

**SLASH BIN**

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**EXT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - DAY**

DUMB MALE BITCH (a white Chad, young professional) frantically swims through park pedestrians. He's hurt. A firm hand pushes him square in the back and he stumbles onto his knees. He's already screaminng. Screaming louder than his wounds should let him. He's exhausted screaming for *help* - that word has clearly worn to nothing. He screams for eyes... a single set of eyes.

*Sklunk.* The knife smoothly penetrates his back and his screams peak. His head arches back on all fours like a howling dog. DUMB MALE BITCH's screams would upset the stomachs of those around if they could hear him.

It's a cry for help but its social contract and phonetics have faded.

DUMB MALE BITCH  
(sobbing)  
Haaaal! Haaaal!

DUMB MALE BITCH turns over in defense. It makes it all the easier for THEM to mount him - he has exposed his stomach. THEY calmly de-organ him right there.

The world doesn't bat an eye.

CUT TO

**BLACK ON WHITE TITLE CARD**

The scene over-exposes until the screen is a white card:

"SLASH BIN"

**EXT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - CLOSE-UP ON THEM - DAY**

THEY raise their head and check their labored breathing. Playtime is always exhilarating. DUMB MALE BITCH is gurgling his last breaths. THEY turn their head and cast a *hello, there* gaze over their shoulder.

The DUMB MALE BITCH's body disappears in an instant.

CUT TO

**EXT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - EYELINE MATCH WITH TYLER - DAY**

TYLER (white, Chad, banker). Tyler is glued to the pavement. He knows without a doubt he is the unique witness. He immediately abandons his *bench, coffee,* and *sunglasses* and makes his way out of the park.

**INT - CHIPOTLE, MANHATTAN - DAY**

Brian and Cayde are ordering at the Chipotle counter. The restaurant is not very busy - employee looks nonplussed.

EMPLOYEE  
(to Brian)  
Hi. What can I get you?

BRIAN  
Hiii. Can I get a salad bowl to go  
with white, black, fajitas, and  
sofritas please?

EMPLOYEE  
Will that be for here or to go?

Brian  
uhm, to go please.

EMPLOYEE  
any mild, medium, or hot?

Brian  
just mild, corn and some guac  
please. Oh and a vinagrette on the  
side.

EMPLOYEE  
oh we're out of vinagrettes. sorry

BRIAN  
it's 1:00 PM what do you mean you're  
out of vinagrettes?

EMPLOYEE  
yeah we're out. There's no more. So  
we are out of them. We don't have  
any.

employee gives BRIAN a glare. there is clear animosity for  
the annoying customer.

employee enters the binspace, audio is warped and it's now  
truly a 1 on 1 conversation.

BRIAN  
who opened prep today Michael?

EMPLOYEE  
Whhwhhat the fuck? How do you know  
my name?

BRIAN  
answer the fucking question or ill  
slit your throat.

employee understands the stakes. Visibly terrified.

EMPLOYEE  
I...i...opened prep today.

BRIAN  
so what should you have

EMPLOYEE  
VINAGRETTES. IM SORRRY. please don't  
hurt me.

binspace ends as audio returns and the normal bustle of  
chipotle is present. Lighting reverts to bright, daytime.  
employee silently stares at brian. back in reality before  
he has a chance to say anything.

BRIAN  
ah. no worries. can I just have a  
side of guac and chips then.

EMPLOYEE  
of course

Michael the employee is visibly shaking. but slowly serves  
the guac into the sidecup with tremendous precision.

BRIAN  
have a good day!

**INT - STARBUCKS 3RD AVE - DAY**

RYAN (young, white, handsome) and CAYDE (new graduate,  
zoomer) sit across from one another. Sweat from half-iced  
coffees and napkins litter the table. Theres a light  
bustle in the Starbucks but nothing crazy. RYAN is turned  
away from CAYDE looking at a person at the other end of  
the lobby.

RYAN  
(to Cayde)  
Cayde. Cayde. Cayde. Cayde!

Cayde

CAYDE  
What?

Ryan turns to Cayde to get his attention.

RYAN  
How's the hearing these days?

CAYDE  
(in a English accent)  
You wot?

RYAN  
(in a English accent)  
You fucking wot.

CAYDE  
(in a English accent)  
Yo wot, mate.

RYAN  
(in a English accent)  
You fucking wot.

Beat.

RYAN  
I was calling your name.

CAYDE  
My name?

RYAN  
Well I wasn't calling you by my  
name, Elio.

Ryan blows a kiss at Cayde.

CAYDE  
I don't speak virgin.

RYAN  
I think you misunderstand the plot  
of that movie.

This annoys Cayde quite a bit.

CAYDE  
I think you misunderstand that  
watching the movie doesn't actually  
make you knowledgable, smart, or  
likeable. Despite what you cinephile  
homos think, having elevated speech  
around cultural touchstones actually  
makes you sexless, uninteresting  
virgins. Suck my peach you  
limberdick cocksucker.

RYAN  
Oh.

CAYDE  
Sometimes colors are colors - not  
themes.

**INT - HELL APARTMENT - DAY**

SAGE (tall, black, adrogenous) and BRIAN (mousy,  
effeminate)

**EXT - 14TH STREET - DAY**

AUSTIN (short, brown, tech-bro), mortified, runs fullspeed down 14th Street towards Alphabet City. Sage's mechanical stride is closing the gap to Austin. Brian jogs casually behind - smiling and waving to passerby.

BRIAN

Hi! Hello! How goes it?!

No one waves back.

AUSTIN

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

BRIAN

Just relax, Austin! Endurance is your strength! Sage is a short-distance runner! Think outside the box!

Austin has doubled his speed.

BRIAN

No! Austin!

Austin banks right, hard into an apartment lobby. Sage makes the same turn with much less effort. They've turned out of Brian's line of sight.

**INT. WHITE APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY**

Austin and Sage blow right past the LOBBY MAN (chubby, hispanic, 31) watching Netflix. The Lobby Man, taken by surprise, jumps up from his seat.

AUSTIN

Help! Fuck me! Help me!

Brian barges through the lobby doors. At the foot of the stairs DIANA (35, white, tote-bag-type) appears from the mail room crashing into Brian. Brian picks themselves up and extends a hand to a crumpled Diana.

BRIAN

Whoops!

The stakes are still high for the Lobby Man, he doesn't have a clear understanding of what's going on.

LOBBY MAN

(loudly)

Hey!

BRIAN

(even louder)

Hey!

Lobby Man and Diana are both perplexed. Brian teeters awkwardly from side-to-side.

LOBBY MAN  
What is-

BRIAN  
Have you eaten at Chote Nawab?

LOBBY MAN  
Chote Na-

BRIAN  
Nawab, Chote. Do you know her?

LOBBY MAN  
I-

BRIAN  
Indian restaurant on 32nd?

Brian is clutching their ass together from behind, still teetering. The Lobby Man and Diana can sense Brian's discomfort.

BRIAN  
(continued)  
Great food - had it for lunch...  
Let's just say Einstein wasn't  
perfectly correct.

Beat.

BRIAN  
Tandoor indeed moves faster than  
light.

CUT TO

Sage is sprinting up the stairs of the walk-up, their shirt damp with sweat. Austin is five stairs ahead. Their steps are heavy.

CUT TO

At the bottom of the spiral stairwell Brian still has Diana and Lobby Man as audience.

BRIAN  
I assume you know our reservation  
size?

LOBBY MAN  
Two ran in before you.

DIANA  
3?

Brian nods. Beat.

BRIAN

Unit 3A.

LOBBY MAN

2 bed, 1 bath.

DIANA

2 bed, 1 bath.

Brian clutches their ass harder, winces, then gasps.

AUSTIN

Help me! Oh my god! Someone please  
help!

DIANA

Honey. Please go.

Brian nods and takes the first step up the stairs very cautiously. They climb easily up the first flight and once out of sight they sprint up the remaining stairs. On the third floor one of the apartment doors is ajar. Brian swiftly passes through it and shuts it behind themselves.

**INT. WHITE APARTMENT - DAY**

*Electric Love*

**EXT.**