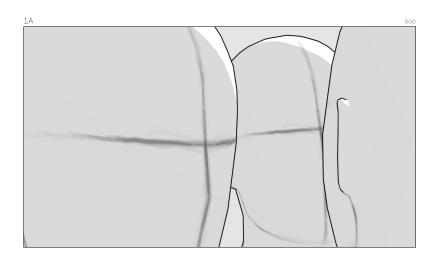
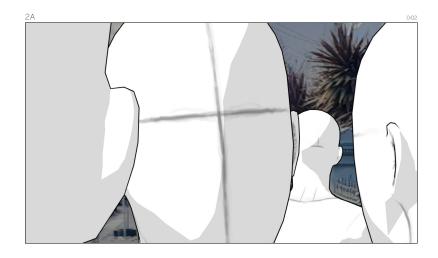
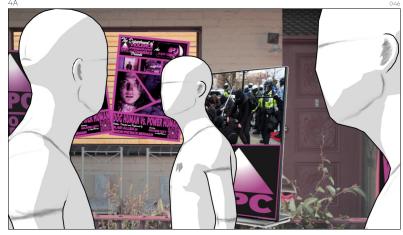
SCENE-1-INT-CAR-MORNING-G1

Boards: 4 | Shots: 4 | Duration: 1277:47:02 | Aspect Ratio: 16 : 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021









PROPAGANDA MAN (O.S.): Free coupons for 44% off FREEDEATH testosterone and ketamine suppositories with promo code TECHNICOLOUR DEATH CULT. Sign up now. KEEP BREEDING. We Want Your Children. Just enlist a dependent in the Prepubescent Mining academy to receive 7X VPC Streaming access for the duration of his or her life! CONSUME. Just in, the Glorious Department has made industrial oils available as sexual lubricants. Rubber Boot production up 73% on last year.

BUSY, GREY CLAD COMMUTERS bustle down the street in front of an overgrown yard strewn with VPC Posters and Propaganda. The front window is boarded up and covered in more Propaganda, light from the cracks glows and flickers from the TV left on inside.

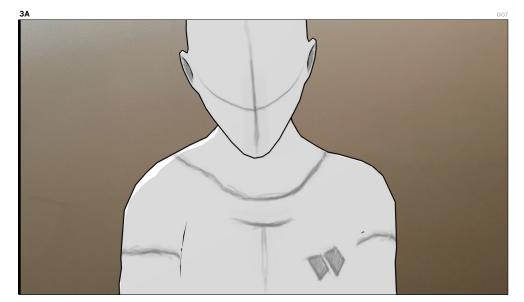
SCENE-2-INT-LULU'S-HALLWAY-MORNING-G2

Boards: 9 | Shots: 9 | Duration: 67:05:04 | Aspect Ratio: 16 : 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



the presentation that will make or break breathing down her the blinkers on, to killer hard members, is broken though over in front is run however ont of her, the formation will will will be hard to hone her her her stell be instincts.

LULU (20s) stands facing the door staring down at a document in her hands plastered with Violence, Pornography and Commerce



Her phone rings. She fishes it out of her bag and sees on the screen that it is Viscount Johnson Vice President of Human Stock at the department of VP&C.

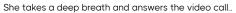


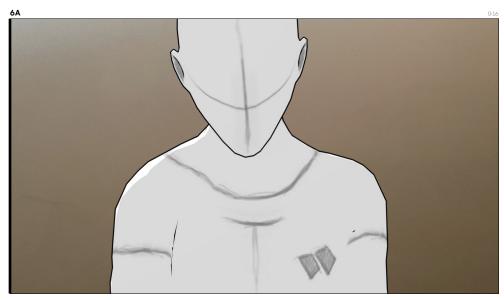
sees on the screen that it is Viscount Johnson Vice President of Human Stock at the department of VP&C.

SCENE-2-INT-LULU'S-HALLWAY-MORNING-G2

Boards: 9 | Shots: 9 | Duration: 67:05:04 | Aspect Ratio: 16: 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



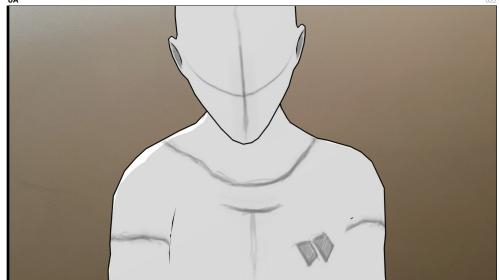




LULU: Good morning Your Deference.



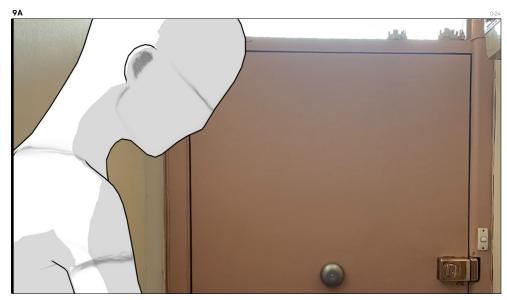
JOHNSON: Good mo/ Are you still at home?!?



LULU: No, no sir, leaving now.

SCENE-2-INT-LULU'S-HALLWAY-MORNING-G2

Boards: 9 | Shots: 9 | Duration: 67:05:04 | Aspect Ratio: 16: 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



LULU: No, no sir, leaving now.

Lulu slips the document into her HANDBAG and hurries out the door just as the propaganda van drives past.

SCENE-3-EXT-LULU'S-HOUSE-CONTINUOUS-G3

Boards: 6 | Shots: 6 | Duration: 111:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16 : 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021

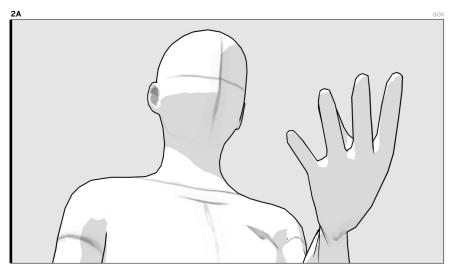


JOHNSON: So you are!!! LULU: No sir, I just left, I'm on track.

VPC Posters and Propaganda and strewn throughout the overgrown yard. The front window glows and flickers from the TV left on inside. She searches her bag for her keys. Busy, grey clad commuters walk past on the street beyond her metal fence.



She searches her bag for her keys.



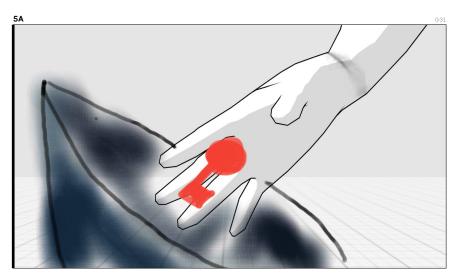
JOHNSON: I will tell you if, when and what track you may be but probably are fucking not on Lulu!

Lulu looks for her keys awkwardly without taking her eyes off her phone.



JOHNSON: I will tell you if, when and what track you may be but probably are fucking not on Lulu!

SCENE-3-EXT-LULU'S-HOUSE-CONTINUOUS-G3



She pulls out her keys and locks the door.

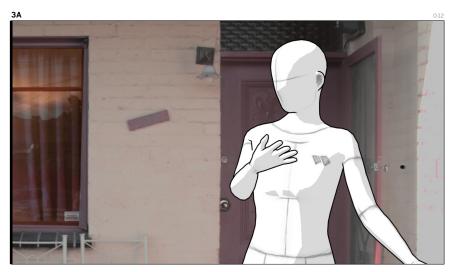


LULU: Yes sir.

Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021

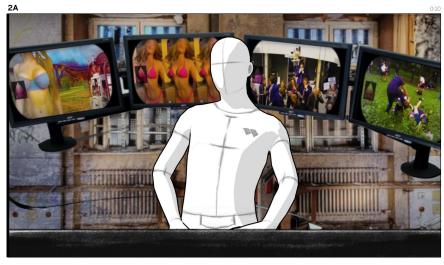


Lulu's face appears on the screen in front of Viscount Johnson who sits in a plain office studded with VPC propaganda.



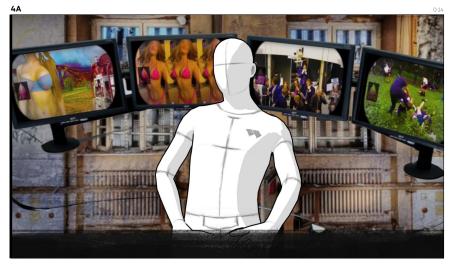
LULU: No sir, I

Reaching the gate, Lulu pauses.



JOHNSON: Are you trying to fuck me?

His hair slicked back, he wears a white, short sleeve business shirt and a black tie emblazoned with the VPC logo. He scratches himself



JOHNSON: So you don't want to fuck me?



LULU: I...



JOHNSON: FUCK YOU!!! You wouldn't know what to do with it if you got it. I'm too much man for you bitch!

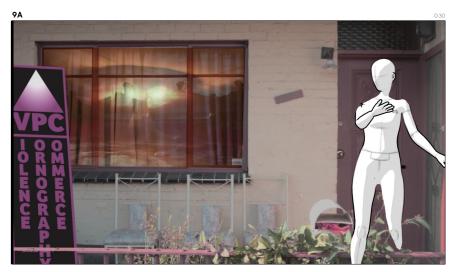


Lulu is frozen.



JOHNSON: Get a fucking move on!!!

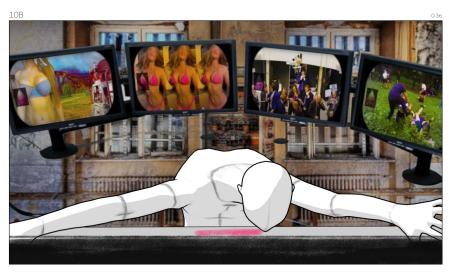
Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



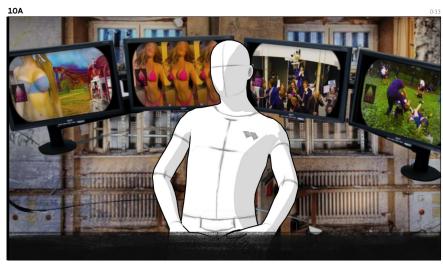
JOHNSON: Get a fucking move on!!!

LULU: Sir, yes sir, sorry sir.

Lulu bolts out the gate and jostles through the crowd on the street.

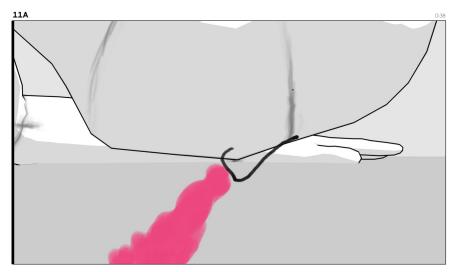


Johnson leans down and does a massive line of a pink powder.



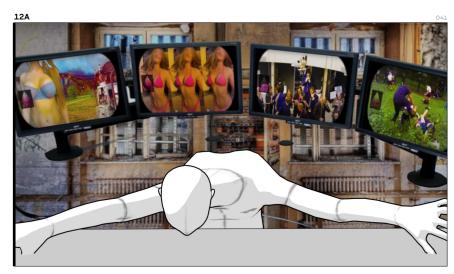
JOHNSON: Dick bag.

Johnson leans down and does a massive line of a pink powder.

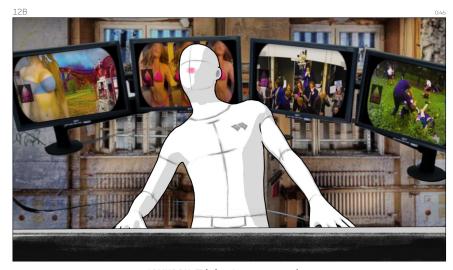


Johnson leans down and does a massive line of a pink powder.

Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



LULU: I, ah, I just want to thank you again for this opport/



JOHNSON: This is a huge opportunity.

LULU: Yes sir, and I've got what it takes.



JOHNSON: Oh, do you?



LULU: Yes Sir.

Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



Johnson stands up, he's wearing VPC y-fronts and the business shirt stops above his belly button.



Johnson's mid-rift and undies are prominent on Lulu's phone screen as she careens down the footpath.



JOHNSON: You think you're ready to swim with the big fish?

LULU: I am ready. I am.



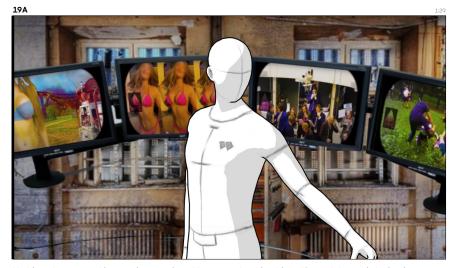
LULU: I want it all. I'm sure that my passion for Violence, Pornography and Commerce will be reflected, more than reflected in my presentation...





Johnson turns to another screen and inspects the footage of Dog Human and Power Human on the couch, with various readouts.



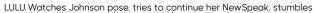


He hits a button and it turns into a mirror. He starts checking himself out. Johnson is losing interest in what Lulu is saying, checking himself out in the mirror.





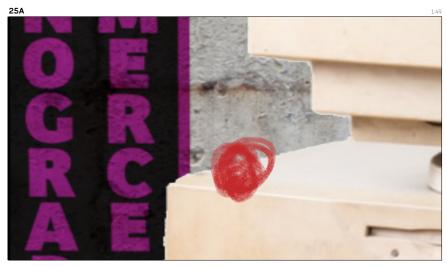




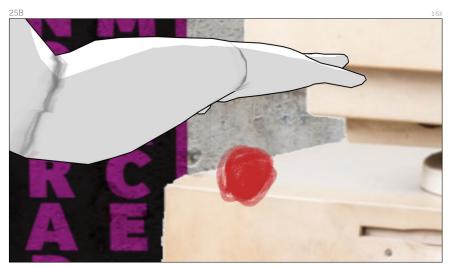




A red light flashes screen right.



A red light flashes, he hits a button, muting Lulu. A SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC appears on the screen.



A red light flashes, he hits a button, muting Lulu. A SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC appears on the screen.

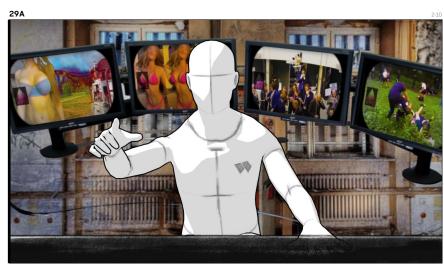


SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Your Deference, the troops are in place.

Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



Johnson smiles, sits



JOHNSON: Yes fucking napalm!!! How are we meant to level a slum without napalm you fuck little fuck!!!



JOHNSON: The schools?

SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: All full sir.

JOHNSON: Napalm?

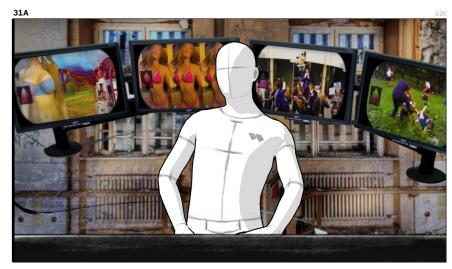
SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Napalm sir?



SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Sorry sir. Wait. No. Yes. Here. Napalm sir. Quite a lot actually.

The apparachic flicks fervently through papers on a clipboard.

Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



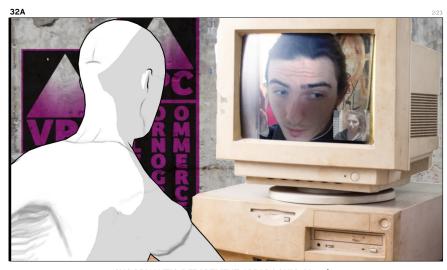
JOHNSON: The cameras?

SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Ready to roll.

JOHNSON: Ok. Hold for my command.



JOHNSON: Good work.



SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Yes sir.

JOHNSON: And junior.

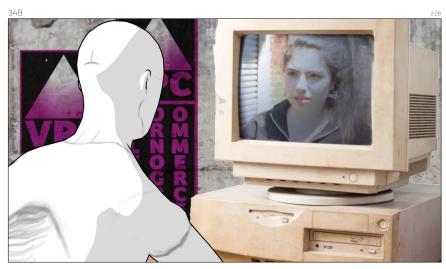
SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Yes sir.

Johnson leans in.



SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Thank you sir.

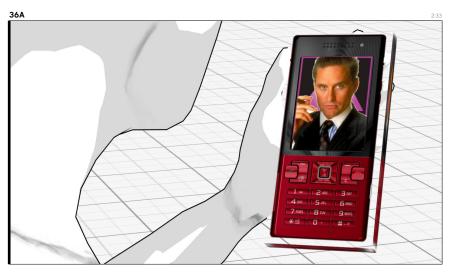
Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



LULU: ...the Quarterly compounding death toll against rainforest arsenic concentrations alone show unprecedented/

JOHNSON: You've got one chance Lulu.

Johnson flicks back over to Lulu's feed.



JOHNSON: Are you a killer?



LULU: That's all I need.



LULU: Yes.



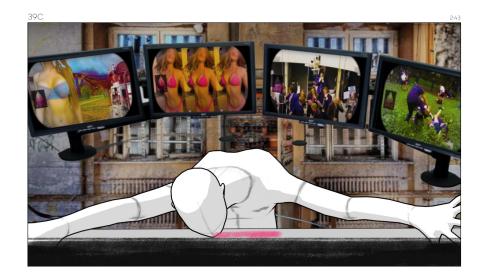
JOHNSON: Are you ready to fuck?



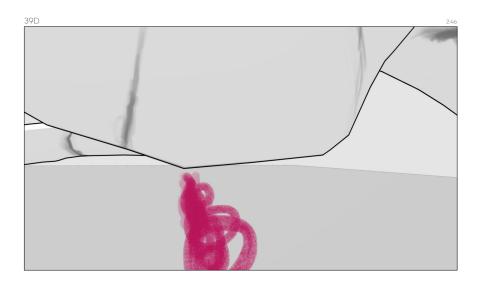
JOHNSON: You better be.

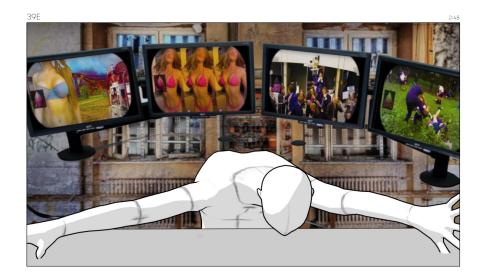


Johnson hangs up, does another line and taps his keyboard.

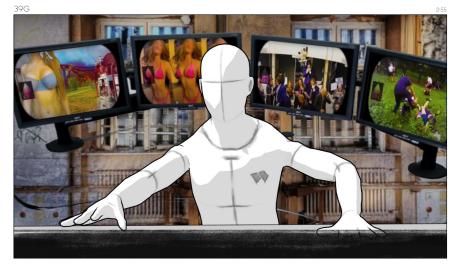


Boards: 55 | Shots: 42 | Duration: 511:23:22 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



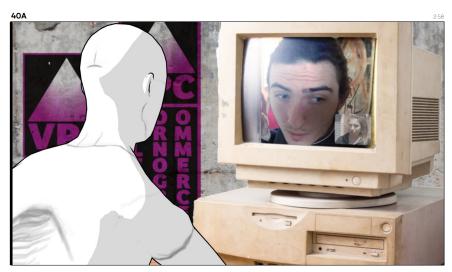




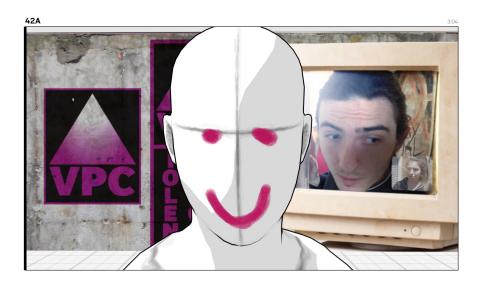


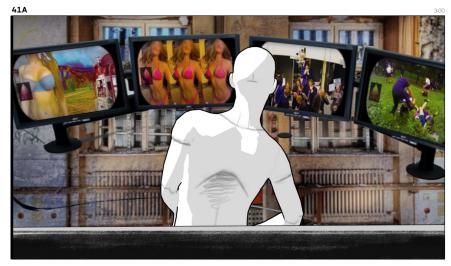
JOHNSON: Right-o. Let's torch these fuckers.

and taps his keyboard.



SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC: Very good sir.

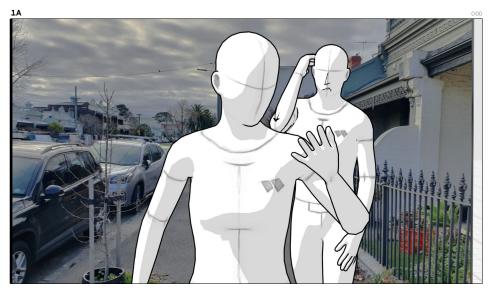




Johnson leans back, his face glowing orange and red as explosions burst across his screens and screams batter his ears.

SCENE-5-EXT-STREET-SAME-G5

Boards: 12 | Shots: 10 | Duration: 68:53:23 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



Lulu struggles not to drop things as she puts her phone away.

Someone bumps into her.

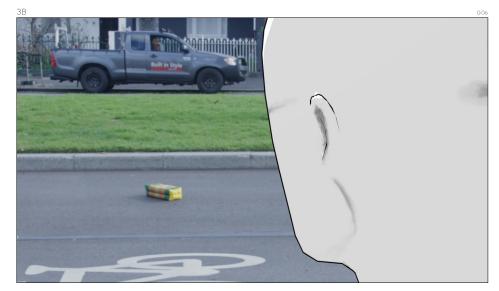


LULU: Yes.

Suddenly, the sound of a CAR SKIDDING



Someone bumps into her.



Track around behind to OTS of cat then focus pull

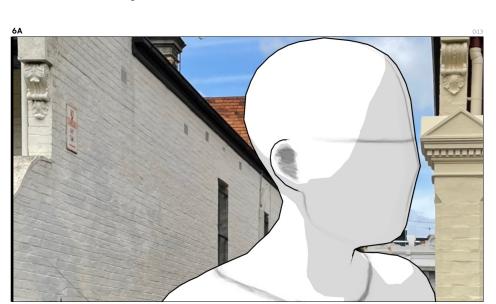
SCENE-5-EXT-STREET-SAME-G5

Boards: 12 | Shots: 10 | Duration: 68:53:23 | Aspect Ratio: 16:50

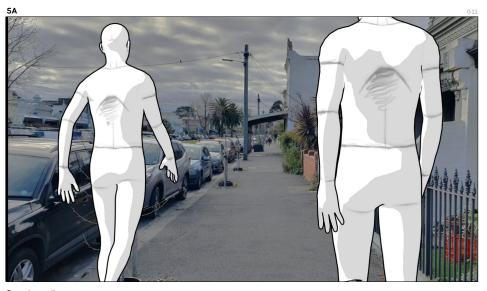


She looks to the road and sees a DEAD CAT.

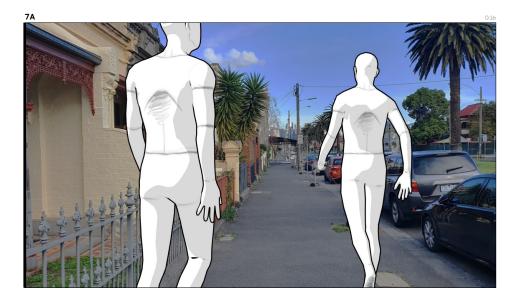
She turns further over her right shoulder and looks down the street.



She looks around, no one cares, everyone is walking away, the car has sped off.

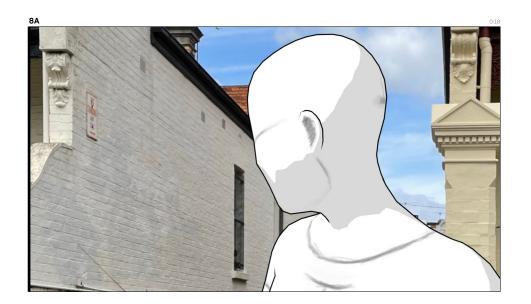


People walk away

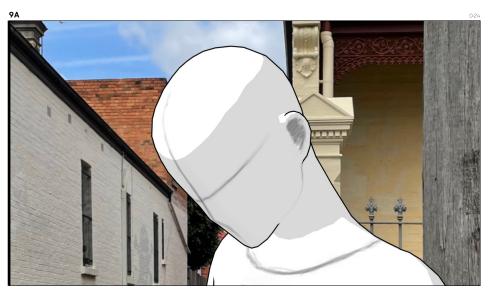


SCENE-5-EXT-STREET-SAME-G5

Boards: 12 | Shots: 10 | Duration: 68:53:23 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021











Walks off to get the cardboard.

Boards: 13 | Shots: 9 | Duration: 68:36:42 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



MAX: Mittens... Mittens...

MAX (30s) walks through her house in TRACKSUIT PANTS



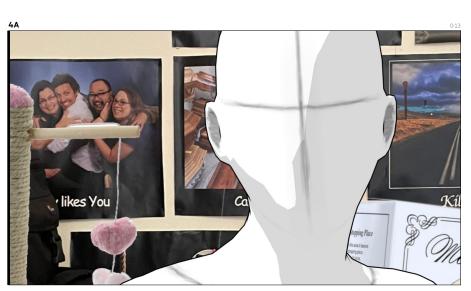


Max looks down at the Shrine



Boards: 13 | Shots: 9 | Duration: 68:36:42 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021





She turns to the window, curious and angry.



MAX: Here girl, here... breakfast...

Max, tearing up, shakes off the memory and continues looking for Mittens.

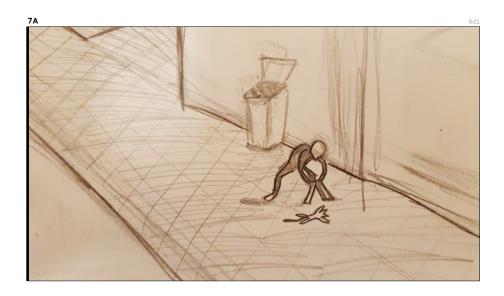
A noise from the window.



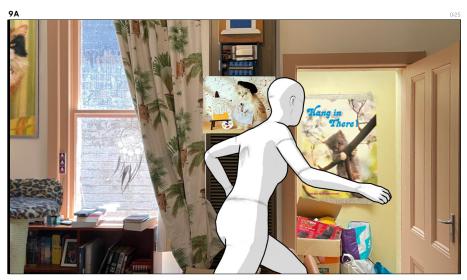
Boards: 13 | Shots: 9 | Duration: 68:36:42 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021











She drops the cat food and storms out.

Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16: 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6: 2021

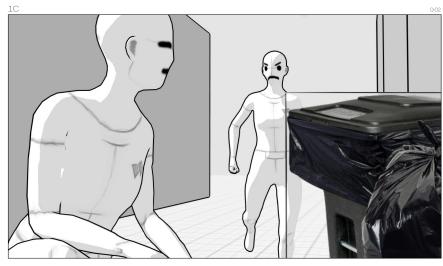


LULU: Fuck.

Max turns the corner into the lane as the DEAD CAT falls off the cardboard onto the ground.



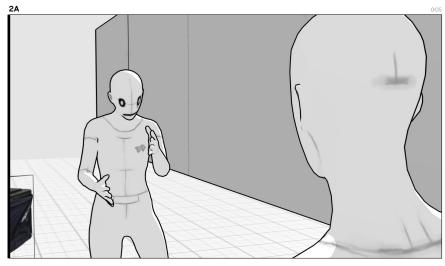
Max, rubbing DISINFECTANT



MAX: What did you do to Mittens?

Mitt.. oh. Your cat?



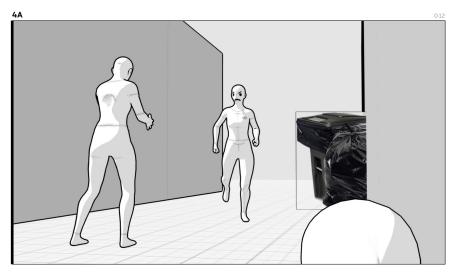


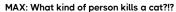
LULU: Mitt..? Oh, your cat? I'm so sorry, she's...

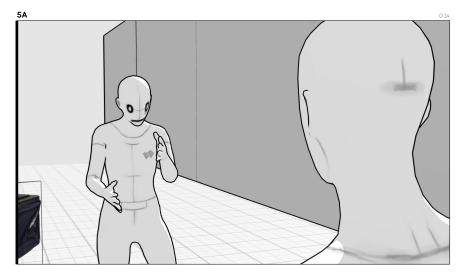
Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16 : 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021





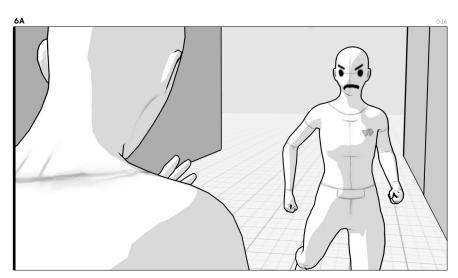




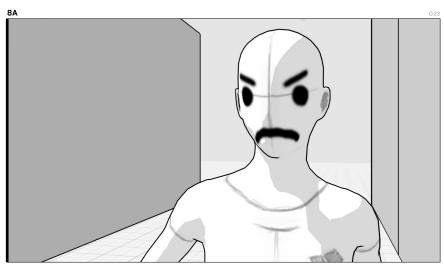


LULU: What? No, I/

Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021

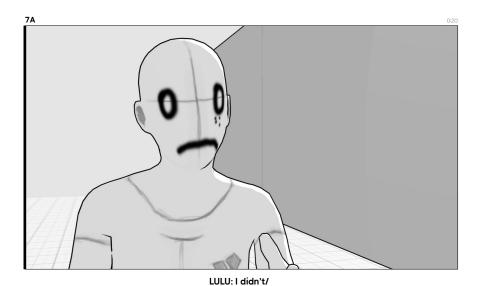


MAX: Kills a cat and just tosses the body into the trash?!



MAX: You don't just throw away dead things, like, like no one ever loved them! Like they didn't love you and... I didn't get to say goodbye.

Lulu tries to step around Max who blocks her way.

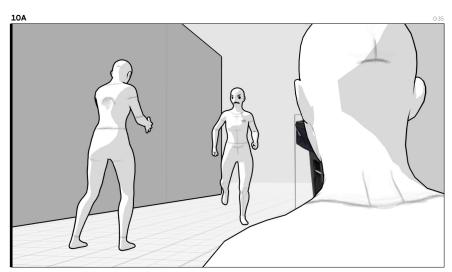


LULU: Sorry, I've got to go.

She checks the time. Goes to leave



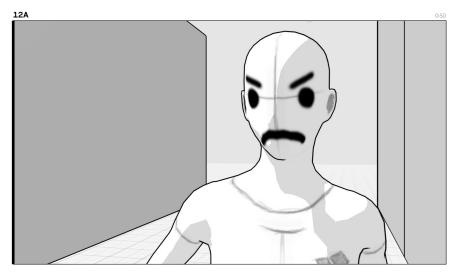
Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



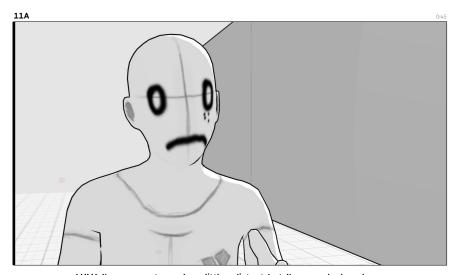
MAX: You're not going anywhere. You don't just throw away dead things, like, like no one ever loved them! Like they didn't love you and... I didn't get to say goodbye.

Lulu tries to step around Max who blocks her way.

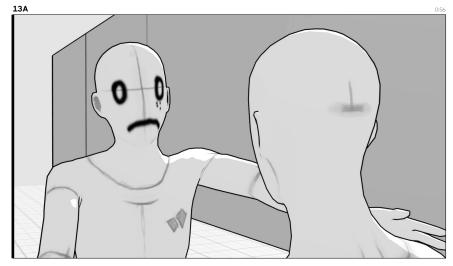
Homeless Pervert sits up into shot.



MAX: I didn't get to tell her why... she was alone... but she did it to herself!



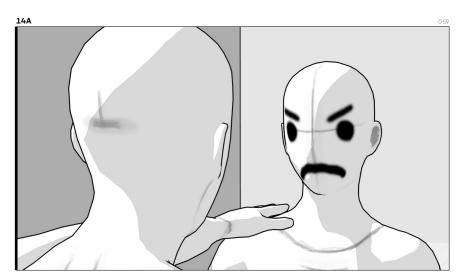
LULU: I'm sorry, cats can be a little... distant, but, I'm sure she loved you.



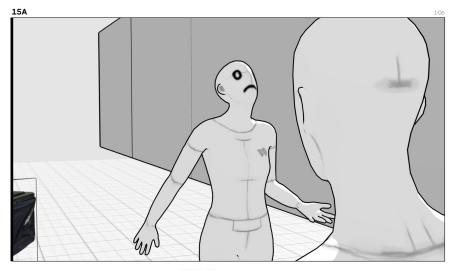
LULU: I'm sorry, but I really do have to go.

Lulu puts a hand on Max's shoulder.

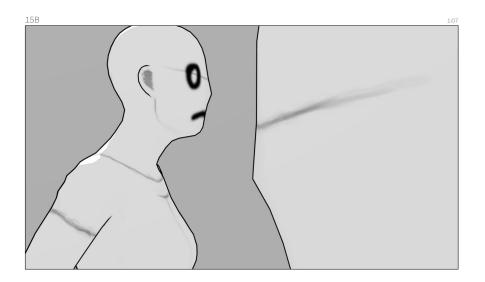
Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021

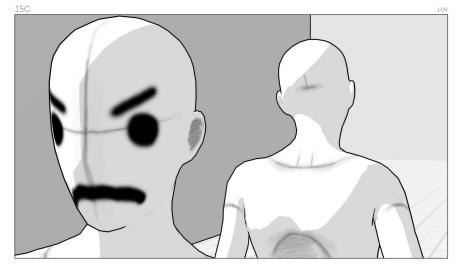


MAX: The greed, it ate her soul. Sure, I was number one on paper but... I'm not like her.



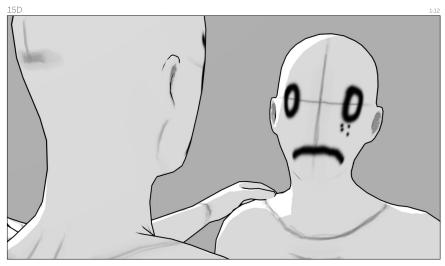
LULU: Ok... excuse me.



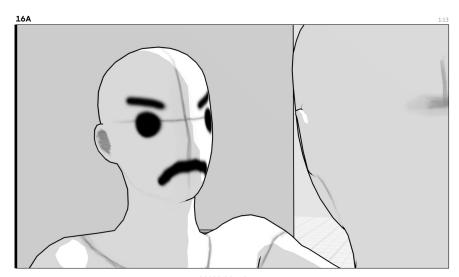


MAX: You're not going anywhere!

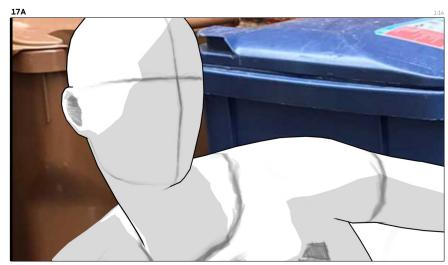
Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



LULU: What?!?

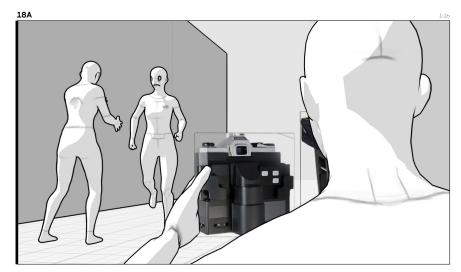


MAX: Murderer.



LULU: What?!?

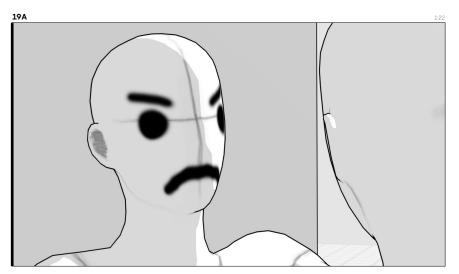
The HOMELESS PERVERT takes out a Camera and starts filming.



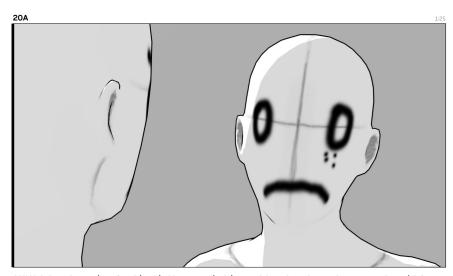
LULU: This is ridiculous. A car hit your cat, I tried to help, and this is what I get.

Homeless Pervert pulls up the Camera

Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16 : 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



MAX: What, you expect a reward do you



LULU: I don't have time for this shit. Your cat died, it's sad, but don't be such a pussy about it! Grow some balls!!!



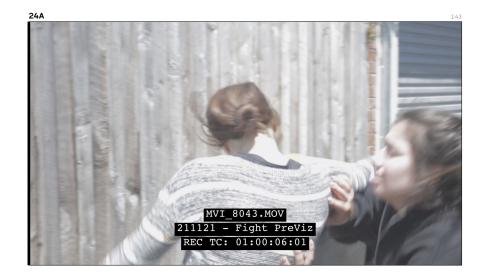


Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16 : 9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021









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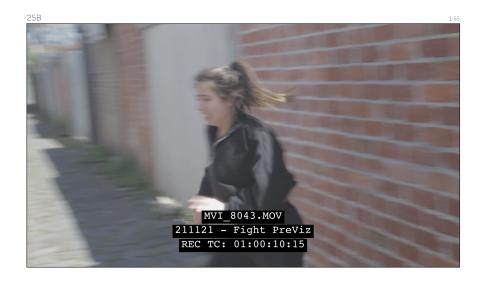






Garbage smashes on wall



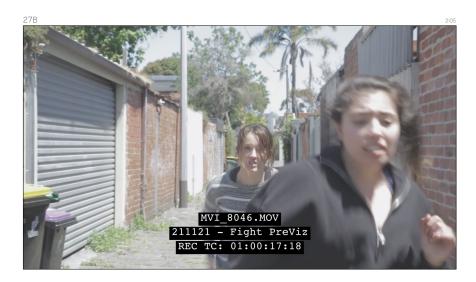










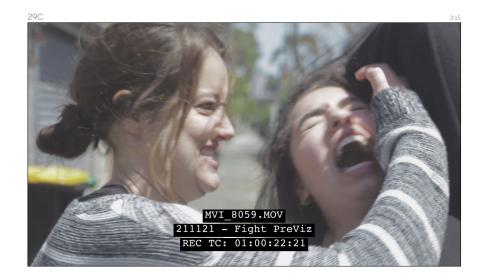












Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021







JOHNSON: Are you a killer? You want this, come on then, take it.

Lulu doubles over and sees her presentation spilled on the ground. Johnson's face appears.



JOHNSON: Take it.

Extreme close up of Johnson, blood dripping from his mouth.

















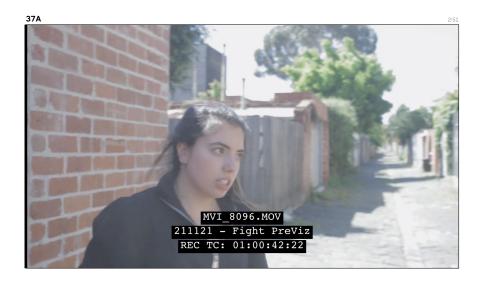






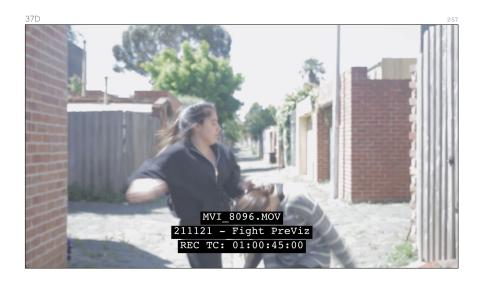






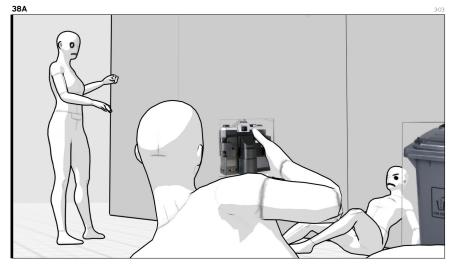




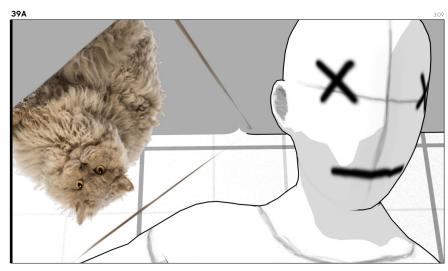








LULU picks up the mop handle



Max fucked up on the beanbag

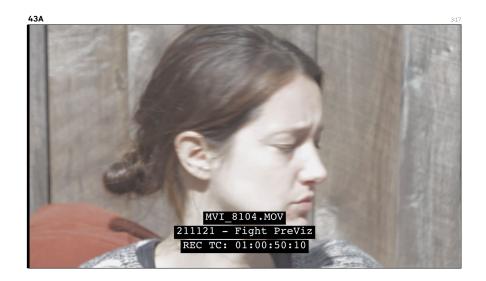




Max weakly tries to stand.



Lulu grins sadistically and brains her.





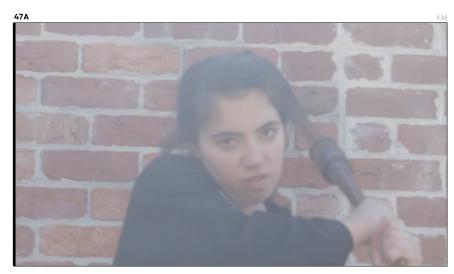
The Homeless Pervert excited.



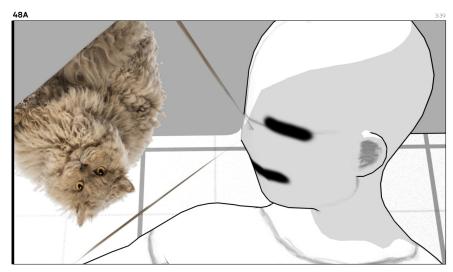
Lulu straddles max



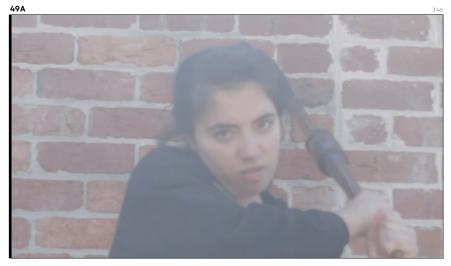
Max looks at Mittens' body



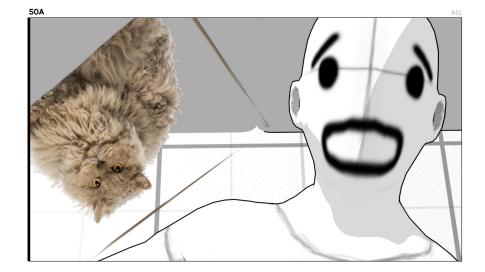
Lulu brings the broken mop up to stab.



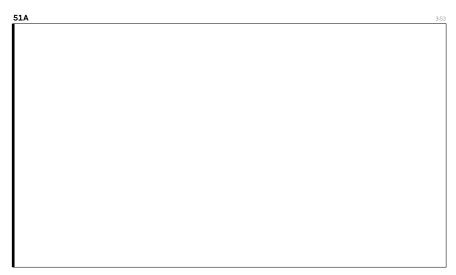
Max smiles pathetically at Mittens



Lulu drives the mop down



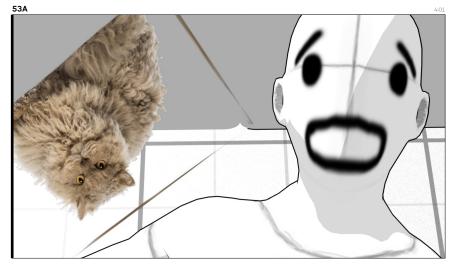
Boards: 89 | Shots: 55 | Duration: 690:33:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



Blood pours out of Max's torso as Lulu grinds the mop handle.



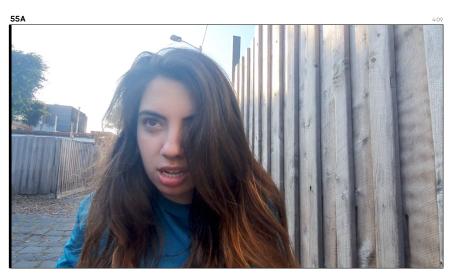
52A



Max Splutters and Dies.



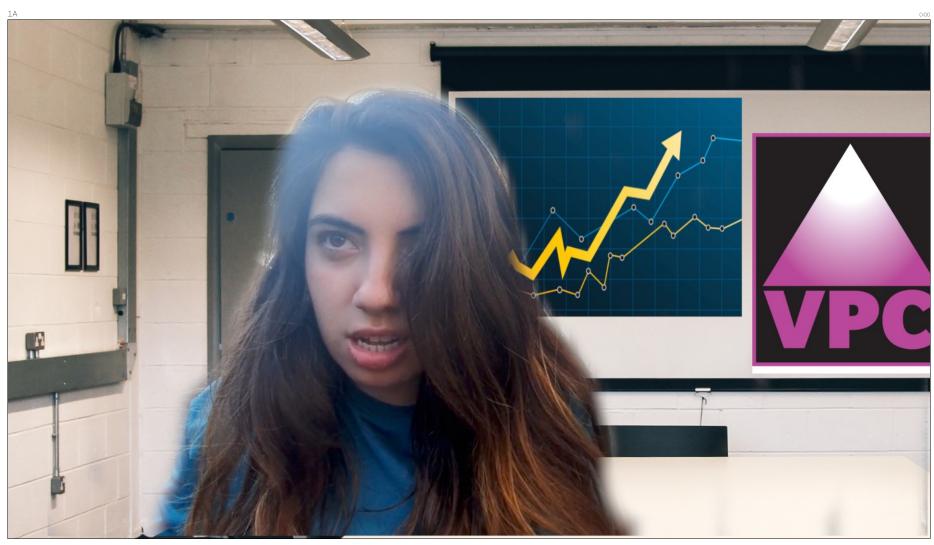
The Homeless Pervert is excitedly streaming the fight. Lit but the sickly green glow of his phone which dings and dings as the money pours in.



Lulu stands up, covered in blood. She has the focus and confidence of a hunting panther.

SCENE-8-INT-BOARDROOM-LATER-G8

Boards: 1 | Shots: 1 | Duration: 0:02 | Aspect Ratio: 16:9 DRAFT: DECEMBER 6, 2021



Lulu stands in front of the final slide in her POWER POINT PRESENTATION, it shows soaring profits with exaggerated clip art arrows. She has cleaned most of the blood from her face, but it is still caked around her hairline.

She exhales and stares with vacant intensity at the crowd.

The lights flick on.

(beat)

We stay on Lulu as the crowd ERUPTS IN APPLAUSE. CONFETTI, STREAMERS and BALLOONS fall from the roof.

Johnson can be heard singing Lulu's praises and taking credit. CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES POP. The strippers are coming, lines all around. Someone hands Lulu a GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

The improvised SOUNDS OF A PARTY with ELECTRONIC MUSIC can be heard as the CREDITS ROLL.