

Lola
Episode 4
Self Love

written by

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FADE IN

EXT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

An angry London barges through the exit door of the news studio. Roger follows close behind.

ROGER
You can't leave. You need to apologize.

London swings back abruptly and gets right in Roger's face. As London gets closer Roger becomes visibly more scared.

LONDON
What do I need to apologize for back there, huh? What?

ROGER
I'm just trying to help, kid. You keep having these outbursts--

LONDON
Outbursts? Outbursts!?

London laughs maniacally.

LONDON (CONT'D)
These are not outbursts. This is a normal human reaction to...to...to all the shit you've put me through these past few months.

ROGER
Me? What did I do?

LONDON
You made me box Zurkov who wrecked my teeth. You made me do the most personal game show I've ever seen. And now I look like a fucking psychotic crazy person to everyone that saw that broadcast. That's on you, Roger!

ROGER
Fuck you! I made you into somebody.

LONDON
You made me into somebody else.

London is on the verge of tears.

LONDON (CONT'D)

I was fucking happy you know? Doing all the Home Alone shit and pouring spaghetti sauce in my Tesla. It was weird, but it was fun. Then you came along and you made me feel small for doing something I liked.

London turns around and faces his back to Roger.

ROGER

You're fucking crazy.

London swings around and punches Roger in the face. Roger falls right to the ground.

LONDON

We're done.

London walks away.

ROGER

You're under contract!

TITLE CARD: LOLA

INT. BAR - DAY

London walks into a bar and sits down in front of BARTENDER.

LONDON

I want whatever gets you drunk.

BARTENDER

Alcohol?

LONDON

Yes. Lots of that.

The bartender shakes his head and walks away. An ELDERLY WOMAN slides creepily into frame.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hard day?

LONDON

Fuck! Don't sneak up on people like that!

ELDERLY WOMAN

I can help, you know? With all that stress.

LONDON

Look lady right now, I'm not in the mood--

Suddenly the elderly woman grabs London's face and open mouth kisses London. London tries to push her off, but the woman holds him in place. Finally London gets her off of him. London gags.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Why does your mouth taste like beef?

The elderly woman giggles.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Cat food.

LONDON

The fuck?

ELDERLY WOMAN

You're welcome. Have a fun time!

The elderly woman runs away. London watches the old woman run off. He looks sick. He runs to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

London leans over the toilet. As he dry heaves he begins to recognize the toilet giggling. London stares deeper into the bowl. His reflection smiles back.

REFLECTION

Turn around!

London turns around to see himself standing in the doorway of the bathroom stall. His words become slow and slurred.

LONDON

Who the fuck are you--

LONDON 2

You! And who the fuck are we?

London 2 grabs London and throws him out of the stall. London lands directly on the sink and stares up into the mirror. London 2 is staring back at him. London 2 suddenly looks old.

LONDON 2 (CONT'D)

No more games, London.

LONDON
What is going on?

LONDON 2
What do you want?

LONDON
Fame?

The camera pans behind London's head as London is pulled backward. As it crosses over the back of his head, the What's the Word host is now standing behind London. The game show buzzer rings. The game show host slaps London across the face. The camera continues to spin around the two.

HOST
That's not the word! We need to go deeper than that. What do you want, London?

The Host pushes London who stumbles back. A boxing bell rings. Zurkov stands behind London, he spins him around and punches London in the face. He falls to the ground. Zurkov walks around him and makes a kissy face. The host is no longer there.

LONDON
Ah! Is there like a thing between us?

ZURKOV
What do you see in your future, London?

London stares at the bathroom ceiling. A creepy face morphs from one of the ceiling tiles and laughs bashfully at him as it batters its eyes.

LONDON
I see something I don't like.

The news anchor replaces Zurkov and grabs London. He slowly lifts him up by his jacket.

NEWS ANCHOR
Who are you?

London starts to look as though he is starting to come to a realization.

LONDON
Lazer Londonson--

The news anchor throws London across the room.

NEWS ANCHOR

Do a dance, London!

The news anchor pulls out his phone to record.

LONDON

No.

The news anchor looks upset and confused. London stumbles to his feet.

LONDON (CONT'D)

That's not who I am.

NEWS ANCHOR

You don't know who you are.

LONDON

People love me!

The News Anchor scoffs.

LONDON (CONT'D)

I'm Londonlaz, bitch!

London punches the news anchor out of frame. The camera pans over and London 2 is standing behind London. London 2 head butts London. London lands flat on his back. London 2 hovers over London, inches from his face.

LONDON (CONT'D)

(muttering)

I'm Londonlaz.

LONDON 2

And shouldn't that be enough?

Both Londons stare at each other. Their breathing is heavy. Both Londons lean in as though they're going to kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BAR - DAY

London walks out the bar looking blissfully happy even though he's completely beaten up. The camera follows in front of him as he walks. People smile and wave as he walks by. London smiles and waves back. A man with a boom box points at London. London does a little dance. The man cheers. A group of orthodox Jews walk by and put London on a chair. They lift him and spin him around. London laughs and the Jews cheer as they set him down and walk off. A woman hands London a baby. He looks down at it. London's own face smiles back at him.

London kisses the baby and throws it out of shot. The woman cheers. London finds his Tesla parked. It smiles at him.

TESLA

Thanks for feeding me all of that spaghetti sauce London!

LONDON

You're welcome, Tessie!

London reaches up as a cord suddenly drops from above. He pulls it and a ton of spaghetti sauce dumps from the sky onto the Tesla.

TESLA

Yum!

London gets behind the wheel and turns his car on and pulls out onto the street. London engages the auto drive feature, slams on the gas, and it speeds off. Non, je ne regrette rien by Edith Piaf begins to play. London looks insanely happy. He looks over to the passenger seat and sees Roger sitting in it.

ROGER

You're really somebody, kid.

London smiles and nods. Then looks forward and startles.

CUT TO BLACK.

Only the sound of the car crashing can be heard. A bystander shouts.

BYSTANDER (V.O.)

Oh my God! Macaulay Culkin is dead!

End credits.