

ROLL THE DICE

Written by

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EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

The perfect sunny summer day. A fancy pool party. The kind you would see on *Entourage*. Everyone who's anyone is probably at this party.

A gorgeous WOMAN steps out onto the pool deck. Perfect body shape, long flowing hair, a boob job so great you can't decide if they're real or fake, heels, red bikini, the works.

She struts like she's parting the Red Sea, cocktail in hand, towards a lounge chair and takes a seat.

A handsome DUDE approaches her with sunscreen.

DUDE

Excuse me, miss. Need another coat?

She smiles as she removes her sunglasses and stands up.

Without warning, a fireball SHOOTs out of her hands and blasts DUDE into the pool.

MAGE (V.O.)

Whoah, whoah, whoah!

The scene freezes.

MAGE (V.O.)

You can't shoot fireballs!

TROLL (V.O.)

Why not?

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A moss covered stone bridge in the middle of a lush forest. Under the bridge are a TROLL, a MAGE (wizard), a PRINCESS and an ELF, engaged in a role playing board game.

Everyone looks annoyed, except for Troll, who's genuinely confused.

MAGE

Because this isn't real life. This is *Mansions and Mistresses*. Mistresses can't shoot fireballs.

TROLL

But I've always wanted to shoot fireballs.

MAGE

Well, then you should have picked a firefighter or stunt coordinator instead of a super model.

ELF

Why did you pick a super model, anyway?

TROLL

Uh, because it's a fantasy?

ELF rolls his eyes.

MAGE

Still can't shoot fireballs. So what do you choose?

PRINCESS

And make it snappy, please. I'm supposed to be getting rescued in 20.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

The scene has reset.

DUDE and WOMAN are standing next to the pool, his sunscreen offer still open.

WOMAN

(in TROLL voice)

Right. Uh....

She whips out a large SWORD from God only knows where and swings it down at him.

MAGE (V.O.)

What?! NO!

The scene freezes again, just before she strikes him with it.

WOMAN

(frozen, in TROLL voice)

Now what?

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

MAGE

Why in the seven galaxies would you swing a sword at him?

TROLL
Because...

ELF
Because why?

TROLL
Because I don't want sunscreen.

PRINCESS
You'd rather risk ending your
modelling career early by getting
an ugly mole?

TROLL
(slightly embarrassed)
What's so ugly about moles?

MAGE
Do you even remember why you're at
this party?

TROLL
...not really.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

The scene resets.

WOMAN is back in the lounge chair, DUDE standing next to her
with the sunscreen. He's completely frozen.

MAGE (V.O.)
You're trying to get your big
break. Carmella led you to this
party so you could find an agent or
a director or someone with a lot of
money to get your career going.
This guy could be the one you're on
this quest to find.

WOMAN
(in TROLL voice)
Right. Got it.

MAGE (V.O.)
Good. So what do you do?

The scene unfreezes.

WOMAN
(in her own voice, to
DUDE)
Sure, I'd love some sunscreen.

DUDE sits down on the lounge chair next to her and squeezes some sunscreen into his palm. She turns her back to him, swinging her long, luscious locks of hair over her shoulder. He massages the sunscreen into her back.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
So, what do you do for a living?

DUDE
Yeah, so I'm super into trading,
you know stocks, bitcoin...yeah I
got a lot going on behind the
scenes...
(trails off)

She's already bored.

Her purse sits on the concrete underneath her, a small bottle with a pink lid poking out of it, catching her eye. She reaches into her bag and pulls out the one ounce bottle of COLLAGEN ELIXIR. She opens it and drinks the whole thing in one swig.

DUDE gives her shoulders one last rub and he puts the cap back on the sunscreen.

DUDE (CONT'D)
There you go.

She turns to him, her back to us now. His eyes widen.

WOMAN
Fank you.

DUDE tries to keep it cool and forces a smile, then gets up to leave.

DUDE
Yup. I'm...gonna grab a drink.

He takes off down the pool deck, practically speed-walking back to the thick of the party, leaving WOMAN alone by the pool.

TROLL (V.O.)
Wait, what just happened? That
should have worked?

She turns back to us and we see her lips are overly swollen and puffy, lopsided even. Definitely not a good look.

PRINCESS, ELF, and MAGE erupt into LAUGHTER.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

TROLL
What the hell?

MAGE
Looks like you had an allergic reaction to the collagen elixir.

TROLL
What?! That can happen? That's crap!

ELF
That's the game! I told you not to go over your calorie limit!

Th uproarious laughter continues.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

DUDE is walking away from the WOMAN. She stands up, and shoots a fireball clear across the party at him, blasting him into the pool. Again.

The entire party turns to look at her.

WOMAN
(in her own voice)
It's awwright. I'm a thunt coodinator.

A slight beat.

Seems legit. Everyone nods and smiles and goes back to partying. She picks up her cocktail and clumsily tries to take a sip with her oversized lips. It dribbles down the front of her bikini.

MAGE (V.O.)
All right, all right, I'll give you that one. Two points. Roll the dice.

WOMAN
(in TROLL voice)
Yesssss....

She struts out of frame, completely owning her new fat lips.

THE END.