

MITTENS IN MEMORIAM

Written by

Simon Patrick Berman

Melbourne, Australia
+61 421 619 847
Info@easykiller.com.au

EXT. LULU'S HOUSE - MORNING

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.

1 PROPAGANDA MAN (O.S.) 1
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.

2 INT. LULU'S HALLWAY - MORNING 2

LULU (20s) stands facing the door staring down at a document in her hands plastered with **Violence, Pornography and Commerce** graphics. She wears pink eyeliner and cheap, but quite new OFFICE ATTIRE. The flashing of a television from another room flickers on her face. The sound of the music from outside swells in her ears.

2 PROPAGANDA MAN (O.S.) 2
Report all suspicious activity to
your local office. Suspicious
activity may include: not laughing
at another's pain, seeking
solitude, not watching tv, growing
things, showing unsanctioned
emotions, sharing unsanctioned
emotions, general dissatisfaction,
specific dissatisfaction...

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.

She takes a deep breath and answers the video call..

3 LULU 3
Good morning Your Deference.

JOHNSON

4 Good mo/ Are you still at home?!? 4

LULU

5 No, no sir, leaving now. 5

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

PROPAGANDA MAN

6 ...the stating of opinions from 6
unofficial sources, asking
questions, answering questions,
unnecessary eye contact, voluntary
physical activity...

3 EXT. LULU'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 3

She searches her bag for her keys. Busy, grey clad commuters walk past on the street beyond her metal fence.

JOHNSON

7 So you are!!! 7

LULU

8 No sir, I just left, I'm on track. 8

JOHNSON

9 I will tell you if, when and what 9
track you may be but probably are
fucking not on Lulu!

She finds her keys and slips them into the lock.

LULU

10 Yes sir. 10

She pulls her keys out and heads for the gate.

4 INT. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - SAME 4

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

11 Are you trying to fuck me? 11

Reaching the gate, she pauses.

12 LULU
No sir, I nev/ 12

13 JOHNSON
So you don't want to fuck me? 13

14 LULU
I... 14

15 JOHNSON
FUCK YOU!!! You wouldn't know what 15
to do with it if you got it. I'm
too much man for you bitch!

INTERCUT: JOHNSON & LULU

Lulu is frozen.

16 JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Get a fucking move on!!! 16

17 LULU
Sir, yes sir, sorry sir. 17

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

18 JOHNSON
(to self)
Dick bag. 18

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

19 LULU
I, ah, I just want to thank you 19
again for this opportuni/

20 JOHNSON
This is a huge opportunity/ 20

21 LULU
Yes sir, and I've got what it 21
takes.

22 JOHNSON
Oh, do you? 22

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.

23 JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 You think you're ready to swim with 23
 the big fish?

24 LULU
 I am ready. I am. 24

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

25 LULU (CONT'D)
 I want it all. I'm sure that my 25
 passion for Violence, Pornography
 and Commerce will be reflected,
 more than reflected in my
 presentation...

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

A red light flashes, he hits another button, muting Lulu. A SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC appears on the screen in a makeshift field office. A map of a small town is plastered to the wall behind him next to which a VPC DRONE busies himself on an analogue device.

26 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
 Your Deference, the troops are in 26
 place.

27 JOHNSON
 The schools? 27

28 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
 All full sir. 28

29 JOHNSON
 Napalm? 29

30 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
 Napalm sir? 30

31 JOHNSON
 Yes fucking napalm!!! How are we 31
 meant to level a slum without
 napalm you fuck little fuck!!!

The Apparachic and VPC Drone shift energy and move in unison. The Apparachic flicking fervently through papers on a clipboard, the VPC drone doing the same with papers and readouts on his desk.

32 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
Sorry sir. Wait. Wait. No. 32

The VPC Drone hands the Apparachic a piece of paper.

SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC (CONT'D)
Yes. Here. Napalm sir. Quite a lot
actually.

33 JOHNSON
The cameras? 33

34 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
Ready to roll. 34

35 JOHNSON
Ok. Hold for my command. 35

36 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
Yes sir. 36

37 JOHNSON
And junior. 37

38 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
Yes sir. 38

39 JOHNSON
Good work. 39

40 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
Thank you sir. 40

Johnson flicks back over to Lulu's feed.

41 LULU
...the Quarterly compounding death
toll against rainforest arsenic
concentrations alone show
unprecedented/ 41

42 JOHNSON
You've got one chance Lulu. 42

43 LULU
That's all I need. 43

44 JOHNSON
Are you a killer? 44

45 LULU
Yes. 45

46 JOHNSON
Are you ready to fuck? 46

47 LULU
Yes sir. 47

48 JOHNSON
You better be. 48

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

49 JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Right-o. Let's torch these fuckers. 49

50 SYCOPHANTIC DEPARTMENT APPARACHIC
Very good sir. 50

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

5 EXT. STREET - SAME 5

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

An ANGRY MAN ON THE PHONE bumps into her.

Suddenly, the sound of a CAR SKIDDING and a CAT SCREECHING.

She looks to the road and sees a DEAD CAT.

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

She looks down a lane and sees some CARDBOARD amongst BINS and other TRASH.

She takes a moment, decides she has time, and heads to the trash.

6 INT. MAX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 6

MAX (30s) walks through her house in TRACKSUIT PANTS carrying an open tin of CAT FOOD. PICTURES OF CATS, BALLS OF YARN, and other PATHETIC, KITSCH, BRIC-A-BRAC adorn her shelves.

51 MAX
Mittens... Mittens... 51

A FUNERAL PROGRAM picturing an old, immaculately presented WOMAN IN A POWER SUIT surrounded by DEAD FLOWERS catches her eye and she pauses, taking a moment to gather herself.

52 MAX (CONT'D) 52
 Here girl, here... breakfast...

She hears a commotion from outside and walks over to look out the window. Here she sees Lulu awkwardly putting the PIZZA BOX FULL OF CAT into a bin.

53 MAX (CONT'D) 53
 Mittens... Oh God!

She drops the cat food and storms out.

7 EXT. LANEAY - MOMENTS LATER 7

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

54 LULU 54
 Fuck.

Max, rubbing DISINFECTANT on her hands, storms up to her just as she gets the cat in the bin.

55 MAX 55
 What did you do to Mittens?

56 LULU 56
 Mitt..? Oh, your cat? I'm so sorry,
 she's...

57 MAX 57
 What kind of person kills a cat?!?

58 LULU 58
 What? No, I/

59 MAX 59
 Kills a cat and just tosses the
 body into the trash?!

60 LULU 60
 I didn't/

She checks the time.

61 LULU (CONT'D) 61
 Sorry, I've got to go.

Lulu tries to step around Max who blocks her way.

62 MAX 62
 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.

63 LULU 63
 (awkwardly)
 I'm sorry, cats can be a little...
 distant, but, I'm sure she loved
 you.

Max is very upset. A HOMELESS PERVERT wakes up in a pile of trash and sees LuLu and Max arguing. He takes out a CAMERA and starts filming.

64 MAX 64
 I didn't get to tell her why... she
 was alone... but she did it to
 herself!

65 LULU 65
 I'm sorry, I really do have to go.

66 MAX 66
 The greed, it ate her soul. Sure, I
 was number one on paper but... I'm
 not like her.

67 LULU 67
 Ok... excuse me.

68 MAX 68
 You're not going anywhere!

69 LULU 69
 What?!?

70 MAX 70
 Murderer.

The Homeless Pervert is visibly excited.

71 LULU 71
 This is ridiculous. A car hit your
 cat, I tried to help, and this is
 what I get.

72 MAX 72
 What, you expect a reward do you
 you corporate whore?
 (MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

It's people like you, spitting on
the little folk, killing their
dreams, killing their... fucking
cats!!!

LULU

73 I don't have time for this shit. 73
Your cat died, it's sad, but don't
be such a pussy about it! Grow some
balls!!!

Max slaps Lulu in the face.

LULU (CONT'D)

74 What the fuck? 74

Lulu tries to shove her out of the way, Max grabs her by the
hair and scratches her face, Lulu doubles over and sees her
presentation spilled on the ground. Johnson's face appears.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

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

Lulu elbows her in the face with her free arm.

The fight escalates in brutality until Lulu breaks a MOP
HANDLE over Max's back, throws her headfirst into the trash,
kicks her onto her back, then stabs her with the jagged
broken end. Blood squirts all over her face as she grinds the
wood around.

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.

As Max dies she sees Whiskers in the trash next to her and
smiles.

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

MATCH CUT TO:

8 INT. BOARDROOM - LATER 8

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.