

"Roach Motel"

By

Erika June Smith

Based on the time I crushed a roach with a travel-sized
shampoo bottle at an Extended Stay America.

ErikaJuneSmith@gmail.com
931-434-2725

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

NORA (a gross, monotone cockroach) and DIRTY JOANNE (an even sleazier, chain-smoking cockroach), sit in front of a coffin. The memorial service is set up in a dingy, miniature motel lobby, located inside the walls of a Motel 6.

A photo depicts WOODY ROACH (a skeevy, giant water bug) with a giant, pixelated erection. His much smaller son SMUDGE stands at a podium addressing the group.

SMUDGE

Woody Roach was a businessman, a philanthropist, Viagra's first ever test subject, and before all else, a devoted father. I didn't say this enough while he was alive, but thank you, Dad.

Smudge touches the coffin as a tear falls from his eye.

DIRTY JOANNE

Shut up, ya clogged nut. Ya know you were a disappointment to your father.

DR. COCK (a sophisticated cockroach with a weird European accent) enters carrying a plate of hors d'oeuvres.

DR. COCK

Might I interest anyone in an hors d'oeuvre?

SMUDGE

Do you really have to eat right now?

DR. COCK

I suppose not, but I'd prefer to.

He takes a seat with his hors d'oeuvres.

SMUDGE

Have you no sympathy? A great man just lost his life in a horrific accident.

DR. COCK

Ah, so it's a confirmed accident? There are no... suspects?

DIRTY JOANNE

He died a hero.

(hacking)

Sorry, phem. He died trying to fuck a gyro in room 212.

SMUDGE

We are all deeply troubled by this tragedy. Would anyone like to say a few words?

NORA

Hard pass.

DIRTY JOANNE

I got something.

SMUDGE

Seriously? I yield the floor to you.

Dirty Joanne takes the podium.

DIRTY JOANNE

Woody Roach was the sleaziest pervert I've ever met. This is every dick pic Woody ever sent me. The man used polaroids. It's the only thing I respected about him.

Dirty Joanne pulls out dozens of polaroids of Woody's pixelated erection.

NORA

Do you have the one he sent out with the company Christmas card?

Smudge stands up.

SMUDGE

That's enough. As future CEO of Roach Motel, I will not sit back and let you besmirch my father's legacy. Dr. Cock, do you have anything nice to say?

DR. COCK

I would like to thank Sir Woody for his sweet, delectable life.

SMUDGE

Moving on past that because I'm pretty sure you baked my dad into an hors
(MORE)

SMUDGE (CONT'D)
d'oeuvre.

DR. COCK
Oh yes, and he is delicious.

Dr. Cock takes a bite of an hors d'oeuvre.

SMUDGE
Nora? You must have something.

NORA
What do you want me to say? Every time
I saw him he had a huge hard-on.

SMUDGE
Wow. Just wow. I hope you all don't
talk about me like this when I'm your
boss.

DIRTY JOANNE
Give it a rest, virgin penis-colada.
Woody's never leaving the motel to
you.

NORA
He hated you. That's a capital H-A-T-
E. I know you can't tell with my
inflection.

Smudge pulls out a VHS tape.

SMUDGE
Lucky for us, Dad recorded his will on
this VHS tape, so you can all hear his
face say how wrong you are.

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

The VIDEO STARTS with a shot of Woody's dick.

WOODY (V.O.)
(on TV)
Hahaha, just giving you one last look
at Woody's woody.

The camera pans up to WOODY's face.

WOODY
If you're watching this tape, it means
(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

I've met my untimely demise. I can only hope I was doing something meaningful when I passed. Like stealing candy from a baby or flashing its mother.

NORA

He was right about the flashing part.

DIRTY JOANNE

Lady never saw it comin', but she did see him cumming.

SMUDGE

Shhhh, this is the most important part.

WOODY

Well, I'll cut to the chase. I leave all of my assets including Roach Motel to... anyone but my disgrace of a son Smudge.

SMUDGE

What?

Dirty Joanne CACKLES.

DIRTY JOANNE

Told ya so.

WOODY

I only have one regret in this life, and that's fucking his whore of a mother. I'm ashamed that my semen created such a freak of nature. Make sure that sorry excuse for a roach rots in Hell.

The VHS tape cuts to ONE OF WOODY'S SEX TAPES.

SMUDGE

Mother fucker.

Dirty Joanne, Dr. Cock, and Nora SNICKER at Smudge's pain.

TITLE CARD: ROACH MOTEL

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Dr. Cock enters the Roach Motel lobby through a hole in the wall. He joins Nora at the front counter.

DR. COCK

Has the young lad offed himself yet?

NORA

No, but you can check again.

Dr. Cock knocks on the motel office door.

DR. COCK

Young Smudge, if you kill yourself, could you please do it in a nonviolent fashion, so your flesh is still edible afterwards?

Smudge WAILS INTENSELY inside the office.

DR. COCK

My apologies, please don't cry too much. Salt ruins the meat.

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

DIRTY JOANNE

The couple in room 207 went --
(reenacting a bug being squashed)
SCHPLAT!

NORA

Again?

DIRTY JOANNE

Damn humans slapped them with a sandy flip flop.

DR. COCK

Excellent, they will be pre-tenderized.

Dr. Cock scuttles away with delight.

HELEN (O.S.)

Excuse me. Excuse me. EXCUSE ME.

PAN DOWN to reveal HELEN (a tiny ant with a tiny briefcase) below the counter.

NORA

Shit, how long have you been standing there?

HELEN

7 hours. May I please speak to a manager?

NORA

He's in the office.

HELEN

Thank you kindly.

Helen hops up & over the counter. Some dust blows off.

DIRTY JOANNE

Watch yer step. I just put fresh dust on that counter.

Dirty Joanne and Nora smirk as Helen opens the office door.

INSIDE THE OFFICE, Smudge cries to a photo of his eight-year-old self. It's surrounded by candles in a dimly lit room with incense burning and GREGORIAN CHANT MUSIC playing. Smudge drinks from a baby bottle full of milk.

HELEN

Excuse me, the receptionist said you're the manager here?

SMUDGE

What is this? Some kind of sick joke?

Smudge throws his bottle of milk at Helen. She closes the door just in time to dodge it.

Dirty Joanne SNICKERS. She gives Nora a low five.

HELEN

It seems like a bad time. I'll just introduce myself later.

NORA

Don't bother. We don't take solicitors.

DIRTY JOANNE

Unless yer sellin' lotto tickets.
Mama's vying for the mega-millions.

HELEN

Oh, I'm not a solicitor. I'm Helen
from Ant International. We just bought
Roach Motel.

The color drains from Nora & Dirty Joanne's faces.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - THE NEXT DAY

Dr. Cock, Nora, and Dirty Joanne watch an ANT INTERNATIONAL
HOTELS & RESORTS ORIENTATION VIDEO on a new, flat-screen TV.

BEGIN VIDEO.

The "Ant International Hotels & Resorts" logo glides onto
screen. Uplifting PIANO MUSIC plays.

DISSOLVE TO B-ROLL of warm, inviting miniature hotels located
in the walls of upscale hotels & resorts such as: A Hilton
resort in Hawaii, a Four Seasons in Beijing, a Marriott in
New York City, etc.

ANT ANNABELLA (V.O.)

Welcome to Ant International Hotels &
Resorts. We are the global leader in
elite hospitality for insects at home
and abroad.

CUT TO slow-motion footage of ANT CONCIERGES, ANT BELL BOYS,
& ANT RECEPTIONISTS interacting with happy INSECT GUESTS.

ANT ANNABELLA (V.O.)

Here, you're more than a worker ant.
You're family.

CUT TO an interview of ANT ANNABELLA (a queen ant). A LOWER
THIRD reads "Ant Annabella, CEO".

ANT ANNABELLA

You can call me your "Ant" Annabella.
I'm so glad you're here.

DISSOLVE TO historical footage of Ant International hotels
circa 2021. Ants work tirelessly day & night to build new
hotels.

ANT ANNABELLA (V.O.)
 Ant International was founded in 2021
 within the modest walls of the
 Millennium Biltmore, Los Angeles. In
 the past year and half, we have worked
 tirelessly to expand our franchise
 internationally. We now offer
 locations in 52 countries across the
 globe, and our family is only getting
 bigger. We're establishing a line of
 motels to bring Ant International's
 warmth and luxury to the common
 consumer.

DISSOLVE TO before & after footage of dingy roach motels
 transforming into commercialized, sparkly destinations.

ANT ANNABELLA (V.O.)
 Of course, none of this would be
 possible without you, our family.

CUT TO cheesy photos of employees posing together.

ANT ANNABELLA (V.O.)
 Ant International. Infest in family.

FADE IN the Ant International logo & slogan "Infest in
 family".

END VIDEO.

Helen CLAPS. Dirty Joanne, Nora, and Dr. Cock stare blankly.

NORA
 Are you shitting us, Helen?

HELEN
 Please, call me Ant Helen.

NORA
 Yeah, we're not calling you that.

DR. COCK
 It would be disrespectful to my Aunt
 Wilhelmina who lost a limb in the war.

HELEN
 I'm so sorry, which war?

DR. COCK
 The construction of a condo.

DIRTY JOANNE

We should introduce her to my Uncle Lenny. He's just a talking head.

DR. COCK

She has been looking for some companionship, thank you.

HELEN

See, this is what I love about Ant International. We support one another.

DR. COCK

I do love that no one here has judged my lifestyle.

NORA

I don't care what you do with the bodies as long as I don't have to pick them up.

HELEN

That's actually something I wanted to talk about. Moving forward, I don't want any guests to die.

DR. COCK

Pardon?

DIRTY JOANNE

Who do you think you are? Mother Teresa?

HELEN

Death is bad for the ambiance.

Dr. Cock stands up.

DR. COCK

I see that I'm no longer needed here. Consider this my formal letter of resignation.

Before Dr. Cock leaves, he hands a Helen note. She opens it up to reveal a poor drawing of a middle finger.

NORA

Did he draw a middle finger? That was my idea.

HELEN

(sigh)

I know changes are hard, but this will be good for us. Trust me. I have the perfect project to get our humble motel on the map. We're going to restore room 666 for a VIP guest.

DIRTY JOANNE

Are you off yer meds?

NORA

Can I get your psychiatrist's number so I can report you as clinically insane?

Helen suddenly frowns.

HELEN

You will do no such thing. I am your Ant Helen, and you will do what I say. Understood?

Nora and Dirty Joanne glare at Helen.

NORA

Sure, Ant Helen.

Helen brightens up again.

HELEN

Thank you, family.

Nora and Dirty Joanne continue to glare at Helen as she skips away.

INT. ROACH MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Smudge makes a delicious pile of nachos on the floor, with no plate underneath. He's carefully placing a jalapeño when Dirty Joanne and Nora burst through the door.

DIRTY JOANNE

Get up, ya pimple dick.

NORA

As much as it pains me to say this, we need your help.

SMUDGE

You don't need me. I'm useless.

NORA

Exactly. We need someone who's even more terrible at running a motel than us.

DIRTY JOANNE

And being terrible at things is the one thing you're good for.

SMUDGE

(tearing up)

Awww guys, I think I'm going to cry.

DIRTY JOANNE

Don't make me punch those tears off your face.

Smudge wipes his tears away.

SMUDGE

Sorry, how can I help?

NORA

We want to sabotage Helen.

Smudge stares at Dirty Joanne & Nora with wide eyes.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ROACH MOTEL OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Smudge stares at Dirty Joanne & Nora as before.

SMUDGE

Woah, woah, woah. Back up. Your feet
are in my nachos.

Nora looks down. Her feet have smashed Smudge's perfect pile
of floor nachos.

NORA

Shit.

DIRTY JOANNE

Ya need to cut back on your carbs
anyway. You're getting fat.

SMUDGE

Who's Helen, and why does she suck?

DIRTY JOANNE

Keep up, ya clenched queef. She's a
corporate puppet who's trying to clean
up Roach Motel.

NORA

She wants us to call her "Ant Helen,"
and she keeps saying we're a family.

SMUDGE

Ew. What is she? A pedophile?

NORA

Probably.

DIRTY JOANNE

She thinks that none of our guests
should die like some kind of saint's
anus.

SMUDGE

Are you kidding? It's a roach motel.
Sometimes you gotta crack a few eggs
to make an omelette.

NORA

Oh, and she wants us to fix up room 666.

SMUDGE

Is she crazy? That room's literally a death trap. If my dad owed someone money, he'd offer them a free night in room 666.

NORA

She's criminally deranged.

DIRTY JOANNE

No way we're letting that post-menopause egg sully our dysfunctional gang of work acquaintances.

SMUDGE

My dad warned me this might happen one day. I really should have seen the signs. He even made this binder.

Smudge pulls out an old, dusty binder. The cover reads "What to do if a corporation buys the motel after I write that malformed product of jizz out of my will, and you need to sabotage big hospitality's corporate puppet."

DIRTY JOANNE

Well, what was the old shriveled ball sack's plan?

Smudge opens the binder. There is only one page in the entire binder. It reads in giant 120pt font "MURDER."

EXT. BUG GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Dr. Cock digs up a grave in a tiny bug graveyard. His shovel hits a coffin.

Dr. Cock rips off the lid. A COCKROACH'S FRESH CORPSE decays inside. He rips a leg off and eats it like a chicken drumstick.

DIRTY JOANNE (O.S.)

That leg's stale, ya pile of curdled cum.

Dr. Cock looks up to see Nora, Smudge, and Dirty Joanne staring down at him.

DR. COCK

My former workplace associates. You've found me.

NORA

We're planning a murder. We thought you might want in.

DR. COCK

I do admit you've piqued my interest.

Smudge, Dirty Joanne, & Nora hop down into the grave.

SMUDGE

I studied my dad's binder, and I think I have a plan.

DR. COCK

I know I've been away, but I do recall young Smudge being terrible at everything he does.

NORA

Yeah, we'll just do the opposite of whatever his plan is.

Smudge uses the dust inside the coffin to draw out a blueprint of the motel.

SMUDGE

This Friday, Helen has Jennifer Peston booked to stay in room 666.

DR. COCK

That's an impressive find.

NORA

Not really. She's like the seventh most famous Jennifer in Hollywood.

SMUDGE

Now we all know that no one's who's gone into room 666 has ever come out. But Helen doesn't know that, right?

DIRTY JOANNE

And none of you's are gonna tell her. Or else.

Dirty Joanne runs her finger across her throat.

SMUDGE

We'll fix up the room just like Helen wants it. Then when Peston arrives, we'll usher her into our new VIP suite.

DR. COCK

Perhaps we should wine and dine her a bit? Run a bath. Marinade her flesh.

SMUDGE

Good idea, and just when Peston feels safe... we'll let the humans smash her with a sandy flip flop like they always do.

DIRTY JOANNE

Classic.

SMUDGE

Dr. Cock will be waiting outside to clean up the body. Then, he'll escape down the east stairwell.

DR. COCK

The west stairwell is better hidden.

SMUDGE

Okay fine, the west stairwell. Around 11:00am the following morning, Dirty Joanne will make her daily rounds. She'll knock on Peston's door. Peston won't answer. The "Don't come in. We're fucking," sign won't be on the door, so Dirty Joanne will go in.

DIRTY JOANNE

I'd go in even if the sign were on.

NORA

Roach motel sex is like the kinkiest sex, and no one cares if you watch.

SMUDGE

There will be no sign of Peston. We'll report her as a missing person. Roach Motel will make national headlines as an unsafe house as America searches for their favorite C-list celebrity, and no one will ever want to stay at the motel again! It's foolproof!

The gang CLAPS. Smudge smiles proudly.

NORA

That plan almost doesn't suck.

DIRTY JOANNE

Maybe scheming is the one thing this unchecked prostate gland is good at.

A graveyard GROUNDSKEEPER yells from off screen.

GROUNDSKEEPER (O.S.)

Hey, is someone in there?

DR. COCK

It's the groundskeeper. Quick, bury yourself alive.

The gang throws dirt over themselves.

INT. ROACH MOTEL ROOM 666 - DAY

A tiny corner of a human motel room is decorated with roach-sized bedroom furniture. The corner is dusty and brown with dirt. The rest of the room isn't that great either, but the roach corner is definitely the worst.

BEGIN MONTAGE.

FROM A ROACH'S PERSPECTIVE:

- SOME HUMAN MOTEL GUESTS pack their suitcases. Helen and Nora watch from a hole in the wall.
- The humans roll their suitcases out of the room. Nora ushers a group of CENTIPEDE PAINTERS in. They use their many arms to quickly paint the roaches' tiny corner of the room a bland color. Helen nods with approval.
- Smudge directs BEETLE MOVERS who carry old furniture out of the fresh painted corner. They carry a new bed into the room. As they set it down, the human door opens. The insects scurry out through the hole in the wall.
- A HUMAN CLEANING LADY carries in a broom. Now safe inside the wall, Smudge and Helen watch the cleaning lady. She narrowly avoids sweeping away the roach furniture. Smudge & Helen high five.
- Dirty Joanne spreads brown, dirty sheets on the new bed. Helen stops her. She hands Dirty Joanne a set of fresh white

sheets. Dirty Joanne begrudgingly replaces the dirty sheets.

- A WOOD BEE installs a door over the roach's hole in the wall. Helen CLAPS.

- Nora, Dirty Joanne, and Smudge watch Helen inspect the finished room. She nods. Perfect. Nora, Dirty Joanne, and Smudge smirk at each other.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ROACH MOTEL ROOM 666 - DAY

Helen holds a pair of human-sized children's scissors by a red ribbon. Nora, Dirty Joanne, and Smudge watch her with feigned enthusiasm.

HELEN

Thank you all for joining me at the grand reopening of room 666. I am so proud of the work we've done here. Smudge, I know it's difficult to work while grieving the loss of a loved one. I am so proud of you.

Surprised, Smudge raises his eyebrows.

SMUDGE

You are?

HELEN

So proud.

Smudge looks down at his feet.

HELEN

Nora, you really stepped into a leadership role this week.

NORA

Just don't tell my parents. I don't want them to be proud of me.

HELEN

And Joanne, you put the "clean" in "Dirty Joanne."

DIRTY JOANNE

Take it back, ya deflated sex doll.

Helen CHUCKLES.

HELEN

I love our banter. Now as a nod to this motel's original founder, Woody Roach, I would like his son to cut the ribbon on our newly refurbished presidential suite.

SMUDGE

Me?

DIRTY JOANNE

Woody is rolling in his grave.

Smudge joins Helen. They raise the scissor handle. Smudge hops on top, sending the blade down, and slicing the ribbon.

NORA

(fake cheering)

Woooo, yeah. This isn't lame at all.

DIRTY JOANNE

It almost doesn't look like a crime scene anymore.

Smudge glows. For a moment, there is a sincere twinkle in his eye. He corrects himself when he sees Nora and Dirty Joanne's dead faces.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Smudge, Nora, Dirty Joanne, and Helen gather in the lobby.

HELEN

I can't believe this is actually happening. Jennifer Peston - the fly who landed on Mike Pence's head - is staying at our motel. Ant Annabella is going to be so impressed.

NORA

Great, Ant Annabella is a republican.

DIRTY JOANNE

Disgusting.

JENNIFER PESTON (a bizarre, elegant scorpion fly) enters in an elaborate fur coat.

JENNIFER PESTON

Is this Roach Motel?

HELEN

Yes, newly rebranded as Creature
Comfort Inn!

Helen races to shake Peston's hand.

HELEN

We are so honored to have you here,
Miss Peston. May I take your coat?

JENNIFER PESTON

No, it's where I hide my cocaine.

Helen LAUGHS WAY TOO HARD.

HELEN

Oh, celebrities and their drug
addictions. No need to check in. I'll
lead you straight to your room.

Helen guides Jennifer out.

HELEN

(on their way out)

So, tell me - were you sober when you
landed on Pence's head?

Once they've left --

SMUDGE

Hey guys, I'm not so sure about this
plan anymore.

NORA

Are you trying to fuck us? This was
your idea.

SMUDGE

I know, but now I think maybe Ant
Helen could be good for Roach Motel.

NORA

Woah, "Ant" Helen?

DIRTY JOANNE

This dry pussy's been brainwashed.

SMUDGE

No, my dad brainwashed us. He made us
think that we're worthless, terrible
roaches. Ant Helen actually cares

(MORE)

SMUDGE (CONT'D)

about us. Don't you think that could be nice for a change? Maybe we could actually be a family.

DIRTY JOANNE

Now I know why your old man hated ya. You're soft like a virgin with ED.

NORA

We're going through with the plan. With or without you.

SMUDGE

No, I'm going to warn Jennifer Peston.

Smudge tries to leave, but Nora and Dirty Joanne grab him.

NORA

The fuck you will.

DIRTY JOANNE

It's time for a good, old fashioned hostage situation.

Nora and Dirty Joanne wrap Smudge's arms and legs in duct tape. They slap a piece over his mouth.

Smudge SQUIRMS and TRIES TO SCREAM for help as Nora & Dirty Joanne carry him into the office. They lock him inside.

Dr. Cock does a BIRD CALL from off-screen.

NORA

Let's go let Dr. Cock in.

They leave Smudge behind. His MUFFLED SCREAMS waver out of the office.

INT. ROACH MOTEL ROOM 666 - DAY

Helen leads Jennifer into room 666.

HELEN

Here you have it. The presidential suite.

JENNIFER PESTON

It's... quaint. You may leave now.

HELEN

Of course, call the front desk if you need anything. Anything at all. Like maybe someone to hang out with?

JENNIFER PESTON

Now.

HELEN

Yes, of course.

Helen leaves Jennifer alone in the room. Jennifer pulls ear plugs out of her posh suitcase. She takes off her coat, puts in the ear plugs, and crawls into bed.

While Jennifer sleeps, a HUMAN MAN & WOMAN enter the room.

FROM A ROACH'S PERSPECTIVE:

We can only see the humans' up to the human's calves as they inspect the room.

HUMAN MAN (O.S.)

This isn't that bad for the price.

HUMAN WOMAN (O.S.)

Make sure you check for roaches.

HUMAN MAN (O.S.)

I'm sure it's fine.

The man approaches Jennifer.

HUMAN MAN (O.S.)

Don't freak out. It isn't a roach, but there is a really weird bug in the corner.

HUMAN WOMAN (O.S.)

EW! Smash it!

HUMAN MAN (O.S.)

I need something to hit it with.

HUMAN WOMAN (O.S.)

Take my flip flop.

Just as the flip flop is inches away from squashing Jennifer, she opens her eyes. Jennifer somersaults out from under it.

The woman SCREAMS as Jennifer buzzes around the room. The man

chases after Jennifer with the flip flop.

Jennifer uses parkour to jump from wall to wall. Each time the flip flop comes close to her, Jennifer fights it off with a Tae Kwon Do move.

Jennifer scans the room for an escape route. Her eyes lock onto the door that Helen installed over the hole in the wall.

Jennifer buzzes to the door as fast as she can. She tries to open it, but something is blocking it from the other side.

INT. MOTEL WALLS - CONTINUOUS

Outside the door, Dr. Cock sets up a charcuterie platter. A chair leans against Peston's door, holding it shut. The door shakes as Jennifer pushes against it.

DR. COCK

All we are missing is some sustenance.

He brandishes a knife.

INT. ROACH MOTEL ROOM 666 - SIMULTANEOUS

The man charges at Jennifer. He's about to step on Jennifer when she kicks open the door using an extreme tae kwon do move. It busts down just in the nick of time. She narrowly escapes.

HUMAN MAN (O.S.)

Are you kidding me?

HUMAN WOMAN (O.S.)

We're getting another room.

INT. MOTEL WALLS - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer flips over Dr. Cock's platter as she runs out.

JENNIFER PESTON

Out of my way, imbecile.

Dr. Cock SIGHS.

DR. COCK

The perfect spread was so close, yet so far.

He stares at his platter longingly.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Smudge's MUFFLED CRIES have gotten louder. Helen and Nora sit by the desk while Dirty Joanne pretends to mop the floor.

HELEN

Poor Smudge. He seems really upset today.

NORA

Grief comes in waves. We should respect his space.

Jennifer bursts into the the lobby.

JENNIFER PESTON

I'm leaving.

HELEN

Woah, did something happen?

JENNIFER PESTON

I had to fend off a human with my bare hands. You're lucky I learned Tae Kwon Do to get through Pence's security.

HELEN

I'm so sorry, we'll move you to an empty room.

JENNIFER PESTON

Absolutely not, you'll be hearing from my lawyer. He has 30 years of experience, and he fights for me.

Jennifer storms out.

HELEN

What happened? That room was supposed to be vacant.

NORA

Oh, we forgot to tell you. The humans keep that room open for walk-ins.

HELEN

How could you forget that?

DIRTY JOANNE

You know us service workers. Always overworked.

The office door swings open. Smudge, still wrapped in duct tape, falls out like a domino. He SCREAMS through the tape.

HELEN

Smudge, is this some sort of weird self-punishment? You can't blame yourself for your father's death. It'll only make you suffer twice.

Helen rips the duct tape off Smudge's mouth.

SMUDGE

No, they tied me up because I was going to stop them from murdering Jennifer Peston.

HELEN

What is he talking about?

NORA

Fucking snitch. This was Smudge's idea.

DIRTY JOANNE

He was just too weak to follow through like a camera shy porn star.

NORA

We should have known he'd be terrible at nefarious schemes too.

HELEN

Wait, you all knew a human was going to attack Jennifer Peston?

DIRTY JOANNE

We know everything around here.
(in Helen's face)
Even that thing you did in 2nd grade that you've been hiding ever since.

HELEN

(gulp)
I didn't want to do this, but you leave me no choice. I am RAISING MY VOICE.

She yells in the roaches' faces.

HELEN

You are the most horrendous roaches I
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)
have ever met. And that's saying a lot
because you're roaches. I'm ashamed of
you. You're all fired.

SMUDGE
What?

Dirty Joanne & Nora set their name tags on the counter.

DIRTY JOANNE
Good riddance.

NORA
The benefits here are shit anyway.

Smudge lingers after Dirty Joanne & Nora leave.

HELEN
You too.

SMUDGE
But, I tried to stop them.

HELEN
I don't care. It was your plan.

SMUDGE
Please don't do this. I grew up here.

HELEN
This isn't your home anymore. You need
to leave.

Smudge grabs his baby bottle off the counter as he leaves.

SMUDGE
Fine, but I'm taking my milk.

Helen looks around at the empty lobby. A CRICKET CHIRPS OFF
SCREEN.

HELEN
Great, room 8 needs towels again.

She grabs some towels from behind the counter.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

CHRYON: ONE WEEK LATER.

Helen waits in the lonely lobby. SILENCE. The phone RINGS. She picks it up.

HELEN
(into phone)
Creature Comfort Inn.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)
Hello, I'm calling about your extended
car warranty.

Helen hangs up. A STUCK-UP CRICKET and her LAID-BACK CRICKET FRIEND enter the lobby. Helen puts on her most friendly face.

HELEN
Hi, welcome to Creature Comfort Inn.

The crickets look around.

STUCK-UP CRICKET
I thought the website said newly
remodeled.

HELEN
We're just going through a transition
period. By this time next week, you
won't even recognize the place.

The stuck-up cricket rolls its eyes at the laid-back cricket. The desk phone RINGS.

HELEN
I'm sorry one second.

She answers.

HELEN
(into phone)
Creature Comfort Inn. Please hold.

She puts the line on hold.

HELEN
Room for two?

The phone RINGS again.

HELEN
Oops. Sorry.

She picks up the phone again.

HELEN
(into phone)
Creature Comfort Inn. Please hold.

The stuck-up cricket CHIRPS in frustration. Helen sets the phone down.

HELEN
Sorry, where were we?

ANOTHER CALL. Helen smiles apologetically as she takes it.

HELEN
(into phone)
Creature Comfort Inn -- Oh no, I haven't seen the news. One moment.

Helen sets down the phone to turn on the TV.

EXT. ROACH MOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

AN INSECT NEWS REPORTER stands outside Roach Motel.

NEWS REPORTER
We're here outside the former Roach Motel, now Creature Comfort Inn, where Jennifer Peston claims to have almost lost her life last Friday. Online thrill-seekers are calling this little-known motel 2023's #1 must-see travel destination.

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The phone RINGS off the hook. Every line is busy.

HELEN
(into phone)
Creature Comfort Inn -- yes, we have rooms available Saturday. Please Hold.
Creature Comfort Inn -- I'll have to
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

check our Memorial day availability.
Please hold. Creature Comfort Inn --
No, we don't have a honeymoon suite
available at this time, but if you
hold, I'll get you an estimate on when
one will become available.

She puts the phone down.

HELEN

(to the crickets)

I'm so sorry. There's something I need
to do.

STUCK-UP CRICKET

It's okay. We'll wait. This place is
on my travel must-see list.

LAID-BACK CRICKET

No it's not.

STUCK-UP CRICKET

Well, it is now.

Helen runs out. The crickets wait patiently for her to
return.

EXT. BUG GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Smudge, Dirty Joanne, Nora, and Dr. Cock stand over Woody's
grave with a shovel.

SMUDGE

Screw Helen, and screw you Dad.

NORA

Fuck yeah. I like this Smudge.

DIRTY JOANNE

Piss on his grave. Dads hate that.

Smudge pees on his dad's gravestone. The other roaches CHEER.

DIRTY JOANNE

Didn't think ya had in ya.

NORA

Anger really is the best emotion.

DR. COCK
May I do the honors?

NORA / SMUDGE/ DIRTY JOANNE
(chanting)
Dig him up. Dig him up. Dig him up.

Dr. Cock shovels the grave. The roaches CHEER louder.

DIRTY JOANNE
You sure you buried him with his
Rolex?

SMUDGE
Yeah, I thought Dad would want to keep
it because I gave it to him as a
birthday present, but know I now he'd
tell me it was his birthday whenever
he wanted to use my allowance to buy
himself stuff.

DIRTY JOANNE
Say what you will about the vacuum
fucker, but that's a damn good idea.

Dr. Cock throws more dirt up from the grave.

BEGIN MONTAGE.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT [MONTAGE]

Helen dodges HUMAN PEDESTRIANS along the Hollywood Walk of
Fame while "It Had To Be You" plays.

She stops at a tiny bug-sized star dedicated to "The Fly".

HELEN
(screaming)
Smudge, Nora, Dirty Joanne, Dr. Cock!

HOMELESS ROACH (O.S.)
I can show you a cock.

REVEAL a HOMELESS COCKROACH camping near the star. Helen runs
away as he flashes her.

EXT. BUG GRAVEYARD - NIGHT [MONTAGE]

Dr. Cock digs deeper into Woody's grave while Smudge, Dirty
Joanne, and Nora get drunk. Smudge chugs an entire bottle of
beer. Nora & Dirty Joanne CHEER.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT [MONTAGE]

Helen sneaks passed a HUMAN holding the door to a dive bar. In the corner of the bar, there is a smaller, bug-sized bar. Helen runs up to the bar's MOTH "BUGTENDER".

HELEN
(shouting)

Have you seen anyone by the names of Smudge, Nora, Dirty Joanne, or Dr. Cock?

BUGTENDER
They left hours ago. Something about finally fucking Woody back?

HELEN
Thank you!

Helen runs out. The bugtender SHOUTS after her.

BUGTENDER
Hey, tell them to come pay their tab.

The bugtender shakes his head.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BUG GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Dr. Cock reaches Woody's casket at the bottom of the grave.

DR. COCK
I've reached Sir Woody.

Nora, Smudge, and Dirty Joanne CHEER. Nora tosses an empty bottle onto their growing pile of beers.

NORA
Hell yeah. We're gonna grave rob that bitch.

Dr. Cock opens the casket to reveal Woody's mangled, empty corpse.

DR. COCK
The corpse has no valuables and no fat left on it.

Nora and Dirty Joanne GROAN.

NORA

Fuck me.

SMUDGE

Leave the casket open. I wanna give him a piece of my mind.

Smudge jumps down into the casket.

SMUDGE

This is for missing my algebra decathlon.

He punches his father's corpse.

DR. COCK

Oh dear.

Dr. Cock crawls out quickly.

SMUDGE

And this is for fucking my algebra teacher.

ANOTHER PUNCH.

SMUDGE

And this is for guilting her into getting an abortion, and then marrying her anyway.

PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH.

HELEN (O.S.)

Hey!

Helen's silhouette runs towards the roaches.

DIRTY JOANNE

Nosy snitch groundskeeper. Bury the boy.

They start kicking dirt over Smudge.

HELEN (O.S.)

Wait! It's me!

NORA

Holy shit, is that Helen?

DR. COCK

(sniffing)

It does smell like her... and cheap
liqueur.

Helen runs up to the gang, out of breath.

DIRTY JOANNE

Ya got a lot of nerve showing your
cum-soaked face around here.

HELEN

I know, but I've been doing a lot of
thinking, and the thing is, I want you
back.

NORA

What did this bitch say?

HELEN

I said I want you back.

DIRTY JOANNE

Well, what the lousy christian fuck do
you want us to say?

HELEN

How about, yes?

NORA

Motel got lonely, huh?

(whisper)

Did you start hearing the voices? It's
just a recording I put on loop.

HELEN

I'm not here because I'm lonely. I'm
here because when you realize you want
to rehire someone, you want to get the
paperwork started as soon as possible.
The phones have been ringing off the
hook since Jennifer Peston almost
died. You may be the most heinous bugs
I have ever met, but gosh darn, you
put Roach Motel on the map.

DR. COCK

I believe you mean Creature Comfort
Inn.

HELEN

No, Roach Motel. Your motel was perfectly crappy before I came along.

DIRTY JOANNE

Ya think it's that easy? I would fuck Woody's Herpes-ridden corpse before I work for you again.

DR. COCK

I'm not sure much will be left when Young Smudge is done with it.

Smudge continues to hit the corpse.

SMUDGE

And this is for divorcing my algebra teacher because I started calling her "Mom."

The rest of the gang ignores him.

HELEN

You wouldn't be working for me. You'd be working with me. You know, like --

NORA

If you say family, I'm going to fuck you right to Hell with all your other deceased loved ones.

HELEN

-- Like casual colleagues.

NORA

I might be able to work with that.

DIRTY JOANNE

I want more money.

HELEN

I'm prepared to offer you a 5% raise.

DIRTY JOANNE

6%.

HELEN

5.5%.

DIRTY JOANNE

Done.

DR. COCK

I don't want my expertise as a body disposal specialist questioned.

HELEN

I will allow you to dispose of the deceased guests however you see fit.

DR. COCK

It will be eating them.

Dirty Joanne, Dr. Cock, and Nora nod at each other.

NORA

You got yourself a deal.

They spit into their hands. Helen shakes each of their hands reluctantly.

HELEN

I think this is the beginning of a beautiful partnership.

Helen, Dr. Cock, Nora, and Dirty Joanne walk into the sunrise.

PAN DOWN to Smudge still punching his father's body.

SMUDGE

And this is for taking all of Mom's money in the divorce settlement, then laughing when she couldn't find work as a porn star, and telling people she had HIV when she tried to sell her eggs for income.

PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH.

FADE OUT.

TAG

INT. ROACH MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Dirty Joanne, Helen, Dr. Cock, and Nora hang out in the lobby. Smudge waltzes in.

SMUDGE

Hey everyone, I'm back.

HELEN

(whisper)

Did you all know he was gone?

NORA

We never notice when he's gone.

SMUDGE

When the groundskeeper found me punching Dad's corpse, he had me committed to an asylum, but don't worry. I'm all cleared to work.

HELEN

Good, I've saved the most important job for you.

Helen searches around for something to give Smudge. She spots a broken-down fax machine out of the corner of her eye.

HELEN

You will be our fax machine operator.

SMUDGE

Oh my God, I've never seen one of these in real life before.

NORA

Do you want this place to explode, Helen?

HELEN

Come on, how bad could he be at it?

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. ROACH MOTEL - SOON AFTER

The motel explodes.

FADE TO BLACK.