

ROXXIE FROGS

(The Fuck-It Draft)

Written By

I'll never tell!
Neener-Neener-Pumpkin-Eater!

"This script is if Terry Gilliam, Harmony Korine and
Bruce Robinson had a consensual ménage à trois that
resulted in spawn."

- Your Mom.

FOR GONZO

The way I see it, the one's brave enough to make art are bound to offend somebody or other, but without a world of art we'd surely all go mad. So, dear reader, let's fuck some shit up, shall we?

Don't grab popcorn. That's too safe a choice of snack for what I'm about to put you through...

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, if anyone gives a shit about ink anymore.

TYPEWRITTEN TEXT POPS through the cinè-mania. I don't care what color. Let's let the Director at least have something, right? Get used to this, it happens a lot.

SUPERIMPOSED ON SCREEN: INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - HAPPY HOUR.

The ass disappears from whence it came.

We are in a BOOTH looking at a lonely stripper pole. We are thinking about said pole...concupicently.

We are BULLY (33 and dying inside). In case you didn't catch that, more text will spell it out for you...

TYPEWRITTEN TEXT: B U L L Y.

Are we out of focus or just painfully drunk?

Junk-Punk Ska music floods our eardrums in a swarm of noise.

The lonely stripper pole begs us to touch it.

Bully strides over, wobbly and un-sure footed with her arms desperate for metal.

She grips the pole and removes her CLOTHES. Bully is no panty-peeler and a GRUBBY-FACED JUICE-JUNKIE (who can say how young or old with all those muscles?) lets us know that.

The Music changes, thank fuck to something wonderful and Bully gets on all fours like a tiger.

WICK MONAHAN (30's) drink-slinger for The Cat's Meow pulls Bully off the pole.

TYPEWRITTEN TEXT: W I C K.

BULLY

I can't feel anything. I just want to feel something, Wick.

WICK

Said the gringa to the drink-slinger. Get down! You're gunna break a fibula.

BULLY

I'm dirty dancing! I'm Baby.

WICK

I know, babe. Come on, time to get up.

Wait, doesn't he mean down?

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

SUPERIMPOSED ON SCREEN: INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - UNISEX BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

Euphonious SOUNDS of A COUPLE roughly fucking.

They too are getting up: UP IS COCAINE and it's all over the fucking sink counter.

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

Swing around Cinè-Man and flippidy-doo-da we see our bumping-uglies couple. Are you uncomfortable? Well, they're not.

A MAN (30's) and a WOMAN (30's) FUCK doggy style against the hand dryer. It's BLOWING HER HAIR at this angle and if the Director's paying attention at all he/she/they/it may gift us a much-required touch of slow-motion.

The SEX is loud and reverberant in this modest piss-poo room.

Bully's eyes are positively cracked. Wick pulls her jeans back on, she likes the contact - it's been a while.

BULLY

(re: jeans)

You're going the wrong way.

WICK

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

BULLY

Hymen?

WICK

Heart! Jesus Christ. I'd kill myself if I had your brain.

BULLY

I could be a dancer.
(eyeing his open jean
button)
Wanna dance, Wick?

WICK

I'm not gonna fuck you.

Bully smiles. The moment spoils because the only person doing any fucking in this room spoils it by saying:

MAN

(mid-thrust)
I'll fuck you. After I'm done fucking her.

WOMAN

He's a really good fucker. He can go for like eight minutes straight.

The Man and Woman CLIMAX. The dryer shuts off on cue.

Bully loses her smile. No fucking thanks, freaks.

INT. THE CAT'S MEOW - HALLWAY / STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

We're following Bully. We get cheeky peeks inside STRIPPER DRESSING ROOMS as we move. Muy Caliente!

Bully descends the stairs to see some excitement is underway at the bottom of them.

KITCHEN STAFF and a couple 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 TEXT PUNCHES IN OUR OBTUSE TITLE:

R O X X I E F R O G S .

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOT STREET - MAGIC HOUR

SUPERIMPOSED ON SCREEN: EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HOT STREET -
MAGIC HOUR.

It's hot. We're somewhere in the tropics cause there's HAIRY
COCONUTS on the ground. Wait, can we hear BONGOS in the
breeze?

Is it the Caribbean? Is it Tahiti? Fiji? Who the fuck
knows... All that matters is that the cast and crew of this
festering heap, will at least get to clock their hours making
this movie in proverbial paradise. You're welcome.

NEON from a 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 RED NAMETAG PIN will tell us twice who he is.

TYPEWRITTEN TEXT: B O O T.

BOOT

You look bust, Bully, man.

BULLY

Action?

BOOT

Slow. Wind is wrong tonight. I got
the goldfish skin, man.

He means "The Willies" or something like it. There are
PRICKLES on his arm like the skin of a dill pickle.

BULLY

I'm covered in cum for no good
reason. Care to lend me a fresh
garb?

BOOT

Is there ever a good reason?

BULLY

Oh Boot. Poor, sweet, cute...Boot.

INT. IN BETWEEN RACKS AT THE KNICK-KNACK SHOP - MAGIC HOUR

BOOT

Pinos or Dinos.

Two SHIRTS he offers, self-explanatory but I will for you anyway. One has PINEAPPLES on it and one has....

BULLY
Dinosaurs. Naka.

NAKA means "Thank-you" here. Keep up, it's only gonna get weirder.

INT. THE LITTLE FITTING ROOM A.K.A. FLOURESCENT HELL - LATER

Bully slides an arm into a sleeve of the DINOSAUR shirt.

Now, I'm not into writing musical cues, however, I think here it's necessary for tonal purposes.

NOTE: If it's not this song specifically, it must be something equally revolting... Oh yeah, and the phone answered is not a smart phone, you hear me? It's not a fucking smartphone.

A RINGTONE: "HERO" by Enrique Iglesias rapes our ears.

BULLY
(answering on the flip)
Yap?

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 TEXT: 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
I'm not there yet, I got sidetracked.

GORDIE (FILTERED)
Okay. Can you pick up a bottle of wine on your way home tonight? Preferably purple.

BULLY
Since when do you drink grape juice?