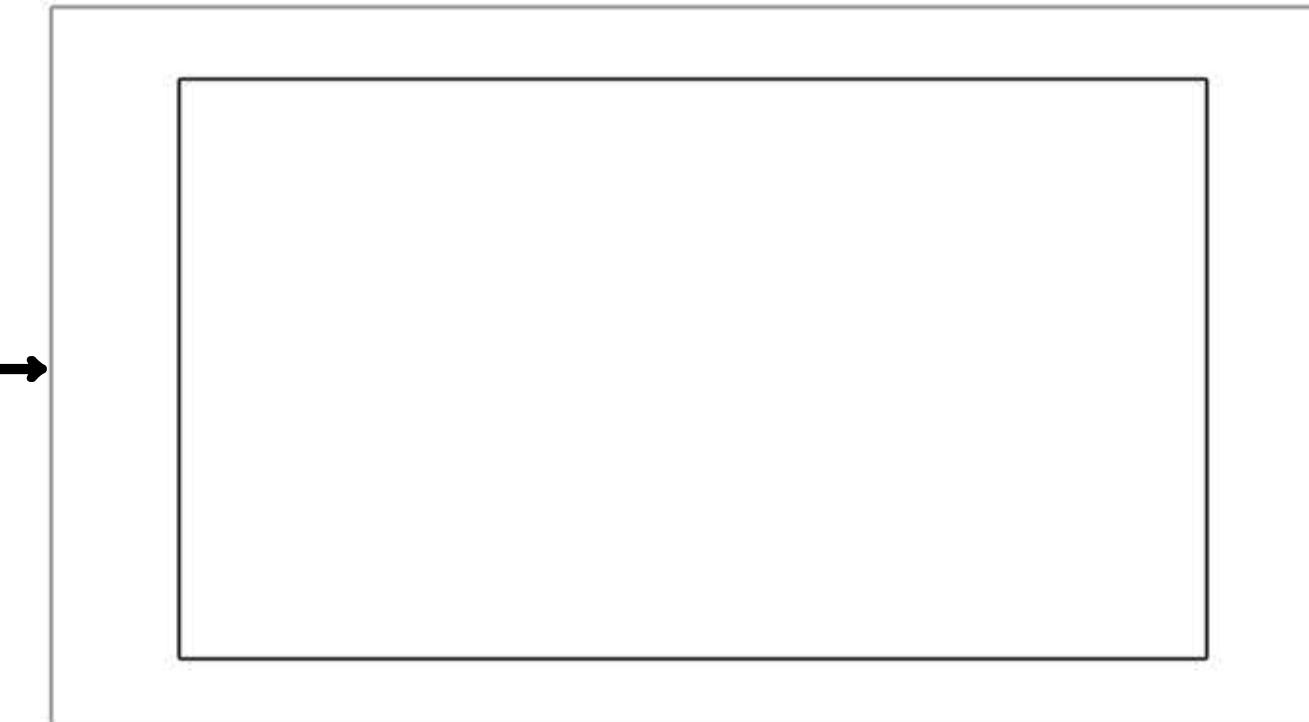


Black canvas.



The focus is on the blank portion within the center of the canvas.



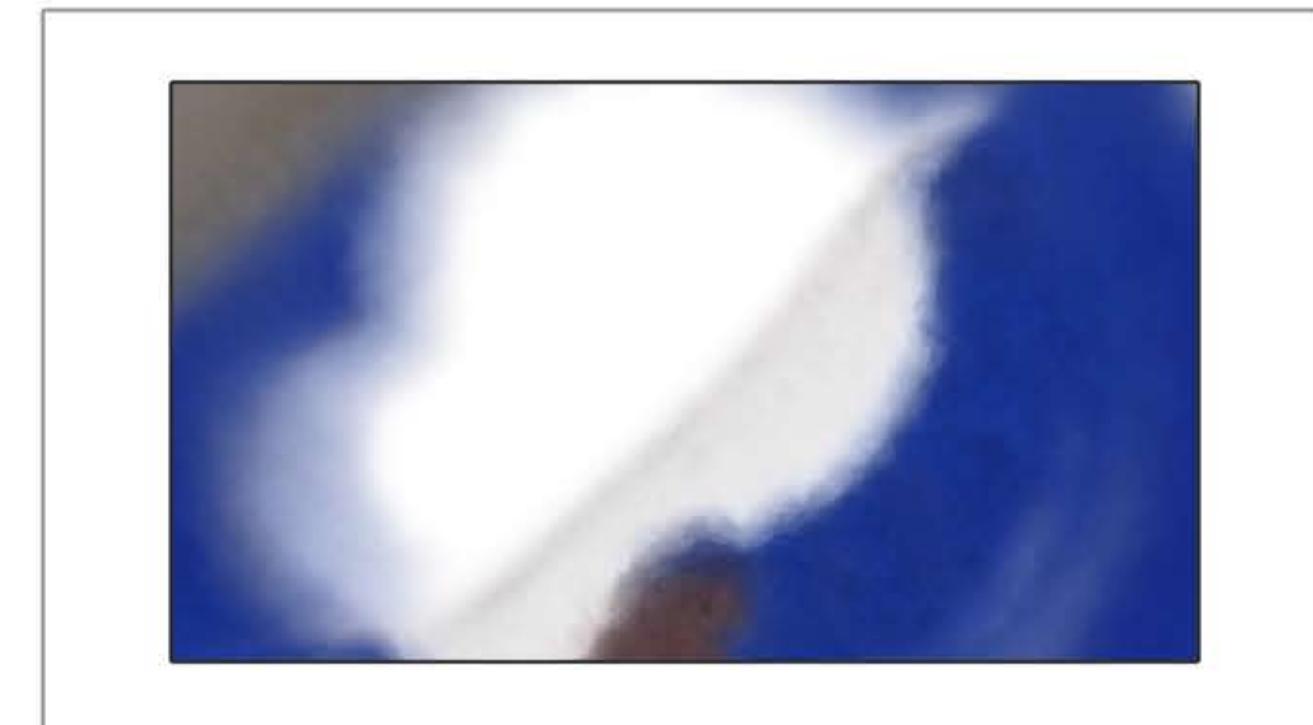
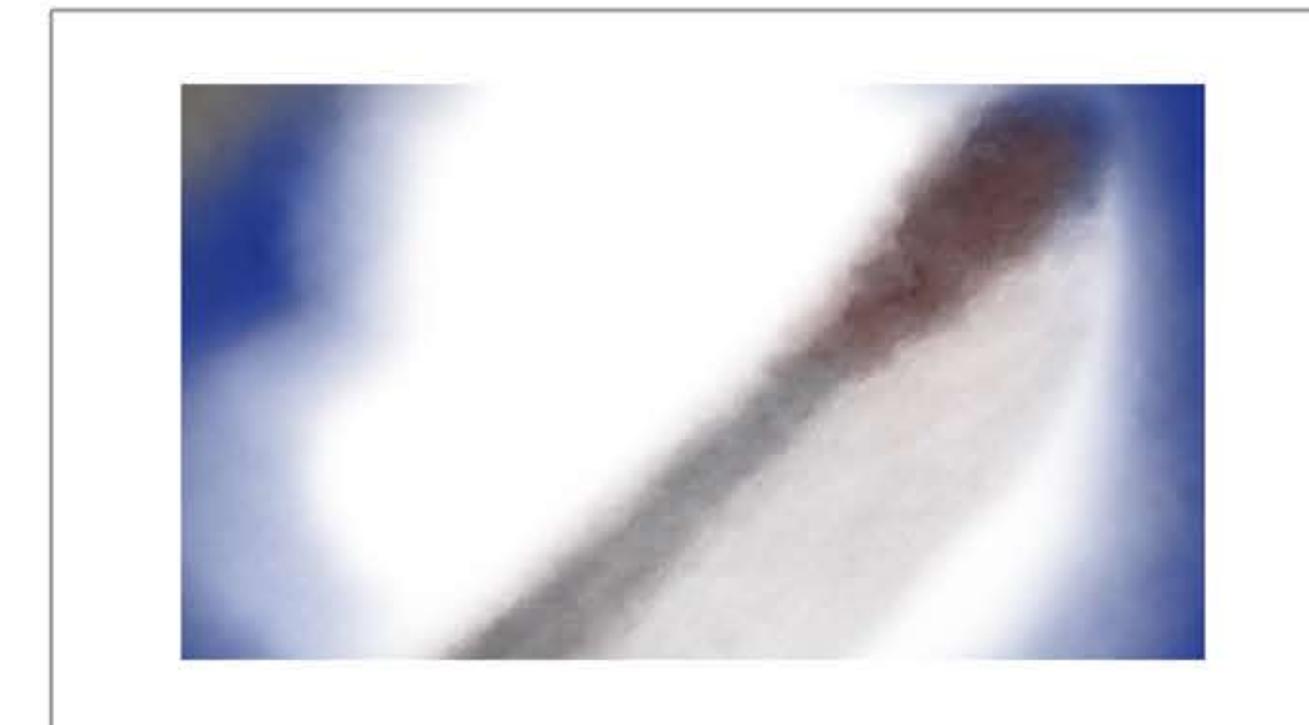
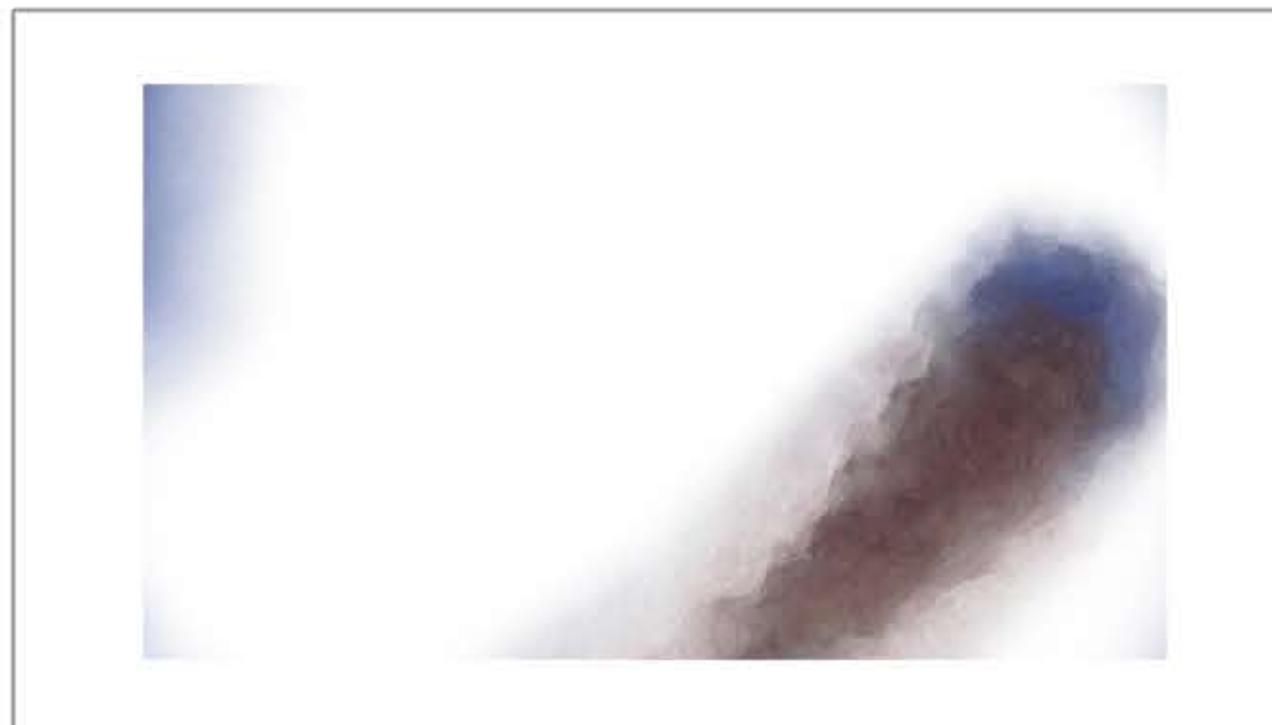
The focus pans outward. The round brush enters from the bottom. Blue paint is on the toe of the round brush.

LAND PAINTER: (Inhale)

light_switch-audio

paint_brush-audio | heartbeat_slow-audio

major_chords_on_harp-audio



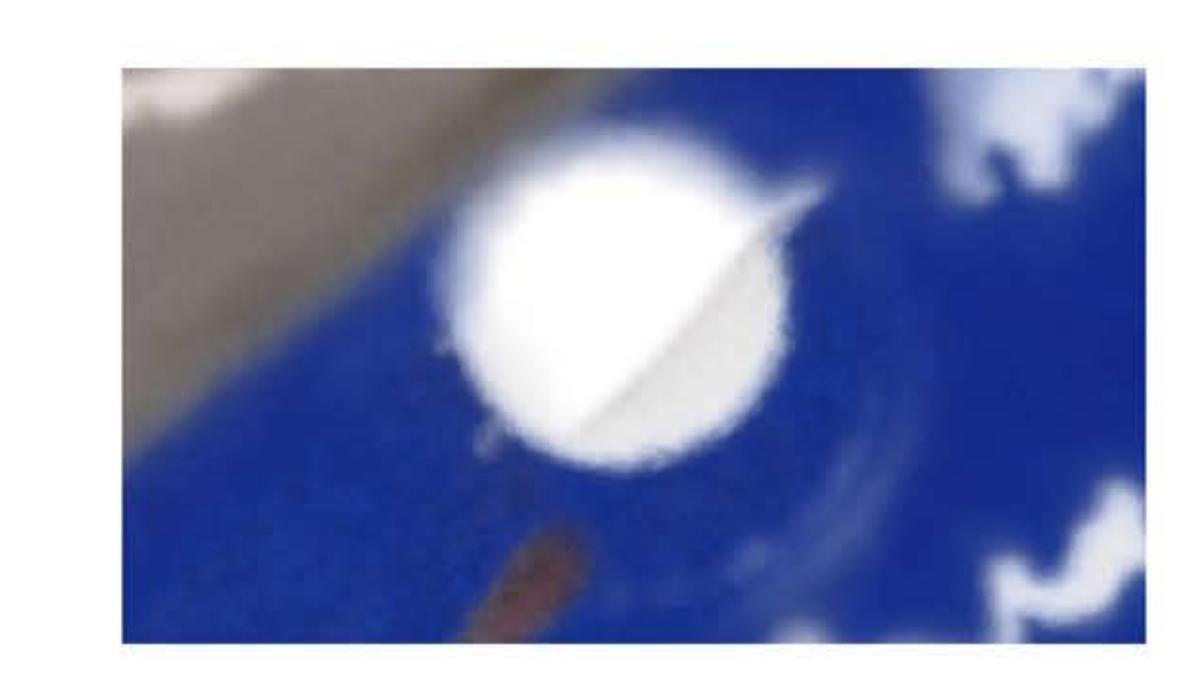
The toe of the round brush circles halfway, starting from the right.

(Hum)

paint_brush-audio



The leftover mark is a white silhouette of the logo of NASA.



The round brush retracts.



The focus ends panning. The round brush paints where the blue and black touches on the painting.

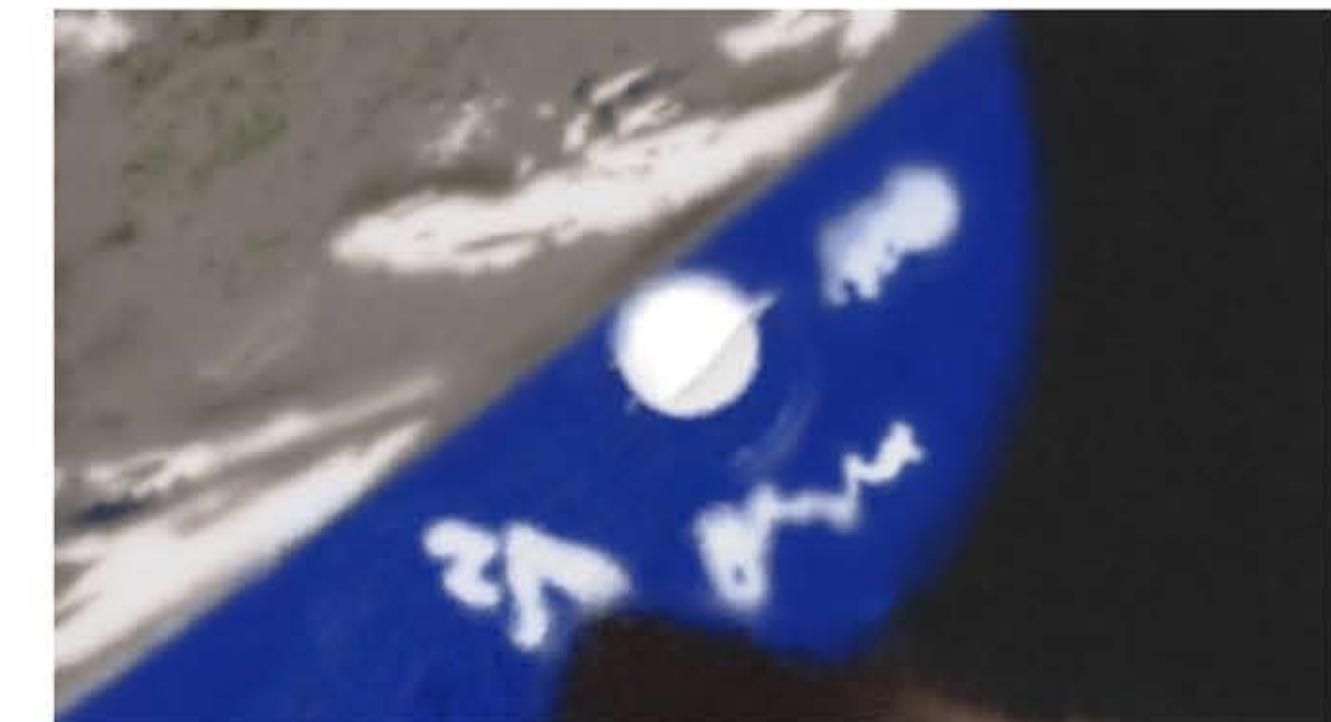
SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: So... Curvy...

dripping_paint-audio

paint_brush-audio



The round brush retracts.



The varnishing brush enters from the bottom. Black paint rests on the bristles of the varnishing brush.

LAND PAINTER: | Pardon? |
| Pardon me? |
| Excuse me? |

SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: Broad.



The varnishing brush touches the lowest part of where the Earth meets the horizons.

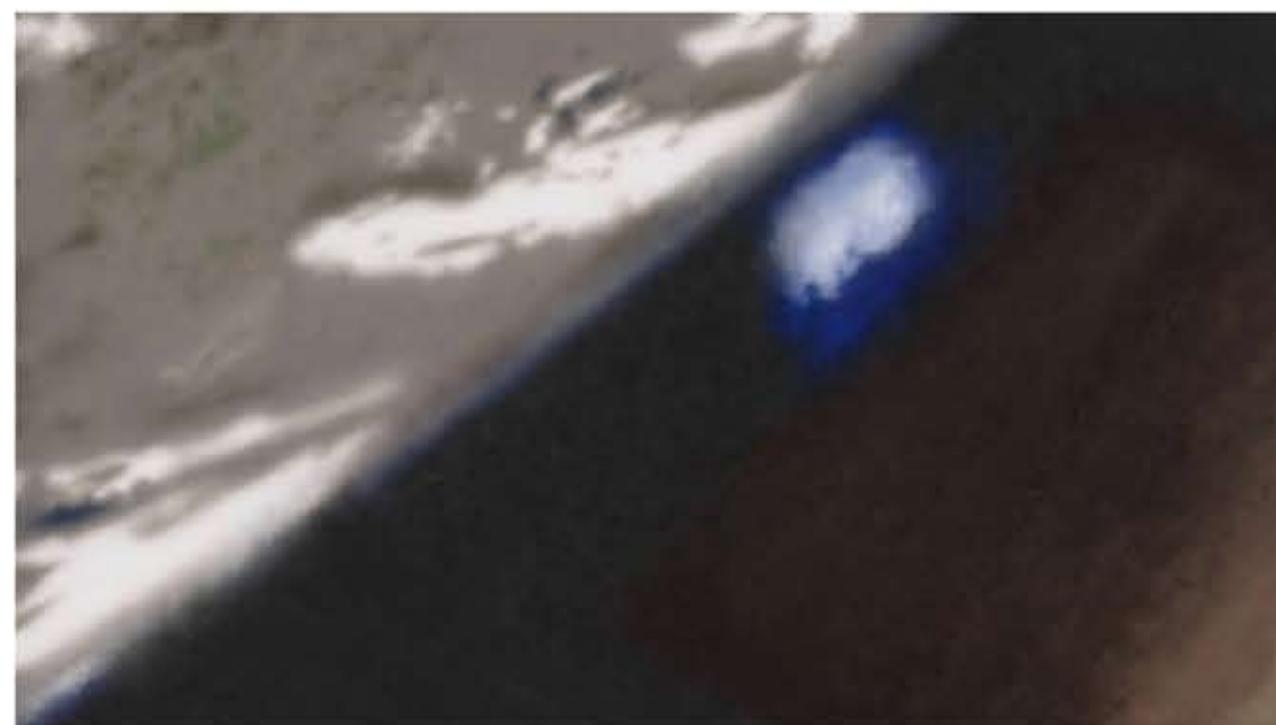


The varnishing brush runs straight through to the top-right. Black paint engulfs the blue below.

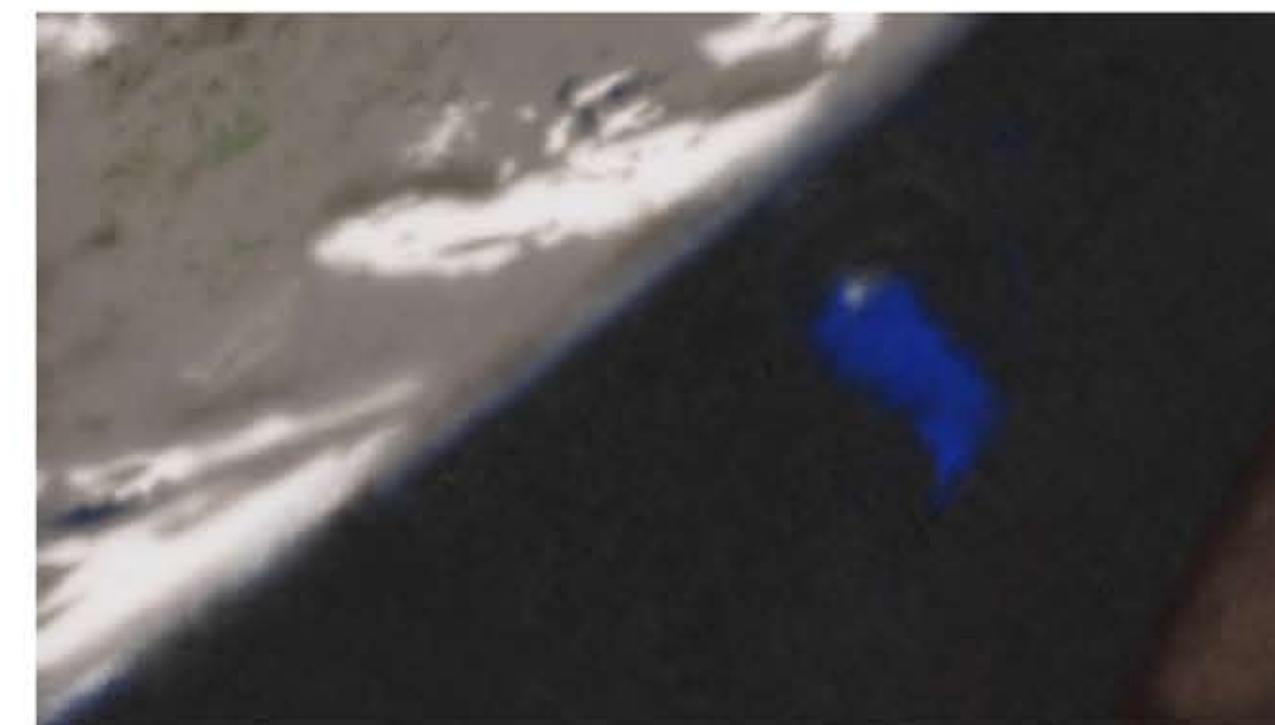


SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: | Less of the horizons... |
| Less of your horizons... |

wet_swuoosh-audio



The varnishing brush retracts. The top cloud is still intact. The black paint slowly engulfs the intact cloud.



The black paint rapidly engulfs the cloud.

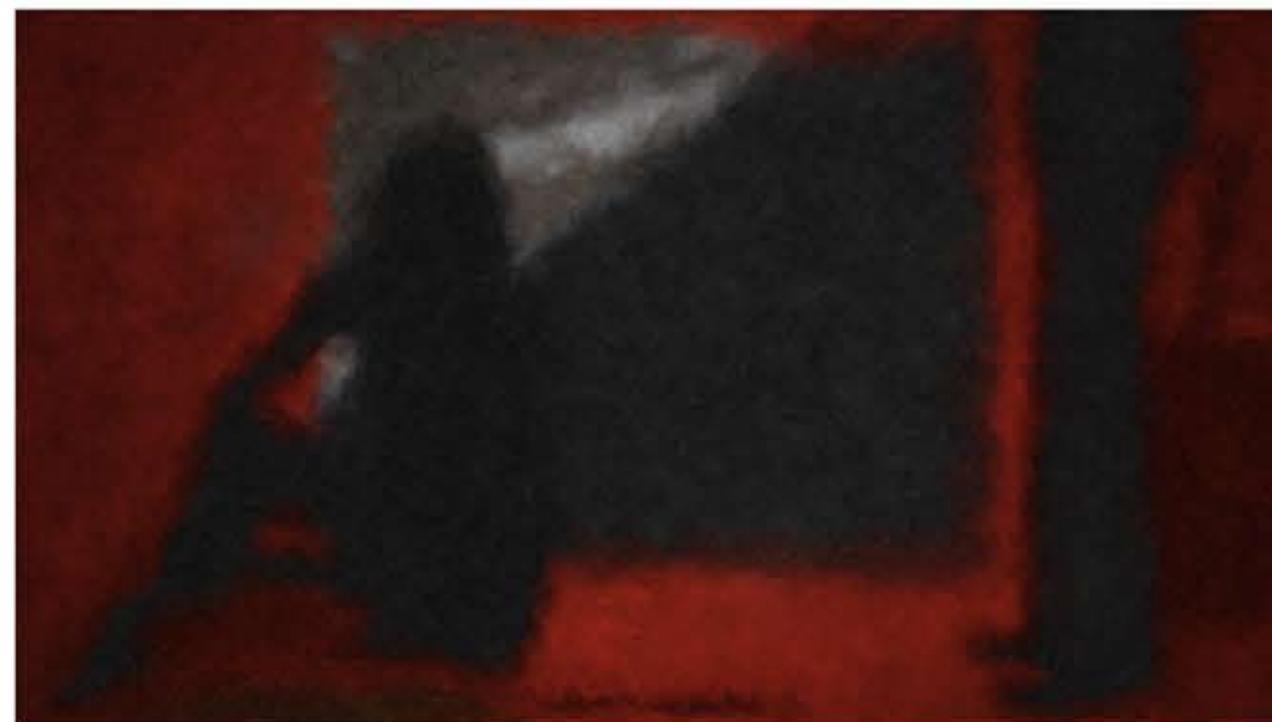


The canvas reveals the painting of the first photo in space.

→

LAND PAINTER: Are you sure...

brush_drops_in_bucket-audio



LAND PAINTER and SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER are silhouettes.
LAND PAINTER is sitting on the floor to the left.
The torso and the head faces right. SPACE
PHOTOGRAPHER is standing to the right. SPACE
PHOTOGRAPHER faces left.



LAND PAINTER turns the head left.

LAND PAINTER: ...it is this flat?

SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: The world is. Massive.



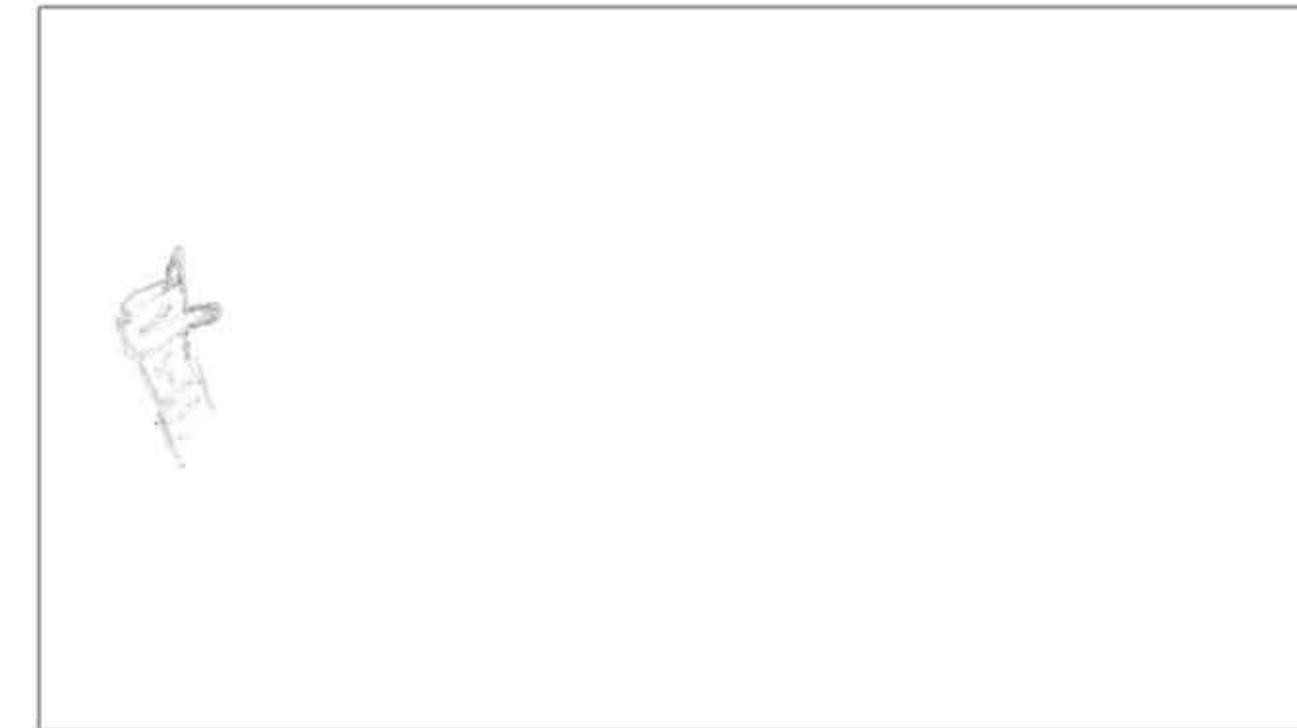
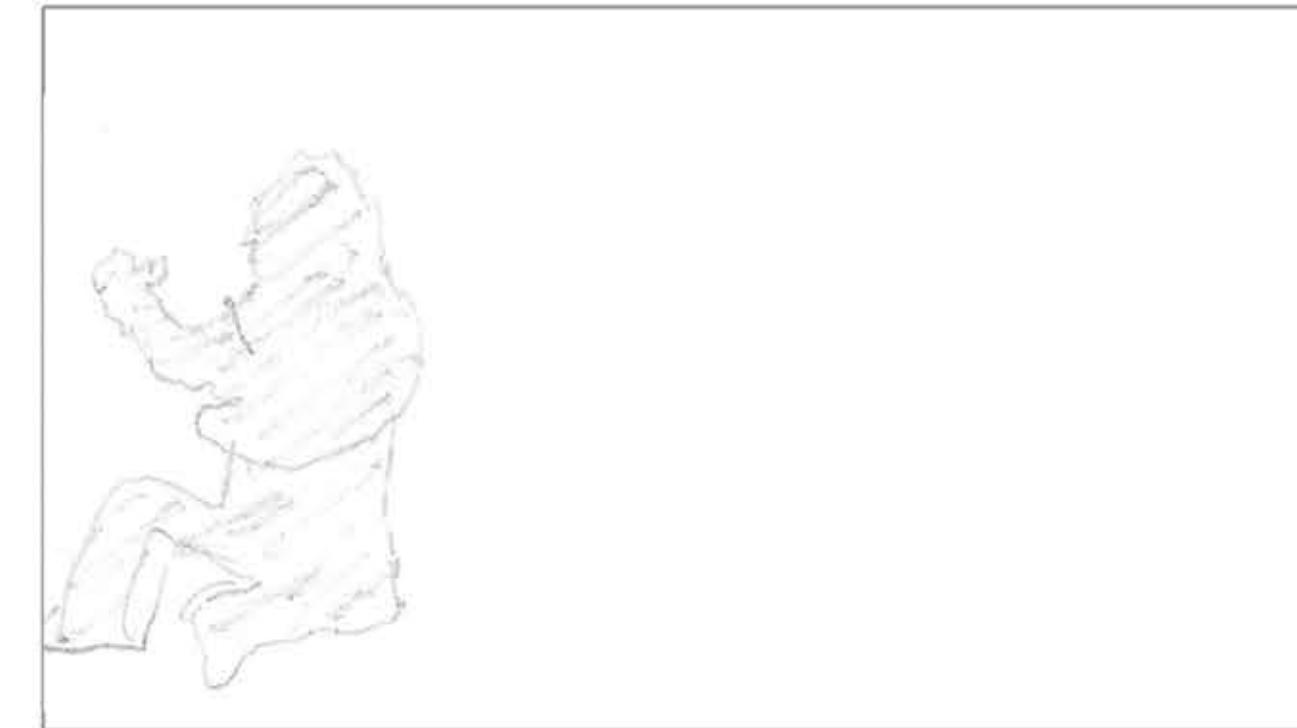
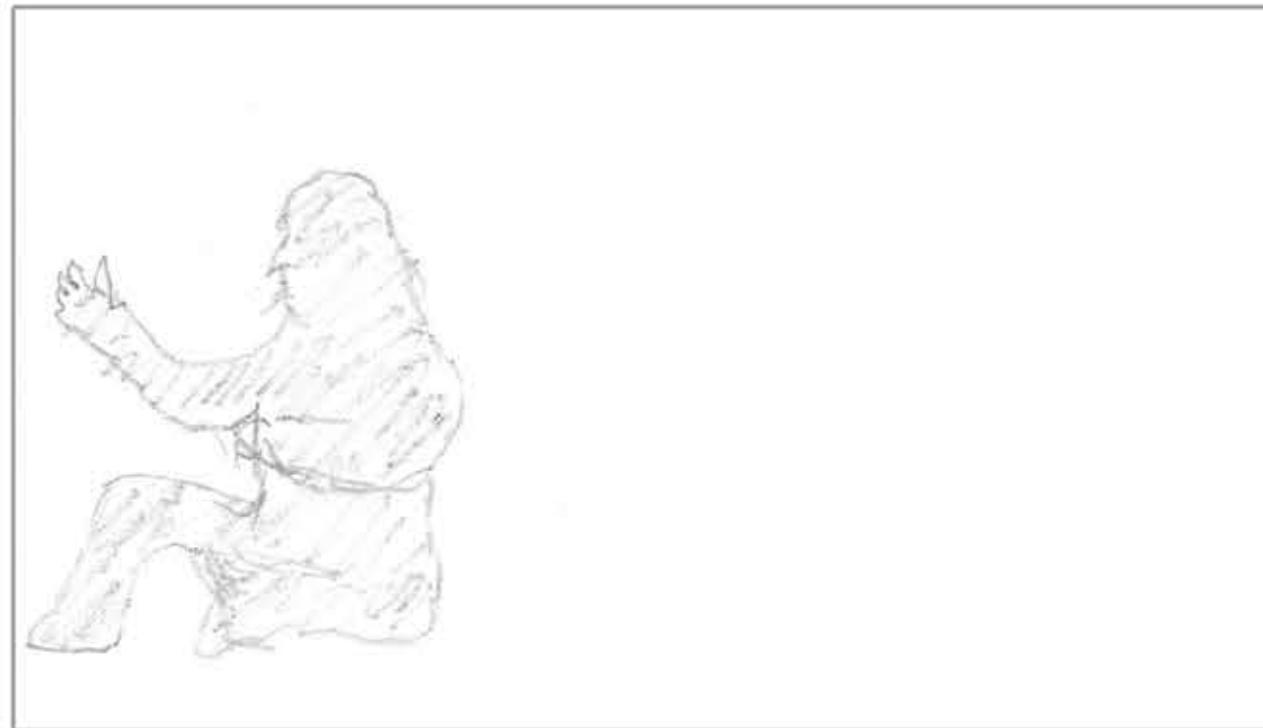
LAND PAINTER tucks each hand in opposite elbows.



LAND PAINTER extends the right arm. The palm of the right hand faces upwards.

LAND PAINTER: (Adoringly & Contemptly) You... Are... Wrong...

Your belo-ved...

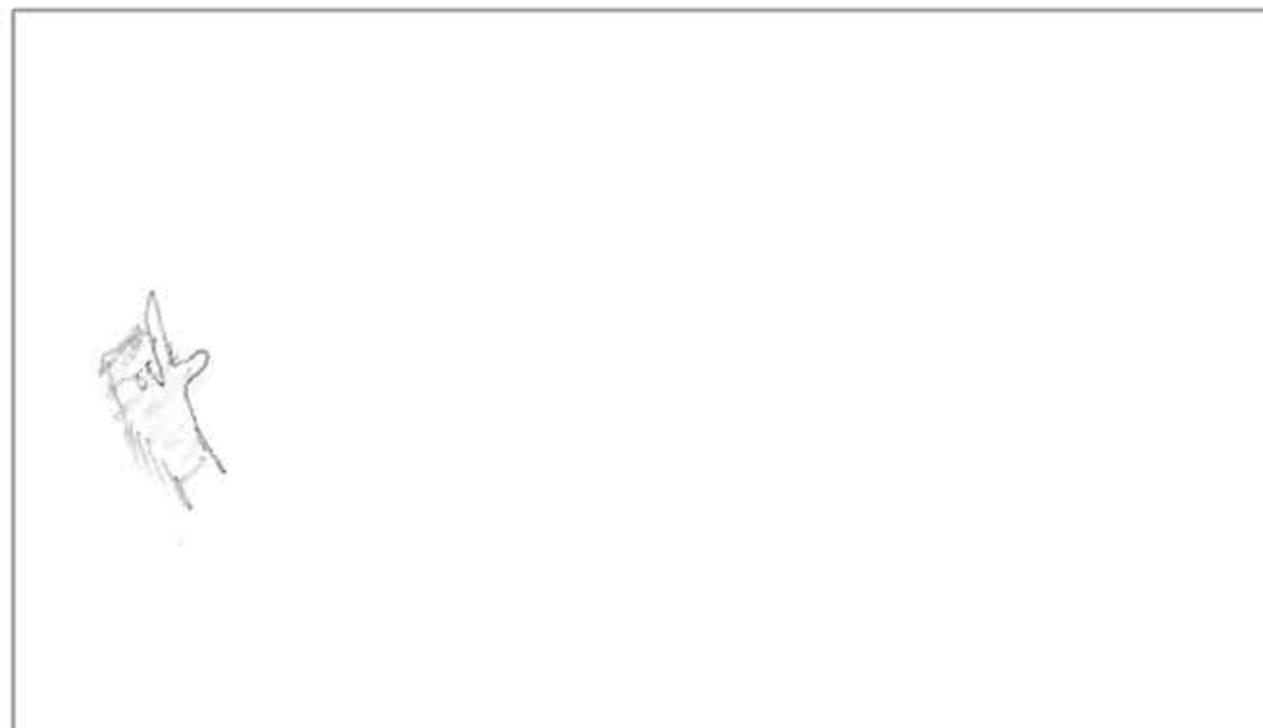


LAND PAINTER rolls the right hand around counterclockwise.

LAND PAINTER keeps still. The thumb and index finger of the right hand extends. The index finger points upward.

LAND PAINTER: Um...

Will get you the...



LAND PAINTER places the right arm onto the lap.

LAND PAINTER slightly turns the torso right.

...shot.



LAND PAINTER turns the head directly right.



LAND PAINTER swings the left arm over the painting.



LAND PAINTER: A bigger picture...

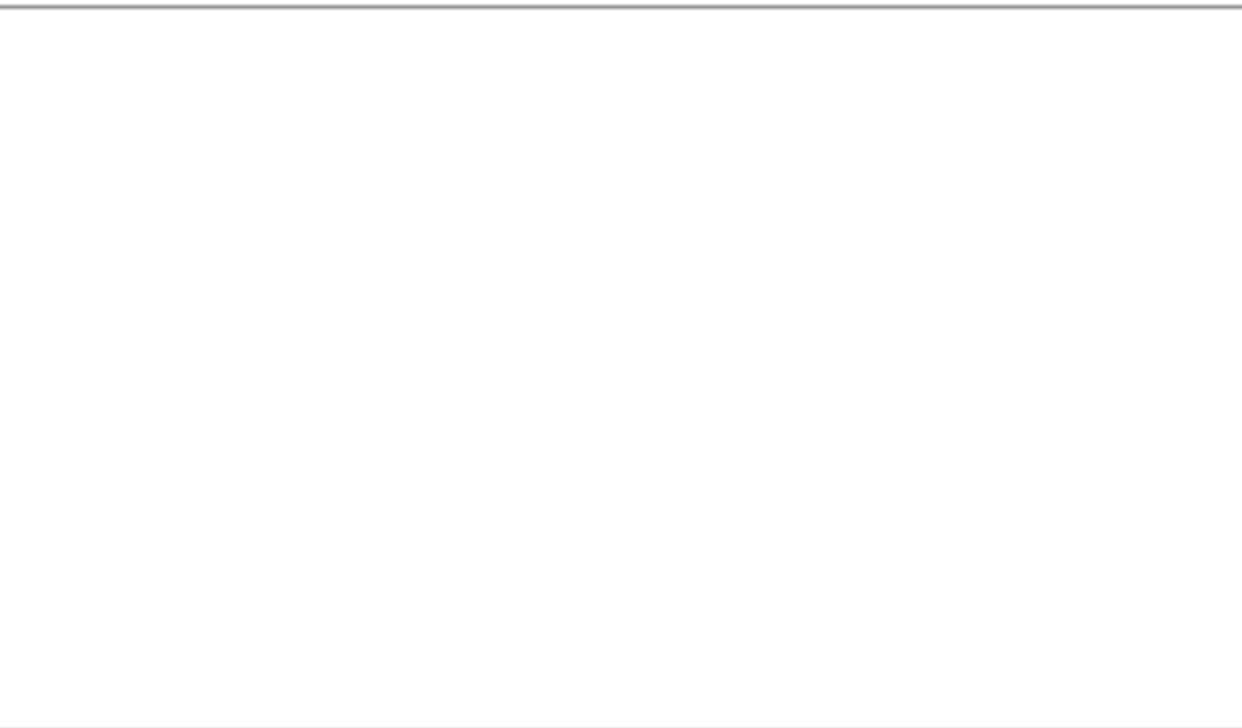


LAND PAINTER retracts the left arm. The left arm rests on the lap.



LAND PAINTER turns the head. The head tilts towards the bottom-left.



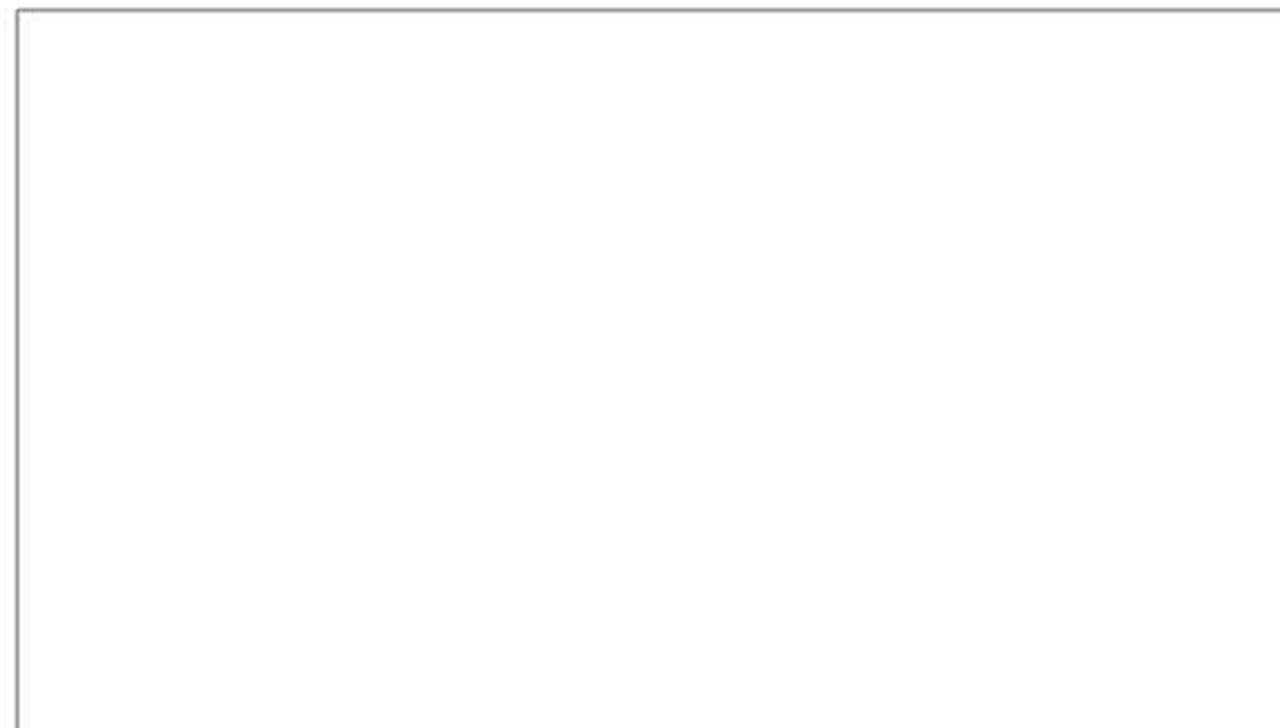


LAND PAINTER turns the head slightly right.

LAND PAINTER turns the head back to the left.

SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: Belo-ved...

V-2.



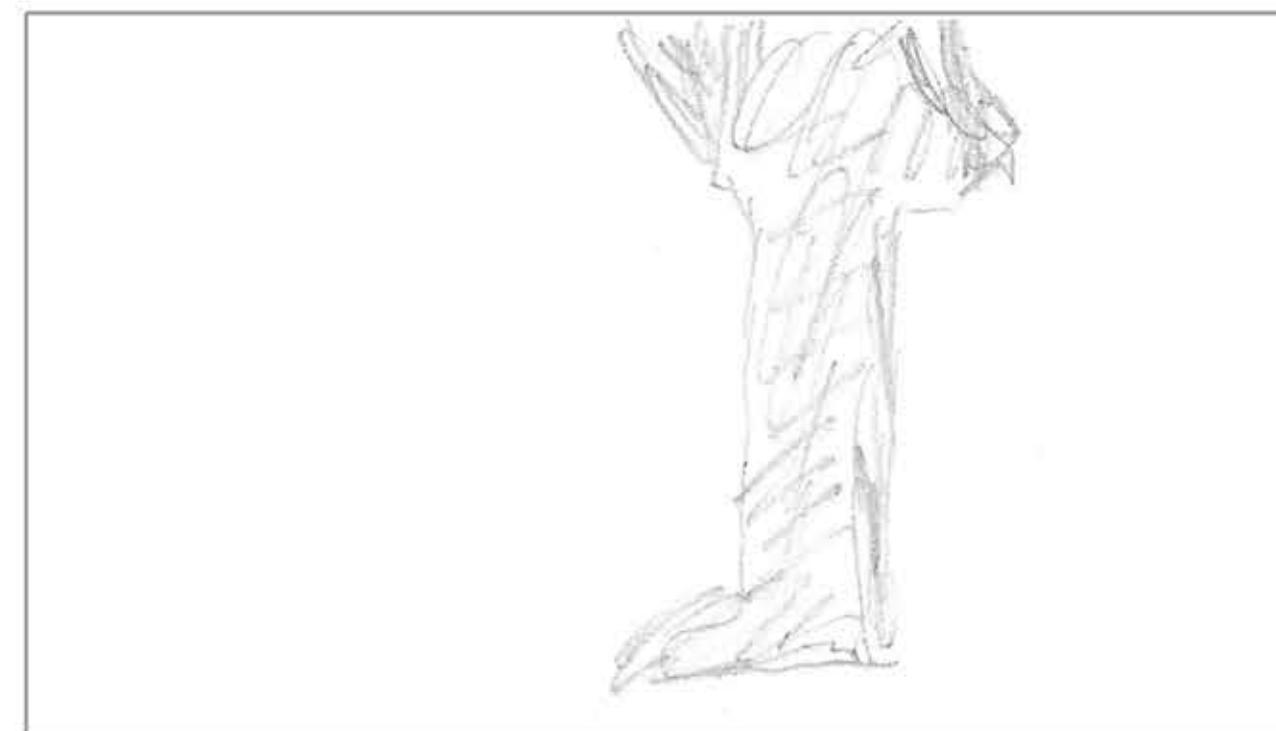
SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER steps towards **LAND PAINTER**.

Huh... Rocket.

I couldn't wish for a bigger world.



SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER places the left hand on the back.



SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER leans towards **LAND PAINTER**.



SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER places the right hand on top of the head of the **LAND PAINTER**.

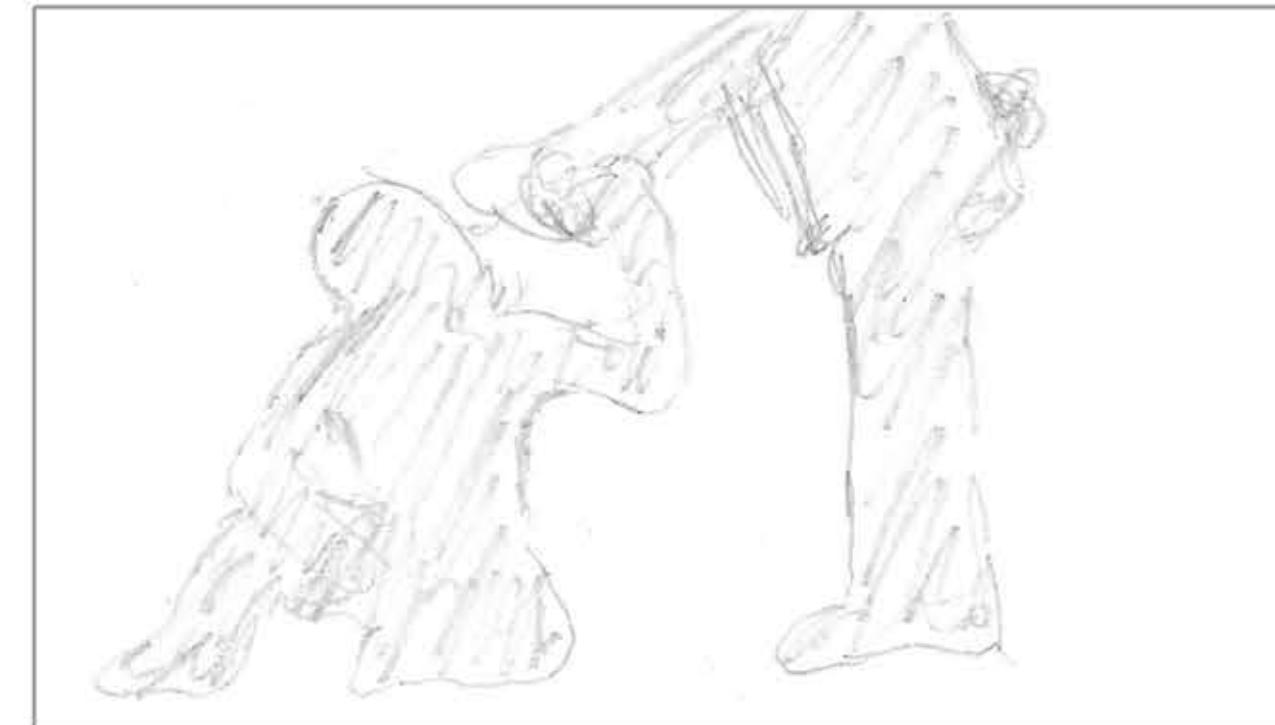
SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: The first shot in the open.

I am glad it landed on you.



LAND PAINTER turns the head towards the head of the **SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER**.

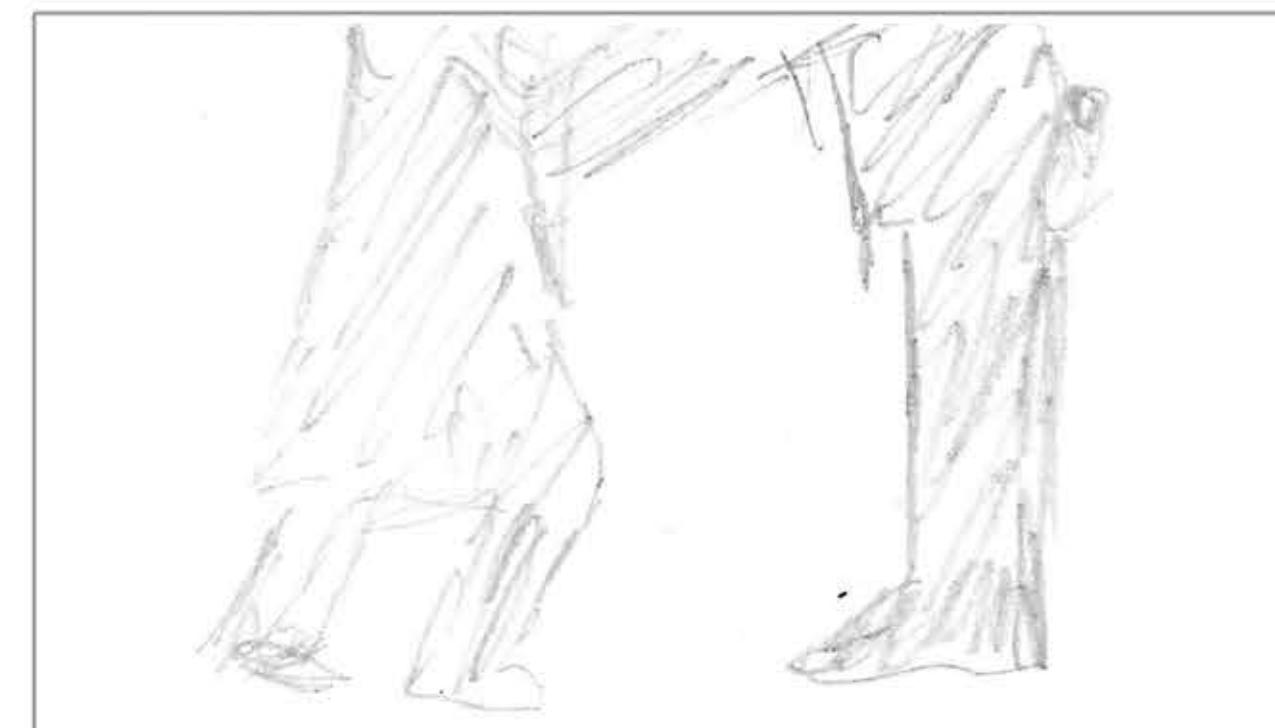


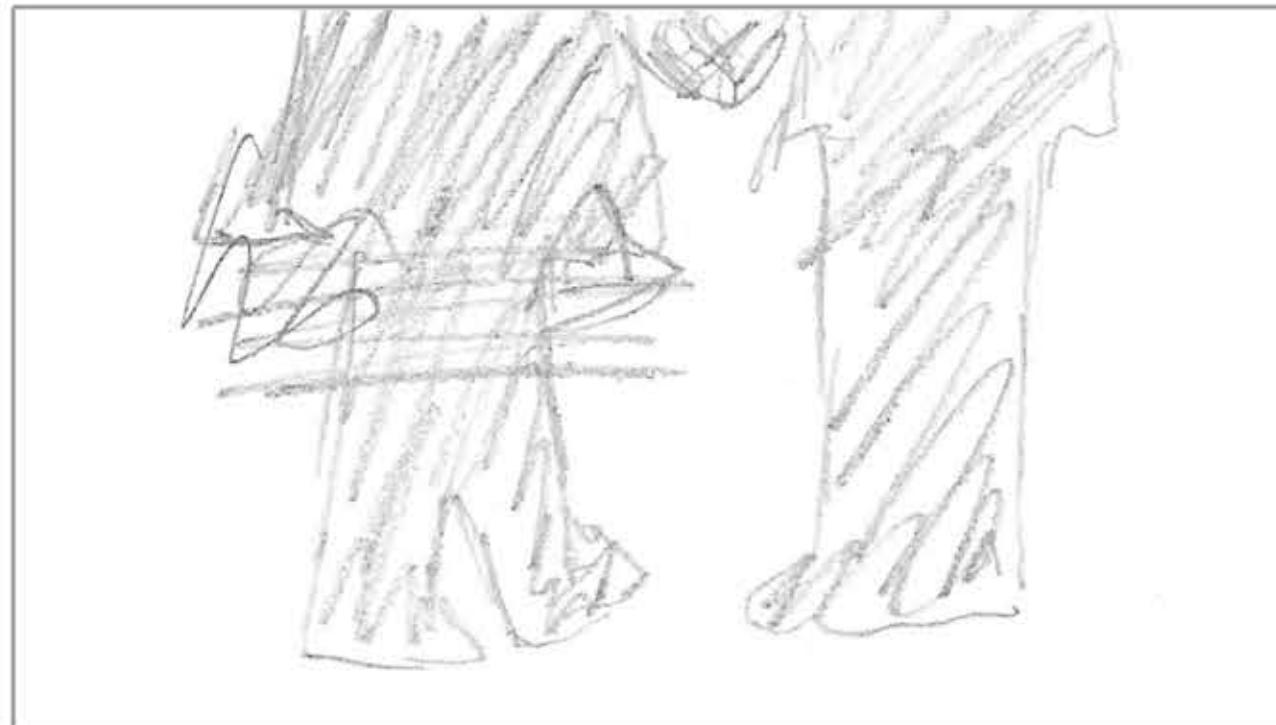


The left hand of **LAND PAINTER** takes the right hand of **SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER**.

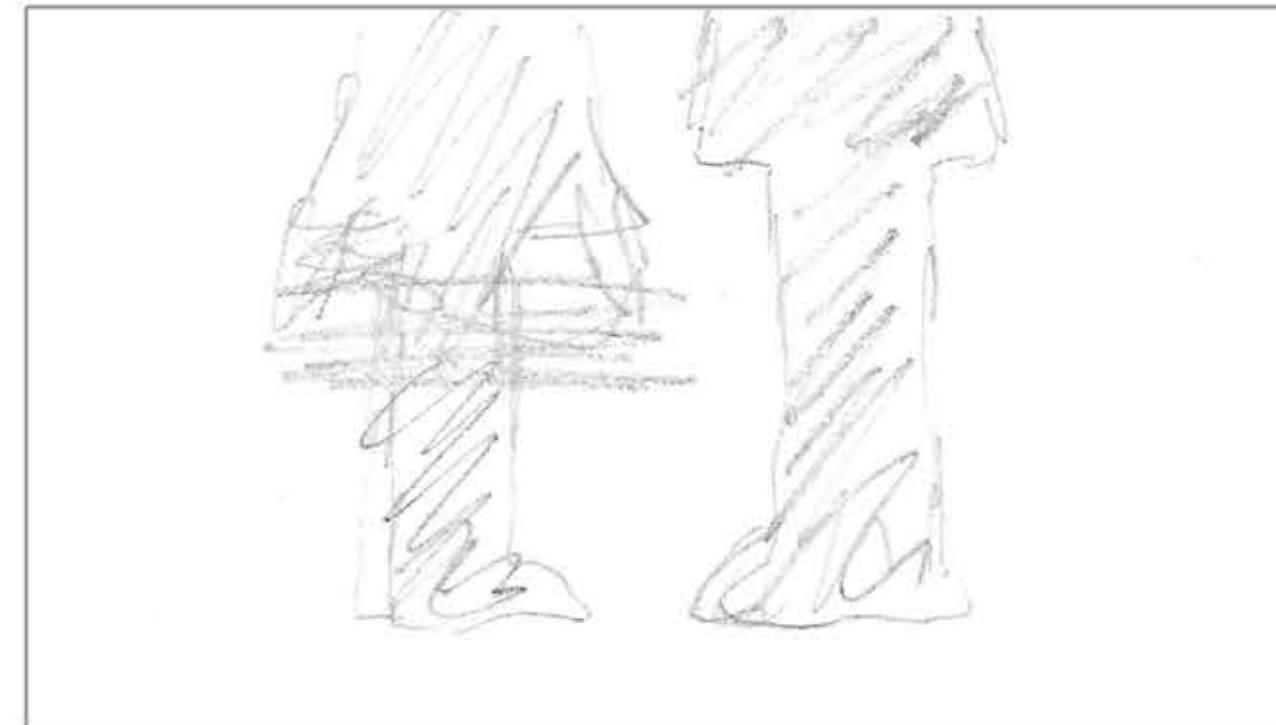
LAND PAINTER stands up.

SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: Big world...





LAND PAINTER steps towards **SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER**.



LAND PAINTER steps towards **SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER**.



SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: Little space...

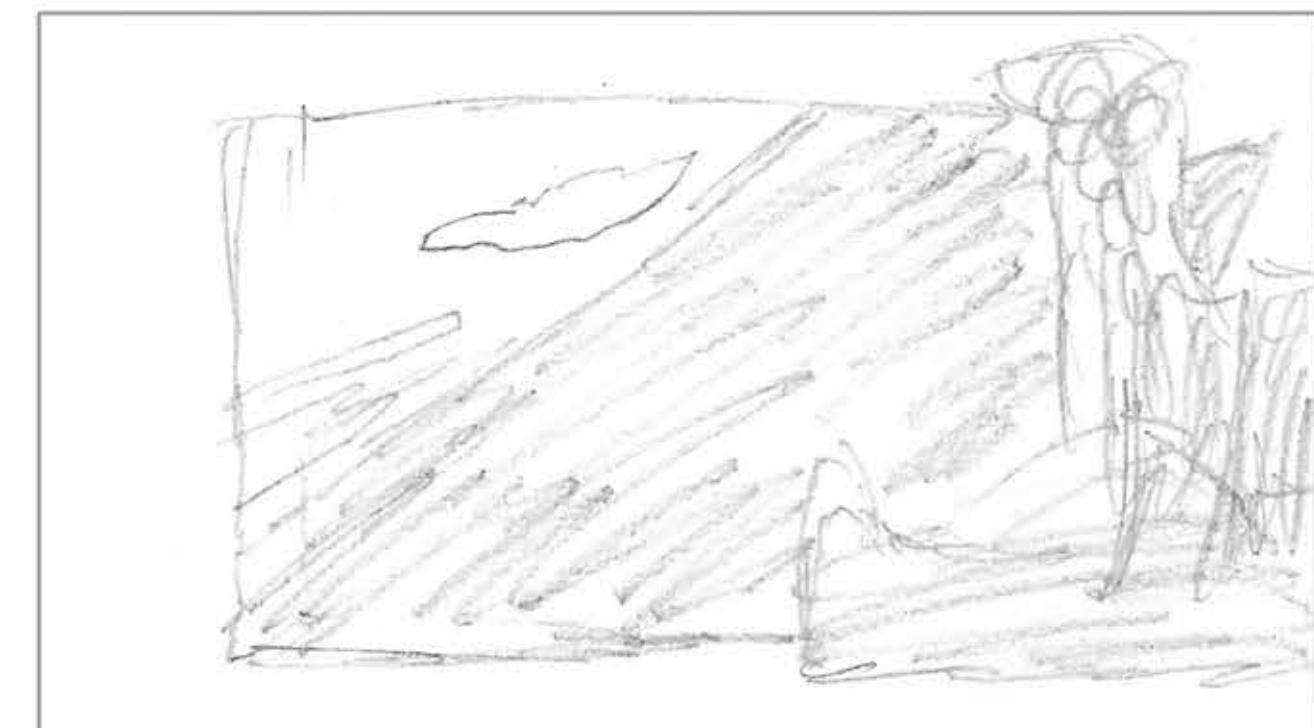
The gravity...



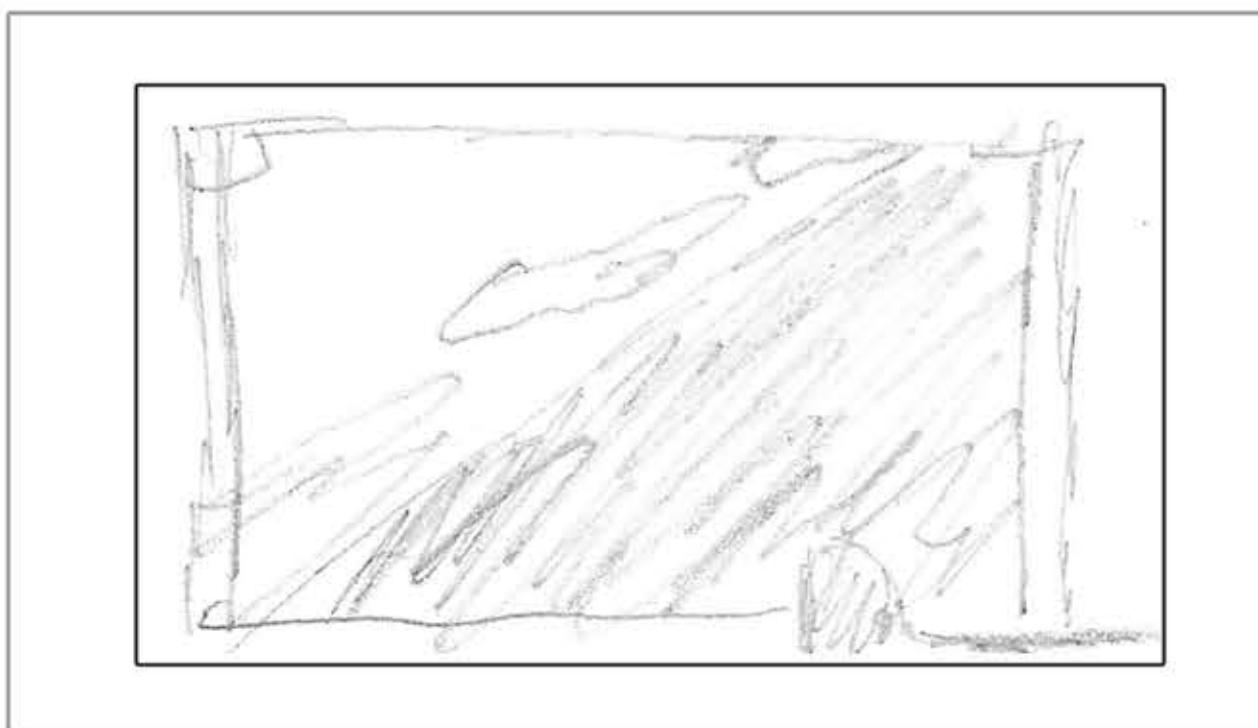
LAND PAINTER embraces and kisses **SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER**.



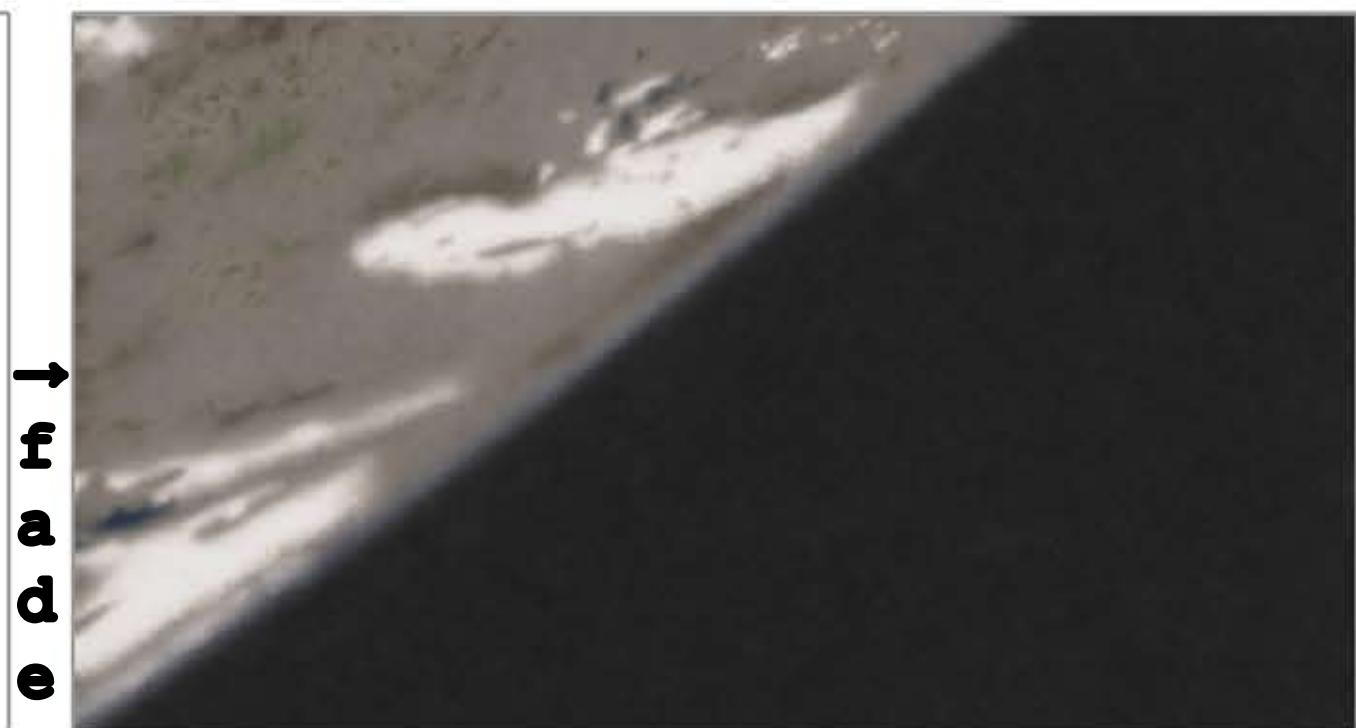
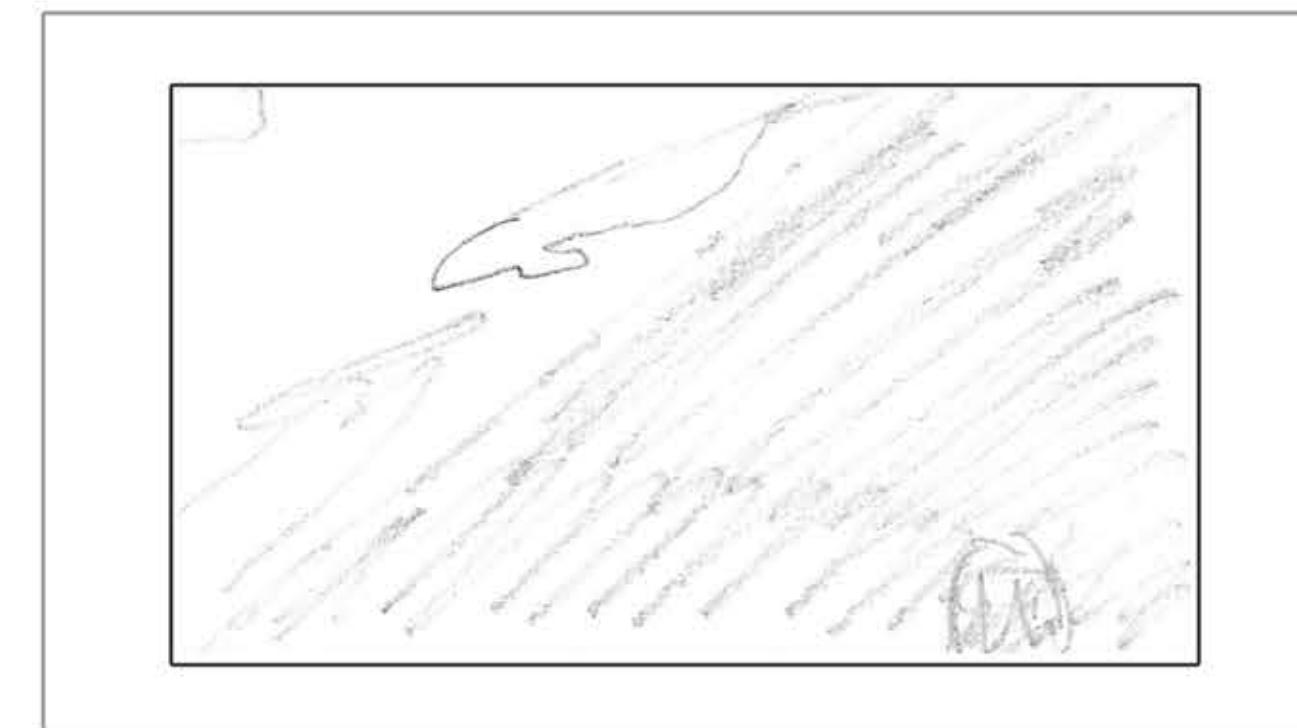
LAND PAINTER and **SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER** fall to the right together.



(Windedly) ...of...

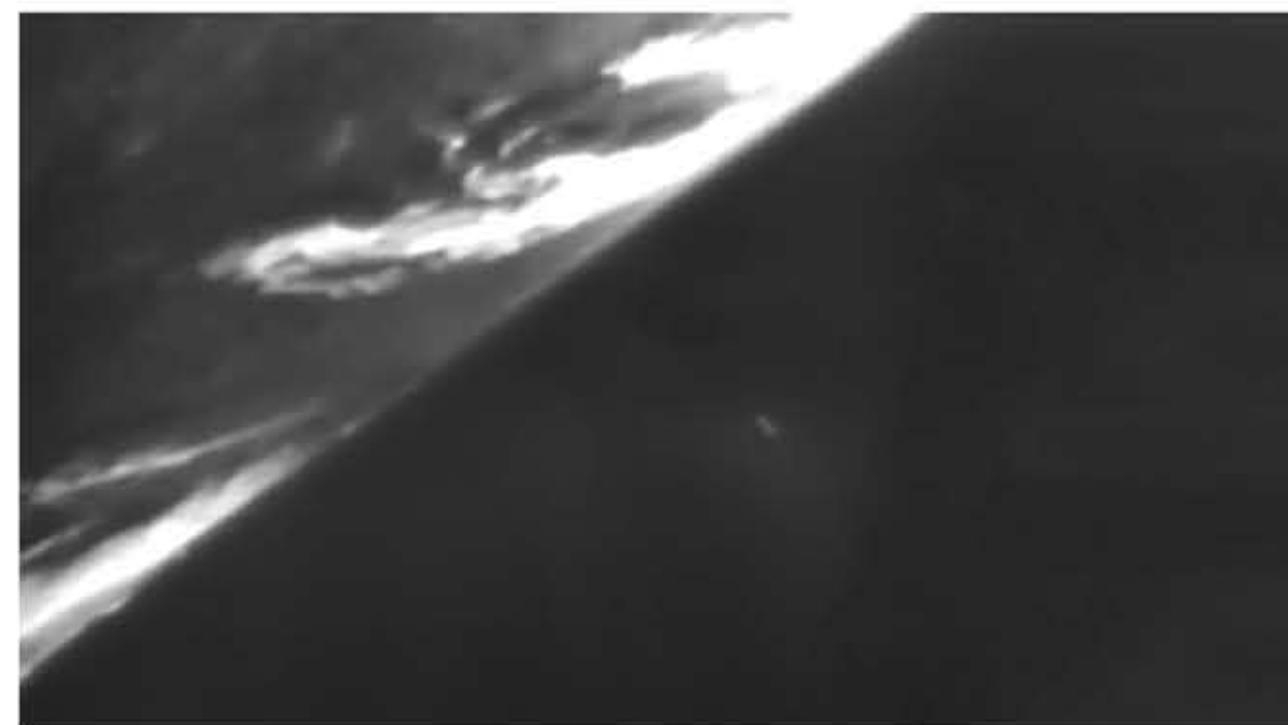


The focus pans inwards.



The painting of the first photo in space.

SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: The gravity of it all!..



The first photo in space.



A sudden crack fills the canvas. The focus is immediately closer to the photo.



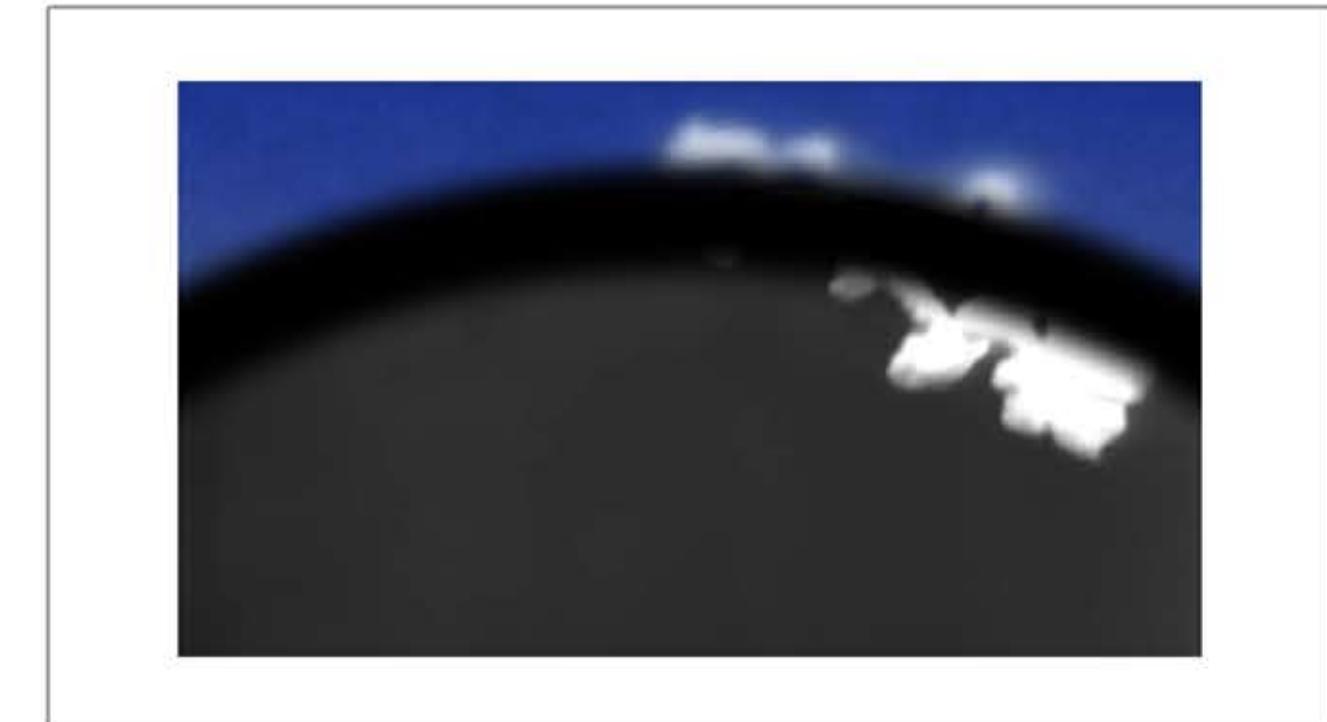
The focus spirals out of control.

First_Photo_of_Earth_from_V-2_Rocket footage





White trail travels across the atmosphere.



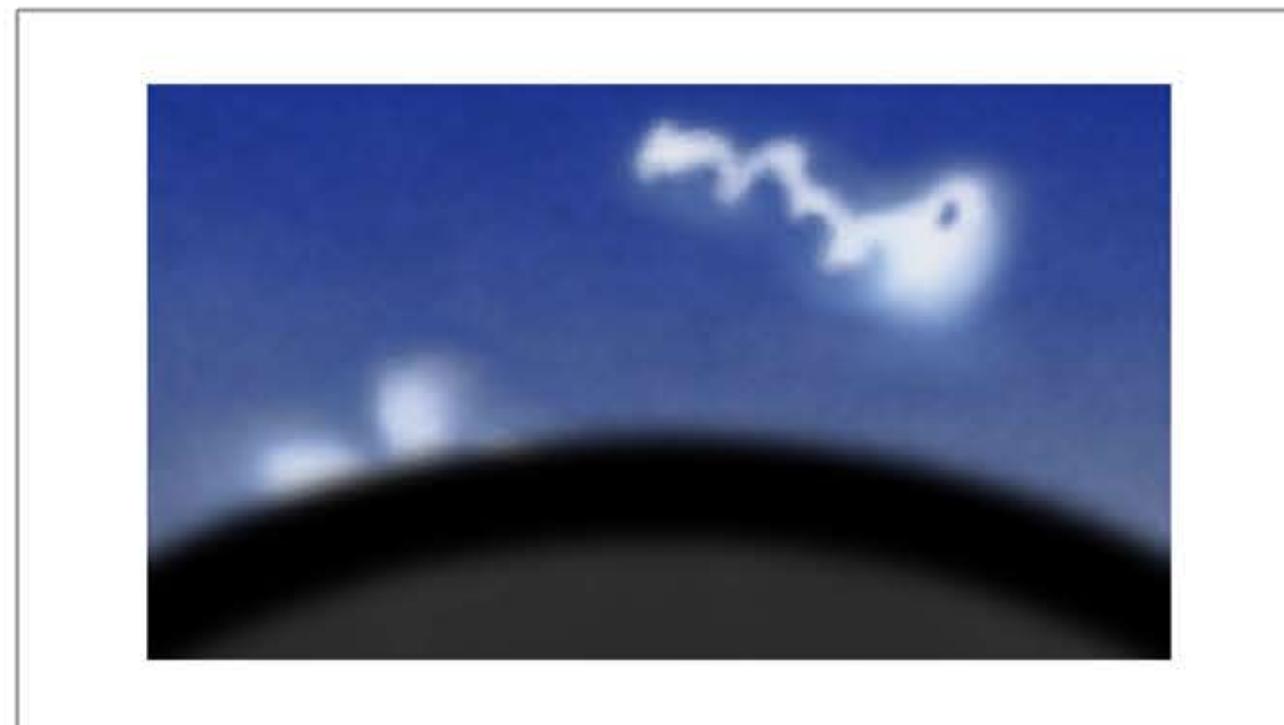
The monocular goes downwards, displaying the canvas. The canvas reveals the distant white trail painted on layers of sky blue. The focus is generally tranquil.

First_Photo_of_Earth_from_V-2_Rocket footage

LAND PAINTER: (Over the Radio) Did you get the shot?

SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: The first that's...

...out of this world.



The cloud illustrates the name of the rocket: "V2".



The stork enters from the bottom-left. The focus follows the stork.

She will land soon.



The stork flies through the cloud.



The cloud emerges as an illustration of a baby.



The stork flies off towards the top-right.

LAND PAINTER: (Over the Radio) Exciting news!



The focus is towards the cloud.



The focus rapidly blinks. The camera emerges from the white trail.



The camera increasingly enlarges.

SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: Too...

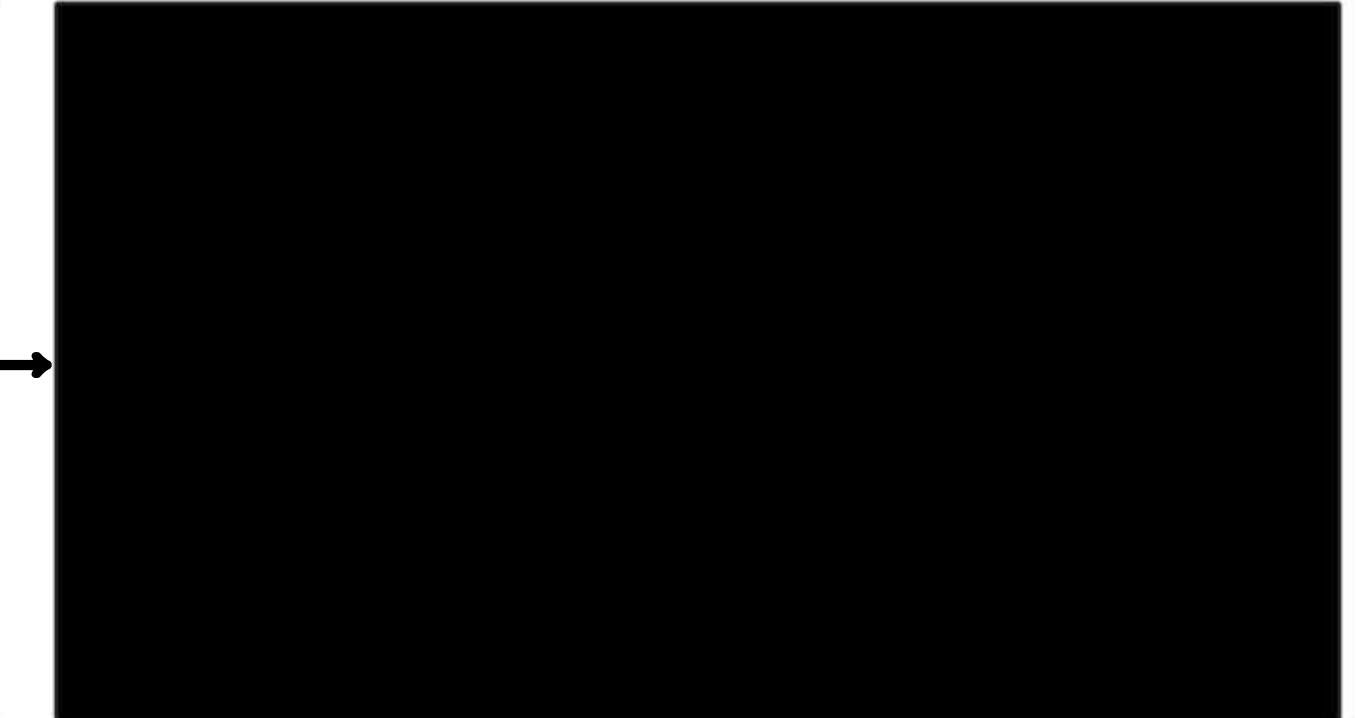
(Heavy Breathing)



The focus finally notices the camera. The focus erratically shakes. The camera takes up some of the canvas.



The camera engulfs most of the canvas.

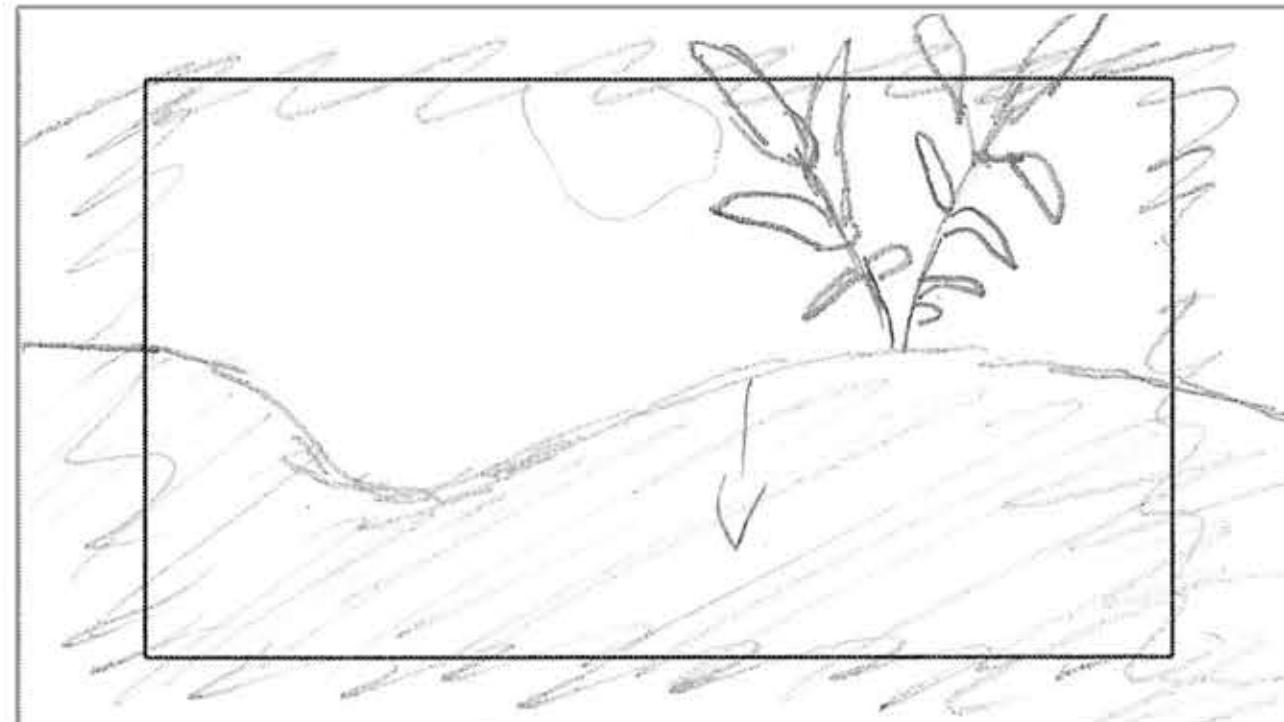


A black-painted canvas.

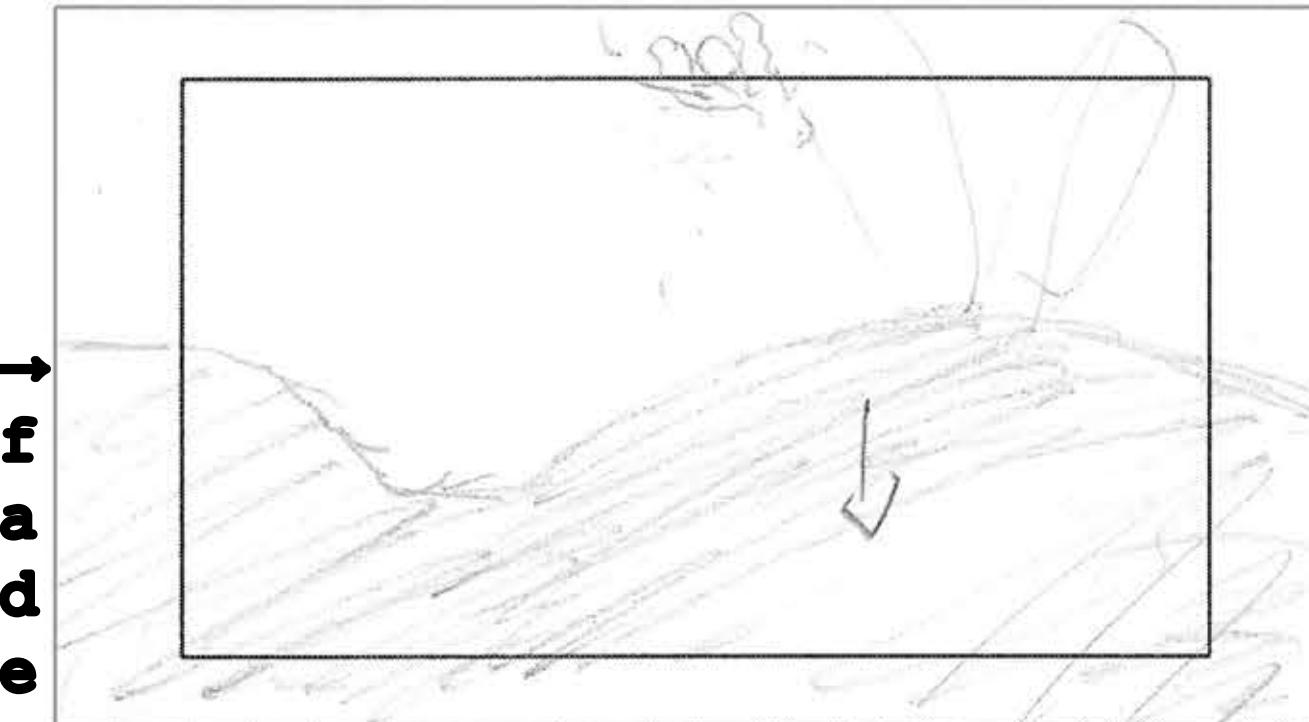
SPACE PHOTOGRAPHER: Soon?!

LAND PAINTER: | We're having a baby! |
| We're going to be a family! |
| Our world will have a new member! |

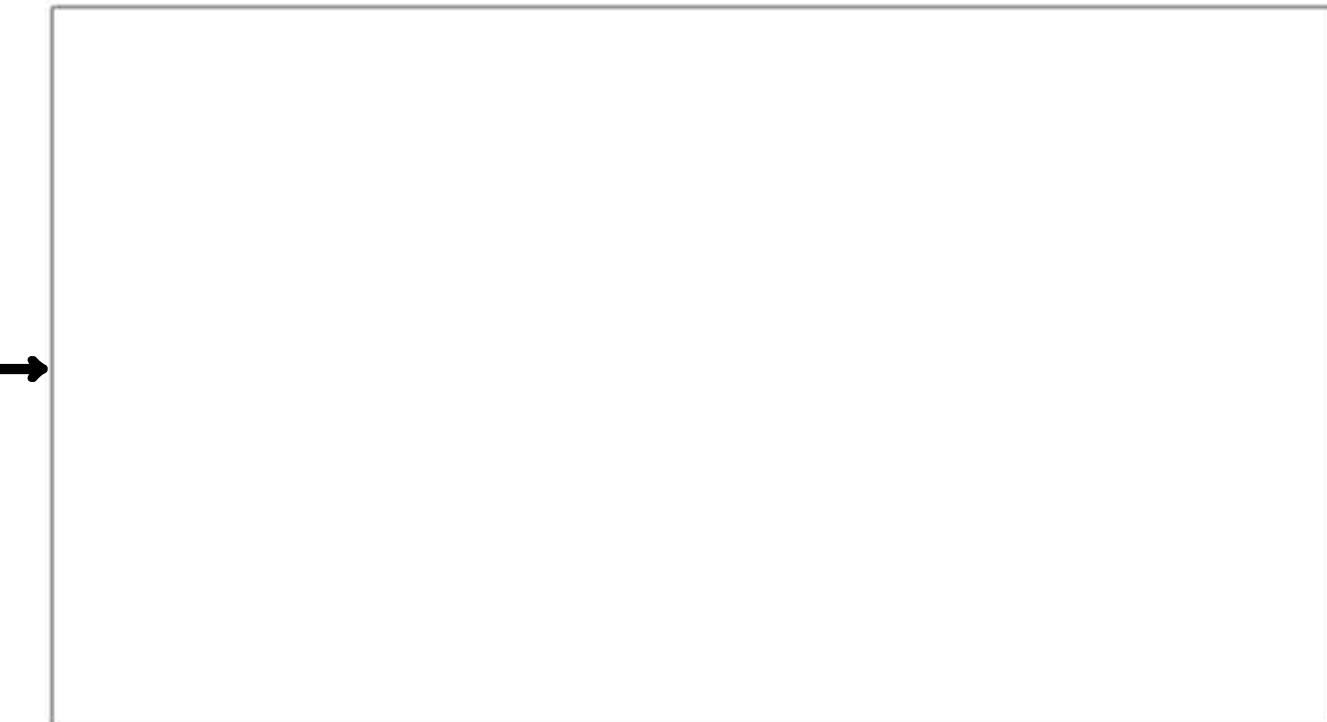
→
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a
d
e



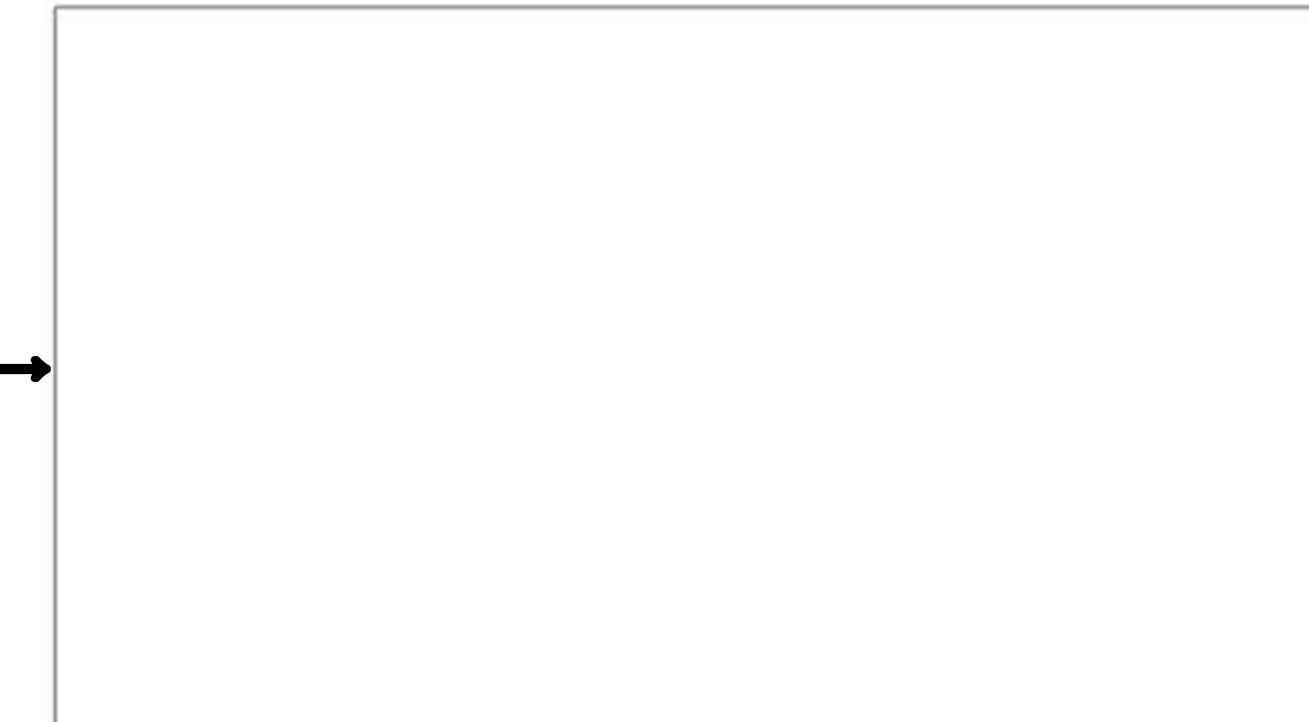
The plant grows in a tranquil forest.



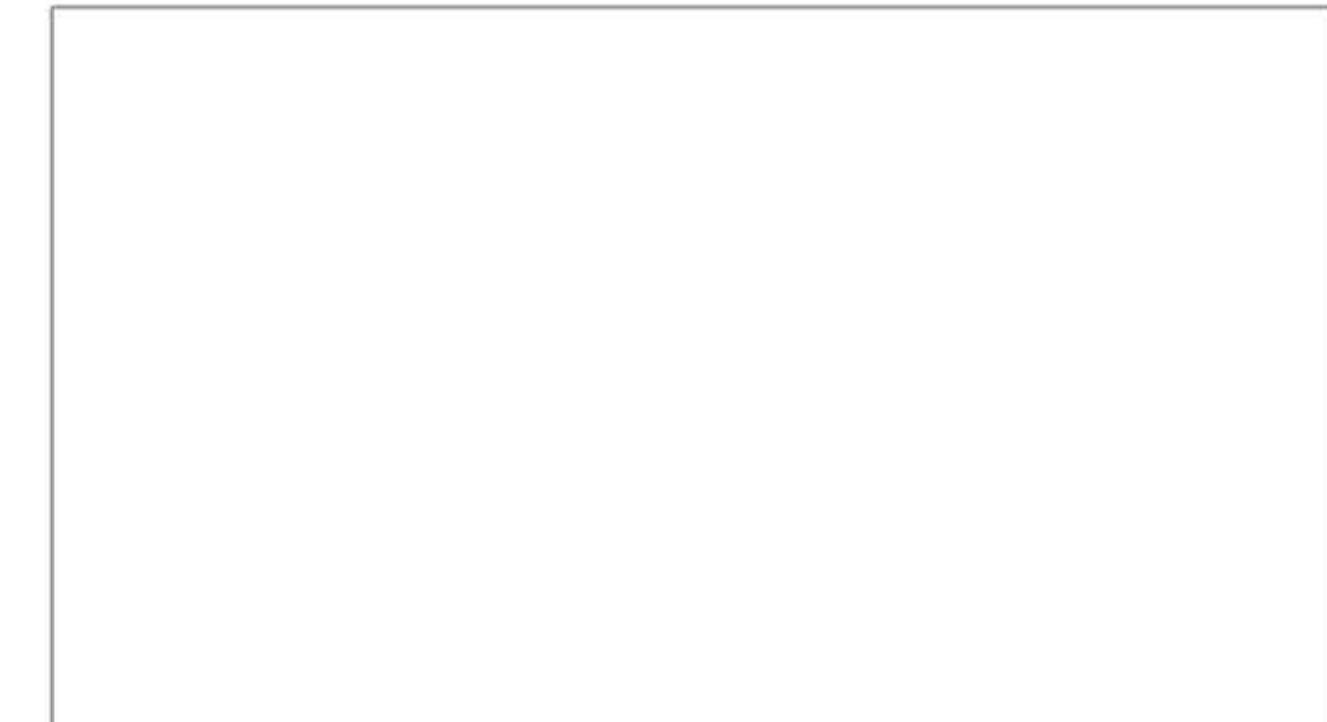
The plant blurs. The forest clears up. The pair of rhesus macaques loom above.



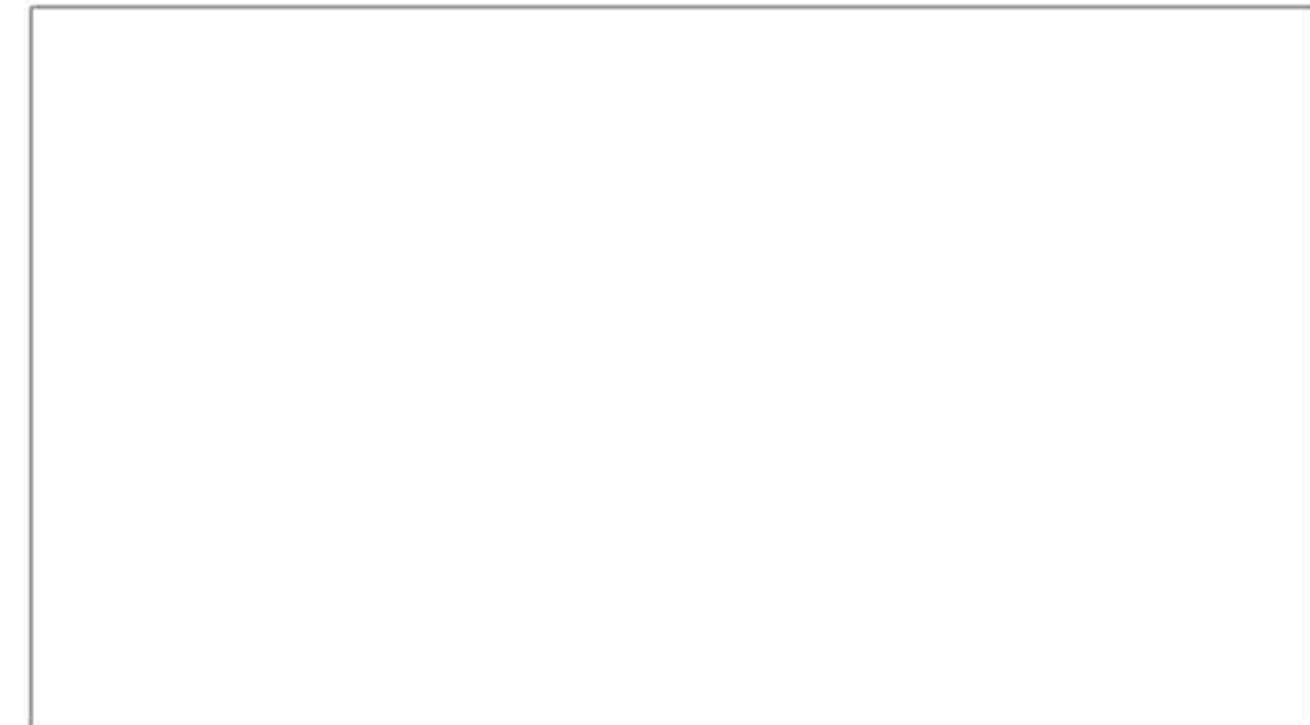
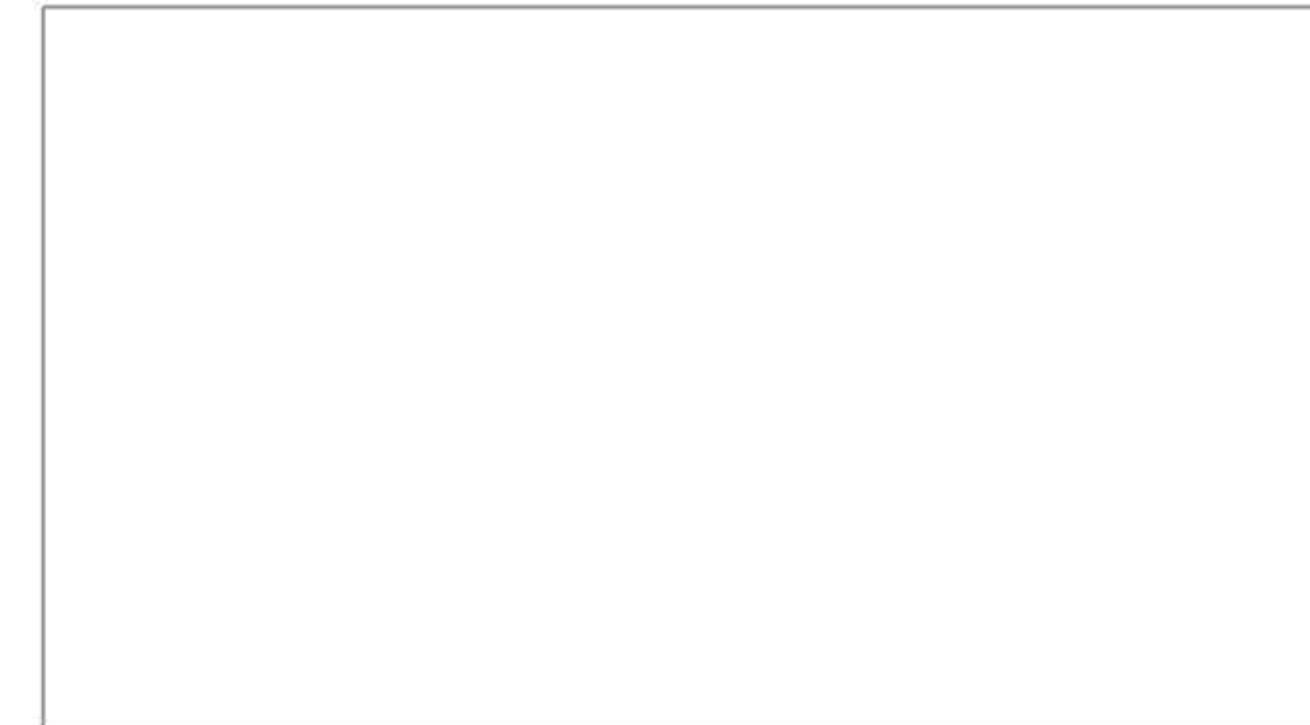
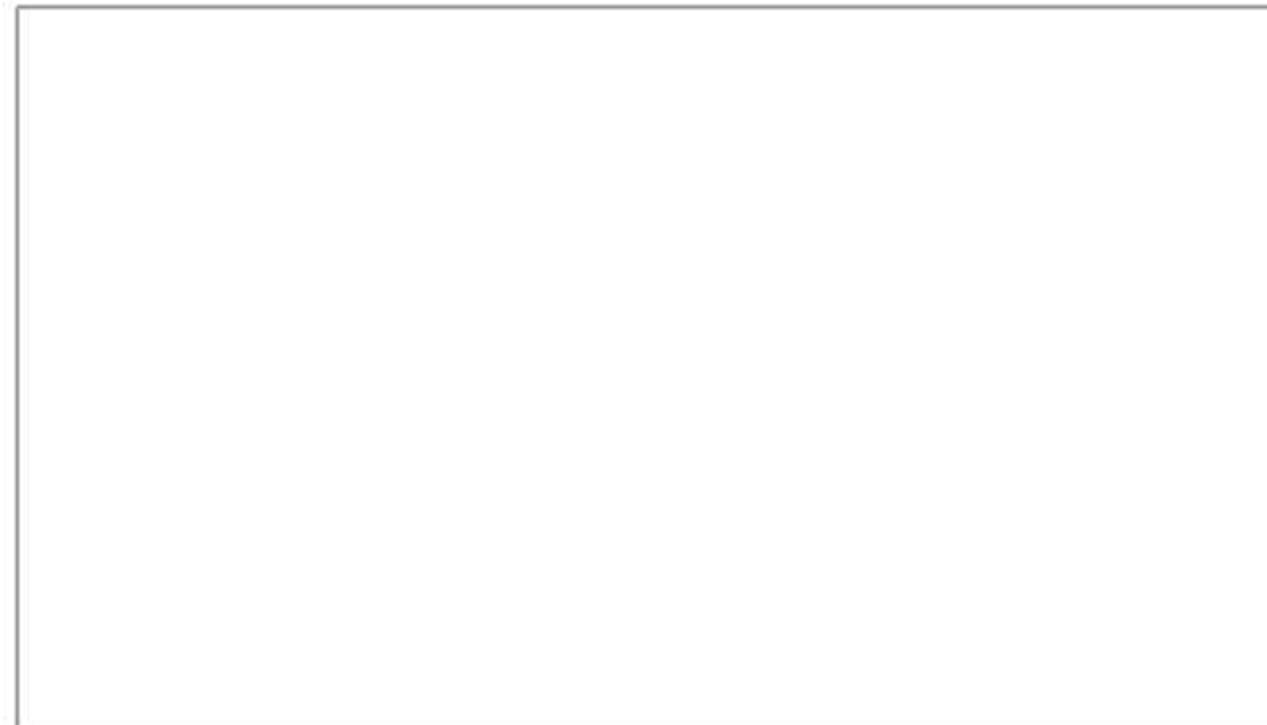
The mother rhesus macaque releases her grip off her child rhesus macaque.



The family rhesus macaques are at peace.

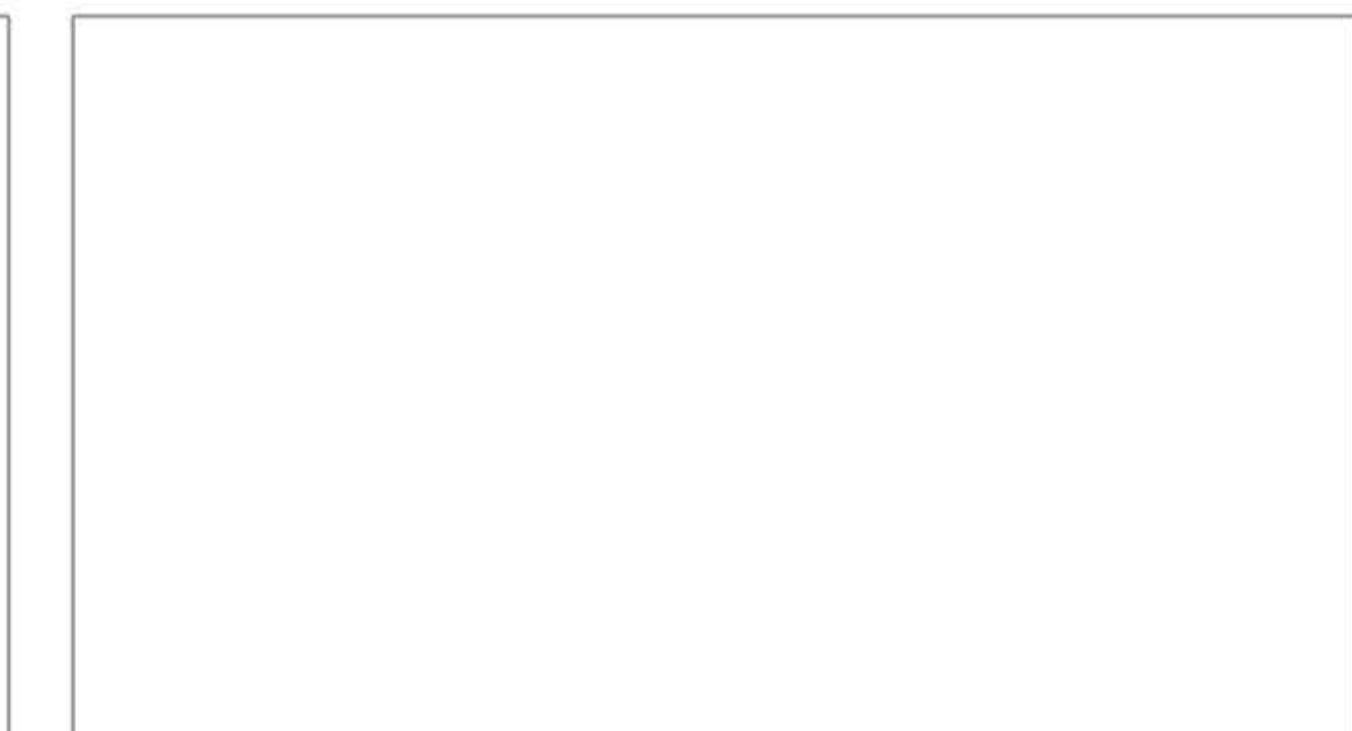
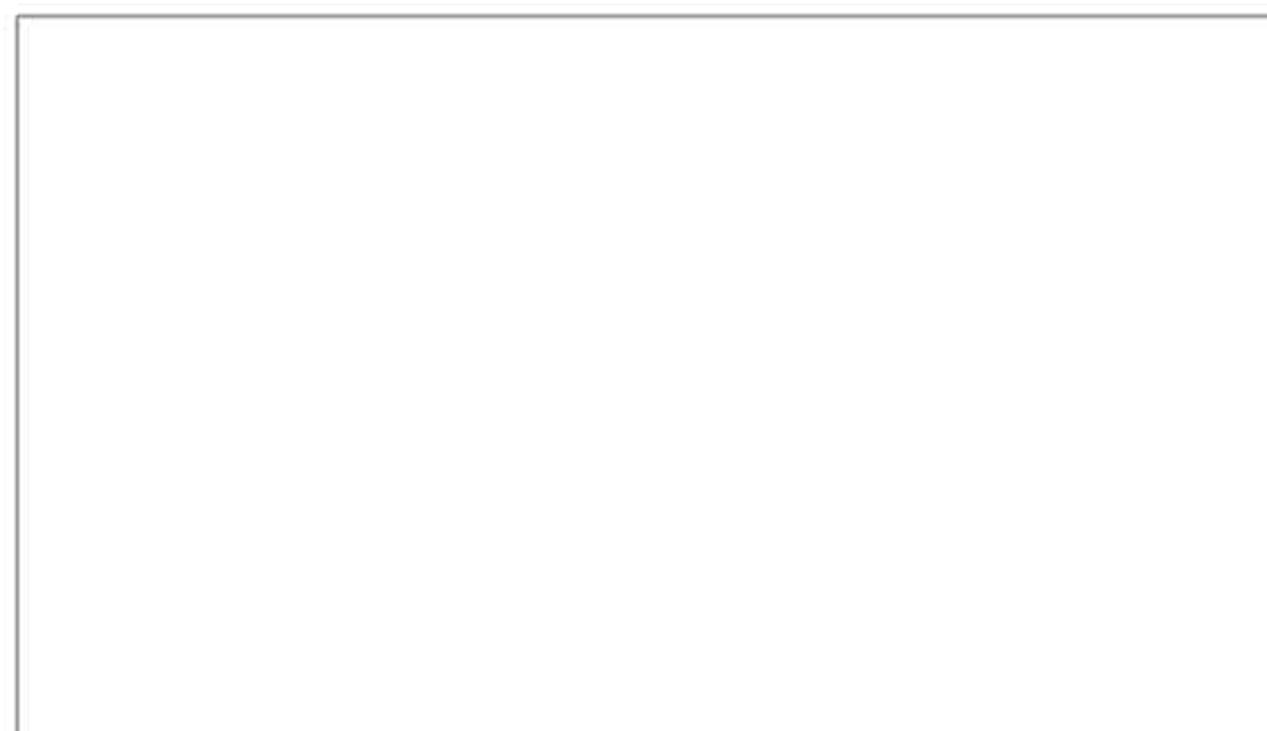


The child rhesus macaque leaves their mother rhesus macaque's embrace.



The child rhesus macaque dashes left.

The mother rhesus macaque stays alone.



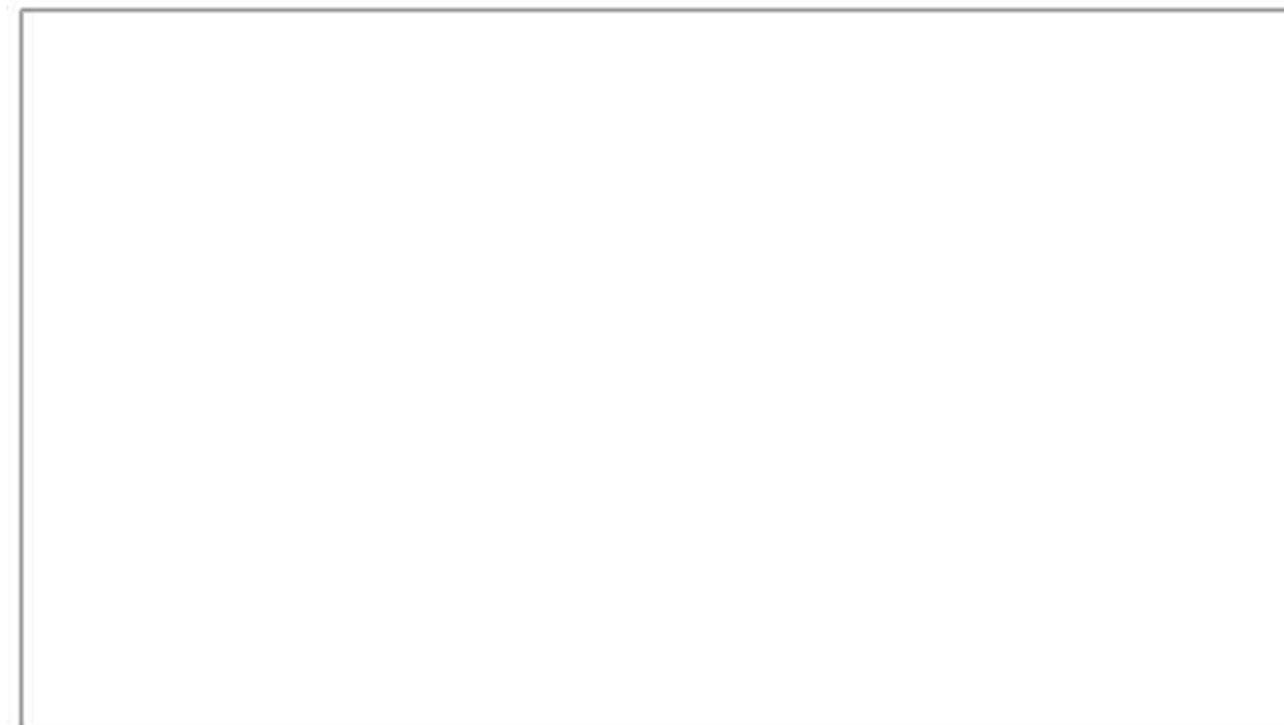
The canvas loses signal.

The signals reveal a rhesus macaque calmly being held against their will. The focus is black-and-white.

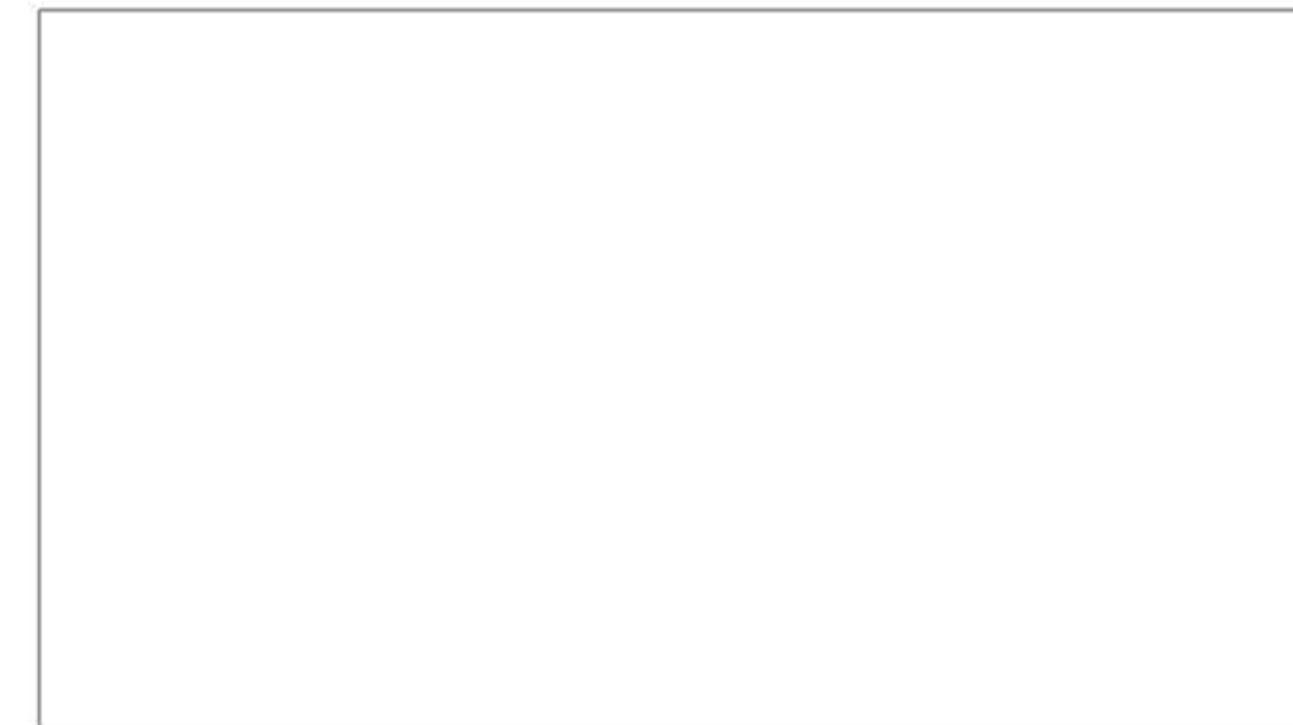
The rhesus macaque panics.

→
f
a
d
e

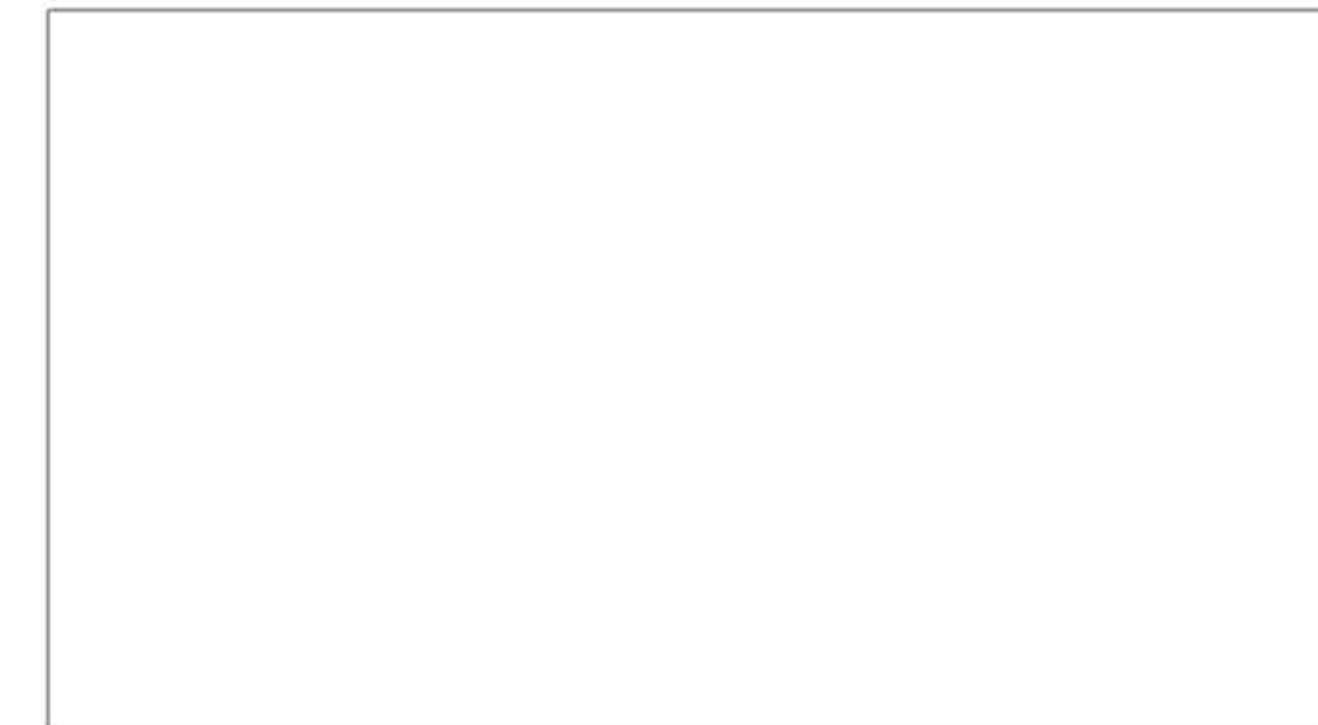
→



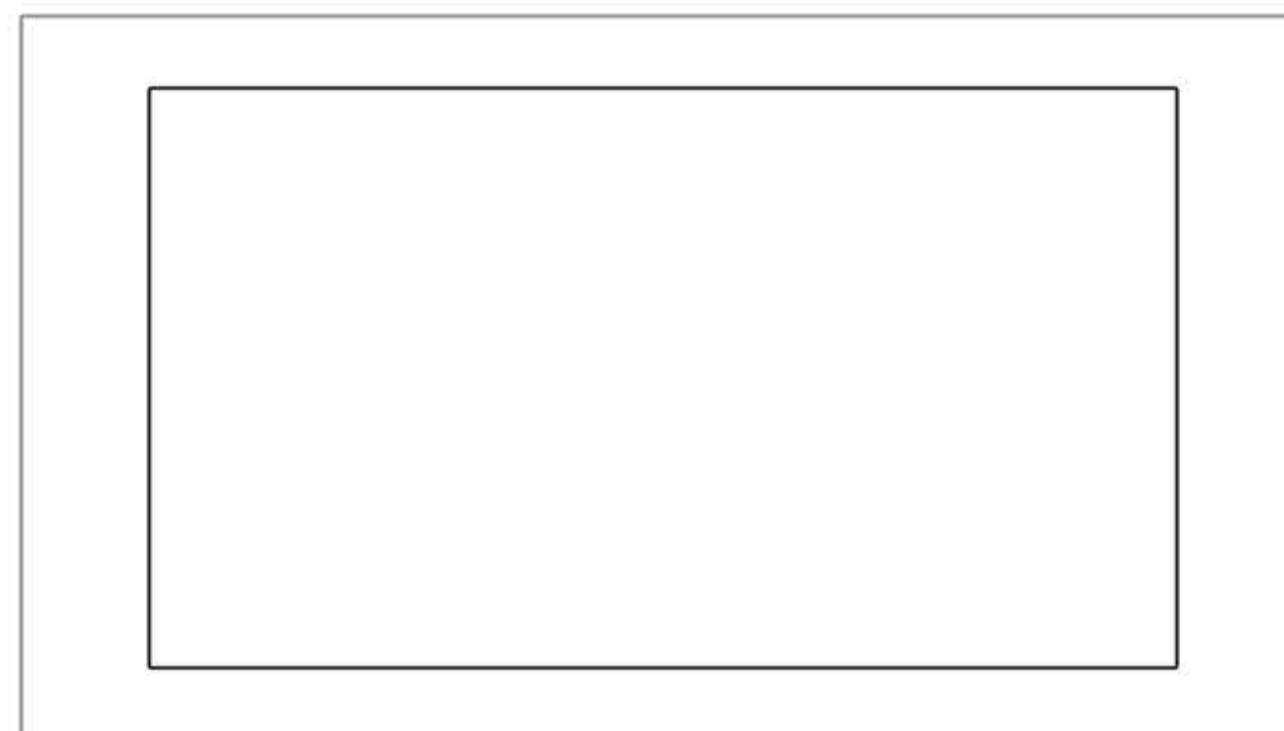
The rhesus macaque tries to fight the six hands.



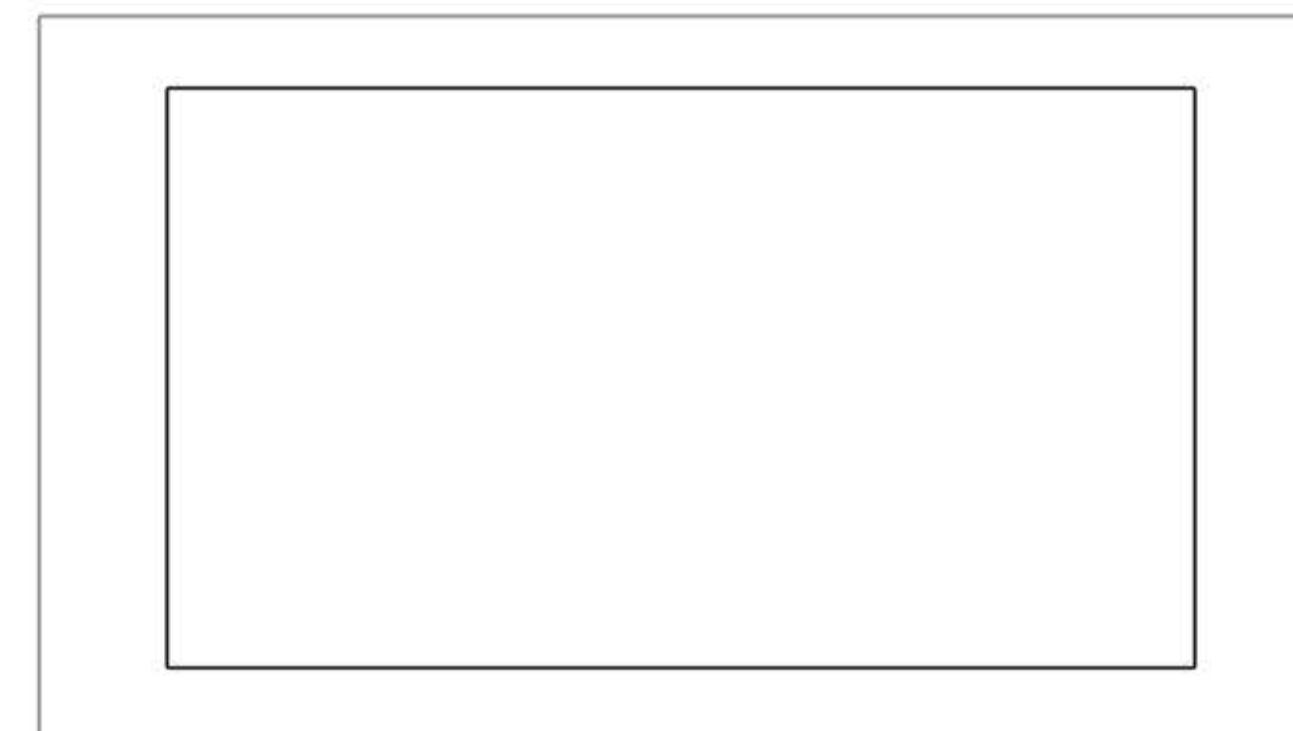
A hand shuts the mouth of the rhesus macaque.



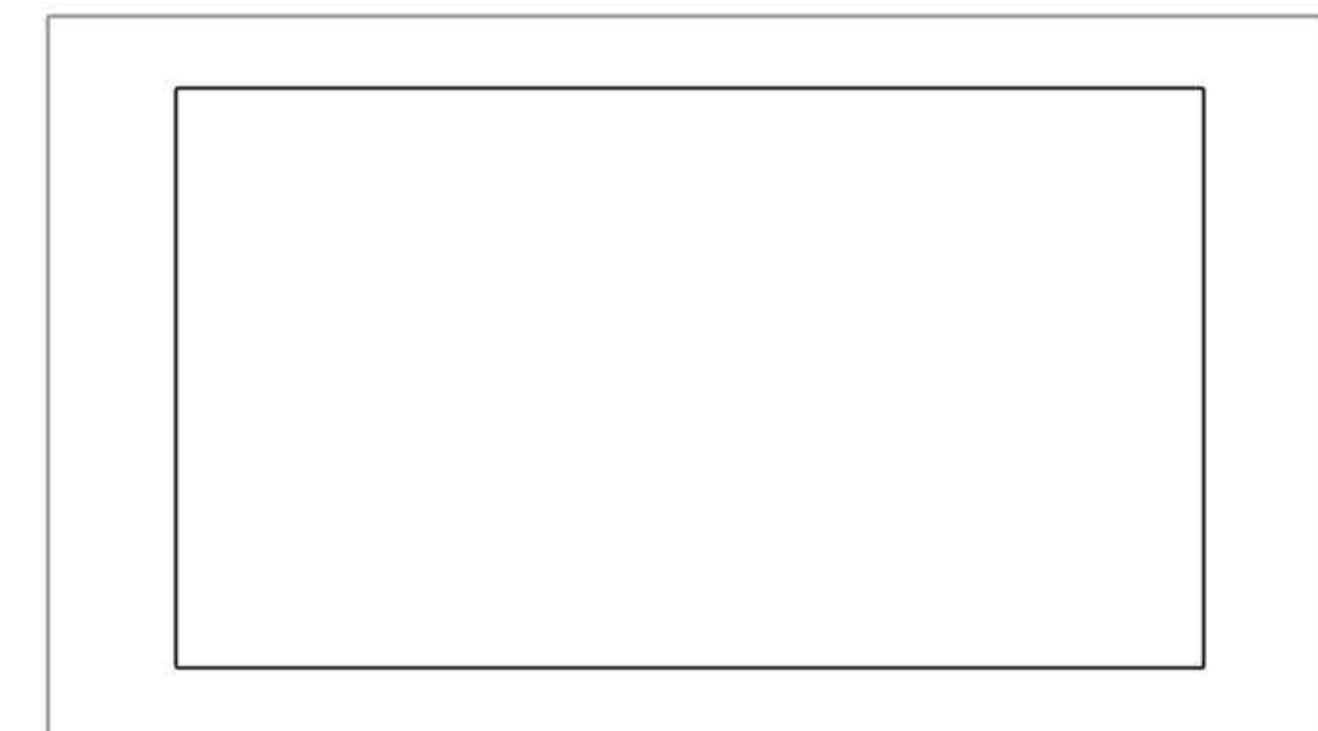
The six hands hold the rhesus macaque still.



The focus is closer.



The rhesus macaque panicks.



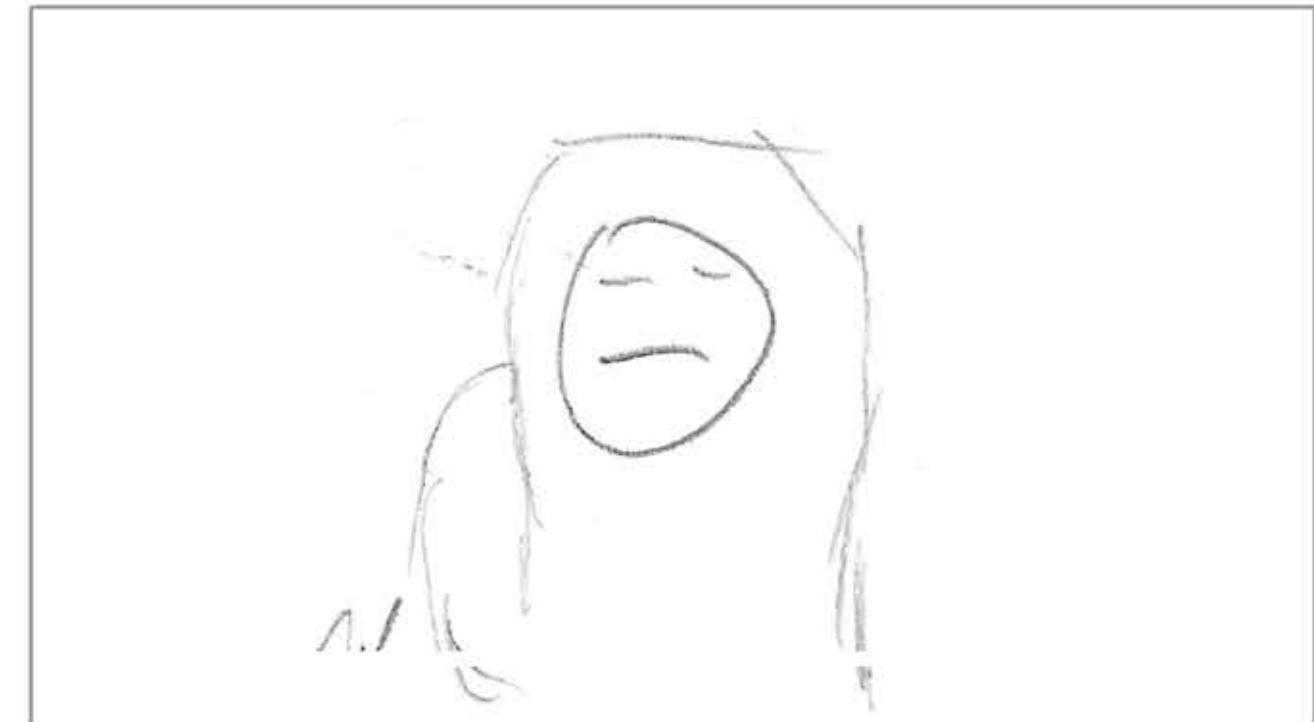
A hand wraps the suit around the head of the rhesus macaque.



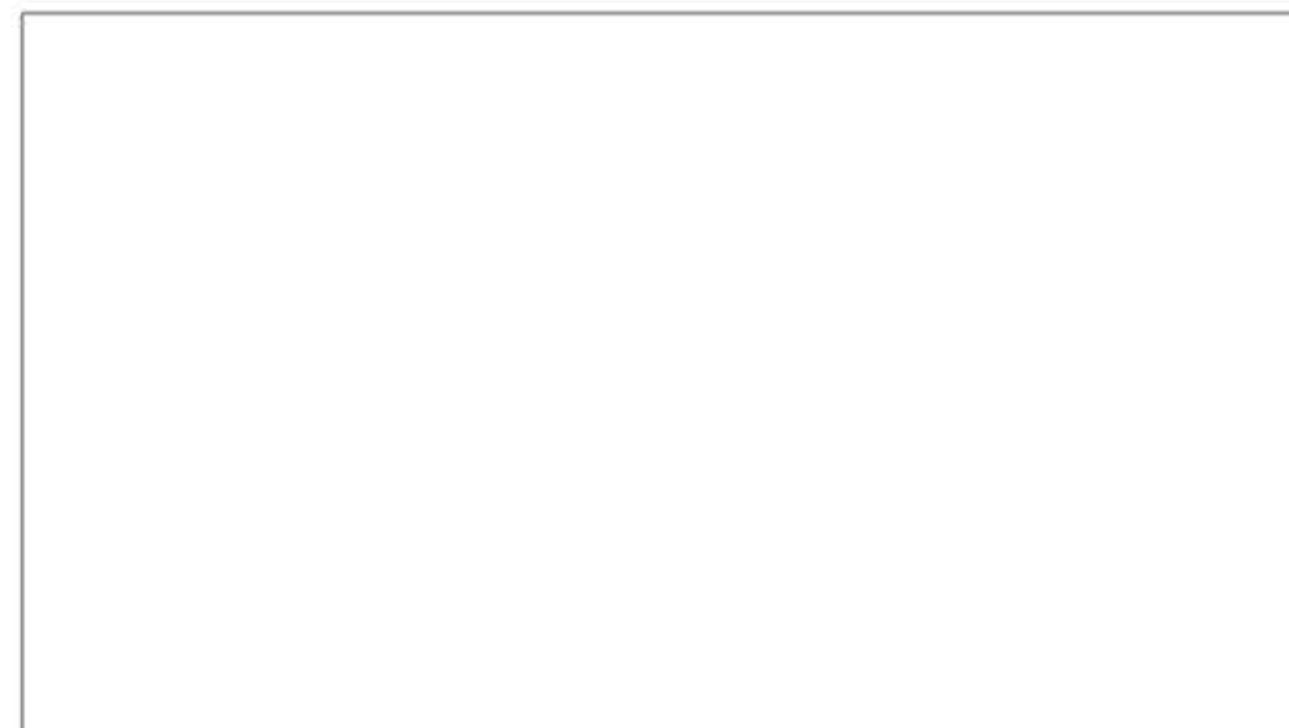
The rhesus macaque is suited. The rhesus macaque faces right.



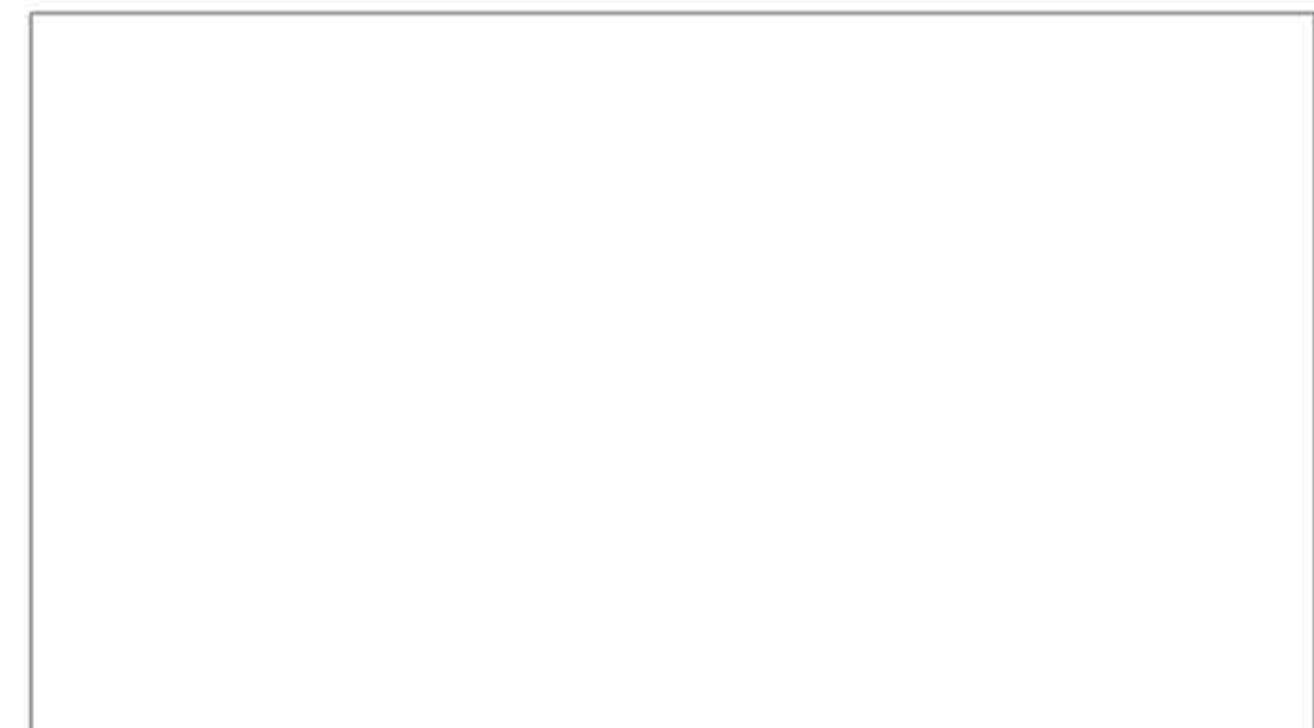
The rhesus macaque turns to the focus.

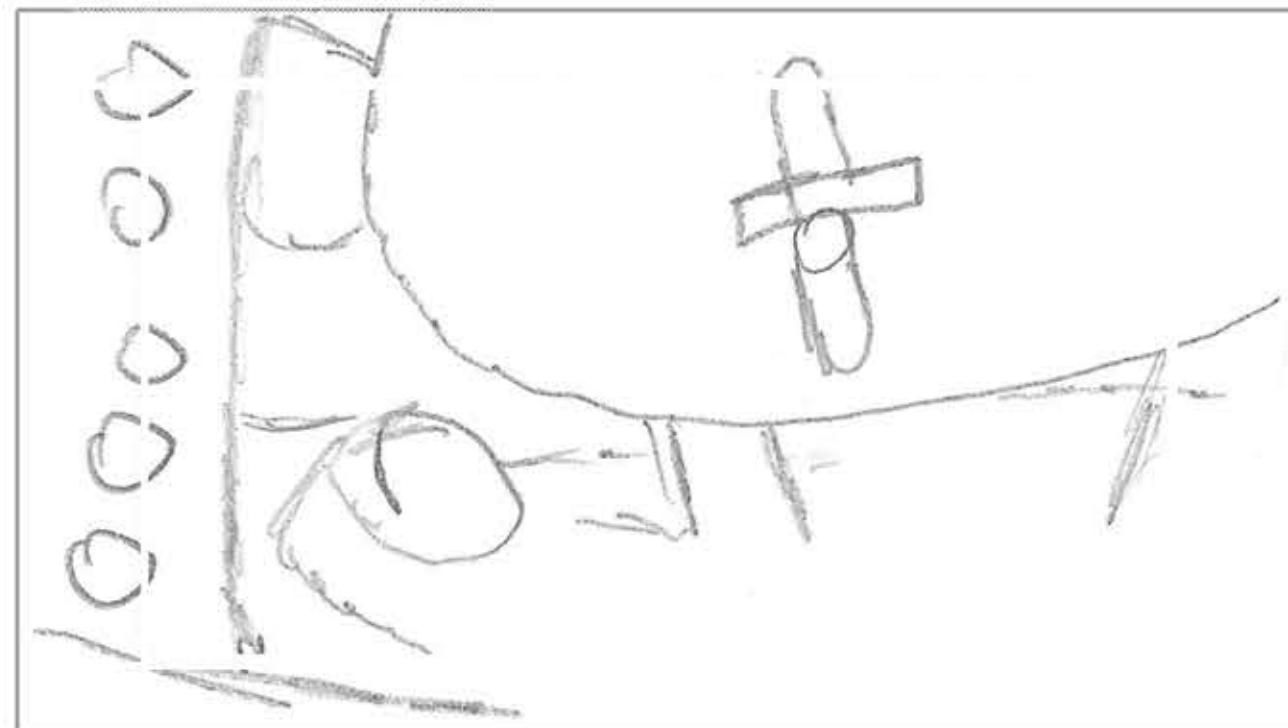


The rhesus macaque holds a bar.

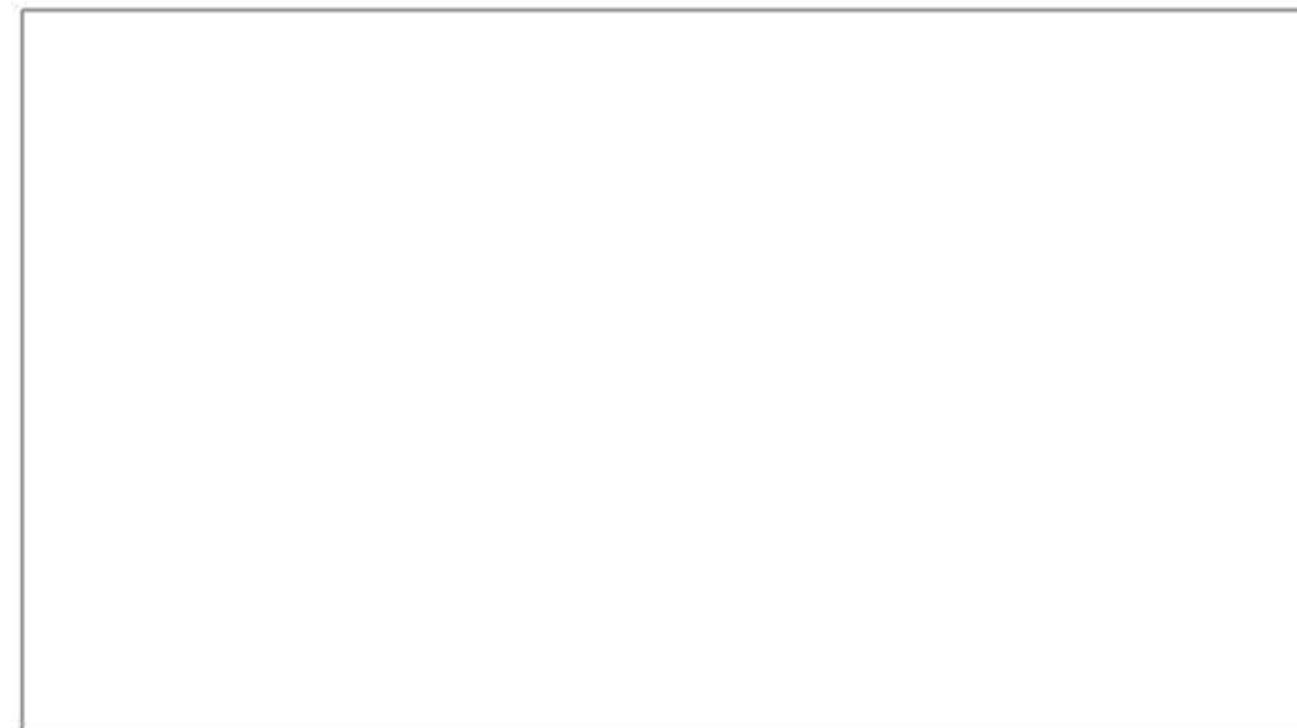


The rhesus macaque blinks.

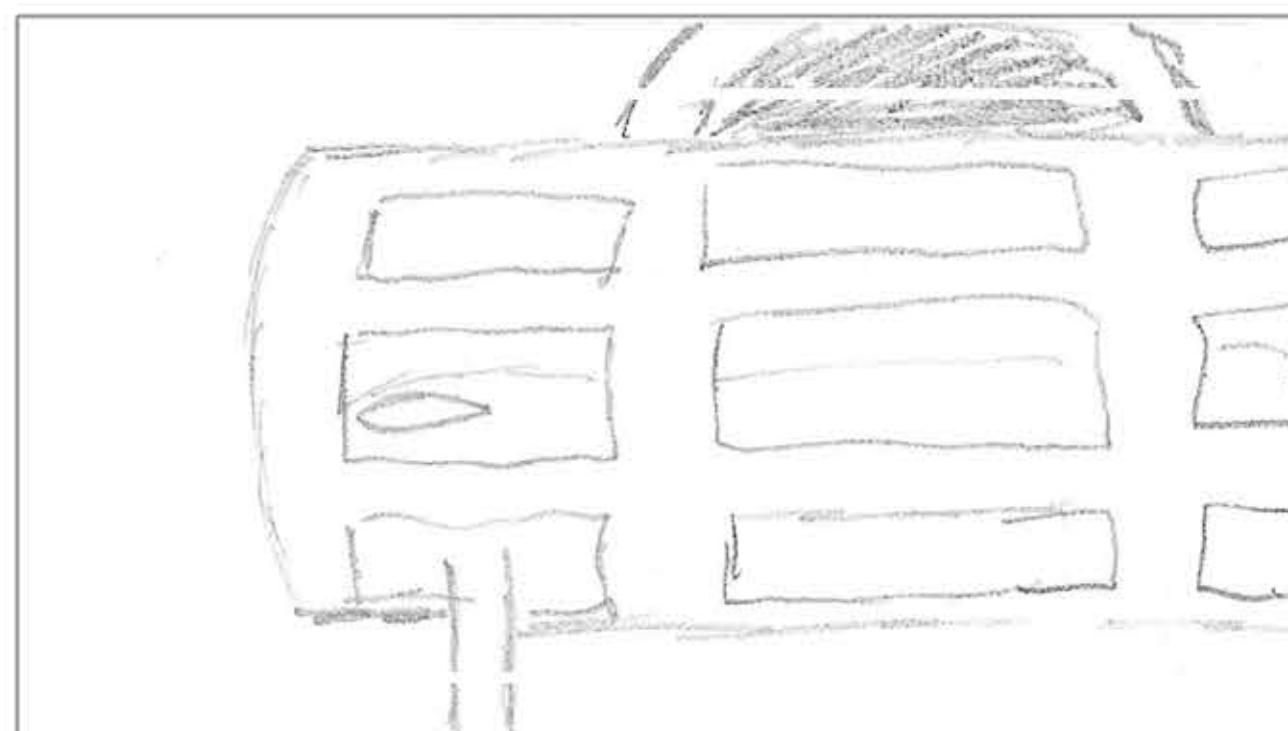
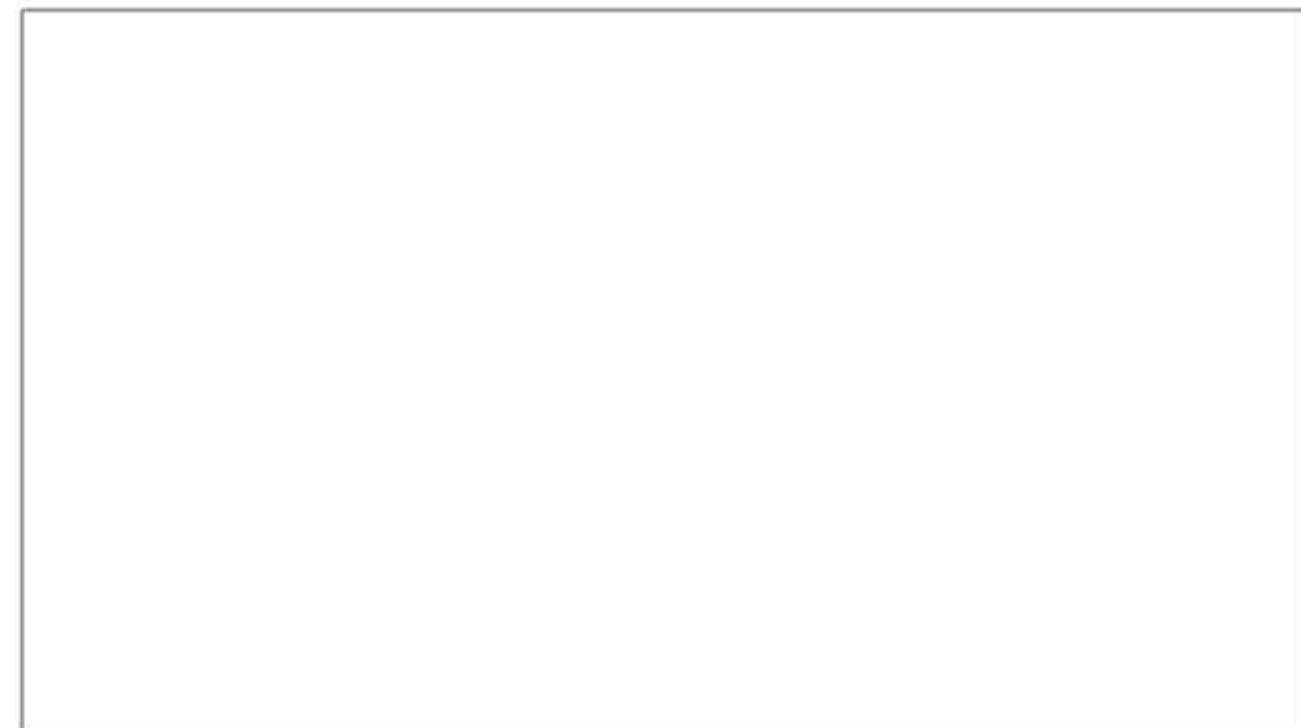




The rhesus macaque is in a cylinder.



The rhesus macaque pushes the gears up and down.

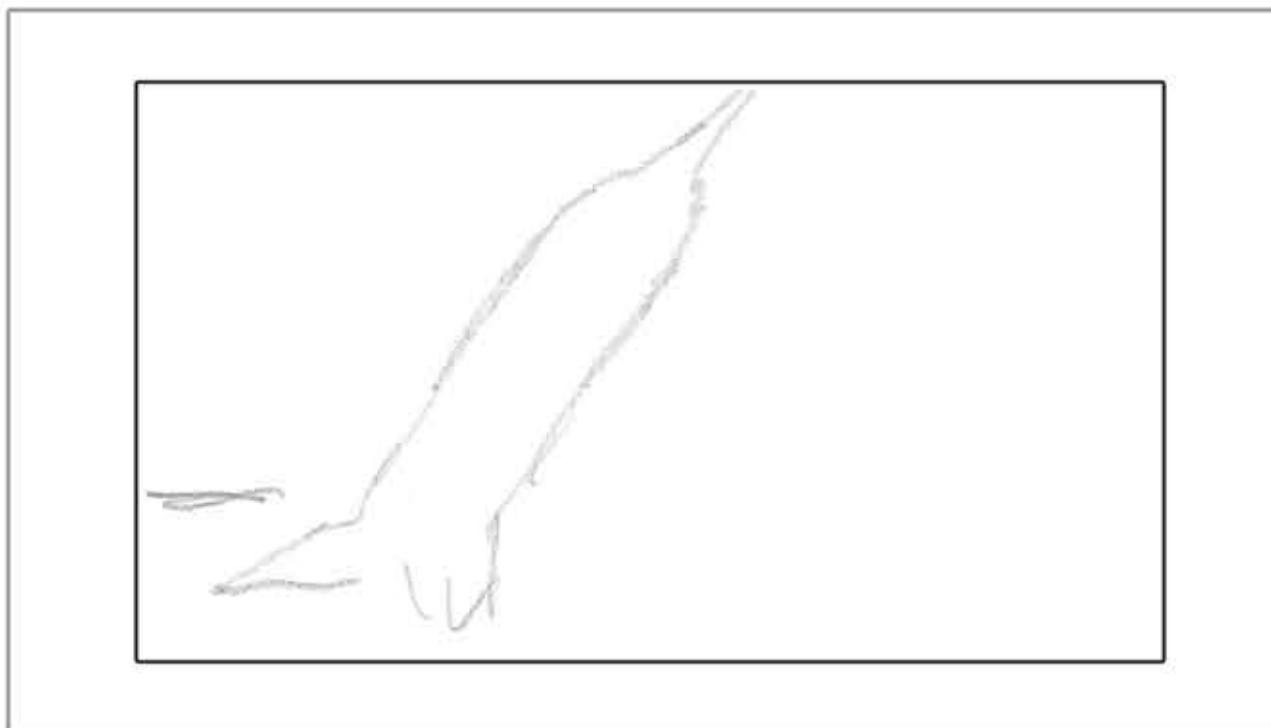


The training machine lays dormant.

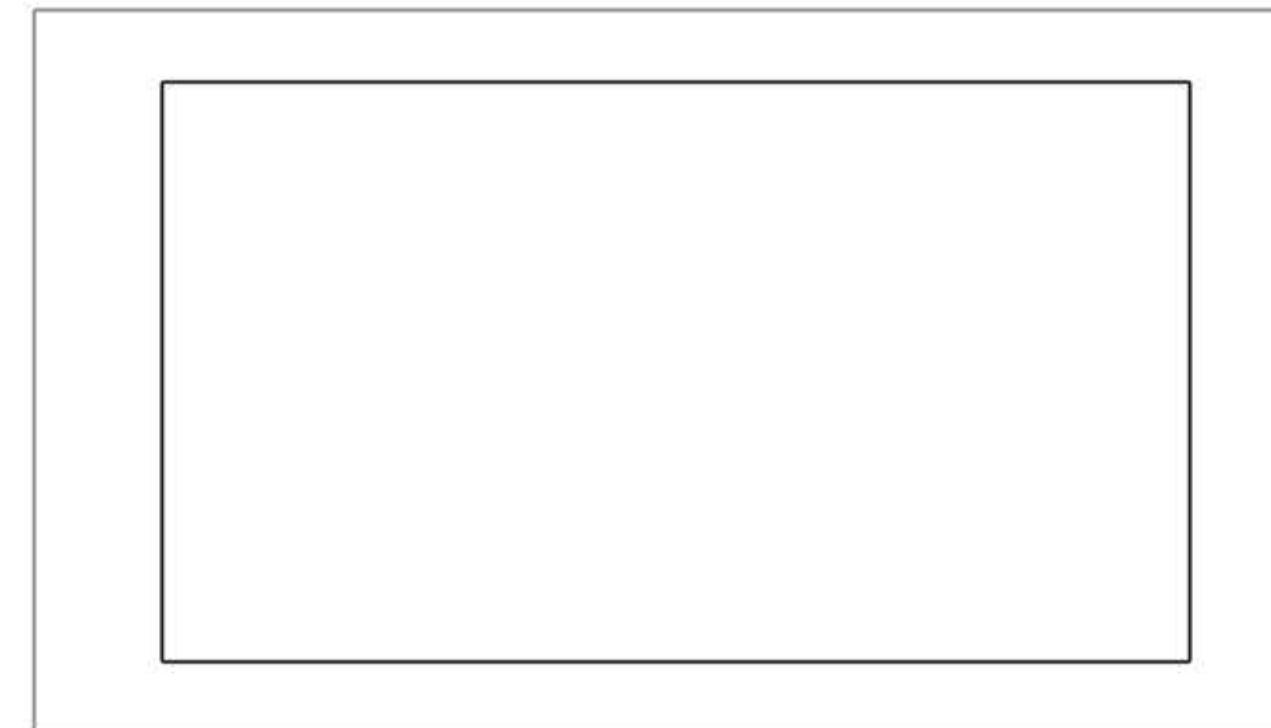


The rhesus macaque erratically shakes.

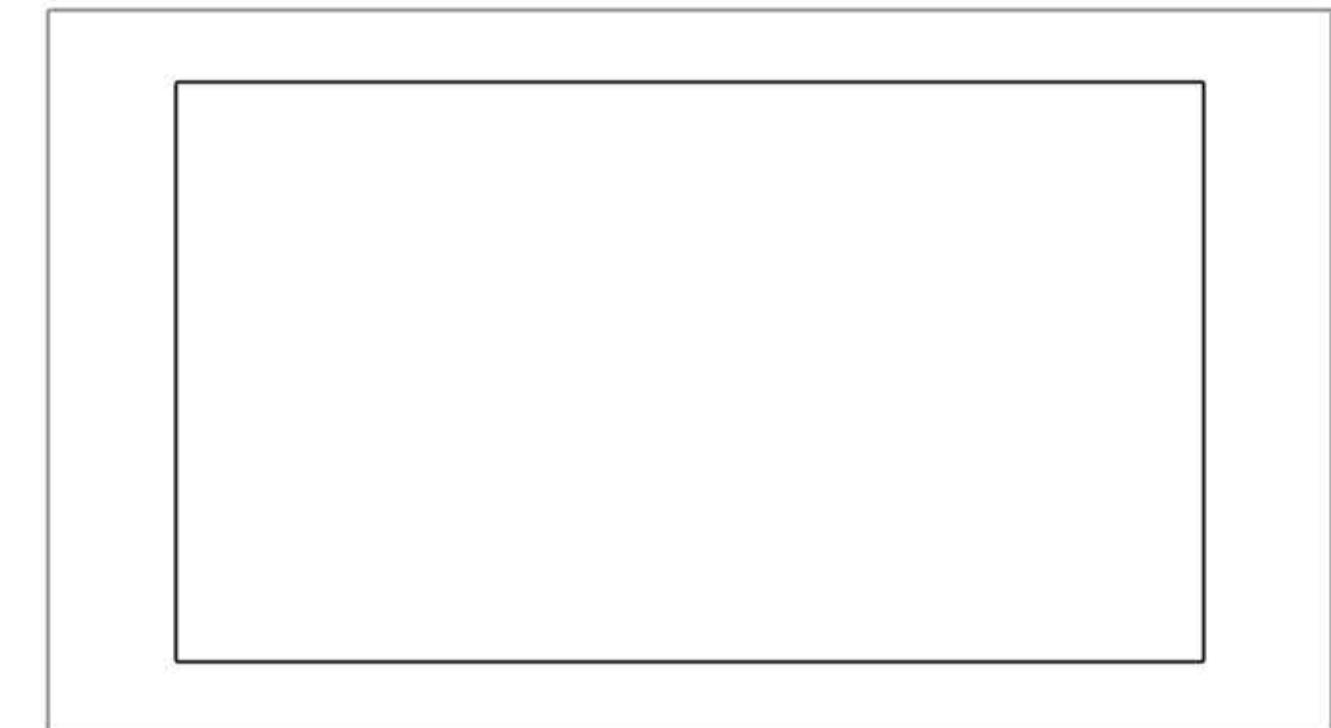




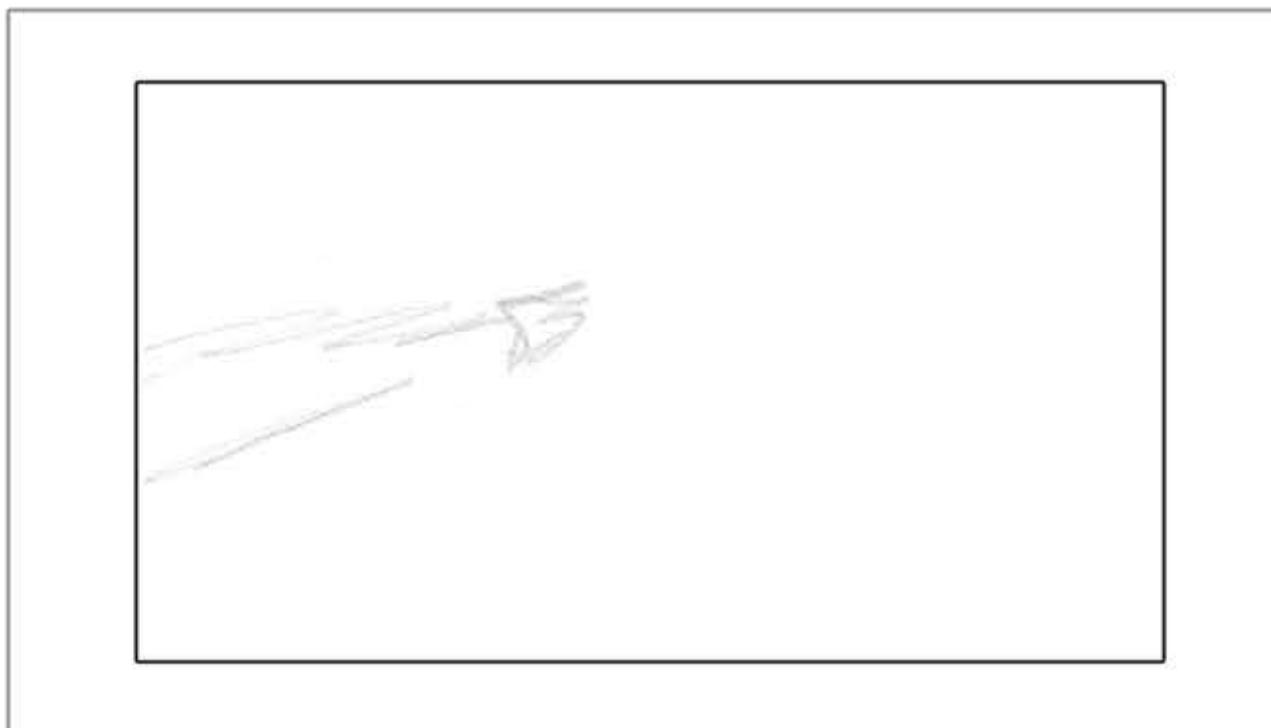
The rocket lays dormant.



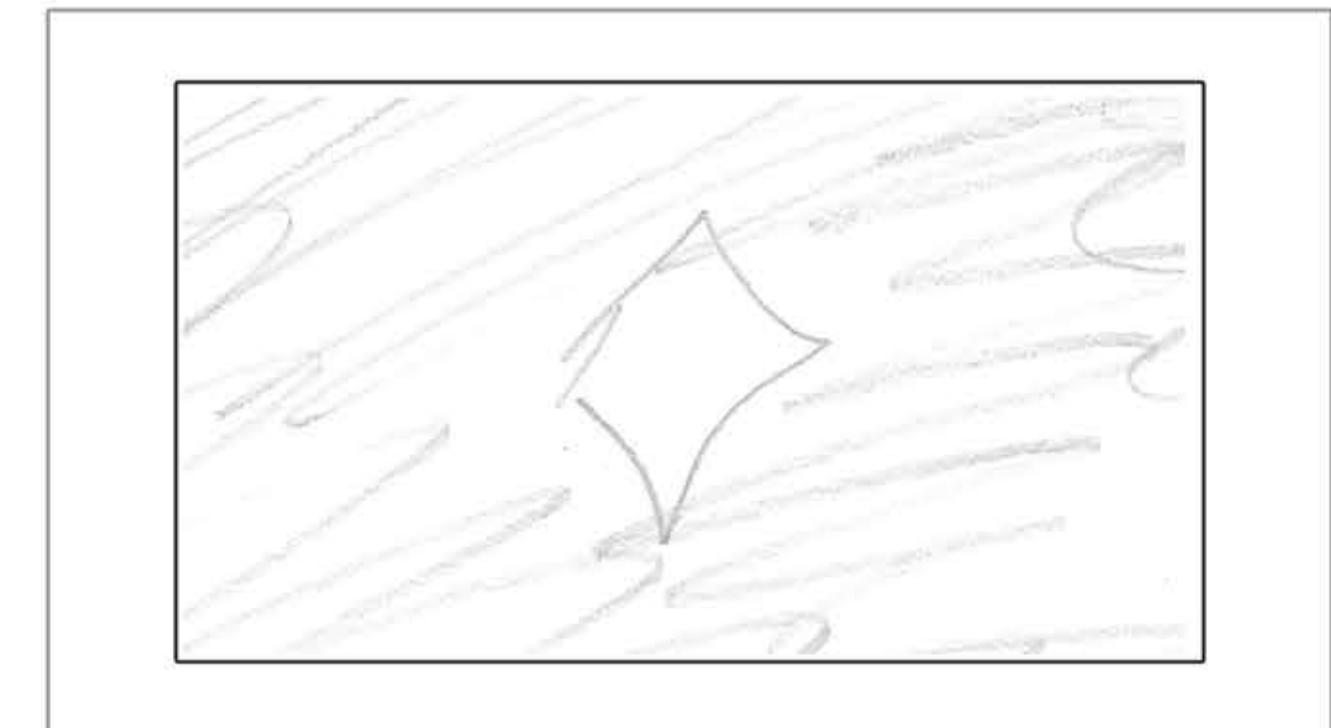
The rocket launches.



LAND PAINTER: Turn it off!



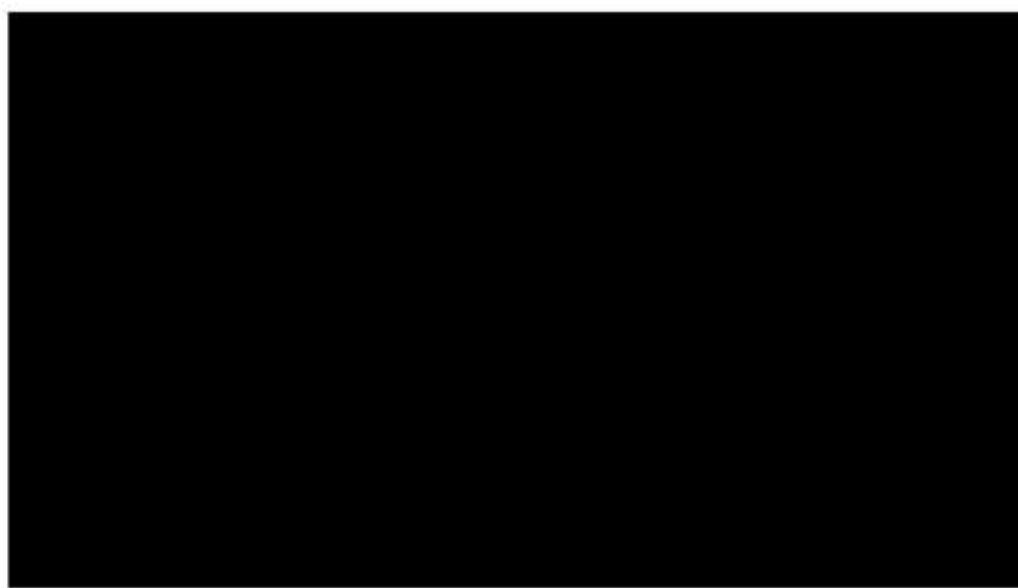
The rocket reaches the sky.



The canvas turns off like a TV.

The gravity... of it...

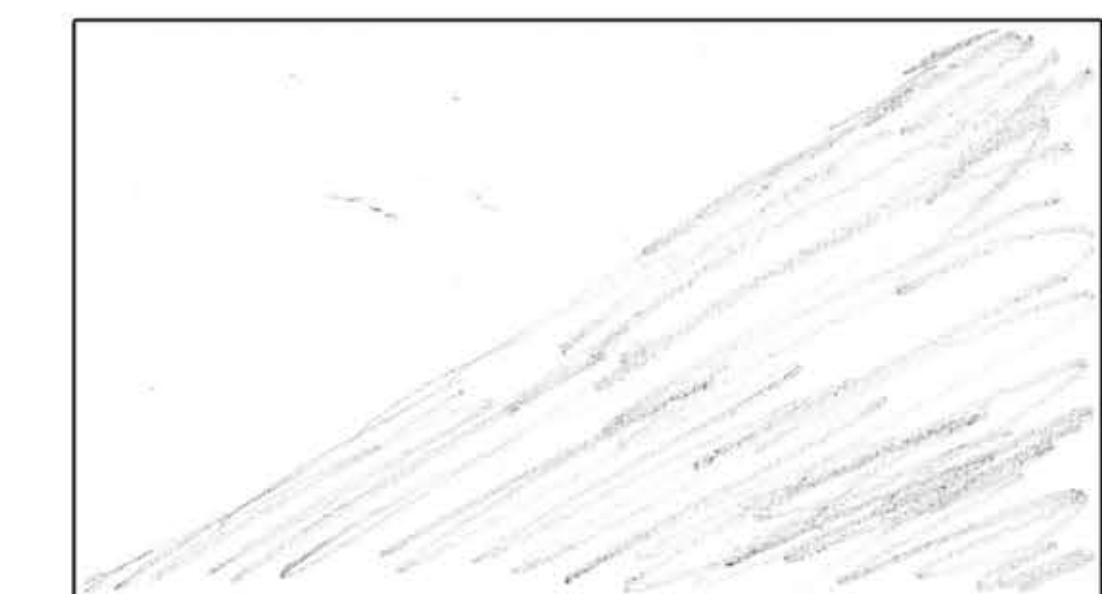
My. Heart. Can't take it.



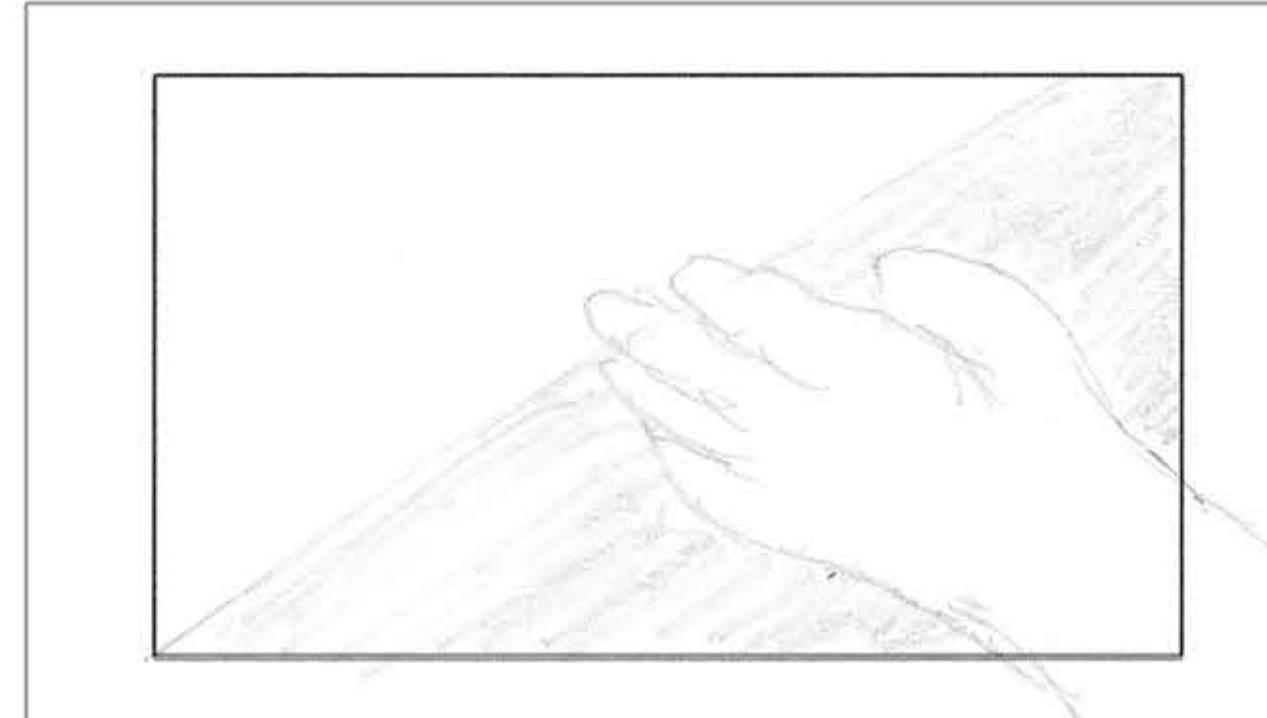
A black-painted canvas.



The focus pans left. The brown terrain of the belly of **LAND PAINTER** enters from the left.



A blue glove covers the hand of **NURSE**. The hand of **NURSE** enters from the bottom right.



The hand of **NURSE** lays on the belly of **LAND PAINTER**.



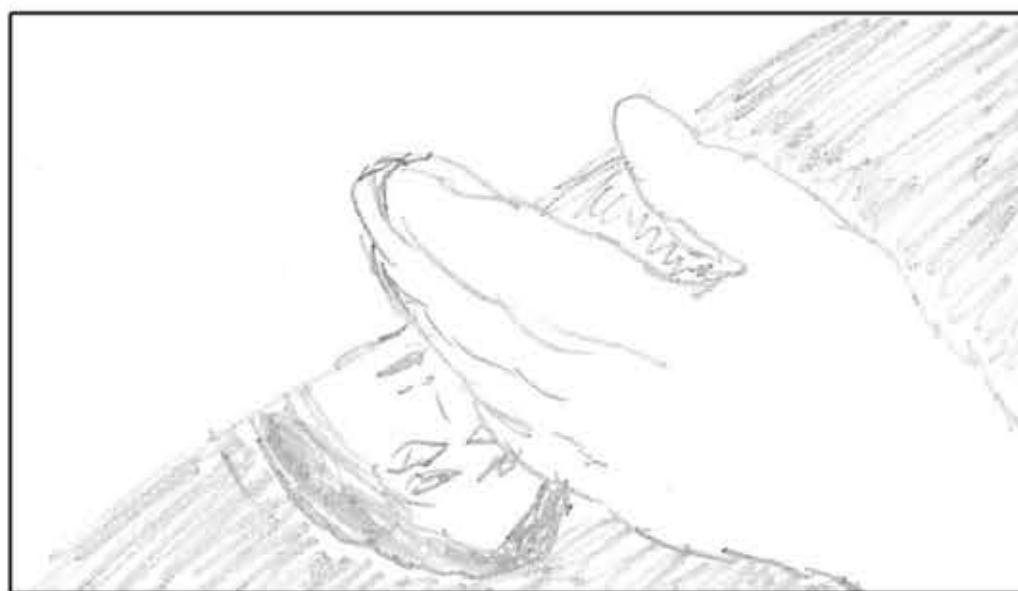


The head of **LAND PAINTER** sticks out of the hand of **NURSE**.

LAND PAINTER: The... Gravity...

(Grunting) Of... It... All...

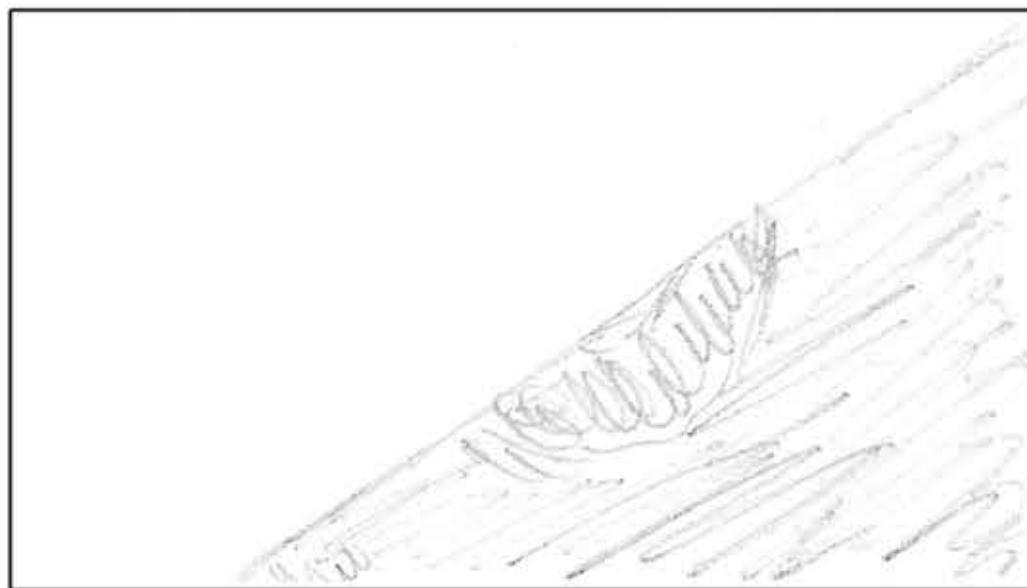
NURSE: At least, you are not going to miss...



NURSE retracts the hand.

...this monkey's journey...

LAND PAINTER: (Exhaustedly) See you on the other side...



The focus pans left. The head of **LAND PAINTER** slumps back.

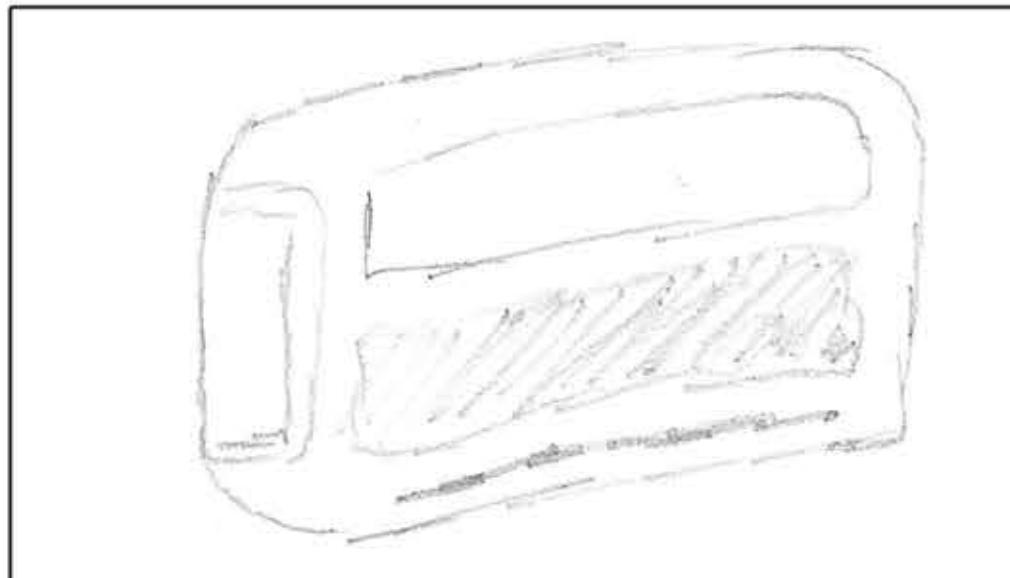


The radio enters from the left.

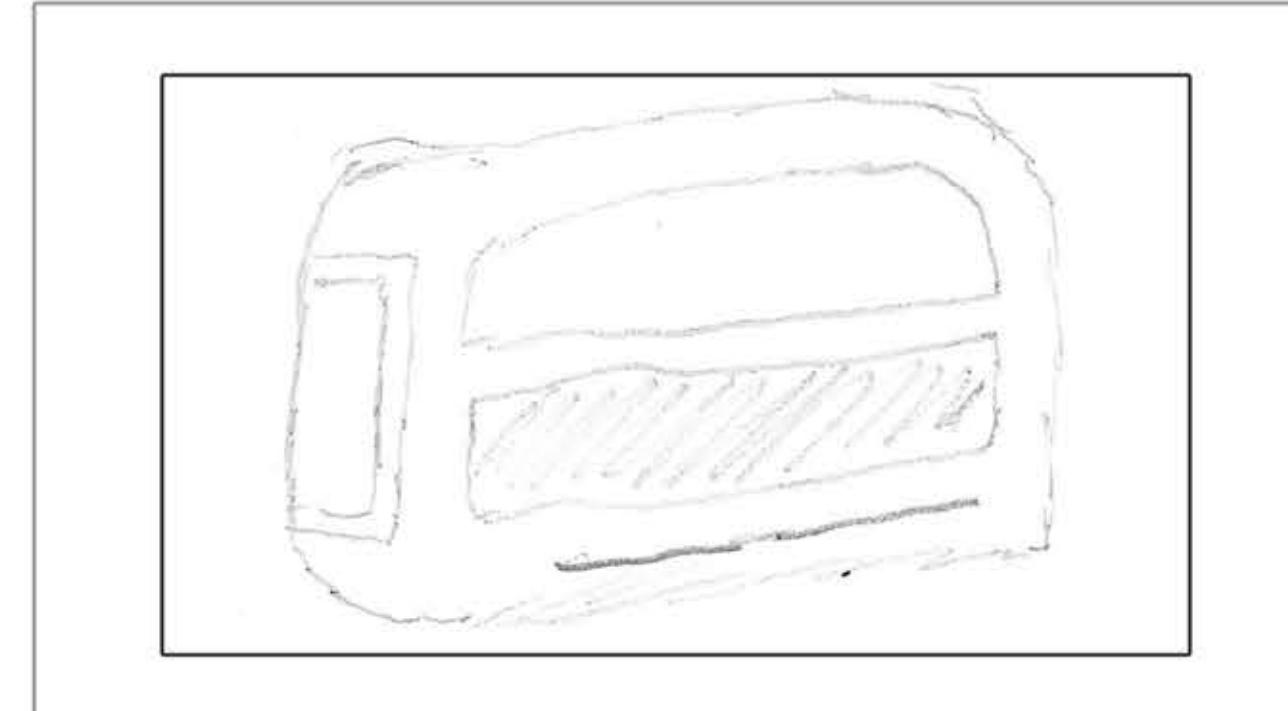


NURSE: (Frantically) Demasiado pronto!

Radio_tuning-audio



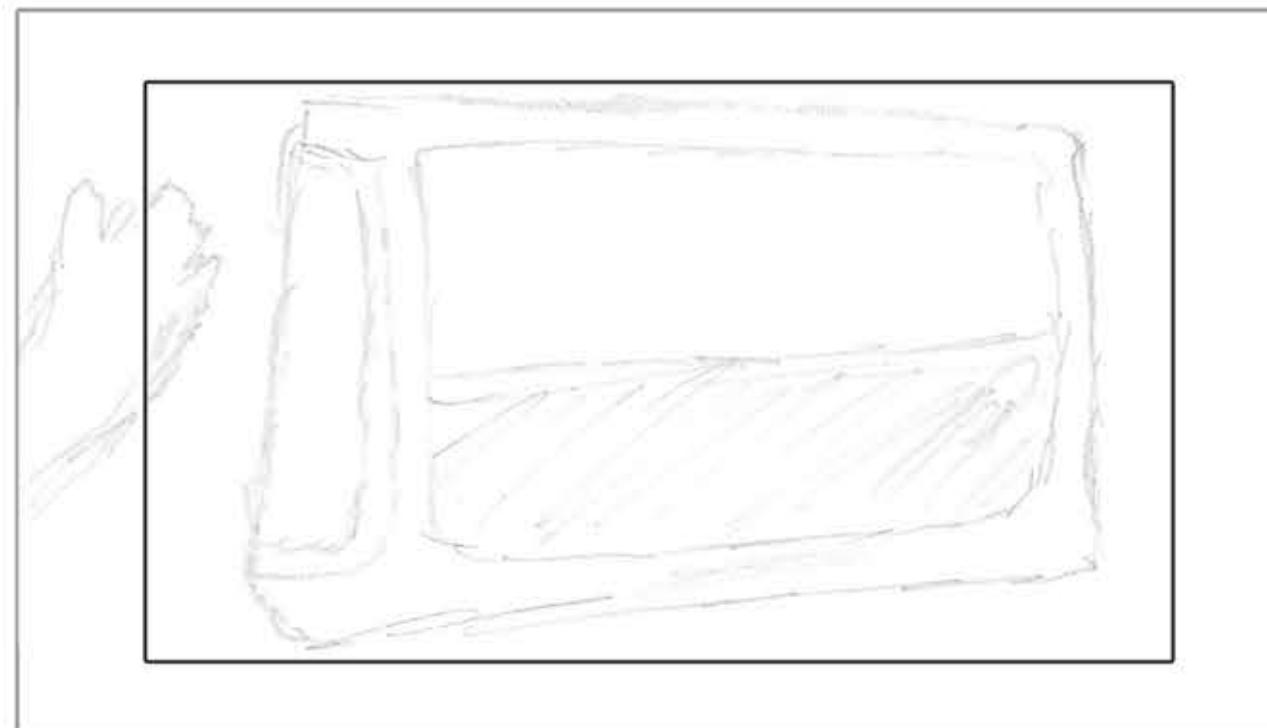
The focus pans inwards.



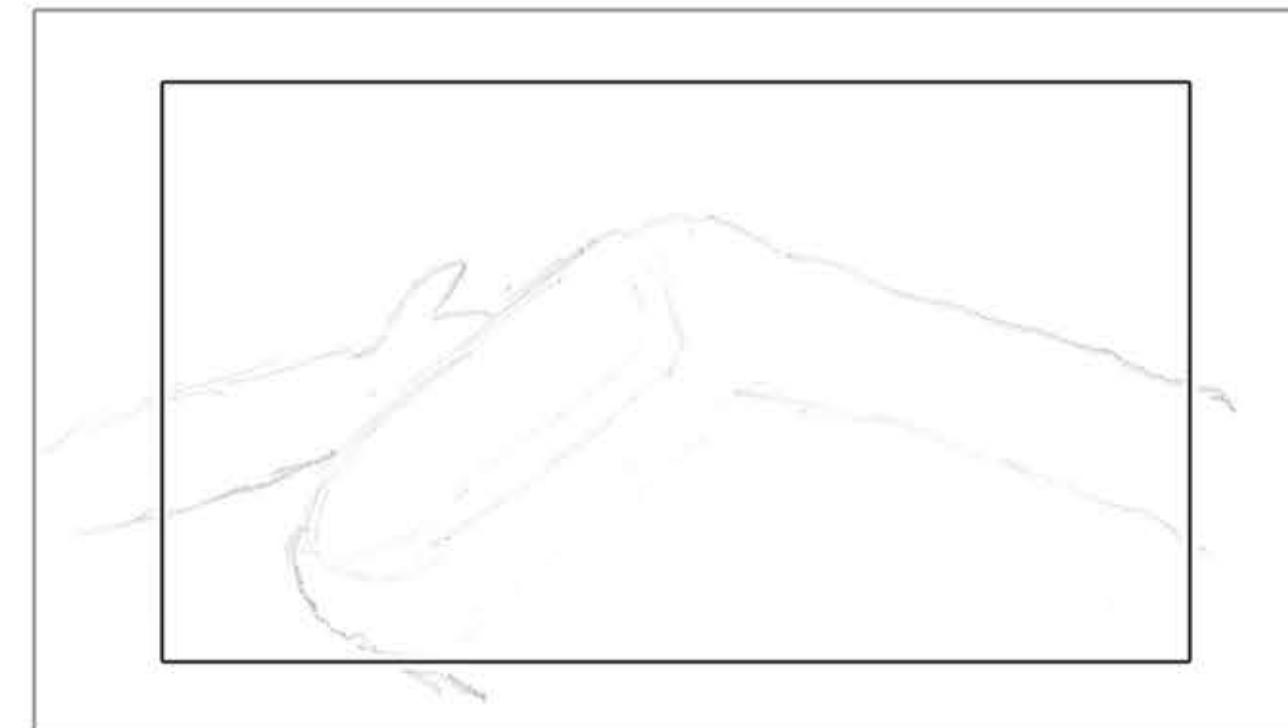
BROADCASTER: Our explorer, our friend, our family. We have lost them.

Monkey_audio

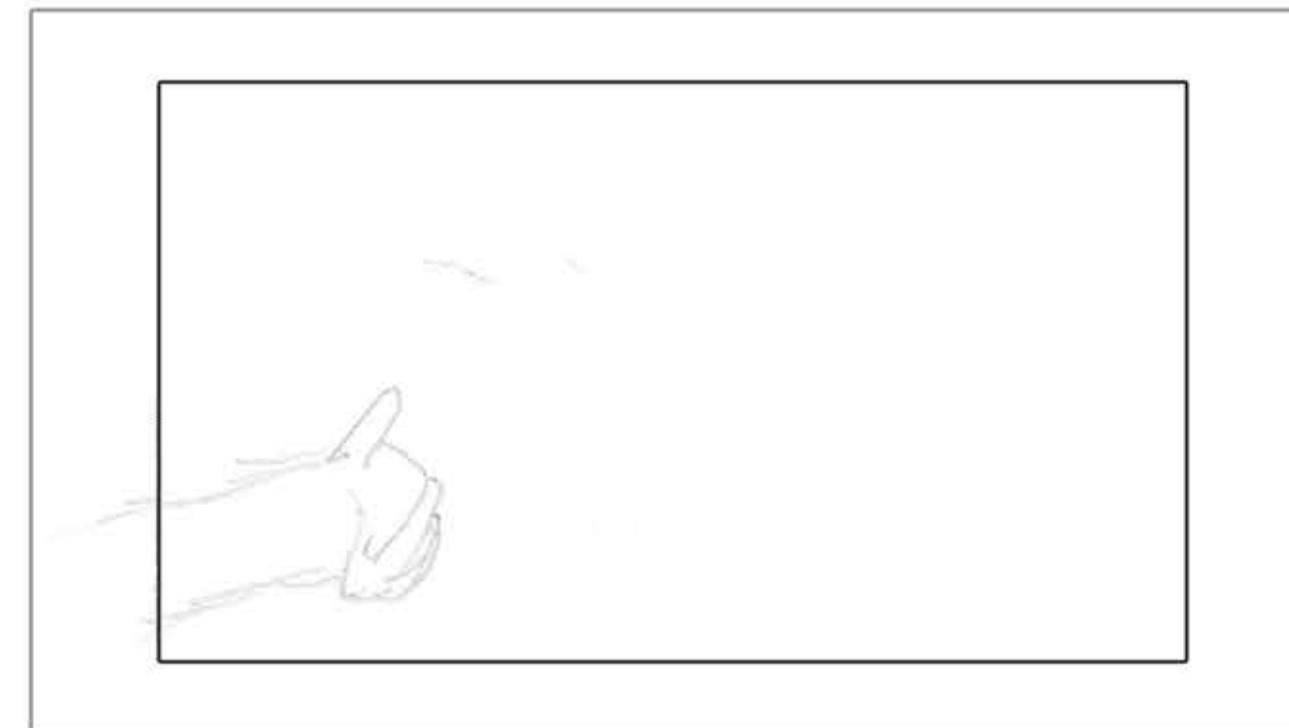
Crying_baby-audio



The hand of **VITO** enters from the left.



The hand of **VITO** knocks the radio off.



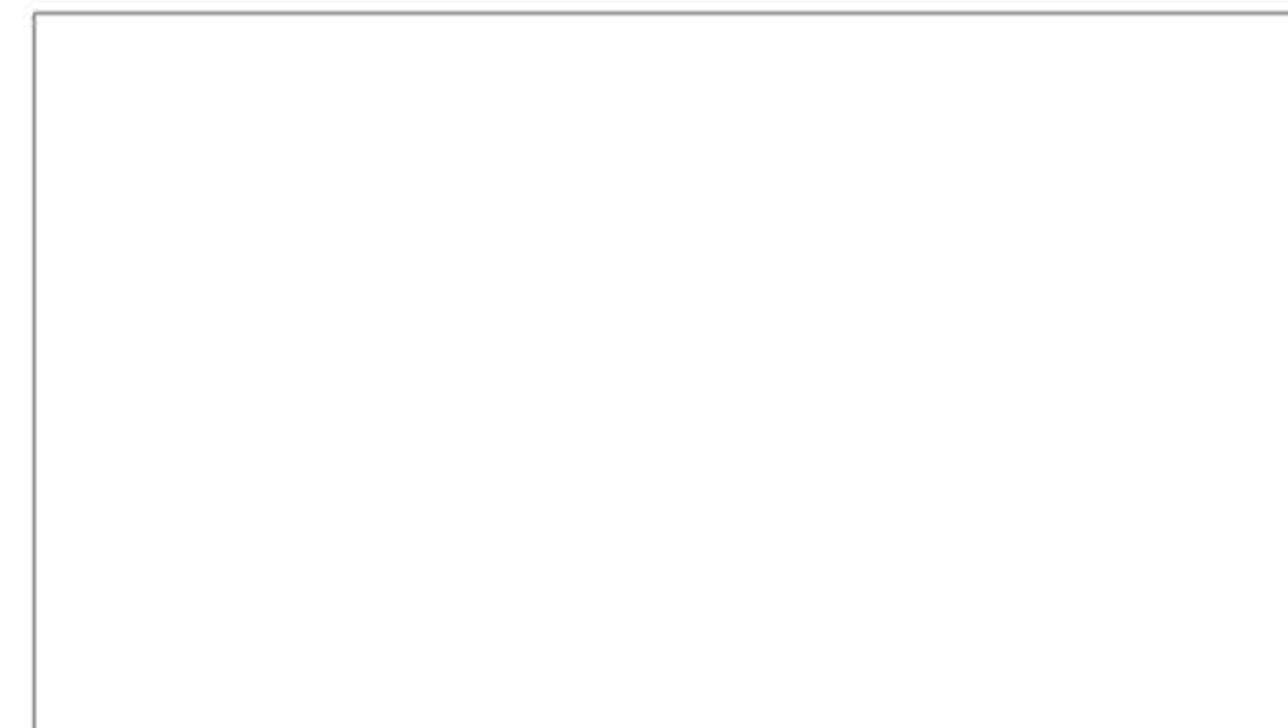
The hand of **VITO** exits left.

VITO: B S !

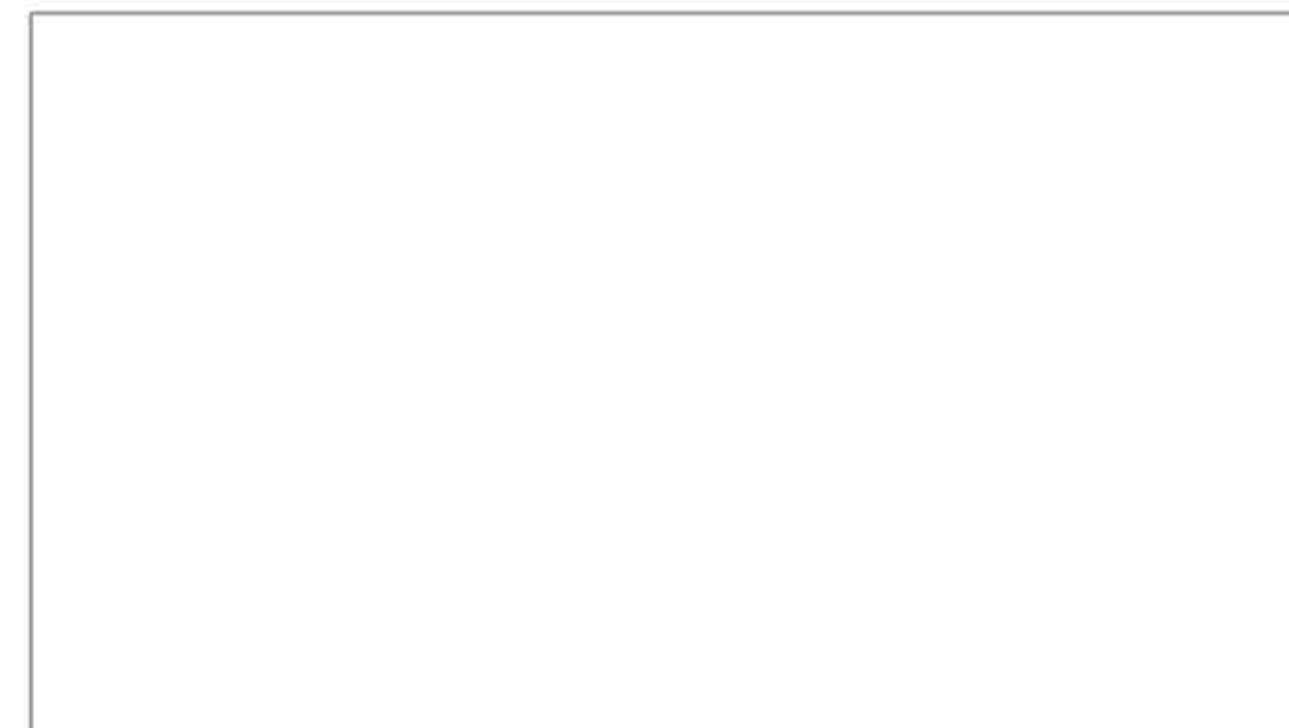
LAND PAINTER: Watch your...



The focus is on the mouth of **VITO**.



The roundness of the mouth of **VITO** ends flat.

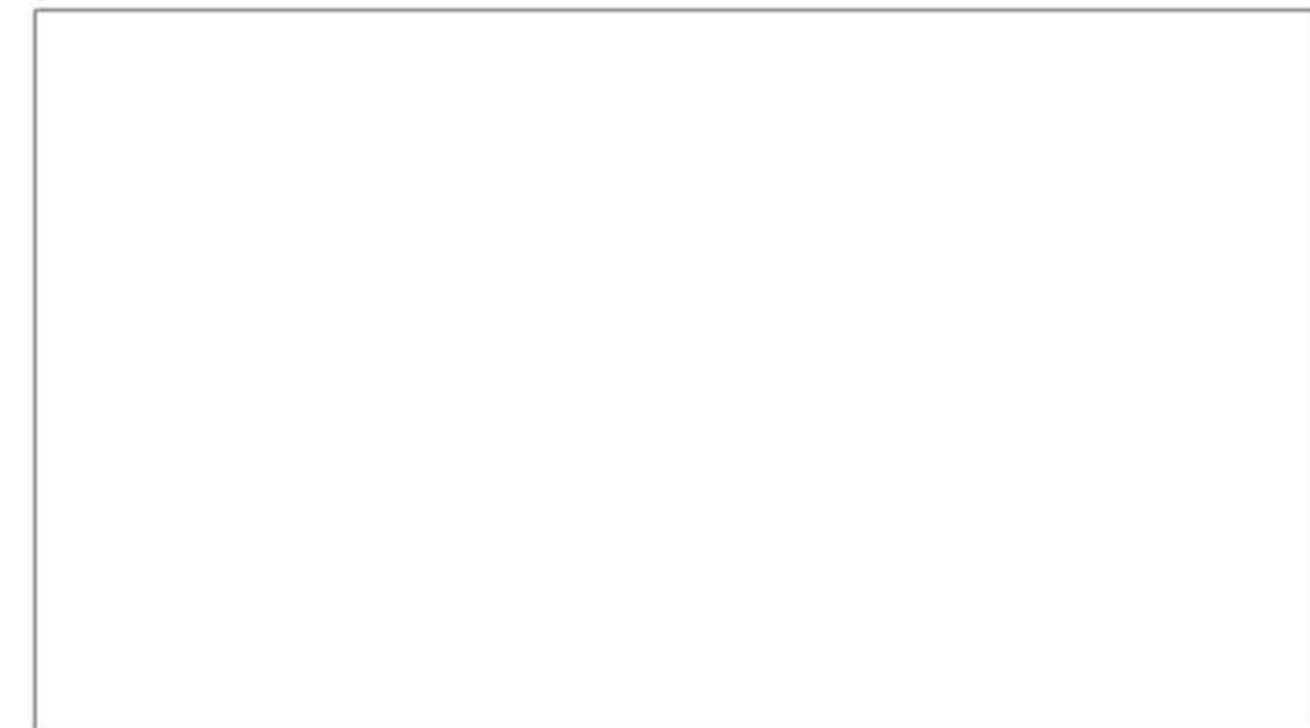
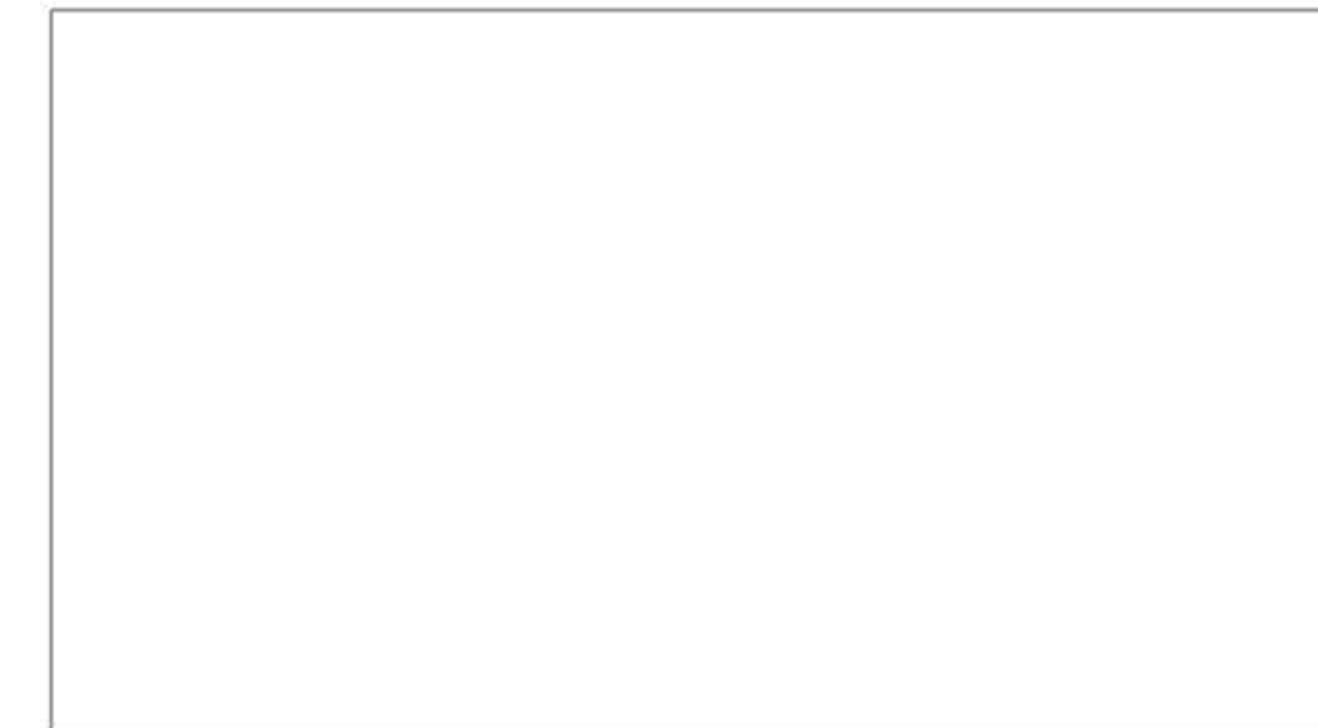
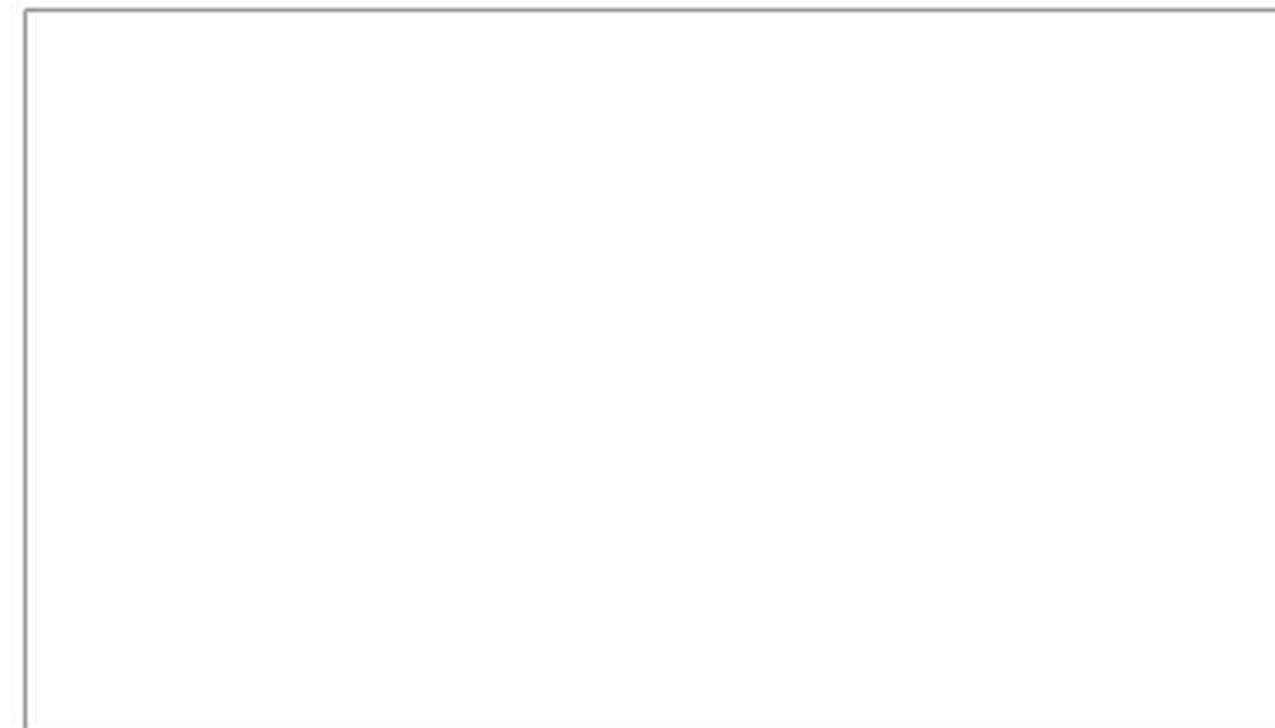


...language!

VITO: Earth... Earth... Cannot be flat!

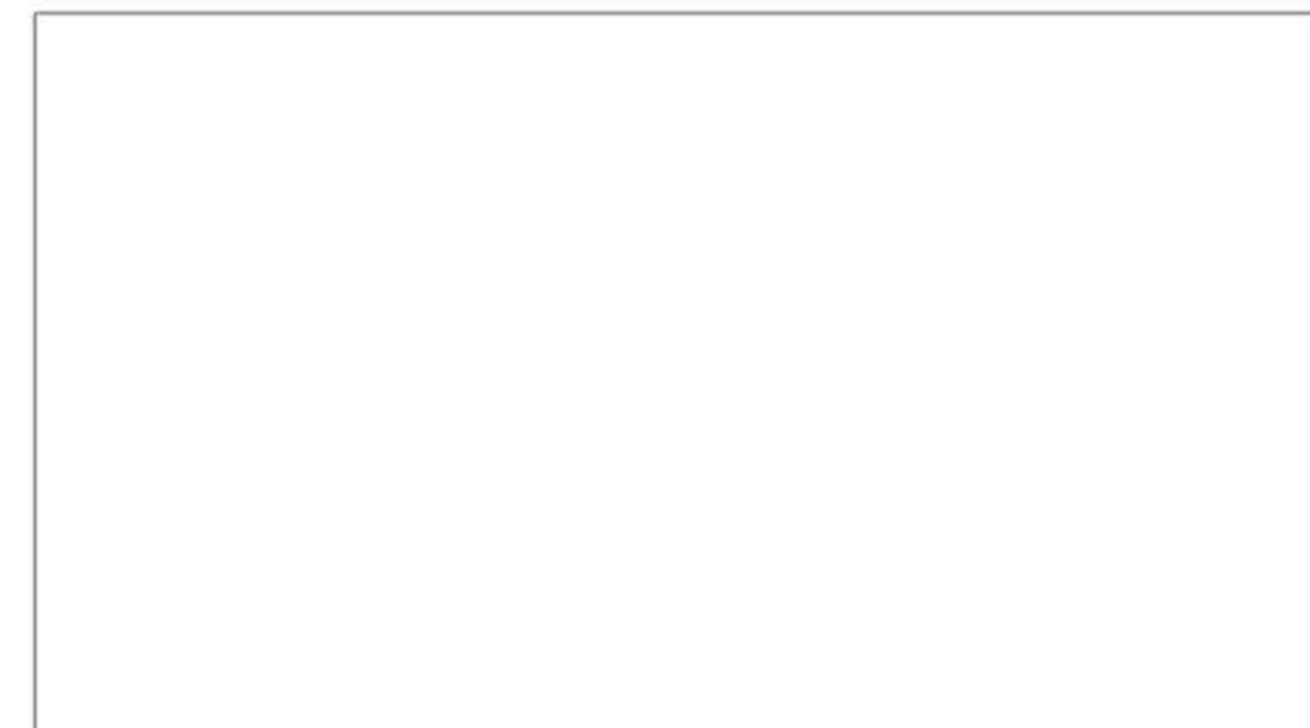
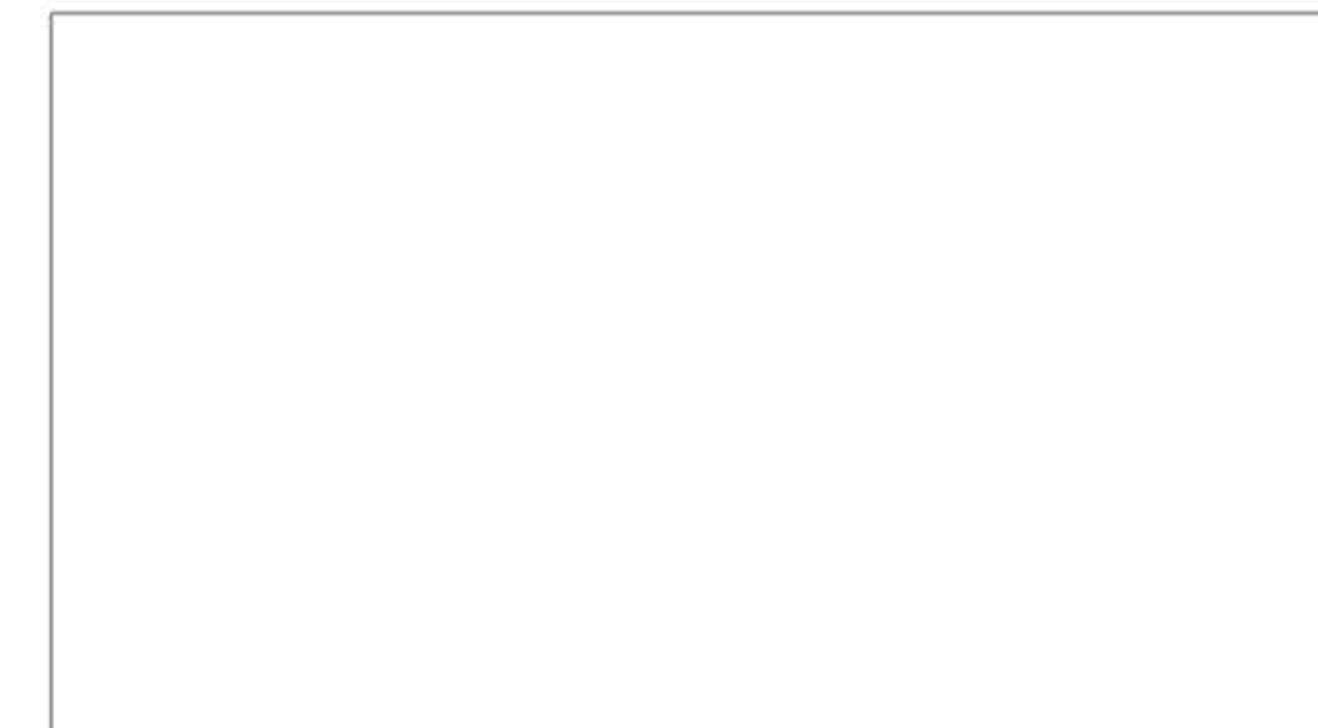
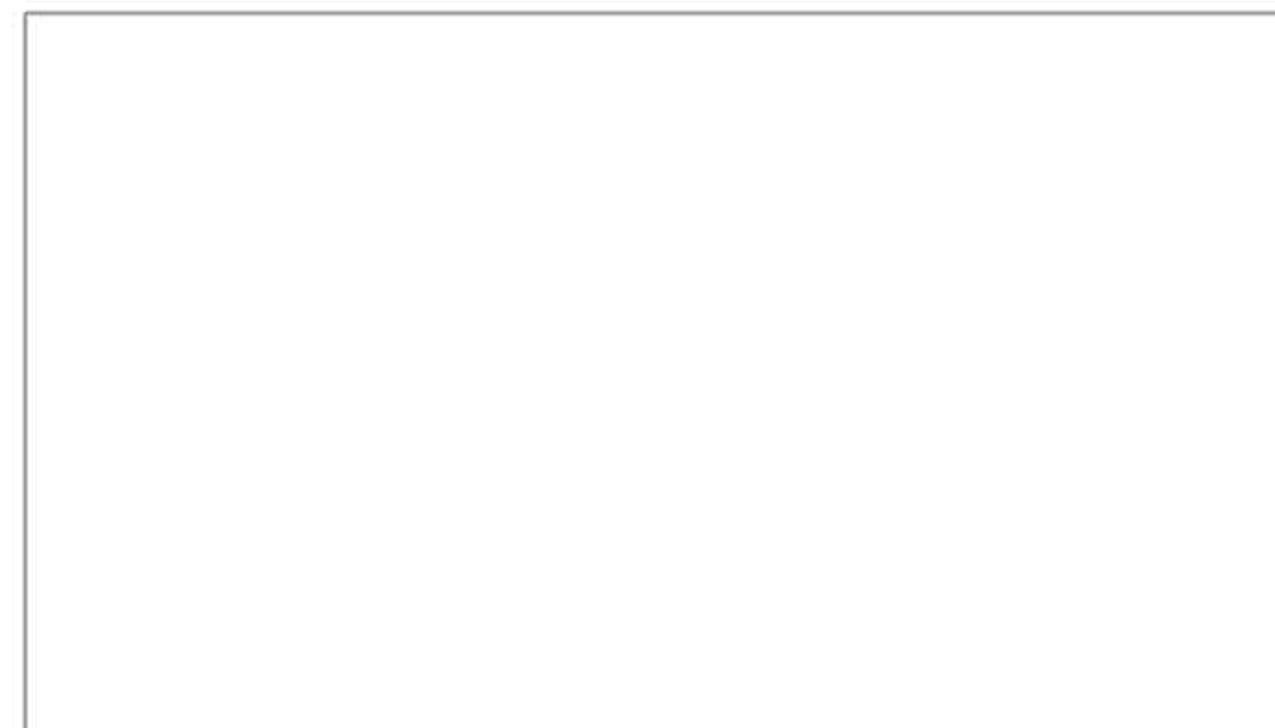
LAND PAINTER: Watch your mouth!

VITO: (Heavy Breaths)



The mouth of **VITO** quivers.

Tears run down the left cheek of **VITO**.

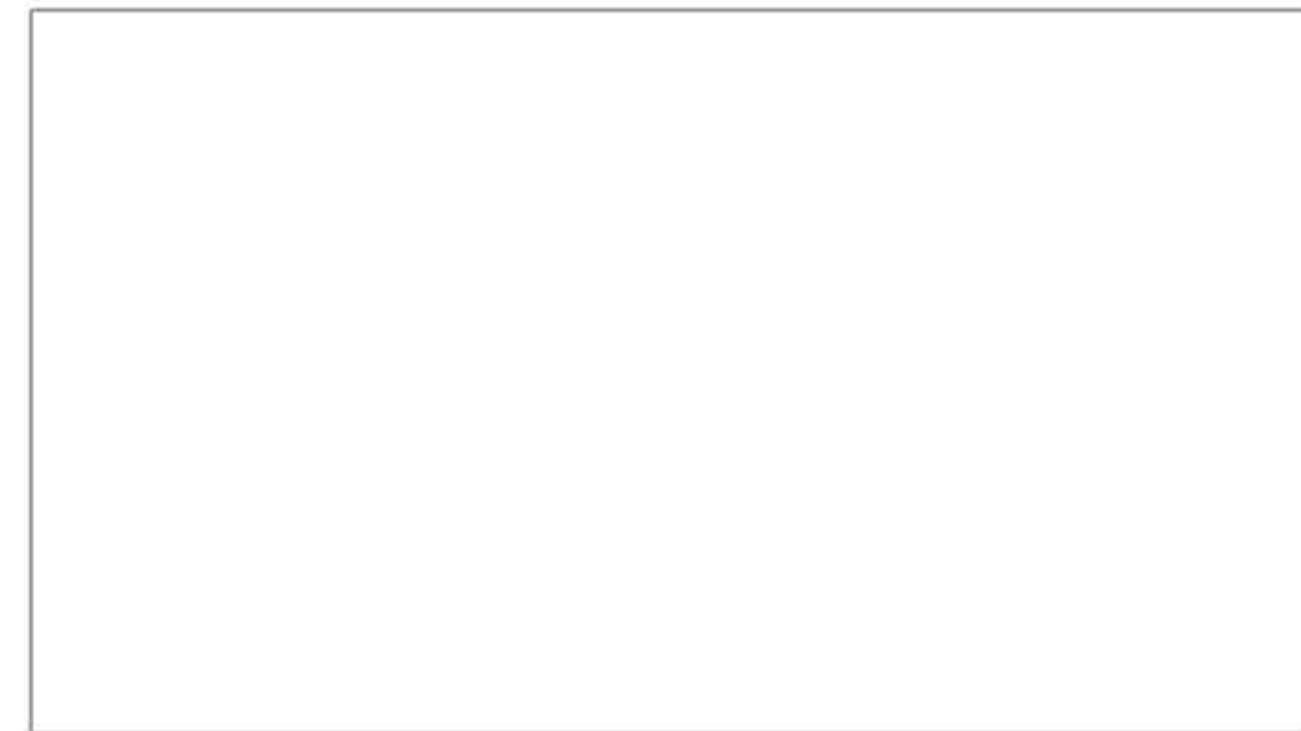
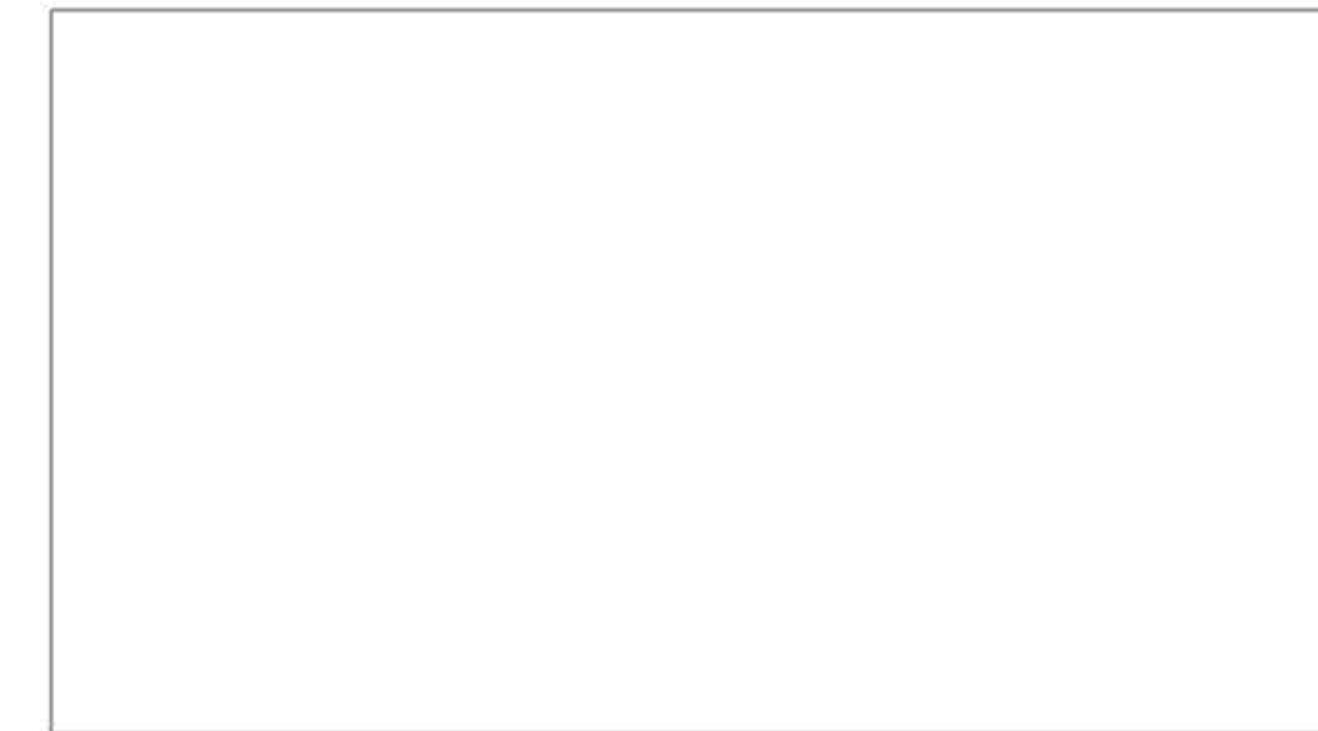
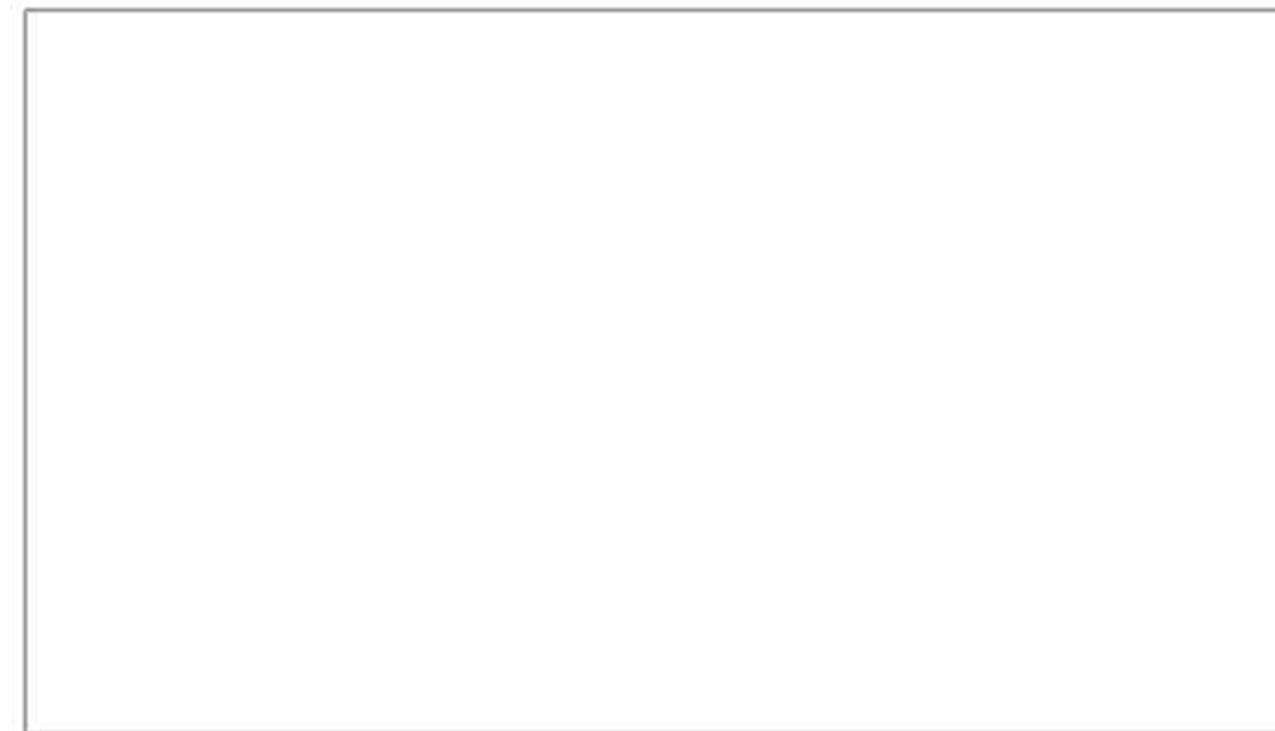


LAND PAINTER stands on the right facing towards the focus. The back of **VITO** is on the left. **VITO** stands facing **LAND PAINTER**. The room is a mess. A globe lays broken on the floor. Maps hang everywhere. Drawings of lines and two-dimensional ovals hang on walls.

LAND PAINTER takes a step forward.

VITO rushes to **LAND PAINTER**.

LAND PAINTER: The gravity of it all...

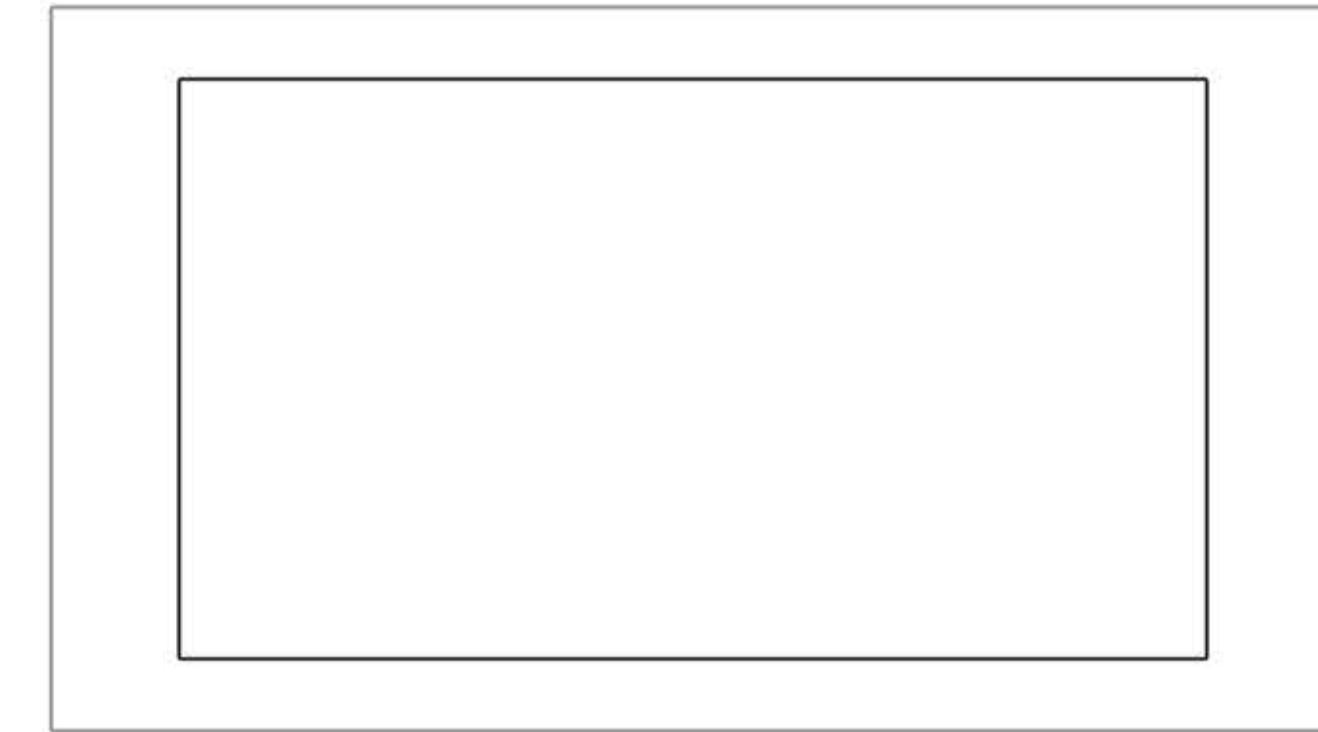
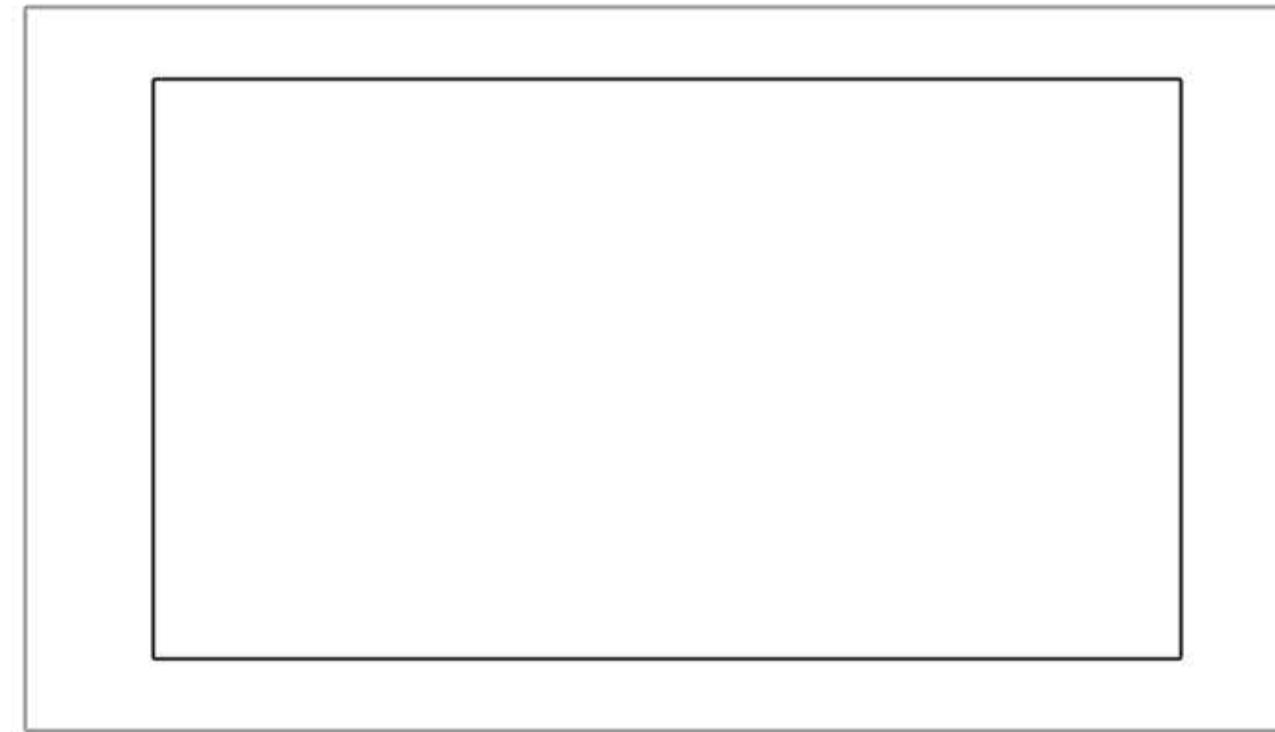


LAND PAINTER opens both arms.

VITO embraces **LAND PAINTER**.

LAND PAINTER shifts the arms down.

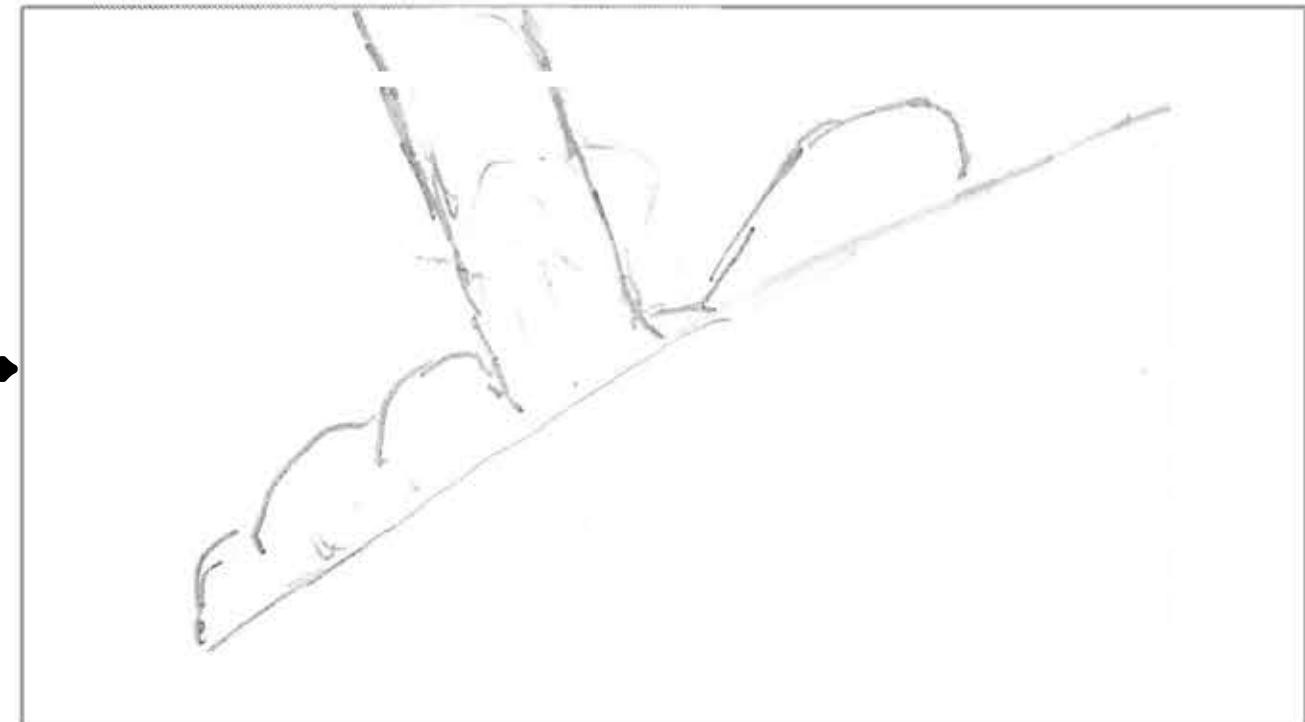
LAND PAINTER: You're well-rounded.



LAND PAINTER bends down.

VITO nods.

Would you like to see your opposite?

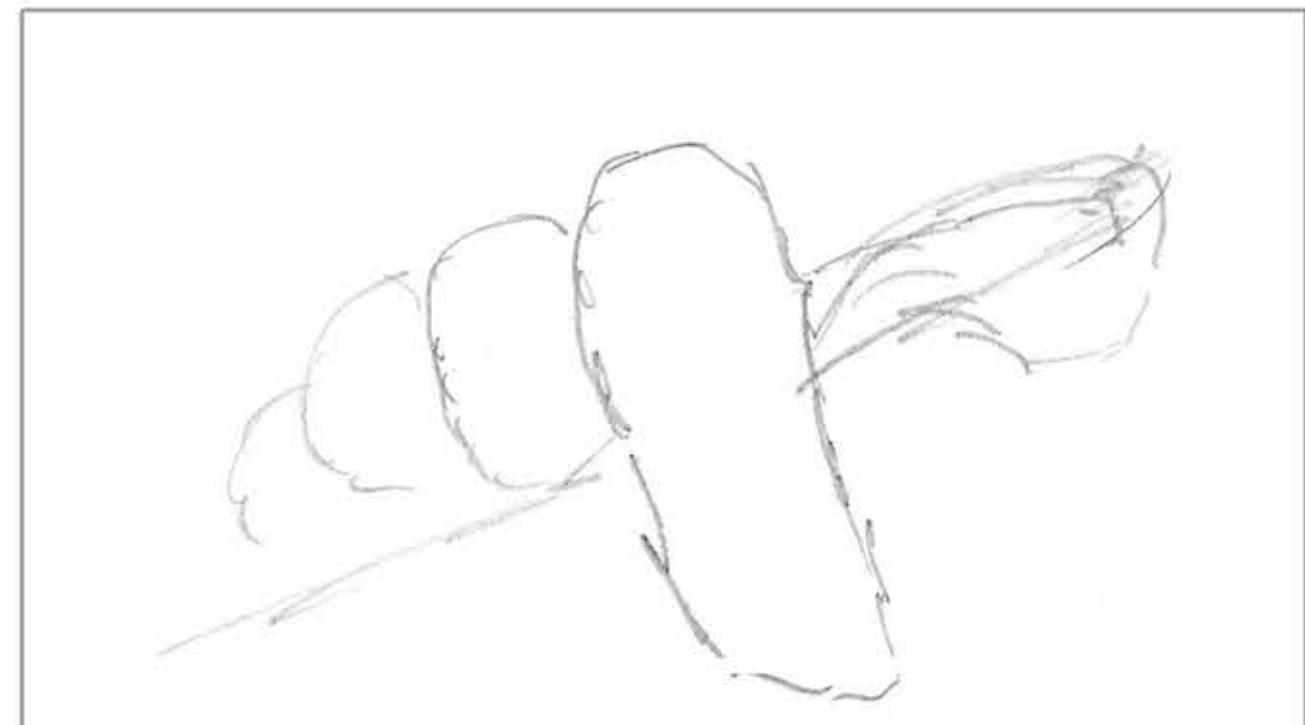
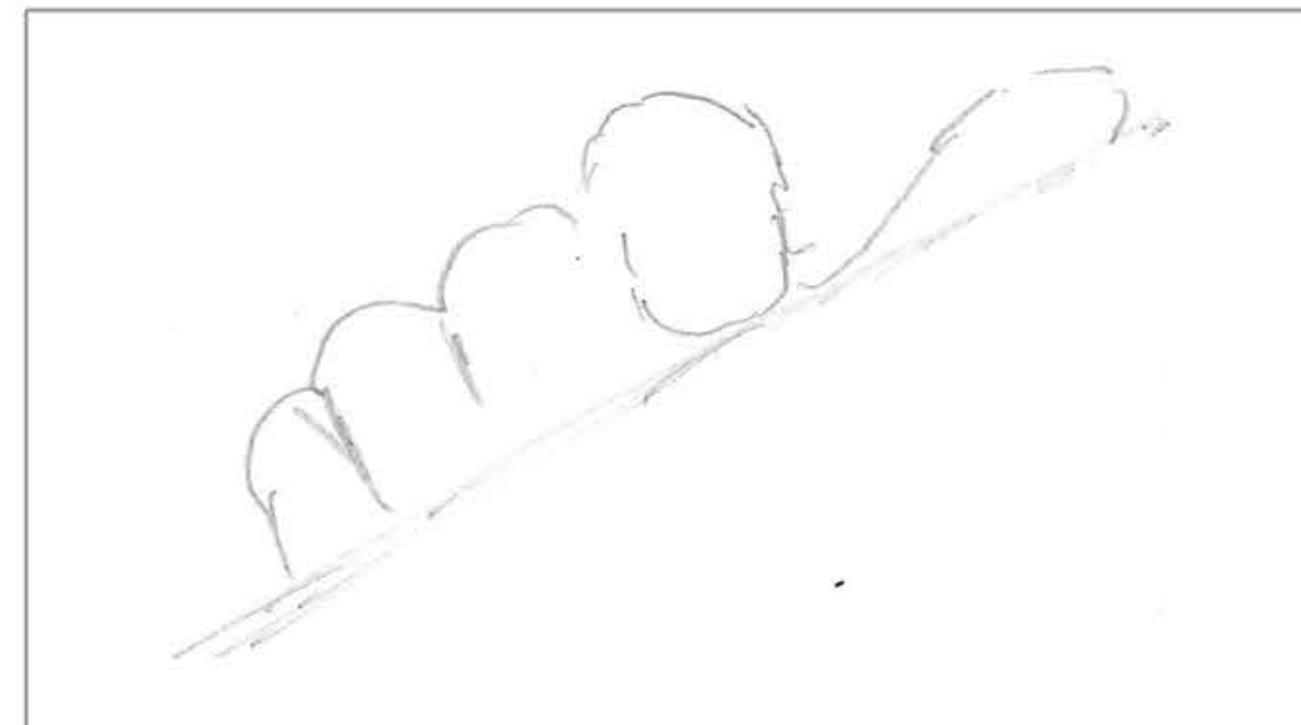
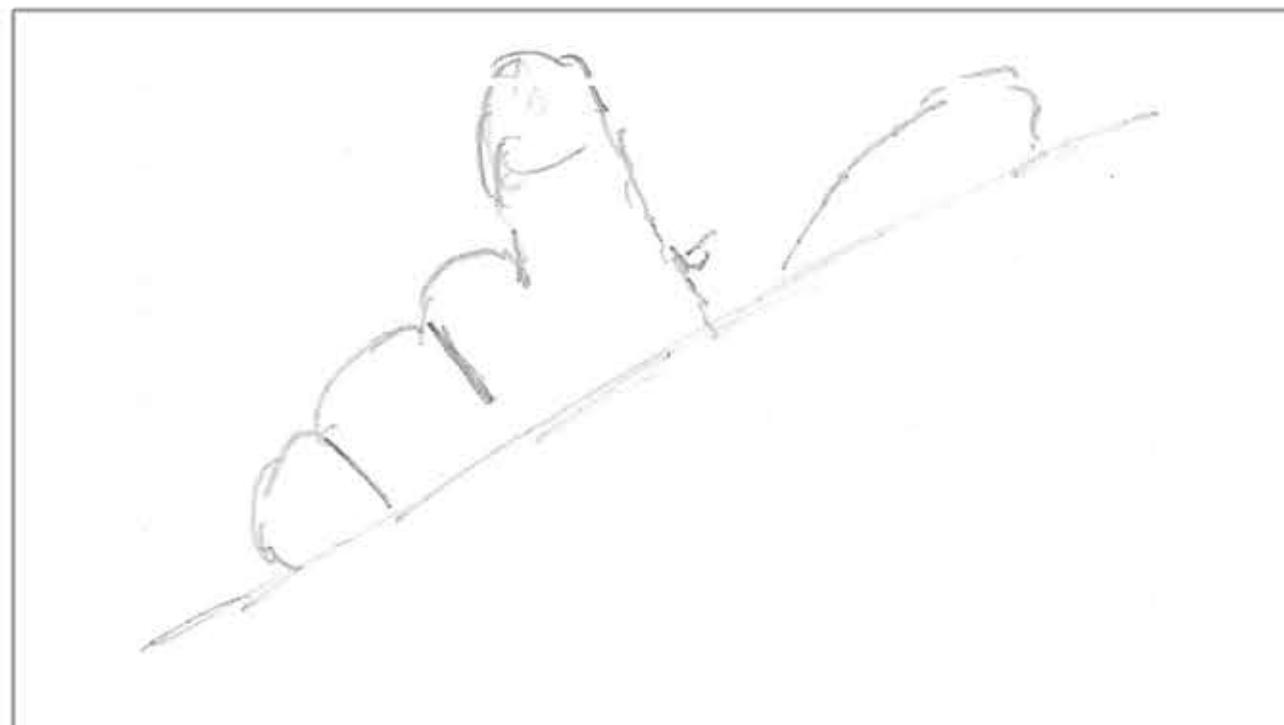


The focus is on the first photo in space. The focus pans inwards.

The index finger of the hand of **LAND PAINTER** extends beyond the head of **VITO**.

LAND PAINTER: Your father...

...reached up there...



The index finger of the hand of **LAND PAINTER** swoops over the head of **VITO**.

...and took the...

Shot.



VITO sits on the lap of LAND PAINTER. LAND PAINTER lays the right hand on the head of VITO. LAND PAINTER holds the photo in the left hand.

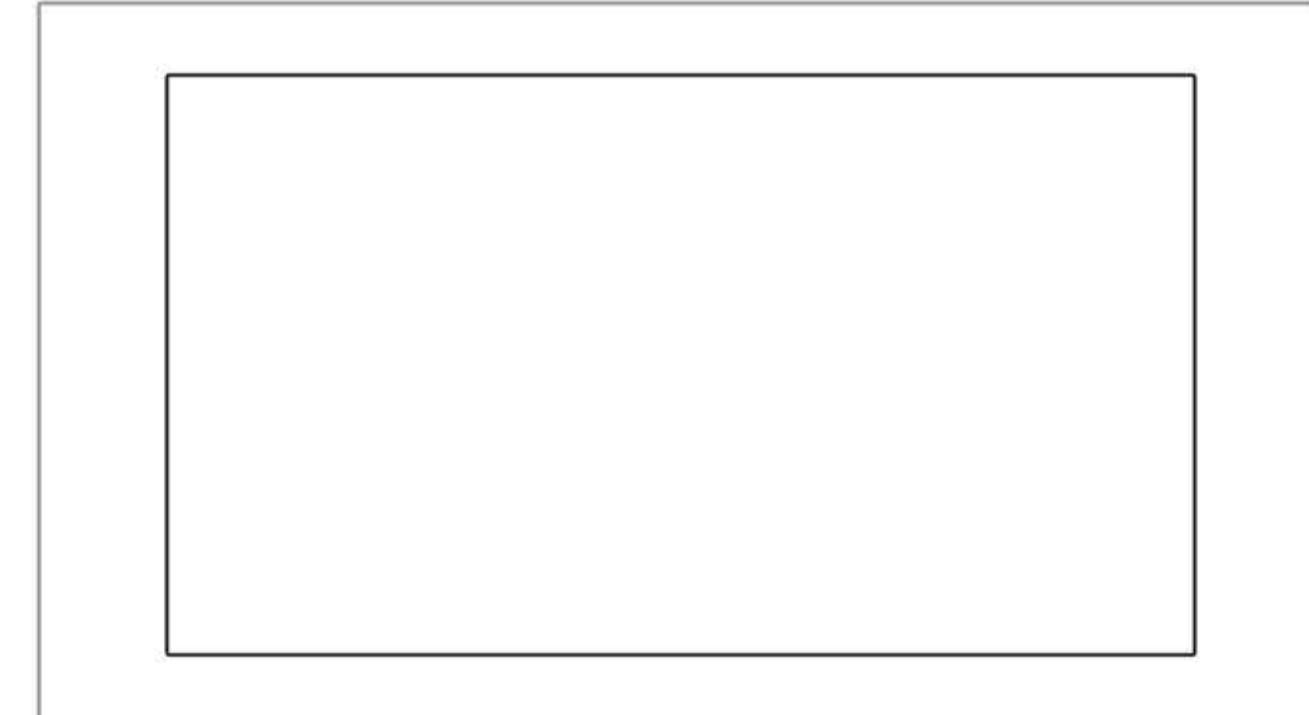
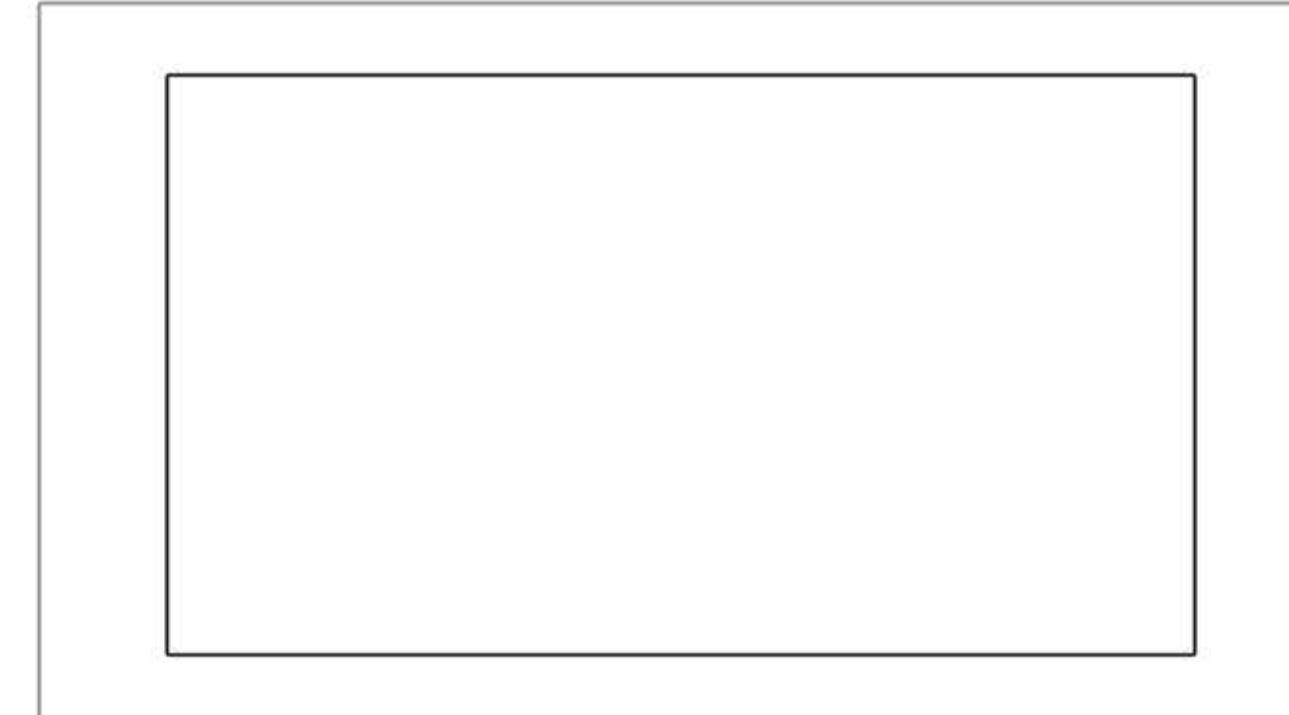
LAND PAINTER holds VITO close.

The focus pans around to the left of LAND PAINTER.

LAND PAINTER: You are the rocket that took him.

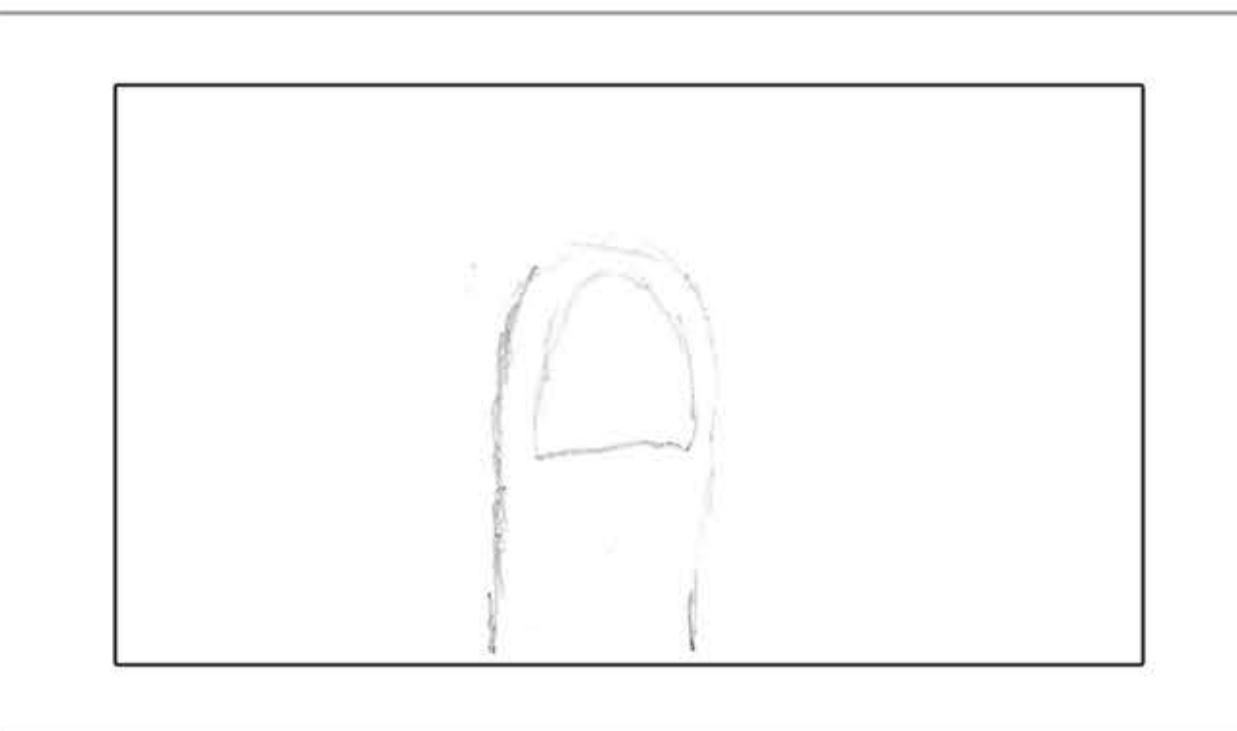
VITO: Where in the world did he land?

LAND PAINTER: On...

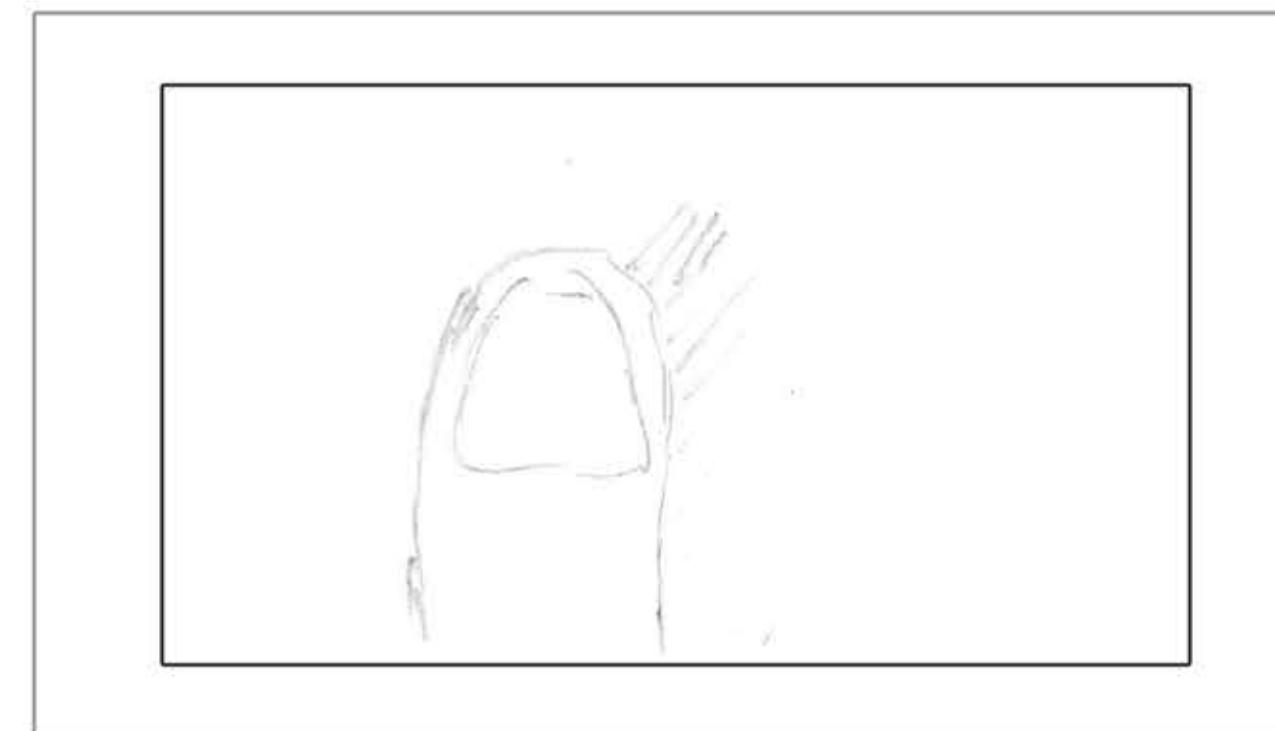


Our...

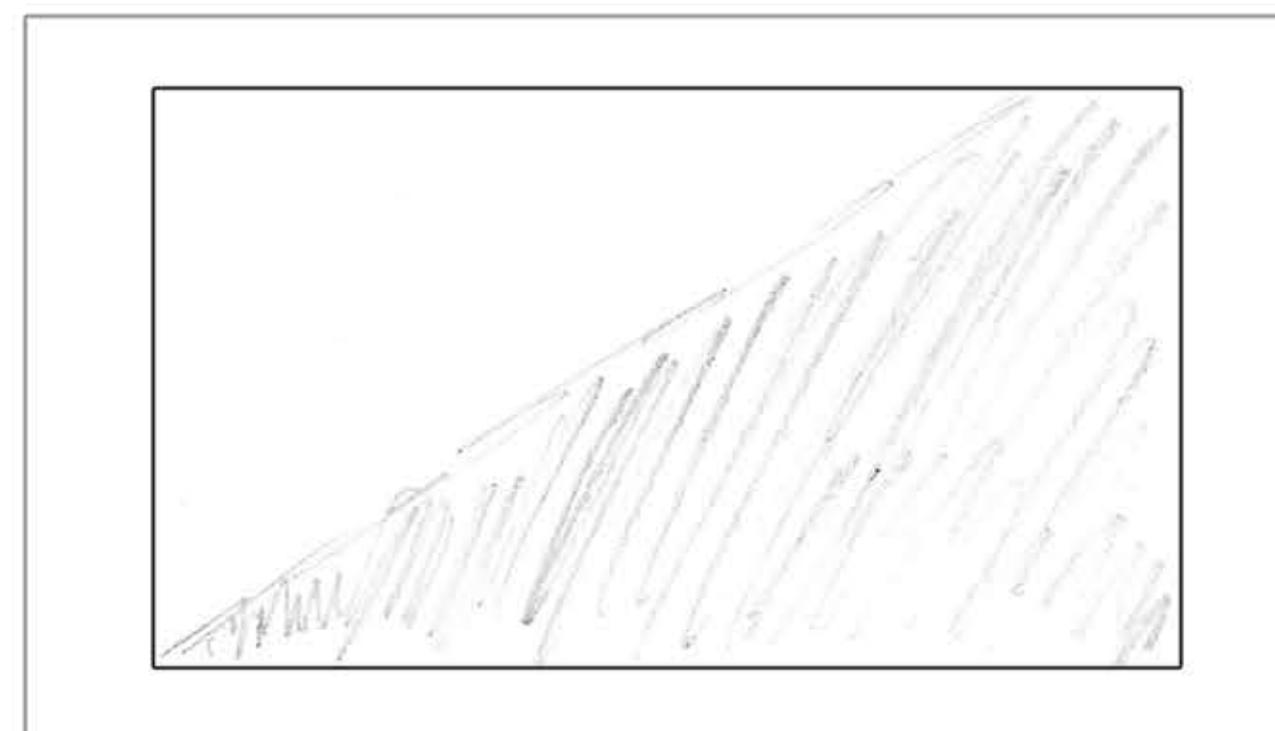
Side.



The thumb of **LAND PAINTER** presses.



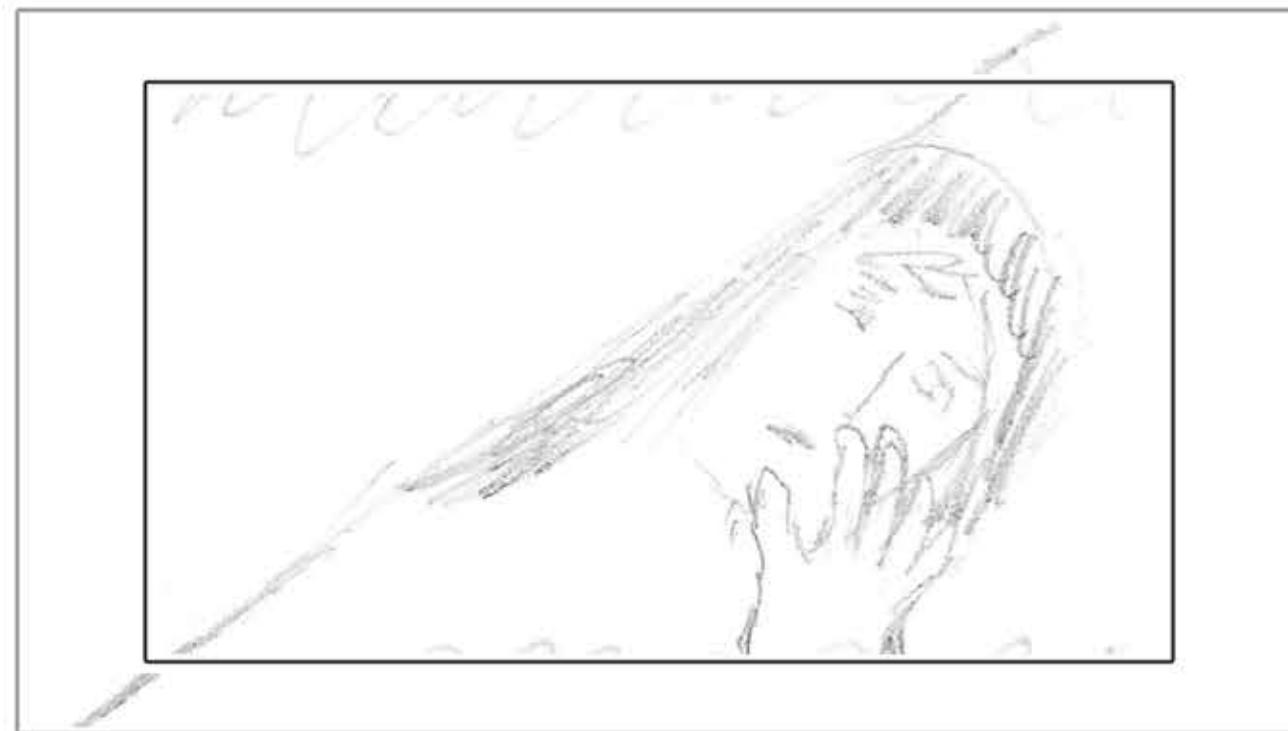
The thumb of **LAND PAINTER** retracts.



The focus rapidly pans outwards to reveal **LAND PAINTER** and the easel. Paint is on the thumb of **LAND PAINTER**.



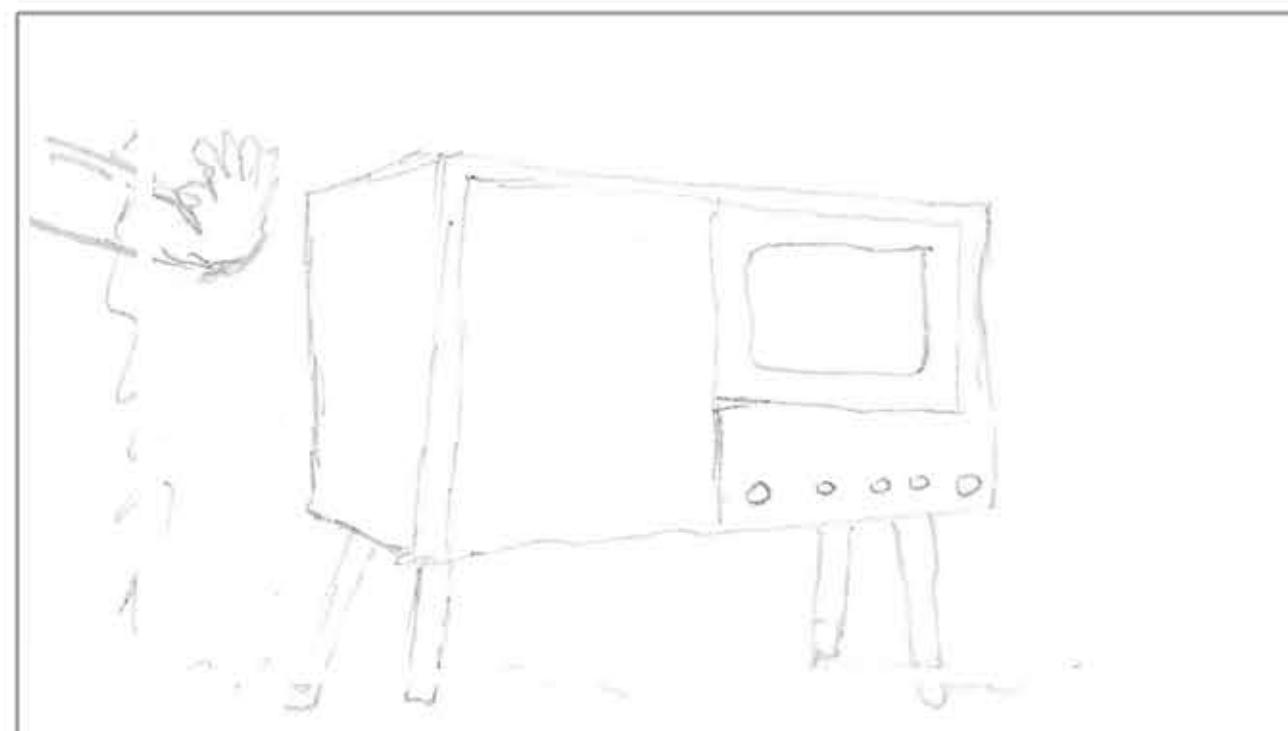
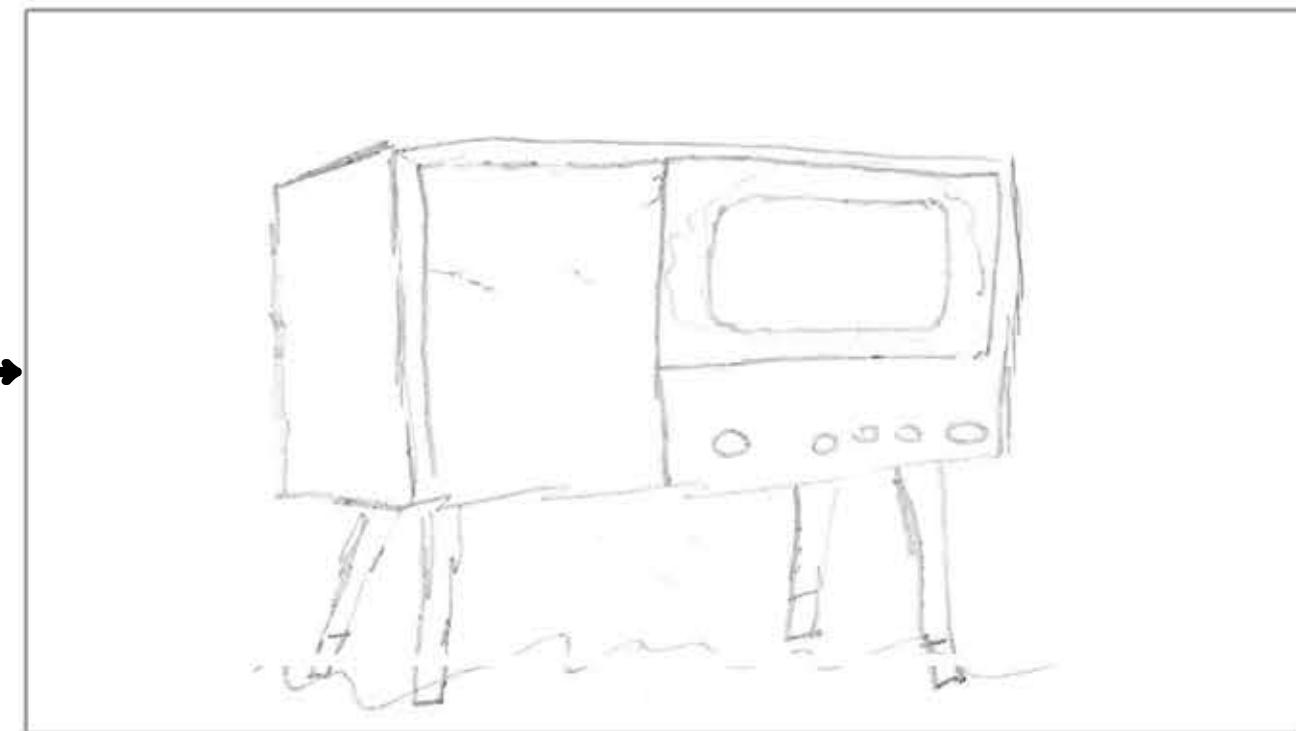
The focus ends panning.



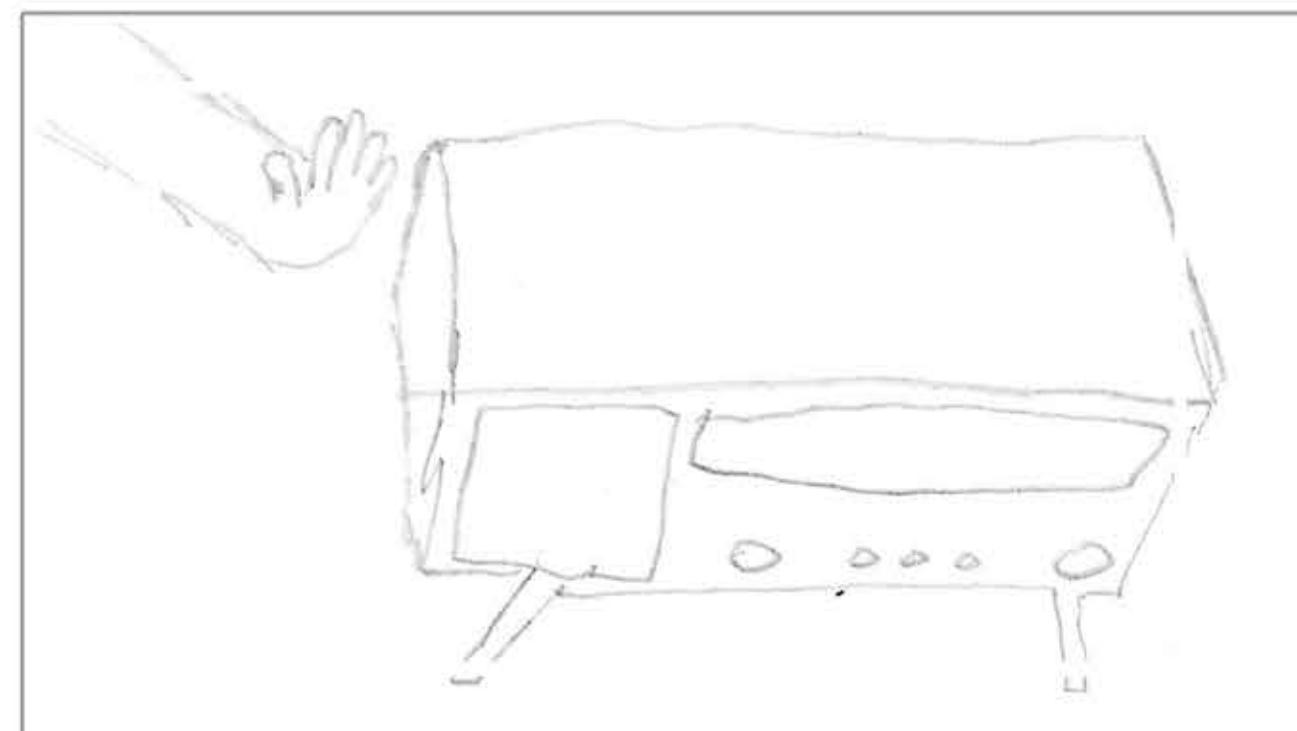
The head of **LAND PAINTER** turns to the bottom-right.



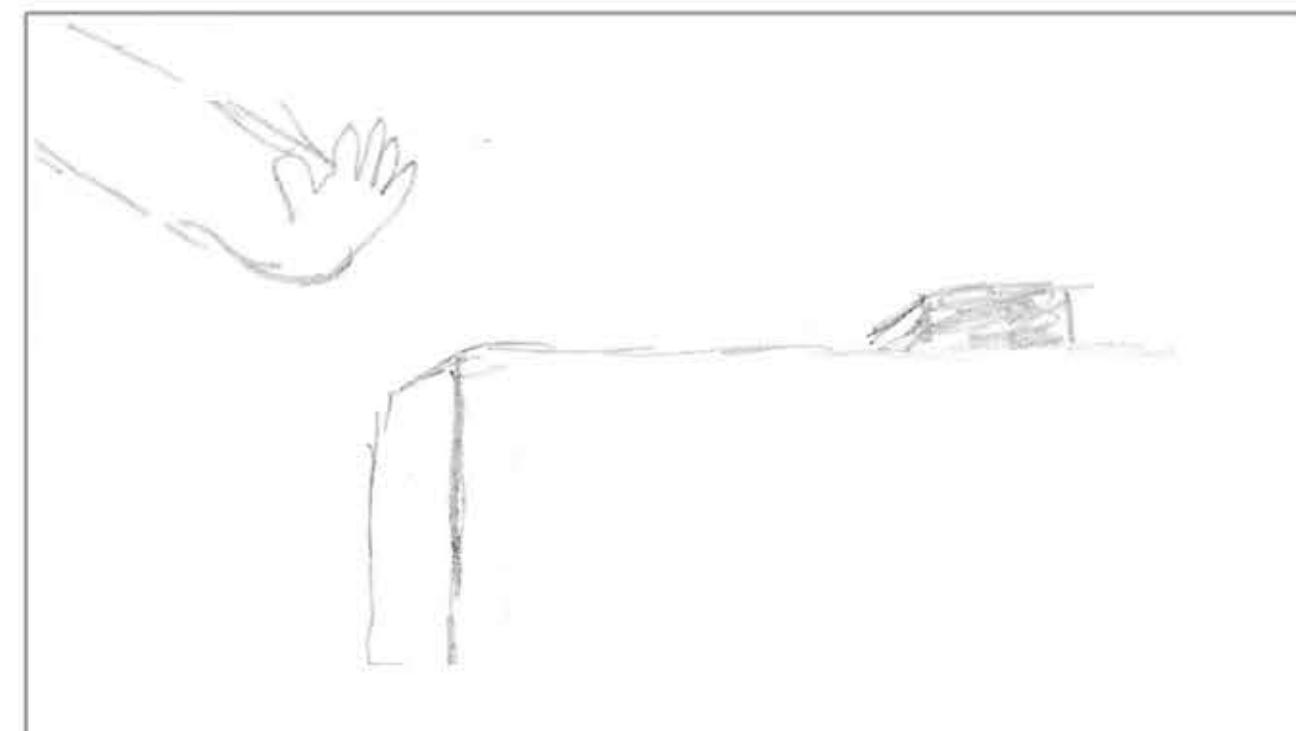
The hand of **LAND PAINTER** slowly lowers.



The hand of **LAND PAINTER** enters from the left.



The hand of **LAND PAINTER** pushes the TV set down.



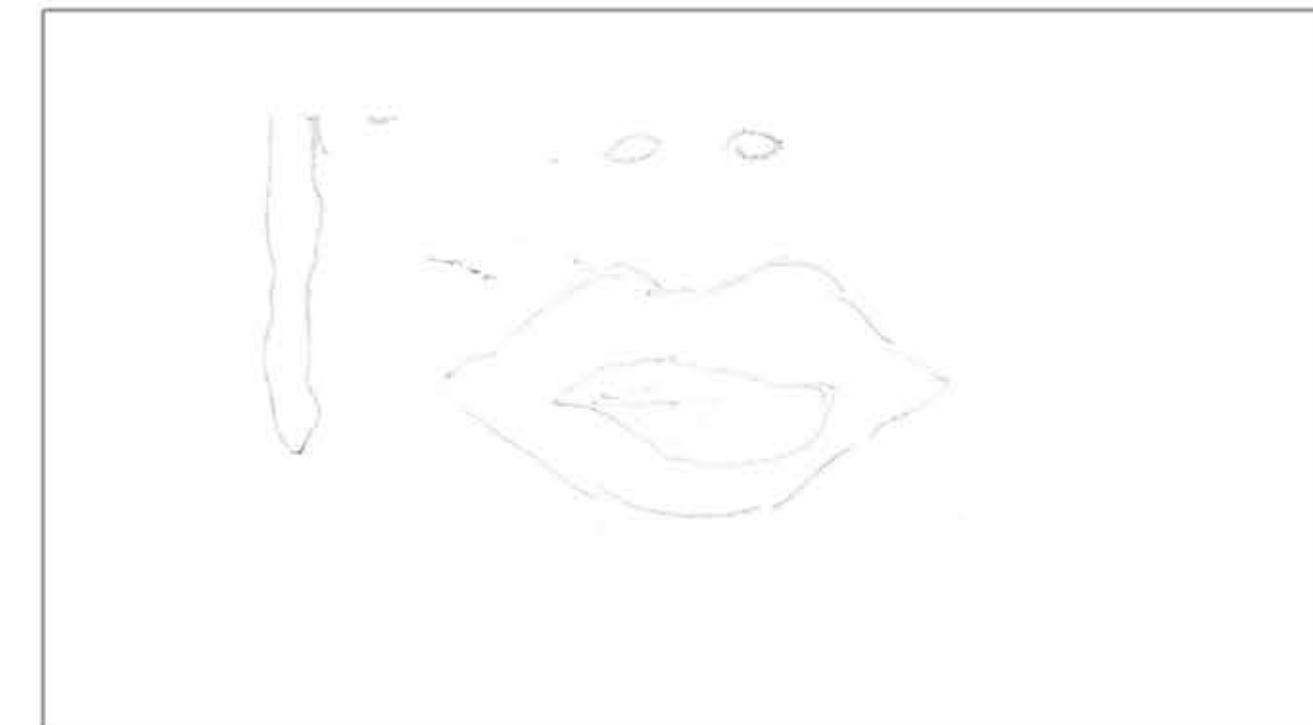
LAND PAINTER: Turn it off!



The focus is on the mouth of **LAND PAINTER**.



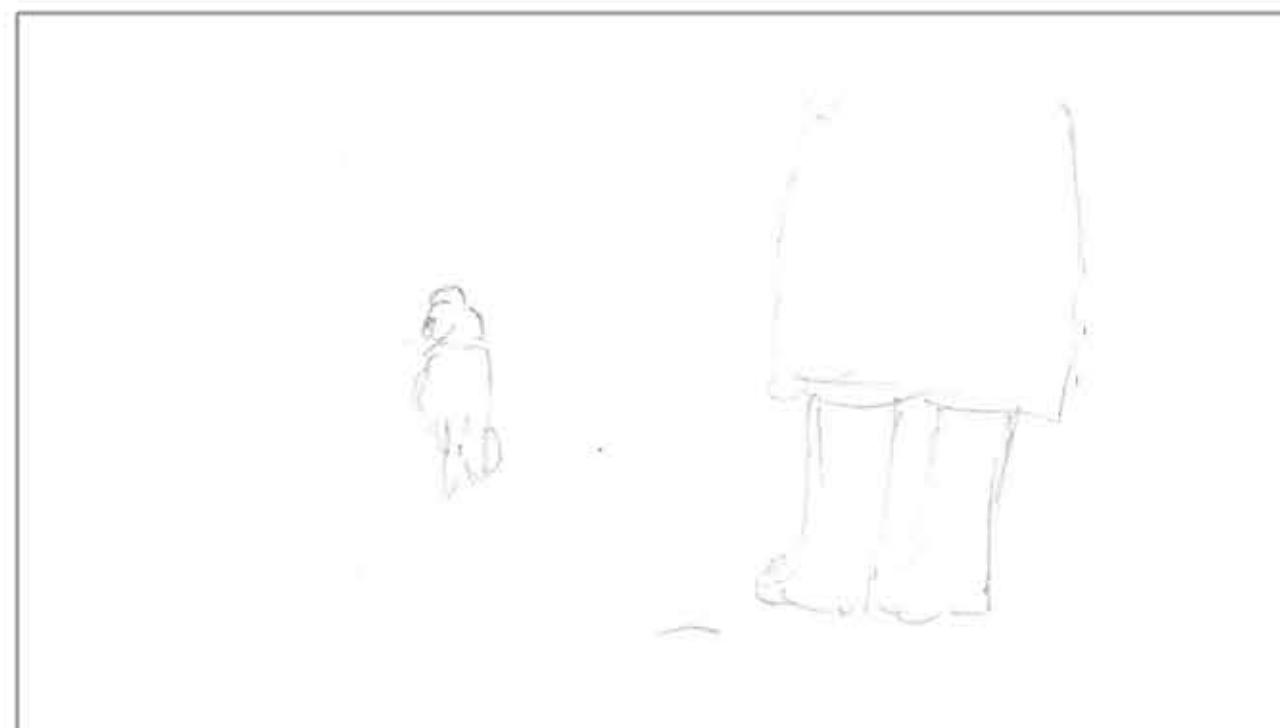
Tears run down the right cheek of **LAND PAINTER**.



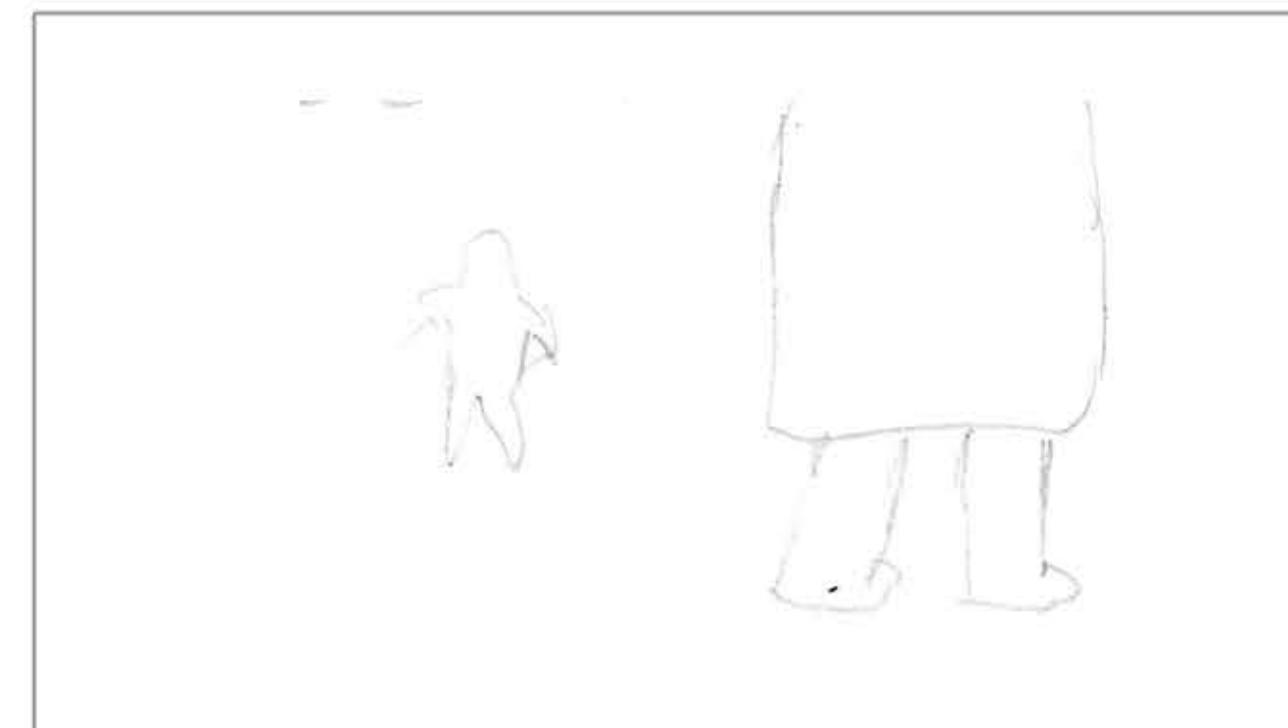
LAND PAINTER: The...

Gravity...

Of it all!



VITO stands on the left facing towards the focus. The back of **LAND PAINTER** is on the right. **LAND PAINTER** stands facing **VITO**. The room fills with blobs.



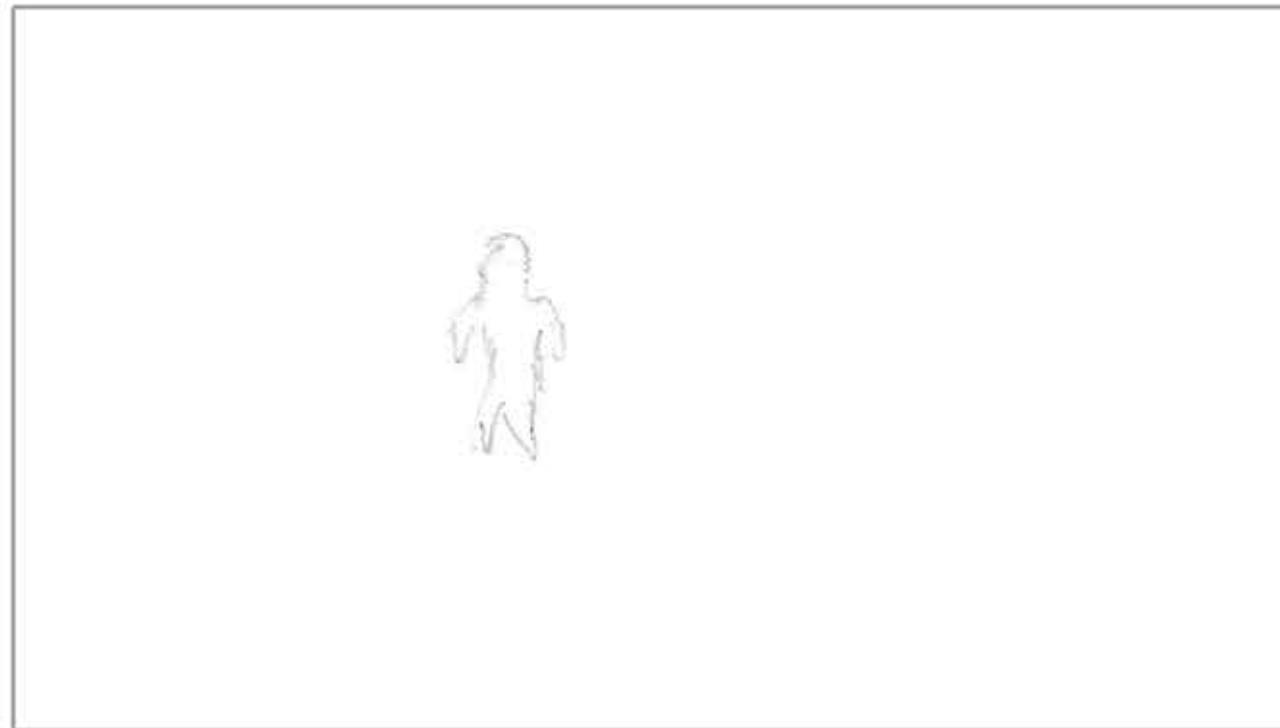
LAND PAINTER exits right.



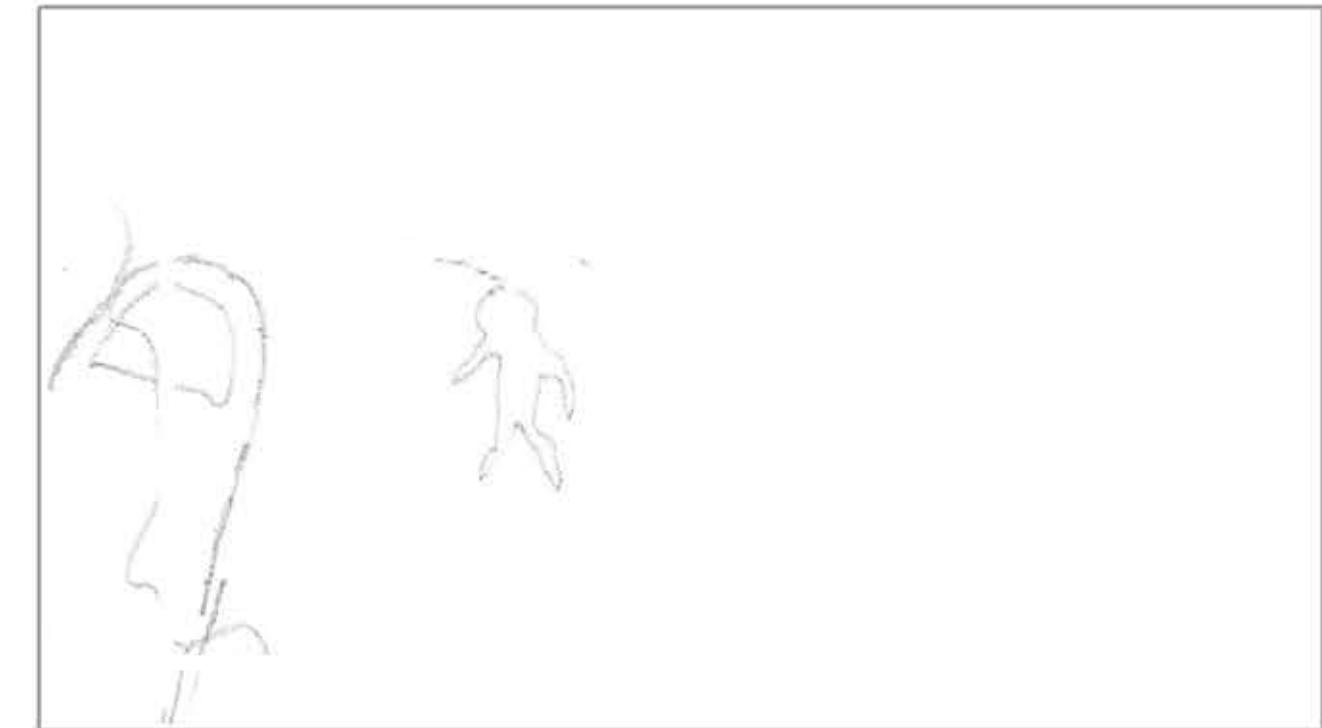
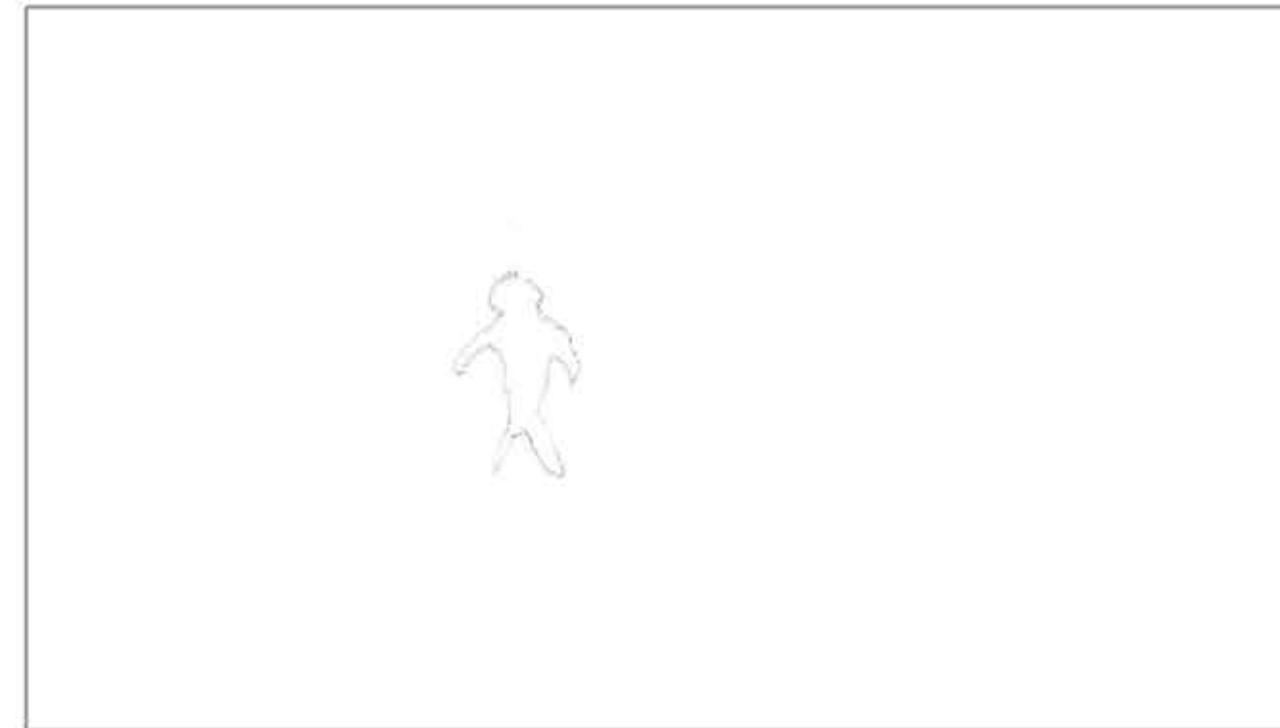
| ACT VII: Mark

MFOTFOTE

ACT VII: Mark |



The head of VITO turns right.



The thumb of the left hand of **VITO** enters from the left.



The thumb of the left hand of **VITO** passes the body of **VITO** on the easel.



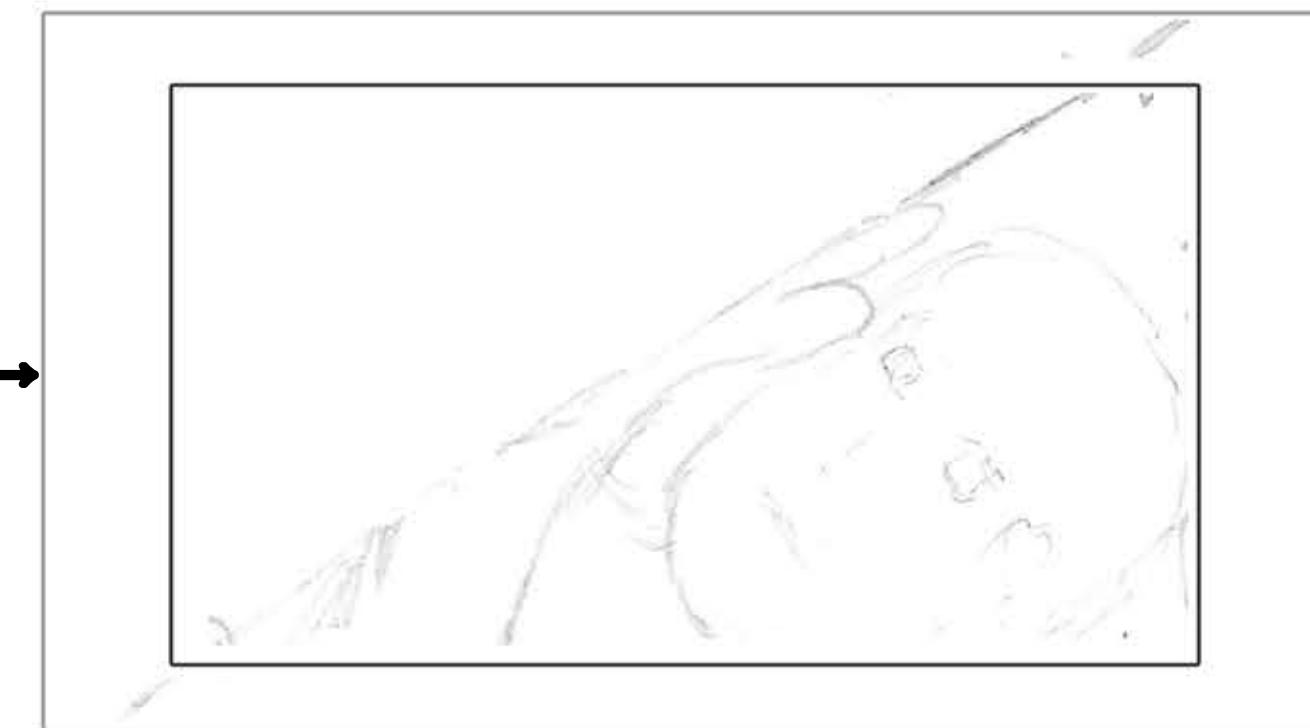
The thumb of **VITO** circles counter-clockwise around the body of **VITO** on the easel. The thumb of **VITO** leaves black paint.



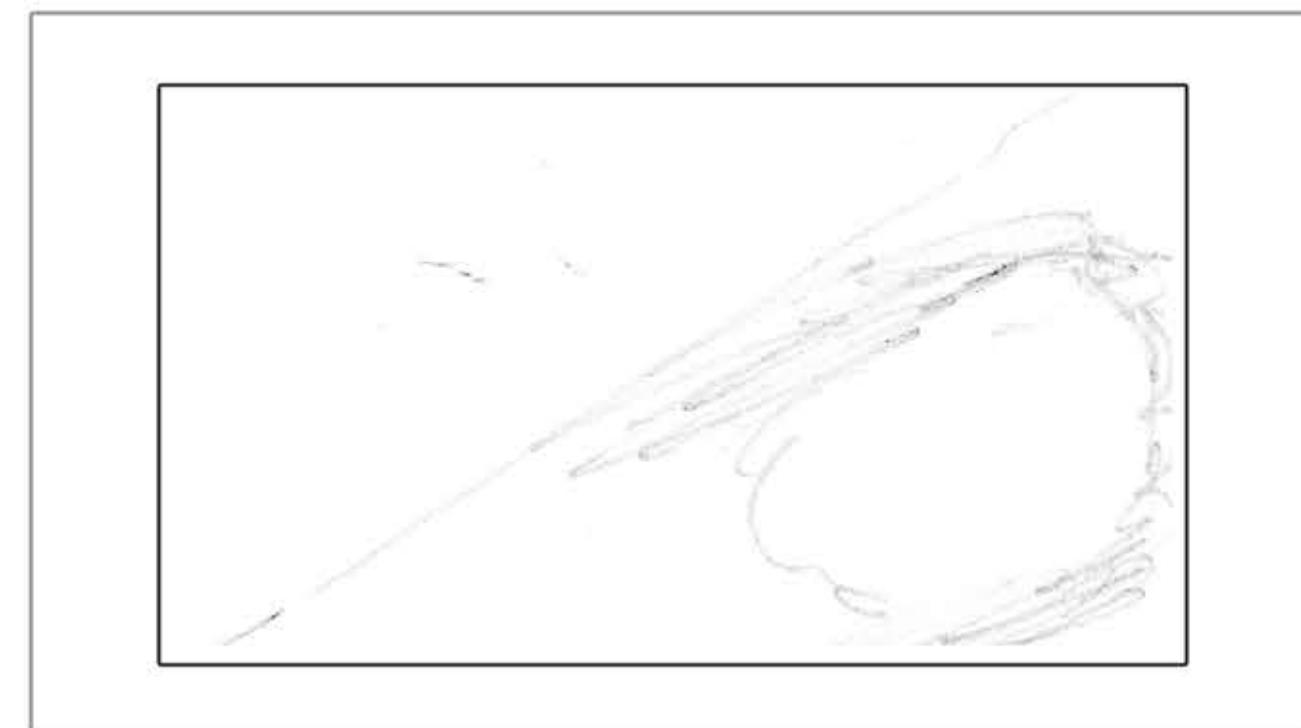
VITO: My mind...



The thumb of the left hand of **VITO** stops at the bottom of the body of **VITO** on the easel.



The focus is on **VITO** and the easel.



Black paint immediately adds hair to both sides of the head of **VITO**.

VITO: Cannot...

Take it!

Splat-audio

1 | ACT VIII: Flat

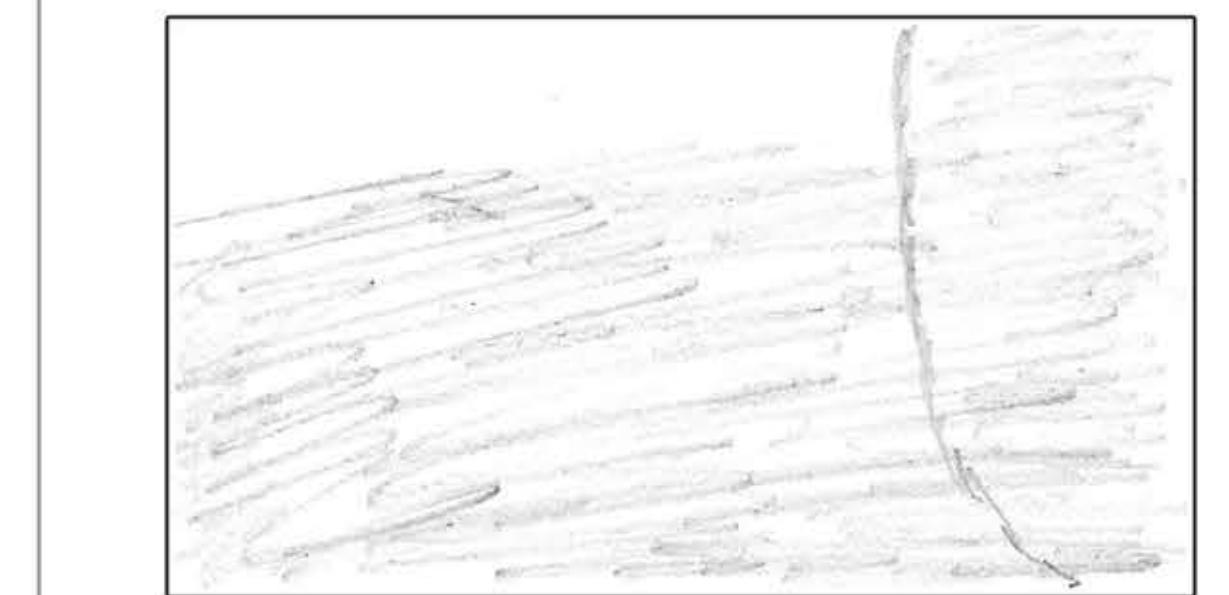
MFOTFOTE

ACT VIII: Flat|1

→
f
a
d
e



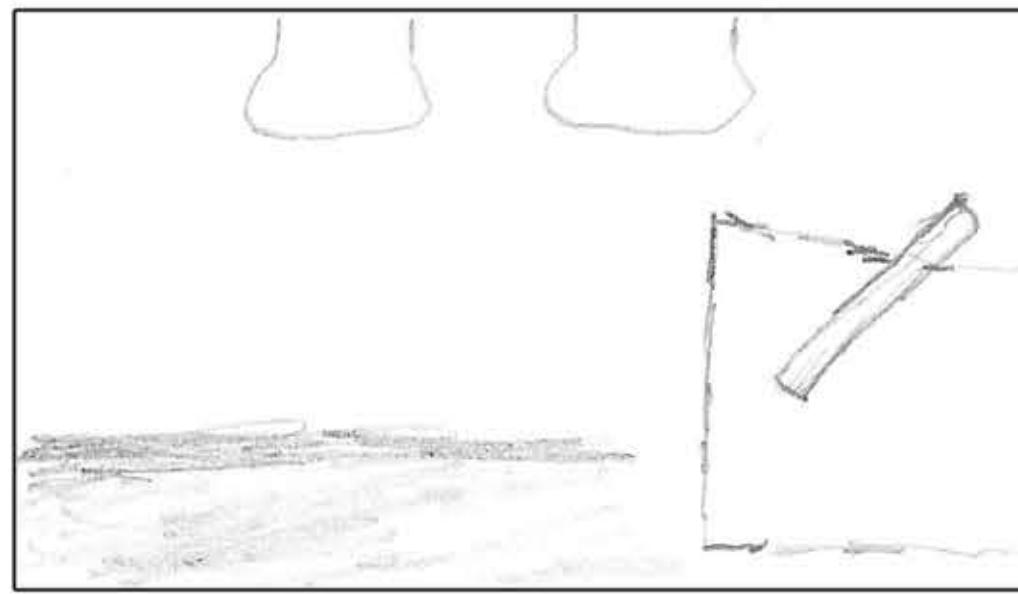
Black-painted portion of the canvas.



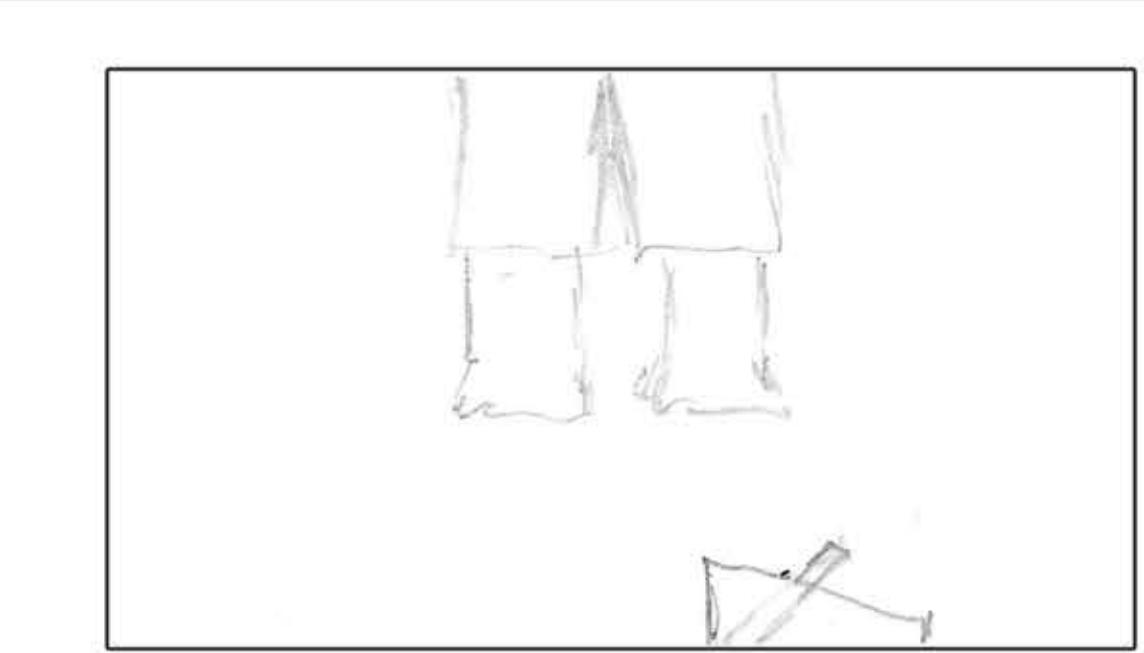
The focus pans outwards. The bucket enters from the right.

splat-audio

bucket_dropping-audio

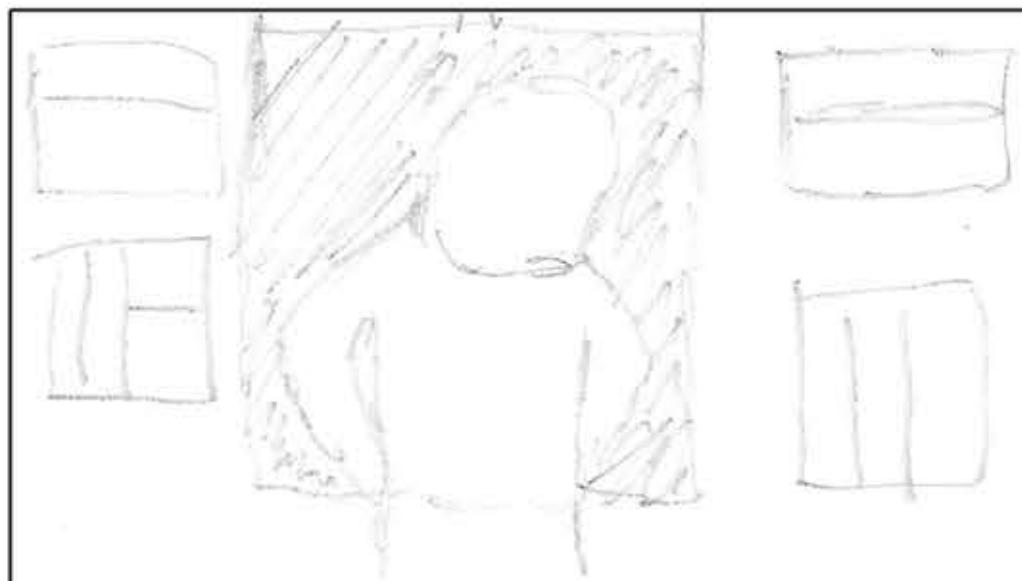


The focus pans upwards as well. The feet of VITO enters from the top.

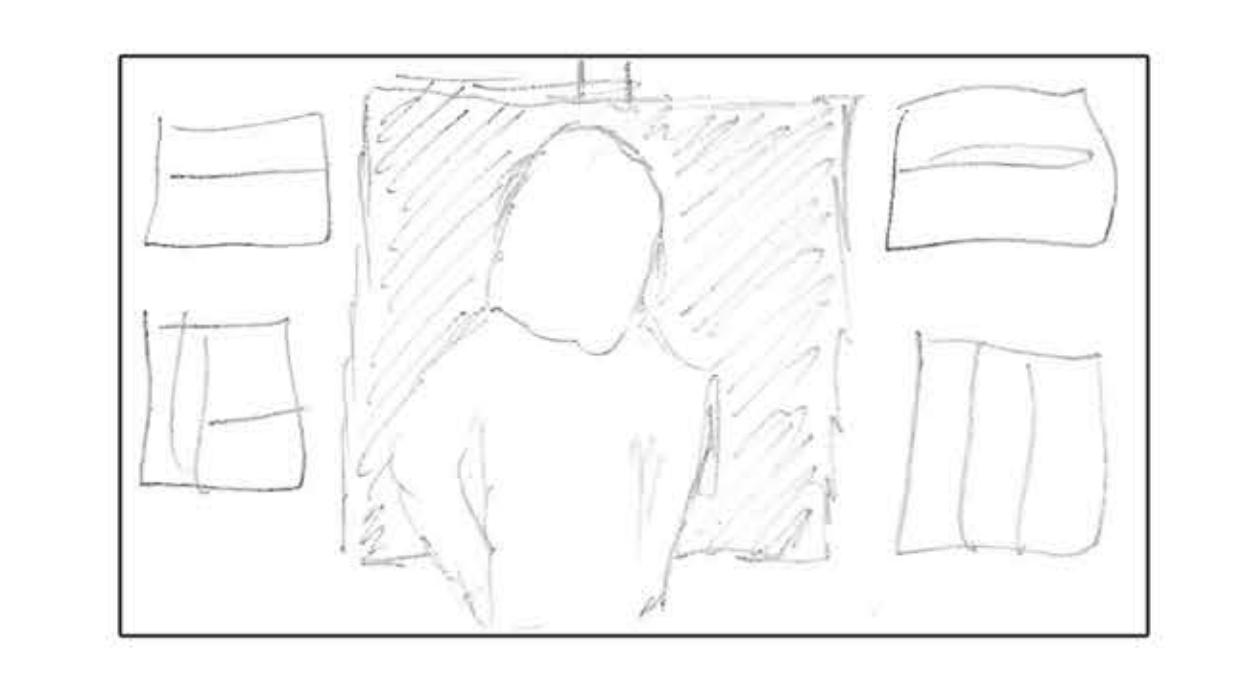


The easel enters from the top.

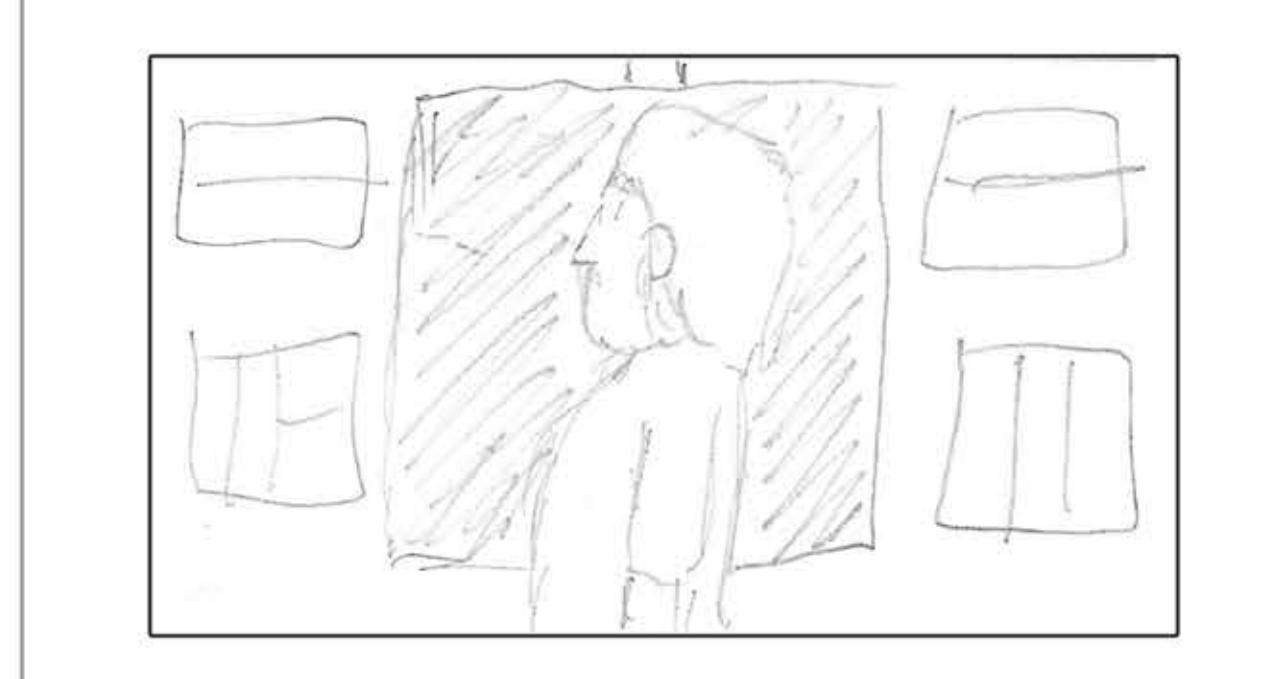
VITO: (Monkey-like chuckle)



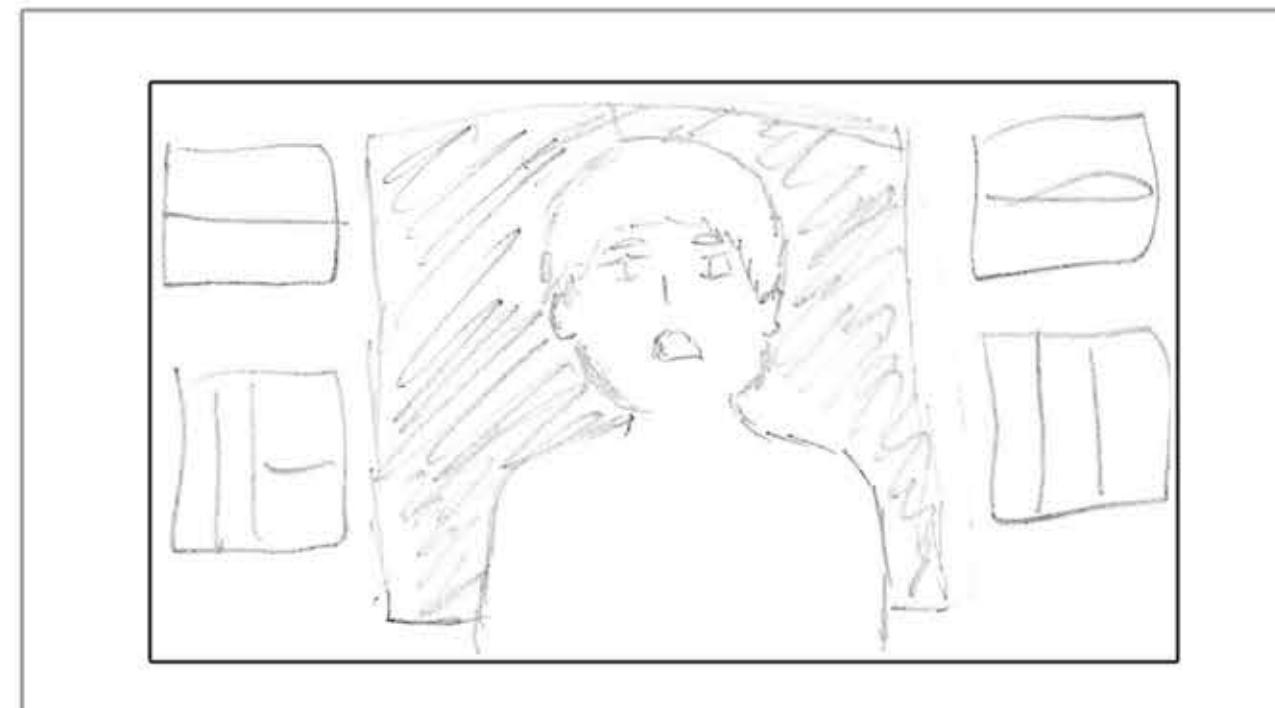
The focus ends panning. Paintings of lines hung on the wall.



VITO turns around counter-clockwise.



VITO stops turning. VITO faces the focus.



VITO surprisingly widens both eyes and opens the mouth.