

ROXXIE FROGS

A True Underfrog Story

Written By

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OVER BLACK:

SOUNDS OF THE OCEAN, WAVES LAPPING AT A HULL.

DELKAIA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Now! Drop 'em!

UNO'S VOICE (O.S.)
Boss, this one's chest popped.

DELKAIA'S VOICE (O.S.)
So fix it, moron.

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

EXT. YACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

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

A HAND 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 (O.S.)
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 float on the surface.

SOUND PRE LAP: REGGAE HOUSE MUSIC, AGGRESSIVE SHOUTING.

INT. THE BOG - NIGHT

A den for degenerates. To the right: gambling tables. To the left: strippers and booze.

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.

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

SUPER (TYPEWRITTEN 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 in a messy bun, hoop earrings and pit-stained uniform that..

SOMEONE SPILLS THEIR DRINK ON.

SUPER (TYPEWRITTEN TEXT): B U L L Y

BULLY

Dude! What the fuck!?

DUDE (20's), a regular, turns to see the damage.

DUDE

Whoops. My bad, Bully. Here, on me.

Pinched in his fingers - A BAGGY OF MYSTERY DRUGS.

BULLY

What is it?

DUDE

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

WICK

Bully, come on!

OVER AT THE BAR - A STACK OF UN-SERVED DRINKS in a pile.

Dude slips the baggy into Bully's pocket, winks and turns back into the circle.

DUDE (O.S.)

Let's go, Skipper!

REFEREE (O.S.)

Fifteen, two!

AT THE BAR - Bully squeezes tequila out of her shirt then loads DRINKS onto her TRAY.

WICK
You miss it?

She 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. You got enough girls to cover.

WICK
No bueno. You gotta make money, honey, you owe me three months back pay in rent. What's the ETA on that, by the way?

BULLY
That's why I need to leave early.

Wick stares, SHAKES A DRINK.

WICK
You know, this is a small town.
Word wanders fast.
(beat)
I heard Scotch is back.

Bully adds GARNISH to the drinks, for every one she eats her own CHERRY or PINEAPPLE, discarding 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 free.

BULLY
Don't I know it.

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 wobbly drinks. Delivers a replacement to Dude, hands him back his drugs.

BULLY (CONT'D)
Thanks anyway.

DUDE
You should be in there.

She palms his shoulder, walks off.

INT. THE BOG - HALLWAY / LOCKER ROW - NIGHT

Bully struts down the hallway, unbuttons 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 peek 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
Don't go giving away my secrets,
you pinche puta!

The men WHISTLE at her.

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 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 due to the MANY CHEAP FANS scattered about the shop.

A row of PERFUME BOTTLES 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 cantelope, Boot.

BOOT

Say less.

He selects another.

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 TEXT): G O R D I E

GORDIE (CONT'D)

Still no chance of me talking you out of going?

BULLY

Gordie.

GORDIE

Okay. Well, can you pick up a bottle of wine on your way home? Purple please.