

Lola  
Episode 1  
"The Boxer"

written by

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FADE IN

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

London falls in slow motion to the floor of the ring. The crowd cheers as London drunkenly stares around the ring. His manager, Roger Phillips, motions for him to get up. Close up on London's bruised and beaten face.

LONDON (V.O.)

Fuck!

TITLE CARD: LOLA

TITLE CARD: 5 months before.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

London and Roger sit in a large office. Roger paces as London is sat at the large desk in the middle of the room.

ROGER

So what made you reach out to me?

LONDON

They said you're the best.

ROGER

I am the best! All of my clients are stars and with me as your manager, I'm going to make you one too. Do you want to be a star, London?

LONDON

I think I do.

Roger slams his hand on the desk in anger.

ROGER

Don't ever use the word "think" in my office again! Thinking doesn't get you sponsorships. Thinking is for poor people. Are you poor London?

LONDON

Actually, I do have a lot of student debt.

ROGER

No you're not! Because you work for me now. You work for Roger Phillips, and I don't work with poor people. So I'm going to ask you again, do you want to be a star?

LONDON

I do.

ROGER

What do you want to be?

LONDON

A star.

ROGER

Say it louder!

LONDON

I want to be a star!

ROGER

That's what I like to hear! Now we need to start changing up your content. No more of that Home Alone stuff. You need to do something crazy. Something out of the box. Something you've never tried before. You have to be more creative-

London looks at the contract on the desk. Roger's words become more and more muffled until Roger is tuned out entirely.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

London sits in a parking lot on his Tesla. Roger sits behind the phone, out of view of the camera.

ROGER

Go, kid! Go!

INSERT - CELL PHONE

London begins to stream on his Instagram Live. 40,000 people tune in almost immediately to the live stream.

BACK TO SCENE

London is visibly nervous. His voice cracks almost immediately.

LONDON

Some-

London coughs.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Somebody better tell that little wussy

Roger mouths the word "Bitch."

LONDON (CONT'D)

I mean, bitch Zurkov that his geriatric ass is too old to fight. That's right! He's an old uh-ass!

Roger throws his hands up in frustration.

ROGER

(whispers)

You said "ass" twice! Uh, call him Betty White.

LONDON

Tag him in the comments and let him know that his elderly Betty White looking as- I mean booty is old. He's old! He couldn't fight a baby.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

A notification pops up on London's screen. Boris Zurkov has requested to join the live. London pauses in shock. The comment section is going wild. "Answer it!" and "Why does he keep saying ass so much" run up the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

Roger waves his hands to get London's attention.

ROGER

Answer it, kid!

After a long pause London hesitantly presses the "Add" button.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

A dark figure sits quietly. London's voice breaks again.

LONDON  
Wh- Whaddup, bitch?!

ZURKOV  
You call me Betty White?

A variety of comments scroll up the screen. Emojis, "the home alone kid is about to get his ass beat!", "Who's Betty White?" The majority of the comments end up being an argument about who Betty White is.

LONDON  
Yeah, I did! I bet I could beat y-  
your Betty White arthritic face any  
place. I mean day.

ZURKOV  
Arthritis is for hands and knees.  
Not face.

"He said his face has arthritis lol" "Does Betty White have arthritis?"

LONDON  
You don't believe me?! I will wipe  
the floor with your bunions old  
man!

ZURKOV  
I'm only 37.

BACK TO SCENE

Roger again waves his hands to get London's attention.

ROGER  
(whispers)  
The money! Offer him the money!

LONDON  
Three million.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

ZURKOV  
Vhat?

LONDON  
I'll pay you three million dollars  
to let me fist you. I mean fight  
you!

Zurkov sits for a moment contemplating. The comments section is going off. "3 million!!

That's insane!!" "He's spending all of his Home Alone money!"  
 "Did Betty White donate that?" "I only get \$20 for fisting."  
 We see London gain a little more confidence. Suddenly he is a  
 lot more vocal and smooth with the way he talks.

LONDON (CONT'D)

He's scared. You're scared.

ZURKOV

Not scared. Skeptical.

LONDON

Is "skeptical" Russian for little  
 bitch?

ZURKOV

No, that is маленькая сучка  
 (Pronounced malen'kaya suchka)

LONDON

Yeah, well you mom is mayan  
 searchka.

ZURKOV

Do not talk about my mother that  
 way.

LONDON

Your mom is a real serchkaaaa!

ZURKOV

Shut mouth before I eat your ass!

LONDON

Uh...

ZURKOV

You know what I mean! Listen here  
 little boy, if you are serious  
 about this money, I will make sure  
 that you lose all feeling in bones.  
 I am going to beat so much shit out  
 of you, waste companies will be  
 jealous.

LONDON

Your mom shits

ZURKOV

That's it! I'm coming for you. Get  
 ready, whore.

Zurkov hangs up the call. London sits on the live in shock as  
 the comments section goes crazy.

It sits at 300k viewers and keeps growing. "He's going to murder you!" "He's LondONE for!" "Are we just going to ignore the fact that he called him a whore??" " WHERE IS BETTY WHITE DAMMIT!!!"

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

London Paces as Roger leans on his desk.

LONDON

Roger, I can't do this.

ROGER

Of course you can. This is a major career moment. Do you know how many porn sites have reached out to sponsor this thing? At least 3. We are going to make so much money. Joe Rogan even mentioned you on his podcast.

Roger holds up a phone smiling as London watches.

JOE ROGAN (O.S.)

This albino kid is going to get the shit beat out of him!

ROGER

You see! Everyone knows who you are now.

LONDON

Yeah, but this guy is the real deal. Like, he could really hurt me.

ROGER

You did call him Betty White.

LONDON

You told me to call him Betty White!

ROGER

London, you need this. You've already come so far. Why ruin it now? You have 6 million followers and the world can't stop talking about you. There are 6 year olds wearing t-shirts with your face on it.

LONDON

Yeah, my face getting beaten by  
Zurkov.

Inspirational music begins to play in the background.

ROGER

London, you're a somebody now.  
Whether you want to believe it or  
not, people love you. You can't let  
them down. You're London Laz! The  
boy-

LONDON

Man.

ROGER

The man ho challenged a big shot  
fighter to a fight with real prize  
money. You're giving people a show  
that they want to see. That's a big  
deal.

London contemplates.

ROGER (CONT'D)

5 months ago you walked into my  
office and I asked you if you want  
to be a star. I'm going to ask you  
one more time. London, do you want  
to be a star?

After a long pause London nods his head.

LONDON

I do.

ROGER

What was that?

LONDON

I do!

ROGER

You do what?

LONDON

I do want to be a star!

ROGER

Atta a boy! Besides, what could he  
possibly do to you?

CUT TO:



INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT

Zurkov breaks a human femur in half.

ANNOUNCER

Thank you to the Orthopedic Society  
for donating all of those bones.  
What a wonderful talent.

As the announcer continues to talk Zurkov sits down and leans back in his chair while staring at London. He grabs two big grapes and mouths the words "Your balls." He crushes them intensely and slowly begins to drink the juices. What starts as intimidating begins to get slightly seductive. Zurkov snaps out of it and sits forward. London leans over to Roger.

LONDON

Is Zurkov gay?--

ANNOUNCER

We would also like to thank our  
sponsors PussyPlanet, Cum.com and  
Ankles of the Amish. Without  
further ado, gentlemen.

London and Zurkov take their positions and pose face to face as a crowd cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

A bell rings. Zurkov charges directly at camera as London screams. A montage of London getting pummeled begins to play in slo-mo.

ROGER

You're doing great, London. You're  
really selling this whole thing.

LONDON

Mmhmm.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING - LATER

An interviewer talks to Zurkov.

INTERVIEWER

What a great round! What should we  
expect for the rest of the fight?

ZURKOV  
I'm going to fuck him.

There are audible gasps from the crowd as the audience falls silent.

ZURKOV (CONT'D)  
Up! I'm going to fuck him up!

The crowd cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING - MOMENTS LATER

Roger is applying ice to one of London's many wounds.

ROGER  
You need to finish strong, kid. You haven't landed a single good punch. We need a good fight. Think of your wife and kids, London.

Emotional music plays. London looks into the crowd and sees a WOMAN (mid-twenties) holding a baby and the hand of a toddler. Their eyes meet. She smiles and screams.

WOMAN  
Asshole.

LONDON  
Wait, I don't have a wife and kids.

ROGER  
Damn! I thought that would work. Look, you want more money, give us a show! What do you want to be.

LONDON  
(mumbles)  
A star.

ROGER  
A what?

LONDON  
A star!

ROGER  
Then be one! Get out there!

The bell rings.

London gets into the ring, once again in slomo. We finally see the opening scene payout before us.

Zurkov punches London multiple times, then lands a major blow to London's face. He lands on the floor of the ring battered and bruised. London's vision is blurred. All he hears is the crowd cheering. A tear streams down his face. Suddenly London slowly begins to make out Roger amongst the crowd and noise. Roger's words become as clear as day.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Be a star, London! Be a star!

Inspirational music plays. London gathers himself, gets up and screams.

LONDON

I'm a star!

London lands a big blow to Zurkov's face. The crowd cheers. London smiles. Zurkov turns with anger in his eyes. He swings his giant fist at London.

CUT TO BLACK.