

ROXXIE FROGS

A True Underfrog Story

Written By

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FOR GONZO

May we henceforth fuck some shit up, Dear Reader...

COLD FUCKING OPEN:

INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - HAPPY HOUR

An ASS is in our face, dear god!

THE SOUND OF A TYPEWRITER - AN OLIVETTI to be pedantic.

TYPEWRITTEN TEXT PUNCHES through the cinè-mania. Get used to this, it happens a lot.

CHYRON: INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - HAPPY HOUR

The ass disappears from whence it came. BULLY RINO (Mid 30's), sits in a lonely booth looking at a stripper pole concupicently. Beautiful, bleary and hopelessly bored.

TYPEWRITTEN CHYRON: B U L L Y

She strides over, gripping the pole with both hands. Bully is no panty-peeler and it shows. Welcome, Ladies and Gents, to the world's lamest striptease!

The music changes, thank fuck, to something grungy. Bully drops to her knees, on all fours like a tiger.

WICK (30's), drink-slinger and womanizer, pulls her down.

TYPEWRITTEN CHYRON: W I C K

BULLY

(between heaves and
hiccups)

Stripping is a dizzy business.
Wick. Fuck off my elbow if you know
what's good for you, you son of a
bish. Bish. Bitch!

WICK

Get down, Crazy. You're gonna break
a fibula.

BULLY

(taunting)

Hey hey, Wick Wick, heard you had a
thick dick!

WICK

Knock it off, Bully. Get up.

Wait, doesn't he mean down?

INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - UNISEX BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CHYRON: INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - UNISEX BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Euphonious SOUNDS of A COUPLE ROUGHLY FUCKING. They too, are getting up. COCAINE speckles the sink counter. This is a rush job, they didn't even bother to close the stall door.

Bully and Wick HOT BOX the bathroom. SMOKE BILLOWS round them. Wick holds a FAT JOINT.

Bully bends backwards to drink from the sink faucet.

With the skill of a thousand Trojans, Wick pulls her jeans back on. She likes the contact - it's been a while.

BULLY

Wrong way.

WICK

You're blotto and though beautiful,
I prefer 'em coherent and unbroken.

BULLY

Hymen?

WICK

Heart! Jesus Christ. I'd kill
myself if I had your brain! How do
you live in there?

BULLY

Oh, this isn't living. No this
is...

(pot kicking in)

...decaying in real time. We're
not, all of us I mean, we're not
living, Wick. We're just slowly
rotting like the mollusks of the
deep. Did you know there's
creatures on the bottom of the
ocean we've never seen cause we
can't sink that low?

WICK

Somehow I think *you* could.

She shoves him. He laughs atop ORGASMS in the background.

INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - HALLWAY / STAIRWELL - NIGHT

We're following Bully as she struts down the hallway to funk music. We get cheeky peeks inside stripper dressing rooms as we move. Muy Caliente!

She descends the stairs to see some excitement is underway at the bottom of them: KITCHEN STAFF and LOCALS are crowded together in a circle. DOLLAR BILLS sprouted from their clenched hands. They CHEER.

In the center of the circle are: FROGS. No, I'm not kidding either, the real ones too - slimy, fist-sized green little suckers and one of them is winning.

TYPEWRITTEN CHYRON PUNCHES IN OUR OBTUSE TITLE:

R O X X I E F R O G S

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOT STREET - MAGIC HOUR

CHYRON: EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOT STREET - MAGIC HOUR

It's hot. We're somewhere in the tropics. HAIRY COCONUTS lay waste to the street. Listen! Are those bongos on the breeze?

NEON from the KNICK-KNACK SHOP permeates into the open night.

BOOT (30's), waves. Boot's cute, but not in a sit-on-my-face way. He's Pauly Shore (with a little less weasel) meets Sean Penn in Fast Times Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah.

The flash of a YELLOWING NAMETAG PIN tells us twice.

TYPEWRITTEN CHYRON: B O O T

BOOT

You look bust, Bully, man.

BULLY

Action?

BOOT

Not a lick. Look, I got the goldfish skin, man. The air is chillin' out. Spookies.

There are PRICKLES on his arm like the skin of a dill pickle.

BULLY

I need to bum a shirt. This one got infused with some serious leaf-age.

INT. KNICK-KNACK SHOP - NIGHT

Boot holds up TWO SHIRTS on hangers.

BOOT
Pinos or dinos?

One has pineapples on it, the other...

BULLY
Dinosaurs. Rah.

INT. KNICK-KNACK SHOP - FITTING ROOM - LATER

We're in a fluorescent hell! Bully slides an arm into a sleeve of the T-REX shirt. A CHEESY 90's RINGTONE SOUNDS.

Bully FLIPS her PHONE open.

BULLY
Gord?

This is where the screen should SPLIT so we can feast our eyes on the one who's calling. Bully's roommate GORDIE (28), on the line.

TYPEWRITTEN CHYRON: G O R D I E

She's got the kind of lips both men and women yearn to bite. Like Bella Hadid, she's beautiful but all the while there's a wondering... In what fresh hell did Doctor Satan offer her - her soul for that face?

GORDIE (FILTERED)
Are you with him?

BULLY
Not there yet. I'm with Boot at Knick-Knack.

GORDIE (FILTERED)
There's no chance of me talking you out of going?
(silence)
Okay well, can you pick up a bottle of wine on your way home tonight?
Purple.

BULLY
Since when do you drink grape juice?

GORDIE
He's older, he's a classy guy. I
want to seem... mature.

BULLY
But you're not.

GORDIE
I will be, but with wine. You are
coming this time, right?

BULLY
Yeah.

GORDIE
Okay, cause you promised and I
really want you to meet him. He's
the first guy in a long time that--

BULLY
Gordie, I know.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOT STREET - NIGHT

Bully exits and pecks Boot on the cheek.

BULLY
You gonna be home in time to meet
the boyfriend?

BOOT
I doubt it. I close tonight.

He and Bully slap hands in a SECRET HANDSHAKE. Best Friends.

BOOT (CONT'D)
Don't drink the Scotch.

BULLY
I quit hard liquor.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

We're on the move, walking down the street and it's the
picture of a Devil's Heaven. NEON FLOODS, GAS-LIGHTS
TWINKLING, SEX WORKERS up and down in heels, CIGARETTE SMOKE
BLUE in slithering fog.

Bully enters a sickly green and yellow hole-in-the-wall.