Trixie Woo

By

Christine Grail & Matthew R. Paden EXT. TUMBLEWEED INN - NIGHT

A neon sign flashes, Cable TV. Vacancy.

The Tumbleweed Inn, is a low-rent flophouse. Oliver's Honda, is parked outside his room.

INT. CHEEP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Small. Dark. Musty. Seventies decor.

OLIVER

a nerdy, scrawny twenty-seven-year-old, with black-rimmed glasses stretches out on the cheap, SQUEAKY full-size BED.

Propped up by the pillows against the headboard he has a comic book in one hand and a king size Milky Way candy bar in the other.

INSERT:

"The Queen Esidora Chronicles - Issue 23: Battle of the Neptune Werewolves"

On the cover, is a gorgeous Asian woman dressed in tight-fitting green Spandex. She has long black flowing hair and holds a futuristic laser gun.

Oliver's CELL PHONE RINGS...

OLIVER Hello? (listens) Yes this is Oliver. (listens) Yeah, I'm the one who ordered the... uh... "date" for tonight. (listens) I'm in room 107. Uh... the girl... she's - she's Asian, right? I - I specifically requested Asian. (listens) Ok. Great. (listens) No, thank you!

With a smile, Oliver SNAPS his PHONE shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

Oliver, propped up by pillows, stretches out on the bed. He reads his comic book with enthusiasm.

A KNOCK at the DOOR.

OLIVER

looks up, then --

-- places his comic book and candy bar on top of the shoddy night stand. He scoots off the SQUEAKY BED.

On his way to the door, he scoops up his Big Gulp.

AT THE DOOR:

He unchains and opens the door, to reveal-- TRIXIE, a 23-year-old Asian-American girl with long shiny black hair. She's dressed in a school girl outfit.

Large, dark sunglasses completely obscure her eyes. She chews/pops a large wad of bubble gum.

TRIXIE (sizes him up, strong Asian accent) Ah...you American boy, you seek pretty Asian girl?

Oliver, stares speechless at the beauty before him.

TRIXIE (pops gum) Trixie come in or you just looky? You dime, mista.

Oliver snaps out of his daze.

OLIVER Uh... Oh yeah. Um, come in. Please. Sorry.

As she saunters in, she lowers her sunglasses and peers over them to check out the dingy accommodations.

> TRIXIE Hmm... Not worst Trixie seen.

Oliver shuts the door.

TRIXIE Last trick, dumpy. Smelly army cot - back of van. So Yuck-y.

Oliver attempts to sit casually on the corner of the bed, but sits too close to the edge and slides right off onto the floor. He pops back up, face red.

Trixie pretends not to notice.

TRIXIE Bathroom? (pops gum) Trixie - bladder, size of peanut.

## OLIVER

leans nonchalantly against the table.

OLIVER

Yeah... (points) ...jiggle the handle when you flush, she tends to stick.

Trixie saunters towards the bathroom.

OLIVER

notices his comic book on the night stand.

He freaks out! Scrambles over and stuffs the comic book under the pillow. In his haste--

--The half-eaten candy bar falls to the floor.

He doesn't notice.

A TOILET FLUSHES.

A brief moment later, Trixie saunters back out to Oliver. She tucks her sunglasses in her jacket pocket.

> OLIVER So, you[U+201F]re Trixie?

Trixie pulls off her jacket, tosses it onto the chair.

TRIXIE One and only, baby. (all business) What you pleasure, mista? Hand job, blue-jay, half 'n half, sport? OLIVER

Huh?

TRIXIE (brusquely) Around the world?

OLIVER Uh. I don[U+201F]t want to go anywhere; I thought we'd just stay here -

TRIXIE (firmly) What you pleasure, mista?

OLIVER Um... I don[U+201F]t know... Just the usual, I guess.

Trixie saunters over to the mini-fridge.

TRIXIE (annoyed) What you mean... "Usual?"

OLIVER What do other guys get?

AT THE MINI FRIDGE:

Trixie kneels, opens the door.

TRIXIE Ah... No one same.

She abruptly pulls back at the awful smell.

With two fingers, she plugs her nose and leans back in - withdraws a small bottle of bourbon.

TRIXIE (nasal sounding) Some like yanky yanky, some sucky sucky, some spanky spanky.

OLIVER So, "Yankee?" Is that like an East coast thing?

TRIXIE No Yan-kee... (gestures jerking off) (MORE) 4.

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE (cont'd) ...yanky yanky!

OLIVER

Oh!

Trixie unscrews the top of the little bottle and chugs it.

OLIVER Well, that would be nice, surely... but I was looking for something a little more... uh... traditional?

TRIXIE Silly, American boy. You funny!

She takes a seat on the bed.

OLIVER Sorry if I seem nervous. It's just... Well I've never done something like this before.

TRIXIE

No worries...

A puzzled look crosses Trixie's face.

Trixie lifts up her foot to see the discarded candy bar speared to the heel of her boot.

TRIXIE ...Trixie get 'em all.

She grimaces as she removes the gooey chocolate mess carefully with two fingers and flings it into a corner.

Oliver SLURPS his BIG GULP.

TRIXIE

summons Oliver over with her wagging forefinger.

TRIXIE Come on baby, don't be shy. (smiles) Sit. Relax.

He shuffles over. Takes a seat on the bed, next to Trixie.

OLIVER (slurps his Big Gulp) You smell good. CONTINUED:

TRIXIE You got money?

OLIVER

Uh, yeah.

Oliver hands a wad of cash to Trixie.

She counts and quickly stuffs 'em into her purse.

She saunters around, removes her wad gum, looks around and then sticks the wad of bubblegum on the night stand.

TRIXIE Ok, big stud...

She gives Oliver a shove, he falls backwards onto the bed.

TRIXIE ...show Trixie, jewels! Don't be shy. (she undoes his belt) Mmm... Someone[U+201F]s ready to play!

With a tug and a pull, she attempts to pull his pants down.

OLIVER Maybe I'd better...

TRIXIE Hmm... Ok.

## TRIXIE

struts over to the mirror, checks herself out.

OLIVER

gets up, purposely tries to stall the situation, he pulls the bedspread down and fluffs the pillows.

> TRIXIE (impatient) Tic-toc, tic-toc, buck-a-roo. Trixie not got all day.

Oliver stripes to his boxers and hops under the sheets.

OLIVER Ok, I'm ready! 6.

TRIXIE Whoa, Cowboy. Trixie no bareback.

OLIVER

Bareback?

TRIXIE (annoyed) Jimmy cap. Must wear jimmy cap!

OLIVER Oh! Of course... No worries. I have one right here.

OLIVER

reaches and pulls a condom from his discarded pants.

TRIXIE Trixie help?

OLIVER No! That's ok... I got it.

Oliver fumbles around under the sheets. Struggling, he puts his head under, then back out, puzzled.

TRIXIE

You sure?

OLIVER Yeah... I almost got it.

Suddenly, there is a SNAPPING SOUND and something flies up and hits the ceiling, sticking there.

Trixie turns and they both look up at the bright day-glo green condom dangling from the ceiling.

TRIXIE Whoa! Trixie not seen that before.

OLIVER Crap! That was my only one.

TRIXIE No worries. Trixie got plenty.

She goes to her purse, pulls a strip of condoms that unravels to the floor.

She rips one off with her teeth, tosses it over to Oliver.

Oliver goes back under the covers...

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OLIVER Ok. I'm ready!

Trixie saunters back, stands at the foot of the bed. She starts undulating seductively, although somewhat awkwardly.

TRIXIE Trixie sexy? (unties her blouse) You like what Trixie got?

OLIVER (grins) Oh yeah, baby! This is going to be the best!

## TRIXIE

tosses her shirt.

TRIXIE Trixie only give best.

She continues to move and dance in a clumsy but sexy way.

OLIVER So glad you're going to be my first.

TRIXIE Trixie be first and second and third... if money right!

Trixie crawls across the bed towards Oliver.

OLIVER (whispered) Hasta la vista, virginity...

Trixie freezes in mid stride.

TRIXIE (no accent) Whoa! What the fuck!?! Did you just say you're a virgin?

OLIVER (confused) Well, yeah... Why?

Trixie scoots backwards across the bed, she gets tangled in the bedspread and tumbles off the bed with a THUMP.

OLIVER Whoa! You alright?

Trixie pops back up to her feet.

TRIXIE Deals off, mister.

OLIVER Wait! What happened to your accent?

One of her heels now broken, Trixie hobbles across the room and retrieves her shirt.

TRIXIE It's just part of the act, ok?

OLIVER You're not fresh off the boat?

Trixie fights with her shirt - sticks her arm through the wrong sleeve, spins around in circles as she tries to find the other one.

TRIXIE Of course not. (beat) I'm a student at Cal Arts, ok?

Now on all wrong, Trixie struggles to pull the shirt back off and put it on the right way.

OLIVER

Cal Arts?

TRIXIE Yup. Interior design.

OLIVER Wait a minute... So, I bet Trixie isn't even your real name...

Trixie just works quietly at putting herself back together.

OLIVER (softly) Of course not.

Trixie grabs her things and pauses - her face softens.

TRIXIE (quietly) Names, Pam. Oliver looks up and smiles shyly.

OLIVER Nice to meet you... Pam.

They both stare awkwardly at each other.

OLIVER So, why can't you... if it's my first time?

TRIXIE It's just too much... responsibility. The first time and all.

OLIVER Yeah. I guess you're right...

Trixie straightens up and tosses her hair back.

TRIXIE Besides... it should be with someone you like.

Trixie grabs her jacket.

TRIXIE (all business again) Well then, as fun as this has been, Oliver. I should be going.

She heads for the door.

OLIVER (disappointingly) Oh. Ok.

TRIXIE

reaches her hand out to the doorknob.

OLIVER (under his breath) ...may the Universe be kind and your future shine golden.

Trixie freezes, whips around to face Oliver.

TRIXIE What was that?

OLIVER I'm sorry... It's just a silly thing I say...

TRIXIE Say it again.

Oliver looks at her, confused.

OLIVER Ok. May the Universe be kind...

TRIXIE/OLIVER ... and your future shine golden.

They both stare at each other for a minute.

TRIXIE Queen Esidora[U+201F]s farewell.

OLIVER

How...?

Trixie just looks away, blushing.

Oliver reaches under the pillow, pulls out the comic book.

OLIVER I just happened to have the latest issue.

Trixie turns back around.

TRIXIE

Really?

He holds it up and shows her the cover.

TRIXIE Hey! That doesn't come out until next month! How...?

OLIVER (smiles cleverly) I have... "connections."

TRIXIE (impressed) Wow. Can I...?

Oliver holds it out to her.

She sits down on the foot of the bed next to him and begins flipping through the comic.

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TRIXIE I heard that this is the issue when she finally faces the evil Duke Rothman on Neptune.

OLIVER

Um...
 (sniffs)
I just happen to have two tickets
to comic-con next week.

TRIXIE No way! How'd you score?

OLIVER Maybe you and I...

TRIXIE I'd love to!

Trixie leans over and plants a long kiss on Oliver. She pulls away, but leaves her hand resting on Oliver[U+201F]s thigh.

TRIXIE Most guys I meet, are rude pigs. I really didn't expect to meet someone like you... this way.

Trixie smiles.

TRIXIE (flips through comic) This is so cool... (beat) I have a Queen Esidora costume, you know...

OLIVER (sly smile) Oh, really...?

SMASH TO BACK: