

ROACH MOTEL

"Pilot"

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CHARACTER REFERENCE:

Woody - a sleazy, perverted water bug. Roach Motel's original owner. Greedy. Selfish. Mean. Has a soft-spot for Pookie.

Smudge - Woody's cockroach son. Sensitive. Good-natured. The least crass of the roaches.

Pookie - Woody's half-cockroach, half-ant daughter. Only 8 years old, but has a potty-mouth.

Nora - a monotone cockroach, Roach Motel's receptionist, the closest thing the roaches have to a voice of reason.

Dirty Joanne - a chain-smoking cockroach, Roach Motel's "housesoiler" (like a housekeeper except she makes things dirtier instead of cleaner), the crassest of the roaches.

Dr. Kakerlake (German for "cockroach") - a sophisticated cockroach with a weird European accent, Roach Motel's groundskeeper, he bakes deceased guests into fine desserts.

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. ROACH MOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

WOODY ROACH (a skeezy talking water bug) scuttles through an unfinished, roach-sized hallway within the walls of a run-down motel.

Woody arrives at a makeshift door labelled "69". On the other side of the door, a human couple MOANS WITH PLEASURE.

WOMAN (O.S.)
I want you so bad.

MAN (O.S.)
Yeah, you like that?

Woody rubs his grubby fingers together with glee. He opens the makeshift door to REVEAL a hole that leads into the couple's motel room.

Woody scuttles through the hole.

INT. ROACH MOTEL ROOM 69 - CONTINUOUS

FROM A BUGS EYE VIEW:

Woody watches a HUMAN MAN AND WOMAN have sex in a honeymoon suite.

WOMAN
Oh yeah, give it to me, daddy.

Woody salivates. He shuts the door behind him.

WOODY
Don't mind if I do...

Woody crawls up the leg of the bed. The woman SCREAMS.

MAN
Oh god, what'd I do?

WOMAN
There's a fucking roach. Kill it,
kill it!

WOODY
Shit. Ma cover's blown.

The woman swats Woody onto the ground. He lands on his leg with a CRACK. His leg is broken!

WOODY (CONT'D)
(in pain)
My leg.

Woody painstakingly crawls back to the hole in the wall while the woman tosses the man a sneaker.

MAN
No way. I'm not using my Yeezy's.

WOMAN
Fine. I'll kill it myself with...
this.

The woman grabs a travel-size shampoo bottle.

Woody makes it back to the hole in the wall but its makeshift door is jammed shut. Woody POUNDS on the door.

WOODY
SOS!

The shadow of the shampoo bottle looms over Woody. He SCREAMS as the shadow grows closer.

CUT TO BLACK.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT./ESTAB. ROACH MOTEL - DAY

A crack in the foundation of the same run-down motel forms a roach-sized doorway. Faded letters above the door read "Roach Motel". A RANDOM ROACH scuttles out of the doorway.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The crack in the foundation leads to a roach-sized lobby inside the motel's walls.

Woody's mangled corpse is displayed on a blanket of dandelions in the middle of the lobby.

SMUDGE (a smaller talking cockroach) SOBS over the body.

SMUDGE

Why, father? Why have you forsaken me?

Smudge WALLS. DIRTY JOANNE (a chain-smoking cockroach) puts her hand on Smudge's shoulder.

DIRTY JOANNE

It wasn't his fault, kid. No one's ever made it out of room 69 alive.

SMUDGE

Those vicious humans and their travel-sized shampoo bottles...

DIRTY JOANNE

Your pops would be with ya now if he had a choice.

NORA (a monotone cockroach) sits at the reception desk.

NORA

No he wouldn't. Woody hated all of us. Especially Smudge.

Joanne HISSES at Nora.

DIRTY JOANNE

Shut yer mouth, Nora. I'm comforting our new boss.

Joanne hugs Smudge. She gives Nora a death glare over his shoulder.

DR. KAKERLAKE (a cockroach with a weird European accent) breaks off one of Woody's fingers.

Smudge smacks away Dr. Kakerlake's hand.

SMUDGE

Dr. Kakerlake, what are you doing?

DR. KAKERLAKE

I'm honoring your papa in the most respectful way possible.

SMUDGE

By taking his fingers?

DR. KAKERLAKE

I'm not merely taking his fingers. I am baking them into éclairs so we may all appreciate his sweet, fatty flesh.

SMUDGE

No one's baking my dad into an éclair.

Joanne helps Smudge push Dr. Kakerlake away from the body.

DIRTY JOANNE

Yeah, respect the boss's wishes.

NORA

How do you know Smudge is the boss?

DR. KAKERLAKE

(gasp)
A plot twist.

NORA

Maybe Woody left the motel to one of us.

SMUDGE

Why would he do that? I'm his son.

DIRTY JOANNE

(considering)
He was always calling you a waste of seed.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Perhaps I'm the true heir to the motel. He did fancy my baklava.

DIRTY JOANNE

Woody and I were fuck buddies. I'll bet he left the motel to me.

SMUDGE

Ew, Dirty Joanne. My dad would never have sex with you.

DIRTY JOANNE

Tell that to my STI.

NORA

I'm obviously the heir. Woody hated me least, and I'm older than Smudge.

SMUDGE

That's not how heirs work.

NORA

I'm sorry, I didn't realize we were talking to a property law expert.

SMUDGE

You don't have to believe me. My dad can tell you himself. I have his video will right here.

Smudge pulls out a VHS tape.

SMUDGE (CONT'D)

I can't wait for his face to tell all your faces how wrong they all are.

Smudge inserts the tape into a VHS player on an old box TV set (sized down for cockroaches).

A YOUNGER WOODY appears on the tape.

WOODY (V.O.)

(on tv)

If you're watching this, I guess it means I've been squashed. I was worried this day would come, and I'd had to leave Roach Motel to my only heir, Smudge...

Smudge steps in front of the TV.

SMUDGE

See? Only heir. Now we can all go back--

WOODY

...So I started raw dogging it with every bug my schlong would fit inside.

Smudge steps aside in shock.

SMUDGE

What the fudge?

DIRTY JOANNE

Told ya Woody was a slut.

Young Woody holds up a baby bug that's half cockroach, half ant (BABY POOKIE).

WOODY

Meet my daughter Pookie. Her mother is an ant. It was a tight fit, but no hole's too square for Woody's round peg.

Woody CACKLES. Baby Pookie GURGLES with glee.

WOODY (CONT'D)

My beautiful, prefect Pookie is the sole heir of Roach Motel. Smudge gets jack shit.

Woody turns Pookie towards him.

WOODY (CONT'D)

(baby talk)

Everything goes to you, Pookie. Daddy loves you most. Yes, he does. Smudge is a waste of seed. Yes, he--

The tape cuts out. Joanne pats Smudge on the back.

DIRTY JOANNE

Damn. Guess I can go back to calling you a nutbag.

SMUDGE

He's lying. If I have a sister, where is she?

A tiny, child-like voice calls up to Smudge.

POOKIE (O.S.)
Big brother?

PAN DOWN to reveal an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD POOKIE. She's tiny like an ant, but she has the shell of a cockroach.

POOKIE (CONT'D)
It's me, Pookie!

Pookie jumps up to hug Smudge. Smudge's eyes widen in shock.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Smudge has locked himself inside the lobby's office. Pookie calls to him from the other side of the door.

Nora reads scrolls on her phone at the front desk.

POOKIE
Come out, big brother. I just want to run a motel with you.

NORA
Don't bother. He's going all Elsa in there.

POOKIE
(gasp)
Brother, do you like Frozen too?
(singing)
"Do you wanna run a motel..."

SMUDGE (O.S.)
NO!

Pookie WHINES in defeat.

Dr. Kakerlake & Dirty Joanne enter from a hallway.

Joanne pushes a cart of ANYTHING BUT CLEANING SUPPLIES (things like a mop bucket full of mud, a spray bottle full of urine, poop-stained towels, etc.).

Dr. Kakerlake carries a plate of shortbread cookies.

DIRTY JOANNE
The couple in room 36 checked out.

POOKIE
Awww, I didn't get to meet them.

DR. KAKERLAKE
 You haven't missed your
 opportunity. Shortbread?

POOKIE
 Yummy!

She takes a cookie off his plate. Dirty Joanne elbows Dr.
 Kakerlake.

DIRTY JOANNE
 (to Dr. Kakerlake)
 She said meet them. Not eat them.

DR. KAKERLAKE
 In my land, they are one and the
 same.

Dr. Kakerlake, Nora, and Dirty Joanne's antennae twitch.

DR. KAKERLAKE (CONT'D)
 Say, do you feel something amiss?

DIRTY JOANNE
 I've felt this sensation once
 before.

NORA
 It's like the feeling I get right
 before my parents bring up
 politics.

POOKIE
 I don't feel anything.

DIRTY JOANNE
 Lock the door.

The roaches rush to lock the front door, but before they CAN--

A SPINDLY HUNTSMAN SPIDER (a "debt huntsman") slides one of
 their 8 long arms inside.

Its giant body creeps into the lobby. The spider looms over
 the roaches. They cower together.

DEBT HUNTSMAN
 Direct me to the heir of Woody
 Roach.

The roaches push Pookie forward.

DEBT HUNTSMAN (CONT'D)
 This child is the heir?

DIRTY JOANNE

The only.

NORA

Definitely her.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Shortbread?

The spider takes a shortbread cookie. He chomps crumbs over the roaches.

DEBT HUNTSMAN

Woody Roach owed my client a grave debt. As his heir, Roach's debt falls to you.

POOKIE

(over-the-top baby voice)
I'm just a baby.

DEBT HUNTSMAN

Debts do not discriminate upon age. They must be paid.

POOKIE

I'm just a baby.

DEBT HUNTSMAN

If you do not pay by the end of the day, Roach Motel will be confiscated by force.

The spider swiftly pokes the air in front of the roaches.

POOKIE

(forcefully)
I'm just a baby!

DEBT HUNTSMAN

This is frugal. Is there a manager I can speak to?

DR. KAKERLAKE

'Tis only the infant child.

Pookie pouts at the debt huntsman with oversized, puppy-dog eyes. The Debt Huntsman points their spindly hand in her face.

DEBT HUNTSMAN

Your baby tricks will not work on me.

Pookie WAILS. The debt huntsman shields their ears from the high-pitched SCREAMS.

DEBT HUNTSMAN (CONT'D)

Fine, you have until the end of the week. Then I will return with full force.

The Debt Huntsman exits with one large, sweeping motion. Pookie shifts back to her normal voice.

POOKIE

Alright, shitheads. Tell me everything you know.

Pookie turns to the roaches.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Pookie draws yarn between pins on a crime board.

POOKIE

We know Dad owed money to the IRS,
Paramount Plus, and the Georgia
Tech Yellow Jackets. Do any of
those people seem like they'd send
a debt huntsman after us?

DR. KAKERLAKE

Yellow jackets are surprisingly
vindictive. And crisp.

NORA

I went on his Paramount Plus and
rated everything zero stars.

DIRTY JOANNE

Woody never paid taxes. Didn't
believe in 'em. Like condoms and
Jesus.

POOKIE

My dad was right. You're all
useless sacks of shit.

NORA

There's still one other sack we can
ask...

INT. ROACH MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Smudge meditates inside a dingy, cluttered office. The voice
of A MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER wafts through the walls.

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER (O.S.)

Repeat after me. I am not a burden.

SMUDGE

I am not a burden.

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER

My father loves me.

SMUDGE
My father loves me.

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER
I am not a waste of seed.

SMUDGE
I am not -- hey, this is getting
weirdly personal.

The other roaches POUND on the office door.

DR. KAKERLAKE (O.S.)
Young Smudge. Your presence is
requested.

SMUDGE
(shouting)
Leave me alone. The motivational
speaker is back.

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER
I will inherit great fortune.

SMUDGE
I will inherit--

Dirty Joanne and Dr. Kakerlake BREAK THE DOOR DOWN. They grab
Smudge.

SMUDGE (CONT'D)
What the fudge? Let me go--

They drag Smudge out of the office.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dirty Joanne and Dr. Kakerlake drop Smudge at the feet of
Pookie. Pookie jumps for joy.

POOKIE
Brother! Do you know anyone who our
dad owes money?

SMUDGE
He's not our dad. I don't even know
you.

POOKIE
You should be nice to me. I own a
motel.

SMUDGE

Why would Dad leave the motel to you? You don't even care enough to move his body out of the lobby.

REVEAL: Woody's corpse is still in the lobby.

POOKIE

He's too heavy.

SMUDGE

Why didn't you tell one of them to move Dad for you? You're their boss.

He gestures to the other roaches.

NORA

I'm not touching him. I don't want Cholera.

DIRTY JOANNE

I'm a housesoiler. I dirty things up. I don't clean 'em up.

DR. KAKERLAKE

I thought perhaps I could save his body to bake a fraisier cake.

SMUDGE

You are not baking my dad into any more desserts. I'm taking him far away from your oven.

Smudge slings Woody's corpse over his shoulders like a fireman.

NORA

Wait, Smudge. If you don't help us, a debt huntsman is coming for the motel.

SMUDGE

I don't care. It's not my motel anymore. Pookie can figure out what to do. I'm going to bury my dad.

Smudge carries Woody's corpse out.

NORA

Good luck, Pookie. I'm out of ideas.

POOKIE

Maybe we can fight the huntsman?

DIRTY JOANNE

Forget it, kid. There's no fighting a huntsman. You gotta pay him or lose the motel.

POOKIE

But I spent all my allowance on a moldy bread LEGO set.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Why would you want a moldy bread set when the pâtisserie set was on sale? Children these days do not appreciate the art of baking.

POOKIE

That's it! When my class wanted to go on a field trip to the flea circus, we had a bake sale.

NORA

Good idea. Let us know how it goes.

The roaches start to walk off before Pookie stops them.

POOKIE

Wait just a minute. You're all helping me.

NORA

No thanks.

DIRTY JOANNE

I gotta dirty up room 24.

DR. KAKERLAKE

I'm not working at a child's bake sale.

POOKIE

Anyone who doesn't help me is fired immediately.

NORA

You can't do that. You're a kid.

POOKIE

Yeah, I'm the kid who's your boss.

Pookie stands her ground proudly.

EXT. BUG GRAVEYARD - DAY

The bug graveyard is a small patch of dirt within a junkyard where bugs bury other squashed bugs. Gravestones are marked with various pieces of trash.

Smudge drags Woody's corpse up to a bottlecap with the epitaph "Woody Roach: Could fit his round peg in any square hole."

SMUDGE

Well, Dad, this is your final resting place. Rest in peace.

Smudge digs into the ground with his bare hands. An aphid lion or "JUNK BUG" runs up with its body clothed in trash.

JUNK BUG

Hey, you can't do that.

SMUDGE

This is my dad's grave. He's Woody Roach.

JUNK BUG

Woody never paid for his grave. He just robbed me and then robbed my graves.

SMUDGE

I'm sure this is a simple misunderstanding. If you just let me finish digging this hole, I can put my dad in it and then be on my way...

Smudge bends back down to dig.

JUNK BUG

(yelling)

Thief! Stealing land just like your father!

SMUDGE

I'm not stealing anything. This plot literally has my dad's name on it.

JUNK BUG

Guards!

The piles of trash behind Smudge rise. They are actually an ARMY OF JUNK BUGS covered in trash.

SMUDGE

Oh my bug.
 (to Woody)
 Dad, what have you done?

Smudge slings Woody back over his shoulders. The junk bugs chase him out.

EXT. ROACH MOTEL - DAY

Pookie's bake sale is set up on a roach-sized cardboard table underneath the "Roach Motel" sign. Pookie, Dirty Joanne, and Nora work the bake sale.

Pookie calls out to a passing ELDERLY BEETLE.

POOKIE

Excuse me, sir, would you like to buy some Grub Scout cookies?

The beetle eyes Pookie suspiciously.

BEETLE

You don't look like a Grub Scout.

POOKIE

I'm not. They banned roaches last year. But now you're thinking about cookies, aren't you?

The beetle hobbles away.

BEETLE

Damned kids with their political commentary.

Dr. Kakerlake carries out a tray of cookies. He wipes sweat from his forehead.

DR. KAKERLAKE

I refuse to bake any more cookies. They are the poor man's biscuit.

POOKIE

You have to. We've only made...

She counts a little pile of pennies.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

10 cents.

NORA

It's 9 cents. You counted that one twice.

POOKIE

Who are you? My math teacher?

DR. KAKERLAKE

From now on, I am only baking biscuits. If you have any qualms, you can take it up with my union.

POOKIE

Tell your union to go to Hell. No one wants your bitchass biscuits.

DR. KAKERLAKE

If your father weren't deceased, would you speak to him with that mouth?

POOKIE

Shut up, there's a sucker coming.

Pookie flags down a passing LADYBUG.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

Pardon, m'lady. We're having a bake sale to pay for my father's squashed limb replacement. Could you find it in the goodness of your heart to buy something?

LADYBUG

You poor thing. Of course I will.

The ladybug approaches the table.

LADYBUG (CONT'D)

Do you happen to know anyone who works at this motel?

POOKIE

Why do you ask?

LADYBUG

My sister went missing last week. She said she was going to stay here.

Nora jumps in.

NORA

We haven't had any ladybugs here
all year.

DIRTY JOANNE

Yeah, they all say they're too good
for our dump.

LADYBUG

It is quite run-down. Sorry to
bother you. I'll just take a cookie
and be on my way.

POOKIE

Of course. That'll be 2 cents.

Pookie hands the lady bug a cookie with a red, spotted wing
sticking out like a chocolate chip.

Dr. Kakerlake spots it just in time. He TACKLES the ladybug
with his entire body weight.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Release the baked good.

The ladybug drops the cookie. Dirty Joanne snatches it. She
throws it into the wall. The cookie (along with the wing)
crumbles.

LADYBUG

Unhand me! Someone help!

DIRTY JOANNE

Grab the cookies and book it.

Dirty Joanne, Pookie, and Nora grab the trays of cookies.
They run them inside the motel. Dr. Kakerlake runs after
them.

A pair of LIGHTNING BUGS with butts that flash red & blue fly
up. They imitate the sounds of police sirens.

LIGHTNING BUGS

Wee-woo, wee-woo, wee-woo...

They land by the lady bug.

LIGHTNING BUG 1

What seems to be the problem,
m'lady?

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The roaches watch the ladybug talk to the lightning bugs through a window in their lobby door.

POOKIE

We might need a new plan.

NORA

You think?

The ladybug points to the roaches. They duck below the window.

EXT. BUG CREMATORIUM - DAY

Smudge drags Woody's corpse up to a fire pit where BUGS are tossing the bodies of other DEAD BUGS into the fire. Smudge is about to toss Woody in until he's stopped by a FIRE CHASER BEETLE.

FIRE CHASER BEETLE

Hold it right there. Is that Woody Roach?

SMUDGE

Did you know my dad?

FIRE CHASER BEETLE

Everyone knows him around here. He's at the top of our "don't burn" list.

SMUDGE

Please let me cremate him. The graveyard won't let me bury him.

FIRE CHASER BEETLE

I wish I could, son, but he has a metal dick. It would make the fire explode.

SMUDGE

(sigh)

Of course he does.

(switching gears)

What if we just cut it off and throw the rest of him in?

FIRE CHASER BEETLE

In all my years, I've never heard something so disrespectful. A son burning their father without his

(MORE)

FIRE CHASER BEETLE (CONT'D)
 metal cock. I'm adding you to the
 "don't burn" list.

Smudge drops to his knees.

SMUDGE
 No, please! Cremation is so much
 cheaper than burial. I don't want
 to leave my future children with
 excessive funeral costs.

FIRE CHASER BEETLE
 Get out of here, and maybe I'll
 change my mind.

Smudges jumps up.

SMUDGE
 I'm going.

He races away with Woody's corpse.

EXT./ESTAB. ROACH MOTEL - DAY

A sign flashes outside Roach Motel's front door. It reads
 "Whores Inside."

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Nora struggles to zip Dirty Joanne into a tight, slutty prom
 dress. Pookie stands nearby with a roll of used toilet paper.

POOKIE
 Hurry up, I need to stuff her bra.

DIRTY JOANNE
 Haven't whored myself out in a
 while. Feels like high school
 again.

NORA
 Is this your prom dress?

DIRTY JOANNE
 Still fits like a glove.

Dr. Kakerlake enters with his hands over his eyes.

DR. KAKERLAKE
 Is everyone decent?

DIRTY JOANNE

Nope.

He uncovers his eyes.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Perfect.

POOKIE

Dirty Joanne, puff out your chest.
I see some johns coming.

Joanne leans against the counter with her chest out.

LIGHTNING BUGS (O.S.)

Wee-wooo, weee-wooooo.

POOKIE

Shit. It's the pigs.

The lightning bugs enter with flashing butts.

LIGHTNING BUG 1

Can any of you explain why there's
a sign outside that says "whores
inside"?

Joanne leans in.

DIRTY JOANNE

That depends. Ya feeling horny?

LIGHTNING BUG 2

What did we just tell you all?

POOKIE

You said to stop assaulting people.
You didn't say anything about
selling totally consensual sex.

LIGHTNING BUG 1

Can we see your whorehouse license?

POOKIE

Yes, officers. We definitely have
one. Nora, where did you put that
whorehouse license I gave you?

NORA

I gave it to the whore, obviously.

DIRTY JOANNE

I thought it was toilet paper. I used it to spread some shit around earlier.

DR. KAKERLAKE

It's true. I spotted a piece of paper left in a pile of human excrement. Totally soiled. Completely illegible.

LIGHTNING BUG 1

No more whoring until we see your license. We'll come back in a few days.

POOKIE

Not a problem, officers. Have a great rest of your day.

The lightning bugs leave.

POOKIE (CONT'D)

We don't have time to apply for a license. We're screwed.

The roaches gather around Pookie.

DIRTY JOANNE

Sorry, kid. Seems pretty hopeless.

NORA

Yeah, I'm gonna start applying for other jobs.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Speak for one's self. I will never be able to find another motel with so many dead bodies lying around.

Pookie WALLOWS on the floor.

INT. BUG FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A room full of FLIES gather around a closed casket inside the walls of a funeral home. The flies are dressed in mourning.

Smudge, dressed in black, approaches a BLACK WIDOW SPIDER by the coffin.

SMUDGE

I am so sorry for your loss. Your inter-species relationship was inspirational.

BLACK WIDOW

Thank you for your kind words. How did you know my husband?

SMUDGE

We uhm, worked together.

BLACK WIDOW

Ah, my Kenny. He loved his work.

The widow WAILS.

BLACK WIDOW (CONT'D)

I need to see him. One last time.

She reaches for the closed casket. Smudge stops her.

SMUDGE

Are you sure you want to do that? The lid's closed. He's probably mangled beyond recognition.

BLACK WIDOW

I don't care. He's still my Kenny.

Smudge braces himself as she opens the coffin.

REVEAL: Smudge replaced Kenny's body with Woody's body in the coffin.

BLACK WIDOW (CONT'D)

This isn't my Kenny. Who is this?

SMUDGE

What? Who put my dad in there?

He grabs Woody's corpse.

SMUDGE (CONT'D)

Come on, dad. Get out of there, you old prankster.

Smudge runs out with the body.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Smudge drags Woody's corpse into the lobby. The other roaches are packing things into boxes.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Young Smudge, why do you still have Sir Woody's corpse?

SMUDGE

I don't want to talk about it. Why are you packing up your good meat grinder?

Dr. Kakerlake packs a meat grinder into a box.

DR. KAKERLAKE

I have no need for it anymore.

POOKIE

You got what you wanted. The huntsman is going to take the motel from me.

SMUDGE

That's not what I wanted. I thought you'd figure it out.

POOKIE

With what? My third grade education? I don't even know fractions.

NORA

Yeah, Smudge. You're a terrible brother. I'm glad I'm an orphan.

SMUDGE

Pookie is not my family.
(gesturing to the others)
You're my family. When my mom starved to death in that glue trap, you were all there for me in your own weird way.

DR. KAKERLAKE

Young Smudge, I know your mother and father both left you out in the
(MORE)

DR. KAKERLAKE (CONT'D)
 sun like a summer sausage being
 devoured by ants, but your sister
 is still here.

Pookie SHRUGS.

POOKIE
 My mom left after dad cheated on
 her with a centipede. I don't have
 anywhere else to go.

SMUDGE
 (sigh)
 Everyone stop packing. I know how
 we can save this place, but I'm
 going to need all of you to help.

BEGIN MONTAGE.

INT. ROACH MOTEL OFFICE - DAY [MONTAGE]

SMUDGE (V.O.)
 Dr. Kakerlake, you'll carefully
 arrange my father's body to look
 like he's still alive.

Dr. Kakerlake sets up Woody's corpse in an armchair.

SMUDGE (CONT'D)
 Dirty Joanne, we need to borrow
 your only fans camera.

Smudge and Dirty Joanne set up the camera to face Woody.

SMUDGE (CONT'D)
 Nora, you'll do your best
 impression of my dad.

Nora stands behind the camera. Smudge and Dr. Kakerlake move
 Woody's corpse with puppet strings.

NORA (AS WOODY)
 Hey ya shitty asswipe. I gotcha.
 I'm still alive. Meet me in room 69
 at my motel. I'll have yer cash
 waiting for ya.

POOKIE (V.O.)
 What do I do?

SMUDGE (V.O.)
 Just look innocent.

POOKIE
I can do that.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY [MONTAGE]

Pookie sits at the front desk when the huntsman walks in.

DEBT HUNTSMAN
Where can I find room 69?

POOKIE
I'm just a baby.

The huntsman GRUMBLES.

DEBT HUNTSMAN
I'll find my own way.

INT. ROACH MOTEL ROOM 69 - DAY [MONTAGE]

SMUDGE (V.O.)
We set our trap, and we wait.

FROM A BUG'S EYE VIEW:

A human lesbian couple (PAM and WENDY) walks into room 69
(the same honeymoon suite from the cold open).

END MONTAGE.

INT. ROACH MOTEL ROOM 69 - NIGHT

The debt huntsman peers through the hole leading to room 69.
The room is lit only by the ominous light from a closed
bathroom door. The SILHOUETTE of a cockroach hides in a dark
corner.

DEBT HUNTSMAN
Woody Roach?

SILHOUETTE
Enter...

The huntsman contorts its long limbs to fit through the hole.
It sizes up the silhouette.

DEBT HUNTSMAN
You're a sly one, Roach. Pray tell,
how did you fake your own death?

SILHOUETTE

I didn't.

Smudge steps into the light to REVEAL he is the silhouette.

DEBT HUNTSMAN

You're not Woody. What is this
trickery?

SMUDGE

I learned from the best swindler
I've ever known: my father.

FROM A BUG'S EYE VIEW:

The bathroom door opens. One of the human women, PAM walks
out. She SCREAMS at the sight of the huntsman. Wendy wakes up
in bed.

WENDY

Honey, what is it?

Wendy turns on a lamp. She SCREAMS at the giant spider.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are we? Australia?

PAM

Kill it!

The huntsman sprints for the hole in the wall. Its door is
jammed shut again. The huntsman HISSES at Smudge.

DEBT HUNTSMAN

You're a dirty cheat. Just like
your father.

The huntsman darts past Smudge.

PAM

There's a roach too!

SMUDGE

Fudge.

WENDY

You kill the roach. I'll get the
spider.

While Wendy chases after the huntsman, Pam goes after Smudge.
Smudge races to the hole in the wall. He POUNDS on the door.

SMUDGE

Help! It's Smudge.

A travel-sized shampoo bottle looms over Smudge.

SMUDGE (CONT'D)
Not the travel-size shampoo...

As Smudge stares at the approaching bottle, the door opens. Little arms pull Smudge out. The door SLAMS shut behind him.

INT. ROACH MOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Smudge stands with Pookie in the hallway.

POOKIE
I know you told me to just act cute, but I heard you scream...

SMUDGE
It's okay. Thank you.

The other roaches run down the hallway.

NORA
Did we kill the huntsman?

The huntsman WAILS with pain O.S.

SMUDGE
I think we got him.

The roaches CHEER.

SMUDGE (CONT'D)
Pookie, I'm sorry I left you to figure this out yourself.

POOKIE
I understand. You were burying Dad.

SMUDGE
What if we ran the motel together?
As equal partners?

POOKIE
Yes, please. Running a motel is hard. I'm way behind on my homework.

DIRTY JOANNE
Our jobs are saved!

Nora, Dr. Kakalake, and Dirty Joanne CHEER. They notice the sad look on Smudge and Pookie's faces.

DIRTY JOANNE (CONT'D)

And I guess it won't be bad staying here with you nitwits.

They all hug.

EXT. ROACH MOTEL - DAY

Pookie stands on Smudge's shoulders. Together they hang a sign that says "ROACH FAMILY MOTEL."

NORA

No one could think of a better name?

DR. KAKERLAKE

Roach Family Motel is perfect. We will lure the guests in with a false sense of comfort, and then when they least expect it... We will puree them into a delightful crème brûlée.

SMUDGE

Hey, Dr. Kakerlake, I was thinking maybe we won't bake our guests into any desserts moving forward?

Dr. Kakerlake CHUCKLES.

DR. KAKERLAKE

You make me laugh. Where else would you get your daily nutrients? Lest we not forget your iron deficiency.

Smudge SIGHS.

POOKIE

Oh, Princess Butterfly Club is on.

She runs into the motel. The other roaches follow. They slam the door shut, causing the sign to fall down. It REVEALS the old lettering: "Roach Motel".

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. BUG GRAVEYARD - DAY

The roaches stand in front of the bottlecap with Woody's name on it. Woody's corpse is buried under a fresh mound of dirt.

SMUDGE

Thanks for using your bake sale money to buy this grave for Dad.

NORA

Yeah, well, 9 cents isn't enough to buy anything meaningful.

SMUDGE

We should all say something.

NORA

Pass.

POOKIE

Bye, Dad. I forgive you for cheating on Mom.

DIRTY JOANNE

Rest in pieces, ya old pervert.

Dr. Kakerlake eats an éclair.

DR. KAKERLAKE

You have my sincerest thanks, Sir Woody, for never critiquing my lifestyle. You are delicious.

SMUDGE

Thank you, Dad, for giving me a sister.

Smudge hugs Pookie. The other roaches GAG MELODRAMATICALLY.

A TINY DARK FIGURE watches them from the shadows.

TINY DARK FIGURE

Oh Woody... you will pay... you will pay...

FADE TO BLACK.

END SHOW