

EXT. NIKE APPAREL SINS DEPARTMENT - DAY

A sterile white office. Fluorescent lights buzz. EMPLOYEE sits at a desk, facing her laptop and a black Nike notebook open, scribbling furiously in tiny handwriting.

KNOCK on the door.

EMPLOYEE

(stern, monotone, without looking up)

Come in. This is the Nike Apparel Sins Depa-

PERSON shuts the door, facing the EMPLOYEE

She SLAMS the notebook shut.

EMPLOYEE

OH. MY. GOD.

She covers her eyes.

EMPLOYEE

(screaming)

MY EYES!

QUICK HORROR-STYLE CUTS: ASICS jacket. PUMA pants. NEW BALANCE shoes. A dirty lace dragging on the floor.

EMPLOYEE

(voice trembling)

Oh god... Puma... New Balance... Asics? And-worn down soles...

(deep breath)

...at least you don't have Adidas on.

PERSON, stammering,

PERSON

Actually... my shirt and my bra-

Fingers reach for zipper. EMPLOYEE SNAPS.

EMPLOYEE

OKAY, STOP. Please. I don't know why I even asked.

She PACES, muttering.

EMPLOYEE

This is the worst case I've ever seen... why would you...
HOW could you do this?

PERSON

(quietly, guilty)

...They were on sale.

A BEAT. Fluorescent light flickers. EMPLOYEE freezes... then slowly smiles.

EMPLOYEE

(shift from alarmed to sinister confidence)

...This will give me a promotion.

She spins her laptop around. Screen flashes: "APPAREL SIN REPORTED. CASE #666."

EMPLOYEE

(typing rapidly)

I've just sent you... a Nike discount pass. Get yourself some new clothes.

PERSON

(relieved)

...Oh thank god. I thought the punishment would be worse.

EMPLOYEE leans in, grin widening.

EMPLOYEE

Oh honey. No.

(whisper)

You did this to yourself.

Lights cut to red. EMPLOYEE pulls out a giant rubber stamp with the Nike swoosh.

EMPLOYEE

(bigger smile, almost a laugh)

This is the last time you will ever enter Nike—or any of our stores. Because darling...

She SLAMS the stamp on PERSON'S forehead. Ink drips.

EMPLOYEE

(low, ritualistic tone)

...You're banned. For life.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: NIKE. JUST WEAR IT.

The sound of a squeaky Nike shoe SCREECHES like a horror sting