

HONEY BADGER DON'T CARE

"Pilot"

written by

Scott van Beaver

Based on the YouTube series
The Crazy Nastyass Honey Badger

By

Christopher Gordon

Scott.vanbeever@gmail.com

WRITER'S DRAFT

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ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. RANDALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. RANDALL'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

RANDALL, curiously effeminate, sits on the couch watching TV. BADGE, a honey badger, sits next to him squeezing a bottle of honey into his mouth.

ANGLE ON the TV.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (KEN)

And with the presidential election well behind us, the Republican party still seems to be scrambling for new leadership.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (KATIE)

That's right, Ken. After being completely clobbered in the last election, it seems they'll need to take a long look at how to win over voters' hearts.

RANDALL

Ugh, when are they going to learn that things haven't been the same since ol' Ronny left them? He was such a snappy dresser.

BADGE

You know who's a snappy dresser? Peter the Great. He used a god-damned bear as a coat. Now THAT'S style.

RANDALL

You call that style?

BADGE

I call that arousing. I have a stiffy
just thinking about it.

Randall's elderly mom, EUGENIA, wearing a robe and a
cigarette dangling from her mouth, enters.

EUGENIA

What's all this about a stiffy?

RANDALL

Oh, hi mom. Badge is just ranting.
(to Badge)

Should've neutered you long ago.

BADGE

Yeah, as if I'd let you anywhere near
my nuts. Eugenia, the offer's always
on the table.

EUGENIA

What's that?

RANDALL

How are you feeling, mom? You need me
to help you find your teeth again?

Eugenia sits on the recliner and cracks open a beer.

EUGENIA

What I want is someone to rub my feet.

She rips a fart.

EUGENIA (CONT'D)

Ew, those hot pockets do not sit well
with me.

Badge gets up.

BADGE

Whelp, I'm off to the store. I'm all
out of honey.

EUGENIA

Can you get me something to nibble on?

BADGE

How 'bout some hot pockets?

EUGENIA

Eh, I guess.

Randall fans away the smell.

RANDALL

Wait, I'll join you.

EXT. KASH 'N KARRY - NIGHT

Randall and Badge exit the store carrying their groceries.
Randall removes his COVID-19 mask from his face, whereas
Badge is wearing his on top of his head like a helmet.

RANDALL

I can't believe we still have to wear
these things.

BADGE

Humans are just weak. If it weren't
for your thumbs, we'd be in charge.
Unless...

Badge eyeballs Randall's thumbs.

RANDALL

Hey, these are MY thumbs! You evolve
like the rest of us!

A gang of drug-addicted rats appear out of the shadows. One
holds a knife. Another a bat.

RAT #1

Hand over the bags, faggots!

RANDALL

I beg your pardon?

RAT #2

You heard him. Give us your shit or
we'll beat you and the skunk up.

BADGE

What did you just call me?

RAT #1
(tweaking)

Hurry up, man! I ain't got all night!

Some nearby people film the incident with their phones.

RANDALL

Just give them the bag, Badge.

BADGE

No, no Randall. Let him finish. What
did you call me?

RAT #2

A smelly. Dirty. Skunk.

RANDALL

Badgey, don't.

Badge puts the bag down. What happens next is a gruesome scene of blood and gore. Guts hit the wall. Randall gags and looks away. Some of the people filming faint. When it's over, Badge spits out one of the rat's feet. They're all dead.

BADGE

Blegh. You would think the meth would
make them taste sweeter.

RANDALL

Jesus. That was NASTY. I mean, you didn't need my help, right?

BADGE

Help? From you? That'll be the day.

INT. BADGE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A pounding at the front door. Annoyed, Badge is awakened.

INT. RANDALL'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Badge opens the door revealing a white man, wearing red suspenders and a handlebar mustache. This is DALE.

BADGE

If this is about that stupid hipster barber shop opening up, I don't want to hear about it.

DALE

Are you the honey badger that killed a bunch of meth rats last night?

BADGE

It's not against the law. Wait, is it?

DALE

My name is Dale. I'm with the Republican National Committee.

Dale takes his phone out and shows Badge footage of his fight.

DALE (CONT'D)

You are all over the internet. Everyone is talking about how you stood up to that level of evil. A real American hero is what they're saying.

BADGE

Whatever, man. That it? I gotta take a
dump.

Dale pushes himself inside.

DALE

I'll cut to the chase. We at the RNC
want you to be the new face of the
Republican party. Tough. Blood
thirsty. Nauseating.

BADGE

I think you may be closer than you
think.

DALE

Who wants an old, fat elephant as a
mascot anyway? Only good for trophy
hunting, am I right?

BADGE

Never tried before, but I guess this
place could use some tusks.

DALE

We think you need to start a real
online presence. You know, get your
name out there and influence. Follow
in the footsteps of Alex Jones, Rush
Limbaugh...

BADGE

Influence? I can rap. Talk about some honeys I used to smash too. You think people will want to hear me?

DALE

I know they will. Any idiot can have a talk show.

Badge's claws extend out of his paws with a SCHWING!

DALE (CONT'D)

Uh, not to say that you are an idiot, Mr. Badger, sir.

Badge retracts his claws.

BADGE

Seriously though, you look like a Mr. Peanuts commercial.

INT. RANDALL'S GARAGE - DAY

Badge's pulls a mic close to his shadowed face. A camcorder's red light turns on. In a montage, Badge begins his Info Wars-type show. Throughout, the number of views skyrockets.

BADGE

Alright, listen up mother fuckers. I'm Honey B and I'm coming at you with the real deal America. So put your diapers on, cause shits about to get loose. Go ahead caller.

CALLER #1

Uh, hi Mr. Badger.

BADGE

Just Badge.

CALLER #1

OK, Badge. So I got fired on Friday.

BADGE

Where'd you work?

CALLER #1

I was a cashier at CVS.

BADGE

Those receipts, am I right?

CALLER #1

Yeah, so my boss is a real bitch and always telling us what to do. When we can eat, shit, and leave.

BADGE

Sounds like work so far.

CALLER #1

Well I told her I've had enough bullshit. This ain't Russia! I'll do what I want, when I want!

BADGE

That-a-boy. Where in the Constitution does it say work has to suck? Listen here, you go back and get on the PA system and tell everybody that you saw her take a shit in the cosmetic aisle.

CUT TO:

BADGE (CONT'D)

Crosswalks! What's up with those?
Little white man gonna tell me when
it's safe to cross the street? Fuck
that! You watch out for me, bitch!

CUT TO:

BADGE (CONT'D)

Thank you to our sponsor, T&B Energy
Pills.

Badge holds up a red pill bottle.

BADGE (CONT'D)

We all know the libtard left ain't man
enough to handle this and ain't
nothin' more American than ingesting a
capsule loaded with lib tears and wolf
blood! They cry and die, we live and
thrive! T&B Energy Pills. Hell yeah!
Look at my God-damn muscles!

Badge starts flexing and punches a hole in the wall.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Badge approaches his local cafe. Heads turn. We hear "Oh my
God! It's him!" etc from the people nearby.

BADGE

Hu? What y'all looking at?

As the crowd start taking selfies with him, Badge settles
into his celebrity.

BADGE (CONT'D)

Now, now. There's plenty of me to go
around.

He eyes an ATTRACTIVE LADY.

BADGE (CONT'D)

Especially you.

ATTRACTIVE LADY

I love your show.

BADGE

Why, thank you.

ATTRACTIVE LADY

Especially when you connect the dots
on the sex clubs that run in the back
of Jamba Juices.

BADGE

Uh, yeah. I was kinda kid...I mean,
yeah. Fuck it. Can I get your DM?

INT. RANDALL'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Badge opens the door and all the lights are off.

BADGE

Randall! You won't believe it. I'm
famous! Why are all the lights off?

The lights turn on. Randall is tied up and gagged as a few
militia clad men point their AR-15s at Badge.

BADGE (CONT'D)

You into some freaky shit, Randall.

A blow dart hits him in the neck.

BADGE (CONT'D)

Ah, hell no.

As he passes out, some militia men put a hood over his head.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. THE EVERGLADES - MORNING

Badge and Randall wake up to the loud buzz of the airboat their on, surrounded by some militia dudes with heavy guns as they glide deeper and deeper into the Everglades.

BADGE

Da fuck?

RANDALL

Oh, my head.

One of the dudes, SKEETER, turns around.

SKEETER

You feeling OK? Need some Redbull?

BADGE

Where the hell are we?

RANDALL

This looks like the Everglades.

SKEETER

You're correct. We're in the 'Glades.

But these are HIS 'Glades.

BADGE

His who?

SKEETER

T-man. The one who will bring us back.

RANDALL

Back to what? Don't say bell-bottoms!

Badge retracts his claws, guns quickly cock and aim at him.

SKEETER

Woah, slow down little guy. It's all good. We're not going to hurt you.

BADGE

How exactly is this any good?

SKEETER

T-man sent us to get you. You must be pretty special for this kind of escort.

BADGE

Man, fuck your escort.

RANDALL

Badge, I would really prefer to not end up as gator chum, if you catch my drift.

The airboat starts passing by gaudy and ornate furniture floating and decaying in the swamp.

SKEETER

He had a vision. And you are key to that vision, you dig?

BADGE

Vision?

SKEETER

The way forward!

RANDALL

Who's stuff is this? It's like someone flushed King Midas' shit down here.

SKEETER

T-man no longer needs his old things. He has evolved into something more primal. Pure.

BADGE

Whatever. Let's get this over with.

EXT. GLADES COMPOUND - SAME

They arrive at the compound ala Apocalypse Now. A broken down fort swarming with militia dopes. Dozens of dead men hang from scaffolding. Subtle signs of Donald Trump's things are seen floating in the water, or decaying nearby. KAYLEIGH, a young blond woman who's wearing a tattered work suit, emerges from the crowd waving her hands.

KAYLEIGH

Welcome! Welcome! Oh, glorious day. He will be so pleased you've arrived!

Badge and Randall step off the boat.

RANDALL

And you are...?

KAYLEIGH

My name is Kayleigh. I am Mr. Trump's personal assistant.

RANDALL

I knew it! Holy shit! So this is where he ended up? Another swamp. Huh.

KAYLEIGH

Sorry about the guns and the highjacking, but we can't be too careful. You never know when the Satan-loving Deep State is going to attack.

BADGE

Riiiiighhht. And these dead motha fuckers?

KAYLEIGH

Oh, them? Deep state.

RANDALL

(scared)

How can you tell?

KAYLEIGH

They wanted to leave.

Badge and Randall look at each other.

KAYLEIGH (CONT'D)

Right this way.

RANDALL

(whispering to Badge)

What the fuck?

BADGE

Chill, Randall. I can respect the
wielding of untamed power. Let's see
where this goes.

INT. GLADES COMPOUND - SAME

They walk into a temple-like structure with Trump
paraphernalia throughout.

KAYLEIGH

You should've heard him speak the
other day. He is nothing less than a
prophet. Like Jesus. And here you are!
This is exactly what he needs!

Two guards point their guns at Randall.

RANDALL

Woah! At ease, soldiers!

KAYLEIGH

Randall, these gentlemen will show you to your room. Mr. Trump only requested an audience with Mr. Honey Badger.

RANDALL

But-

KAYLEIGH

(to Badge)

Go in right through there.

BADGE

Thanks, Kayleigh. Maybe later you can tell me all about your childhood and shit.

KAYLEIGH

I would love that!

RANDALL

Do you ever stop?

Badge shrugs.

INT. TRUMP'S DEN - SAME

It's dark in here. Light floods in sharp angles. A few guards stand post. In one corner we see a large shadowy figure laying down. This is TRUMP.

Badge is shown to sit on his knees by one of the guards. He waits but nothing happens.

BADGE

Yo, is it just me or does it smell like shit in here?

TRUMP

Where you from, Badger?

BADGE

Africa-

TRUMP

You address me as sir.

BADGE

(annoyed)

Africa, sir. But there was this safari, and I snuck in some old lady's suitcase. Long story short, I made it over here.

TRUMP

An immigrant huh? Not from one of those shit-hole countries I hope?

BADGE

I don't know, sir.

Trump sits up, still obscured by shadow. His large form outlined in silhouette.

TRUMP

Steve told me about you. Said you're popular with the party. That's good.

Trump dips his hands in a bowl of water and dampens his bald head, which now falls into the light slightly.

BADGE

You wanna cut to the chase and tell me why I'm here?

Trump now appears fully in the light; fat, bald, and orange.

TRUMP

This is no show, Mr. Badge. And if it is, I'm the star! Is that clear?

Badge shrugs. The guards cock their weapons and aim at him.

BADGE
(acquiescing)

Yeah, we good.

TRUMP

I plan on becoming president again.
Taking back what those socialist
Democrats stole from me. Because I
won. Technically, I won!

BADGE

Sure man.

TRUMP

The damn RNC hasn't done me any favors
either. So you...you and your new
found fame will get people to start
talking about my return. Get them
hyped up, you know what I mean? With
your tough guy thing--you know I like
tough guys, right? With you praising
me, I can't lose.

BADGE

And if I don't?

Trump laughs to himself and recedes into the shadows again.

FADE TO:

TITLE: 3 MONTHS LATER

EXT. GLADES COMPOUND STUDIO - DAY

A small building with antennae and satellite dishes.

BADGE (O.S.)
(sounding bored)

Welcome everybody to another edition
of The Badger Hour.

INT. GLADES COMPOUND STUDIO - SAME

Badge is doing his show in front of a small crew. Trump and
Kayleigh sit off to the side behind the camera.

BADGE (CONT'D)

I am...so pleased to say that we are
ever so closer to our...glorious
leader, President Trump's, comeback.
You can feel it in America's veins,
can't you? That racing beat full of
energy that only a heart attack could
stop.

Badge sighs.

BADGE (CONT'D)

Speaking of beats: this segment is
brought to you by Trump Gator Sticks.
These organic meat treats are the
perfect snack that your whole family
is gonna love. And what's more, all
gators are handpicked by Mr. Trump
himself. Trump Gator Sticks: Tougher
than liberal Chicken. And now, let's
check in with our style guru. Randall,
take it away.

The camera swings over to Randall, who is standing in front
of a large TV with the logo "GOP's Fashion Do's & Don'ts."

RANDALL

Thanks Badge. As we head into summer,
we know many of you are getting beach
bod ready. But what about getting MAGA
rally ready? That's right. We think
it's the perfect time to start
choosing what to wear and what
accessories to bring so you can be the
loudest both politically and in style.

Badge frowns as he scoops some honey into his mouth.

INT. GLADES COMPOUND - QUARTERS - DUSK

Badge enters the room, as Randall cooks some beans.

RANDALL

You know, it's no Shangrala, but I
think this place is growing on me.

BADGE

Forget it. We're not staying.

Randall throws the pot of beans behind him.

RANDALL

Oh thank God! I'm seriously starting
to dream in Republican.

BADGE

I ain't no stooge; especially for that
guy. Plus, they're running out of
honey.

RANDALL

What should we do?

BADGE

It's Trump's birthday party tonight,
right?

RANDALL

The biggest night of the year from
what I can gather. I think they
brought in an animal to sacrifice too.
Yuck. Poor baby.

BADGE

That's when we make our move. You
distract them while I start one of the
boats.

RANDALL

How do I do that?

BADGE

Do I have to figure everything out,
Randall? Can't you be useful once in
your god-damn life?

RANDALL

Ouch, Badgey. Ouch.

EXT. GLADES COMPOUND - COURTYARD - NIGHT

The compound is lit up with tiki torches and streamers. A band plays some southern rock as everybody, wearing orange face paint, seems to be cutting loose. Kayleigh, also in orange face paint, is drinking heavily by the punch bowl.

Badge and Randall approach from their quarters.

BADGE

Is this a party or an Oompaloompa
funeral?

A drunk Skeeter appears.

SKEETER

Hey, why aren't you guys wearing your bronzer?

RANDALL

Bronzer? Oh, honey. Hell no.

SKEETER

That ain't cool, man. Everybody's got to put on T-dog's glow. This is how we honor him on his birthday. You gotta do it!

BADGE

Oh, OK. Cool. Yeah, I'll just head back to the room and put it on.

Randall, I'll bring some back for you.

Badge leaves as Kayleigh stumbles over.

KAYLEIGH

Is Badge mad at me? We haven't talked in a few days.

RANDALL

Mad at you? Why would he—Oh wait! You didn't?

KAYLEIGH

(sobbing)

He said he cared about me.

RANDALL

Oh, sweetie...he doesn't. Seriously.

Kayleigh wails as she leaves.

SKEETER

You know, you talk kinda funny. You
one of those...

RANDALL

New Yorkers? Yes.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

Badge finds an airboat tied to the dock.

BADGE

Here we go. Now how the hell do you
start one of these?

As he searches, another boat approaches close by without a sound. The moonlight shines a light on the words IRS on the half dozen men's jackets. The agents are wearing masks like Randall and Badge did in the beginning.

IRS AGENT #1

There's the compound. We've got them
now.

AGENT #2 sneezes into his mask.

IRS AGENT #2

Oh, shit. That is the only mask I
have. It's like wearing a worn diaper
now. What am I supposed to do?

IRS AGENT #1

Hmm. Maybe flip it around?

IRS AGENT #2

Good idea.

He flips it around. A beat. He sneezes into this side now.

IRS AGENT #2 (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. GLADES COMPOUND - SAME

A giant pig in a large cage is wheeled to the center of the party. This is the sacrifice they've all been waiting for as the partiers chant "Chop it up" over and over.

The crate comes to a stop right where Skeeter and Randall are standing.

SKEETER

What's taking your buddy so long?

RANDALL

Uh...well, he might've had to take a
shit. And when he goes, it's
like...you ever heard the term dry-
docking?

Skeeter pulls his gun out and points it under Randall's chin.

SKEETER

See, the way I figure it is, you and
your pet are nothing but Deep State
spies!

Randall does a spit take with his punch.

RANDALL

What on earth? I can't even keep track
of my membership to the arboretum.

Skeeter cocks the gun.

SKEETER

I think it's time for you to do some
talking, and I ain't talking fashion
advice. Although, to be honest, I
could use some.

RANDALL

Oh, donkey dick.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Badge figures out how to start the airboat.

BADGE

There!

Out of the darkness, Trump, Kayleigh, Skeeter and Randall appear. Randall is held captive.

TRUMP

And where are you planning on going?

RANDALL

I'm sorry, Badgey.

BADGE

God-damm it, Randall! You had one job!

TRUMP

Looks like Skeeter was right. They're nothing but a bunch of Deep State spies.

KAYLEIGH

Badge, say it ain't so!

BADGE

Oh, Kayleigh baby. It ain't like that. Don't you see what he's doing?

TRUMP

Silence! To the gator pit!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. COMPOUND - GATOR PIT - NIGHT

Badge and Randall have their hands tied as they stand over a plank above a pit filled with alligators. Trump and the rest are off to the side.

RANDALL

Oh, sweet Jesus! They look hungry!

BADGE

(sotto)

Ain't this some shit?

TRUMP

As you can see, the spineless liberals will always try to over throw me. But Trump will always find the bad hombres that lurk in the shadows. This is my power. This is why I will be president again, you know that.

KAYLEIGH

(sobbing)

Oh, Badgey.

RANDALL

Boy, she really doesn't get it.

BADGE

Not even a little.

TRUMP

Enough! Push them in!

Skeeter points his gun into Randall's back.

SKEETER

Let's go, gator bait.

They inch closer to the edge.

RANDALL

Good bye, Badge! You've been a great friend.

BADGE

Uh, thanks bro. Yeah, you've been, uh, pleasant too.

SKEETER

Move!

Kayleigh breaks from the crowd and comes screaming toward the pit.

KAYLEIGH

Noooo!!!

Skeeter turns to see Kayleigh rushing toward him.

SKEETER

What the fuck?

KAYLEIGH

I'll always love you, Badge!

She tackles Skeeter, who drops his gun, and they both fall into the gator pit, screaming all the way down.

BADGE

Oh, that's a shame.

RANDALL

Don't sound too remorseful now.

TRUMP

Get them, you idiots!

Randall sees the gun Skeeter dropped.

BADGE

Randall, catch!

Randall picks up the gun with his tied hands.

BADGE (CONT'D)

Careful now...

RANDALL

Ahhhhh....

Randall starts shooting at the militia, who take cover. Randall's aim is shit, and going all over the place. The militia return fire.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

The IRS agents, still on their boat, are startled.

IRS AGENT #1

Holy shit! They've spotted us! Light
'em up boys!

The IRS agent #2 rips off his mask.

IRS AGENT #2

Fuck it! I've been waiting for this
for so long. Try and dodge this,
mother fucker!

The agents take out an arsenal and begin firing.

EXT. COMPOUND - GATOR PIT - SAME

All hell breaks loose as the FBI blow the compound to bits. Badge cuts Randall loose with his claw, then Randall unties Badge.

RANDALL

Who the hell is shooting?

BADGE

Who cares? Let's go home.

RANDALL

So now you're ready to go home? You
done having your fun?

BADGE

What's your problem?

RANDALL

You got us into this mess. I almost died!

BADGE

Yeah, but you didn't. You saved us, Randall. You did that.

RANDALL

I did, didn't I?

BADGE

Yep. Come on. Let's go home.

Badge eyes Trump, who is retreating into the darkness of the swamp.

BADGE (CONT'D)

Bitch.

RANDALL

He'll be back again someday, won't he?

BADGE

Maybe.

Badge spits on the ground.

BADGE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

As they walk away from the gator pit, Kayleigh screams out.

KAYLEIGH

Badge, help me!

RANDALL

Are we gonna-?

BADGE

Keep moving, Randall.

INT. RANDALL'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Badge, Randall and Eugenia are watching TV. There's a knock at the door. Randall opens it and sees Dale.

DALE

Oh, you must be the misses.

RANDALL

Excuse me?

DALE

We need you both to sign these NDA's.
We don't want word getting out about
what you saw with...well, you know
who.

BADGE

I ain't signing shit!

DALE

Signing this will entitle you to a one
time payment of \$30,000.

Badge jumps off the sofa and runs over to scribble his name. He then gets back on the couch. Randall, begrudgingly signs too.

RANDALL

I thought he'd be worth way more.

DALE

We all did, ma'am. We all did.

Dale hands Randall the check and leaves.

RANDALL

Wow, \$30,000!

EUGENIA

Who was at the door, honey? What's
that in your hand?

Randall pockets the check.

RANDALL

Oh it was nobody, mom. Just some
mormon handing out flyers.

EUGENIA

Those boys always look so wholesome.

Badge looks over to Randall, who sheepishly sits down to
continue watching TV.

END EPISODE