

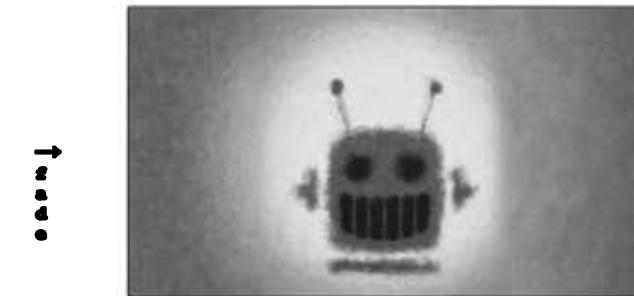
Van
B.S.

Watup

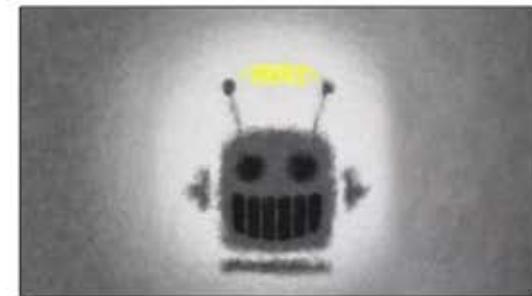
Factinations



.gif



ROBOT is dormant.

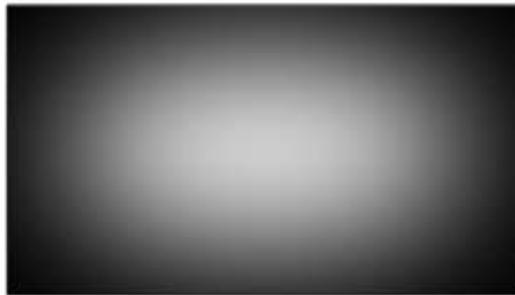


ROBOT illuminates the words and punctuations between their antennas.

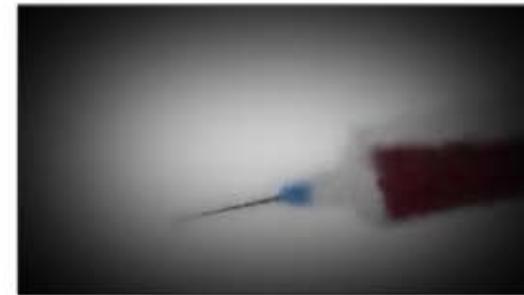
CHILD: Will this hurt?
Is this gonna hurt?

ROBOT: HURT? DOES NOT COMPUTE.

• *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms Main Title*



There is a dark, transparent overlay.



The syringe slowly shifts to the left then retreats right.



The syringe quickly dips left then abruptly stops.

ROBOT: Hold still...

ROBOT: ...while I insert this in...
...as I put this in...

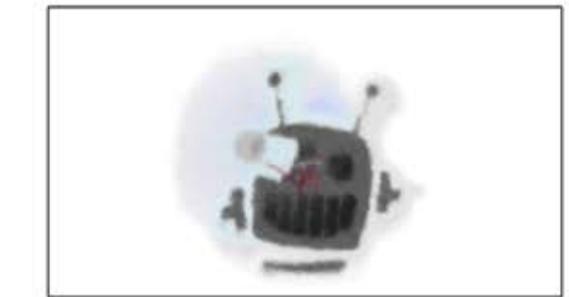
CHILD: (screams)
ROBOT: (static)

2 | Cold Open

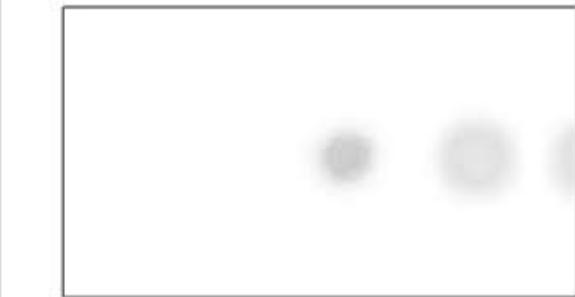
Cold Open | 2



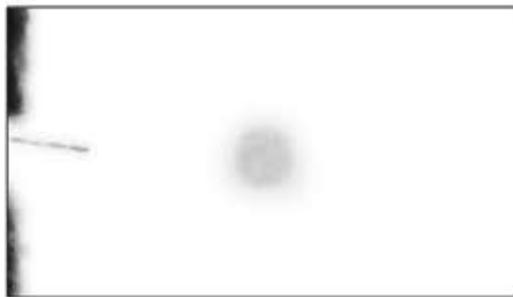
ROBOT emits electric discharge from the ball that has smashed their face.



The ball levitates out of the ROBOT.



The ball flies left through the blank portion of the canvas.



The silhouette is within frame from the left. The silhouette's right side faces the point-of-view.



The string on the silhouette's neck connects to the ball. The silhouette has the darkened ward painted onto their shadowy figure. The ball swings towards the torso.



The shifting point-of-view stops at the center of the ward.

3 | Cold Open

Cold Open | 3



The ward slowly brightens.



The ward reveals a syringe between the CHILD, ROBOT, and silhouetted VAM.



VAM stands hidden.

CHILD: Huh?

VAM: They... They...
It... It...

CHILD: ...cause autism?



VAM walks out of the shadows.



VAM is visible.

VAM: Albert A Gore...

There's so much wrong with that.

end music, record scratch



There are less frames per second. PHAM turns to the fourth wall.

PHAM: In reality... CHILD:...cartoon... PHAM: ...animation. Will you stop ruining the intensity..

PHAM: And slowing the frame rate?!



The point-of-view rapidly zooms inward then out. PHAM turns back to the CHILD.

The point-of-view rapidly zooms inward more then out. PHAM is suddenly painted in charcoal.

The point-of-view rapidly zooms inward then cuts to this canvas. The canvas has PHAM in a docile nature. PHAM extends a censored sign of peace.

PHAM: They.

PHAM: They.

They...

Title

Sequence



The canvas is painted to 4:3. The general colouration is mostly black-and-white. There is an arm. A needle looms above.



A syringe immediately stabs into the middle of the arm. The skin expands and blood erupts out.



The shadow of RASCAL stands in the familiar setting of *Nosferatu*.

• *The Day The Earth Stood Still Suite*



RASCAL looks down.



The arm falls off.



The radius bone and the ulna bone is revealed.



An intertitle reads: "Ow".

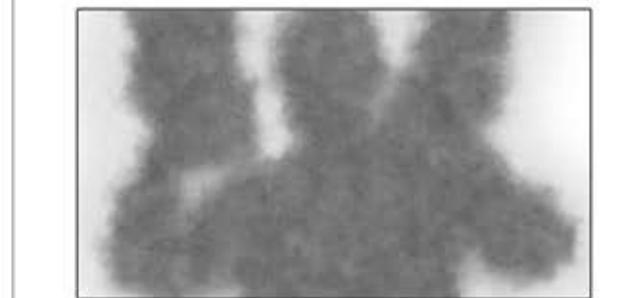


A photo of JONAS SALK expands and rotates.

JONAS SALK: (maniacally laughs)



The statue parallels the photo.



The point-of-view pans back and downward.



VAM faces towards the base of the statue.

VAM: Jonas...

VAM:

Salk.



VAM turns his head around.



VAM turns midway back and tilts his head up.



VAM is painted in a negative light. Biochemical formulas are present behind VAM.

VAM: Without his discovery, you and I would not be here. Instead, you will catch boredom.

VAM: I hope you will all die from it.

end music



VAM paces to the left through an empty canvas.



VAM approaches an MRI painting of chronic brain inflammation displayed on a canvas on an easel. The point-of-view focuses on the easel.

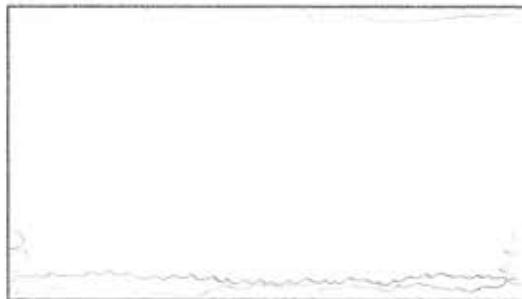


The MRI on the canvas changes to cells fighting off vaccines.

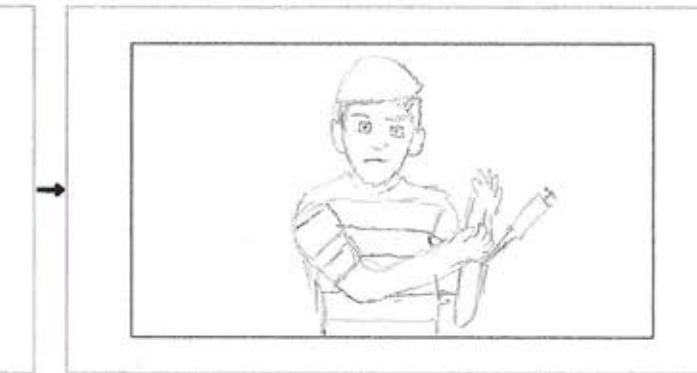
VAM: (clears throat) Um, with that in mind...

Subacute sclerosing panencephalitis. Brain damage.

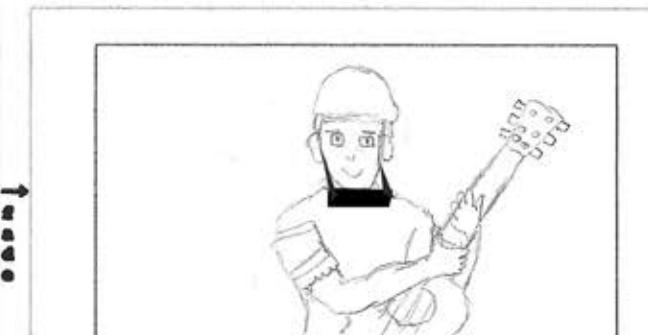
As you can see, this is what causes you to lose your minds.



The cellular conflict pauses.



The point-of-view zooms into a painting of RASCAL holding his vaccinated left arm.



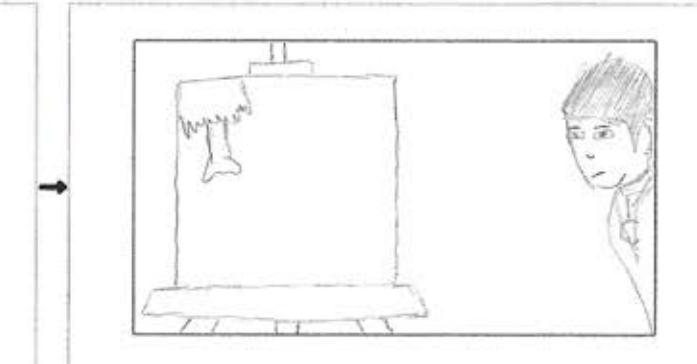
The painting is now of older RASCAL holding a guitar and harmonica on a neck holder.

VAM: I should revisit and restate that that boy earlier did not lose his arm due to this biological warfare.

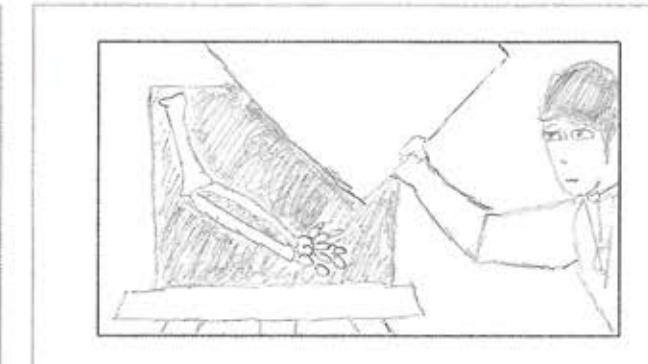
VAM: He would go on to live a healthy life...



Napalm lands on RASCAL. The entire canvas is fire. RASCAL's left arm melts off.



The canvas on an easel is on the left side of the canvas while VAM is to its right. The canvas displays RASCAL's melted left arm.

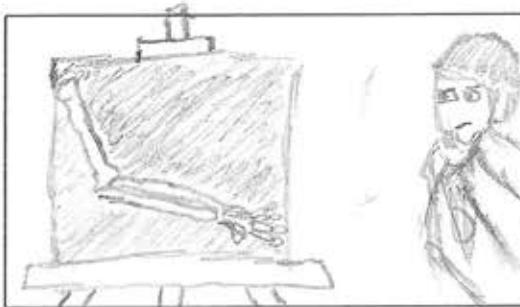


VAM tosses the canvas away. This reveals an X-ray image of skeletal system of RASCAL's left arm.

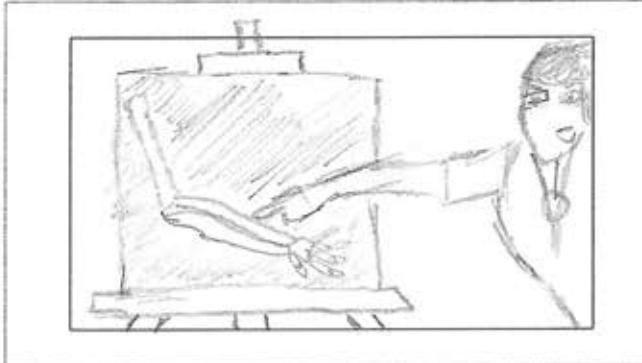
VAM: ...and then lose his arm to chemical warfare.
RASCAL: Ow!

VAM: Maxwell...

I must have...
looks like I...



VAM analyzes the X-ray image. VAM has his left hand on his chin.



VAM points to the radius bone and ursa bone with his right hand. VAM lowers his left arm.



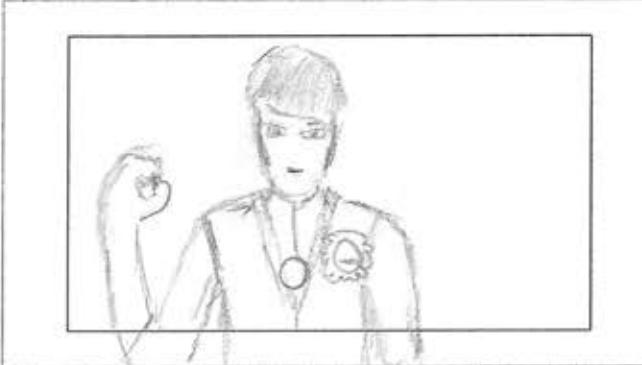
The point-of-view pans right and centers on VAM.

VAM: ...missed the humerus...

VAM: ...on that one.



VAM raises his right arm and pinches his index finger and thumb closer together.

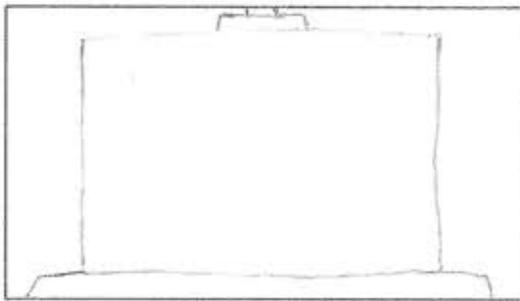


VAM raises his left arm midway. The index finger of his left arm points towards the fourth wall.

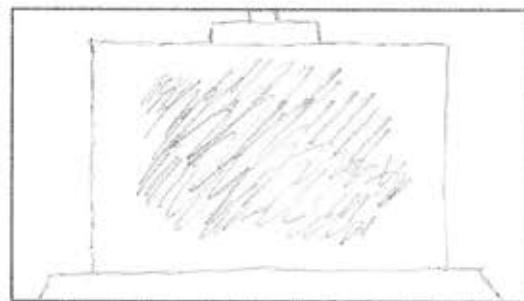


VAM: Just measles-ly details.

VAM: Perfect for you anti-vaxxers out there.



A **live action** easel is on display at a favourable location at the Comedy Project. Various unfocused activities happen behind the easel.



Digital black paint splatters onto the canvas. The point-of-view pans out to reveal the environment around the easel.



Digital black paint drips down to reveal a digitally-painted plague doctor.

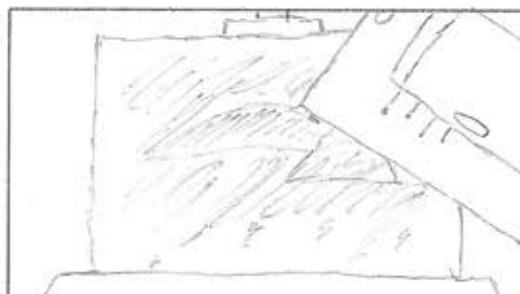
VAM: When we look into the past...

VAM: ...we see black...

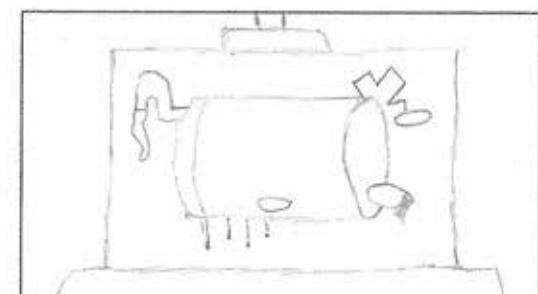
VAM: ...death.



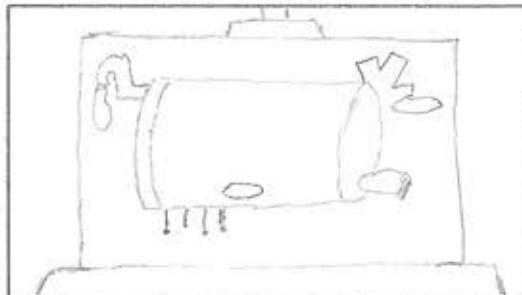
EIRANN is hidden out of the frame to the right.
STEVIE



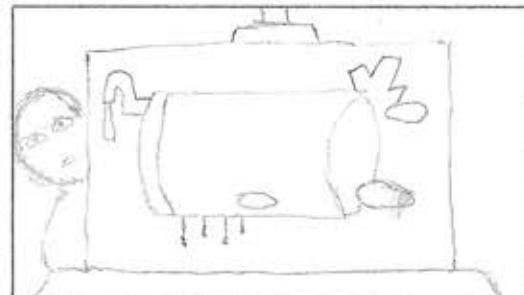
From the right, **STEVIE** places a canvas over the other canvas. The new canvas has a painting of an iron lung, referencing the episode "Funny Pants" from *Spongebob Squarepants*, with EIRANN's head photoshopped in place of Spongebob Squarepant's head.



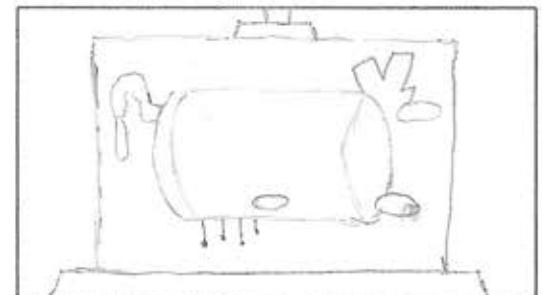
EIRANN: Wanna see another costume?
STEVIE Want to see another costume?



The bag on the iron lung expands and contracts. The contraction syncs with the laughter.



EIRANN pops out left from behind the easel.



EIRANN retreats back behind the easel.

VAM: Iron lung...

EIRANN: Ya'll are going to Hell.

VAM: Speaking of Hell...

audio of laughing Spongebob from "Funny Pants"



This time from left of the frame, EIRANN places another canvas over the one placed earlier. The new canvas has the painting of GEORGE WASHINGTON on his death bed.



JAMES CRAIK and Elisha Cullen Dick are brightened.

VAM: Less doctors are going there...



JAMES CRAIK and Elisha Cullen Dick are no longer brightened. GEORGE WASHINGTON is brightened.



MARTHA DANDRIDGE comes to life in the painting. The point-of-view frames on MARTHA DANDRIDGE.



GEORGE WASHINGTON comes to life in the painting. The point-of-view frames on MARTHA DANDRIDGE and GEORGE WASHINGTON.

VAM: Poor cherry tree arborist...

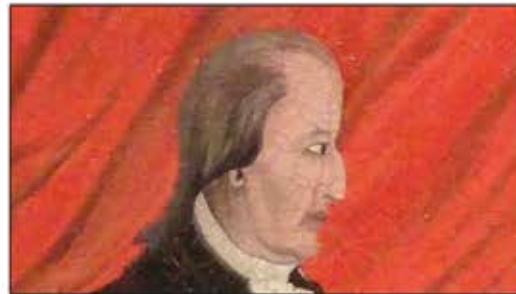
MARTHA DANDRIDGE: The first First Lady's husband.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Survived on the frontlines against a king, to end up assassinated by three physicians.

audio of woodchopping



JAMES CRAIK comes to life in the painting. The point-of-view frames on JAMES CRAIK. JAMES CRAIK directs his eyes to the left.



The point-of-view frames on Elisha Cullen Dick.



Elisha Cullen Dick gives a wink in the painting.

JAMES CRAIK: Cullen Dick!

audio of a ding



The point-of-view is reframed on the entire canvas on the easel.



A projection of the scene where Robert Neville strangles Sam in *I am Legend* boots up. The background around the easel emits blue lights.

VAM: Nowadays, media makes celebrities...

VAM: ...out of virologists.



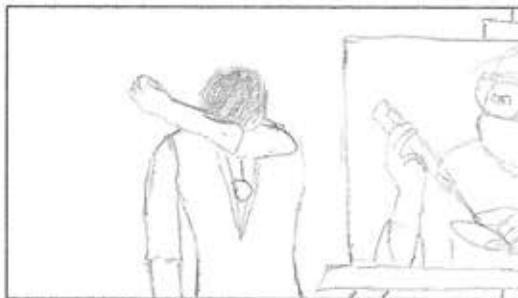
Robert Neville is in a blue hue colouration.



Sam tilts and dies in the scene of *I am Legend*.



VAM: (pathetically weeps)



A painting of a virologist with blue skin is on the right side of canvas. VAM is upfront in the center of the canvas. VAM tucks his face into his left elbow.



VAM wipes his face.



VAM puts his left arm down.

VAM: (pathetically weeps)

VAM: (sniffles)

VAM: Let's not dwell on the past.



VAM confidently stands tall.



VAM extends his right arm with its index finger pointing upwards. The point-of-view pans inward.



VAM turns his head to the fourth wall.

VAM: We must look to the future.

VAM: After all, that healthy life will surely come to an end.



There is a painting of RASCAL, now an old man, being injected by a enormous bacteriophage-like being. The point-of-view pans out and slowly rotates.

The painting displays the stages of evolution from apes to humans.

A final evolutionary form fades in as _____.

VAM: Indeed, that boy and his three limbs will go viral.

VAM: That's right.

VAM: We no longer have the will to evolve. But...



The painting shows the evolutionary stages of viruses, mainly bacteriophages with dynamic size differences. There is a noticeable shaking black dot.

The point-of-view quickly zooms into the dot.

It is VAM walking towards the fourth wall.

VAM: ...viruses will.

VAM: All thanks to the vaccines.

VAM: The cost of getting older.



→
The canvas is immediately framed above VAM's torso as he is now stationary.

Behind VAM, the background is suddenly an enormous yeast terrorizing an urban landscape similar to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

VAM: Is it worth the steps ahead that microbes are through all mediums?

VAM: Excuse me, macrobe.

VAM: After all...

audio of a monstrous roar



VAM turns his head back.

VAM runs off to the left out of frame. The yeast crushes the 'LOVE' sculpture.



→

VAM: Single cells.



→
Founders Brewing Company is in the foreground of the canvas.



The yeast crushes the building.



VAM: We are the disease after all.

VAM: Yeast! It is my responsibility to communicate...



→
The setting is now around the corridors and rooms of the Grand Rapids Public Museum. Noticeably, the left side of VAM is staring down at the model of Grand Rapids. The point-of-view zooms in.



The model of Grand Rapids is shown at an angle from behind VAM's right shoulder. The yeast is on top of various buildings.

VAM: ...and show you your future.

VAM: I know what you're thinking.



The carousel in the Grand Rapids Public Museum are on the right side of the canvas. The windows showing Grand Rapids are on the left. The carousel is actively turning counterclockwise and leaves out of the frame to the right.

The point-of-view pans upward, displaying a Ford vehicle.

VAM: You can't afford a time machine...

VAM: They're expensive...



A parking ticket on the windshield is visible.

VAM is on the left side and POLICE OFFICER is on the right side of the canvas. VAM is handing cash to POLICE OFFICER. VAM gives money from his right hand.

POLICE OFFICER tucks the money in her right pocket underneath the service ribbons.



POLICE OFFICER reaches inside her uniform with her right arm.



POLICE OFFICER pulls out a rolled-up yellow paper.



POLICE OFFICER hands VAM the paper upon his left arm.



POLICE OFFICER threads off into the canvas. VAM slightly crushes the paper.



VAM turns to the fourth wall and raises his left arm.



POLICE OFFICER turns her head around in the distance.

VAM: That is why...

VAM: ...we are going to hijack one!

POLICE OFFICER: (clears throat) Do you want to get shot?



POLICE OFFICER returns to VAM.

There is an excessively awkward pause.

VAM: Maxwell, that is the premise.

POLICE OFFICER: Remain silent.

VAM: Steal?



POLICE OFFICER reaches around behind her with her right hand.

POLICE OFFICER dangles handcuffs out towards VAM.

VAM shakes.

VAM: What a...



VAM postures himself to look as though he is begging.

POLICE OFFICER walks off in the distance while still dangling handcuffs in her elevated right hand.

Blank canvas.

VAM: We are going to civil asset forfeiture one!

POLICE OFFICER: Don't throw away a hundred percent of your shot.

VAM: We're going to bait a time traveller...



An arm extends from the bottom left corner of the canvas. The yellow yellow is in his grasp.

A detailed document is notable on the paper.

VAM: ...with an invitation to a comedy of this era!

VAM: Now, a place where no one can read it.



The text on the paper fades into muddy ink.



The paper pulls down to reveal a painting of Comedy Project's headquarters.



VAM: Eureka!



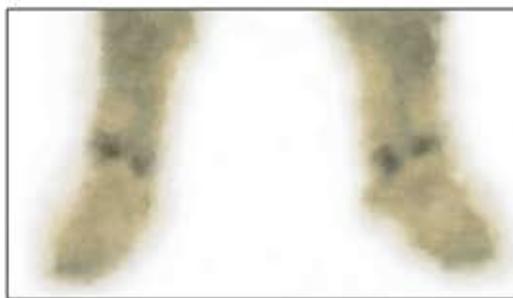
Blank canvas.



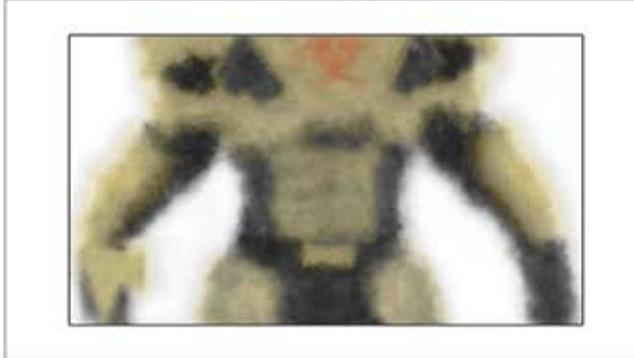
VAM: And now we kill time.

VAM: (whistles the melody of *Forearm Shiver*)

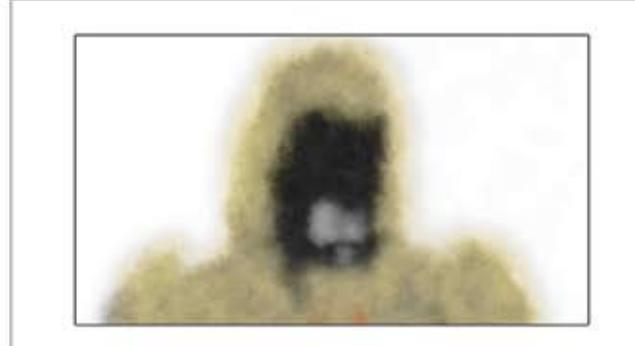
VAM: Time really flew!



The point-of-view focuses on TIMER's boots. The focus immediately elevates upwards.



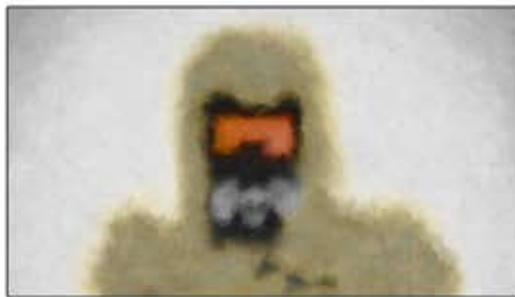
The point-of-view focuses on TIMER's belly. TIMER has twenty-four pack abs. There are caption below that states: "I heard"



The point-of-view rapidly pans up to TIMER's head. The caption states: "jokes are not banned here!"

TIMER: (gibberish)

TIMER: (gibberish)



TIMER faces towards the fourth wall. The point-of-view pans out.



The point-of-view focuses on the torso and paper in TIMER's right hand. The caption now either states: "Let's make them feel right at home." or "Let's make you feel right at home."

TIMER: (gibberish)

VAM: (pathetically gibberish)



→
TIMER's head lays barren on the ground. TIMER faces the ground. There is VAM's Moon on TIMER's head.



VAM's Moon retracts up and out near the top right corner of the canvas.



VAM's satellite boots enters from the right.

• *Forearm Shiver*



VAM walks over the lifeless corpse of TIMER into the background.



VAM threads left.

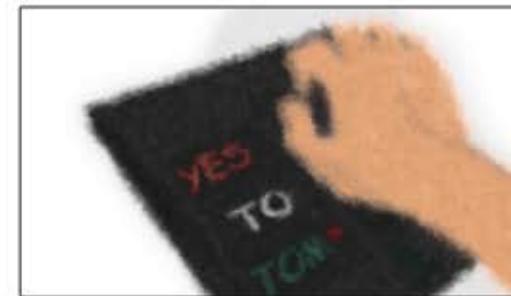


VAM is out of the canvas.

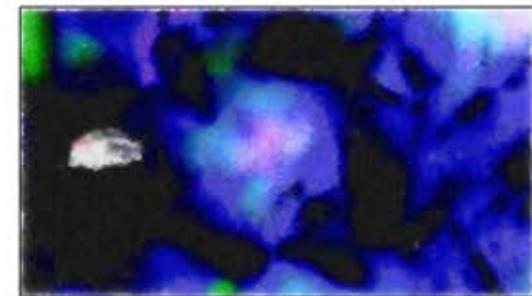
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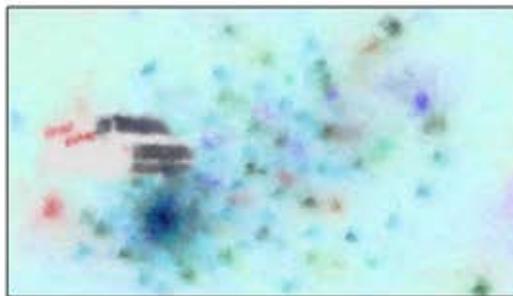
VAM pulls the YES-TO-TOM gear stick from "TO" to "TOM" in his right hand.



The point-of-view wildly shakes.



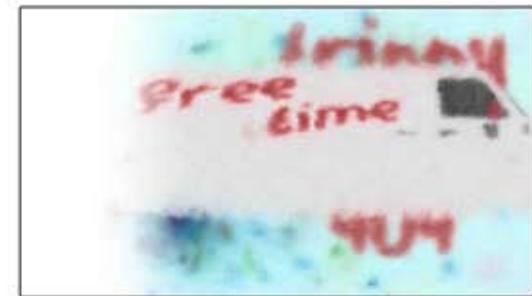
The time machine resembles a white van. The markings says: "free time" on the side. The time machine travels through the fabric of spacetime.



The time machine gets closer.



The fabric of spacetime is replaced by a "trippy visuals 404" message.



The time machine leaves a trail of blank canvas as it flies right out.