAREN

Are they for sale?

EILEEN

Karen, this is Sensei Henry. He's
third Dan! Sensei, this is my good
friend Karen. She's here to try the
class out as a test run!

(to Karen)

You're gonna love it, I promise!

Karen takes in Henry. Chemistry sparks.

KAREN
 Something tells me... you're right.

Henry gives Karen and her pink spandex the once-over.

SENSEI HENRY
 About that outfit-

He reaches past her (very close) to a shelf with folded Gis.
 And hands her one. Their fingers touch.

SENSEI HENRY
 I'm guessing this one's your size?

LATER

Students take turns sparring with Henry, get their asses
 merrily kicked. A nervous Gi-wearing Karen's next in line! He
 beckons, flashes her a playful grin.

SENSEI HENRY
 Come forward. Don't be shy!

Karen throws clumsy punches. Henry side-steps. Taunts.

SENSEI HENRY
 Don't hold back. Harder!

Karen puts *everything* into her next swing. All the rage,
 frustration... Henry sweeps her. They fall to the floor!

He joint-locks her, their bodies pressed together. Karen
 pants, liking it. Henry whispers in her ear.

SENSEI HENRY
 Impressive, New Warrior. You have
 heart!

INT. GYM SHOWERS/LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Very, very steamy. Eileen exits with a towel, calls out.

EILEEN
 Karen, see? That class rocked!
 (no response)
 Don't try to hide. You know I'm
 right. I saw your face when Sensei
 Henry did those flips!

Brushing wet hair, Eileen pads over to her locker. A POST-IT
 NOTE from Karen's slapped on top:

"Checking out other equipment. Meet me outside."

Eileen changes, walks out to:

INT. EILEEN'S GYM - WEIGHT MACHINES - CONTINUOUS

And spots: Karen canoodling with Sensei Henry on the Adductor Machine - a KAMA tucked under her arm! Eileen's spirit sinks.

EILEEN

I've known you forever, Karen Karly
Kooper. You've changed. A lot!

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - EVENING

In here, everything's the same. Todd crunches paperwork at the table - bitches to someone on his cell.

TODD

I KNOW activists are flaky granola
half-wits, but they're loud.

Karen beelines for the door, dressed in her hoodie and sweats. Todd looks up sharply.

TODD

Wait. You're going out *again*?

KAREN

I have no choice. Chores call!

TODD

Now? Isn't Shoprite closed?

KAREN

Speed walking's always open. Lazy
me, viewing exercise as a chore!
But after what happened at my gym--

TODD

The janitor who got microwaved?

KAREN

Receptionist. So horrible. I can't
even look at a lamp without seeing
her! But I gotta get cardio in
somehow!

She chuckles sarcastically, gestures to her clothes.

KAREN

Just as well it's dark. I'm about
as sexy as a bag lady in these!

Todd lowers his phone - half-heartedly attempts to charm.

TODD

Honey, you're always sexy to me.

KAREN

I'll be back. Two hours, tops!

She flits out the door. Todd shrugs, picks up his cell.

TODD

They publicized BOTH our names on
Twitter? Fuck! Everything Musk
touches turns to shit. Isn't
Dachshunding illegal?

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Plenty of bushes, shady spots. Karen strolls along a path - eyes everyone she sees.

Who'll be the next lucky victim? Her "drone crosshairs" on the prowl once more.

A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL in cut-offs litters.

Karen thrusts a hand into her purse, fondles something. But LOUD MUSIC interrupts her thoughts.

She cocks her head, annoyed. Veering away from the girl, she follows the tunes. To...

JOSE (Latino), lounging on a bench. Grooving to a jam, he drinks beer. Empties at his feet, a red BANDANA at his neck.

Karen looks around, sees no friends. A one-man party? Good.

She inches closer, clears her throat.

KAREN

You think *everyone* likes that
noise? Turn it down. This is a
public space!

JOSE

So? I'm the public too, Miss.

He looks Karen up and down, eye-rolls.

JOSE

Except to racists, maybe.

KAREN

There's a new thing called
headphones. Google it. You're not
supposed to be playing music -

Jose spits on the sidewalk, splats Karen's shoe.

JOSE

Music is legal in this city, Puta!

KAREN

Not at this hour. And not so loud!

JOSE

Watcha gonna do about it, Karen?
Cry and call the police?

He mimics crying - points to his boombox, scoffs.

JOSE

You see this "little" switch? It's
called volume. Google IT. When the
cops come, I turn it off. After
they leave: See? Right back on.

He cranks the volume extra loud.

JOSE

Magic, huh?

KAREN

Well, there *is* one more option.

She whips out the Kama, hacks at Jose's face! Caught off
guard, Jose tries to block with his arm. The blade sinks in.

JOSE

Ahhhhhh!

Like a shark in a feeding frenzy, Karen goes to town. Every
slash punctuated with a word:

KAREN

This. Isn't. Racism! You're. Just.
Inconsiderate. And. You. Make. Too.
Much. Damned. Noise!!

Jose's arm drops to the sidewalk, severed. Karen dices the
rest of him, too.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Karen speed-walks home. Jose's bandana peeks from one pocket. She notices a blood stain on her hoodie... smiles, carefree.

KAREN

That's what black clothes are for!

Turning onto her street: CHANTING makes her freeze. A PICKET LINE OF ACTIVISTS, circle her home!

Signs bob: "Gentrification Sucks. Leave Downtown Alone!"

Neighbors Agnes and Roger stare out their window. Karen ducks low - sneaks in her back door.

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Todd scowls, peeks through curtains. Karen runs to his side.

KAREN

Honey, who are these thugs?

TODD

Just a bunch of lazy assholes,
complaining while others work.

He touches a dot of (Jose's) BLOOD on Karen's neck.

TODD

Oh my God. Did they hurt you?!?

KAREN

No. I... tripped while exercising.
A pitbull scared me. But I'm fine.

She stares out the window. One activist sees her. It's Julie. Amy beside her! They lock eyes. Karen closes the curtains.

TODD

What are you doing?

KAREN

Calling the police. Why'd you wait?

Todd shrugs, she dials 911.

TODD

They do have a First Amendment
right to protest.

KAREN
They *don't* have a right to harass
me... I mean, us!

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A police siren WAILS. On the sidewalk, Officer Martin waves at the protestors to disperse.

The group slowly fragments. Julie resists, but Amy gently urges her to leave.

AMY
C'mon Jules. I know Blackrift
vultures suck. But we have to pick
our battles. Tomorrow's work. We
can't afford to get arrested.
Y'know, 'cause bills and stuff.

Julie glances at the McMansion, spots Karen glaring at her.

JULIE
Waitresses never forget a customer.
Especially that resting bitch face.

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Todd yells on the phone to his partner:

TODD
You think it's funny? Wait'll they
wreck your property values!

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Karen, on her laptop, selects a sensual song on Spotify, Retrieving the shoebox from her closet, she pulls out:

The Biker's hat, the Receptionist's necklace. Jose's bandana. She lays the souvenirs in her lap, strokes them like a pet.

Karen's laptop chimes. She jumps. Eileen's Zooming again!

Resting one hand on her keepsakes, Karen answers. Caresses them with increasing passion throughout the call.

This time, Eileen's filter is Garfield.

EILEEN
OK, girrrrrrrrl - tell me the truth!

KAREN
About... what?

EILEEN
Practice with your Kama yet?

KAREN
(suppresses a grin)
Yeah. It works great!

EILEEN
Glad you're hooked. But... fun
stuff aside, we gotta talk.

Karen glances down at her kill souvenirs.

KAREN
No kidding.

EILEEN
I saw you with Henry after class.
Todd called, said you went out
again! Friend to friend, what's
going on?!?

KAREN
"Friends" don't snitch. Or snoop! A
real friend would give me the
address of whoever shot that video.
(sniffles)
You've no idea how much this hurts!

Eileen eye-rolls, types in chat.

EILEEN
Guilt-Trip Mission Accomplished.
Here goes: Natalie Hornsberry - 856
Bainbridge Lane. Just please don't
tell anyone I gave you this. And
don't abuse my trust. I do NOT want
to wake up to a Youtube of you
calling that poor woman a cunt!

CLICK. Eileen hangs up. Just as... Karen GASPS. Looks down.

Massaging the souvenirs has brought on - well - something.
Glowing, she grins and holds the goodies up:

KAREN
I promise, Eileen - you won't!
Cross my heart. No matter *who* dies.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOME - DAY

856 Bainbridge Lane: Modest. No great shakes, but sufficient.
Karen knocks:

The door opens, revealing NATALIE (50s) - the customer
filming at the store! Greying temples. Warm smile.

KAREN
Natalie Hornsberry?

NATALIE
Yes. And you are?

INT. NATALIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen strolls in like she owns the place.

KAREN
You shop at Victoria's Secret?

Karen sniffs at worn out furnishings. Natalie looks stunned.

NATALIE
Only once in awhile, as a treat. If
you're selling something, you're
barking up the wrong tree!

KAREN
A treat for who? A boyfriend? Your
husband, maybe?

NATALIE
None of your beeswax!

KAREN
It *became* my beeswax when you
published my private conversation!

Natalie's jaw drops, recognition sparks.

NATALIE
Ooooooh, you're that Karen -

KAREN
Take my name out of your slanderous
mouth!

Like a switch, Karen's demeanor morphs to hurt innocence:

KAREN
Please: at your age -

NATALIE

Excuse me?

KAREN

You and I both know: women have to be allies in this evil world. Heart to heart, please remove the video. I'm begging you.

NATALIE

You're embarrassed the world sees what you are? *That's* what this is about?

Karen and Natalie face off, circle. Hostility grows.

KAREN

No, it's about *you* invading my privacy. Damaging my reputation. Remove that Tik-Tok now!

NATALIE

Not in a million years. Or make that 5.2 million. Last I looked, that's how many viewers agree with me. You treated that girl like trash for doing her job.

KAREN

She *didn't* do her job. That's the point!

NATALIE

People like you think their "shit don't stink" like my grandson says. It's high time someone rubbed your nose in it. There's nothing you can say to make me take it down!

Karen whips a BARBECUE FORK from her purse. Lunging forward, she jams it against Natalie's neck.

KAREN

Here's *two* reasons I bet you will!

MOMENTS LATER

The two sit in front of an old desktop monitor. Karen winces as the video plays. She prods Natalie with the fork:

KAREN

Don't stall. Get it done.

NATALIE

I can't believe you're doing this
over a Tik-Tok. Can't you see how
thoroughly this proves my point?

But she hits "delete". The video erases. Natalie leans
forward across her desk. Karen grabs her wrist.

KAREN

Stop! What are you doing?

NATALIE

Giving you my USB backup. That way,
you'll rest reassured I won't
reload it when you're gone.

KAREN

I've got a hack for that, too.

She stabs - severs Natalie's spine! The woman slumps over the
keyboard. PLOP. Her dentures fall out of her mouth.

Her dead hands on keys cause a Rick Roll video to loop. But
Karen's beyond caring. She centers herself, deep breaths.

KAREN

Oooooohhm. You've cleared the path.
The past is gone. Look forward to
the future now!

She pulls a pad from her purse. On it, a handwritten list:

"Santa's Naughty List". The first item: "Remove the bitch who
made me a laughingstock." Karen crosses that "to-do" off.

SERIES OF SCENES

Karen's on the hunt. Guided by her list, no limits now.

EXT. URBAN STREET - NIGHT

A small ASIAN WOMAN exits the "Color Me Crazy" nail salon.

Karen emerges from the shadows, trails her, until...

She yanks the woman into the alley. Throws her down.
Unleashes a flurry of malicious kicks.

KAREN

This is for my manicure. It
chipped! How many times do I have
to tell you? Fuchsia isn't Lilac.
Color blind bitch!

Her victim twitches. Karen rifles her pockets, pulls out \$5.

KAREN

You don't deserve this tip!

She kicks the poor woman in the head, stalks off.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A BEEFY MAN lights a firework; the massive Excaliber kind. Bushes rustle. Karen steps through.

KAREN

Do you have a permit for that?

BEEFY MAN

Lady, I permit *you* to fuck off.

Dropping his lighter, the man flips her the bird.

KAREN

Sparklers don't "do it" for you?
Stuff that M-80 wannabe up your-

She lunges. A scuffle rages unseen. Man SCREAMS. Karen ducks and covers. BANG! Fireworks explode. Body parts rain down...

EXT. PARK / DIFFERENT AREA - NIGHT

A SHORT MAN walks a Yorkie; a small but spunky match. Waitress Amy passes - her face lights up.

AMY

OMG, what a cutie-pie!

She pets the pup, offers her face for licks...

Then spots Karen twenty feet away. Amy shivers, takes her leave. The Yorkie squats. The man's face falls.

SHORT MAN

Thanks, Toby. That's *another* girl I
won't get a number for.

He pulls Toby away - doesn't pick up! A few steps, and he finds himself nose to nose with Karen.

KAREN

If you won't clean up - I will!

She slashes his throat. Gurgling, he drops. Karen picks up "Toby", cradles him. Will she kill the pup, too?

EXT. DOGGIE DAYCARE - LATER

Karen's SUV screeches up to a curb. The building's blinking signs scream: "Pamper Your Pet at Belle Pups!"

Dressed in a trench, Karen deposits Toby in a gift bag.
Drives off.

END SERIES OF SCENES**INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Karen relaxes on her couch - accompanied by her laptop and a huge mug of Matcha Tea. She pours bourbon in to spice it up.

Cradling her Naughty list, she crosses off: Nail Salon,
"Firework Freaks" and "Nasty Pet Owners".

Further down, more targets await:

"Drive that redhead from the DMV off a cliff."

"Visit Dee, who butchered my hair. Give her an extra trim."

KAREN

"ME" time!

She types "Victoria's Secret Sales" into Google. But at the top of the search she finds:

HER video. She clicks the link. It's there! Several other sites, too. In a panic, she punches Eileen's number.

KAREN

That women with the Tik-Tok: Are
you sure you gave me the right one?

EILEEN

Slow down. Lemme look. Who?

KAREN

Natalie Hornsberry. It's not like
that's a common name.

EILEEN

Why do you care?

KAREN

I... convinced her to delete it.
But now it's on Facebook.
Instagram. Everywhere!

EILEEN

Sweetie, you know files can get copied to other places? That's sort of what "viral" means.

KAREN

Fuck!

She hangs up in a fury.

INT. EILEEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

At her desk, Eileen face-palms. Lizzie Two rubs against "Mom", purrs.

EILEEN

Fur-Fur, I wish everyone was as zen as you. Before your time, when we were sophomores, things were different. But these days, Karen's so... uncool.

(sighs)

Guess I should call Natalie Hornsby and apologize, huh?

She Googles the name. Headlines pop up: "Mysterious murder in suburbia! Woman shockingly forked in her own home!"

Eileen chokes - and texts Karen:

"Meet me at the Starbakes near you. 15 minutes. No excuses!"

INT. STARBAKES CAFE - DAY

Boutique as it gets. Eileen and Karen pick an isolated table. But a CURLY HAIRED WAITRESS hovers, awaits their order.

EILEEN

Black coffee, please.

KAREN

Matcha Tea with Almond Milk.

The two woman stare: "You're still here?" Karen watches the girl slink away - points an accusing spoon at Eileen.

KAREN

This is on you. I had to dump mine down the sink. You live crosstown, how'd you get here so quick?

EILEEN
I called Ralph. No big.

She wrinkles her face at the name. Karen notices.

KAREN
What's *that* mean?

EILEEN
Nothing. It's just... he's so gross. Tonight, I told him we were meeting. He hinted he wants a menage a trois! That sicko should get fired. But he was available on short notice, so...

The Waitress returns with their orders, accidentally hands Karen the coffee. Karen glares intensely enough to burn.

KAREN
What color is this? You tell me!

The girl corrects the error. Runs off without a word.

KAREN
(to Eileen)
My place is more competent. And cozy. Why not meet there?

EILEEN
I... wanted some place public.

Her voice drops to a whisper.

EILEEN
Because I KNOW you killed Natalie!

KAREN
Says who - and how? Did you tap the bitches' Ring?

EILEEN
You don't sound surprised to hear she's dead.

Karen leans forward, just as... the Waitress returns with Cream and Coffee refills. Her arm *almost* smacks Karen's face.

CURLY HAIREd WAITRESS
I... thought you'd want these?

KAREN

(to Eileen)

Even though she deserved it, I would *never* do such a thing. But if I did, that makes you an accomplice for giving me her address. Now, what was it you wanted to gab about?

Eileen jumps up. Startled, the waitress spills coffee. Focused on each other, neither Karen or Eileen care.

EILEEN

Guess I'll have to decide whether to snitch or snoop. Consider our friendship deleted!

(points at the waitress)

And remember, I'm a witness. Leave me - and her - alone!

She storms out. Karen sips tea, turns to the girl... who freezes in her cross hairs.

CURLY HAIREd WAITRESS

Uh... is something wrong?

Karen looks around at the near-empty shop.

KAREN

Now you've one *less* customer. So if you want to stay in business-
(snaps her fingers)
Get me a Biscotti now!

The Waitress gulps, scampers off.

EXT. DANCE BAR - NIGHT

The sign reads: "Sold to Blackrift Realty. Eviction Notice."

INT. DANCE BAR / MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Even emptier than Starbakes. Julie commiserates at a table with Amy and Rhonda, blows off a MAN waving for his check.

JULIE

They gave us thirty days? How merciful! Thirty days 'til we're out of work. Hungry.

RHONDA

Or dead.

Doug stalks by, shoots the trio an evil eye.

DOUG

We're closing for the night. You ladies plan to clean up?

AMY

Clean up? I just wanna survive!

Julie eyes her friends' glum looks, forces a smile.

JULIE

Let's look at silver linings. What do you want to do, after we throw our aprons in one last time?

AMY

Burn them? That'd be a start.

RHONDA

You mean, in fantasy land, where we have actual life choices?

JULIE

I'd start a community shelter, with lessons in theory, free food n' stuff. Like the Black Panthers did.

RHONDA

I'd start my own salon, express my artsy side! Did you hear what happened to Elie, the girl who does my nails? Someone murdered her for a few measly bucks! Maybe it's just as well we split now.

Scrolling through her phone, she shows her friends a picture of the corpse. It's the woman Karen killed! Amy almost barfs.

AMY

Ew. Where'd that come from?

RHONDA

The person who found her posted it on Instagram.

JULIE

Bodies are piling up. But are the cops stopping it? Typical class war BS! They'd rather keep us peasants away from Blackrift ghouls.

AMY

You know that guy who got murdered in the park? I saw him walking his dog that night. Speaking of silver linings: I ran into that rich bitch who yelled at Julie. If she hadn't freaked me out, whoever killed that guy would've got me, too!

(beat)

I would've stayed. He was cute.

JULIE

Wait: you saw that Blackrift Stepford Wife? Remember how you thought she had a knife?

The friends exchange suspicious looks.

RHONDA

You're fucking kidding.

AMY

Coincidences happen. Sometimes.

JULIE

Homicide does, too. She shows up and people start dying...

RHONDA

Before we cancel her: why?

JULIE

Maybe she's trying to devalue the neighborhood so her gentrification buds can scoop it up? It's not *perfect* evidence, but -

AMY

(gasps)

We know where she lives. Let's check her out!

RHONDA

What: walk in with a blacklight, ask pretty please to tour her pool?

JULIE

It's just a matter of timing: in and out. I know that climate killing tank she drives. And anyone employed at Blackrift is a work-all-hours kinda guy...

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karen paces, agitation grows. She's ranting to someone.

KAREN

Eileen and I've been best friends since college. She thinks I killed those people? Yes, I KNOW I did. But I need her. It's not fair!

(beat)

Fine, Ms. Smarty Pants. Social isolation's peachy-keen for you. But I've got to win her back. How?

She stops, listens to eerie silence. Rambles on.

KAREN

I just have to give her a token gift, the way Lizzy 2 does? You're a genius. Thanks so much!

She whirls and faces: the Mannequin Head on her dresser. Draped with her growing stash of souvenirs, it's uber creepy.

KAREN

But Eileen's such a pushover. Who would she want killed?

(her face lights up)

Of course. Ralph!

INT. RALPH'S PRESTO LIMO - NIGHT

The sedan glides away from the curb. Karen nestles comfortably in back, an oversized designer bag at her side.

In the rear view mirror: Karen's parked SUV dwindles. But there are no houses. Ralph *didn't* pick her up at home!

Ralph half turns, an incredulous look on his beefy face.

RALPH

Did I hear right, Mizzus Kooper? You wanna go to what address?

KAREN

You're a consummate professional, Ralph. I'm sure you heard just fine. Take me to the intersection of I95 and Route 9.

RALPH

But there ain't nothing there.

KAREN

Which is what I want: a place to
breathe free, look at the stars!
With *your* company, of course.

Flashing a coy smile, she waves a hand at Ralph's GPS.

KAREN

Be a dear? Turn that off. My hubby
doesn't know I'm on... safari. I
don't want there to be a trail.

They cruise in silence. Karen winks, drives the hint home.

KAREN

I hear you drove my friend Eileen
tonight. We could take this trip
together someday, if you'd like?

LATER

They reach their destination, disembark. It's the desolate no-
man's land where Karen buried the clerk!

Ralph grunts, points to Samantha Collin's unmarked cairn.

RALPH

What's that, some sorta ancient
monolith?

Karen sidles closer to Ralph.

KAREN

No more games. Let me see your
cigar.

RALPH

(chokes)
What's this, a candid camera porn
video?

KAREN

No, Mr. Freud. I *really* mean your
cigar. Light it up.
(whispers in his ear)
I like how it - and you - smell.

Ralph taps for a cigar, lights. Karen digs in her mega-purse.

RALPH

Need a condom? I keep those in my
pocket, too!

Ralph looks down, digs an old wrapper out. But when he looks back up: A CAN OF RAID's pointed at his face!

RALPH
What the hell, lady?!?

KAREN
I pack my own, for cockroaches like you.

She sprays. The cigar explodes! Ralph drops, screams.

Karen pulls a CLEAVER from her purse, starts hacking.

KAREN
You treat women like pieces of meat? Have a taste, too!
(beat)
That's for making Eileen wait for rides! And for looking at my butt. You think I don't notice, I do! This is for not ironing your uniform. We have to be seen with you!
(beat)
Don't be such a cry baby. Smoking causes cancer. I'm just hurrying the process up!

Gory chunks fly. Mutilated but alive, Ralph moans.

KAREN
Don't talk over me!

CHOP! Soon, Ralph's fresher than mall sushi.

Karen steps daintily back, takes pictures.

Removing a loop of intestines from around her neck, she picks Ralph's pocket for keys. He's so mangled, it takes awhile.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- She buries him in a fresh cairn, besides Samantha's grave.
- Digging fresh clothes out of her bag, Karen quick changes.
- Climbs behind the wheel of Presto Limo. Drives.

EXT. KAREN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A scooter glides, piloted by a driver clad in black. Backpack bouncing on slim shoulders, a turn onto Karen's cul de sac.

Stopping half a block away, Julie peels off her mask... stashes the transport between two shrubs.

She digs BINOCULARS from her bag.

Squats and cases Karen's house. No Karen. No Todd's car.

JULIE

Booyah!

VOICES cause her to jump. Swinging towards them, she spots:

Agnes waving a DELIVERY BOY towards her door. The teen struggles under the weight of heavy bags. Drops one.

Agnes TSK-TSKs, doesn't try to help.

JULIE

Typical.

Julie melts into shadows, watches. Waits. Agnes takes her sweet-ass time. Julie checks her watch. Chews gum. Squirms.

JULIE

C'mon. I gotta pee!

Agnes eventually waddles back inside. The teen drives off. A relieved Julie whips out her phone, texts Amy:

"Proletariat's arrived. Mission Suburbia Safecracker's a go!"

Julie ducks, sprints across the lawn. Vaults the fence.

EXT. KAREN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Spotting a Ring on the door, Julie spits out her gum, jams it on the lens.

She jimmies the lock with a KNIFE, steps inside.

INT. RALPH'S CAR - NIGHT

Karen drives, grooves to tunes.

KAREN

What number are you, Ralph: Seven?
Eight? When I get home, I'll have
to check... Wait, my lucky charm?!?

She SLAMS on the brakes. The limo fishtails, comes to a stop.

KAREN
I've got to go back!

Karen starts to turn the car around. Hesitates:

KAREN
Then I'd have to dig his ass up.

Inspiration: Karen pops the glovebox, pulls out: a CIGAR.

KAREN
Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.
But *mine's* a souvenir.

She tucks it in her purse. Hums happily - restarts the car.

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Armed with a flashlight, Julie whistles at lux furnishings.

JULIE
Bet these bougies have never heard
of Ikea. If I were evidence of
murder, where would I hang out?

Her eyes fall on basement stairs. Spooky. A likely lead.

JULIE
As usual, sucks to be me.

Tightening her grip on the knife, she tiptoes downstairs.

INT. TODD'S MANCAVE - NIGHT

Julie flips a light switch. Dim illumination helps her see:
Paneled walls. A pool table. A home bar, next to a bathroom.

Julie runs in, grateful. FLUSH. Stepping back out, the
floorboards CREAK.

She plays her flashlight over chrome BEER TAPS: "Barley Wine
Options" "ROI IPA", "Scottish Ale S&P".

Spotting paperwork, Julie pages through. She takes pictures
of it - is instantly numbed by Blackrift legalese.

Under those files: magazines. "Investor's Weekly" Booorrrring.
The other's a porno bondage mag: "Femmes of Forbes."

JULIE
Figures. Creep!

Julie glimpses her cell. Time's short. She runs upstairs.

EXT. CITY STREET - DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Karen parks Ralph's limo outside a BAR. Face lit by neon, she tosses his keys on the driver's seat.

KAREN

No DUI? Ralph, you're a good boy.
But then you crawled into a bottle
and disappeared.
(chuckles darkly)
That's a win-win for all concerned.

She walks off. Towards her SUV, parked nearby.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julie sweeps her flashlight over rows of kitchen GADGETS. Some displays glow red, almost as if they have eyes.

She spots the knife block - with one blade missing. Shivering, Julie backs out. Into...

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie's cell VIBRATES. She tenses, looks. A text from Amy:

"Find anything, Daphne?" Amy signs it: "Velma"

Julie types back: "I'm only half done. Chill."

She eyes the stairs, leading up to the bedroom.

JULIE

That scooter rental wasn't cheap.
Don't be a chickenshit, girl.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julie slips inside. Noticing the bed's made, she sneers.

JULIE

Bet Karen's got nice clothes, too.

Opening the closet, Julie paws through PANTSUITS. Behind them, a trench coat. The sales tag dangles off one cuff.

Unable to resist, Julie checks the price.

JULIE

I don't make that in a month!

Her eyes slip to a red-brown stain inside the garment...

JULIE

Blood?!?

Julie whips aside hanging clothes, half-expects to find a corpse. Nothing greets her but a wall. Whew!

She tries to pull the trench coat down: Karen's shoe box tumbles off the shelf.

It hits the floor - contents spill.

Julie stares at the bandana, other souvenirs. A vibrator buzzes in the pile. Julie kicks that away: "Ew."

But spots a receipt from "Color Me Crazy Nail Salon". She bends to pick it up - hears Karen's SUV. Julie freaks!

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Karen walks in, self-fulfilled. Until she hears... RATTLING on the second floor.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LIVING ROOM AND BEDROOM

Julie tries to jam the trench coat and shoe box into her bag.

KAREN

(yells upstairs)

Todd!?!?

JULIE

(freezes)

Holy fuck!

Julie darts to a window, opens it. It's a two story drop!

Karen peeks through a *different* window. Todd's car isn't in the driveway. Her face turns suspicious. Cold.

She pulls the bloody cleaver from her purse, runs upstairs.

Julie hears Karen approaching. She swings her legs out the window. Closes her eyes, prepares to jump...

She's YANKED back in by Karen. The fight for survival's on!

KAREN

You?!? First you screw up my drink order. Now you invade my home?

Karen hacks at her. Julie rolls. She stares at the stained blade, which missed her by an inch.

She knees Karen, who doubles over.

JULIE

Who'd you kill tonight? I won't be sloppy seconds, bitch!

Julie fishes her knife out of a pocket. Karen dives; the two crash land on the bed, Pillows - and Julie's knife - fly.

KAREN

You won't escape me twice!

Karen rips off Julie's backpack, slashes it open. The souvenirs and the trench coat spill out.

KAREN

You know about this? How much?!?

JULIE

That you're a serial killer freak.
I'm gonna tell everyone. Your dirty little secret's out!

Karen wiggles the slashed bag in Julie's face.

KAREN

You know what *else* is going to be out? When I'm done, your stomach will look like *this*!

She raises the cleaver. Julie kicks. Karen stumbles back.

Julie grabs the book bag, and dashes to the window. She mouths a silent prayer... dives.

EXT. KAREN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

And lands in bushes. GROANS.

Branches scratch Julie's face as she thrashes to break free. From the window, Karen shrieks down at her.

KAREN

No-one will believe you, thief!

Julie scrambles to her feet. Runs.

EXT. KAREN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Down the block to her hidden scooter. Lights in McMansions click on as she runs by. Julie gasps for air.

JULIE

Yeah, I get it. Running while black. Don't shit yourselves, peeps. Leaving now.

She jumps on the scooter.

Something JINGLES in the backpack. Julie shrugs, peeks in.

One souvenir remains: the receptionist's necklace. Julie marvels at it. Evidence in hand...

A car alarm WAILS. Julie revs her scooter, zips off.

She blows through a stop sign. A parked COP CAR springs to life. Red and blue lights flash, cause Julie to freak more.

She zig zags, makes sharp turns. Cuts across a pristine lawn.

It's a bumpy ride, but she eventually loses the police. Panting, Julie pulls to the curb and texts Amy:

"Get Rhonda and meet me at your place."

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Her hair tangled like a witch, Karen eyes the demolished room. She picks up fallen souvenirs - pets them gently.

KAREN

Shhhh. It's OK. Momma's here.

Lovingly, she arranges them on the Mannequin Head. After a few "decorations", she stops. Stares. And counts.

KAREN

My first!!

She dials 911, sprays water works when the OPERATOR picks up.

KAREN

911? Oh - thank god you picked up!
My name? Karen. I'm calling to
report a break-in.

(sniffs)

I feared for my life. This black
girl stole my jewelry-

Julie's words flash through Karen's mind:

JULIE (O.S.)
I'm gonna tell everyone. Your dirty
little secret's out!

Karen freezes. What should she do?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Karen, are you there? Are you safe?

KAREN
(whispers)
Not anymore. Uh, sorry. Ring
malfunction. False alarm!

She hangs up. Fishing Ralph's cigar out of her purse, she
shoves it in the Mannequin's open mouth.

KAREN
Smoke up. Soon you're getting extra
bling. Tonight, one more will die!

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A badly maintained co-op. No hipsters allowed.

Julie rolls up to the curb. Amy and Rhonda wave. Dressed in
pajamas, hair in rollers - it's clear Amy woke Rhonda up.

Julie vaults off the scooter, double-takes. She beelines for
the front door. Both friends trail in her wake.

AMY
"Daphne". How'd it go?

JULIE
So far South it found it's own
pole. Miss American Psycho came
home, tried to kill me.

AMY
Again?

JULIE
With a meat cleaver. Major "Jason"
vibe there.

Rhonda eyes the scratches on Julie's face - gasps.

RHONDA
Did she hurt you?

JULIE

No. I got out in time. With this.

She swings around, shows them the necklace. Rhonda blinks.

RHONDA

A shitty old necklace. So?

JULIE

It's not *what* it is, but who from!
I found it with a ton of other
stuff from her victims. It's...
like she's collecting souvenirs.

AMY

Killers do that. I hear?

JULIE

She had an Ubereats hat and a coat
covered in blood. A card from
"Color Me Crazy", too!

Rhonda's face morphs from horror to elation. She fist-pumps.

RHONDA

That bitch killed Elie? But you
nailed her! Where's the goods?

Julie droops - shows her friends the slashed book bag.

JULIE

On her bedroom floor.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Paint peels on walls. The three huddle on a futon, pass
around a joint. Sad faces all around.

JULIE

That necklace could've come from
anywhere.

RHONDA

Walmart, from the looks of it.

JULIE

All it proves is I broke in. Which
does my trespassing ass no good.

Julie tokes deeply, stares off into space.

JULIE

I swear, you should've seen her room! Sugar sweet artificial on the surface. But when you dig in, that's when you see the worms!

Amy gasps in horror. Julie eyes her, amused.

JULIE

Metaphorically. It's like she's Ted Bundy in a pantsuit. Or John Wayne Gacy, whoever's worse.

Inspiration hits. Rhonda's face lights up.

RHONDA

About that other evidence. You at least got pictures, right?!?

JULIE

I should have. No.

AMY

Bummer. You forgot?

JULIE

Sorry I wasn't James Bond! I was too busy not getting disemboweled!

Amy scoots closer, bear-hugs Julie.

AMY

What matters is you're safe. We'll let the cops search her place!

Julie slumps, demoralized.

JULIE

Bet she's hidden the evidence. All that does is rat me out for B&E. And piss Lizzy Karen Borden off.

Rhonda puffs - joins the cuddle. The three bond.

AMY

Look on the bright side. There's no way she could find you here.

RHONDA

And even if she did... girl, the community has your back. So Plan A turned into a raging shit-show. Let's just sleep on it. Tomorrow we'll come up with something good!

INT. EILEEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Over at Eileen's, it's Defcon One. Munching a Hot Pocket, she stares at her monitor. Googles "Accomplice to Murder". Gulps.

EILEEN
I'm sooooo fucked!

Lizzie Kitty strolls across the keyboard, waves a carefree tail in her face. Eileen pushes her off.

EILEEN
Better start learning how to use a
can opener, 'cause Momma's heading
to the pokey!

A flurry of KNOCKS on the door. Eileen jumps! She grabs Lizzie, kisses her.

EILEEN
Behave. It's the cops!

The BANGS increase. Still holding the Hot Pocket, Eileen runs to the door, yells through:

EILEEN
I do Aikido, but I'm harmless.
Please don't shoot. I'm unarmed!

Eileen flings the door open - holds her hands up.

It's not the cops. It's wild-eyed Karen. Eileen drops the Hot Pocket on the floor. THUD. Tomato sauce bleeds out.

EILEEN
Um. Hi. You look...

Karen storms in.

EILEEN
Looney tunes.

Karen slams the door, whirls around.

KAREN
Eileen, you have to help me!

Eileen stares at her, numb.

EILEEN
"Help" you? That sounds familiar.
Last time, how'd that work?

KAREN

I did you a favor, it's your turn.

EILEEN

Did me a favor? By guaranteeing I
get twenty to life?

Karen scrambles for her cell, shows Eileen the pictures of
mangled Ralph.

Eileen stumbles back, vomits into a trash can.

EILEEN

You did *that*?

KAREN

For you. To show I care! Ralph
disrespected you. Now he's gone!
What else is there to explain?

She displays the pictures again. Eileen stares.

EILEEN

That looks - pretty thorough.

She grabs the trash can, holds it like a shield.

EILEEN

Who else have you killed?!?

Karen steps forward. Eileen retreats. Their talk quickly
turns into a "don't touch me" dance around the room.

KAREN

It started with that clerk at
Victoria's Secrets. Remember her?

EILEEN

(nods sarcastically)
Yeah. A bit.

KAREN

After you left with Ralph, I ran
into her in the parking lot.
Literally. Then there was the
tanning bed girl at my gym.

EILEEN

The one who got turned into KFC?

KAREN

After while, it just felt natural.
Each a special, different rush.

EILEEN

You're a serial killer?!?

KAREN

If you insist on labels, sure. But only people who deserve it. I've got good reasons. Like Dexter, you know?

Lizzy weaves between Eileen's legs. Eileen almost trips.

Grabbing a PLASTIC KNIFE from a carton, she brandishes it at her deranged pal.

EILEEN

Are you here to kill me too?

KAREN

Of course not! Folks like you and I lead good, productive lives. I only put people out of their misery if they're deadbeats.

(laughs)

Get it? Deadbeats? Do you think they *really* like living, when they can't even do their jobs?

Karen leans in, like she's telling Eileen a huge secret:

KAREN

It's like when you had to put Queenie the First down. Sad, but she was suffering. It was the humane thing to do.

Eileen hits a wall, THUNK. Trapped! Karen's face turns sad.

KAREN

I had everything figured out 'til now. One of the vict- I mean, a waitress got away. No-one important. But if she talks, I don't know what to do!

EILEEN

You want advice? Just riffing here. You *could* plea insanity, confess.

Karen glares. Eileen backpedals.

EILEEN

PMS at least?

KAREN

Fuck no! I've watched Orange is the New Black. I *won't* go to prison!

She grabs Eileen, shakes her.

KAREN

You have to help me find that girl!

EILEEN

So you can do to her what you did to Natalie... or Ralph?!?

Karen glares at Eileen - the face of a cold killer revealed.

KAREN

I know where that waitress works. You can't save her. But help me catch her *before* she calls the cops, and our secret about who doxxed Natalie goes to my grave.

EILEEN

(beat)

OK.

LATER

Eileen perches at her monitor, speed-types.

Karen watches from a chair, pets Lizzie. The hostage situation implied.

Karen clears her throat, her voice ominously sweet.

KAREN

Why's it taking so long?

EILEEN

Knowing where she works is good n' all, but you don't even have her name! This bar page is stupid easy to hack into... but give me time!

Onscreen: The Dance Bar's website loads.

Eileen hits keys, accesses the site's employee files.

Pictures flow: Rhonda. Amy. Doug (looking particularly awkward). Julie. Karen points.

KAREN

That's her!!

Eileen jots down Julie's home address and phone. Then types something into her cell. Karen blinks.

KAREN
What are you doing?

EILEEN
Pulling up Google Maps.

The two stand. Eileen pets Lizzie, tears in her eyes.

EILEEN
Goodbye, Poopie. If Momma never comes back, know I love you. Frisky Treats are in the bottom drawer.

Eileen hesitates, points towards the kitchen.

EILEEN
If we're doing this, need a knife?

Karen laughs, pats her purse.

KAREN
No thanks. Brought my own.

Eileen's eyes slip to a PC Repair Kit on her desk. She pockets a screwdriver, heads with Karen towards the door.

KAREN
Don't be such a downer, E! This is an adventure, like we used to do!

EILEEN
(rolls her eyes)
Let's take my car. If this waitress visited your house, she'll recognize yours.

KAREN
We have to anyway. I didn't want a trail, took the bus. Never again -- that was gross!

The two exit, close the door.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Another door opens. Todd sticks his head in.

TODD
Karen? Honey? Guess who?

No answer to his call.

Todd enters. FLOWERS and a BOTTLE OF WINE in his arms.

TODD

You upstairs? Sorry to be late; I had to pick up some things. You've been kinda edgy recently, so I bought your favorite wine as a surprise! Let's crack it open, rechristen the couch. As the kids say, Netflix and Chill?

He waggles the bottle in the air. Still no reply.

TODD

I know you're home. That tank of yours is hogging the driveway.

He grumbles, heads upstairs.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

And finds the bedroom a disaster zone. Closet open, scattered clothes. Sheets askew. The flowers in Todd's hand droop.

TODD

You're so OCD about that bed...

He spots a POST IT NOTE with handwriting on the mirror. Heading towards it, he kicks something with his foot...

Karen's Vibrator. Todd picks it up with two fingers. Stares.

TODD

Hello. I've never seen you before.

He walks like a zombie to the Post-It note, reads:

"Went to Eileen's for girl time. Be back late. XOXO - K."

Todd drops the vibrator, activates FIND MY FAMILY PHONE on his cell. Google apps load, revealing:

Karen's not at Eileen's! An icon flashes, shows her traveling in someone's car.

TODD

Downtown? Eileen's Crosstown East.

He smashes the bottle to the ground, flies into a rage.

TODD

"Girl time"?!? Bernie Madoff lied better than that! She's cheating. That ungrateful...

(fishes for a slur)

Karen. I gave her everything! Two door smart refrigerator. Whirlpool bathtub. Unlimited credit cards. What more could any woman want?!?

Using his cell GPS like a dowsing rod, Todd races downstairs.

INT. KAREN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grabs his jacket - storms out the door.

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Jumping in his car, it takes Todd a few tries to navigate around Karen's SUV. But he eventually manages - zooms off.

INT. EILEEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A modest vehicle. Karen squirms in the passenger seat.

KAREN

Not to come off as some SUV snob, but there's no room in here. No wonder you wanted to lose weight. And put up with Ralph's limo shit for so long!

Eileen drives, cell in her lap. She peeks down, taps a key - SWERVES. Karen shoots her a look.

KAREN

You shouldn't text and drive. That gets people killed!

Eileen groans at the irony.

EILEEN

My GPS app needs updating. It keeps losing the signal. Piece of shit!

Karen bounces in her seat, like a little kid.

EILEEN

Settle down. It's not like we're going to the movies.

KAREN

You don't get it... yet. After your first "removal", you're gonna get addicted, too. It's like popcorn at double features. Once you get a taste, it's hard to stop!

EILEEN

I doubt it. But - we're here.

Eileen parks. Karen's grin fades as she looks around.

KAREN

The waitress *lives* at the Bar?

EILEEN

Nope. But according to the website, tonight she's got a shift.

EXT. DANCE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The two exit the car. A RAT scurries by. Karen makes a face.

KAREN

Don't these people have ANY standards?

They approach the bar. The sign on the door reads: "Closed." Eileen pushes - it's not locked. She and Karen enter.

INT. DANCE BAR / MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen shivers in the dark. Every footstep seems to echo.

KAREN

How'd you know you could get in?

EILEEN

Educated guess? The hours are posted on Yelp.

Karen digs her weapon-du-jure out of her purse. This one's a martial arts wet dream. Spikes on the handle, double blades.

EILEEN

Whoa. Where'd you get *that*?

KAREN

Henry.

EILEEN

Figures.

Karen squints towards the kitchen doors in back.

KAREN

I bet she's there, cleaning up.
Alone. If we're quiet and surprise
her, we could take our time, enjoy -

Eileen screams suddenly:

EILEEN

She's here!

Julie steps from behind the bar, walks towards the two.

JULIE

So, we meet again Karen Kooper.
This time on MY turf.

KAREN

(double-takes)
You knew?

She swings towards Eileen - finds the screwdriver pressed
against her ribs. Eileen waves at Karen's knife.

EILEEN

I'll take that.

She grabs the weapon, looks it over.

EILEEN

Gotta admit. Pretty cool.

Karen trembles in rage.

KAREN

You traitor!

EILEEN

If you insist on labels, sure. Call
me "Benedict Eileen."

Karen steps towards her ex-friend. But with Eileen holding
the double blade, it's not worth the risk.

KAREN

Why?

EILEEN

You tricked me into giving you
Natalie's address. You didn't tell
me you were going to *kill* her!

KAREN

So?

EILEEN

So - that's not what friends do!

(nods towards Julie)

I couldn't have *her* on my
conscience, too.

KAREN

All that texting. You set me up!

EILEEN

Or gave you an early Christmas
gift. If your new hand to hand
fighting skills are all that, go to
town. Unless Henry was teaching you
something else.

Eileen shoves Karen towards Julie, who grins.

JULIE

You're not so brave without a
weapon, are you?

KAREN

I have a Masters. I can take you.

Karen takes a step... then whirls 180. She hightails it
towards the front door.

OTHER people step out of the shadows, block her escape. Amy.
Rhonda. TWENTY MORE! Julie's called the blue collar calvary!

JULIE

You act like you're so put upon.

KAREN

Um, look around you? Duh.

JULIE

Welcome to how life works. We've
got plenty grievances.

Rhonda flips Karen the bird.

RHONDA

Way more than you!

JULIE

But we don't run around killing
people to *feel good*.

A MAN WITH DREADS hoots from the sidelines.

MAN WITH DREADS

Start now!

Several chuckle at the joke. But Julie's dead serious. Focused on Karen, she growls.

JULIE

You left me at the dumpster, bitch.
But you're staying here tonight -
'til I'm done!

Karen throws herself at Julie. Surrounded by cheering witnesses, the fight's on.

KAREN

(yells at Julie)
Sure, play the victim. You know
I've done nothing wrong!

She swings. Julie blocks.

JULIE

I took Krav Maga classes. That
beats Aikido by a mile!

KAREN

You should thank me! I'm cleaning
up your neighborhood.

Julie sucker punches Karen, who doubles over.

JULIE

Try picking yourself up by your
bootstraps from this!

Karen grabs a DJ MICROPHONE, swings at Julie's head. The girl ducks. Grabs the pole, RAMS it through Karen's shoulder.

CROWD MEMBERS

Ooooooooooh!

Eileen winces. Karen hears, swings around.

KAREN

We double dated sophomore year. She
probably doesn't have a GED. You
back her...over me?!?

Julie twists the post. Karen drops to her knees.

Next, Julie grabs a chair, raises it for a fatal blow. Eileen holds a hand up... shows her cell to the crowd.

EILEEN

Stop! There's no need to kill her.
I recorded her confession. Let's
just call the cops and let her rot!

With a howl, Karen RIPS the mike out of her shoulder, dives
at Eileen.

Snatching the cell, she smashes it to bits on the floor.
Stomps on it... to make extra sure.

KAREN

Now it's just your word!

EILEEN

Theirs, too.

She points to the now silent, angry crowd.

KAREN

Who are they?

JULIE

Families of your victims. You may
not realize it, but they had lives.
People with hopes, dreams. Loved
ones. Sure, you thought they were
just "annoyances", but compared to
someone lame as you... every single
one of them were Kings and Queens!

Karen blinks at faces. Man, she's fucked.

KAREN

Bullshit! I'm glad I killed them.
None of you deserve to live!

Karen scoops up the microphone stand. Capturing Julie in a
headlock, she presses the post against her throat.

KAREN

Krav Maga your way out of this!

TODD (O.S.)

Oh my God, Karen!!

Karen swivels with Julie to see...

Todd standing in the doorway, stunned.

TODD

You cheating was bad enough.

He walks forward. The crowd parts, lets him through. Like water, they reform behind him, block the door.

Todd approaches Karen gently.

TODD

Sweetie, in our marriage we've been through tons. Sure, you're emotional now. But this is just another bump. Darling. Love of my life - she's not worth it.

JULIE

Excuse me?!?

RHONDA

Shhhhh - context! Fuck your ego. Just agree!

TODD

Hand over the post, Baby.

KAREN

But -

TODD

But nothing. I'll call a lawyer. We'll plead hormones. Affluenza. With enough retainer, that'll do.

Karen hands over the weapon. Julie steps back, confused.

KAREN

Can't we at least burn this place down?

TODD

Why bother? Blackrift's going to level it for the project. They all get evicted anyhow.

Todd caresses Karen's face. Her tears flow.

TODD

You don't have to *kill* people. Just let them die on their own.

The Man With Dreads steps forward, points at Karen.

MAN WITH DREADS

You're the husband of that thing?

TODD

Don't call her that!! Karen's been through.. well, a rough patch recently. But no-one can say I don't still love her.

(directed at Karen)

The magic's still there. I do.

MAN WITH DREADS

And you're Todd Kooper of Blackrift? The high priced dude who rezoned this block? I recognize your face from the news.

TODD

You follow Finance? Good. That's how people like you improve.

MAN WITH DREADS

Fuckin' hedge fund vulture. Invest this!

He sucker punches Todd, who drops.

Julie lunges, sweeps out Karen.

The crowd descends on Karen. Todd, too.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The sound of punches and kicks fade... lurid headlines loom:

"Killer Karen Kaught!"

Accompanied by a shot of Karen being arrested by Officer Martin. Though he tries, he can't suppress a grin.

The photo temporarily comes to life.

KAREN

I'm the victim here!

OFFICER MARTIN

Quiet, Karen. Move along.

More headlines: "Killer Karen Escapes Kapital Punishment, Gets Life!"

"Foiled by Fashion - Dress with Sales Tag Found in Unmarked Grave Seals Serial Killer's Fate!"

EXT. DANCE BAR - DAY

The "Sold to Blackrift" sign's ripped off the door. Replaced with "New Construction Pending."

EXT. EX-DANCE BAR - DAY

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

A designer dressed Julie cradles a LAPTOP under her arm.

She surveys the construction of a new building, where the bar once stood. Six floors tall, impressive. No expense spared.

The BANNER across the front reads: "Our Lives Matter Community Shelter - Coming Soon!"

Julie waves to a CONSTRUCTION CREW overhead. One of them whistles - it's the Man with Dreads!

JULIE

I want you to know my partners and
I appreciate all you do. It's YOUR
labor which made this reality. So -
bonuses across the board!

Hard hats CHEER. Julie trots down the street to...

INT. STARBAKES CAFE - DAY

Amy and Rhonda wave Julie towards a table. She sits down. Coffee's served and sipped.

The Curly Haired Waitress brings Biscotti. Amy grabs one, jams the whole thing in her mouth.

Julie arches an eyebrow. Rhonda whispers, shrugs.

RHONDA

One of us started on Green Dream
Dragons early this morning...

AMY

(mouth full)
How's the construction coming?

JULIE

Almost done! Listen, I was thinking
- why not structure it as a coop?
That way, volunteers can buy in as
owners. Does that sound cool?

Amy and Rhonda nod.

RHONDA

Fuck gentrification - let's make
this hood better on our terms!

JULIE

It's a blessing she was married to
that Blackrift ghoul. Not *only* in
the court of public opinion, it
made the lawsuit a slam dunk!

Julie flips open the laptop, Zooms.

JULIE

I'd like introduce you all to our
brand new IT specialist.

Eileen's face pops onscreen. She's wearing a "Lion" avatar
now. Amy gulps, double-takes.

AMY

Woah. Wait. They let you out?

EILEEN

On good behavior yesterday. Karen's
taped confession nullified all that
"aiding and abetting" crap.

Onscreen: Kitty Liz walks across Eileen's keyboard, purrs.

EILEEN

Yep, Mommy's back, Honey Kins!
(to the others)
Karen was never the tech savvy
type. But she should've known I'd
back things up!

The Curly Haired Waitress brings the check. Julie writes in
an extra large tip.

The three toast with Espresso Grandes.

JULIE

Here's to Karen Karma!

AMY

And treating people right!

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

A long, disgruntled line forms. Behind plexiglass, a
demoralized Karen serves gruel.

A wicked SCAR on her face, she slops mystery goulash onto an inmate's plate.

The woman - far bigger and meaner than Karen - eyes the mess.

LARGE FEMALE INMATE
You think this diarrhea's edible?

KAREN
(shrugs)
Don't blame me. I don't buy the ingredients. I just dish 'em out.

A few of the woman's even meaner COMPANIONS gather around.

LARGE FEMALE INMATE
Listen, Ms. "Too Good For Us"
suburban mom...

KAREN
Uh, I *don't* have kids. Playing
lifelong servant for whiny brats?
Not my thing.

LARGE FEMALE INMATE
You're supposed to serve us. So
either break out some of that good
stuff we *know* you got stashed in
back. Or come yard-time, we'll be
"dishing stuff" out on you!

Karen spits into the plate, snarls.

KAREN
You don't like it? Go talk to the
manager.

The woman snakes a hand under the plexi, grabs Karen's lapel -
and whacks her face into the shield! CRACK.

Then straight down into a TRAY of mashed potatoes.

Her face covered, Karen crumples to the ground.

MOMENTS LATER

She wakes up on her back, surrounded by a TATTOOED GANG.
Karen waves to SECURITY GUARDS stationed at the door.

KAREN
Isn't it your job to help me?
Please?

One GUARD - whose name-tag reads NINA - turns to her pal.

GUARD NINA

Hey Karla - isn't that the newbie
who said we were working
Corrections because "we weren't
smart enough to finish school?"

GUARD KARLA

Sure looks like her. But I don't
see anything. Do you?

The large inmate snarls down at a still dazed Karen.

LARGE INMATE

See? You got no-one here to back
you up. So you better start doing
your job right, "Karen". Unless
you're too incompetent to live!

Her friends laugh as she curb-stomps Karen. BLACKOUT.