

INT. OFFICE LATER MORNING - DAY

The film follows with the aim and mechanical jerks of a copy machine as it rapidly prints out paper.

WIP, young and inexperienced, looks over the copies. She's nervous in the way she looks and gestures as she nervously looks at the copies which is her head.

### LULULUND #3

An OFFICE MANAGER comes in to deliver supplies. He pauses and looks at WIP. She looks his way, but ignores him. He looks at her again. He notices her while waiting.

by  
Amy Adoyzie

She stuffs the copies into a box and looks it into--

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

She walks slowly as a few OFFICE WORKERS pass her. She puts questions about the machines.

INT. OFFICE LATER

A SECURITY GUARD opens the door for her.

SECURITY GUARD

You need my help?

WIP

No thank. I've got it.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

She stops beside her decade-old car, a vehicle with an overfilled front seat and filled to the back window with her various possessions.

She unlocks the box into the passenger seat and struggles to the driver seat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Seated over in the driver seat, she struggles to take off her uncomfortable pants and crosses them back to the back dashboard seat, filled with loose papers of her time. LULULUND

WIP (V.O.)

Reading from her

list:

I've been better. I've been  
very very happy.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT  
CHICAGO, ILL.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE COPY ROOM - DAY

The room buzzes with the hum and mechanical jerks of a copy machine as it rapidly spits out paper.

LULU, young and conspicuous, hovers over the copier. She's awkward in her business casual attire and bad posture as she nervously taps a paperclip to a beat stuck in her head.

An OFFICE DRONE saunters in to retrieve supplies. He pauses and looks at Lulu suspiciously. She feels his eyes, but ignores him and begins sorting her papers. He watches her while walking out.

Lulu stuffs the copies into a box and hauls it into--

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Lulu walks slowly as a few OFFICE WORKERS pass her. Her pace quickens until she reaches--

INT. OFFICE LOBBY

A SECURITY GUARD opens the door for her.

SECURITY GUARD  
You need any help?

LULU  
No thanks. I've got it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Lulu stops beside her decade-old car, a sedan with an overloaded roof rack and filled to the brim inside with her various possessions.

She unloads the box into the passenger seat and strolls to the driver side.

INT. LULU'S CAR

Hunched over in the driver seat, she struggles to take off her uncomfortable pumps and tosses them next to the worn cardboard box, filled with loose pages of her zine, LULULAND.

LULU (V.O.)  
(reading from her  
zine)  
I've been naïve. I've been  
very very naïve.



Lulu drives away.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When I received that fancy sheet of paper from that big school of mine, I was on an academic high. Possibilities seemed possible. The world was my oyster, and I began feasting on an imaginary seafood buffet.

She navigates through a barren suburban landscape lined with fast food chains and obese children waddling down sidewalks.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In my post-graduate haze, I assigned myself a mission. I wanted to use my newly-minted, certifiable powers for good. I named my plan: Operation Big Stick Popsicles.

Lulu stops at a red light and stares at the concrete space before her, daydreaming away.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My ultimate dream is to own and operate my own ice cream truck. A mobile sundae-shop where I can sell subversive mixed tapes on the side and blare The Clash over the speakers. That was how I planned on fucking shit up.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Lulu pulls into the driveway of a small ranch-style house.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But fucking shit up is more complicated than it sounds. Instead, I ended up unemployed and sleeping on my parents' couch.



## INT. LULU'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lulu, still in wrinkled office clothes, sits amid stacks of dishevelled paper intermingled with bedding on the sofa. She looks satisfied.

The room is of Asian immigrant working class décor consisting of mismatched furniture, various tchotchkes, and a big-screen television. The faint odor of durian and incense lingers.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Lulu gingerly navigates over the mess of paper and sees her older sister, GHEE, peeping through the screen door.

GHEE

Hello? Lulu?

LULU

Don't you have a key?

GHEE

Yeah, but God forbid you get up and move around.

Lulu unlocks the door for her sister, adorned with beautifully disheveled hair and still in her pajamas. The two girls share a faint resemblance, but they look the most similar when frowning.

LULU

What's up?

GHEE

I'm hungry.

LULU

We had catfish soup last night.

It's Ghee's favorite. Ghee shuffles towards one of two refrigerators in the kitchen and in no time she's microwaving a large bowl of white rice and soup with a side of catfish head. She lives ten blocks away and visits regularly because there's nothing like Chinese home cooking, mommy-style.

## INT. LULU'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Both of them move paper out of the way to sit. Ghee looks through a few pages that interest her.

GHEE

Did you have an interview today?

LULU

What? No. Why do you ask?

GHEE

Dude, you're wearing my old office clothes.

LULU

Uh, I was making copies.

Lulu begins assembling another copy: sorting paper and lining them up carefully before placing it into an oversized stapler. CLOMP, CLOMP. Fold in half. Hot off the presses. She tosses one to Ghee.

GHEE

You're so fucking sheisty.

LULU

You're the one that taught me. I even put some of your old stuff in here.

(mockingly)

I learned it from watching you, Dad!

GHEE

Yeah, well, you had to learn somewhere.

WINSTON, their 18-year-old baby brother, strolls into the living room. He is the first-born son, the Little Emperor, looking like he just stepped out of an Abercrombie & Fitch catalogue. Lulu and Ghee love their brother, but they can't help but be thoroughly disgusted by him too.

WINSTON

(to Lulu)

Hey, seen my keys?

LULU

Nope.

He nods at Ghee to show that he acknowledges her presence. Winston isn't much for pleasantries.

GHEE

What's up?

WINSTON  
Nothin'. Late for school.

Winston scans the room picking through spots that are not blanketed by paper.

WINSTON  
(frustrated)  
Maybe I'd be able to find my  
shit if you didn't have shit  
everywhere.  
(squints at the  
papers)  
You stealing copies again?

LULU  
Why do you care?

WINSTON  
Man, why're you so homeless?  
Who does that?

GHEE  
(interjecting)  
Hey, I did that shit...

LULU  
Check the table, dickhole.

Winston cautiously walks a few feet away to the dinner table. He spots his keys nestled next to a pile of mail.

WINSTON  
Why don't you go get a job and  
get off the couch?

He scoffs at his sister. He'd feel sorry for Lulu, but it's not in his nature. He leaves.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Bye, Ghee.

GHEE  
See ya, dude.

LULU  
He's just pissed cause he  
can't watch scrambled porn at  
night since I stole the couch.

Lulu returns to assembling her zines. She figures that if she doesn't have to pay rent, the least she can do is put up



with her baby brother. She's acclimated to the daily verbal sparring.

GHEE

Why don't you just move back into your old room? This couch smells like fucking fish and ass.

LULU

There's too much junk and bunk dreams in there.

(reaching for a stack)

Can you hand me those?

GHEE

How many copies did you make?

LULU

A few hundred. I wanted to make more, but there was this guy there. I think he knew I didn't work there... Hey, you wanna come with me to the supply store after I'm done?

GHEE

What're you getting?

LULU

Nothing.

CLOMP. CLOMP.

LULU (CONT'D)

Going to return the stapler. Isn't it sad that I can't afford a stapler?

GHEE

It's a pretty fucking big stapler. Only the aristocracy can afford such luxuries.

INT. LULU'S CAR - LATER IN DAY

Ghee sits uncomfortably in Lulu's cramped car as they head for the office supply store.

The backseat is jammed with her clothes, most of them on hangers. Paperbacks by overrated writers take the place of

floor mats. Dirty panties mingle with clean underwear beneath the seats.

For a while, a bra hung on her rearview mirror. But she was pulled over because it was "unsafe to drive with your view obstructed." During the officer's lecture about safe driving all she could think was, "Dude, I've got A-cup boobies. My bra is, like, so fucking tiny. It isn't obstructing shit."

Lulu is one classy lady.

GHEE

You're gonna pull this scam again next time?

LULU

At another store.

GHEE

Fuck yeah.

Bundles of freshly-stapled Lululand #3 litters her dash.

LULU (V.O.)

(reading)

Ghee taught me everything I ever needed to know. During my melodramatic adolescence, she introduced me to the zine scene where I found solace. She convinced me to use a tampons when I was afraid of sticking foreign objects into my cooter. She taught me to drink with some insipid rhymes like, "Beer before liquor, never sicker. Liquor before beer, you're in the clear." Ghee is an exemplary big sister because she makes all of the mistakes before I get a chance to.

INT. WHITMAN COMMUNITY CENTER LOBBY - DAY - A YEAR EARLIER

Ghee, in the same frumpy business-casual outfit Lulu was wearing, sits facing a small computer monitor on a makeshift desk designed out of one long buffet table. Her "desk" is much too high, she is forced to reach to use the keyboard. She sits adjacent to the office of the Community Center Director. Ghee answers to her.

LULU (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 Being unemployed and having  
 free room and board is not any  
 sort of motivation to find  
 work. My parents are so  
 convinced that the job market  
 is unkind to hard-working  
 individuals, they haven't  
 bothered me much about being a  
 parasite.

Check Ghee out. Her official title is "Community Center  
 Associate." She's in the "real world," real-worlding it up  
 like it's never been done before. The screen flickers before  
 her blank eyes.

LULU (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 I am also further discouraged  
 to enter the workforce because  
 Ghee's been there, and her  
 reports back to me have been  
 less than encouraging.

CLICK. CLICK. DOUBLE CLICK. The MOUSE devours everything  
 in its path under Ghee's reluctant control.

LULU (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 When she got her first job,  
 with salary and benefits and  
 everything that immigrant  
 parents dream of for their  
 children, she called me at 2  
 AM before her first day.

GHEE (V.O. THROUGH A PHONE)  
 Dude, I feel so fucking weird.

LULU (V.O.)  
 (half asleep)  
 Go. To. Bed.

GHEE (V.O. THROUGH A PHONE)  
 I'm, like, living the dream.

LULU (V.O.)  
 You're such a dork.

GHEE (V.O. THROUGH A PHONE)  
 Isn't this what mom and dad  
 worked so fucking hard for?

No response.



GHEE (CONT'D)  
I make dreams come true.  
What'd you ever do?

LULU (V.O.)  
Good night, Ghee.

CLICK. DIAL TONE.

Ghee leans back into her uncomfortable chair. She stretches in vain to feel better.

She yawns. Mouth wide open. You can see her tonsils from the other end of the small office.

GHEE  
(muttering to  
herself)  
We're losing her.

LULU (V.O.)  
But as the minutes dragged into months of a terribly non-ergonomic workplace, it began to put a strain on her. She wrote about it in the latest issue of her zine.

INSERT LULULAND PAGE 7:

Lulu reproduced pages from her sister's zine, ONOMATOGHEE-A. Ghee's work journal entitled, "Human Resource."

GHEE (V.O.)  
(reading)  
Fuck. Everyone I know is either jobless or owned by stock options. I was shitting myself.

INT. WHITMAN COMMUNITY CENTER LOBBY - DAY - SAME

Ghee spins slowly in her chair.

GHEE (V.O.)  
Then it happened. Somebody actually wanted to put me on their fucking payroll. You know, like, give me checks. Just for showing up and doing things. And it was a non-  
(MORE)

GHEE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
profit. I could actually be  
proud and shit.

The PHONE RINGS.

GHEE  
(answers phone)  
Yes, there are weekly AA  
meetings on Thursdays at 7:30.

Ghee cradles the phone between her ear and shoulder.

GHEE (CONT'D)  
(bored)  
No, people don't usually tell  
me that I have a nice voice.

Her KEYBOARD CLACKS as she begins typing without even  
thinking about it.

GHEE  
I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed  
to go out for drinks with  
members.

She hangs up and looks curiously at the monitor. Her brows  
furrow as she reads what she had absentmindedly typed while  
on the phone.

INSERT COMPUTER MONITOR:

It reads: "zombiezombiezombiezombiezombie."

GHEE (V.O.)  
I don't care much about the  
bullshit I have to put up with-

CAROL, the Community Center Director, plods in. Tacky rich  
white woman with sun-ravaged skin and fried hair.

GHEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Like my fucking boss.

GHEE  
(low)  
Hi.

Carol grumbles at Ghee as she shuts her office door.

GHEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
She makes me come in an hour  
early to turn on her fucking  
computer. When she finally  
gets her ass in, I'm to trek  
(MORE)

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
down the street to fetch her  
fucking coffee.

Ghee sits still for a moment and listens intently for Carol's demands.

CAROL (O.S.)  
Go ahead.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
She says she needs the gourmet  
shit. Nothing less.

CAROL(O.S.)  
And bring the change back this  
time. They don't need you to  
tip them.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Her change is always 53-cents  
exactly.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Ghee walks with a determined slow pace.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
I heard she got to be the  
director because her dead  
husband left a butt load of  
cash to the center.

INT. GREENLEAF COFFEE SHOP - LATER

A barista hands Ghee a large cup of special blend along with change.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
And who knows where the  
fucking money is now. The  
place is going to shit.

Ghee takes a dollar out of her duct tape wallet and stuffs the bill into the tip jar.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
I actually enjoy hanging out  
with the winos and latch-key  
brats that come in everyday.



INT. WHITMAN COMMUNITY CENTER LOBBY - DAY - LATER

Ghee walks in with concentrated steadiness. Overpriced coffee in one hand and your highness's change in the other. She sets it carefully on the corner of her buffet table desk and calls Carol through the intercom.

GHEE  
Coffee's here.

Carol trots out of her plush office. She says her husband would have wanted her to have a comfortable and professional workplace. And it makes a good showpiece for community leaders that stop in for a photo-op.

She takes a small sip from the non-biodegradable cup while counting the change.

CAROL  
Next time, don't take so long.  
I can't be waiting around all  
morning for my coffee.

GHEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For the most part I can't  
complain. At least I have a  
fucking job.

INT. WHITMAN COMMUNITY CENTER LOBBY - ANOTHER DAY

Same pay-into-the-federal-defense-budget-while-destroying-lower-back-bullshit. Different day.

The phone RINGS just as Ghee steps in with her daily chore. Her short legs reach wide as she quickens her step.

GHEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I mean, doesn't everyone have  
to put up with this kinda  
shit?

Ghee gently sets the coffee down but the loose change misses the table entirely. She steps over the coins to get to the phone, just as it stops ringing. Ghee winces. The call was on Carol's line.

Carol bursts out of her office.

CAROL  
(frustrated)  
If you're not going to answer  
(MORE)

CAROL (cont'd)  
the phone, let me know. Fuck.  
I can't be missing calls on  
Monday.

Ghee just looks straight ahead.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
She has me answer her fucking  
line to screen her calls.  
Even though she has fucking  
Caller I.D.

CAROL  
You know who that was?

GHEE  
No.

CAROL  
(impatient)  
It was the mayor. Fuck, Ghee.  
If you can't get to the phone.  
Let me fucking know. I'll  
answer it myself.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
I think she gets off on having  
someone answer her line.  
"Carol Ford's office."

CAROL  
(almost  
threatening)  
I'm going to teach you to be a  
competent executive assistant.

Carol picks up her coffee and walks towards her office.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
When you pick up my money, put  
it on my desk.

Carol takes a long sip before shutting her door. Ghee stares into the other direction while lifting her slender arm into the air. Her fist flailing with an erect middle finger.

A faint smile creeps onto Ghee's face. She doesn't give a shit and refuses to take any of Carol's tantrums seriously.

INT. WHITMAN COMMUNITY CENTER LOBBY - NOON

A glaring note is stuck to the side of Ghee's monitor. "You need to hustle on those proposals." Carol is only seven feet

from Ghee's desk, but she still insists on management through passive aggressiveness.

Ghee's fingers bounce off the springy keys as she types. She stops often to rest her weary hands.

Sitting at another makeshift desk alongside Ghee is LOUIS, a middle-aged volunteer making up for all of his corporate sins.

GHEE (V.O.)

For the most part, it's just me and Bossy McSuckerson. But Louis, the volunteer accountant, comes in once a week. I dunno why he comes in so fucking often because--

LOUIS

(looking up from paperwork)

There's really not much to account for.

He goes back to his task at hand, adding and subtracting. Mostly subtracting.

GHEE

Why the hell do you come in every week, Lou?

Louis ponders the question for a moment.

LOUIS

So you can accost me.

They have a rapport. Ghee respects Louis for taking his time to do this, even donating money when he notices huge disparities. Louis likes Ghee because she'll ask him things like, "Why the hell do you come in every week?"

And they enjoy talking shit about Carol.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Why do you come in every day?

GHEE

So that Carol can accost me.

Louis grins. He grins at a lot of the things she says.

Just then, TWO KIDS walk through the lobby carrying brightly colored shaved ice. They gnaw at the frozen mounds dripping



from their paper cones. KID ONE pulls his face away from the frozen treat long enough to say--

KID ONE  
Hey Ghee, the Ice Guy is here.

GHEE  
Crap. No cash.

Kid One shrugs, slurping down ice as they walk out.

LOUIS  
If you want one, I can spot you.

GHEE  
Nah... You know, we should fill up our mini-fridge with shaved ice and syrup. I'd be so happy to come into work...

Ghee's eyes twinkle as she fantasizes about taking breaks where she can stuff her face with sticky ice.

LOUIS  
(playfully)  
But there's kinda nothing in the budget for your happiness.

He chuckles at his own cleverness..

Ghee is stunned back into reality. Her face falls and her shoulders slump, she looks like she just got the wind knocked out of her. She never thought she would hear such sentiments verbalized. Even in jest, the words stay with her.

INT. GHEE'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ghee slowly brushes her teeth with her eyes closed. She breathes in deeply often. She rinses after a sorry spittle.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
When you work somewhere that is always hard up for cash, it can be pretty shitty.

She opens the medicine cabinet and takes out a large tube of BENGAY. The cap flips open and Ghee squirts the geriatric goo onto both of her wrists.

GHEE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
The set-up I had at work was fucking with my body. Sitting  
(MORE)

GHEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
at that desk just didn't feel  
right. I had tingly fingers,  
numb hands and pinched nerves.

The smell reaches her nostrils and she scrunches her nose.  
She reluctantly massages the ointment onto her skin.

GHEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Here's to me saving the world  
and shit.

Defeated by her workday, she trudges towards her bed. Ghee  
lies down on her back, careful not to rub the balm on  
anything. Her arms lay stiffly at her side.

FADE OUT.

INT. LULU'S CAR - STILL ON THE WAY TO OFFICE STORE

LULU (V.O.)  
Ghee was there for three and a  
half months. After the daily  
grind of clicking, dragging  
and typing up grant proposal  
after proposal, her hands and  
wrists became so incapacitated  
that she couldn't even grip a  
pen.

Lulu glances at her sister and Ghee flashes a toothy smile  
back at her.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
She quit. She said, "Salary  
and paid vacation don't mean  
much if I can't fucking turn  
the doorknob to leave."

They both return to looking straight ahead, with goofy grins  
on their faces.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
God bless my big sister.

Lulu looks particularly content. She just finished another  
issue of her zine. She's with her beloved sister. She's  
going places--

Well... she's going to the office supply store. To return a  
stapler.

INT. LULU'S CAR - NIGHT

We see Lulu in the exact same position, except she's alone and looking less than okay. The glare of the sun has retreated in favor of the disquieting night.

Her blissful smile is replaced with a sullen blankness.

LULU  
(to herself)  
God bless suburbia.

LULU (V.O.)  
I don't know what's worse.  
Being chained to a time card  
versus gainful unemployment.  
Because both situations are  
equally depressing and  
completely inevitable.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - SAME

In the empty lot Lulu's car meanders through marked stalls. The shiny storefronts reflect her slow-moving car as it coasts alongside.

A SECURITY TRUCK sneaks up next to Lulu's car. The SECURITY GUARD gives her a once over, deems her a non-threat, and continues on his way.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

Headlights dot the lanes. A pair belong to Lulu.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Driving around aimlessly is a  
good distraction. It almost  
feels like I'm finally  
leaving.

EXT. LULU'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER

Her car slowly moves into the driveway. The silhouette of all her crap crammed in the car nearly obscures her profile. She hesitates to turn off the engine.

She is back at her parent's suburban purgatory.



LULU (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
But I ain't going nowhere.

INT. LULU'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lulu looks peaceful in her slumber, contorted on the couch.

In the nearby dining room, Winston is making a sandwich. He purposely CLUNKS a plate down on the table to rouse Lulu from her sleep. It works.

WINSTON  
Do you ever wake up in time  
for breakfast?

She rubs her eyes awake and squints at the clock. It's a quarter till noon.

LULU  
(mumbles to  
herself)  
Oh shit... Lunch rush.

WINSTON  
What?

LULU  
Nothing.

Still half-asleep, she sniffs dirty T-shirts for the least offensive one, grabs a pair of jeans and disappears for the half-minute it takes to change.

Emerging from the bathroom, she rushes to the kitchen and stuffs the most portable food into her mouth. She struggles to put on her shoes while chewing.

WINSTON  
Where are you going?

LULU  
Nowhere.

Winston takes a bite of his sandwich as he watches Lulu leave. He's shaking his head and isn't even aware of it. It isn't so much that he dislikes Lulu, as he is just bothered by her lack of initiative.

EXT. GENERIC OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Lulu rolls into a parking spot and inconspicuously slips into the building..

LULU (V.O.)

The key to sanity when faced  
with post-adolescent  
existentialism is finding  
pleasures in abstract hobbies.

INSERT LULULAND PAGE 17:

It reads, "I RIDE ELEVATORS."

A series of lift scenes follows. Lulu is shown wearing different clothes and in a variety of elevators to signify time lapse.

She's curious in your favorite band's T-shirt while riding a box flanked by wood paneling. She's on a covert mission in a cotton dress hovering between floors in a chrome cage. She's just a bored kid incessantly riding elevators in her black monochrome lo-tops.

INT. ELEVATOR

In the crowded elevator, Lulu imagines herself as invisible while she hides in the corner quietly observing. There are several other people in the suspended box anxiously awaiting ground level. It is the lunch rush.

TWO MEN are discussing the restaurant they have decided to patronize during this well-deserved break.

MAN ONE

It isn't so bad for a diner.  
And they have good strong  
coffee. I usually have at  
least three cups.

MEN TWO

But their breakfast menu could  
be better.

MAN ONE

The omelettes aren't so great.

MAN TWO

I just wanna go back into the  
kitchen and tell the cook,  
(MORE)

MAN TWO (cont'd)  
 "Make it as much like  
 McDonald's as possible."

MAN ONE  
 (nodding)  
 They know breakfast.

Everyone else is unaware of their conversation. Except for Lulu. Her eyes widen at the thought of anyone going into a restaurant kitchen and demanding McFood.

INT. ELEVATOR

Lulu is alone. She pulls out a Sharpie(R) and Post-it(R) note pad from her purse and scribbles quickly. Seconds before the car lands on its pick-up floor, Lulu sticks a note on each of the two sliding doors. In one swift movement, she is back in her corner.

A GROUP OF CHATTY CO-WORKERS step in. They are dressed in sharp suits and expensive shoes. The doors slide shut revealing two bright yellow notes directly at eye level.

The first one reads, "A BOTTLE OF BEER WOULD BE NICE RIGHT NOW"

Followed with the second note, "WOULDN'T IT?"

The group halts their inane conversation and quizzically examine the notes. They continue to stare in silence until a WOMAN IN THE GROUP blurts out--

WOMAN IN THE GROUP  
 I'll buy.

INT. ELEVATOR

A MAN and a WOMAN accompany Lulu as they venture to another anonymous floor.

MAN  
 (shaking his head)  
 I still can't believe she  
 asked us.

WOMAN  
 (mimicking)  
 "Do you think it makes me look  
 skinnier? The magazine says  
 it's a slimming hairstyle."



MAN

She's gonna need to cut off  
more hair than that.

WOMAN

Slimming hairstyle? Who  
believes that bullshit?

INT. ELEVATOR

Lulu occupies her regular corner. An OLDER MAN drags his fatigued body into the closet-sized space. He looks like the archetypical Willy Loman, with failing posture and limp hope in his eyes.

The door slowly rolls out to reveal a Post-it note that asks, "HAVING FUN YET?"

LOMAN reads it slowly. He lets out a slight chortle followed by a long pause.

After a few seconds of serious pondering, he's pissed.

He slowly reaches for the note and wraps his wrinkled fingers around its edges. The question crumples in his liver-spotted fist.

Lulu holds her breath and bites her bottom lip.

The elevator jerks to a stop and LOMAN sluggishly trudges out, his fist still a tight ball.

INT. ELEVATOR

Lulu stands alone with a bottle of beer.

All of the numbered buttons glow.

The car stops on each floor where the doors crawl open and close. She takes a swig.

No one boards.

INT. ELEVATOR

It is packed like a box of crayons. Bodies are mere inches from each other and if they're not careful they may actually touch.

During the rearrangement of bodies to accommodate maximum capacity, Lulu is displaced to the front.

Everyone stands in silence, breathing through their noses. Eye contact is out of the question. It's the walking dead.

Lulu eyes the vibrant red dot on the control panel.

LULU (V.O.)

Sometimes I am so tempted to  
hit the emergency button.

FADE TO BLACK.

STILL IN BLACK.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I never had the guts to do  
it. Plus my elevator riding  
days were cut short when Ghee  
scored me a job.

INT. TOY JOY BREAK ROOM - DAY

Photocopied worker's rights posters line pale blue walls.

Lulu and Ghee are seated at the particle board table. Both are adorned in banana yellow "Toy Joy" polo shirts. Ghee turned up the collar on her shirt, rationalizing that the new wave touch may minimize the lameness.

They're eating sack lunches with juice boxes. Our girls are all grown up and working together.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then Ghee got me fired.

MANANAGER

Lulu, I need to speak with  
you.

Lulu and Ghee share a knowing look. Ghee mouths, "Thanks!" as Lulu follows the manager out of the room.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lulu sits opposite the manager's desk. He speaks while she listens quietly. We don't hear any of this.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They watched the security video after they received complaints from offended parents. The tapes featured an Asian girl maniacally lobbing DIY stickers on their precious overpriced junk. It was Ghee.

She's been expecting this and is trying her best to look upset and surprised.

LULU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But they couldn't tell us apart. When they asked us who it was, I admitted to it because Ghee actually enjoys going into work everyday. I couldn't take that from her.

INT. TOY JOY - A WEEK EARLIER

Fluorescent lights hum onto saturated colors. Aisle upon aisle of shrink-wrapped, heavily-marketed, lead-free, age-appropriate toys is the home away from sitting in front of the TV for many youngsters. Ghee works the floor, flouncing around from one wall of crap to another.

INSERT TITLE: "A WEEK EARLIER"

Ghee has turned her job into a performance art piece that she calls, "Jarring Juxtaposition," (big words she learned from her little sister).

She purposely misplaces toys. The rubber dinosaurs are stacked next to the Fisher-Price's stodgy animals in the Noah's Ark set. Toy handcuffs are placed alongside dress-up feather boas. Ghee has stuck a lone Asian Barbie amid the leering eyes of the G.I. Joes.

It was subversive, maybe too subversive. So Lulu got to thinking.

INT. TOY JOY FRONT END

Lulu leans against her register fiddling with something in her pockets as she reaches for a handset.



LULU  
(on intercom)  
Ghee to register eight.

The store is near empty. Ghee slowly struts to Lulu.

GHEE  
I hear register eight needs  
me.

Lulu reaches into her back pocket to pull out a handful of  
handmade stickers.

LULU  
(handing stickers  
to Ghee)  
This is more jarring.

They're simple black and white designs, cut out stars and  
speech bubbles. The text isn't completely obvious at first.  
Ghee looks at one for a moment and yelps.

It reads, "Now with 10% more tits!"

GHEE  
Holy shit. These are awesome!

Ghee flips through the stack quickly. It's an assortment of  
satirical selling points and things the kid models might say  
on the toy boxes.

Ghee's eyes begin dodging from aisle to aisle. She's  
composing a plan of attack.

GHEE (CONT'D)  
You've gotta put these up.

LULU  
No way. I made them. You're  
the foot soldier.

GHEE  
That, I am.

And Ghee's off weaving in and out of lanes.

Locate. Peel. Stick. Repeat.

The pasty kid on the box of Play-Doh's McDonald's edition  
has a bubble shooting out of his mouth that reads, "When I  
grow up, I want to be obese."

The "ATM Savings Bank" is graced with a "Encourage Blind Consumerism Now!" sticker.

Little girls cooing plastic babies say, "When I grow up, I wanna get knocked up."

Lulu watches from the front of the store. A lop-sided smile is plastered on her face.

LULU (V.O.)  
God bless my big sister.

FADE TO BLACK.



! P L E N

C L O R E



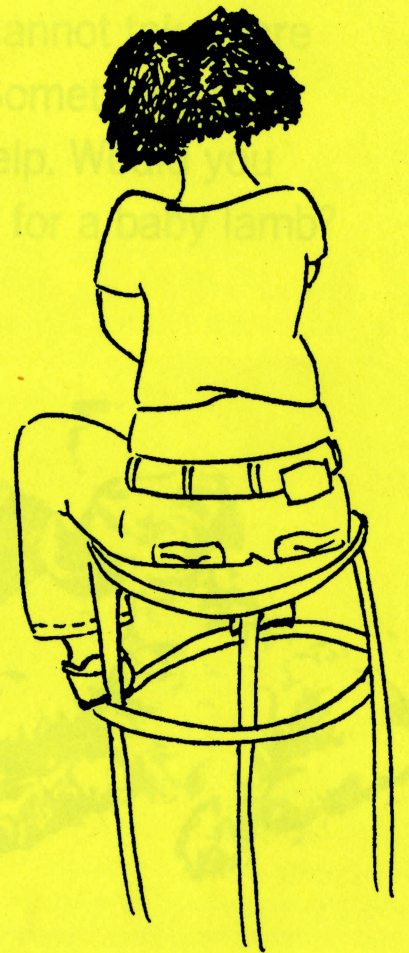
SOME ANIMAL BABIES MUST BE  
CARED FOR BY GROWN-UP ANIMALS

# Wooland

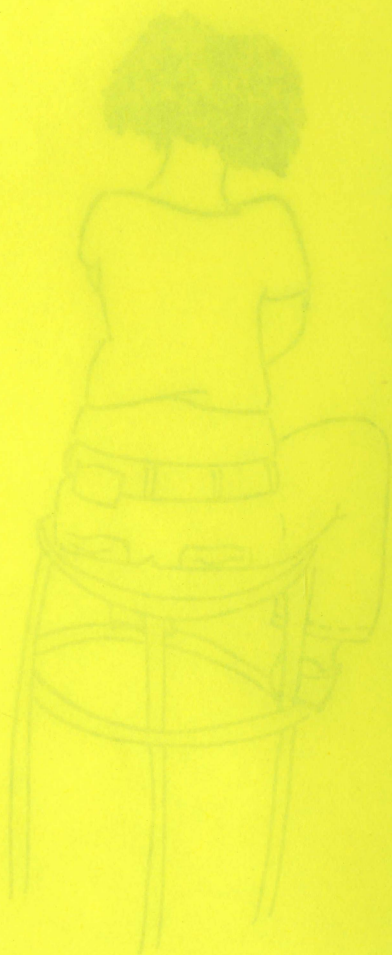
#3

are not able to take care of  
themselves. Most of them are  
taken care of by their mothers.

Baby lambs cannot take care  
of themselves. Some  
mothers need help. We  
like to help care for baby lambs.



et. 15 16 17 18 19 20





## SOME ANIMAL BABIES MUST BE CARED FOR BY GROWN-UP ANIMALS

Many kinds of young animals are not able to take care of themselves. Most of them are taken care of by their mothers.

Baby lambs cannot take care of themselves. Sometimes the mothers need help. Would you like to help care for a baby lamb?





I've been naïve. I've been very very naïve.

When I received that fancy sheet of paper from that big school of mine, I was on an academic high. Possibilities seemed possible. The world was my oyster, and I began feasting on an imaginary seafood buffet.

In my post-graduate haze, I assigned myself a mission. I wanted to use my newly-minted, certifiable powers for good. I named my plan: Operation Big Stick Popsicles.

My ultimate dream is to own and operate my own ice cream truck. A mobile sundae-shop where I can sell subversive mixed tapes on the side and blare The Clash over the speakers. That was how I planned on fucking shit up.

But fucking shit up is more complicated than it sounds. I ended up unemployed and sleeping on my parents' couch.

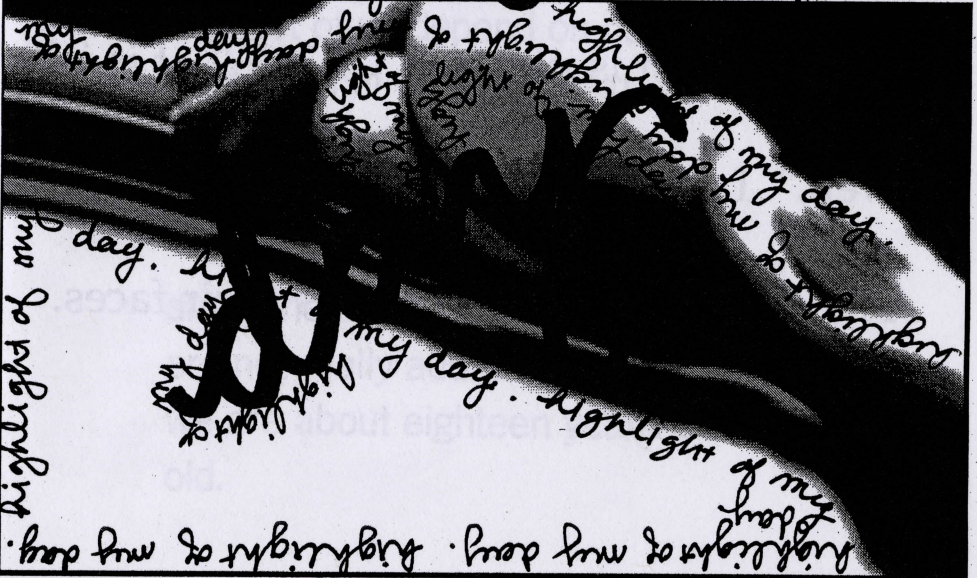
My parents don't mind me on the couch, but they are puzzled as to why I refuse to move into my old bedroom. I can't bring myself to clear out all the shit that has accumulated in my teenage refuge. All of the memories, hopes, dreams and everything cliché are stowed away safely in that room and I'd rather not touch that Pandora's box.

The couch is fine.

American pop culture has grossly romanticized slackerdom. It's much less glamorous than I had envisioned. There are no smartly dressed hipsters who accompany me on various adventures tinged with alcohol or illicit substances. Instead, unemployment has offered hours upon weeks of time to contemplate things about myself better left unexamined.

Late at night after all of the TV channels begin airing infomercials, I am instinctually drawn to flip on scrambled porn. The volume is always turned down, I wouldn't want my folks to hear humping coming from my end of the house. Occasionally, a clear body shot, pee pee or cooter will flash across the screen.

This is usually the highlight of my day.





Everybody asks me, "What do you want to be?"

I feel like a seven-year-old with sparkling brown eyes and I want to say, "A Care Bear."

Instead, I think about how I don't want to be anything that's out there, but I actually say, "Oh, yeah, I've got something lined up."

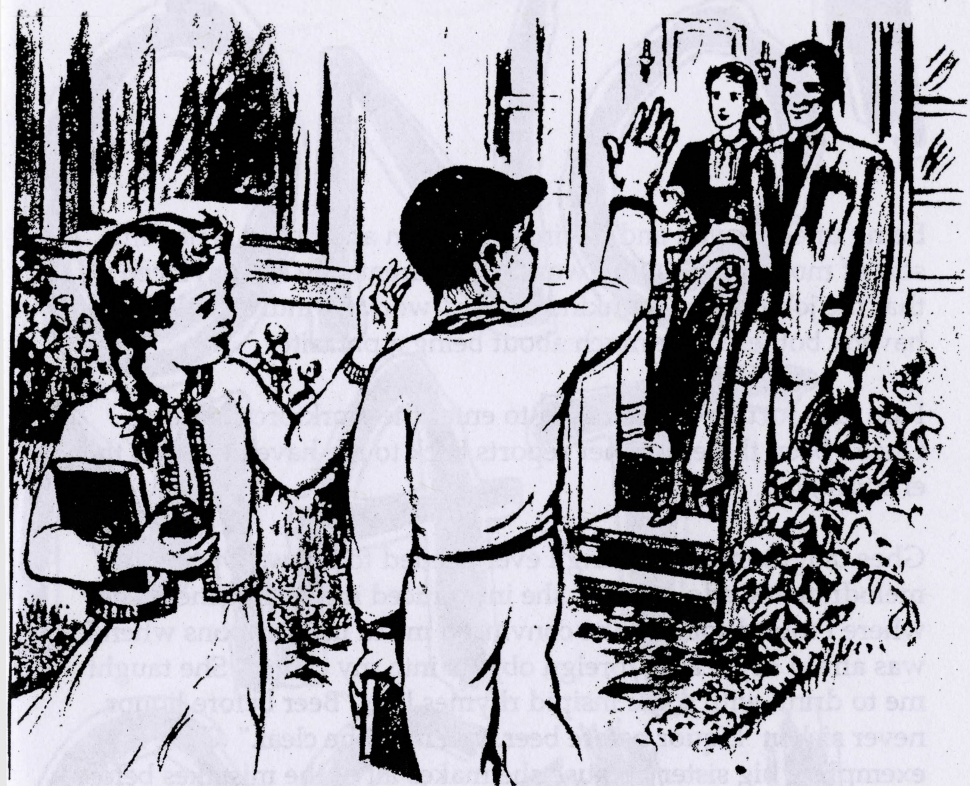
Their interest is piqued, "Oh? What is it?"

"Well," I say smugly, "It pays \$15 a day."

A look of puzzlement crosses their faces.

"It's jury duty."





Most of us depend on our parents until we are grown. They give us food, clothing, and a home.

They teach us many things and send us to school. We are not really adults until we are about eighteen years old.

Being unemployed and having free room and board is not any sort of motivation to find work. My parents are so convinced that the job market is unkind to hard-working individuals, they haven't bothered me much about being a parasite.

I am also further discouraged to enter the workforce because Ghee's been there, and her reports back to me have been less than encouraging.

Ghee taught me everything I ever needed to know. During my melodramatic adolescence, she introduced me to the zine scene where I found solace. She convinced me to use tampons when I was afraid of sticking foreign objects into my cooter. She taught me to drink with some insipid rhymes like, "Beer before liquor, never sicker. Liquor before beer, you're in the clear." Ghee is an exemplary big sister because she makes all of the mistakes before I get a chance to.

When she got her first job, with salary and benefits and everything that immigrant parents dream of for their children, she called me at 2 AM before her first day. All I remember her saying was, "I make dreams come true. What'd you ever do?" She was so excited to have something tangible to signify a change in her life. It was a milestone of sorts, even if it didn't fit her exactly.

But as the minutes dragged into months of a terribly non-ergonomic workplace, it began to put a strain on her. She wrote about it in the latest issue of her zine.



ONNO!

MAT

OGH

EE-A





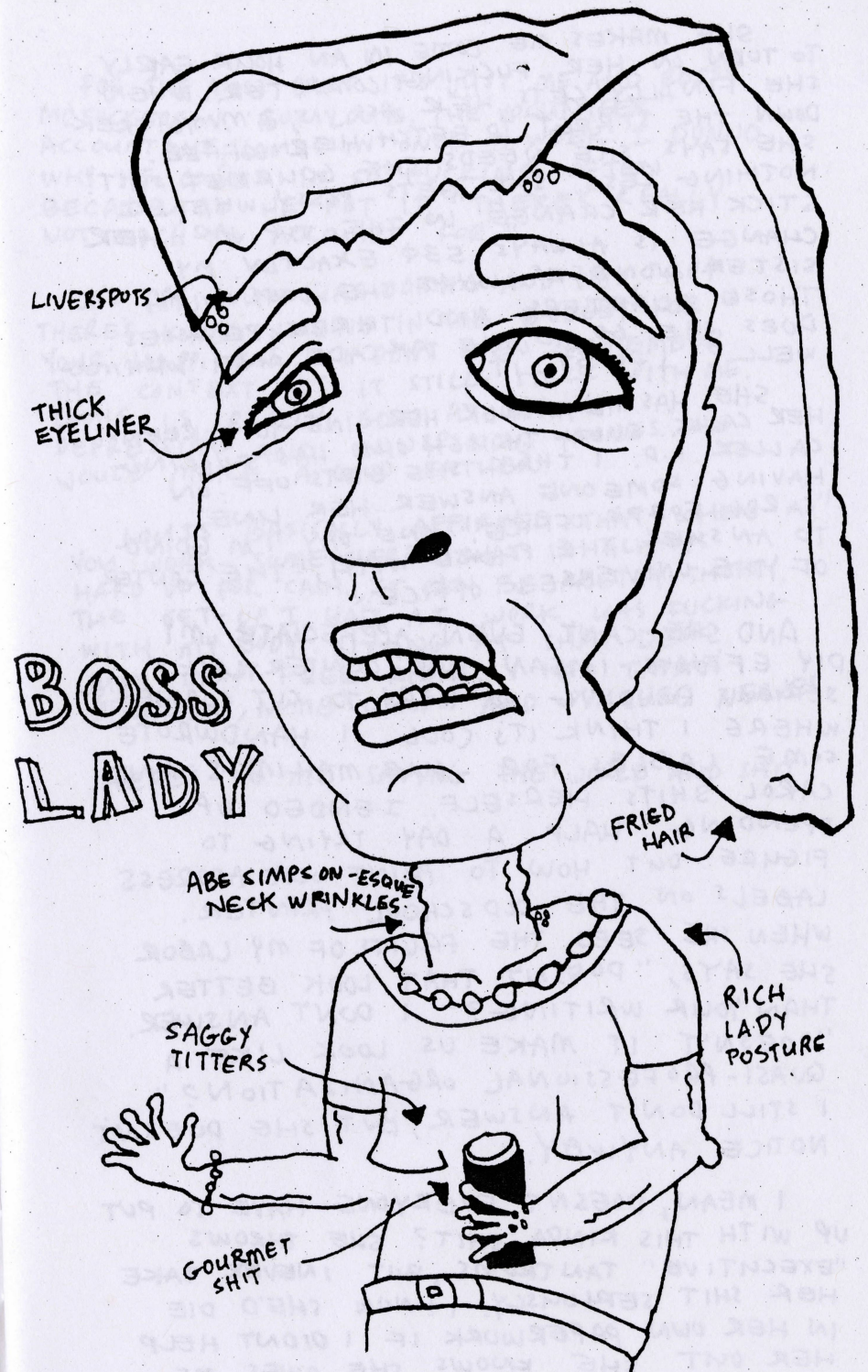
# HUMAN RESOURCES

I'VE BEEN WORKING SINCE I WAS 16. MY FIRST JOB WAS AT A PICTURE FRAME FACTORY. I STUCK THOSE FAKE PHOTOS INTO THE FRAME. YOU KNOW THE ONES, OF THE HAPPY WHITE COUPLE WITH THEIR CREST<sup>TM</sup> SMILES. THEY TEASED YOU SAYING, "HA HA, YOU LOSER. WE'RE HAPPY AND YOU'RE WORKING A SHITTY FACTORY JOB."

FUCK. EVERYONE I KNOW IS EITHER JOBLESS OR OWNED BY STOCK OPTIONS. I WAS SHITTING MYSELF.

THEN IT HAPPENED. SOMEBODY ACTUALLY WANTED TO PUT ME ON THEIR FUCKING PAYROLL. YOU KNOW, LIKE, GIVE ME CHECKS. JUST FOR SHOWING UP AND DOING THING-S. AND IT WAS A NON-PROFIT. I COULD ACTUALLY BE PROUD AND SHIT.

I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT THE BULLSHIT I HAVE TO DEAL WITH, LIKE MY FUCKING BOSS. I HEARD SHE GOT TO BE THE DIRECTOR OF THE CENTER BECAUSE HER DEAD HUSBAND LEFT A BUTTLOAD OF CASH TO THE CENTER. AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THE MONEY IS NOW. THE PLACE IS GOING TO SHIT.





SHE MAKES ME COME IN AN HOUR EARLY TO TURN ON HER FUCKING COMPUTER. WHEN SHE FINALLY GETS HER ASS IN, I'M TO TREK DOWN THE STREET TO FETCH HER COFFEE. SHE SAYS SHE NEEDS THE GOURMET SHIT. NOTHING LESS. SHE GETS PISSY WHEN I STICK HER CHANGE IN THE TIP JAR. HER CHANGE IS ALWAYS 53¢ EXACTLY. MY SISTER WONDERS WHAT SHE DOES WITH THOSE QUARTERS AND THREE PENNIES. DOES SHE GO TO THE ARCADE AND WISHING WELL? I DOUBT IT.

SHE HAS ME ANSWER HER LINE TO SCREEN HER CALLS. EVEN THOUGH SHE HAS FUCKING CALLER I.D. I THINK SHE GETS OFF ON HAVING SOMEONE ANSWER HER LINE. "CAROL FORD'S OFFICE." ONE DAY I'M GOING TO ANSWER THE PHONE WITH, "THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE'S OFFICE."

AND SHE CANT EVEN APPRECIATE MY DIY EFFORTS. I MEAN, THE CENTER LACKS SERIOUS FUNDING SO I TRY TO CUT CORNERS WHERE I THINK IT'S COOL. I HANDWROTE SOME LABELS FOR OUR MAILINGS AND CAROL SHITS HERSELF. I ENDED UP SPENDING HALF A DAY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO PRINT OUT ADDRESS LABELS ON THE OLDSCHOOL PRINTER. WHEN SHE SEES THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR SHE SAYS, "DOESN'T THAT LOOK BETTER THAN YOUR WRITING?" I DONT ANSWER. "DOESN'T IT MAKE US LOOK LIKE A QUASI-PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATION?" I STILL DONT ANSWER, BUT SHE DOESN'T NOTICE ANYWAY.

I MEAN, DOESN'T EVERYONE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS KINDA SHIT? SHE THROWS "EXECUTIVE" TANTRUMS, BUT I NEVER TAKE HER SHIT SERIOUSLY. I KNOW SHE'D DIE IN HER OWN PAPERWORK IF I DIDNT HELP HER OUT. SHE KNOWS SHE OWES ME.

FOR THE MOST PART IT'S JUST ME AND BOSSY MCSUCKERSON. BUT LOUIS, THE VOLUNTEER ACCOUNTANT, COMES IN ONCE A WEEK. I DUNNO WHY HE COMES IN SO FUCKING OFTEN BECAUSE, AS HE PUT IT, "THERE'S REALLY NOT MUCH TO ACCOUNT FOR."

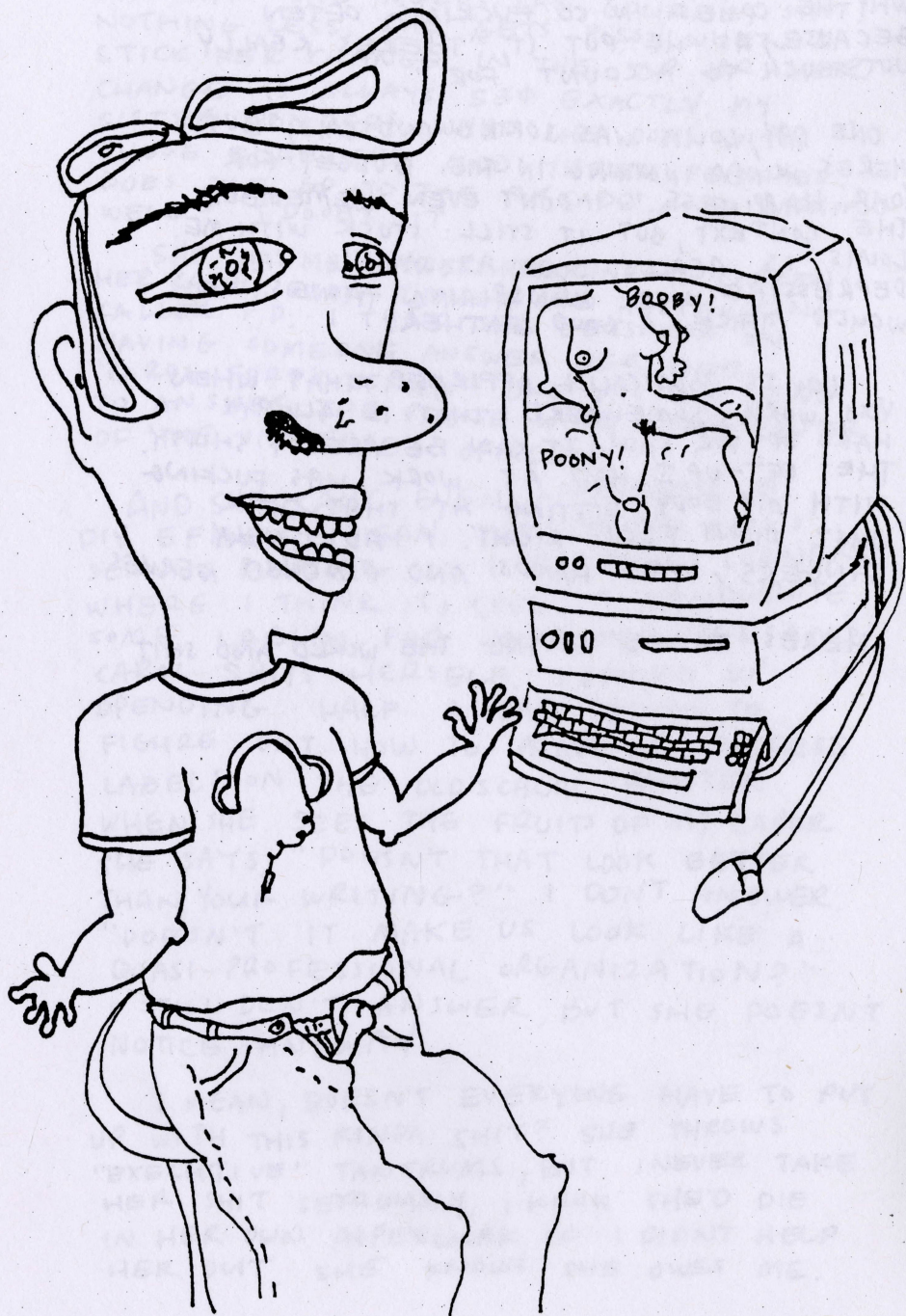
ONE DAY, LOUIS WAS JOKING AND SAID, "BUT THERE'S KINDA NOTHING IN THE BUDGET FOR YOUR HAPPINESS." I DONT EVEN REMEMBER THE CONTEXT, BUT IT STILL STUCK WITH ME. LOUIS IS REALLY GOOD AT SAYING DEPRESSING AND UNINSPIRING THINGS. HE WOULD MAICE A GOOD FATHER.

LOUIS BASICALLY AFFIRMED THAT WHEN YOU WORK SOMEWHERE THAT IS ALWAYS HARD UP FOR CASH, IT CAN BE PRETTY SHITTY. THE SET-UP I HAD AT WORK WAS FUCKING WITH MY BODY. SITTING AT THAT DESK JUST DIDNT FEEL RIGHT. I HAD TINGLY FINGERS, NUMB HANDS AND PINCHED NERVES.

HERE'S TO ME SAVING THE WORLD AND SHIT.

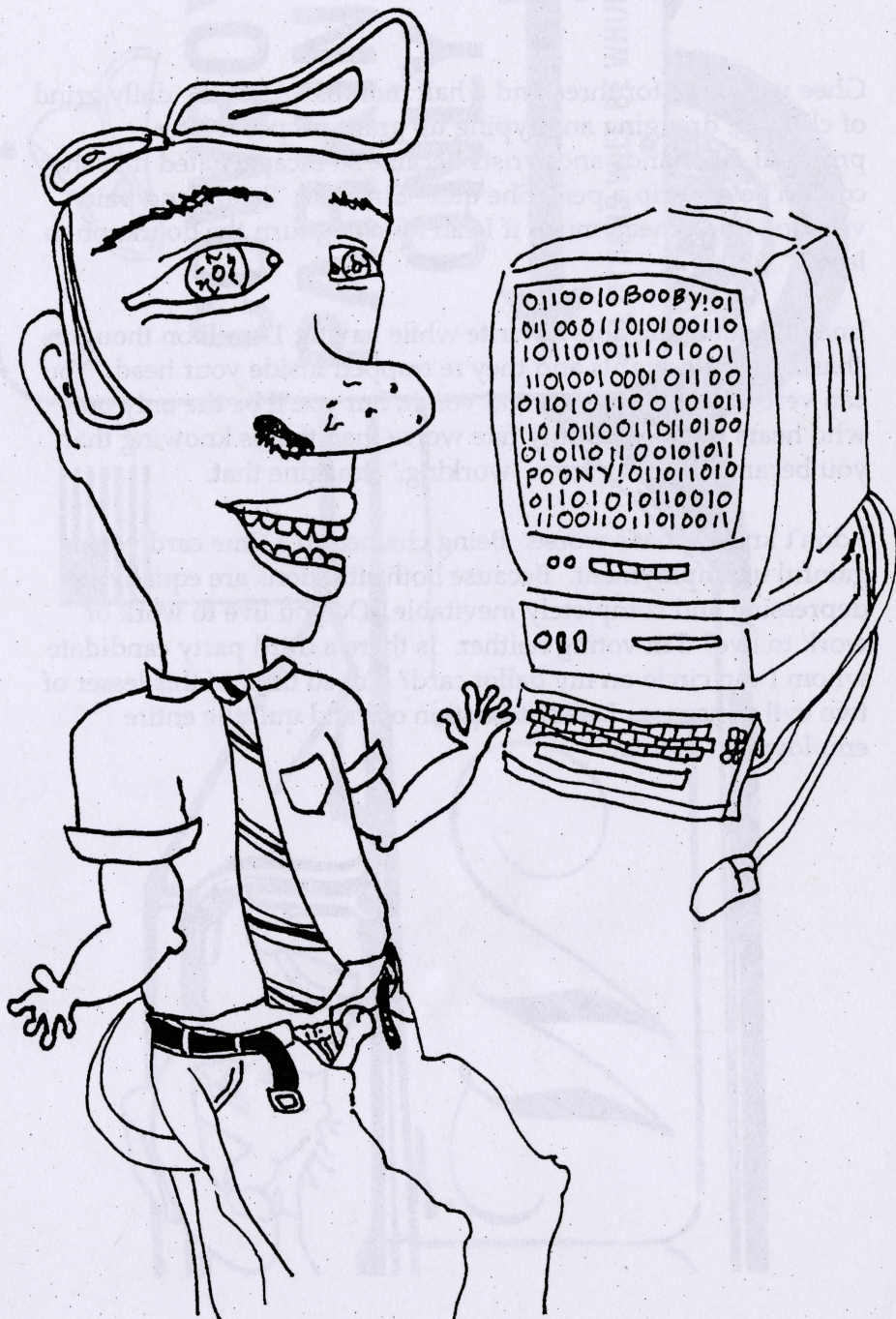


# UNEMPLOYED





# EMPLOYED

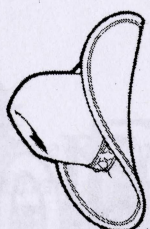


Ghee was there for three and a half months. After the daily grind of clicking, dragging and typing up grant proposal after proposal, her hands and wrists became so incapacitated that she couldn't even grip a pen. She quit. She said, "Salary and paid vacation don't mean much if I can't fucking turn the doorknob to leave."

Imagine not being able to write while having 17 million thoughts chasing afterthoughts and they're trapped inside your head. You can verbalize all of your mind vomit, but you'll be the only one who hears them. The only fate worse than that is knowing that you became this way from "working." Imagine that.

I don't know what's worse. Being chained to a time card versus gainful unemployment. Because both situations are equally depressing and completely inevitable. Do you live to work or work to live? I'm voting neither. Is there a third party candidate whom I can circle on my ballot card? I'm so tired of this lesser of two evil nonsense. I want to option out and quit the entire employment system.





**COWBOY  
PARKING  
ONLY**



**ALL OTHERS WILL BE WHUPPED**







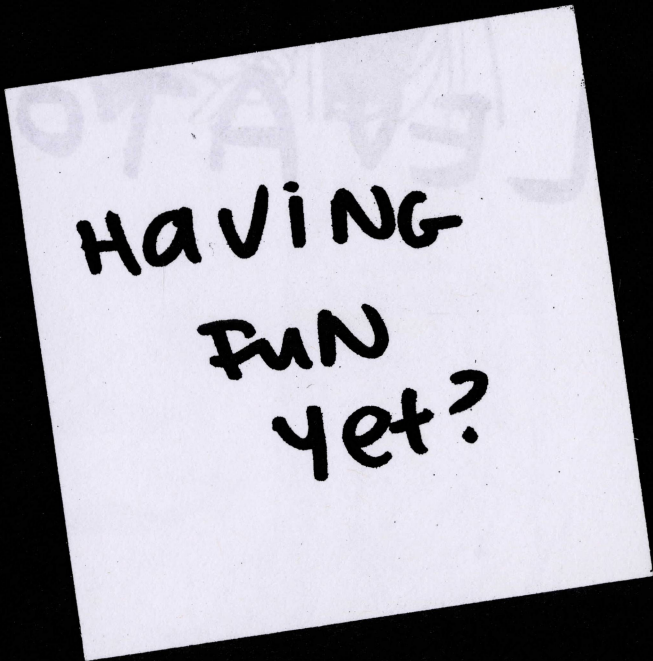
The key to sanity when faced with post-adolescent existentialism  
is finding pleasures in abstract hobbies.

I RIDE  
ELEVATORS.

Some people consume their lives with tangible hobbies. They collect tangible crap, they do physical outdoorsy things that produce tangible sweat, and they buy tangible scissors that cut squiggly lines to aid in creating memorable scrapbooks of crap.

I began elevator surfing recreationally while staking out office buildings for copy thievery. In order to kill time while I waited for an unattended duplicator, I would retreat to the box on strings. Riding an elevator is a tangible activity, but to do it for more than a minute at a time is like being in another dimension. You're constantly in motion but you're actually stuck in the same spot. You're close enough to eavesdrop and everyone knows it but doesn't mind. People come in and out of your life, sometimes in silence, sometimes in groups, sometimes murmuring things that they've held in for years.

Occasionally, when I would get bored from listening to nostril-breathing, I stuck Post-It notes on the sliding doors.



HAVING  
FUN  
yet?



your Boss  
is an  
Asshole!

yup.

I was so tempted to hit the emergency button. Just to stop everyone's day with a halting jerk and agitate claustrophobic fears. Stuck, trapped and smothered by strangers in a familiar cage, floating in between destinations. Basically, I wanted to share with everyone how I've been feeling lately.

But I never had the guts to do it. Plus my elevator riding days were cut short when Ghee scored me a job.

And then Ghee got me fired.





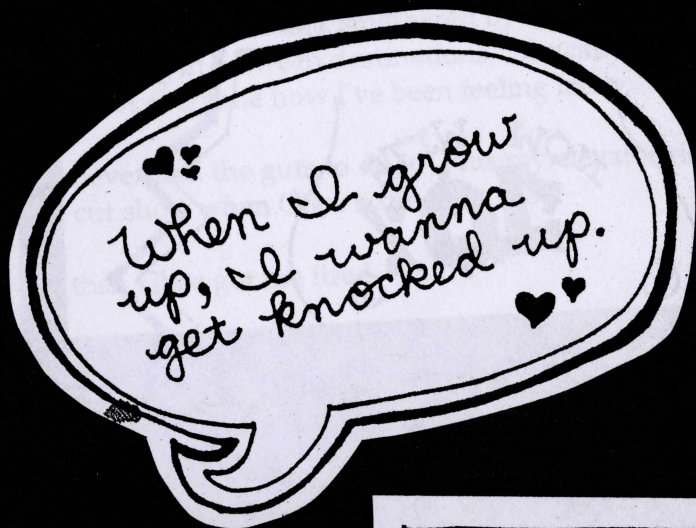
It was at Toy Joy, the conglom-chain junk dealer. Ghee was hired the second she submitted an application and when she realized that they must have been hard up for labor and invited me to join her, I RSVP-ed promptly. But just as Ghee giveth, Ghee also taketh back.

They watched the security video after they received complaints from offended parents. The tapes featured an Asian girl maniacally lobbing my DIY stickers on their precious overpriced junk. It was Ghee.

I thought they would be harmless, but concerned parents didn't think that they were very funny. When is a kid old enough to be exposed to subversive stickery?

When they watched the grainy surveillance video, they couldn't tell us apart. When they asked us who it was, I admitted to it because Ghee actually enjoys going into work everyday. I couldn't take that from her.

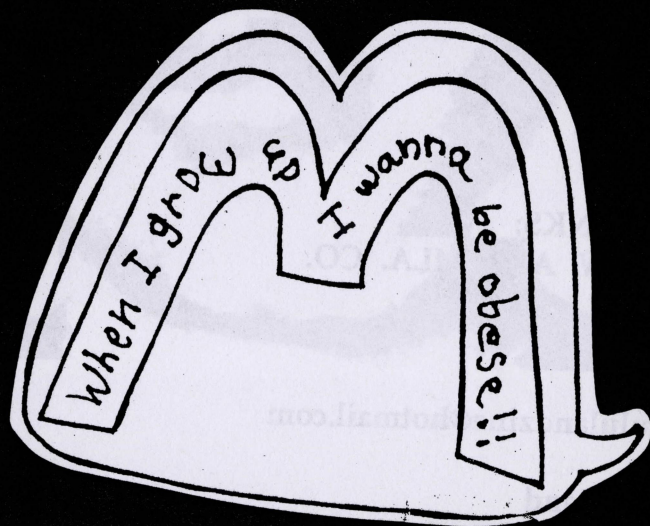




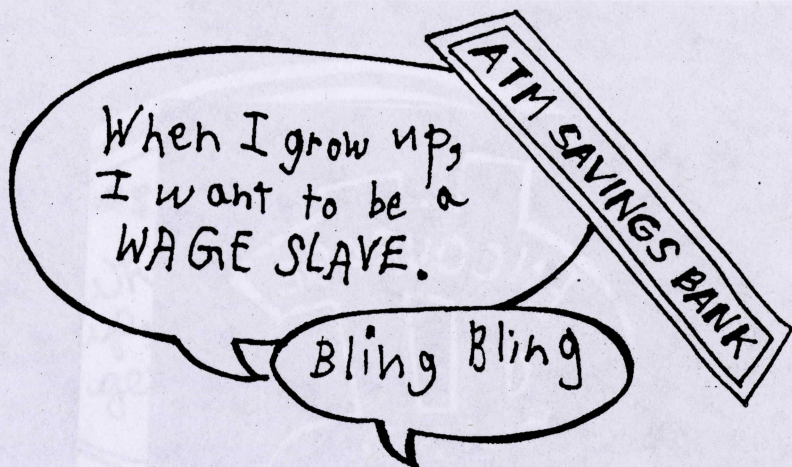
MADE IN THAILAND

BY A SWEATSHOP WORKER  
WHO WAS PAID 65¢ AN HOUR  
FOR A 10-14 HOUR WORKDAY.  
ENJOY!

HEY! GUILTY  
PARENTS  
BUY ME







THANKS:  
CMW. APS. MLA. CO.

[lululandzine@hotmail.com](mailto:lululandzine@hotmail.com)

Lululand  
P.O. Box 356  
Van Nuys, CA 91408-0356



SO FUCKING SCARED



**Dearest Zine Reviewer,**

**Lululand is a bit of an oddball. It's half screenplay, half zine and all zineplay. The screenplay half is a story about a girl named Lulu who makes zines. The zine half is the actual zine that Lulu made. Make sense? I hope it isn't too confusing and if you have any questions, please e-mail me at [lululandzine@hotmail.com](mailto:lululandzine@hotmail.com)**

**Please review #3+4 together.**  
**They are meant to be read together and will be sold as a set, bound together with the pink paper "ribbon." Both issues come in at hefty 96 pages.**

**It's \$3 for the set, which includes both issues.**

**Contact info:  
Lululand Zine  
P.O. Box 356  
Van Nuys, CA 91408-0356**

**THANKS MUCH!**