

# Binky's World

## Episode 3

### *Binky's Dream*

#### Part Three

Written

By

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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