

HyPerBoliC.
“Start of the End”
By Zeke, Armaann
Ep.1

Network Draft

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INT. EVENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN:

POV

Staring at an analogue plain white 'vrgl' wall clock with the time displaying 11:58:39 wherein the hand ticking like a bomb or heartbeat, with each second getting denser.

Amaru
Ooooooooooooo Shiiiiiii!!!

Amaru falls under his comfortable cosy bed in a black hole leading him out through the roof of the house flying to the sky facing the ground as as though he was falling upwards. As he gracefully reaches the stars he looks down at how small the earth gets and his hands growing bigger in the abyss of space.

Amaru's Head
Is he so significant and everyone around him so small and far away? What is he? What am I?

Right at the end of the dialogue his field of vision reaches a star where the tiny digital clock which started at 4.53(signifying years of human existence)turning to 0. Foreshadowing how humans are made of stardust¹ in the big bang. The star displays life and enlightenment to his brain for a split second the same one would feel multiplied by a 100 after substance use. After that split second finishes he looks on his left at a distant star and a smaller galaxy all blurry because he was going through a comedown from the stardust. During this blur he falls in a hole displaying his transition through life. As he falls he sees glimpses of different parts of his life, present and future, depicting various emotions and feelings(heartbreak, love, happiness, sadness, emptiness, and a few glimpses of awkward or embarrassing moments of his life). Clock striking twelve in the background out of focus with a cuckoo clock cuckolding with shots jumping from a sweaty breathless Amaru to the cock in the clock doing its things where we are given the first hint of how time is relative.

¹<https://www.nhm.ac.uk/discover/are-we-really-made-of-stardust.html#:~:text=Most%20of%20the%20elements%20of,originated%20from%20the%20Big%20Bang.>

Amaru's Head

What the fuck, how long was i gone,
did nobody miss me?

He looks at the clock and is confused as he felt what felt
like a few hours were actually a few minutes.

(CONT'D)

Amaru's Head

Thats - thats not possible, doesn't time go
slower when you're feeling fucked but the
opposite when we're having fun well I don't know
what in the world that was, fuck this i got a
test tomorrow.

EXT. EVENT BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Midnight as seen from outside his room, the brightest star,
Sirius A, is now seen as a camera watching over Amaru.

INT. EVENT CLASSROOM - MORNING

Kampbell

Why are you always late? Do You not
understand the concept of time? You
know how important this test is...
It dictates what college you are
going to be at that dictates the
job you'll have and that dictates
the kind of girl who will want to
marry you and that finally dictates
the amount of happiness and
fulfilment you will receive in this
life. Or are you from a different
world, where the rules just don't
apply huh?

Amaru

No no...

(Spaces Out in Thought)

Kampbell

If only you learnt how to have normal relationships with
friends and family, you would be more nor...mal.

Amaru's Head

What the fuck is normal ha?

He sits down to write his test where he feels the sense of deja vu where he recalls a glimpse of this very instance in the hole in his dream like hallucination.

NARRATOR

Its an odd world the one we're in
and the ones we aren't in or

the ones we are and aren't in...
it is complicated but ya

welcome to the cliché, (xyz)
lived a normal life, a normal

life until it all changed, or
did it? Maybe it was his

destiny, if you even believe
in that kinda stuff, but

nevertheless this story gets
interesting or at least real?

there's something very important
I need to tell you,

yes you sitting wasting your
time watching this instead of

actually doing something with
your life, the truth about

the world is that(static) g**,
people, and our ear** is that it's
all o**(static) and it's just your
(static blur)s*****

While the narrator is narrating we see shots of the little dude walking around his school tapping his table with his fingers with his head on the table, looking at how the sound reached his ears quicker, as his eyes rolled to the left he saw his schoolmates look at him acting weird and then he quickly turned his head away coincidentally to another clock.

INT. CORRIDOR. EVENING

Narrator

After his extra support classes, daily deadly dose of detention, and, clean up job with the janitor is complete two teachers, one coordinator, and, a single principal gang up around him outside his class.

Mrs.Kampbell

I was telling them all about today, yesterday, and your stories from years ago. What is it about this that you can't handle? Everyone else seems to be doing okay. We have children with disability that do better than you.

Mr.Kaizer(Principal)

Son, (grabs Amaru by the shoulder) there is no excuse to be less than who you are. If you just do what your teachers say you'll be good.

Mrs.Radman(2 Teacher)

I have tried with this boy, but he is just a waste sir. No matter what I do for him he will curl back into his pillowy thoughts and let everything go for a toss. Including every opportunity for extra credit that I've given you.

Viktor(Supervisor)

This fellow is a mad fellow, roams around anywhere any time of the day no bother for his class or his surrounding, one day I swear I'll catch him wonder off into the girl's washroom. Why can't you just be normal? Let's have him tested.

Kampbell

There's no need he'll fail everyone proving nothing again.

Amaru

I'm sorry I just can't focus on anything anymore(break into silent tears).

Amaru's Head

Being told what to read, what to eat, how to act, and, what to do just to get into college just to then get a shitty job just to have a shitty life. I don't get it bro?

Kaizer

Can we get him to college?

Kampbell

I honestly don't know.

Radman

You promise to straighten up young man?

Amaru

...uh yes yes of course.

Supervisor

Laughs Good luck son.

Kaizer

I want a daily report of your work on my desk before you leave each and every day.

INT. HOME. NIGHT

Dinner was grim just eating alone with the grinning sounds of the TV laughing at him. His mother howling like a wolf and his father growling like a tiger, all this happening in flashes at one time. He laughs out nervously as his hands get all sweaty and nerved up. He looks at the mirror and

just smiles at how insignificant these instances are to him because his mind is somewhere else of course.

Amaru's Head

Maybe I'll see something at 11:58 again I don't know. Maybe I'll find out what the fuck is going on in this life I'm probably from another planet or family or someplace better than this.

Amaru

Sighs Hfhhhhhhhhhh...

As soon as the time reaches what it should and his eyes glued to the clock and his head glued to the not so stable bed anymore he falls under.

Amaru's Head

I'm just accepting this shit no point being scared now just like a roller coaster what is done is done what's decided is decided no point screaming now... Should've not gotten on that ride.

Narrator

Oh I know that feeling of anxiety when you're helpless. Too scared to shout, oh boy that's the first guy I've seen saying that. He falls into the hole which is black so let's call it a black coloured hole? Lol.

He travels through the nothingness of the hole complete pitch black except one tiny white spot which as he gets closer is more like a box. He falls inside and now the atmosphere turns white.

Amaru

Aaaaaouch. *thuds to the ground*

Amaru's Head

Woaaah am I dead? Or did I finally return to the place I'm really from like superman ykwim. Wait what if this was heaven? Let me go find god, if that's what they call him.

Narrator

Looks around in wonder and awe in how white, white really is. He roams around everywhere thumps his feet to feel the floor or jumps to touch the sky or runs to find the edge but he could not find or feel a thing. This was like solitary but worse cause at least in solitary you know the boundaries out here they do not exist...

Amaru

Hellooooooooo! Anyone there? God? Jesus? Allah? Yahweh? Ishwar? Someone please...*cry screams*

Narrator

That's when he sees a head of hair moving that made a bristling sound rubbing against something purer than air probably.

Amaru's Head

Could this be god? Maybe I was wrong about this. All those stories about his grace, wisdom, attire. He's probably really tall and wears threads of diamond and ruby or emeralds who knows! I'm scared.

We see a bob marley hippie type character who seems homeless waking up bristling his braids against his sleeping bag waking up in a hurry.

Bob Marley

Hello hello what how when where when, what're you doing here??

Amaru

Oh thank god! I thought I was in heaven. I have no clue how I got here it just happened to me. I don't get it are you trapped here too?

Bob Marley

Who said you're not, I don't really know what this is either but this is really all I've known.

You know how Jesus Christ is known as the son of god, he is not god so god remains unknown and abstract. Or when we look at Islam where there are 99 names for Allah but the idea is still abstract because we do not know what or who it is. All of the monotheistic religions of the world that believe in one supreme creator who remains unknown. What if in reality all these ideas or constructs of religion with a focus on Islam and Christianity are in fact one and the same and are searching or preaching to the same ideas in different words due to the grim religious politics translated by deities drunk in power? (This makes the crusades futile and sinful) We established the idea of the same abstract god existing for all people and that abstract concept is our subconscious mind. When we pray our subconscious dictates or wires are brain to strive for our asks if we truly believe in them and thus resulting in the actualisation of our prayers.

In this particular show, we wish to show a boy or man and hyperbolize all his problems in life from the day everything around him is constantly exaggerated to bring him down and succumb to the pressures of society.

Every night at that particular time 11:44... he hallucinates in pitch-white surroundings talking and reviewing his day with an old man who tells him about how he dealt with the situations and how because he succumbed to the situations around him and accepted that life he is not who he could be and show him what he could've been today had he lived as he was intended to.

Idea of this is so many people succumb to the pressures of society to accept situations around them like take a job they dont like or be in a relationship they dont want to be in because its convenient and conventional. This 'old man' later revealed as god, later revealed as his subconscious, later revealed as him before his death, is who shows him how he could and should strive to be what he is without limiting him based on this weird identity society has given him like you are the son of an electrician rich man white boy xyz and not let those dictate your mental patterns of how you understand and go through life in a boxed identity of no real validity or meaning.