

"BINKY TUBA GETS A LIFE"

By Brian Cruce

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FADE IN:

OPENING QUOTES:

"Lead me not into temptation..."
- Lord's Prayer

"We are born into the world of nature;
our second birth is into the world of spirit."
- Bhagavad Gita

"The world moves on a woman's hips."
- David Byrne

1. DEEP SPACE

A dismal, bleak planet quickly approaches. A tilt and tight orbit around this cracked little ball reveals ramshackle shacks where a WOMAN slouches on a front porch couch and a MAN, slumped on the ground, tosses and breaks a beer bottle; a high cliff drops into a dessert where the clamor of a distant fracas surges from a small, divided town with TWO MILITARY LEADERS squared off atop a government building; a low cliff and dense scraggy scrub break into desolate savannah where a baby's cry and the buzzing of flies rise amid a collection of STARVING PEOPLE. The world of raucous discord clamors up to ZARA, an isolated man pleading to the heavens. He wears seaman's coat. Impossibly, it's pink. Moreover, from his waist, it arcs out behind him like the wing casings of an imperial beetle.

Back into space, the miserable outcry nearly reaches a canopied satellite. A fierce, endless quarrel rages from within. Further out, a rotating orb rises into view.

2. BINKY'S ROCK - SPACE

As it turns BINKY TUBA'S face is revealed. Skeptical optimism shifts in Binky's eyes. His fingers scratch out yet another stalemate game of tic-tac-toe in the crust of his rock. Crouched on a tiny rotating asteroid in the deep ink of space, Binky sighs. He's stuck, bored, and worn to a bitter frazzle by another round of harsh parental battling discharging up against his nerves.

As Binky grimaces, a plump, ripe fruit sails down and bounces off his head, flattening him onto his rock. Rich chirping and cooing grabs Binky's attention. A distant planet, lush and tropical, bobs and sways to an enchanting beat. A steamy giggle snaps Binky to his feet. The planet's rhythms shake his ass. Desire fixes his stare as his body twists on his rotating little rock. He scampers around to keep his eyes on the distant paradise as a sensual sigh lilts up and strokes Binky's captured face. He glares down at continuing quarrel, glances back up at the beautiful planet, and hops off his rock to face his elders.

3. BEDROOM ARENA - SPACE

A canopied bed built like a wrestling arena bobs closer as Binky approaches, still dancing to the tropical rhythms. He parts the curtains. A RUBENESQUE MATRIARCH lunges forward and a warrior's shriek escapes her fierce mouth. A SINEWY PATRIARCH thrusts and shouts back at her. The woman rears back, her open hands ready for a wrestling match. Her blue shawl voluptuously unfurls about her. The man stands defiant, ready for the next phase of the battle. The cloth around his loins rises up like a cobra swaying and jabbing at the woman's cloak.

Noticing Binky, they freeze, as he hops up into their would-be arena. The two snap into more dignified postures, standing as a mock king and queen.

CONTINUED

3. BEDROOM ARENA - SPACE - CONTINUED

Binky scampers over to them and, like a child at a pet store window, points to the tropical paradise as it chirps and sings and frolics and giggles. The man emphatically denies Binky's request. Both elders point to a brightly lit portal in the middle of the floor. Binky looks into it to see the dismal stinking planet far below them centered in the portal's grid. Appalled then pitiful, Binky pleads for paradise. The rhythm of their shaking heads keeps its somber beat as they point even more emphatically to the weary, scarred world. Binky leaves the mat.

Outside the curtain, he turns to leave and winces as the woman's shriek resumes, and again at the sound of a smashing thud.

4. BINKY'S ROCK - SPACE

Binky drums his peeved fingers. Demoralized, he slumps on his spinning celestial dirt clod. The fighting continues. A small rocket streaks under Binky's nose, spinning him like a cheap wind-up toy. The tiny ship arcs into an urban planet covered with neon and gleaming buildings. Dance music pulses as it rocks to an endless party. Binky breaks his stare and launches off his boulder, determined to convince his embattled masters.

5. BEDROOM ARENA - SPACE

The man stares at Binky. The woman stares at him, too. Binky looks back incredulously. Taught with rage, they have contorted themselves into a bizarre, angry knot. Her cloak flaps against the restraint. The man's snakelike loincloth takes aim. Binky looks away as if he would really rather not see this demonstration.

CONTINUED

5. BEDROOM ARENA - SPACE - CONTINUED

The adults snap back into their formal standing positions, still darting menacing looks at each other. Binky races up to them, pointing hopefully to the city-planet, hearing it's urban beat. The woman rejects the idea, and both adults simply point to the broken orb below as it belches and wheezes.

Outside their curtained arena, Binky hears the fight resume. Pissed, and bored with their antics, Binky skulks away.

6. BINKY'S ROCK - SPACE

Binky's hostile fingers rap his rock, oblivious to the bits, then chunks, of his asteroid that are chipping away. Half of his home falls into space. He shuffles onto the remaining tiny hunk, fingers and toes gripping. Slowly he tilts and swings upside down, suspended in space and still turning. He scrambles back to the top of his rock, only to flip over again. Aggravated then resigned, he falls away - ready to comply with his superiors.

7. BEDROOM ARENA - SPACE

Inside, the sounds of hard pounding sex shake the curtains. Binky timidly rises on the mat. Mutual orgasm bucks at the gates. Binky gives them a squeamish look of apology - and they screech to a halt, and pull apart like a cork from a bottle. Binky approaches.

Panting in their regained formal stance, they glare at Binky who halfheartedly shrugs toward his sad destiny. They scrutinize him with their stare. Binky adds a little more effort to an additional single leaning nod.

CONTINUED

7. BEDROOM ARENA - CONTINUED

The elders kneel before the portal. Binky looks at them, tense and patient. They look back. He leans forward, resigned. The matriarch makes an "X" on the left of the grid. It glows red, spreading apprehension across Binky's face. The patriarch makes his "X" on the right. It too glows red. Worry brings Binky's eyes up to theirs. They look back with encouragement. He makes his "X" between theirs. All three "Xs" glow as a thin red line cuts through them. The dome of the portal splits along the line. Binky stares into the bright light.

The man and woman hop behind Binky and kick him into the hole. Just as he is about to disappear, Binky grabs a corner of the woman's cloak. She spins like a loose may pole as it unwinds around her and flaps down the hole. Tracking the cloak, the loincloth swings about and fires down after it. The man and woman look up, consider each other with confused disinterest, and blankly walk away from each other.

8. VORTEX - SPACE

Binky whines through clenched teeth as he drops down a swirling vortex of liquid reds and purples. The blue cloak chases Binky. The snarling yellow loincloth chases the cloak.

INSERT

Silent morning air holds a desolate landscape. A dark mountain breaks the horizon.

8. VORTEX - CONTINUED

Binky screams wildly.

INSERT

Still silent, the blackened mountain rises closer.

8. VORTEX - CONTINUED

Binky falls fast, followed by the cloak and dagger.

INTERCUT

9. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

Zara stares expectantly in to the sky. The mountain stands far behind him. A sideways crescent moon floats above a dramatically oversized cuff of the white sailor's cap that springs from his wide head. He wears a surgical mask. His overworked face is not haggard, but comfortable with its blunt toughness. A shadow falls across it.

8. VORTEX - CONTINUED

Binky's screams have completely escaped, leaving him silent and gaping as he rockets downward.

9. ZARA'S PLACE - CONTINUED

Zara narrows his focus. His pupils widen in the deepening shadow. He stands calmly in the rapidly spreading shadow of Binky's arrival.

8. VORTEX - CONTINUED

Binky rips into wide, hazy sky. His stout little body is impossibly twisted, his arms bent weirdly around him.

9. ZARA'S PLACE - CONTINUED

Collision is eminent. The pink sailor neatly sidesteps far to the left, averting disaster. Binky crashes head first behind him and falls over. Zara stares at him.

Binky checks out his newly arranged head, and notices the blue cloak. It snaps onto him, forming a second skin, and flipping him like a truck-stop pancake. Zara winces. Binky spins and comes to a gentle stop - dazed and distracted as the snaky loincloth races down his skyward backside. Zara grimaces at the sight. Binky's body wrenches and smacks back onto the hard ground. He lays comatose as the yellow film of the loincloth rises to cover his eyes.

Binky blearily raises his now severely angled head. Zara, menacing behind his surgical mask, removes his hands from his pockets and closes in. Binky sits up. Zara rips off his mask and buzzes up to Binky's face - and turns out to be little more than a bug.

The sailor backs off a bit and spreads his welcoming arms wide. Disgusted, Binky squints at his wheezing new home and peers longingly up to the heavens. The tropical planet coos. The urban planet parties.

Zara nods emphatically and points to something behind Binky. Binky twists around to see a shovel standing in a pile of rocks like Arthur's sword in a stone. He looks back at the bug with confusion. Zara nods again more sternly, points to the shovel, and swings his finger in a wide arch around to the mountain.

A whip cracks as the mountaintop puffs a gray plume.

Zara spreads his arms to the sounds of the tropical and urban planets. Binky puzzles, looks to the mountain and the bug. Zara sweeps his hand again.

CONTINUED

13. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY - CONTINUED

Binky gets it and trots over to the shovel. He steadies a solid grip and extracts it like a champion.

The mountain puffs again. The yellow film of the loincloth ripples over Binky's eyes. He races back to Zara and speeds right past him. Zara waves frantically, pointing to his right, then slumps in resigned disbelief.

10. LUST'S PLACE - DAY

Binky clambers up the mountain, and arrives in a smoky charred terrain. Shovel in hand, he catches his breath. Hot thick bubbles pop from small pits scattered throughout the cooled lava and ash lumped about the area. A few irrelevant burnt trees have survived incineration.

A whip cracks. Binky's face goes slack with desire. LUST straddles a volcanic crater. A whip cracks. Rusty red, horse-like and very strong, she looks sideways at Binky with reserved rockets of sexual intensity. She waits for him to make the next move.

A spasm rolls through Binky's body. He drops his shovel and moves toward her, every step heaving his bloody craving. Her smile disappears as she narrows her gaze. He locks onto her with his jaundiced glare. The yellow film over his eyes ripples. Disappointed, Lust looks aside. Turning to Binky, she folds back her ears and fills her powerful chest through flared nostrils. Binky bounds toward her and is about to leap for her with wicked glee. She drops her jaw, and blasts our naive hero with a fiery torrent.

Aflame, he stands motionless for a beat - then runs around completely ablaze, a screaming headless chicken. A flaming "X" forms in his scribbled burning trail.

11. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

Binky tears back down the mountain. Huffing and puffing, he glares at the tiny sailor, who emphatically points to the right toward a hot and hazy wasteland. Binky defiantly heads in the opposite direction. Zara waves to stop him, then waves dismissively.

12. NEAR SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY

Insects whine back at the heat. Binky climbs across a bleak terrain and pushes through bracken and scrub. Vines crisscross his path. He approaches a cluster of ramshackle shacks. Deep, satisfied snoring clatters through the insect whine.

Unmoving, a WOMAN slouched on a couch eyes him with lazy interest. A FAT MAN slumps against the porch, finishes another beer, and tosses it onto a growing pile of empties at the edge of a collapsed shack. The snoring gets louder.

Binky hoists a support of the broken structure back into place. SEVERAL SCRAWNY LITTLE KIDS snooze under the propped up roof. A TEENAGE BOY looks up, yawns, and droops back down. The snoring blares from a well-fed YOUNG BOY. The roof slides back to its collapsed position.

Binky yawns and begins to set off when a vine raises up just enough to trip him. He tumbles over a low cliff covered in coiled brambles.

13. SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY

Dusty old pillows cushion Binky's landing. As the dust settles, Binky looks up blissfully surprised. SLOTH peers kindly down at him. She blinks a slow cat blink and begins to purr. Binky blearily looks back.

CONTINUED

13. SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY - CONTINUED

Together, they rest on a ratty mattress, surrounded by weather-beaten pillows. An ancient gramophone is quiet at her feet. Sloth's unnaturally long hair slowly snakes about her unnaturally long skinny body. She wears several layers of tattered kiddy jumpers with their booties flapped at her knees. She's a comatose cat lounging through her days. Her eyes rest on Binky's. He gazes creamily, dreamily back at hers.

Binky lets his shovel fall as the yellow film ripples over his sleepy eyes. Disappointment rolls over Sloth's face. A writhing lock of her hair wraps around the gramophone handle and winds it. A lilting lullaby gently plays in quiet harmony with the insects whose whine is now strangely distant. Binky rolls over as another coil of hair slowly snakes up around him.

14. NEAR SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY

The sleeping woman on the couch shoos a fly from her gaping mouth. The fly buzzes over to the fat guy, and is sucked up his snoring nostril and sputtered out his mouth. The fly buzzes away disgusted.

13. SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY

Binky slumbers. He squirms to find that he can hardly move. Coils of hair around his throat tighten. He turns blue. His eyes crack open. Hair straps across his face. He forces a rope away from his body, only to have it burn through his hands. He gears up to scream but the tresses rewind around his gaping mouth. As Sloth's ropes nearly mummify him, he reaches for the shovel and, using every last ounce of his strength, pries her tying binds off of him.

Sloth stirs awake, peers with pleasant disinterest over her shoulder, and slips back to sleep.

Severely dented and rope-burned from his wrappings, Binky hobbles away. A deeply furrowed "X" crosses his back.

INSERT

The sun works through the dirty sky over a quiet landscape.

15. VANITY'S PLACE - DAY

Strange, angular scrub creates a thick maze. Binky scrabbles through it. Rhythmic insect noises have given way to light tinkling of glass chimes. He breaks into a clearing and smacks into hard air. Shaking off the shock and disbelief, he gropes about to find the edge of what turns out to be a wall of glass. He cautiously slides around it, takes a few steps and smacks into another wall. Briefly exasperated, he slides toward the wall's edge.

An abstract glittering fan of pretty glass shards tinkles and slices through the air.

Binky slides out from behind a mirrored panel. Astonished, he stops.

The fan of glass passes again, this time right to left.

Glimmering surreal sparkles dance over Binky as he gawks at VANITY. She struts and turns in front of a wall of mirrors with a rose clamped in her beak. She devours her own image. Delicate but deadly shards of glass splay out from her hips and shoulders like fancy feathers on this indigo bird woman. In a reflection, she spies Binky spying on her. Their eyes meet. She turns for him to appraise her directly. She sparkles at him for just a moment and returns to her swishing and strutting.

Binky hurries toward Vanity and claps into another plate of glass. Tottering around it, he comes to her. She eyes him again for half a bemused moment. Binky sniffs at the rose held in her beak high above his head. She snaps away to fix her gaze on her own image, then, with her wings slicing the air, she struts off.

CONTINUED

15. VANITY'S PLACE - DAY - CONTINUED

About to reach for her, he catches himself in the mirrors, and stares back at his own vision. He rubs his curiously angled head. Impressed with his image, he rests the shovel against the glass, and swaggers before the mirrors. First right, then left, then right in front of Vanity - blocking her view of herself.

He looks up at her with puffed-up pride and a rippled yellow gaze. Peeved, she whips around and swishes to another set of mirrors. Bewildered, he shrugs at her departure, and a couple thin lines of blood open across his face. Feeling something, he turns to face the mirror. Several bloody lines open across his face. He leaps in a panic, opening a hash of bloody "Xs" slashed across his entire front side.

Blood streams from the deep surgical gashes as he cautiously shuffles sideways to safety. He collects his shovel and bangs painfully into one more invisible panel along the way.

16. VILLAGE - DAY

A MAN and WOMAN stand back to back, arms crossed, noses high. Chins defiant, they study the air. Binky's blood-curdling "Yeow!" echoes through the air. Big dollops of bird poo splat onto the upturned faces.

17. NEAR GLUTTONY'S PLACE - DAY

Binky stumbles into a small puddle and carefully cups some water to soothe his wounds. He scrabbles into another puddle and wallows like a dry pig. He sits up, shakes his head with frustration, and notices his unhappy reflection in the puddle beneath him. Indignant, angry, he splashes away his image. From a nearby batch of bulrushes, a woman's weeping stills him.

18. GLUTTONY'S PLACE - DAY

An enormous hippo woman sits sobbing in a marshy basin. Small mountains of cupcakes bob around her. Large plastic cups with straws, and an ice tray also swim in the water. Binky hangs from the bank of her basin. GLUTTONY lets out a startling wail, dropping Binky into the water. She pops in a cupcake.

Binky wades over to her as she looks for ice in a passing empty ice tray and tosses it away. Munching her comfort, she sniffs away her tears. Binky pushes the tray aside and looks to her with curiosity. In her enormous way, Gluttony is sweet and pretty as she chews and sniffs. He wades closer. She looks to him with pained hope in her wet eyes. He looks back with genuine care. She offers him a cupcake. He splashes over and clambers onto her small hill of a thigh to accept it.

He gobbles his treat and reaches for the one that she was about to eat. She eyes him with concern as she feeds him her cake. A tear escapes. Eating the cupcake, Binky reaches for another. He stuffs his face and asks for more. Gravely, Gluttony looks down at Binky as her tears begin to flow. Binky begs for more. The film ripples across his jaundiced gaze. Gluttony's tears pour off her face as she packs more cupcakes into our misguided hero. The water rises around them.

Gluttony wails and feeds Binky and gorges on more herself. Binky flails for a passing cherry in the rising water as she packs in more cakes. He gurgles pointlessly under water. Gluttony sighs and rolls away. Pathetic bubbles and a few cherries gather where Binky once floundered, creating a bobbing "X" among them.

19. DESOLATE SAVANAH - DAY

Binky paces back and forth etching a frustrated gouge in the dirt. With every pass, his shovel clanks over a rock. He paces. It clanks. Fed up and dripping wet, he rears back to kick the little worrisome rock clear off the planet. It doesn't budge - and flips him hard onto his back.

Exhaling his grief, he looks up to one corner of the sky to the tropical planet. It coos. He looks over to the urban planet. It parties. Looking between his feet, he sees the mountain waiting for him. He sits up, finds some determination, and trots toward it.

20. LUST'S PLACE - DAY

Lust looks up and raises a skeptical eyebrow. Binky stands confidently. He's playing it cool this time. He drops his shovel, steps forward, rolls his shoulders, and grabs his crotch. His lurid eyes twinkle. Lust looks away bored and bothered, then inhales as her bustier cups slide open like missile silos.

Binky's eyes widen with hope. He spreads his arms wide. Fire launches from her holsters engulfing the juvenile. He stands a blown desecration of black ash. A bare red "X" shadows Binky in the black blasted ground behind him.

21. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

The tiny pink bug paces in the air, anxiously clasping and unclasping his hands.

22. NEAR HATE'S PLACE - DAY

Grumbling and cursing, Binky stomps across icy, glacier-laden terrain. The blue cloak drags a bit behind him. He screams at the distant mountain as he marches away from it. The second skin catches on a twiggy shrub. The yellow-green of the snaky loincloth gleams from the gap beneath the cloak. Snow begins to blow. Binky strains against the shrub, and it snaps him into a face plant. Shouting, he swings around ready to pound the innocent bramble.

INTERCUT

23. BORDERTOWN - DAY

Through a window, A MAN and WOMAN raise their hands to smack each other with a shout.

22. NEAR HATE'S PLACE - DAY

Binky's shovel smashes the plant. The snow falls faster. Rearing back, he yells for another swing...

24. BORDERTOWN - DAY

In the street, TWO GUYS take up Binky's yell as they are about to beat each other.

22. NEAR HATE'S PLACE - DAY

Binky's shovel crushes the plant again. He swings back for another hit as the snow swirls around him.

25. BORDERTOWN - DAY

On the veranda of a government building, TWO ARGUING LEADERS jump to their feet, knocking back their chairs. They call their TROOPS, which rally on either side.

26. HATE'S PLACE - DAY

Snow storms around Binky as he holds his shovel in defiant howling rage.

The blinding snow settles to reveal palatial ice crystals and gleaming metal snow disks in the formation of a frozen throne. A fin circles in a hole cut in the icy floor. HATE, shark-like, relaxed but intense, circles up out of the opening and slides onto her seat. The snow disks gleam around her. She sees Binky. He glares back with incredulous frustrated disbelief. At first receptive, Hate now adjusts to a more defensive posture and squints a cool glare. Ready for a fight, Binky bristles and picks his way, slipping and flopping up the slope.

Calm and collected, Hate adjusts her position as Binky approaches. She plays a cool toe through the freezing water in the hole in the ice as Binky huffs up to her.

Growling with rage, Binky raises his shovel. Hate bares her nightmare teeth. Binky swings back his shovel to score a homerun with her head. Hate draws a vicious breath, and just as Binky is about to release his shovel, she flips an icy stream of water from the hole onto his batting arm, flinging his shovel away. Frozen stiff, his arm goes from blue to black. Worried then pissed, Binky strains against the freeze. Cracks spider up his arm and pop off his little finger.

Binky rages at Hate. She flips another wave of freezing water. All but his face turns a frozen, immobile black and blue. Quaking mad, his whole body cracks. Hate slides back into her hole. Binky stands frozen, gaping at her. Hate blows him a kiss and slips away.

Binky's face turns a frozen black and blue. Panic forces itself to the surface - and snaps his face apart, forming a hard, empty "X". He falls back.

27. SHABBY VILLAGE - DAY

A bucket is kicked to the sound of Binky's crash. Out of despair, a POOR SKINNY WOMAN leaning against the outside wall of a shack has kicked the empty old pail. A LITTLE GIRL scampers by and snatches it up.

28. NEAR GREED'S PLACE - TWILIGHT

A jittering wreck, Binky scuttles through low tundra and long shadows of red rock formations toward a warmer part of the world. A new, mechanical sound of droning insects rises and falls. He scampers behind a few rocks, over a cliff and into a sheltering cluster of outcroppings.

He crouches and quakes on a small rock. A sharp "crack" echoes around the rocks working Binky's remaining nerves. The echoes fade, Binky calms, then crack, zip, thwack - a flying chunk knocks Binky off his perch, losing his shovel. The buzzing continues.

He peeks over the top of his protective rock. Sparkling hunks of metal break through the surface of a stony wall. They escape their rocky confines and zing through the air. Binky ducks, nearly getting smashed by a big one. His shovel trembles and bounces. It leaps up, joining the flying metal storm. Binky nabs it - but it drags him off.

A small wedge of metal suddenly punches through a rock face and stops. It busts out a little further, revealing its greater size.

The shovel drags Binky on his butt - directly toward a small, firmly planted rock. It crunches right between his legs. Gripping his shovel with his hands and the rock with his feet, Binky swivels around. Flying shining ore continues to zip by him.

CONTINUED

28. NEAR GREED'S PLACE - CONTINUED

The sharp wedge of metal draws even further from its hold and launches.

A small bit of flying metal snaps Binky on his head. He struggles to hold onto his shovel behind him and the grounded rock before him. His eyes are closed tight with the strain.

The huge metal blade slices through the air.

Another chunk of ore smacks Binky in the head. He opens an eye to check the scene - and the huge wedge is flying right at him. It clangs across his face and launches him from his hold.

29. GREED'S PLACE - TWILIGHT

His shovel rips from his hands and clatters through some kind of loud, buzzing tunnel. The shovel, along with several chunks of ore, is spewed out onto a mountain of the extracted shiny stuff.

Still flying, Binky forces the blade from his head and slices his hands. Without the metal moving him, he drops - again, nearly getting beaned.

The blade clangs across the opening of the buzzing pipe. The whole machine begins to whine and rattle.

Binky rises as the noise gets louder, and tries to make sense out of this spectacle.

CONTINUED

29. GREED'S PLACE - CONTINUED

An agitated oversized squirrel tail flicks above the machine - and its owner, a small very serious SQUIRREL-LIKE WOMAN, drops to the ground. Her tail still flipping, she clicks her tongue.

Binky ducks behind a rock. His nerves are shot and now this. Greed reaches for a dial, and moves it from minus to neutral. The ore flying by Binky stops and falls. One piece cracks onto his head. Greed hears his squawk, and clicks and flicks intently. Binky freezes. Greed cautiously crawls toward him, staring him down.

She snatches the fallen blade and flings it - over to a pile of other similar jagged discards. A small mountain of ore towers behind the scrap.

Binky timidly gapes at the mound of sparkling metal - and then more closely examines a fallen piece before him. Its shimmering beauty captures him as the film ripples over his eyes. He cautiously scans the ground around him, and slowly takes a step back. Greed stares at him, her tail flicking wildly. Binky warily eyes her as he kneels to collect another piece. Greed squints right back at him. He reaches for his next prize. She chatters and clicks. He nabs the gem and runs.

Greed swings back onto her machine. Binky scrabbles away from her, grabbing up as many pieces as he can carry. He spots a big beautiful specimen, darts over to it, and chucks his smaller treasures. This new piece is so big it takes Binky three straining efforts to hoist it up. He can hardly carry it.

Greed kicks on her machine. Binky struggles forward. The buzz of the machine is back. Hobbling, he hurries ahead as small pieces of precious fallen ore lift up and fly behind him. Greed stares fiercely at her escaping riches. Binky strains against the force - but fails and is sucked through the pipe. He bangs under Greed and is flung to the top of a heap. He and his shovel bang and bounce down the back of the pile. His splayed silhouette fixes a hapless "X" against the sun as it sets into the trees behind him.

30. VILLAGE - NIGHT

TWO LADIES enviously eye each other. They lean in, pluck off the other's hat, and pause for a moment to pose. Then they notice what the other is wearing. They lean in...

31. ZARA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Clouds cover a big bright moon. Distant thunder rumbles. Zara paces. Shaking his head, the pink sailor grabs the back of his neck and exhales the disappointment of defeat. Lightning flashes and crackles.

32. ENVY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Lighting flickers through silent night woods. Binky creeps quietly as the remaining daylight surrenders to unyielding gloom. He pauses, straining to see anything through the dark trees. No sight, no sound. He chances another step. Bone on bone rattles a pattern somewhere in the darkness. He looks into the trees and sees nothing. He hustles a few steps and stops. Silence.

The bones clatter again a little closer, scattng Binky through the trees. He hops over a root and crouches beneath it, listening for his life. Only jungle bugs, then the bones clack once. Then again. And again, closer and faster like sticks against a picket fence. Lightning strobes onto Binky spiking his adrenalin that flings his little body deeper into the darkness.

He stops, heart pounding, lungs pumping. He cautiously slides sideways. Another step. Something passes silently before him. Another strobe casts harsh light and hard shadows, catching him as he jitters ahead.

CONTINUED

32. ENVY'S PLACE - CONTINUED

He hears a light rustle, and holds. He looks around and backs away. He cautiously moves on. Lightning flashes as he slowly paces right by ENVY, camouflaged and dead still between the trees. As the last strobe hits, she steps out several paces behind Binky. Binky trots a little faster, and suddenly stops and holds his breath. He can just make out a whirring sound. He turns and strains to see it as the sound increases. Lightning strikes as a big curved bone cracks into Binky's forehead. The force knocks him flat and bounces him back on his feet. He turns and runs for his life.

Bones rattle. Binky flies through the trees. Rattle, rattle, clack, clack! Envy flits through the trees. Binky races ahead. He looks back as a root arches before him. He ducks! Envy's bones clatter after him. He sprints even faster, terrified out of his mind.

Envy closes in. Her rattle gets louder - and she leaps straight up. The bones go silent.

Binky hops down and pushes ahead. A whirring sound chases him. It gets louder - and smashes Binky in the back, ripping the air out of him. He sails and slams into a tree. He crashes to the ground and tries to squeeze some air into his lungs.

Envy drops before him. He forces his body onto his feet. Lightning flashes. Binky barely makes out the lizard woman with huge rib bones strapped to her arms, legs, and back. Her camouflage coloring fades to a neutral pale green. Her tail whips back and forth as she studies him. Her tongue flicks. Binky tries to step to one side. She hisses and shakes her bony weapons.

CONTINUED

32. ENVY'S PLACE - CONTINUED

Binky shrinks back as Envy coldly stares him down, her body weaving like a constrictor about to strike. He quakes, hiding behind his shovel. She closes in and hunches low before the little man. He stares back, a frozen target. She draws a slow, hissing breath.

Her coloring begins to change. Her skin transforms to match the blue patterning on Binky as she mimics his posture. Satisfaction softens her face while confusion wrestles with Binky's. She eyes the shovel and snaps it from him to complete her caricature.

She seems very pleased. Binky remains quietly restrained, but then appraises his multi-weaponed adversary. He examines his empty hands. His yellowed eyes catch hers. She reads his mind. Unable to resist, he cautiously reaches out to extract one of her bones. A bandana snaps, Binky falls back in a panic, and Envy instantly leaps into the air as her camouflage coloring returns. Binky grabs his shovel and cringes behind it. Envy's bony arsenal whirls through the air and thrashes Binky. He attempts to worm away and is hammered into the ground. The bone rattle fades away as Binky reaches for his shovel. Half dead, he crawls from the "X" shaped trenches. Rain begins to fall.

33. ZARA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Night rain batters the landing area where Binky first crashed onto this miserable planet. Puny and beaten, he drags his shovel behind him. He has failed. Binky collapses on the hard ground. Great choking sobs wail from his soul. Lightning cracks the cloudy night sky. Rain washes down on the little blue man.

34. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

Binky whimpers in pain as he slumbers through a clear morning. A sudden horrible alarm clock buzz grinds his teeth. Binky cracks an eye to find the tiny pink sailor buzzing inches from his face. The sailor glares at him like a sergeant addressing one of his troops. Binky aims a disheartened swat at the guy, which the bug casually dodges.

Binky swats again and notices the ragged blue cloak flapping from his arm. He stares at it and waggles it. Beneath it, somehow in his arm, the snaky loincloth shudders. Horrified, Binky tries to hop up, but stiffly creaks up to examine his invaded body.

The parasitic intruder wriggles behind war wounds ripped through the smothering blue sheath. Binky pulls at the cloak. Like peeling a stubborn scab from a harsh wound, he painfully tears it from his body. The loincloth pulses where the cloak once was.

Strangling the undulating wrap at arms length, Binky reaches around with his other hand and strains to extract the uninvited guest. The yellow film of the loincloth lowers from Binky's eyes as he yanks out the invader. In one hand, the loincloth darts and snaps at the waving cloak in the other. Fed up, Binky hurls the cloak with all of his might skyward. Then he flings the loincloth behind it. The two fly flapping and snapping back into space.

35. BEDROOM ARENA - SPACE

The voluptuous woman and the sinewy man are hunched and bored, sitting with their backs to each other. The cloak flies back up through the hole in the mat. The loincloth rockets after it. The cloak wraps back around the woman as the loincloth zips back onto the man, flinging them both onto the air. They land and circle each other like two sparing partners. They come to a stop with joyful battle cries whooping from their mouths.

CONTINUED

35. BEDROOM ARENA - SPACE - CONTINUED

The portal in the floor snaps shut, and the three "Xs" disappear.

34. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

Binky stands a glowing monument to freedom. Zara buzzes down in front of him, shattering the moment. The little bug motions toward the mountain - and then shoves Binky sideways, encouraging him to go through the hazy wasteland like before.

Binky considers his experiences on this miserable violation of a planet. One answer connects with another and then another. The whip cracks and Zara watches as he runs off.

36. GLUTTONY'S PLACE - DAY

Gluttony slurps a cool beverage. The ice tray bobs in the water. Binky's shovel scoops it up and flips it over the amply sized woman as he quickly wades past her. His shovel returns just in time to catch the falling tray. Noisily slurping the end of her drink, she watches him go.

37. HATE'S PLACE - DAY

Hate's shark fin circles in the water. Binky steps into her corral like it's high noon. Hate slides up out of her hole in the ice. He flexes his fingers and squints at her. On her throne, she squints back. Binky slowly strides toward her. She angles her shoulder at him. It's a showdown. He plants his shovel and cocks his hip to one side. Hate locks an unblinking eye on Binky. He narrows his gaze back at her. She draws a vicious breath, baring her nightmare teeth. His hand steadies.

Hate fires an icy round. Binky whips out the ice tray, captures the freezing water, and flings it away as harmless ice cubes. Shuck-shuck!

INTERCUT

38. BORDERTOWN - DAY

The batch of ice lands on the heads of the fighting couple, and cools them down. They embrace.

37. HATE'S PLACE - DAY

Binky captures a second blast of freezing water and flings a second round of ice cubes.

39. BORDERTOWN - DAY

This batch lands on the street fighters. They chill out and respectfully punch fists.

37. HATE'S PLACE - DAY

Binky captures a third blast and flings the final round of ice cubes.

40. BORDERTOWN - DAY

The third batch falls on the heads of the military leaders. They calm down, call off their troops, and shake hands.

37. HATE'S PLACE - DAY

A clear wind gusts into Hate's setting, blowing the snow from her walls, and revealing an architecture, crystalline and majestic. Hate honors our hero with an appraising look. He looks back pleased. She nods him over to her throne. Binky hops over to a disk and pops it out with his shovel. Hate watches him release the disks up one side and down the other of her throne. Binky flips the disks into a neat stack, hops onto the saucers, and slides away. Hate watches him go with a satisfied grin.

41. GREED'S PLACE - DAY

Binky's shovel flicks the machine's power knob to neutral and strikes like an Olympian's javelin in the sand. Greed gapes at the shovel, then stares up at Binky at the top of a horde behind her. He looks back at her calmly, intently. She gives him a protective squint.

In a flash, Binky flings a snow disk into the sky. Greed desirously watches all six gleaming disks sail into the sky to hang as satellites around the small world. She brings the crosshairs of her machine to bear on one of them.

Binky lands beside her machine, and flips the power knob to plus. Greed's bounty fires to the disks in the sky and pings around the planet.

42. SHABBY VILLAGE - DAY

A shiny nugget plunks down amidst the cluster of shacks, startling the poor skinny woman from her malaise. Two or three more chunks hit the ground - then more rain down like pennies from heaven. A few folks peek out of their shanties. The little girl scampers back in with the bucket on her head, runs around in circles collecting the falling treasure, and toddles over to the skinny woman to give her the riches with a big happy smile.

41. GREED'S PLACE - DAY

Satisfied, Binky looks up to Greed who returns a salute. She keeps firing as Binky dashes over to the sharp metal blade on the scrap heap and drags it away.

43. ENVY'S PLACE - DAY

Light from a distant clearing sneaks into Envy's dark forest. Binky creeps through the trees like a kung fu master, shovel in hand, long blade over his shoulder. Though he knows what he's doing, he also knows who he's up against, and he's cautious. He notices the distant light and turns to peer into it.

He runs toward the opening, deliberately banging his shovel against the trees - using the same pattern as Envy's bone rattle.

He stops, listens. The woods are silent. He takes a wary step. Immediately the bones begin to clatter, quickly drawing near. Binky cautiously turns around, and trying to see through the darkness behind him, hustles backward. The bones rattle closer and closer, then stop. At once, the lethal whirling noise races at Binky. He plants his shovel, deflecting the missile with a clang and launching himself toward the clearing. Landing gracefully, his plan is working.

He turns and races for the opening, clanging his shovel along the way. Envy's clattering arsenal closes in. Binky races ahead, banging away. Envy's bones rattle and clatter. Another bone whirls at him. He stops, intercepts it with his shovel, and sails into the clearing.

CONTINUED

43. ENVY'S PLACE - CONTINUED

Using the shovel as a brake, he grinds to a halt. All is quiet as lets the big blade fall to the ground. First her sounds of fury, then she bounds out of the trees. She springs up, her bones suddenly silent, and rockets toward our little man. He sits unmoving as her shadow falls around him, then in a flash, props up the blade. Her fierce weapons flail and hammer as before. He holds against them as they crack and splinter. The clanging cyclone pounds again and again, chips flying in a chipper.

All at once, Envy stops. Binky peaks from behind the blade to find her small and pale under the sun, her weapons spent. Binky lets the blade fall. He steps up to her with honor and sits at her feet. She sits before him. He considers her with simple appraising acceptance. Her humiliation turns to humility, as her natural pale green color grows more vibrant.

44. VILLAGE - DAY

The two ladies lean in to appraise each other's hat and bow with admiration.

43. ENVY'S PLACE - DAY

Binky picks up one of Envy's fallen bandanas. Her splintered bones spiral away from her as Binky trots away.

45. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

Glowing in a meditative state, Zara floats with a smile. He opens his left eye and looks left, then his right eye and looks right, then closes them.

46. NEAR SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY

The snoring continues under the collapsed shack. Binky hoists the roof, shoves his shovel against the failing support, and races away. The kids peek out, and this time the roof stays up.

47. SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY

Sloth purrs sleepily on her ratty mattress. Binky runs right up to her and pops her butt with the bandana. She launches skyward, springing her long locks up from the ground. Binky catches the end of coiling cable and yanks it under himself. Sloth lands as Binky swoops the rope of hair up and over her head.

A couple of kids join in, and Binky pulls the rope around for another jump. Sloth takes the rope from him and swings it around. The kids giggle as the whole group jumps rope.

A few more kids arrive. Binky and the first group step away, while the next group steps into the swinging rope.

The first two kids rest as Binky grabs the gramophone and dashes off. Still skipping rope, Sloth watches him go.

48. NEAR SLOTH'S PLACE - DAY

Two former lazy guys are repairing the shack. Without stopping, Binky takes his shovel from a guy who has just secured the failing support. They watch him go.

49. VANITY'S PLACE - DAY

Binky flips the album, cranks the crank, and positions the needle. Tango rhythms slide into the air. Vanity pauses, cocks an eye at Binky - then spins and struts like a champion dancer.

Binky races to her - and bounces off a pane of glass. He pries up the obstacle with his shovel and wobbles it over to her. In a reflection, Vanity glances at him replanting the pane as she tangos by. Binky scuttles off to lift and plant several more panes as the rhythms play.

Setting the last pane, he finishes a funky new greenhouse, and watches Vanity as she dances through it. Roses bloom in her wake. To the beat, Binky steps back as Vanity rounds the corner. Together, they step along the side of the greenhouse as proud couples shuffle in one end and dance out the other. Every woman carries a rose in her teeth.

Vanity dips Binky, transferring her rose to him. He bows and quickly paces away as the music plays and the couples dance.

50. LUST'S PLACE - DAY

Binky literally waltzes with his shovel into the domain of the thoroughbred of sex. Lust is surprised to see this guy again. Binky spins and dips his shovel like a lover, and looks to Lust with bedroom eyes. She isn't impressed, flattens her ears with suspicion, and moves a leg aside, threatening him with a third rocket fire. Nervous for a moment, he presents her with the rose. She softens.

He slides his face very close to hers. With strokes so soft she quivers, he caresses her face with the rose. Her neck curves into his teases. He plays the rose over her neck and across her shoulders. Her body sways and pushes against the tender flower. Steam from her volcanic perch swirls up around them.

CONTINUED

50. LUST'S PLACE - CONTINUED

He paints her cheeks and nose. A petal dances down her chest. She heaves at the sensation. He caresses her eyes. A few more petals fall. She heaves again. He strokes her mouth and she quickly inhales at the touch.

Binky thrusts the flower into her bustier. Her back arcs uncontrollably. He drives his shovel between her legs. She grabs onto it as he withdraws the rose.

He circles her lips. She gasps. He teases the rose in a little. She rocks and quakes. His touch is fluid, intense. He plunges the rose into her mouth. Lust erupts an orgasmic blast into the center of the planet.

INNTERCUT

51. DEEP SPACE

The solid little world quakes.

50. LUST'S PLACE - CONTINUED

Lust continues her rocket fire.

51. DEEP SPACE

The planet expands and cracks into large landmasses. The snow disk satellites wobble and ping the occasional shiny nugget.

52. GLUTTONY'S PLACE - DAY

The ground rumbles Gluttony's sobs to a halt. The land separates beneath her, draining her tears into the crack. Delighted, she floats a cupcake down the stream.

53. FARMING VILLAGE - DAY

Carrying a few cupcakes, water rushes into a drought-stricken encampment and seeps into the ground. Little sprouts spring up. The villagers jump up and cheer.

51. DEEP SPACE

The continents break from each other. Water rushes to fill the molten voids. Rich green foliage bounds across the healing landscapes.

INSERT

Exotic plants burst forth and blossom.

51. DEEP SPACE

An urban beat pulses as the satellites ping electric-blue lines neatly around the globe like electrons circling an atom. A sweet tropical giggle and coo bubble up from this new paradise.

54. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

Binky hip hops, side steps, and flips as lush foliage pops up around him and the skies clear. Zara buzzes up to Binky, arms stretched wide with honor. The bug man shifts his hat, transforming it into something more theological.

Binky looks back at him with understanding. An occasional bright light arches across the cool tropical sky.

Just as Binky is breathing in the world he's always wanted, a grumbling, hacking noise from the sky interrupts his moment. He squints toward the source as the sounds grind and wrench.

55. DEEP SPACE

A dismal planet struggles with itself.

54. ZARA'S PLACE - DAY

Binky looks at the sailor king with perturbation. The bug backs away, spreading his hands with absolution. Binky peers back into the sky as his shovel falls to his feet, sticking in the ground like a sword. He contemplates it. He stares at the distant planet. His hand reaches for his shovel. Confidence eases onto his face.

THE END