

**Mother F@#%\*&^ Space Time**

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**Cameron Petti**

Cameronpetti@gmail.com

6349 N. Magnolia

Chicago, Il 60626

630-200-9425

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**PAGE 1**

For this first set of Panels, see **FIG. 1**. The 1st is the smallest and farthest away, 2nd is a closer look, 3rd even closer, 4th the most zoomed in to the minute detail of the work.

**Panel 1:** Looking over MIKE'S shoulder down at his workbench, strewn with half finished electronics and robot bits and tools- the workbench of an inventor. You see just his arms from the elbow down working on an complex circuitboard with a solder iron and tweezers.

**Panel 2:** A zoomed in shot of the same work, this time close enough only to see the wrist, hands, and project. MIKE is solder this itty bitty little wire.

**Panel 3:** Now even closer. Just the fingertips, the tip of the soldering iron, end of the tweezers and the fragile wire.

**Panel 4:** Just the wire and the ends of the tools. The wire is snapped in two. With a little tiny click.

1. SFX (WIRE BREAKING):

Tkk

2. NARRATION (MIKE):

Fuck it.

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**PAGE 2**

**Panel 1:** We see MIKE for the first time, from the perspective of the project he's working on. He is wearing big magnification goggles that give him that goofy magnified eyes look (see the terrifying example **FIG. 2**), a lab coat, but a casual t-shirt, pants, sneakers underneath. He is an average, nerdy looking dude. I'm going to be straight up honest and say that I kinda picture myself in the role; someone who isn't a square jawed action hero but isn't so intensely a nerd that he can't function outside the lab. He sits back on his lab stool, looking straight ahead in disbelief.

1. NARRATION (MIKE):

Fuck it.

**Panel 2:** Same shot as Panel 1, but MIKE is reaching up to take off his goggles, still in the blank look of disbelief.

2. NARRATION (MIKE):

Fuck it. Fuck it. Fuck it.

**Panel 3:** The panel is the length of the first three and a profile shot of MIKE as he hucks his goggles over his workbench covered in projects, across the aisle, and into a pile of beakers and tubes and gear on the counter against the wall

3. MIKE (YELLING):

FUCK IT

4. SFX (GLASS BREAKING):

CRRRAAASSHH!

**Panel 5:** We see MIKE from the perspective of a one of those black-domed ceiling-mounted camera like they have at department stores and the like. MIKE is calming down from his freak out.

5. MIKE (HEAVY BREATHING):

Huh. Huh. Huh.

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**Panel 6:** Same shot but now MIKE is looking up, directly at the camera.

**Panel 7:** Same moment, but from underneath MIKE, looking up at what he's staring at, which we can now see is the camera-dome.

6. NARRATION (MIKE):

Nope. I'm done. I don't care.

7. NARRATION (MIKE):

Don't. Even. Care.

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**PAGE 3**

The dialoge on this page is all one long connected rant.

**Panel 1:** A shot of MIKE and his side of the room. He's turned to Panel right as he starts to walk off.

1. NARRATION (MIKE):

I don't care anymore. I'm through with this bullshit. I'm tired of all this stupid, meaningless bullshit. I refuse to keep working on such a stupid fucking shit show project.

**Panel 2:** Same shot but MIKE is walking towards the left side of the panel with a stack of notes in his hands that he is going through.

2. NARRATION (MIKE):

I give Karen a **itemized fucking list** of all the reasons this teleportor will never fucking work and she just tells me to get back to work

**Panel 3:** Same shot but MIKE is walking towards the right, shoveling a piece of pizza into his mouth with one hand and holding the plate with the other, papers under his arm.

3. NARRATION (MIKE):

As if **she's** the one with a fucking doctorate in time-space physics and **I'm** the one sitting on his ass all day sucking down diet coke like **that's** what's gonna make this goddamn **wormhole generator** magically fucking work!

**Panel 4:** Continues to be the same angle, MIKE walking towards the right, this time holding open a brief case that he is putting papers into.

4. NARRATION (MIKE):

It's not the work. It totally isn't. I **LOVE** this kinda thing. It's **WHY** I signed away my life to this shit hole .

**Panel 5:** Same shot. Once again, across the panel to the left. This time holding his briefcase in one hand, lab coat in the other, headed over to hang it up.

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5. NARRATION (MIKE):

It's just that it has been a two year, non-stop utter fucking train wreck of awful, stressful, terrible work.

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**PAGE 4**

**Panel 1:** Same shot. MIKE is stopped in the center, now looking down at the table at something we can't see yet.

1. MIKE:

Except for you.

**Panel 2:** Same Shot. MIKE is reaching out to grab the THING on the table.

2. NARRATION (MIKE):

You are the **only** thing about this entire fucking process that was worth a damn.

**Panel 3:** Wide angle shot of MIKE'S hand reaching out for the TIME TRAVEL DEVICE (WELLINGTON). It is big honkin' watch with a thick bevel around it like a sports watch (See **FIG. 3**) the face itself is a smooth touch screen that will display any information needed, kinda like those new phone-watches (See **FIG. 4**). If this was in color, it would glow bright green, then flash emergency red when activated. It's housed in a big, cube-ular computer that runs diagnostics on it, real fancy like. The bottom is obfuscated.

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**PAGE 5**

**Panel 1:** MIKE, still reaching out for WELLINGTON, glances up at the camera in the ceiling.

**Panel 2:** A Shot where we can see both MIKE and the camera as he contemplates grabbing the watch.

**Panel 3:** Back to just MIKE with his hand out, closer so we can clearly see the pissed off expression on his face.

1. MIKE:

Fuck it.

**Panel 4:** A shot of MIKE'S left forearm, already adorned with a watch as MIKE slaps WELLINGTON on above it. WELLINGTON glows as she activates from being put on.

2. SFX (WATCH BEING PUT ON):

Slap!

3. SFX (WATCH TURNING ON):

Ting!

4. WELLINGTON:

Good afternoon Mike. How are you doing today?

5. MIKE (OP):

...Fine Wellington. Doing ok...

**Panel 5:** MIKE is picking up his briefcase as he starts to walk out of lab

6. WELLINGTON:

Sir, would you like me to start logging your relative time placement?

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**PAGE 6**

**Panel 1:** A big splash page that has the title and creator credits. It's a shot from the level of MIKE's workbench, with the TDD's cube and the other remnants of his work sparking in the foreground and MIKE walking out of the door, briefcase in hand. In this shot, you can clearly and prominently see that the bottom of the storage cube has a big label that says TIME TRAVEL DEVICE V. 1.023

1. MIKE:

Sure, why the hell not? It's a free country, isn't it?

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**PAGE 7**

**Panel 1:** A wall in an incredibly average cubicle farm, the panel is centered on a water cooler with a motivational picture hung next to it. Unlocking noises can be heard.

1. SFX (DOOR UNLOCKING):  
CHUNK! CHUNK CHUNK!

2. NARRATION (MIKE):

...and it's not like they even WANT me around. Everybody else is too stuck up to like me. I **know** Darryl would test that awful smelling super-virus on me the second he had the chance...

**Panel 2:** The section of wall behind the water cooler (including the cooler itself, but NOT the poster [the poster is the access panel]) is cracked open; it is in fact a door with three big bank vault pins in the center of it (**FIG 5**). MIKE is most of the way out of the door.

3. NARRATION (MIKE):

... I had to listen to Steve talk about one more of his “gigantic steps forward in the field of human cloning”, I probably would have shot myself . So, I saved a life today. Hey , that's something...

**Panel 3:** Only the top third of MIKE is seen as he speed walks through the vacant cubicles.

3. NARRATION (MIKE):

... do is just say “I quit”.. Boom. That's all. Can do it in a phone call. Or, better yet, leave a big ole' pile of shit on Karen's desk that spells out “I QUIT”.

**Panel 4:** MIKE is on the left side of the reception desk in a smartly decorated, really cliché, office waiting room. ETHEL sits behind the desk, not looking at MIKE.

4. NARRATION (MIKE):

...HAHA! SHIT ON **EVERYONE'S** DESK! HAHAHA! **THAT'S** WHAT I'LL DO!  
SUCK IT SHARON! SUCK IT DARRYL! AND SUCK IT ESPECIALLY HARD  
KAREN! BECAUSE I QUIT! HAHA! I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT! I'M GOING TO BURN  
THIS WHOOLE MOTHER DOWN AND DO A SHIT ON IT! THAT'S RHII--

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**Panel 5:** MIKE is on the other side of the room now, almost to the door. He's been stopped mid speed walk by ETHEL'S words, and he consequently has a look of surprise on his face. She, meanwhile, is unfazed and unmoving.

5. ETHEL:

And where do you think you're going Mr. Andrews?

**Panel 6:** MIKE is frozen in space, looking straight ahead with a dumbfounded expression on his face, trying to scramble internally for a response.

6. MIKE (WEAKLY):

Well-- I... Funny that you ask such a question... Ethel.

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**PAGE 8**

**Panel 1:** MIKE has turned to ETHEL, with what he thinks is a composed expression, but is not particularly close. ETHEL continues to be the unmoving slug that she is.

1. MIKE:

I just so happen to be going to.... The bathroom.

2. MIKE:

Yes. The bathroom.

3. MIKE:

Thank you for asking.

**Panel 2:** Same shot except. MIKE frozen there, his only defense.

4. ETHEL

And why, Mr. Andrews, will you not be using the one provided for you in the laboratory?

5. MIKE:

....

**Panel 3:** Same shot, MIKE slowly backing to the door

6. MIKE:

Somebody broke it. I've been meaning to tell you. Yeah, just a mess. Real war zone. Just everywhere. I think I saw Fred use them last, just saying.

7. ETHEL:

Mmm-hm

8. MIKE:

But with that, to the crap-nasium!

9. MIKE:

As my Nana used to called it

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**Panel 4:** MIKE is most of the way out of the door, waving to ETHEL

10. MIKE:

I bid you ado, sweet princess of the reception desk.