

Binky's World

Episode 1

Binky's Dream

Written

By

Robert Harders

EXT. STRANGE PLANET

Haring runs from a shower of meteors landing all around him on the surface of a strange planet.

He sees a building in the distance, heads to it for safety, enters.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING

Safely inside, Haring sits on the floor against the door.

He catches his breath and surveys the filthy interior.

There's second door across the room, a bathroom area, a bunk bed. Maybe someone lived here once, a long time ago. Now the place feels like an indoor junk yard.

The second door suddenly opens and an older man, Samuels, runs in seeking safety, leans against the closed door, catching his breath, much as Haring did.

Still seated on the floor, Haring stares at Samuels who does not yet see him.

When Samuels realizes he's not alone, he turns and freezes at the sight of Haring.

Haring slowly stands.

The two men face off like gunslingers who each refused to leave town by sunset.

To Be Continued. . .

END OF EPISODE 1

Binky's World

Episode 2

Binky's Dream

Part Two

Written

By

Robert Harders

INT. BUILDING

Having made it to safety, Haring sits on the floor against the inside of the door.

He catches his breath and surveys the filthy interior.

There's second door across the room, a bathroom area, a bunk bed. Maybe someone lived here once, a long time ago.

Now the place feels like an indoor junk yard.

The second door suddenly opens and an older man, Samuels, runs in for safety, leans against the closed door, catching his breath, much as Haring did.

Still seated on the floor, Haring stares at Samuels' back.

Samuels turns and freezes at the sight of Haring.

Haring slowly stands.

The two men face off like gunslingers who each refused to leave town by sunset.

Samuels walks to the toilet, raises the toilet seat, and urinates.

Samuels passes gas.

HARING

You're leaking into my air.

Samuels continues urinating in sporadic spurts punctuated with the occasional fart.

Haring throws up his hands in disgust.

HARING (CONT'D)

Stinking stink! You old groaners
squeeze a furious juice through the
tunnels.

SAMUELS

(Thinking) Once I choked on the
seeds of posterity and swallowed
greenly amidst the arid markets.
Once, I pedaled to the eyesore to
loosen the cap and splash in the
pits. I found only the lonely goose
of epiphany, stuffed and mounted.
Now I flout the bellows of a tall
offspring. Muzzle my soaps if you
can and I will pop the top alone.

Samuels flushes the toilet then jiggles the handle so the
tank will stop filling.

Then he and Haring realize the sound of the toilet filling
has masked the approaching swoosh of a meteor outside.

Their attention holds as the meteor passes overhead, collides
with the planet somewhere with a distant muffled explosion,
then quiets, leaving only the sound of the running water
filling the toilet tank, which soon shuts off.

Silence.

A moment later, the sounds of a shower of meteors. Closer.
Growing louder.

When a meteor collides with the building. Haring and Samuels
are thrown to the floor.

The ceiling collapses around them.

Demolished debris rains down.

In the chaos, Samuels finds shelter under a table.

Haring lands on his back, the wind knocked out of him. For
several moments he is immobile then slowly rolls over,
struggles to his knees.

The destruction subsides. The worse seems over.

Samuels pokes his head out of hiding.

A sudden eruption as multiple meteors strike sends Samuels back into hiding.

In the deafening roar, Haring dives to avoid huge chunks of falling debris.

A swirling dust cloud of destruction swallows them both.

To Be Continued. . .

END OF EPISODE 2

Binky's World

Episode 3

Binky's Dream

Part Three

Written

By

Robert Harders

INT. BUILDING

Moments later. The aftermath of the destruction. The dust settling.

Haring and Samuels emerge from hiding, shaken but alive.

The swoosh of a meteor overhead.

They brace for the worst. It doesn't come. The meteor passes.

Silence.

HARING

I fault this bloodless-yet-all-too-bloody millennium. There is no milk to poop nor poetry to ply.

SAMUELS

Unleash and spill or cork the logic.

HARING

Seriously. Replace the plum. Rot the veneer. Till then I'll gargle nasty phlegm.

SAMUELS

Popularize the semi-transparent myth? Till then pish?

HARING

Retire and mourn.

SAMUELS

And let the rhino pull the rickshaw?

HARING

Retaliation.

SAMUELS

When all are marshmallow?

HARING

Rehash this jumble and I'll puke.
My guts are burning.

SAMUELS

Your bath is dry.

HARING

Expand the page. Disparity leads to
clarity.

SAMUELS

How the locus of contempt strains
to stand and bite and stumbles -

HARING

(overlapping)

Only action can sedate the need.

SAMUELS

- while enemies prowl the aisles.

HARING

Fut! Fut! (pause) And, again I say,
fut! (pause) My essential enzymes
mix. Emotion.

SAMUELS

Seedy sentiment.

Each has found a makeshift weapon from the junk and debris
piles around them. They face off defiantly.

Samuels again passes gas.

HARING

Intumescent stinkpot! My sense of
smell is a liability in this
presence. Oh, untimely meeting in
an unventilated world. I am death's
midwife come to deliver you. Your
enemies wait to feast on your
remains.

SAMUELS

They will chew for a night and
still not get me down.

Haring lunges with weapon raised and they fight. Wielding their ersatz weapons like swords, they thrust and parry with an acrobatic swordsmanship that would make Errol Flynn envious.

HARING

Swing and fall. Fall and die. I spit cankers into your crowded mouth.

SAMUELS

Blow through tomorrow and depress me Thursday.

HARING

Ugliness on the rocks. Your sold-out concert is cancelled. Feel my edge.

Haring lands a telling blow and Samuels staggers to a knee.

Samuels touches his forehead, sees blood on his hand.

SAMUELS

(thinking) Is there no love in burning shacks? In sinking ships? To fall and forget you were once high. To crouch and crawl under forgotten promises. Oh, broken, decomposing flesh. I cough blood and spew into empty racks. I bear down and squeeze my underpants. Where am I?

Samuels tries to rise.

HARING

No more. Repent.

SAMUELS

Bitter pill disgorge. You are my vomit. Now join me.

Samuels fights on.

HARING

Bite yourself and surrender. You were bought and sold. Now rupture and collapse.

Haring delivers the fateful blow. Samuels reels. Falls. Tries to recover, but cannot.

SAMUELS

(thinking) Scrub me in serene chaos. But save my meat from a scruffy peace.

HARING

Your day is spoiled. Now sputter out.

SAMUELS

I... sneeze on your crotch.

Samuels dies.

HARING

Ghosts ignore you. Unite with nothing. Sound the truce on the trombone. This venting was not in vain. I have struggled with the zipper; the trophy still falls up. I have squeezed the clapstick dry. Now, to ride the glow into tomorrow.

Another meteor. This time close. The building trembles from a direct hit and a large fluorescent light fixture shakes loose from a dangling beam.

As Haring watches the cosmic conspiracy of Rube Goldbergian precision unfold, the light fixture bounces and careens its way into a collision with electrical boxes mounted on a wall.

Sparks. Fire. Alarms.

In the midst of the ensuing conflagration about to engulf him, Haring waits, amazed.

START DISSOLVE:

In the DISSOLVE, the sounding alarms becomes more recognizable as the familiar ringing of a smart phone.

END DISSOLVE:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A smart phone vibrating on a table. A hand picks it up.

HARING

(into phone) Yeah?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Haring runs down the corridor, looking for the right room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haring stops short in the doorway, slowly moves into the room where Samuels lies in bed, an unconscious, badly bruised old man engulfed within a phalanx of tubes, monitors, and life-sustaining equipment.

Haring approaches and gently touches the foot of the bed.

ALONZO

(off-screen) Do you know this man?

Haring turns to the man in the doorway.

HARING

He's my father. Who are you?

ALONZO

Alonzo Mosely. FBI.

Alonzo flashes ID.

ALONZO (CONT'D)

How much do you know about your father?

To Be Continued. . .

END OF EPISODE 3