

Lola
Episode 5
"Life Co."

written by

Adam Broud and Daniel Spencer

1172 N 2770 W
8018745930
Adambroud@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A COP is standing over a wrecked Tesla while a PARAMEDIC is reaching in and periodically comes up with blood and gore on his gloves.

COP
Oh God, what a mess.

PARAMEDIC
All this blood. Thankfully it's a Tesla.

COP
What do you mean?

PARAMEDIC
The seats. They're stain resistant.

COP
Really?

PARAMEDIC
Yeah, I saw it on a TikTok. You can pour spaghetti on these things.

COP
Hmm.

The paramedic starts to pull an arm from the wreckage.

COP (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot appears empty until suddenly London appears. He gasps like he's been underwater. He looks over to the crash. It's fuzzy, like it's part of another world. He looks ahead and sees a Target like store. In neon letters the store's sign reads "Life Co." London stands up shakily and stumbles to the store.

London walks through the automatic doors and looks around at infinite aisles of DVD boxes. A man holding a clipboard, SALESMAN, suddenly appears.

In this script, it's understood that the Salesman appears at first as Macaulay Culkin; however, if you cannot get the real Macaulay Culkin, Macaulay should be played by a black man.

SALESMAN

Hello, London.

LONDON

Holy shit! Macaulay Culkin?

SALESMAN

In a way. At Life Co., we try to ease your death by appearing as the person you most respected. So, for you, I'm Macaulay Culkin.

LONDON

That's insane. You know, a lot of people think I look like one of your characters, Kevin McCallister.

SALESMAN

So... you look like me.

LONDON

No, I look like Kevin McCallister.

SALESMAN

I was Kevin McCallister.

LONDON

No, like the character, Kevin McCallister.

SALESMAN

Right. That's me. What? You know what, never mind. You're dead and I'm Macaulay McCallister--

London laughs.

LONDON

Macaulay McCallister?? See, that's why you were so confused--

SALESMAN

Okay, this isn't working. Here.

The salesman suddenly transforms into the form of London's manager, Roger Phillips.

LONDON

Oh, fuck no.

SALESMAN

What?

The salesman checks his clipboard.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

This was your best friend, Roger Phillips.

LONDON

Roger was my manager.

The salesman checks his clipboard again.

SALESMAN

It says here he was your manager and the only person you really associated with. So, by default, he was your best friend.

LONDON

I mean, there was that old lady that kissed me.

SALESMAN

Right, so this is getting sad. Let's get back on track. This is Life Co., and I'm sure you have a lot of questions.

London looks around.

LONDON

Is this like the place that people go between lives to see what life they deserve in their next reincarnation?

SALESMAN

Uh... yeah. Wow. Uh, not many people guess that. You can guess that but not the word your mom uses to describe you? That's fine. Yeah, we sell lives here, and I'm excited to say that I've got some excellent life models picked out that I think are going to be great for you.

The salesman and London walk down the aisles.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

You can pick up any life you see
and read the synopsis on the back
of the DVD box, but some of the
lives are going to be a little out
of your price range.

London picks up a DVD box titled, "Privileged White Woman".
He flips it over and reads...

LONDON

Privileged white woman. Most
everything is handed to you, but
the few things that aren't, you'll
call the cops about.

SALESMAN

You know, every year we try to
cancel that model, but it keeps
coming back.

London shrugs and puts the DVD back. He keeps walking down
the aisle and picks up a DVD titled "Russian Boxer". Zurkov's
picture is on the front. London flips it over and reads...

LONDON

Public boxer and closeted gay
man...

London scoffs.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Fuckin' knew it.

He puts the DVD back and looks up at the aisle signs
indicating what can be found in each aisle and spots one that
says "Wealthy, Attractive, Celebrity"

LONDON (CONT'D)

Ooh, make me a millionaire. And
give me huge bazongas.

SALESMAN

What?

London pretends he's cupping his own massive breasts.

LONDON

Yeah, I wanna be a lady so I can
play with my big ol' jiggle juggs.

SALESMAN

If they're your breasts, you're not going to be attracted to them though.

LONDON

Oh, these ones I will.

London pretends to motorboat his own chest and squirt milk out each of them.

SALESMAN

Are they lactating?

London pretends to soak the salesman with his breastmilk.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

This is probably a good time to bring up karma.

London gestures to each of his pretend breasts.

LONDON

Karma. And Sutra.

SALESMAN

Your future life gets paid with the karma from your previous life, which is why I set aside a perfectly priced aisle for your potential futures.

The salesman and London turn down an aisle that says "London" in neon lights about it. The aisle is drab and has a flickering light in the middle that makes it look like a serial killer's basement.

LONDON

This looks like a serial killer's basement.

SALESMAN

That's actually a great transition.

The salesman picks up two DVDs from the shelves.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Would you prefer to be a serial killer, or the one in the basement?

LONDON

What the fuck?

London grabs the two DVD's. They're both the same murderous image but one is from the point of view of a serial killer and the other is from the victim.

LONDON (CONT'D)
No. Give me a different life.

SALESMAN
Okay. We've got a war criminal.

London makes a disgusted face.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
A literal parasite? Hmm, a public masturbator that works at Burger King?

LONDON
That's a type of person?

SALESMAN
Oh yeah, that's a lot of people.

London shakes his head.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Okay, um a latrine cleaner? A shit eater? An amazon warehouse employee?

London takes the DVD. On it is a sticker that says, "Now with \$15 an hour!"

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Oh! Here's a prince... impersonator.. in Vegas. And not even on the main strip.

LONDON
What is with all these? Don't I at least get bonus points cause I already had a shitty life?

SALESMAN
You actually had a really good life. You were an influencer with a good car and had opportunities to become a boxer and local tv personality. You just did shitty things with those.

London looks on reflectively.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Oh! Here's a build-a-bear employee.
That might suit your needs.

Salesman makes a humping motion.

LONDON
I didn't fuck the bear!

SALESMAN
I mean...

A tv screen from above starts playing a scene from London's life where he's clearly fucking a stuffed bear.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
...the bear certainly wasn't
fucking you.

LONDON
I'm not going back as a bear
fucker, or a war criminal, or--

Salesman shoves another dvd in front of London.

SALESMAN
A 3rd grade teacher that has to buy
her own school supplies?

LONDON
Yeah! Yeah? Yeah. I deserve
bazongas.

SALESMAN
I can cut you a good deal on any of
these lives we talked about. And
I'm telling you, they're not as bad
as they sound... they're usually
worse but that doesn't mean you
can't make the most of them!

LONDON
It's not like I was this awful
person--

SALESMAN
Right. But, you did have a lot
going for you and you kinda just
spilled spaghetti sauce all over
it.

London sits on the ground defeated. He looks up at the tv. On the tv he sees himself surrounded by what is obviously five very good FRIENDS. They're all peering over London's shoulder at his phone.

FRIEND 1
1,000 followers?? Duuuuude!

The friends all hype London up. He's genuinely smiling.

On the floor, London looks away from the tv.

LONDON
There's gotta be something that's not shitty. I can do better. I just lost sight and let other people take control. I'm... please.

The salesman looks at London in pity.

SALESMAN
Well, I'm not supposed to hand these out usually, but there's one life you might really like.

The salesman grabs a DVD from the shelf and hands it to London. It says "Kevin McCallister."

LONDON
What??

SALESMAN
Oh shit. Not that one. That one was a joke before I knew you'd get all sad.

Salesman grabs another DVD and hands it to London. It says "Do-over". London looks up excited.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
You get one do-over. But there's a catch.

LONDON
(whispers)
Bazongas.

SALESMAN
No. Dude. You get to do your life over. We put you back 2 weeks from when you died, but we take away the thing that meant the most to you.

LONDON
Okay. Yeah. My tesla?

SALESMAN
No, something that's actually meaningful. Not shallow superficial stuff. Something meaningful. For a lot of people it's their mom or best friend. And for you...

The salesman checks his clipboard.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
It's your... tiktok following? God dude, seriously?

LONDON
My whole following???

SALESMAN
I said it could've been your mom.

LONDON
My mom is just one person. My whole following???

SALESMAN
I think you're losing sight of what could happen, London. You'd have a chance to just be London. No more Londonlaz pressured to act a certain way for likes. Just London.

London looks like he's considering it. He looks back at the tv and sees himself with his friends. He's happy.

LONDON
Let's do it.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

London opens his eyes. He's lying in bed. A friend opens the door.

FRIEND 1
London! C'mon downstairs man. We're waiting for you.

London gets up. He looks around his room. It's a normal looking room, but it's filled with pictures of him happy, hanging out with friends. He puts on slippers, smiles and walks downstairs to...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

London's group of five friends are hanging out in the kitchen eating and laughing. They excitedly greet him. London looks at them with a dopey grin.

FRIEND 1
You okay laz?

LONDON
Yeah. Better than ever.

FRIEND 1
Good. Because you're about to lose money on that Phillips bet!

Friend 1 turns on the tv. Roger Phillips is standing in a boxing ring fighting Zurkov.

LONDON
What's going on?

FRIEND 1
It's the fight! That Roger Phillips guy is fighting Zurkov.

FRIEND 2
What a Betty White.

Friend 1 laughs.

LONDON
That's pretty sad that he has to fight a boxer for attention.

FRIEND 2
I don't know. It's kinda cool.

FRIEND 1
Yeah, he's probably making a ton of money.

LONDON
But he's going to get the shit kicked out of him.

FRIEND 1
Who cares!

All the friends laugh.

LONDON

It's hard to respect the guy
though, right?

FRIEND 1

I respect any dude willing to fight
Zurkov.

FRIEND 2

Yeah, who cares if you look like an
idiot for a bit. At least he's not
stuck driving a '93 corolla.

The group laughs. London looks out the window and sees and
beaten up corolla in the driveway. He laughs nervously.
London opens his phone and pulls up tiktok. He has five
followers. He looks back at the tv screen and sees Roger deck
Zurkov. Zurkov goes down. London's friends freak out. Roger
is holding his arms up in victory.

London looks back at his account with five followers. He
switches to his contact list and sees Roger Phillips's number
in his phone... He clicks it to call.

LONDON

Fuck this shit.

FADE TO BLACK.

LOLA.