

Lulu Land



#4

THIS IS NOT A
PUNK ROCK ZINE,
SO FUCK OFF.

THIS IS NOT A TRAVEL
ADVENTURE ZINE,
SO GO ASSERT YOUR
STINKY DUDE
PRIVILEGE ELSEWHERE.

THIS IS NOT A
TIRED PERZINE,
SO QUIT ROLLING
YOUR EYES.

LULULAND IS AN ESL
EXERCISE, AN EASILY
EXCITABLE GIRL, A CLICHÉ
TEEN FILM, MISMATCHED
EYELIDS, SHORT SKIRT
FOR STICKY THIGHS,
A GOOD NOSE PICKING.

-lulu

I've got fuck on my brain. I've got fuck on my brains, in my peripheral vision, echoing in my ears, dissolving on my tongue, dripping from my fingertip, and clawing up my spine.

The guy who smokes on the stoops next to the record store. The boy struggling to get all of his library books into the return slot. The checkout stand teenager my sister playfully harasses. Even the girl who is always waiting for the nine bus. I've fucked them all in my head. With my neurons firing, synapses connecting, nether regions moistening.

No one can escape. Everyone in my line of sight is filtered through my fuck lens. Their faces contorted in fictional ecstasy. My pupils darting from their sweaty temples to their clenched jaws. I assign their body parts specific textures; the library geek handles his books with calloused fingers, the smoker nervously strokes the fine, soft hair behind his ear and the girl waiting for the bus has stubbly legs.

They're all doing it, usually with each other, sometimes with me. Two, three, four of them at a time, but not more-it gets tough for me to keep track of what everyone is supposed to be doing. Who's pleasing who and how? What orifice is rubbing against who's protruding anatomy? And how did they get this way to begin with anyway? Does it matter?

For a moment, when I was younger and even more naïve, I considered a career in writing soft-core pornography. I'm not much for hardcore penetration close-ups that expose the minutiae of pubic hair. It begins to become technical, sterile and unfeeling. Is she having intercourse or giving birth? Two people performing simulated sex in all of its showy fake pleasure is much more desirable.

It's true. I need to get me some.



- Lloyd Dangle

中国女兵



Do They Still Wear Eye Patches?

Kien was fucking pissed when we first met. We struggled together as study buddies in our liberal arts math course at the community college. His anger wasn't directed at math, or anyone in particular for that matter. He just had a rotten disposition that never bothered me because he just scowled a lot, which was pretty harmless. I thought perhaps it was because he was some trashy-romance-novel-bad-boy who could only express passion through crazy monkey sex.

I was wrong, he was more of a socio-political textbook.

For his first years in college, everything Kien did was a political act, dating and love were not excluded. Apparently, our short-lived romantic relationship was tantamount to giving the finger to "the man." I thought we were just making out.

It didn't become a nuisance until he prohibited The Weakerthans from being within earshot because of their song "Wellington's Wednesday." John K. Samson sings, "Oh, you've got green eyes. Oh, you've got blue eyes. Oh, you've got gray eyes..."

"What about my brown-eyed sistas?" He asked.

I just rolled my slanty brown eyes and sighed. The Weakerthans ban was finally lifted when I informed him that JKS had not even written those words. "It's actually a line from a New Order song."

He paused for a moment before sheepishly saying, "Yeah well, the 80's were notorious for hating on Asians." He blamed all of the cocaine.

The militant ethnic pride phase cooled considerably after he realized that he was sucking the fun out of everything. Even Willy Wonka was not free from his criticisms.

"Why was it that only white kids found golden tickets? Shoo, my whole family shared a bed when I was little *and* kids called me Charlie all the time. It shoulda been my yellow ass burping bubbles."

He was completely serious too.

But I can't blame him for finally embracing his Viethood. Kien spent much of his early life desperately assimilating, suppressing any notions of being "that other kid." He hated history class and recoiled into himself whenever the Vietnam War became the study topic. The way all the other students would instinctively turn to him when they mentioned that little Southeast Asian country always made his stomach sour.

Then he discovered empowerment, the delirious drug fed to culturally starving college students with no grocery budget.

It prompted him to take regular trips back to his parents' house. Hungry for his mother's phó. Hungry to learn *his* history. The history that he tried so hard not to acknowledge for 18 years.

Even after we stopped "seeing each other," we stayed close because he couldn't stand being around anyone else and I just had general anxiety about meeting new people and stayed closed to ones I already knew. After his trips home, he'd repeat to me what he had just learned. He'd call again later the same night to tell me all the details he left out the first time.

He learned about how much his mother misses the beaches of Vietnam. She used to take baby Kien on day trips to the

beach town of Nha Trang, lounging in the sand while sipping tapioca drinks. He learned about the refugee boat ride in 1979 that he almost didn't survive at six months. His mother, suffering from chronic motion sickness, strapped his fever-ridden body to her back as she dry-heaved at the ocean during the entire three-day trek to Thailand, before being flown to America. He learned that his fever wasn't the only thing that could have killed him. His dad ominously told him about the threat of modern-day pirates.

We call it the "Pirate Clause," a provision where Kien's allowed to be a moron because his family was almost-maybe attacked by some sea-faring thugs. The Pirate Clause is usually his defense when it comes to neurotic relationship antics.

"My family didn't risk a pirate attack so that I'd be stuck with a girl who said to me, 'All of my five senses feel, except for the one in my chest.' Ain't got time for emo crybaby shit. Total pirate bait!"

"My family didn't risk a pirate attack so that I would date a filthy woman. The girl had literal bed bugs. How fucking third-world is that?"

(He even pulled out the Clause on me a few times.)

"My family didn't risk a pirate attack so that I would pay \$7 to go see the Rocky and Bullwinkle movie. That's like a whole days wage in my home country."

Touché.

Kien's not so pissed anymore now that he picked that chip off the floor and firmly adhered it on his shoulder.

SOME SOUNDS ARE PLEASANT



Some of the more pleasant sounds
we call music.

Behind the Noise

Their band was more of an inside joke than a musical act, considering that neither Ghee nor Arturo played any instruments. They really didn't do much of anything besides dream up countless band names and distributing flyers for nonexistent shows featuring those fake bands.

They were all concept bands, and not just because they only existed in their heads, but the bands were actually built around a show idea.

The DJs. As in DJ Tanner and DJ Connor, of the sitcoms "Full House" and "Roseanne" respectively. The songs were to be from the character's voices. Possible song titles included, "Michelle looks like a troll," and "I like Becky One more than Becky Two."

Hoffman Philip Seymour. Philip Seymour Hoffman is the actor who has appeared in films such as "Happiness" and "Boogie Nights." All lyrics were going to be lines he's spoken in movies. "I don't mean the jeans/I mean underneath/What are you wearing underneath?/Check." "You look really sexy/I like your name/It's really cool." "Can I kiss your mouth?/Please, please let me."

POC. Peeps of Collah. A conscious hip-hop group with full-on bling bling. They figured that you can be socially aware and fabulous at the same time. Picture a diamond encrusted "Power to the People/Solidarity" fist. POC was about doin' it for the kids.

P.S. I Love You. This was going to be their signature emo band, full of hyper-cliché lyrics sung out of tune. "Like a dagger through my eyes/You blind me with your lies/All I can do is cry/And say that I will still try."

hoffman

philip

the band,
not the actor

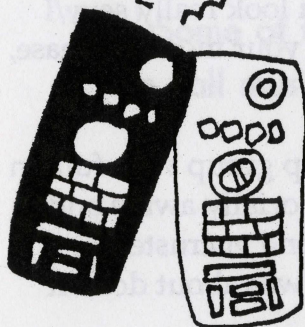
seymour

THE

DJs

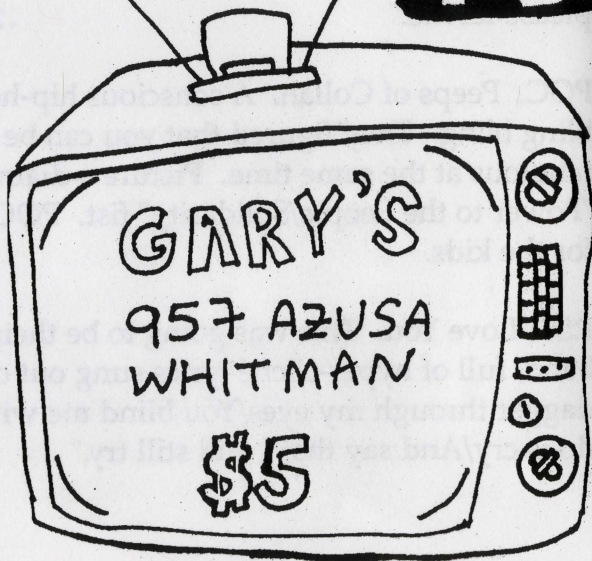
TANNER
&
CONNOR

P.S. I love you.



AS SEEN
ON OUR
TV

SUNDAY!
SUNDAY!
SUNDAY!
NOV. 10th
@ 9 PM



GARY'S

957 AZUSA
WHITMAN

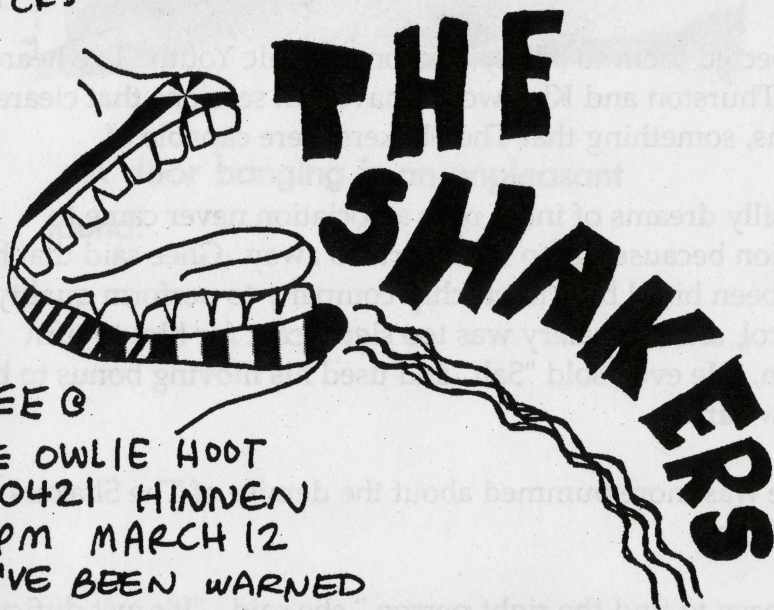
\$5

The Black Thumbs. Goth gardeners who love botany but kill every plant they touch. Dying plotted plants litter the stage as they play their depressed droning tales of woe with song titles like, "Photosynthesis, you are not my nemesis."

The Imaginaries aka The Hypotheticals aka The Maybes. They book a slew of shows, with a fake demo consisting of songs ripped off of the Mutant Pop 7" catalog, and don't show up to any of them.

A couple of kids can only daydream for a limited time before they turn their delusions into reality, thus The Shakers were brought to life. The Shakers was a band named after their cars. Ghee's "Pepper," a mistreated 80's Toyota truck; and Arturo's "Salt," a cramped white Ford Fiesta hatchback. Ghee played bass and Arturo banged on a single snare drum. This band was

You think Life
SUCKS NOW? WAIT TILL YOU SEE



FREE @
THE OWLIE HOOT
790421 HINNEN
10PM MARCH 12
YOU'VE BEEN WARNED

based on the concept of unadulterated bad news and can only be described as an assault on the auditory senses.

They reveled in their suckiness because they had no choice considering that neither of them played a note before The Shakers. Ghee and Arturo would be the first to tell anyone how terrible they were, while in the same breath say, "...but so fucking awesome too." Skeptical friends invited them to play shows only to be surprised at just how atrocious they could be, but so fucking awesome at the same time. Kids flowered them with confused praises, "Dude, you guys were so bad, you were good." Somebody once told Ghee the penultimate compliment, "You're, like, the Ed Wood of bands."

A Queers show brought Ghee and Arturo together, I witnessed the entire encounter. We were all shoved against each other in a crowd of backwards baseball caps. They bonded over elbows in faces, and together they yelled, "Fuck aggro!" They were exclusive within a week.

I expected them to be my version of Sonic Youth. I've heard that Thurston and Kim would have jam sessions that cleared rooms, something that The Shakers were capable of.

My silly dreams of indie rock association never came to fruition because Idaho lured Arturo away. Ghee said that he had been hired by a microchip company to perform quality control, and the salary was too significant for him to turn down. He even sold "Salt" and used his moving bonus to buy a new car.

Ghee was more bummed about the demise of The Shakers than anything.

"It's easy to find the right person," she said. "It's just difficult to keep them the right person the whole time."



A door banging is an unpleasant sound.

Hey Ma!

I got a job finally. Aren't you proud of me? It's in academia, I'm surrounded by books and learned people. There are even times where I feel like my workplace embodies everything that is right about the world.

Uh, no, I can't move out yet. It pays minimum wage and it's a graveyard shift. The college library, that's where I work. Yeah, they would rather hire students... so I had to lie. I made up a student ID number and they haven't double-checked it. They seemed kinda desperate, and just needed a body. I have a body... So, yeah, I have a college degree, and now I work at a university library. Funny how things work, huh? Huh...

Uh, so aren't you proud of me? I got a job...

Human sexuality

HQ
61
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1977

United Church of Christ.
Human sexuality : a preliminary study
/ the United Church of Christ. New York
: United Church Press, c1977.
258 p. ; 21 cm.
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Human sexuality

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Victor, Jeffrey S.
Human sexuality : a social
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Victor. -- Englewood Cliffs, N.J. :
Prentice-Hall, c1980.
xv, 396 p. : ill. ; 24 cm.
Bibliography: p. [351]-383.
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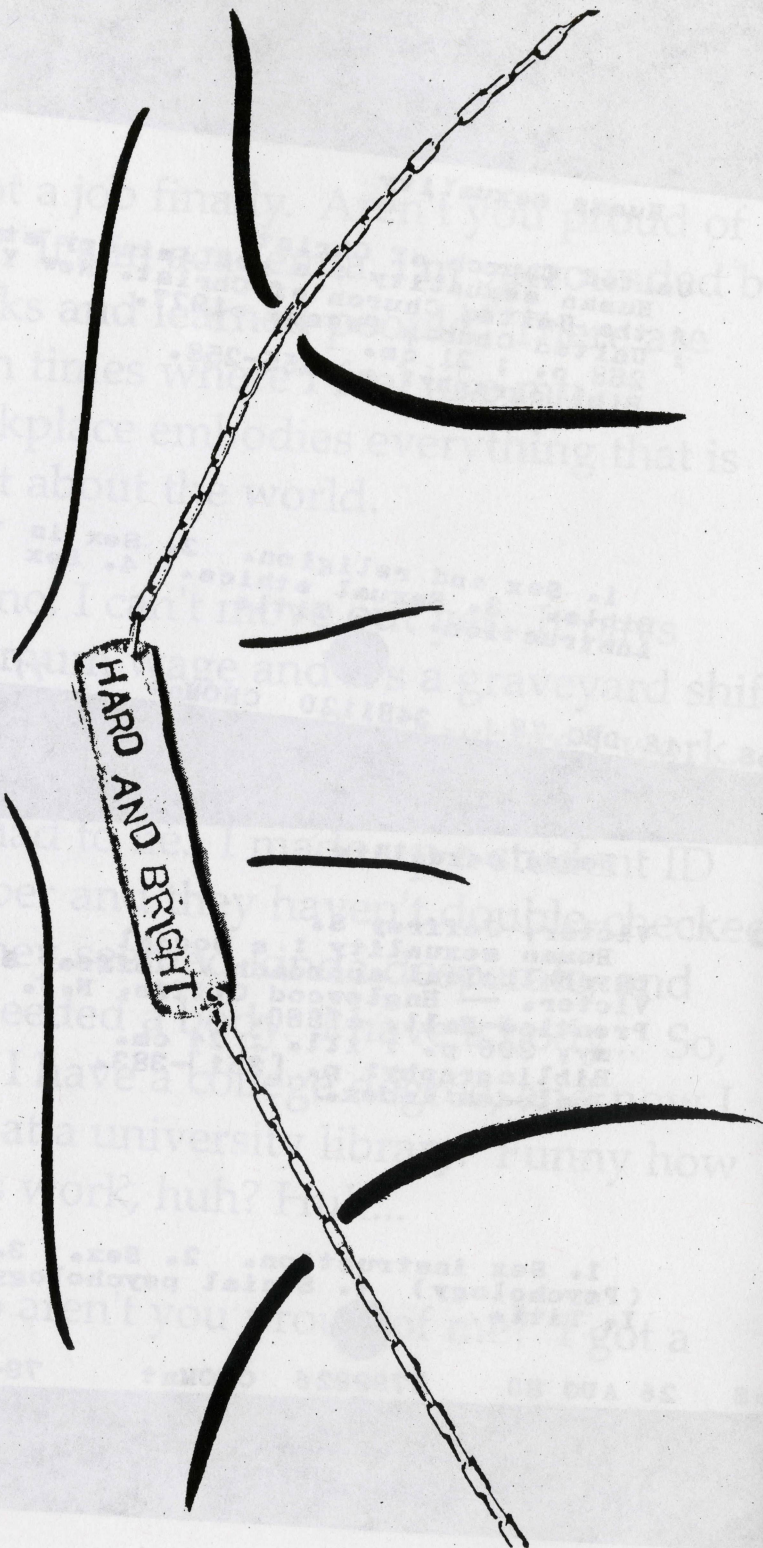
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Binge Fuck-Up Manifesto

We are the profoundly un-profound, underachieving our way to the bottom.

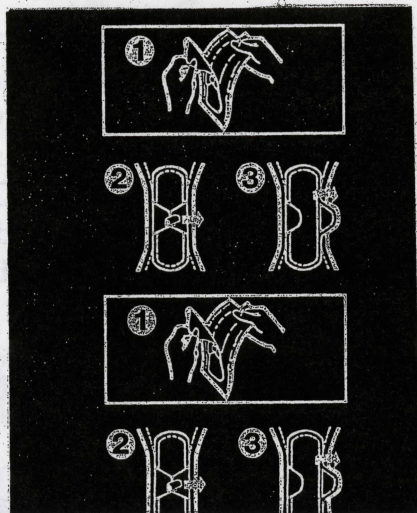
We aren't afraid of hard work, we're just allergic to it. It's a biological reaction that we cannot control. The synapses and neurons in our brains shut down the second we punch in. Our eyelids become heavy. No amount of stimulants can cure our fluorescent-light induced malaise. Our spines turn into the wet ramen noodles that our food budget is so familiar with, as we slump forward into our bad posture.

We are a perverted version of the tired, poor and huddled masses. Our symbol of liberty and freedom lies not in a towering statue of oxidized copper. Instead, we find refuge in asinine films about young people, pseudo-erudite writers, or the ever-popular bottom of the glass. We have long since abandoned any remnants of the American dream while concocting lives of nightmarish schemes.

We are the hopelessly hopeless continually basking in cynicism while masking our vulnerabilities with intellectual bravado. We read the works of revolutionaries but cannot be bothered to correctly pronounce their names. We are the judgmental assholes who will readily offer commentary on other peoples' circumstances while always failing to analyze our own non-conductive decisions. We are lifelong children, accustomed to being coddled and having our self-esteem inflated by PSAs and political correctness.

We are crybabies.

We are the perpetual binge fuck-ups.

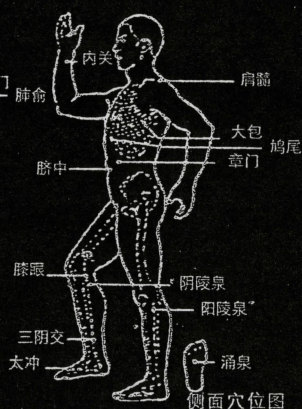
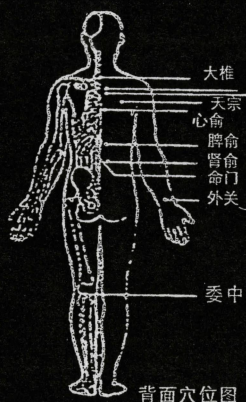
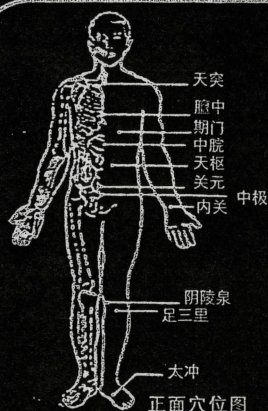


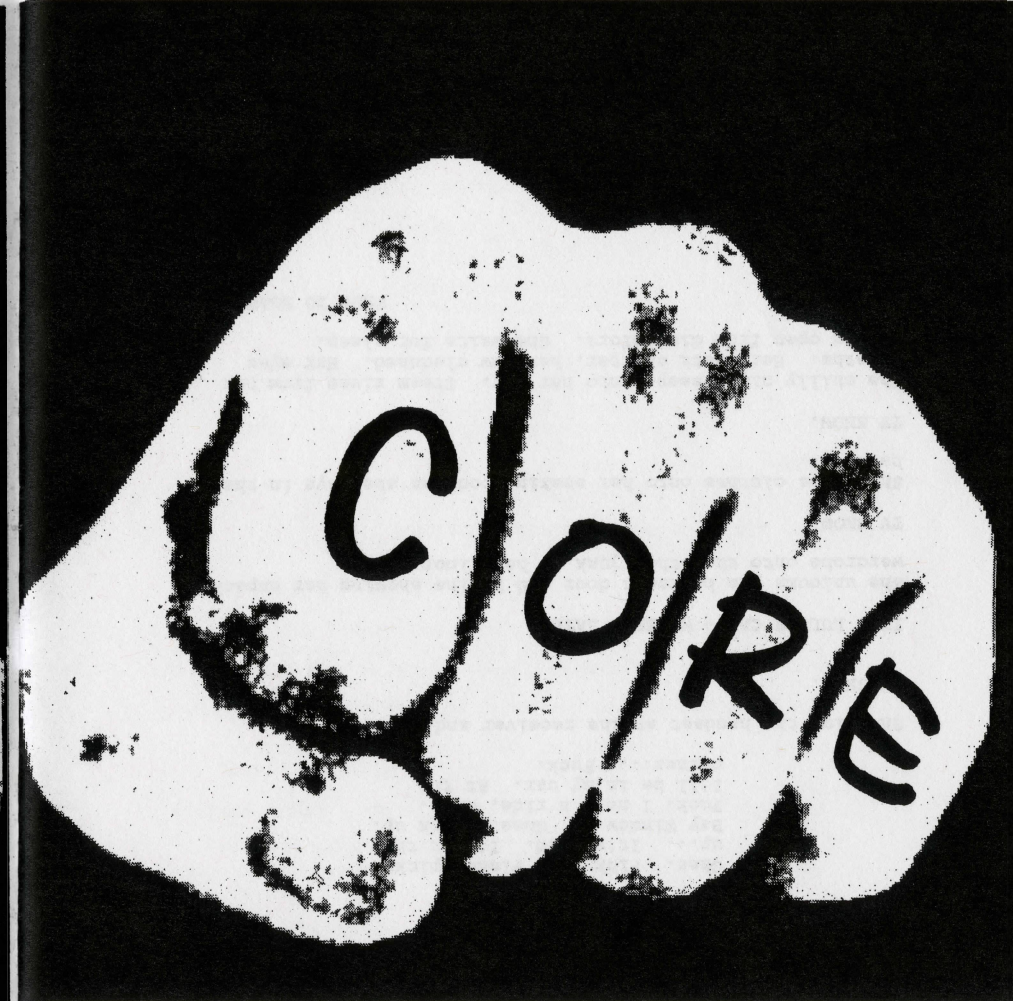
THANKS:
MLA. APS. CMW.

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1. 感冒—大椎、风门。
2. 咳嗽、支气管炎—天突、肺俞、膻中。
3. 胃痛、腹痛—中脘、天枢、鸠尾。
4. 慢性肠炎—命门、关元、足三里。
5. 失眠、神经衰弱—心俞、关元、三阴交。
6. 头昏、高血压—涌泉、太冲。
7. 晕车、晕船—内关、关元、太冲、章门。
8. 胸胁痛—期门、大包。
9. 腰痛—肾俞、委中、章门。
10. 肩痛—肩髃、天宗。
11. 膝痛—膝眼、阳陵泉。
12. 痛经—肾俞、关元、阴陵泉。
13. 遗尿—肾俞、中极、脐中。
14. 疳积、小儿厌食—脾俞、关元。
15. 软组织损伤—痛部位。





Calaland
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LULULAND #4

by
Amy Adoyzie

FADE IN:

INT. SUPER MART - DAY

A row of cash register jockeys ring up plastic bagfuls of genetically-modified groceries. Frozen dinners and ready-made platters stacked into neo-food pyramids, unprocessed food nary in sight.

Lulu and Ghee wait at the end of a line with a cart full of their mom's shopping list. They are modern-day 'gatherers.'

Lulu is zoned out, staring at the CHECK OUT BOY, an anemic teenager still growing into his lanky body. His elbows bang into the register. He drops 2-liter bottles of soda. He can't seem to get his motor skills intact.

Lulu has a pained look on her face.

GHEE

You are so fucking him.

LULU

(zoned out)

Huh? What?

GHEE

You are so fucking *fucking* him
right now.

LULU

(snapping out of
it)

What the fu--

GHEE

(points to Lulu's
temple)

In your head. You're fucking
him. Dude, I know you. I can
see it on your face.

Ghee was right.

INT. SUPER MART

Everyone has disappeared but their groceries remain in carts and on conveyor belts. The lights are dimmed. Only one aisle is open for business. Its light blinks "3."

The Check Out Boy is naked, save for his black socks and shoes. Instead of pounding into a register, Lulu takes its place. She's fully-clothed, in a skirt, her legs wrapped around his pale bottom.

The tabloid rack rattles with each thrust, in sync to the flashing "3." Subdued, heavy breathing escapes them.

They're in the throes... of something. With the exception of their lower halves, they don't touch. Check Out Boy's face is in deep concentration, his forehead crinkled.

Lulu sits back, watching, her eyes lit up. She's at the zoo, observing a primitive animal.

She leans in for a kiss.

INT. SUPER MART - SAME

We are back to reality, a place where Lulu is no longer committing statutory rape.

GHEE
Will you stop it? It's
creeping me out.

LULU
(embarrassed)
It just happens.

They start loading their purchase onto the wide rubber surface. It glides towards Check Out Boy.

GHEE
You think too much.

Check Out Boy scans barcodes, careful not to fumble.

CHECK OUT BOY
Hi. Did you find everything
you needed today?

LULU
Yeah. Thanks.

GHEE
(teasing)
You need to get laid s'more.

Check Out Boy raises a brow.

LULU
Ghee...

GHEE
I'm just saying.

LULU
(to Check Out Boy)
You'll have to excuse her.
She doesn't think before she
speaks.

GHEE
See? There you go with the
thinking again.

CHECK OUT BOY
Thinking is good too.

GHEE
But isn't sex better?

CHECK OUT BOY
Well, yeah...

GHEE
(the Lulu)
See?
(to Check Out Boy)
Actually, my sister should
know cause just a few minutes
ago she was f--

LULU
Ghee!

EXT. LULU'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER

The two sit in Ghee's battered grey pick-up. Food-stuffed
plastic bags spot the truck bed.

INT. GHEE'S CAR

"Pepper" is painted on the dash; that's the truck's name. A
faded picture of a lone pepper shaker, torn away from its
salt companion, is taped to the center of the steering wheel.

They are enjoying freshly-purchased beer.

GHEE

Some dude asked me out at work yesterday.

LULU

Yeah?

GHEE

Asked if I was Japanese and if I liked sushi.

LULU

At least he didn't ask you what nationality you are.

GHEE

I told him that sushi is overrated and I was born in fucking Chinatown.

Ghee guzzles from her bottle. The pair is buzzed and only half listening to each other.

GHEE (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Yeah, so, we're having lunch tomorrow.

LULU

Shit. I have to go to a workshop tomorrow.

GHEE

(disgusted)

He was buying a fucking Play-Doh George Foreman grill.

LULU

Work is capitalized.

GULP, GULP.

LULU (CONT'D)

It's at Kien's school.

GHEE

Oh. Kien the ex-boyfriend. How do you do it? How do you stay friends with someone you've slept with?

LULU

We're just better as friends.

GHEE

But don't you have to hear
about the girls he's fucking?

LULU

I tell him about the boys that
I'm with too.

GHEE

But you haven't been with a
boy in forever.

LULU

You should talk.

GHEE

Don't remind me.
(petting the
steering wheel)
Pepper needs her salt.

Ghee swallows the last inch of warm beer. She sticks the bottle behind the passenger seat, where it joins the rest of the emptied six-pack.

FADE OUT.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Lulu and KIEN walk across campus at a slow pace. Kien, tall in a tight T-shirt, is handsomely scruffy with sideburns and bronze skin.

They are in the middle of another idiosyncratic conversation.

LULU

It's because you dig the white
girls.

KIEN

(teasing)
They have pink nipples.

The two dated briefly before Lulu transferred to another college. They've remained friends both in spite of and because of their common neuroses. And when in the company of one another, they indulge in the most insipid discussions.

LULU

There is nothing wrong with my
nipples.

KIEN

They're just not pink is all.

LULU

(eyes widen)

Oh! I've got a question I've
been meaning to ask you.

(hesitates)

It's kinda weird though.

KIEN

Just ask it.

LULU

Uh...

(takes a deep
breath)

Do Asian girls taste different
than white girls? Or any
other girls?

KIEN

What the fuck are you talking
about?

LULU

You know... taste different?
Down there?

KIEN

The fuck kinda question is
that?

LULU

What?! I'm curious! I heard
that different ethnicities...

KIEN

Does Viet Boy cum taste
different than white boy cum?

LULU

Oh my god, that is so fucking
gross.

KIEN

How is that different?

LULU

Because cum is like wiener
snot! You guys shoot that
stuff out like you're
expelling something terrible
from your body.

KIEN

How the hell are girl juices
different?

LULU

Girls emanate essence.

KIEN

Emanate essence? Lulu, girls
emanate bloody tissue. I
don't wanna hear about how
we're expelling shit.

Lulu ponders this.

LULU

You still haven't answered my
question.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - AFTERNOON

Drowsy eyes litter the crowded lecture hall.

A modestly dressed CAREER ADVISOR stands in front of a
projector screen. Her manicured nails tap on a keyboard to
move her presentation along. She speaks in a monotonous
drone that would put Ben Stein to shame.

CAREER ADVISOR

You should always speak in the
active voice when writing your
resume.

At the front, a single student is eagerly taking notes. Her
pen slides across the legal pad.

CAREER ADVISOR

We call them Action Words.

The EAGER STUDENT writes down "ACTION WORDS." She underlines
it a few times and mouths it to herself.

KIEN

(drowsy)
How can you listen to this?

LULU
(dazed)
I'm not really.

TNT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL

Listless eyes have relented to slumber. Bodies are splayed across desks as they sleep on their college-ruled paper. Only three people are awake.

Lulu watches the Career Advisor with keen interest.

The Career Advisor is perched on her desk, fingers wrapped on the corners of the cherry finish.

And the Eager Student, whose head is buried deep between the Career Advisor's milky thighs. The Career Advisor continues her lecture between gasps of pleasure.

CAREER ADVISOR
Action words like critiqued,
delegated...
(inhales quickly)
negotiated, oversaw...
(moans deeply)
facilitated, fucked...
(body tenses)
licked, bit, pulled, sucked,
shoved, fucked. Fuck.
Fuck...

KIEN (V.O.)
Lulu, c'mon, let's go... Lulu,
c'mon.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL

Lulu shakes from her daydream. The Workshop has ended and Kien is ushering Lulu out of her seat.

KIEN
(waves hand in
front of her
face)
Hey, c'mon.

LULU
Huh? Yeah. Okay.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Students, revitalized once they step across the threshold, move quickly into the hall.

KIEN

What are you thinking about
when you zone out like that?

LULU

Huh? Oh... Nothing. I'm just
spaced.

KIEN

Best workshop ever?

LULU

Kien, I need work, not cheesey
workshops.

KIEN

She talked about things that
could help you find a job.

LULU

Yeah. Things I already knew.
Like to brush your hair and
hide all physical signs of
drug abuse before an
interview.

KIEN

You haven't brushed your hair
in months.

LULU

That's not the point.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LULU'S PARENTS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The day is half over. Pesky clocks constantly remind Lulu of all the time she's wasted in her slumber. She sits, wrapped in her cozy comforter, on her couch-bed eating a bowl of cereal. Her eyes squint as they adjust to being in a state of non-sleep.

The phone RINGS.

LULU
Hello?

GHEE (V.O.)
Hey. Did I wake you?

LULU
No, I've been up.

GHEE (V.O.)
So, how'd that work thing go?

LULU
Waste of time. Hey, it's open mic night at this coffeehouse by Kien's school. Wanna go?

GHEE (V.O.)
Nah...

LULU
C'mon, it's open mic night. We can go and laugh at everyone.

Milk dribbles down her chin.

GHEE (V.O.)
I've got work. Go with Kien.

LULU
He's busy too.

GHEE (V.O.)
Dude, just go by yourself.

LULU
It's no fun to laugh alone.

GHEE (V.O.)
Don't be such a cock. If you wanna go, go.

EXT. COFFEE FIX SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Lulu cautiously approaches the coffee shop.

Through the glass wall, she quickly scans the room and sees hipsters planted in all of the chairs. An open mic boy is singing a Jimmy Buffet song. The combination of the lack of seating and adult contemporary scares her away. She continues straight ahead without slowing.

After rounding a corner, she settles on the sidewalk to contemplate her next antisocial activity. Her eyes land on a glowing tower on the university campus- the 24-hour library.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Lulu glides through a turnstile where a sign greets her, "Now Hiring."

INT. BAY WINDOW BAR - WEEKS LATER

Amber light bathes the bar. Classic rock spills from the jukebox and drowns out the hum of voices.

Lulu and Kien share a pitcher. She empties the last of it into her glass.

LULU

The next one is on me. I can actually afford it now.

They lift their glasses in celebration. CLINK.

KIEN

What were you doing at the library anyway?

LULU

I was hoping there would be cutey nerd boys there. But there were only nerdy nerd boys there.

KIEN

You're the only girl I know who goes to the library to pick up guys.

LULU

I wasn't going to *pick up* on anyone. I was boy-watching.

KIEN

Right... So, what're your hours?

LULU

Graveyard. 11 PM to 5 AM. I'm a vampire.

KIEN

Because you're truly dead
inside?

LULU

Shut up.

KIEN

When do you sleep?

Lulu motions for another pitcher which seems to appear
instantaneously.

LULU

Getting about four to five
hours of sleep. Sometimes
when it gets slow at work, as
it tends to at 3 AM, I sneak a
nap.

KIEN

Man, already junking your
duties.

A small group across the bar distracts Lulu. She recognizes
someone.

LULU

(almost
breathlessly)

It's Blue Tattoo boy.

KIEN

The guy from the library?

LULU

Yeah. Look. But don't look
like you're looking. Do you
recognize him? Do you have
any classes with him?

KIEN

Nope, he doesn't look
familiar.

LULU

I see him around a lot.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - EARLIER IN THE WEEK

Upon entering the glorified reading hole, students are greeted by Lulu. "Greeted" is loosely defined as receiving a blank stare from her direction.

Ensnconced in a circular kiosk in the middle of the lobby, Lulu is the "General Information" maven. She is doing what she does best: watching people doing nothing in particular. She catches them during an intermission from their missions.

Students glide around her during odd hours of the night. She is seldom approached. Anyone who visits the library at these hours tends to know their way around.

Pitter patter trickles from students hiding in corner cubicles on their laptops. The quiet echo of turning pages float down short halls into the lobby. The hushed nuances lulls Lulu in her cocoon booth. Her eyelids slide shut and she imagines floating in a languid lake.

The stillness is interrupted suddenly when outside-voices stroll through. Lulu reluctantly peels her lids open to witness the following:

GAP SWEATER GIRL

(shaking her head)

What a jerk.

DICKIES PANTS BOY

Yeah, what the fuck?

GAP SWEATER GIRL

It says a lot about his character.

DICKIES PANTS BOY

You just don't do shit like that.

GAP SWEATER GIRL

I hope he gets voted off.

Their voices begin to recede as they continue down a hall.

DICKIES PANTS BOY

You're taping it tomorrow night, right?

Lulu involuntarily shudders when she realizes they're talking about a television show. She slinks low in her chair, shooting daggers from her dark pupils. They miss their target and no one dies instantaneously. How unfortunate.

A turnstile CHUNK CHUNKs forward. Lulu's lethargic body is suddenly renewed when she sees a bearded boy sail through the revolving stubs. She jots down mental notes to remember his bright eyes peering behind angular frames and the unidentifiable blue tattoo peeking from beneath his T-shirt sleeve.

He smiles at her while walking by, unwittingly drawing her out from behind the observer's curtain. He acknowledged her.

All she can muster as a response is a crooked grin and to whisper behind him.

LULU
(barely audible)

Hi.

Lulu experiences the best 15-seconds of her week.

INT. BAY WINDOW BAR - SAME

KIEN
Christ, you don't even know him.

LULU
It doesn't matter. I know his books. He's got a tattoo on his right arm. I like his posture.

KIEN
Your sister's right. You need to get some. You think his posture is hot.

LULU
It doesn't matter. And god, look at those glasses.

Kien squints.

LULU (CONT'D)
It makes me wish that I wore glasses so that our glasses would bump when we kiss.

Lulu sighs, she's in full daydream mode.

LULU (CONT'D)

And he smokes too.

KIEN

That should be great for your asthma.

LULU

It makes me wanna smoke.

KIEN

What the fuck are you talking about?

LULU

Then I could go outside and smoke and maybe ask him to light me or something.

KIEN

Light you?

LULU

I don't know... I don't know the crazy tobacco jargon.

KIEN

Light you?!

LULU

It doesn't matter, okay? I could be outside. Be a little conspicuous and pretend like I'm looking for a light.

Kien rolls his eyes.

LULU (CONT'D)

I can't ask the bartender to give me a beer with the cap still on and go up to him and be like, "Can you twist this off for me?"

KIEN

You could do that. But then you'd be an ass.

LULU

Haven't you ever met a girl...
Met is probably the wrong
word. Haven't you ever *seen* a
girl, and all you can do is
imagine being with her. Just
you and her laying in bed.

KIEN

You see this guy all the time.
Just talk to him.

LULU

You're right, I know. It
can't be that tough. People
on TV do it all the time.

KIEN

(looks at watch)
Dude, I gotta go. School
tomorrow. You staying?

LULU

Yeah, I don't have to be a
responsible citizen until I
clock in tomorrow night.

KIEN

Good luck with tattoo boy.

LULU

I don't need luck. I need
more beer.

Lulu extends her small clenched hands to meet Kien's. They
bump fists, and it looks as awkward as it sounds.

KIEN

Good night, Lulu.

LULU

Yup. Later.

Her blood cells dance with alcohol. Her brain waltzes around
her head. ONE-two-three. ONE-two-three. ONE-two-three.

With one hand still in a tight ball and a half-empty pint
glass in the other, she pushes off the stool at the count of--

LULU

(to herself)
One... two... three.

And she's up, swaying slightly, but she's still up.

She lifts her heavy head and sees Blue Tattoo Boy standing alone against the back wall. Her spine straightens as she surreptitiously makes her way across the room. She sips from her glass after every third step.

When dim lamps begin forming trails in her field of vision, she pauses beside a pool table to regain her composure. Mere seconds tick by before she looks up to find that Blue Tattoo Boy has disappeared.

The waltz becomes more intense. She counts her steps on her retreat back to the bar.

LULU

(to herself)

One... two.. three... one..
two...

Defeated, she signals for another pitcher to refill her warm glass. Her eyes are fixed on the spot where he stood minutes ago.

INT. BAY WINDOW BAR

Blue Tattoo Boy reappears and she is by his side, their lips tenderly pressed together. They're kissing, making out, sucking face.

His fingers gently cradling her head. Her hands effortlessly sliding into his butt pocket and tugging at his shirt.

It's picturesque, a cliché teen movie. And Lulu would have it no other way.

FADE OUT.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - THE NEXT NIGHT

At the center of the Information Booth, Lulu sits anchored by a phone cord. She cups the receiver and her mouth maintaining her "library voice" for her gossiping.

LULU

He was gone before I could.
Which is kinda good... Too
much beer.

KIEN

But you're a coward without it.

LULU

I know. God likes to shit on me.

KIEN

Story of your life.

Lulu looks around the deserted lobby to affirm it's empty status.

LULU

(quieter)

But I did meet a guy.

INT. BAY WINDOW BAR - BACK TO THE NIGHT BEFORE

Lulu's eyes remain longingly transfixed on the exposed bricks where Blue Tattoo Boy was standing. Images of eyeglasses against cheeks, lips on temples and fingertips caressing necks.

And a slight nudge to the elbow.

A slight nudge to the elbow?

A GANGLY BOY in a cowboy shirt and unwashed hair gestures at the stool next to her.

She shakes her head, he takes a seat and both return to their beverages at hand.

GANGLY BOY

Here by yourself?

Lulu doesn't hear him amid the jukebox and her heart beat.

GANGLY BOY (CONT'D)

(louder)

You here by yourself?

She realizes someone is directing a question to her.

LULU

Uh. Yeah.

GANGLY BOY

Cool.

The pitcher sitting amicably before her becomes overwhelming in its volume.

LULU

Hey, you want some of this?

GANGLY BOY

(moves closer)

Excuse me?

Lulu pushes aside his nearly empty bottle. She reaches for a clean glass on the other side of the bar and sets it in front of him.

LULU

(pouring into
glass)

I can't finish this.

GANGLY BOY

I'm always down for free beer.

They drink. There's not much else to do.

KIEN (V.O.)

You made two mistakes.

Instant replay-esque commentary ensues.

LULU (V.O.)

I know. Bar. Alone. Talked
to boy.

KIEN (V.O.)

And you gave him beer?

LULU (V.O.)

My judgement was impaired.

KIEN (V.O.)

You lush.

LULU (V.O.)

From what I can remember, it
doesn't get better from there.

Television snow jams the cogs of her sporadic memory.

INT. BAY WINDOW BAR - SAME

It's subtly obvious that Lulu isn't interested in Gangly Boy, but they're both too lonely and drunk to take that into consideration.

She remains stiff when he leans in. He laughs, she forces a smile.

The pitcher continues to mock her, they've barely made a dent.

TV SNOW.

The bartender slides the empty pitcher under the counter.

Gangly boy's face inches closer to hers. Lulu crosses her legs in his direction. He places a hand on her knee. She doesn't swat it away.

TV SNOW.

EXT. BAY WINDOW BAR - MOMENTS LATER

They leave the bar together. She squints at the dull street lamp. He points down the street.

They stagger for two blocks and end up in front of--

EXT. GANGLY BOY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

As he struggles to unlock the door, her eyes are fixed on the "OPEN" sign in the bar window not so far away. The sign turns black. She didn't even hear the last call.

TV SNOW.

INT. GANGLY BOY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two inebriated bodies lay in an unmade futon in a dark room. Sloppy kisses and clumsy groping is the agenda.

TV SNOW.

Lulu looks at him and can only see dirty hair. She forces her eyes shut for a moment. When she reopens them, Blue Tattoo Boy's scruffy face emerges. She yanks his head up, and kisses the fuck out him.

Gangly Boy doesn't know what hit him.

TV SNOW.

He's got his dick in his hand.

TV SNOW.

Lulu's eyes widen.

TV SNOW.

They are still fully-clothed, haphazardly making out. Lulu fights sleep and the urge to leave the room.

He's jerking off.

TV SNOW.

He body tenses and he pulls away from her with a grunt.

He comes.

LULU (V.O.)

On my arm.

KIEN (V.O.)

Nasty.

LULU (V.O.)

So, this *isn't* something boys do? Masturbate with a girl they've just met?

KIEN (V.O.)

And then splooge on her arm? Nope, never done it.

LULU (V.O.)

Fuck...

TV SNOW.

Gangly Boy lays back, relaxed. Nonchalantly, he tucks his pecker back into his pants and zips his fly.

Lulu lays beside him, beside herself. Her jizz-stained arm extends at an odd angle. Her forehead wrinkles as she wonders when the HazMat team will show up.

TV SNOW.

EXT. BAY WINDOW BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lulu shivers while dialing at a phone booth. She isn't sober enough to drive home, but still capable of punching in her sister's phone number.

LULU

Ghee. Pick up. Please pick up... It's cold. I'm at the Bay Window... Ghee. Pick up. Fuck. I need a ride, Ghee. I'll be in my car. At the corner... Fuck.

She aims the handset at the receiver and misses.

TV SNOW.

INT. LULU'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

She unlocks the backseat door and begins shoving her unpacked wardrobe onto the other junk on her floor mats.

TV SNOW.

She piles clothes onto her shaking body as she lays in the backseat.

TV SNOW.

The chilly night seeps into her car. Steam rises from her breaths. Her teeth chatter, her jaw clenched. Her eyes remain open from discomfort. She waits for sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.