

ROXXIE FROGS

A True Underfrog Story

Written By

Mand Paskuski

OVER BLACK:

SOUNDS OF THE OCEAN, WAVES LAPPING AT A HULL.

DELKAIA'S VOICE

Now! Drop 'em!

UNO'S VOICE

Boss, this one's chest popped.

DELKAIA'S VOICE

So get the fucking staple gun.

PRE LAP: SOUND OF FUMBLING. METAL SCRAPES. SOMETHING *SNAPS*.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

A CORPSE'S CHEST with THICK RED STITCHES divides the body in two. CAPSULE PILLS spill out at the sternum, stitches popped.

AN ARM holding a STAPLE GUN pulls the TIGGER -

BANG! On chest: Stylized TITLE over REGGAE MUSIC:

R O X X I E F R O G S

Fingers fasten the buttons to the corpse's CRISP WHITE UNIFORM with a FANCY EMBLEM EMBROIDERED on the breast pocket. INITIALS: VL.

The body is tossed OVERBOARD.

DELKAIA'S VOICE

Good. Now you know what to do with those two. I'll play decoy. Don't fuck it up. You get caught, we swim with 'em.

TWO CORPSES REMAIN. Hands shove a LARGE PLASTIC SACK OF BATTERIES in one of their uniform pockets.

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

In the yacht's wake, several CORPSES BOB IN THE WATER. COLORFUL PILL CAPSULES VISIBLE on the surface.

SOUND PRE LAP: REGGAE + HOUSE MUSIC, AGGRESSIVE SHOUTING.

INT. THE BOG - NIGHT

A den for degenerates. To the right: gambling. To the left: strippers and booze. Astonishingly, more bodies right...

GAMBLERS, BOOZERS, THIEVES and BEGGARS everywhere the eye can see. Yelling. Tossing CASH or COINS into the center of a crowded circle. Lots of tank tops, tropical T-shirts and flip-flops. Everyone's sweaty. It's fucking hot.

WICK (30's), drink-slinger, womanizer, bends booze into a shaker cup behind the bar, searching the fracas for someone.

SUPER: (TYPEWRITTEN PUNCHED TEXT) W I C K

WICK

Bully!

Weaving through the throng stumbles BULLY RINO (Mid 30's), a sassy, hot mess. Golf pencil stuck behind an ear, hair up in a messy bun, hoop earrings and pit-stained uniform that..

SOMEONE JUST SPILLED THEIR DRINK ON.

SUPER: (TYPEWRITTEN PUNCHED TEXT) B U L L Y

BULLY

Alan! What the fuck!?

ALAN, a regular, turns to see the damage he's done.

ALAN

Whoops. Sorry Bully. Here, free.

He pulls a packet of MYSTERY DRUGS from his shirt pocket.

BULLY

What is it?

ALAN

Roxxie Frogs. They fuck you up, fam, for real.

WICK

Bully, come on!

OVER AT THE BAR: A STACK OF UN-SERVED DRINKS has piled up.

Alan slips the packet into Bully's pocket before she can object. He winks and turns back into the circle, shouting.

ALAN (O.S.)

Let's go, Skipper!

REFEREE (O.S.)

Fifteen, two!

Bully at the bar, squeezing tequila out of her shirt. She loads drinks onto her tray.

WICK
You miss it?

Bully looks at the gambling ring. A FROG HOPS high enough to see, so quick we almost don't catch it. She turns around.

BULLY
I gotta leave early tonight, I
already cleared it with Caff. She
said she'd cover.

WICK
No bueno. You gotta make money,
honey, you owe me three months back
pay in rent. When am I getting that
by the way?

BULLY
That's why I need to leave early.

Wick shakes another drink, eyeing her down.

WICK
You know, this is a small town.
Word travels like venom.

He leans closer.

WICK (CONT'D)
I heard Scotch is back.

Bully adds GARNISH to the drinks, for every one she eats her own CHERRY or PINEAPPLE, discarding the toothpicks in a pile.

WICK (CONT'D)
So it's true?

BULLY
Hey hey, Wick Wick, heard you had a
thick dick! No, No, teenie, smaller
than a weenie!

WICK
Fuck you.

BULLY
For rent? Anytime asshole, just say
the word.

WICK

Ha. Ha. I'm docking those from your salary. Fruit ain't cheap.

BULLY

I'm not kidding.

WICK

You're not my type.

BULLY

Still hung up on Gordie, hey? You gotta kill that quest, man. Never gonna bite...

She carts the tray off with a dozen drinks wobbling. Delivers a replacement to Alan, hands him back his drugs.

BULLY (CONT'D)

Thanks anyway, Al.

ALAN

You should be up there.

For a second she thinks he means on the pole, then looks to the competitor standing center in the ring with his frog.

There aren't words so she palms his shoulder and offers a wan smile before striding off.

INT. THE BOG - HALLWAY / LOCKER ROW - NIGHT

Bully struts down the hallway, removing items of her uniform.

Euphonious SOUNDS of A COUPLE ROUGHLY FUCKING. EXOTIC DANCERS slink out of dressing rooms down the hallway, saying hi to Bully as she passes.

She unlocks her locker and pulls off her top. Switches her uniform for a simple, skinny-strap sundress. Swaps sneakers for worn-a-thousand-times strappy heels.

INT. THE BOG - BASEMENT / BACK EXIT - NIGHT

Bully descends stairs to see some excitement underway at the bottom. KITCHEN STAFF and LOCALS crowded in a circle, DOLLAR BILLS sprouting from clenched fists. *CHEERING*.

In the center are two FROGS. One of them is winning.

BULLY

Simi, don't you go jacking them up
on sugar like that, they'll crash
just as fast!

SIMI (50's), a jolly cook, smiles cheeky.

SIMI

(loving / teasing)
Don't go giving away my secrets,
you pinche puta!

The men whistle, turning their attentions.

MALE STAFF

Chingatha, Bully. Oof, Bully, man,
you look bea-u-tiful.

SIMI

Hot date?

She kisses Simi on the cheek. He winks.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOT STREET - MAGIC HOUR

In heels, Bully skateboards down a hot street of shops.

NEON from the KNICK-KNACK SHOP permeates on the open walkway.

BOOT (Late 20'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 at Ridgemont High.

The flash of a YELLOWING NAMETAG PIN tells us twice.

SUPER: (TYPEWRITTEN PUNCHED TEXT) B O O T

Bully skids to a stop in front of the shop.

BULLY

Action?

BOOT

Not a lick. Look, I got the
goldfish skin, man. Spookies up and
down this street since lunch.

BULLY

I'm in the market for a spritz.

BOOT

Step into my office.

INT. KNICK-KNACK SHOP - PERFUME BAR - NIGHT

Holy fluorescent hell. It's bright, but cool in temp. A row of perfume choices before Bully on the counter.

Boot plays salesman.

BOOT

Notes of sandalwood and bosso-- uhm--
-wood. And, kinda melony like a
canelope.

BULLY

I don't want to smell like a
canelope, Boot.

BOOT

Say less.

He slides another her way.

BOOT (CONT'D)

A floral concoction with hints of
lavender, e-up-, um, eugh-clitoris.

BULLY

What?

Boot shows her the label.

BULLY (CONT'D)

Oh, eucalyptus, got it. Yeah,
that's nice. Spray me.

BOOT

You sure? Once I spray we can't
take it away.

A *CHEESY 90's RINGSTONE SOUNDS* from inside Bully's bag. She
digs around, finds her FLIP PHONE.

BULLY

Gord?

SPLIT SCREEN: Feast your eyes on the one who's calling. Bully
and Boot's roommate, GORDIE (28). So beautiful she could
model, could do nothing but eat bon-bons and sing off key for
the rest of her life and live better than most.

GORDIE

What up, slut.

SUPER: (TYPEWRITTEN PUNCHED TEXT) G O R D I E