

E200: WHO SHOT DR. YINZ?

[intense song mixing techno with classical, like the Matrix, Smack My Bitch Up or whatever]

YINZ: Yes... Yes... This is it... My masterpiece... The only painting with the power to heal the world... GAIA!!! YOU WILL FORGIVE US!!! THE LAST SINS OF HUMANITY HAVE BEEN VANQUISHED TODAY! Namaste, and God help us all. Man, I hope nothing BAD HAPPENS TO ME NOW!

NARRATION [CHARLES]: The following is an archived podcast presented by the Branson and Hudson Foundation for Podcast Recovery. This podcast is entitled, Who Shot Dr. Yinz? It is the first of TWO episodes of the podcast, if anyone says anything about how that's not the premise of E1, [BRANSON] guess what, Einstein, we have done 200 episodes so far. Stupid ass. Shut up and stop sucking on your cum towel for a minute and actually LISTEN, you fucking ungrateful, disloyal fans that drag us down so much, welcome to the 200th Episode of E1.

[That sounds that plays when a newspaper spins, like Duh nuh nuh nuh nuh nuh]

NEWSPAPER BOY: Extra! Extra! Famous Scientist Dr. Yinz Llubjana, world famous scientist featured PROMINENTLY in MANY episodes, is ready to reveal his masterpiece! The painting that will heal the world! Print exclusive you can't find on the internet yet! He calls his painting an IRL NFT! Pretty interesting opinion!

[As the dirty Newspaper Boy who lives in a 5th story walkup with his 10 Italian immigrant siblings peddles his hot newspaper scoop, we see a man standing next to him who appears to be completely golden just like my neighbor Oscar, an eccentric man who paints himself completely gold, as an homage to a famous awards show, The Golden Globes.]

OPULENCE: Who dares to disturb Opulence, the man covered completely in gold!!

NEWSPAPER BOY: Whoa, you're a strange looking fella! Are you an actor in a m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-film.

OPULENCE: Movies exist only to enfeeble the already PATHETIC brains of the stupid and ugly masses. I am OPULENCE. The man whose skin alone is worth a million dollars, and whose brain is worth as much as a dinner with Jay Z. Now tell me, why must you disturb me with your incessant yammering!!

NEWSPAPER BOY: Well sir... It's just... I get paid for how many newspapers I sell, and for some reason we still sell them for only a nickel, so I need to sell a lot. You wouldn't walk into a McDonalds and tell the cashier, why are you bothering me. I'm providing a service. You know why I'm here. Now that I think of it, YOU'RE the one who is disturbing me, actually.

OPULENCE: SILENCE!! Let me take a look at that headline, I know you yelled it, but I was thinking about how I was going to yell at you for disturbing me, so I do not remember.

[Opulence grabs a newspaper from the boy.]

NEWSPAPER BOY: Which headline? Meghan Trainor Kisses Mary Steinburger during her performance at the Teen Choice Awards.

OPULENCE: No. This one. "YINZ PENS GEM: PRETTY PRETTY PAINTING PLEASES PEOPLE'S PEEPERS, PROMISES PEACE FOR PLANET." What paper is this anyway? "The Silly Old Time News?"

NEWSPAPER BOY: The Silly Old Time News is older than the New York Times. In fact, it used to be called the Silly News, that's how old it is.

OPULENCE: Be that as it may, this news of a Painting that Could Heal the World... It disturbs Opulence. Humankind will never be able to ascend to Godhood in a world with no chaos or evil. This painting... must be destroyed. Simply put, this much beauty serves only to distract man from his goals: self-discipline, mental strength training, and the complete obliteration of all sexual organs.

NEWSPAPER BOY: Hey mister! You gonna pay for that paper?

OPULENCE: No. The scene's going to end anyway.

[Just a few blocks away from the lice-infested newspaper boy, there's a sign that reads "John T.V. Pluggins's TV Outlet," and if you knew the guy, you'd know his middle name simply stands for Thomas Victor, and actually is a reference to his grandpa who lived before TVs. But anyway, the point is, he has a lot of TVs in the front window so that people walking by can see the news.]

[A slack-jawed hypebeast stands in front of a wall of TVs, mumbling something about honor as the news shows an image of Dr. Yinz Llubjana gesticulating wildly in front of a draped canvas while being interviewed by Barbara Walters. He clenches his fist.]

YINZ (on TV): It's actually crazy, Barbara. I saw a John Lennon documentary and basically it was really good. I didn't finish it so don't tell me how it ends or where John Lennon lives now but basically he just imagined stuff all the time. Silly things, serious things, sometimes shitty things. His fans would do anything for him. One of his ideas was to heal the world, and I thought that was a pretty easy idea and I'm surprised no one has done it yet. So I'm gonna do it tomorrow.

BARBARA WALTERS: Well Dr. Yinz, thank you for sitting down with me. For anyone who's interested in this eccentric man's masterwork, it will be displayed tomorrow, at High Noon, at the Dr. Yinz Museum of Instant Classics & Physical NFTs in front of an audience of 100,000.

[The hypebeast man glares at the TV while holding a folded up piece of paper firmly in his grip.]

TV SALESMAN: Hey, sir! Enjoying watching our TVs? Have you been clarified about the confusing name of the store yet? Hey, wait a second! You're FaZe Polanski! I bet the listener hadn't picked up on that yet!

FAZE: That's right.

TV SALESMAN: Oh, well, happy to have you. Can I help you?

FAZE: Actually, I was just hoping to have a moment alone, watching this TV here, I was gonna give a speech to myself under my breath, kind of like how they do movies in the 80s before they had special effects so even like, superman movies, were about like Lois Lane getting Cancer because if they made Superman fight anyone, he looked like a total boner? Anyways, in the movies the guy or lady or whatever always learns stuff going on from a bunch of TVs in a TV store, and then they say something or give themselves a little hype up about what they are going to do now that they have this information?

TV: Can you name one movie this happens in?

FAZE: No, but I explained it pretty good.

TV: Let me know if you need anything! Have a fun speech!

[The salesman walks away and FaZe Polanski tries out a couple cool facial expressions until he finds a good one for speaking a speech with.]

FAZE: We used to be brothers. Not like brothers like someone who was just born the same from your parent, but brothers like Band of Brothers with like Captain Dick Winters and the office space guy. I would have gone to war with you. I would have taken a blow from a machine gun to my heart and I still would have had the decency to tell you that I was going to betray you if I was you and did what you did, TO ME! But you know I'm the last people to ever betray anyone, like when I got my tattoo of you, Yinz, and you said you'd get one of me, and then I did it and you didn't do it, and its like damn, when I asked you you said your skin got bit by a lizard so you couldn't do it even though I've never even seen you with a lizard. Like you're a homie that I changed your whole fucking life. Like I got you the FaZe Clan contract. I got Skittles to make you that purple M&M because you're fucking ROYALTY to me, or were, before you Abraham Lincoln'd and shot me like I was John Milk Booth. Now it's my turn to be the jokester. To laugh at crime. I'm coming for you, Yinz, and when I find you, bro, you're going to fucking die.

[Walking past FaZe Polanski with little concern, we see a fluffy little kitty cat with classic tabby cat boots and mittens, wearing a Bluetooth headset, irritably chatting with his agent. This is French Fry the Cat, and he has just learned something that is not to his liking.]

FRENCH FRY: Meow meow meow. What do you mean the Netflix deal fell through? They didn't like the title? Fine. We can change it to "He's Meowing What We're All Thinking." Or how about "Can He Meow That? The Puuuurrrrrposterous Mind of French Fry the Cat!" Or heck, they don't want just me up there, spinning yarns and telling caustic truths? Fine. What if we get The Original Cats of Comedy onstage with me. Funnybone the Cat gets out of rehab in a few weeks. Top Hat the Cat is open to it. He gave me a very soft no. You gotta work with me here, man.

AGENT: I'm sorry French Fry the Cat, but Netflix says the money's dried up for comedy specials. They just inked a big deal and can't spare cash for anything else. They just landed Dr. Yinz! He's the hottest artist in town! He's going to do a stand up special called "Suck My Cum Towel—I'm Talking Here!"

FRENCH FRY: Man, that's so edgy. I can see why they chose it. But if I don't get a special, my cool nephew will never respect me. Look, I'm a little kitty cat. I know a thing or two about strings. But this time, YOU gotta pull some strings for ME! And then after we play with the string, you need to call in some favors ASAP.

AGENT: French Fry, this nephew... Why do you keep bringing up how cool he is?

FRENCH FRY: Basically he's a year old so he's not a kitten but not yet a cat, and he's got some really cool ideas and he skateboards.

AGENT: Kind of sounds just like an averagely cool young adult cat to me.

FRENCH FRY: I can't describe it man you just gotta meet him, he's really cool. The charisma on this kid, I swear. He really commands a room. He's like a feline Mr. Mestopheles mixed with Mick Jagger, but also he's way younger and cooler.

AGENT: You mean like the Rum Tum Tugger?

FRENCH FRY: Fuck you! This conversation's over! And in the meantime, I'm gonna have a few words with our friend Dr. Yinz...

AGENT: Don't do anything reckless, French Fry. And don't say so much about having a nephew. A lot of people in the industry said that Garfield was too old to work when he became an uncle.

FRENCH FRY: No!

[Conveniently just another block away, an aged rockabilly rocker has just wrapped up another perfect set of his '50s Golden Oldies, and the crowd is going absolutely nuts, even though they are still all sitting down. Adorned in the finest red velvet blazer, he weakly thrusts his pelvis at the audience, bows, and sets his guitar down before heading off stage. The girls have rushed towards security to try to get backstage as he saunters to pick the floozy he is going to treat like a cum towel later. Girls from the audience are yelling at him as he walks by.]

GIRL 1: I love you Gary Tasteman! Eat me!

GIRL 2: Eat my Gary! Salt and pepper me! Eat me! Cook me in a big pot that you slice celery and carrots into! Cmon, eat me!

GIRL 3: No, Gary, eat me instead! I'm a little turkey! I slept up to my neck in a big carne asada marinade last night! Eat me! I love you Gary.

[Gary looks disinterested at the women trying to get past security and puts his hands in his pockets.]

GARY: I ate a blonde four times last week. Had a brunette. Some redheads. Eaten girls of every color, creed and religion. Maybe I'm getting soft in my old age, but I just don't feel like eating people anymore. I've ate them all. I hope I have a sudden realization about what I really want pretty soon.

[Suddenly, a roadie wheels in a TV.]

ROADIE: Just thought while you were deciding on which woman to eat for dinner tonight, that you might want to watch the news.

[YINZ is still sitting down for an interview with Barbara Walters.]

BARBARA: You are famous for your skin care routine. Would you care to go over it?

YINZ [on TV]: Ha ha yes Barbara. I always salt and pepper myself before bed. I've found that the best way to fight blackheads is to smother myself in Barbeque sauce once a day. At night, I like to just brine in a mixture of sugar and saltwater. Sometimes, I accidentally fall asleep there and I end up brining all night. And when it comes to bathing, throwing a couple of bay leaves into the tub is a great treat for all.

GARY [licking his lips]: Hold up... There's something about this feller I can't quite place. But it's like I'm "Hungry For the First Time," like the name of my first album. [to the roadie] Could you do me a favor and get me a bib with that guy's face on it?

ROADIE: Yes sir.

[Just next door, outside the venue, we see a balding man with a ponytail being manhandled by two security guards outside of a CVS and thrown onto the street.]

WALT: If you smell something, that doesn't mean you USED IT! If that was true, I'd be arrested for smelling people's food when I go into restaurants to use their bathroom! I can smell all the deodorants I want to find the one that is the best for me! Don't stand there and look at me all

tough! I've been kicked out of much better places than this! And you'll see me again, by the way. Every shift isn't going to be able to memorize my face. I'll be back, and I'll start right back up again, opening and smelling every single deodorant, setting off all of the weird anti-stealing alarms, ripping all the plastic off of everything, and there is nothing you, God or Satan can do about it. Bet you're feeling pretty dumb now. Didn't know I could give good speeches, eh? So why don't I just squeeze in right back between you here and continue doing exactly what I was doing just let me squeeze by you here and YOU'RE CHOKING ME ok, ok, I can still breathe, I can still talk, you aren't that good at this, OH THERE YOU GO, YOU GOT IT, GOOD CHOKE. Whoa, why'd you let go? Could have held that choke another 30 seconds and I would have been out! Ha! Better luck next time, guy! Stupid CVS, can't even hire guards that know how to choke people! Haha! You're missing out, buddy, I'm going to go to Lane Bryant instead and pretend I work there so I can touch all the clothes!

[Looming over the CVS, Walt sees a billboard that says "TOMORROW AT HIGH NOON: Dr. Yinz Heals The World With His Masterpiece Painting!"]

WALT: Good enough for me! I'll be there!

[Down the street from the CVS, in a spare apartment with only a single lightbulb swinging over a featureless brown table with one chair, we see a man underneath the single, flickering light, clutching a picture of Dr. Yinz occasionally, in between cleaning his handguns. He crumples up the picture of Dr. Yinz dramatically.]

SHED: Bastard...

[The man stands up, shirtless, and tucks the pistol into the ass crack of his black jeans. He slaps on black combat boots without socks and stuffs in a couple throwing knives. He straps on some riot armor knee pads. They have skulls on them. One has "YOU CAN YOU UP" written on it in sharpie marker. The other one has "WINGLESS ANGEL" written on it in blood. He slaps on his kevlar vest that has the flag of Alberta on it. He slaps on black leather pauldrons to his shoulders and fashions what appears to be a dog's skull to it. He pulls on some fingerless tight black leather gloves. They look really cool but they take him like seven minutes to pull on. He then takes a big pull of some cool type of whiskey.]

SHED: Been a long time coming, Yinz. You ruined my career. The only prey I've never been able to catch. But come tomorrow, you're going to be six feet under. Then, when you come out of your protective bunker, I'm going to kill you and bury you... (pause) six feet under that is. Only one thing left to do now...

[SHED pulls out an M4 assault rifle, turns the safety off, and puts a bullet with YINZ written on it into the cartridge. He also then puts in a bullet with "NEIGHBORS DOG" written on it.]

[The next day, just a couple hours before High Noon, the crowd of 100,000 begins to gather at the Dr. Yinz Museum of Instant Classics & Physical NFTs for the unveiling of the painting that

will heal the world. FaZe Polanski is wandering the spacious halls, darting back and forth from security guard to security guard, yelling at them and saying stuff like this...]

FAZE: Okay, so listen, like, you ever had a friend that you like, were chill with, and let's say you called dibs on a girl at a party or something, and he like, was receptive to your dibs, listened to it, told you he would honor the dibs on that woman that you own, and then he was like "no way man. This is my little honey dip slice and I'm going to bust her out and leave her empty like guys do." So that would be Dr. Yinz, who like, totally took my dibs but my dibs was a contract and he left me like, with no one to bust in and leave empty and destroy even though like, I cherish girls, I honor girls and women are ok too. So you got to help me out, bro, you got to take me to Dr. Yinz so that I can show him something that will kill him.

GUARD: Who hurt you? Who made you this way?

[FAZE walks to the next security guard who is about four feet away.]

FAZE: Okay, so listen, like, you ever had a friend that you like, were chill with, and let's say you called dibs on a girl at a party or something, and he like, was receptive to your dibs, listened to it, told you he would honor the dibs on that woman that you own, and then he was like "no way man. This is my little honey dip slice and I'm going to bust her out and leave her empty like guys do." So that would be Dr. Yinz, who like, totally took my dibs but my dibs was a contract and he left me like, with no one to bust in and leave empty and destroy even though like, I cherish girls, I honor girls and women are ok too. So you got to help me out, bro, you got to take me to Dr. Yinz so that I can show him something that will kill him.

GUARD: Look pal. Nobody's allowed in the main atrium until High Noon. You can see him at Noon along with the other 99,999 people here to witness his masterpiece.

FAZE: Look bro, I respect security guards, because like, you drink too much to become cops or whatever, and I respect that because I like to have fun too. There's an island that Tim the Tatman owns where he has a tree that grows whole cans of White Claw on it. But maybe if you can see it in your chest to like, let me through so that I can see Dr. Yinz, because like, he betrayed me and that means he's going to die today. So if I could just slip through here---

[FAZE tries to slide in between the security guards who gently push him back.]

FAZE: And like, that is why you guys are the best, you totally stopped me. And that's why like, I have to humble myself today and stay humble and respect you guys for the boys in blue that you want to be someday. I just love you guys, see? Me, I'm like, a lover not a fighter, but--

[As FaZe Polanski haggles with the guard, we see a man walk down the corridor wearing a big chef's hat of the classic variety. It is none other than famous crooner and rockabilly rocker Gary Tasteman.]

GUARD: Whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going? You think you're some kinda chef or something?

TASTEMAN: (Smiling, winking) I guess you could say that.

GUARD: Welcome, chef. Dr. Yinz requested absolutely no sarcasm today. So cut the winking!

[TASTEMAN holds his winking eye open with his finger.]

TASTEMAN: Okay, ask me the question again.

GUARD: You think you're some kinda chef or something?

TASTEMAN: (trying to hold his eye open but he still winks a little) I guess you could say that.

GUARD: Good enough for me! Head back and to the left.

[Gary Tasteman enters the kitchen, where they already have a giant cauldron boiling in the center of the room.]

TASTEMAN: Whoa, mama... Hoh baby... Looks like they knew I was coming.

[Gary Tasteman takes out a big bib with Dr. Yinz.]

COOK: Are you the chef? We're not really sure why the museum has a kitchen, so we have just been hanging out in this hot tub sized cauldron. It's the only pot they have in the whole museum, we had to take it from the Art Soup exhibit. Basically it's an exhibit where there's a bunch of paintings and sculptures, and you get to throw them into a large bubbling pot. It's really fun. But we needed to take the pot in order to cook with it.

TASTEMAN: Hoh mama... You even have the classic wood fire under it. You ever see Forrest Gump? Life is like a box of chocolates, you never know when you're gonna get to eat a guy. Let's get to cutting up some celery and carrots in here.

COOK: Wait a cool second. It's been awhile since I've seen Forrest Gump. Surely, he didn't eat a guy.

[Gary Tasteman winks at the cook.]

COOK: What does mean? What does that wink mean? What is this guy talking about?

TASTEMAN [singing]: Darling, oh darling, I'm gonna eat a guy
Don't tell me stop, don't ask me why
Just leave me here with all my sins

Because tonight I'm eating Dr. Yinz

COOK: Hey man are you a real chef?

TASTEMAN: Oh yeah. [Gary pulls out a french Chefs hat from seemingly thin air and puts it upon his head]

COOK: Well. Good enough for me!

[As Gary Tasteman continues singing his little ditty, a commotion can be heard from the vents overhead. Shed Shitley is sneaking Solid Snake-style through the vents, but his tactical armor weighs MANY hundreds of pounds, and it is weighing him down. Basically, the vent looks like when a snake swallows a mouse, and you see the mouse moving through its body in a big lump. So the vent is dangling like 5 feet lower than it's supposed to, and you can hear him grumbling to himself the whole time, like, "Fucking, smoke grenade pin is stuck. Fucking boiled peanuts. I'm going to have diarrhea again."]

[Suddenly, the vent snaps and Shed plummets directly into the big cauldron. A smoke grenade immediately goes off and blows smoke everywhere. Out of pure reflex and instinct, as Shed Shitley stands up in the large cauldron, he and Gary Tasteman immediately start exchanging right hooks to the jaw over and over again. Just artlessly swinging and connecting with no defense in mind.]

SHED: Fuck you!

GARY: Fuck you!

SHED: Fuck you!

GARY: Fuck you!

SHED: Fall back!

[As Shed falls back, Gary Tasteman slides on the ground like a dang penguin on his belly, and gets a nice little chomp of Shed's ankle. As Shed escapes through the door, Gary Tasteman turns back around to the cook to wink at him, a little bit of blood on his mouth.]

[We follow Shed Shitley, leaving a small trail of blood as he enters the museum's Famous Guns of History Exhibit. He immediately starts sprinting towards the guns to rip them off of the wall.]

SHED: Guns. Now these could kill a bastard.

[He walks up to the first gun and reads the plaque underneath it. This gun is Big Smoke's Uzi from GTA San Andreas. He hoists off the wall, inspects it to discover that it is already loaded and the safety is off, and he tests out the spray pattern by shooting it into the ceiling.]

SHED: It's definitely a gun.

[Down the wall, we see many other famous guns. The Needler that killed JFK. That gun with 12 barrels that killed Archduke whatever. The gun with the monkey nuts. Rambo's knife. The first gun of Roman times, where the bullet is a rock. Schrodinger's Deagle, which is both loaded and not loaded at the same time until the trigger is pulled. A bazooka. NBA Stupid A\$\$'s' custom glock with his own autograph on the handle, which he famously used onstage on his last tour, "The Kill My Enemies Tour Presented By Sobe Life Water."]

[Nearby, Walt Tremblay has wandered into the exhibit. He's standing in front of a plaque that says Chekhov's Gun.]

WALT: Chekhov's Gun... (talking slightly louder to no one in specific) You know they say Chekhov's Gun is the only gun that always goes off.

[WALT slowly picks up Chekhov's gun and inspects it.]

WALT: But the most important thing is that it always goes off for a purpose. You never know when this gun is going to go off, and everybody's sitting around going I wonder when th--

[Walt accidentally fires the gun a bunch of times into the wall, spinning around on accident as the gun just kind of rattles off bullet after bullet.]

WALT: False alarm! Nothing happened! Nothing in the story happened! I'm sorry! Why is no one stopping me from touching all these guns? Why'd someone let this happen!

[Suddenly, Shed Shitley tosses a grappling hook through a skylight, sending broken glass everywhere, as he scurries up to the roof. Walt, in a panic, starts running away, Chekhov's gun still in his hand. He sees a sign pointing him to the Museum's adult only section (No cameras allowed!). He raises his eyebrows and tries to make eye contact with some of the service workers nearby, who all look at their feet instinctually. Walt waits about 6 seconds for someone to make eye contact with him, and then he gives up, and starts walking to the nasty part of the museum.]

[There is a big velvet curtain in front of the Adults Only Section of the museum. Guys keep walking out of it with weirdly folded brown paper bags. Walt starts grinning ear to ear as he swings back the big velvet curtain and sees some of the blurriest, low resolution pornography that you have ever seen in your life, like printed-out JPGs, as well as some pre-9/11 Gateway Computers with trackball mice all with Leisure Suit Larry loaded up on them. Suddenly, Walt hears a large thud behind him, and spots two workers in the museum dropping off what appears

to be a large, golden statue of a person into a nearby room. Walt immediately heads over to talk to them to tell them that they are lifting the statue incorrectly.]

WALT: You guys are carrying that all wrong. Your backs must be on fire lifting like that. What is that thing? That guy made out of wax?

WORKER: I feel fine.

WALT: Your backs gotta be on fire. You'll feel it later. You gotta lift with the elbows and the ankles. Fulcrums. I know since you work here that you didn't go to college but a fulcrum... that's an important tool that you should learn about. Do you want some water? I have 2 waters and one is for me so I can only give you one of them, or else you can share. I can't share mine because my lower back thing got mixed in with my lip thing. It's a whole thing.

WORKER: One second man. I'm starting to get a headache.

[Both workers start gripping their heads and grunting in pain. All of a sudden, it appears that the statue is alive, and the golden man hiding in plain sight is furrowing his brow. It is Opulence, and he is funneling lethal amounts of psychic energy into the room. As the workers fall to their knees, Walt seems unaffected.]

WALT: Is it your back? It's probably from back pain. It hurts so bad and a lot of people think that back pain is just migraines for guys, in that they both are fake. But here's the thing. They are both real, however, mostly faked. Mostly faked. You can't prove it, and you know what, deceptive people jump on that. Migraines are "suffered" (Walt does hand quotations around this) mostly by extremely deceptive people. You might think your head hurts, but in reality, you need lactic acid for your back pain.

[Suddenly, both heads of both of the workers explode and their brains go flying all over the room.]

WALT: I've seen this before... There's got to be a sniper looking at us. I must be next. All I have to do is make sure that I go to tie my shoe right when he takes the shot.

[Opulence musters up a psychic bolt of energy and fires it right at Walt's head. Just as the bolt is released, Walt goes to tie his shoe and it misses. Walt turns around to see Opulence concentrating on him.]

WALT: Whoa, you a guy? You a street performer? If you can't talk as part of your act, I won't tell anyone if you secretly talk to me! Hey, listen, you gotta get out of here. There's a sniper after me and I only got one untied shoe left. You gotta get out of here.

[Opulence begins mustering up the energy to attack Walt again.]

WALT: Hey, you know what? You look like that movie trophy, what do you call it, a big Golden Globe, but shaped like a person.

[Opulence smirks for a second, and halts his psychic attack.

OPULENCE: Your flattery will get you nowhere!! But for an unrelated reason, I have decided not to kill you. For now.

WALT: You don't have to stay in character. You can just talk to me, person to person.

OPULENCE: I am no longer human. I am a self-aware consciousness who is limited from ascending to Godhood by his physical body.

WALT: What's that, Hare Krishna? Alright, I'm bored now, don't push your religious babble on me. I'm going to go look at the blurry pornography. Good luck on your act.

[WALT turns around and walks into the adults only section.]

OPULENCE: I'm inside. Good. Posing as a statue for a day straight was insanely easy for me. I need to stay focused. I already messed up and let one person live. Now, I must locate Dr. Yinz and terminate him. I must destroy the Painting that will Heal the World.

[Just then, a fuzzy kitty cat, known only as French Fry the Cat, comes trotting in, going meow meow meow.]

FRENCH FRY: What is this? A giant award statuette? They must be presenting this to Dr. Yinz for his new standup special. It hasn't even been filmed yet and he's already winning awards? Humans have such a stupid idea of ownership. For example, they think that this statue belongs to Dr. Yinz just because he won it. However, in the world of cats, this statue will become mine simply by peeing on it...

[French Fry decides that he is going to use the statue as his very own litter box, and gets ready to pee on it. Opulence instinctively starts shooting lightning everywhere, kind of like how a skunk sprays when it feels threatened. French Fry goes scurrying away, doing that run where he's running really low to the ground. You know how cats do that? That's what he's doing.]

FRENCH FRY: I gotta get meow-ut of here right meow! Ain't no bones about it! All this commotion is causing me to lose my appetite, which, instead of food, I like to eat Cat food, being a cat as I am.

[The crowd of 100,000 is starting to fill into the atrium. Panicked, French Fry heads straight towards a hallway blocked by two security guards, who are getting bothered by some sort of middle aged hypebeast.]

FAZE: So, like I said, betrayal lasts forever in the hearts of the ones who like, were their from day 1, because money doesn't grow on trees but friends do, or could hang out in them--

[FRENCH FRY scurries past the security.]

SECURITY: Whoa! Wait a second! Did that cat say No bones about it? That's hardly a cat pun. More of a... Of a DOG pun. Or a skeleton one. Now a skeleton dog. That'd be perfect. You know what? I'm going to write that down.

[FRENCH FRY evades the guards and dips into a room, which turns out to be the main atrium, where Dr. Yinz is currently preparing for the big event. French Fry scurries under a velvet drape to hide. From under the drape, French Fry hears Dr. Yinz talking to his agent on his Nextel.]

YINZ: I told you, if I'm learning stand-up comedy for the first time and doing a stand-up comedy Netflix special, I want to have an edge to me. Do not take my edge away. My hero, Lenny Bruce, from that movie I watched the first half of, showed me that you can be an edgy comic and have a long, happy life. NO, I don't want to hear how it ends! That ruins the movie! Now if you excuse me, I have to get back to my masterpiece, which is a painting that is currently safe and sound under a velvet drape, with no one else around to damage it. I hope nothing bad happens! No, I don't know why I'm saying this out loud right now. Bye bye! [hangs up]

FRENCH FRY: Masterpiece? This is it right here. You know what they say. When the cat's away, the mice will play. And while the mice play, the cat, in a different location, also decides to play. No bones about it. So Dr. Yinz, you think you can ruin my comedy career? Well it turns out, this cat's got claws. And I can use them to ruin YOUR art career. If only my cool nephew could see what I'm about to do...

[French Fry the Cat uses his famous cat claws to scratch up the canvas, ruining all of Yinz's hard work. In his fervor, French Fry knocks over the painting, and runs off with the velvet drape still over him.]

FRENCH FRY: Damn I can't get this drape off! Looks like the cat is still in the bag...

YINZ: My drape is running away! Wait, I know that wisecracking tone anywhere. French Fry the Cat? I knew your father.

FRENCH FRY: M—My father?! He ran away when I was just a kitten. He went out for a saucer of milk and never came back. He was a cat, you see. We do things just a little bit differently from you humans.

YINZ: Looks like the cat is out of the bag. You.... you ruined my painting! Someone stop that cat!

FRENCH FRY: Welp. Gotta go! There's no time to PAWS. I FURR-got that I have to leave. No bones about it.

YINZ: That might work for a dog, or a skeleton, but it doesn't make sense coming from you!!

[FRENCH FRY, with the drape still over him, scurries away down a hallway.]

YINZ: My painting... ruined. What am I going to do? I have to present the most beautiful painting in the history of the world in 30 minutes! The world is not ready for my truth, for my beauty, for my vision of a world of plenty where cherry blossoms rain from the sky. Where the only food is syrup and the only water is wine.

[YINZ pulls out a skull to hold in his hand theatrically as he waxes poetic.]

YINZ: Oh! How the berries will fill the stream, rush them down to the idyllic hills where children will fill their bellies on berry meat! The cherubs, oh, with their harpsicords, they start going nuts on those things, playing Sweet Child O' Mine, and the children respond by singing Sweet Cherub O' Mine for the Cherubs! This is a world without ugliness, without anger, without malice, where we mostly sit around and eat candy that grows from trees. This... this is the world that cat has taken away from us. This is the reality I have been sunk to. The world is a measly and mean place, where everyone else alive in the world is basically a peasant from the Witcher. I wish I could throw up right now.

[As YINZ sulks, he spots something sticking out of his olive green Jansport backpack. He breaks out into a short smile.]

YINZ: I might have an idea.

[YINZ reaches into his Jansport backpack and pulls out an old, golden bong. He begins to rub it and our good friend Hashman appears in a puff of smoke. He coughs for about fifteen seconds straight.]

YINZ: Hashman! My good friend! I need your help! The Painting That Will Heal The World has been vandalized! I need you to get the Second Most Beautiful painting in the world! Hurry! I have a plan!

HASHMAN: Oh man. Yinz dog. Is this a video game, man? I was just in Splinter Cell man. No shit. I told Shirts I could go in there and sneak and stuff, he said no. He bet me his dinner I couldn't and I got lost in there for a week, man. I was sneaking like crazy.

YINZ: What's Sam Fisher like in real life?

HASHMAN: Oh man. He's jacked, dude. And he smells really good. Like, fresh wood or something crazy.

YINZ: Like Ponderosa trees?

HASHMAN: Oh man, that's a wild word, man. Hey man, did you know like, the moon has a pool? Me and Steez tried to bring some girls into it in bikinis and they totally got turned into like, aliens in that pool. They were still smoking hot though. Steaz hawked a big loogie into it and scared em off I think cause they like, vanished when the pool was glowing, you know?

YINZ: Okay, Hashman, I'm conflicted because I'm having a really great time talking to you about this, you know, but did you hear what I said earlier? About the help I need?

HASHMAN: Yeah man, I'm already thinking, I got it, don't worry about it, this is just like when Scottie Rains got Manishevitz on his Scorpion Driver jacket before Prom 2 and I had to be like,--

[HASHMAN's voice trails off as he walks towards and climbs into a painting of a beautiful glade. You can see a little painting version of him walking around for a second before he disappears off... And then immediately reappears on the other side of the wall, where Gary Tasteman is singing a happy little song to himself as he drags away the body of a museum worker killed earlier by Opulence's psychic attack.]

TASTEMAN: Got some dang... Onions... Celery... Carrots... Yeah this'll do nicely.

HASHMAN: Whoa... You got a big pot of boiling water you're gleefully slicing carrots into. That's sooo rad, man. I've only seen this shit in cartoons before. You're going to cook a big guy in that, aren't ya? I met Daffy Duck by the way. He let me eat a part of him in a duck soup. His thigh. Kind of a weird guy. He kept grabbing my arm and telling me we need to destroy all of those 5G towers.

TASTEMAN: Ho man, no way. I ain't gonna cook up a guy. That'd be crazy. This is a different recipe.

HASHMAN: Whoa, man, what recipe is that?

TASTEMAN: Okay, Kemosabe, I gotta level with you. I only know one recipe. And the name of the recipe is...

[A big anime sweatdrop appears on his forehead, before he suddenly lunges at Hashman. Hashman remains perfectly still and just keeps muttering, whoa, oh man, as Gary bites into his neck like a vampire.]

HASHMAN: Ay carumba! Don't have a cow, man! Eat my shorts!

[HASHMAN disappears into a puff of smoke as Gary Tasteman sits on the floor. His pupils start dilating to the point where he looks like a human anime.]

GARY: What the-- feel like I'm hanging out with Elvis again, but without the dozens and dozens of underage girls. I feel funny. That kid... really skunky, with afternotes of lemon. His essence is a blend of skunk, berry, and fresh grapes. The effects seem to be deeply relaxing, sleep-inducing, and a great option for full-body pain relief. The short onset of effects appear to make it a perfect nighttime strain for those who suffer from insomnia... Oh man. I'm starving. I don't got time to cook no guy all the way through to 165. I got to get a snack before eating Yinz.

[Gary Tasteman unhinges his jaw so he can eat the security guard whole, leaving the guard's uniform behind on the ground, like one would do with peanut shells at a baseball game. I don't know if you have ever eaten a whole guy raw before, but even if you somehow can unhinge your jaw, it takes a damn minute. After about three minutes, Gary Tasteman has swallowed up to the man's torso, making a bunch of weird wretching sounds the entire time. Suddenly, Walt bursts into the hallway.]

WALT: Whoa, holy smokes, what's going on here, whoa, heavens to Betsy are you kidding me, whoa! My bad, buddy!

[GARY gurgles threateningly.]

WALT: Don't worry about me! Sorry! No, don't stop cause of me, I'm leaving, I'm outta here, have fun, be safe, I didn't see anything, I didn't notice anything about you, what are you, about 6'1? Just kidding man, I'm leaving. Don't want any part of what's going on here, that's for sure! Mums the word! My lips are sealed! I'm going to get out of here right now!

[GARY looks on expectantly as WALT puts his hands in his pockets and starts rocking back and forth on his heels doing some sort of real life idle animation.]

WALT: I was just looking for the bathroom. I got a great deal on this kefir, you know kefir? K E F I R, Kefir. I got like 30 gallons of it off of a palette I ordered from a Chinese website, not to be racist, but the website WAS Chinese. I guess it worked fine, I didn't have to point out that the website is Chinese. Anyway, it's fermented already and it goes bad instantly, so I'm chugging it down before it turns to cottage cheese. I think it's turning into cheese in me. It's from, like, Armenia, the north Caucasian mountains, basically the most ethnic type of white people. It's disgusting. There is a reason why no good food comes from there. Anyways, I would love to hang around and chat, but you know, this weird yogurt is running right through me. You know it's weird when foreigners put that H in yogurt and it becomes like, yoghurt. Unless you're foreign, then please don't get mad at me. I hope you aren't foreign, because a foreign rockabilly... I don't know if I could handle that right now. Anyway, it's coming out of me now. I got to skee-daddle. Talk to you later?

[Walt whistles as he walks slowly with his hands still in his pockets, peeking his head into every room along the way to the bathroom. When he gets there, all of the stalls are filled, so Walt just kind of loiters around in there. He starts assertively yanking on each stall door, one by one, even though all of them are very clearly occupied.]

WALT: Occupado!

FAZE: I'm in here, why are you saying occupado?

WALT: I overthought it! My bad!

[WALT is still yanking on the door.]

FAZE: I'm in here! Stop trying to get in, man!

WALT: Sorry!

[WALT gives it one more yank before walking to the next stall. Inside of the stall, FAZE is staring angrily at his forearm tattoo that he got of Dr. Yinz's face.]

FAZE: I fucking know you bro. I know everything about you, bro. I let you in my house. I showed you my wine cellar but for white claws and also the white claws go bad down there instead of getting better. We were brothers, man. We played Kane and Lynch together. I watched you get that instagram baddie to your room just by talking about the lore from Dragon Age: Inquisition. And then you didn't even fuck her, you just braided her hair. That's the craziest, most alpha thing I've ever seen. To have you betray me like this... You shouldn't have let me in, man. Because now I know how to hurt you more than ever. You're going to die today, Yinz. I know you always come to the bathroom before a big show so that you can 8 Mile yourself. You're going to puke and then look at yourself coolly in the mirror and get hyped up thinking about everything bad that has ever happened to you. And when you get in here, I'll be waiting. You're fucking done, Yinz.

[We cut back to WALT, just outside the stall, who is reaching for the next stall door to open it. As he reaches, Shed Shitley is seen inside, taking a shit and cleaning his gun.]

WALT: Occupado!

SHED: Ah! Fuck!

[SHED accidentally fires his handgun into the shin of Walt.]

WALT: Oh, wiseguy, eh? You could have just said occupado like everyone else. Sheesh. What a character.

[WALT, in spite of his fresh gunshot wound, calmly walks to the next stall. Inside, SHED looks wild-eyed and manic. He slowly puts the gun away and pulls up his pants.]

SHED: I told myself I would stop shooting people when I got scared. I can't blow this. I need YINZ dead so I can work again. I've blown too much of my cover. I need to get to the rafters. It's time.... For Operation Owen Hart.

[SHED zips down his urban combat armor vest to reveal that he is covered in homemade C4 and grenades. He then stands on the toilet, pushes open a tile in the ceiling, and sits back down holding one of the biggest fucking guns you have ever seen in your life.]

SHED: Just a precaution. Hopefully, I won't need to blow myself to nasty shit. Just need to hit one perfect shot. The Barrett Model 82A1 anti-material precision rifle. Shoots fucking .50 machine gun ammo that'll blow a hole the size of an elephant's asshole into your empty head. Custom fitted with a handheld drone with a bunch of chef's knives taped all over it. It's got a custom bayonet head that can shoot off about ten feet. Not much, but if a guy is ten feet away, it'll distract him with a pretty good scratch. It's got a bottle opener, can opener, barometer, screwdriver. If I dip the front of the gun in some water it'll tell me the PH level. Oh yeah... this will do just fine. Better say your last prayers, Yinz. I'm about to stomp you to shit and shit you into hell.

[As Walt pulls on the third stall door, we see French Fry the Cat inside. Where a toilet should be, there's a litter box instead. But French Fry has already finished using the litter box. Instead, he's lying on his back pawing at a banana peel, trying to scratch it open.]

FRENCH FRY: Meow meow meow. Dr. Yinz will pay the ultimate price for his crimes against me. The price of humiliation. When he slips on this banana peel right before he plans to unveil his masterpiece, he will be so embarrassed that he will die instantly. That is, if the fall doesn't kill him first. Meow meow meow. It's the puuurrrrrfect plan. I know I use that one all the time, but "perfect" is just a word that comes up a lot.

[From nextdoor in Shed Shitley's stall, French Fry the Cat sees a jingly string that distracts him from the banana he's trying to peel. True to the nature of a cat, he cannot help himself, and absent-mindedly swipes at the string as Shed Shitley stands up. With a tug of the string, he pulls off all the grenades and tactical weaponry that Shed has strapped to himself. Satisfied with this, and forgetting his banana peel plan, French Fry trots out of the stall to go traipsing down the hallways.]

WALT: Finally, an open stall. Used to be, you could always find an open stall. I guess people just spend more time in the bathroom these days, because of all these heavy grain diets, and GMOs, they got kids eating quinoa... No kid should have to eat quinoa. Well, well, well, what's this? I thought this was a bathroom stall but I just... it's just a litter box. Do people use this? Will people get mad at me if I use this? Wait. Is this a different cultures thing? So if I don't use the different culture's thing... people will get mad at me. So that settles it. I'm going to shit in the

litterbox. What was I thinking? That I'm the Queen of England, Mr. Too Good to use a litter box? Oh, hello Mr. Rockefeller, here's your clams casino, and by the way, in your bathroom full of gold and diamonds you have a toilet instead of a box full of sand, Mr. Hotshot. You make me sick, hypothetical millionaire that I just imagined.

[WALT pulls down his pants and tries to figure out how to use it. He tries squatting over it, leaning against a wall, lifting one leg up, etc. As he struggles, we see and hear FaZe Polanski exiting the stall less than one second after he flushes. He cruises right by the sink without washing his hands and heads straight to the door.]

FAZE: Fucked up vibes in here man, I'm speedrunning this bathroom and getting right to Yinz, right now. ...If I was him, where would I be? And like if I was him, would he be me? Cause then he'd be so mad at me right now. Fuck, man. If I was Yinz though I'd be looking at... let's see... antiquated vintage pornography taken with a long exposure camera where the guys had to sit there in the women not thrusting for like 2 hrs so the picture wasn't ruined.

[FaZe suddenly starts sprinting towards the Adults Only Section of the Museum.]

FAZE: I don't have time to read these signs bro. I make TOO much FUCKING money to spend time reading. Like how Bill Gates doesn't pick up pennies cause he loses money if he does because a penny is like lower than a dog to him.

[Around the corner, Opulence has just finished buttoning up the security guard outfit left behind by Gary Tasteman, as a winded FaZe Polanski appears in front of him.]

FAZE: Bro, I respect you because you like, exude prestige and class with your Gold skin like you are a statue of a monkey in the Amazon, and just because you are like a lower class person who works security, like, I made it from nothing, and you can too. Can you tell me where to find the porno part of the museum with all the pornos from the olden times, so old that all the girls in it are dead now, which means that it's art since nobody can make themselves like, sorry to be crude, but nut to it? Can you help me find that?

OPULENCE: Silence! Merely follow the turgid purple line on the floor, it goes to the porno section which you seek!!

FAZE: It's not what I seek, it's like, for a friend, or what you call the opposite of a friend once they do something to you and when they did it it was like so raw that you wanted to kill them like, by any means necessary?

OPULENCE [thinking to himself]: Yes... It's working... He fell for my disguise...

FAZE: Okay, well, I'm going to go kill him now, thanks Opulence.

[OPULENCE freezes when he hears his own name. FAZE hurries off down the turgid purple line to head for the pornography section of the museum.]

OPULENCE: How... how did he know?

[OPULENCE looks at the security guards name tag. It says Opulence O'Hanahan on it.]

OPULENCE: Ah. It was merely a coincidence. Opulence is a popular name these days. Hmm. Maybe, with this uniform, I can skip all the trivialities and head to the main atrium before the crowd gathers. When Dr. Yinz shows himself, I will end his life with one of my world famous psychic attacks. I must perform my psychic attack with the utmost clarity.

[Passing as a security guard, OPULENCE walks right past the other guards and into the main atrium, where Dr. Yinz is chainsmoking Wesson's brown cigarettes and working on some kind of high tech contraption with a hammer. Basically, he has one nail in his mouth and one Wesson, and he accidentally tries to take a puff of the nail and hammer the cigarette into the machine cause he's so flustered. As Opulence strolls up to Yinz, ready to unleash his psychic attack, Yinz appears annoyed.]

YINZ: I'm trying not to be a diva or anything, but this is my big moment. Could you go away? I have a lot more smoking and nailing to do before this thing is done.

OPULENCE: This is nothing personal. I must trim the fat of humanity.

YINZ: Pretty cool thing to say. Thank you.

[OPULENCE focuses intently on YINZ's mind, attempting to tear it to a million little pieces. Psychic energy fills the room in the same way it does in movies when there is a big magic thing happening. A bunch of stuff gets lifted in the air and starts spinning around, and that's it. YINZ seems completely unaffected, even bored. His bright yellow NEXTEL phone chirps as it flies around the room. YINZ snags it out of the air and checks his text messages.]

YINZ: Oh wow. My Nord Mental VPN says that I am currently the target of a psychic attack. This is something I don't wanna deal with right now. Oh man. I am swamped.

OPULENCE: N—No Way!! H—He blocked it!! His power is immense!! FINE!! I guess I'll just get a gun.

YINZ: Wassup?

OPULENCE: Wassup??

[OPULENCE storms off as Yinz continues to work on his elaborate contraption. Just then, Hashman returns through the painting of the beautiful glade, climbing out of the painting ass first and falling a bit on the ground.]

YINZ: Oh hey Hashman. You just missed a cool psychic attack.

HASHMAN: Whoa man, was there stuff spinning around in the room?

YINZ: For a second, yeah. Did you get it?

HASHMAN: You're going to love it, man. You're going to freak out. Dude. This painting is so choice. It's about the second choicest thing I've ever seen man. The first choicest thing was when my boy, Scottie Rains, tried to jump off this cliff by this lake to impress a girl, man, and he did a front flip and landed on his back man, dude, and his shorts flew off in the water. And like, the girls we were with man, they were crazy. They stole his swim trunks and microwaved a snickers inside of it, man. It was crazy. Milk was coming out of all of our noses, man, we didn't even drink any.

YINZ: Why did they have a microwave at a lake?

HASHMAN: Hey man, I got the painting. It's under this big velvet drape just like you asked for.

YINZ: This will have to work for now. Thank you, Hashman. Sincerely. Your good will towards your fellow man if truly inspirational. You are the guns to my roses.

HASHMAN: Alright man, I gotta screw outta here man. I promised this girl that we would watch the Office together and that I would jump into the TV and introduce her to Kevin.

[Hashman starts rotating like a screw, sinking through the floor into the basement below the main atrium. There, he sees Gary Tasteman with his giant bubbling cauldron and a hacksaw.]

TASTEMAN: Hey man, am I like, right beneath the podium right now?

HASHMAN: Pretty close man. You seem a lot more mellow this time around.

TASTEMAN: Sorry for freaking out and biting you. I guess it's easier to just like, I don't know, let me make sure I'm saying this right. I'm pretty high now. I guess at the end of the day, it is easier for me personally to kill and eat people than it is to admit that I was wrong. I guess that's why I chased away the love of my life. Her name was Sue Vide. It was a little on the nose. She wanted me to open up more, and I wanted to eat her. It was doomed to fail.

HASHMAN: Whoa man. Hoh man. That's heavy. This one time Raz was dating this chick with webbed feet and was like, dude, she's a total ten, but then I see those suckers and I'm like, nasty. She walked around like Howard the Duck.

TASTEMAN: What were we talking about? I feel like it's been 20 minutes since I said my thing.

HASHMAN: I don't know man. I feel trapped in this conversation now. Here man, have a bean bag chair. I'm out of here.

[HASHMAN exhales a plume of smoke that manifests into a normal bean bag chair as he slowly floats down through the floor.]

TASTEMAN: Wait man. You didn't tell me if I was exactly below the podium or not!

HASHMAN: I forgot.

[HASHMAN disappears. TASTEMAN sighs and sits down in the bean bag chair.]

TASTEMAN: Oh yeah. Now I get why bean bag chairs exist.

[Elsewhere in the museum, Shed Shitley climbs a rope up to a 2nd story exhibit called the Hall of Assassinations. Basically, it has a bunch of classic memorabilia from some of people's favorite and most iconic assassinations. We're talking about the Ford Theatre Balcony where Lincoln was hanging out, the classic Grassy Knoll of JFK, and the crazy straw John Lennon was drinking tea with when he was shot. They got Sirhan Sirhan in a zoo cage. They got Archduke Ferdinand's baseball cap. They have the entirety of the Chicago Police Department. Shed starts setting up his big fucking gun out on the Grassy Knoll, which conveniently overlooks Yinz's speaking position.]

SHED: Alright, in position. Now, we're just doing target practice like I do in my backyard, which is filled with hundreds of pictures of Dr. Yinz that I shoot for eight hours a day. It's time to air this fucker out, Alberta style. This one is for the People's Party.

[All of a sudden, OPULENCE appears behind SHED after eavesdropping on him.]

OPULENCE: Halt! Citizen, are you attempting to kill Dr. Yinz Llubjana because of his painting too?

SHED: Painting? What painting?

OPULENCE: The big deal. The reason why all this museum stuff is going on. Dr. Yinz painted his first painting and it's a really big deal to these... cattle.

SHED: Nope. Not worried about the painting. I've just been trying to kill that sick son of a bastard for years! Call me old fashioned, but if you agree to kill a guy, you have to spend your whole life trying to kill him, to prove some kind of point that I'm not sure of to myself and others.

OPULENCE: I will allow you to remain in this position. I will set up in the Ford Theatre balcony. My abilities far exceed yours. The Yinz shot is mine to take.

SHED: Aw, cmon! Dibs! I call dibs on the shot!

OPULENCE: Dibs is an infantile concept which inferior humans use to obfuscate the fact that life is an unrelenting struggle over limited resources, which cannot simply be dibbed.

SHED: No, no, no! You won't take this away from me. Dr. Yinz is mine. Capiche?

OPULENCE: Allow me to show you a demonstration.

[OPULENCE holds out his hands in a slightly fruity way and manifests psychic energy into his hands, which slowly begin to craft the Farsight gun from Perfect Dark into material reality.]

OPULENCE: Behond! The physical manifestation of the pure hatred that I harbor against beauty!

[Shed stares blankly with a slackjawed expression. OPULENCE takes a seat in the Fort Theatre balcony. SHED, seemingly peeved, begins to collect up his gear and move into a new position.]

SHED: This gold guy is cramping my style. He's going to take my shot. Time to improvise. Operation Owen Hart is back on.

[SHED shoots a harpoon gun into the ceiling above him, where some vents apparently connect with the rafters or something. He bulldozes his way into a vent and starts crawling through them to position himself above the stage where Yinz will present the painting.]

[As the 100,000 spectators begin filing into the atrium, Opulence sees French Fry the cat on an adjacent balcony near the adults-only section. The cute little tabby cat with the vest and little mittens is fumbling around trying to carry a single banana peel in his mouth. It seems he is trying to figure out how to fling it toward the podium below, where Dr. Yinz will shortly give his speech. Next to French Fry, there's an unattended Golden Gun, but for cats. Like uhh, basically instead of a trigger, you fire the gun by pulling a string. Pretty weird gun to have on display, but who am I to say what is art and what isn't.]

[From the overlook, we see Walt Tremblay elbow his way through the crowd, basically touching every single person's forearm on the way. He forces himself into a primo spot at the front of the stage where Dr. Yinz will reveal the painting.]

WALT: This guy thinks he can make The Painting That Could Heal The World. Supposed to be some beautiful painting. I tell you what, he probably is just going to unveil the Mona Lisa. You know? The Mona Lisa. They based that movie off of it, Mona Lisa Smile? You know you never see the Mona Lisa in that movie? What a gyp. Gyp means gypsy, so you can't say that

anymore, so I just wanted to let everyone in my general vicinity know that I'm sorry. Anyway, I bet you five bucks that it's just going to be the Mona Lisa. The most beautiful painting in the world, the Mona Lisa. It'll be here. I'm calling it. I'm gonna snap a picture on my Kodak here. Haven't busted it out in like, 7 years. Smells weirder than I remember.

[All of a sudden, that song from 8 Mile about the spaghetti starts blaring on all the museum's fancy new overhead speakers. Walt is still talking, but the music drowns everything out. Then, the crowd comes alive and starts screaming as they see Dr. Yinz Llubjana come out on stage, wearing the purple and black leather suit from Eddie Murphy Raw. He's doing all the hype up moves. He's raising the roof. He's doing the sprinkler. Dr. Yinz Llubjana does the Tootsie Roll. Suddenly, his face goes pale. He runs up to the microphone.]

YINZ: Wait, wait, wait! This is all wrong! I forgot something. Have you all seen the movie 8 Mile? I forgot to 8 Mile in the bathroom.

[The crowd kind of mumbles in confusion as Dr. Yinz runs back off the stage and into the bathroom. The crowd seems confused and in disarray. No one knows what's going on. Then, out of nowhere, the crowd goes nuts. We see the only and only Sam Elliott in his iconic cowboy hat and mustache stroll out onto the stage, clacking his spurs the entire time.]

SAM ELLIOTT: Howdy y'all. I was just drinkin' a sasparilla down yon yonder trail and talkin' to my good friend Dr. Yinz. Now, he's a peculiar feller. But I know him since he was kneehigh to a bumblebee. Boy, he was a handful, but we always had a hog-killin' time together. Now, I may just be a simple country cowboy, fighting with six shooters, chasing bank robbers, and drinking up all the sweet tea and lemonade, but I know a little thing or two about art. Sure, I'm backwards. Where I grew up, tumbleweeds were our basketballs. There were about a dozen horses in our town, and one was mayor. Our main export was dust. Do you get it? It was backwards. But guess what? Art is the twinkling of the north star as Javier picks at the banjo. Art is two drunken cowpokes trying to shoot the wings off of a fly. Art is a good, hot bowl of chili and some salsa from New York City. Art doesn't create, it reveals that dusty old pokey trail long forgotten in your heart that leads back to the childlike tenderness. Huh, listen to me, just an ole cowboy muttering up some platitudes to all ya'll bored people. You humble me, you truly do. Well, it's about this time I figure I should push open those two tiny saloon doors and get myself a sip of maybe something just a little stronger than this here sasparilla. I think its about time to---

[We cut to Dr. Yinz running into the bathroom so that he can 8 Mile before presenting his painting. He immediately heads to the mirror to splash some water on his face. Then, dramatically, we see FaZe Polanski emerge in the mirror behind him.]

FAZE: Oh there you do. Are. Fuck!

YINZ: Oh hey there FaZe. What's up? You sti

FAZE: Why don't you shut the fuck up Yinz. I have something to show you. And you're going to die when you see it.

YINZ: Probably not, but ok.

[We cut back to Sam Elliott, who is now spinning around two revolvers on stage while the crowd is absolutely going nuts, completely eating it up. There are young women throwing their bras and diaphragms and stuff on stage trying to get Sam Elliott horny enough that he will plow them later.]

SAM ELLIOTT: I hope y'all enjoyed my little six shooter spectacle. Now I'm dog tired, like a mule that's been worked like an ox. So I guess it's time I set sail this dusty trail on which the sun is setting. But remember one thing. This one very, very important thing. All I was doing, this entire time, was buying some time for my friend Dr. Yinz. I think I hear him coming back n——

[All of a sudden, we notice the saw that has been poking through from the bottom of the stage, cutting a perfect circle around the podium. Sam Elliott falls through the hole into a large pot of boiling water, which instantly starts cooking him.]

TASTEMAN: Hoh mama! I got him! I got Dr. Yinz!!

SAM ELLIOTT: Well I'll be a Chinchilla's lawyer! I reckon this pot is hotter than the Amarillo sun at High Noon. I'm boilin' like a hounddog on the porch at the summer solstice! I'm sweatin' like a prostitute in any non-Unitarian church!

TASTEMAN: ...Wait, that stuff he's saying is way too folksy to be Yinz...

[YINZ starts jogging back out onto the stage, looking a bit pale. He starts doing his trademark flexing in order to get the crowd back hyped up. It works, and the energy in the room is electric as he saunters up to the painting with the big velvet drape over it. WALT is in the front row.]

YINZ: Ladies and Gentlemen, aliens, wizards, skeletons human and unhuman alike, welcome to what I hope is a momentous event in human history. Are you ready to see the Painting That Will Heal The World??

[The crowd goes wild. YINZ cups his hand to his ear.]

YINZ: I caaaaaan't heaaar youuuuu!!!!

[The crowd is ecstatic. Everyone is secretly hoping a riot will break out after this, that's how much energy we are talking. We are talking Hitler giving a speech amount of energy in the room. Say what you want about the guy, but he's got the star factor. Not to be political or anything.]

YINZ: Are you readdddyyyy!?

WALT: [to someone next to him who is ignoring him] I bet it's the Mona Lisa. It's gotta be the Mona Lisa.

YINZ: Here I go!

[As Yinz reaches for the painting, you see a large mass of a person and weird black riot armor fall to the ground in front of Dr. Yinz. It is Shed Shitley, who has fallen out of a rafter one hundred feet onto the ground. He is badly bleeding, and is trying to say something cool even though his tongue is swollen. His big gun is bent at a 90 degree angle.]

SHED: The Yinz... justify.. Bleh... augh.. The Yinz justify...

YINZ: Are you trying to say the Yinz justify the means?

SHED: That was... you took my cool line. Fuck you.

[SHED SHITLEY pulls at a small string in his jacket. You hear a clink, and then nothing happens.]

SHED: What the... I'm supposed to blow up. Operation Owen Hart.

[SHED zips open his battle armor and looks inside. All of his grenades and homemade C4 is gone. In its place, is just a little kitty litter.]

YINZ: Okay. Good try man, better luck next time. I'm sorry to be rude but I want to finish my thing so.

[SHED's eyes roll into the back of his head and he instantly passes out on the floor, and a snoring bubble forms on his nose, and he's making "mi mi mi mi" sounds. Dr. Yinz casually rolls him off the stage and onto the ground.]

YINZ: Okay, awkwaaaard.

[100,000 people laugh harder than you ever have in your life, followed by raucous cheering.]

WALT: [to someone next to him] All this hubbub just for the Mona Lisa, I bet. I told you. Remember that I told you. Promise?

YINZ: Before I reveal the Painting That Will Heal The World, I have some words that I would like to say. I'd like to thank my publicist at Netflix. I'd like to thank my agent, Joy, and my lifelong friend Sam Elliott, who I'm not sure where he went. I'd like to thank my friend Hashman for helping me out today and for telling me a funny anecdote about some swimming trunks, a

Snickers and a microwave. I'd like to thank Chewy Chips Ahoy for making those great little guys. I want to also thank the Keebler Elves for being so humble.

[applause]

YINZ: When I set out to paint my first painting, I thought that I should only do one and make it the best painting of all time. And I did. I did not study art at all, or look at most art, I just looked inside of myself and tried to think of some cool and beautiful shit. I remember the moment when I first thought of the Painting That Will Heal The World. I was in Barbados, getting my hair braided from my barber. He's really more of a braider, though. He introduced me to limbo. I hope you all get a chance to meet him one day.

[The crowd cheers]

YINZ: To me, beauty is a fancier word for pretty but it also means beautiful. I remember that I was eating chicken wings in my car when—

[Before Yinz can finish his thought, a gunshot rings out. Headshot. Yinz goes down. As he stumbles to the ground, he clutches the velvet drape in his hand, revealing the painting beneath to be the Mona Lisa.]

WALT: I knew it! I knew it'd be the Mona Lisa!

[Amid the chaos, Barbara Walters runs to the front of the crowd with a microphone and clutches the dying Yinz in one arm, with the other arm shoving a microphone in his face.]

BARBARA: Yinz! Did you see them? Who did it? Who shot you, Dr. Yinz?

YINZ: It was the smartest, nicest, coolest guy in the room.

[Dr. Yinz winks, and then the life leaves his eyes.]

BARBARA: He's dead! Dr. Yinz is dead! And everyone here had a motive! Everyone important, anyway.

WALT: I told you! Where'd that person next to me go? Tell them that I called it. You got to tell everybody that I called it!

[You hear the chaos and the pandemonium around him as everyone runs out of the atrium except for Walt. After a moment, the police swarm and tackle Walt.]

WALT: Ah nuts! They are gonna Richard Jewell me! Just great!

[Welcome to the Jungle plays us out]

EPISODE 201: You Know The Day The Music Died? This Was The Day A Painting Died

[dramatic music playing]

Narrator: LAST TIME ON E1...

Miscellaneous people: Dr. Yinz!! Noooooooooo!!

Yinz? Dr. Yinz? They shot who? Him? They shot Dr. Yinz? Dr. Yinz has been shot?

Yinz! He was like a nephew to me!!

The Mona Lisa? That's in the public domain already. I want my money back!

FRENCH FRY: Meow meow meow, I'm a little kitty cat.

Tabitha, my dear... I'm sorry but, you're pregnant. The doctor just told me, and told me to tell you.

YINZ: My plan to create the world's largest Philly cheesesteak is nearly complete, and no one can stop me... Not even you, my evil twin brother...

Hey I was late to this whole painting thing, what happened? Oh. Oh. Uh huh. OK. Yeah. Uh huh. What? Dr Yinz has been shot!?!?

[music stops]

FAZE: You.

[Heavy footsteps. Dramatic.]

YINZ: Oh hey what's up man. You want to talk to me in the bathroom?

FAZE: I just wanted to say, that this is the most fucked up shit imaginable. I've been waiting to give this to you. Something that you deserve. Something I never thought that I would have to do. Read this.

[FaZe Polanski holds out a small, folded piece of paper in his palm towards Dr. Yinz. Dr. Yinz deliberately grabs the note and begins to unfold it. Written in red crayon, it says "YOU WERE MY BROTHER" and nothing else. Yinz sort of glazes over and doesn't read it and just starts signing his own name on it like it is an autograph, handing it back to FaZe Polanski. Yinz immediately starts walking out of the bathroom.]

YINZ: Oh no problem man enjoy it also if you are here for a minute why don't you check out the gift shop, we have tons of stuff in there, okay take it easy man okay bye bye--

[YINZ walks out of the door, leaving FaZe Polanski in the bathroom, gripping his own note. The silence stews in the air around him.]

FAZE: Oh, fuck man! I get it! He signed it! That's his way of apologizing, right? No, no, fucking totally, that's it. Because of the contract thing so he fucking signs my note! Oh man, that's like, just his totally unique way of apologizing. Like, basically it was almost embarrassing how much he was groveling by signing my note. Like, that's going to be there forever. I almost feel embarrassed for him man. It's just business. No reason to be crazy about it. But you know what? Fuck that. Because he showed me today he is still my fucking brother because like whenever the chips are down and you do some shit that you can't take back you can just like, fucking take it back and be boys again because that's what being fucking boys is about. Fuck. That's so choice. Guess I'll go home.

[Some kind of detective music starts]

DETECTIVE TOM: High Noon on that fateful day. You know the day I'm talking about. I don't have to explain myself. Nobody knows what really happened, yet, anyway. But what we know really happened is that Dr. Yinz, the world's most famous painter, was tragically gunned down slightly past his prime by a very fast bullet that went right into his heart. Doctors say that if the bullet was slower, like only 10 miles per hour, he could have easily survived. In fact, the bullet probably would have fallen onto the floor if it was that slow. But this bullet was clearly shot from a gun. That's how it went so fast. Now there's only one gumshoe with the gumption to solve this sticky case... Me. Tom Gad, world's newest detective. Why don't you shut up, stop bitching, and listen, and by the end of this episode I will reveal to you... just who... killed. Dr. Yinz (3 second beat) Llubjana. We've already heard discovered audio taken from the bathroom of the museum that cleared the suspect named FaZe Polanski. Luckily, the Museum bathrooms are filled with cameras. Dr. Yinz had one put in each stall just to monitor the vibe and see if everyone was having a good time. Each stall had another 12 or 13 cameras from Chuck Berry, who was just trying to have a good time in there himself. None of my business. Be that as it may, what about the other suspects? Can we clear them? Let's, for convenience's sake, take a look at some of these suspects one by one. Starting with the very first man arrested, Mr. Walt Trembley.

WALT: I got Richard Jewelled! They Richard Jewelled me! They must have not seen that movie because the moral of the movie was that they shouldn't have Richard Jewelled Richard Jewels or whatever.

TOM: Walt's arrest was recorded by some local teens who were dancing in front of the arrest at the time.

WALT [with lots of punching noises and Teach Me How to Dougie playing in the background]: Stop! Stop! You got the wrong guy! You're hitting me! Why are you hitting me in my mid-section!

Now you're bouncing my head off the concrete! You're standing on my joints! That's on purpose I can feel the intention in your boots! You're trying to send me to hell! You're just doing your job and I respect that! Yowch! My penis! You flicked it!

OFFICER PROZBOZIAK: Officer Prozboziak, Terre Haute Police Force. After assessing the perpetrated crime of the bullet fired by the gun held by the man to be responsible, or woman, and in that assessment we saw a suspicious individual, who appeared to be gloating to people around him "I knew it! I knew it! I saw this all happening!" We decided, in the emergency environment, to subdue said individual and tactically cut off his ponytail, which is a sort of hair rope that can be used with deadly force. Also, his pockets were full of fentanyl and it made us all very hyper and we all got vacation for 6 weeks.

WALT: I was talking about the Mona Lisa! I had my kodak, nothing crazy, just a little kodak, you know, you bring to Walgreens when its full of pictures? Anyway, I was getting Richard Jewelled pretty hard because I was gloating not about Yinz dying or predicting Yinz got shot, but because the painting that was revealed was the Mona Lisa. I called it. It's a great painting and I thought it could heal the world just fine. Great looking gal. Big frame, is what they would say nowadays. But back then you needed that big frame because you'd croak trying to shoot a kid out. She was the most beautiful woman in Italy or France or whatever, because everyone knew she could slide a kid and not croak. And the wind back then, cause of all the windmills. If you didn't have a big frame, you'd fall back into a whole pile of goats. A whole pile of 'em. Cause they had so much nature, so much wildlife back then. There was just whole piles of goats and you might fall into one if the wind blew too hard.

OFFICER PROZBOZIAK: He just kept talking no matter what we did and I found that to be very suspicious. At one point he told me that "You're making me feel like Stanley Roper on Three's Company". Who is that reference for? That's such an absurdly dated reference. I'll admit that I did grind his ACL as hard as I could. But nothing seemed to bother him that much. But that's around when we discovered he had a gun on him.

WALT: They're like, "Ohhh, what's this? And I still had this gun on me, you see? Chekhov's famous gun, from the exhibit? Nobody stopped me, so I kind of wanted to punish the museum by taking it. Like, this is what you get when you get cheap on security. I wasn't going to sell it or anything. I'm no Danny Ocean. I'm just a man of principle.

OFFICER PROZBOZIAK: Subject ascertained a firearm at an unknown date, and after a thorough legal search, said firearm was ascertained by the authorities at the present date and time that it was at that time on that fateful day. Subject was immediately charged with murder, gun theft, and for resisting arrest.

WALT: They said I was resisting arrest but I was just wearing a windbreaker. That windbreaker material man, I don't know what it's made of, but you know it's got crunchy noise, like you walk around in those pants and it's swishy and loud? They were slipping all over me, you know, I went completely limp. I start getting tossed around like it was Garry's Mod. That's why I forgot I

had the gun on me, too. I tucked it in my back waistband like they always seem to do in the movies but that windbreaker material just demands so much attention that I forgot about the gun. Another reason why I was suspicious is because I got shot in the leg earlier in the bathroom. But it was a meat shot. We're all good. Anybody can take a good meat shot.

OFFICER PROZBOZIAK: At that time, Walt Trembley was taken to Terre Haute Police Headquarters in the mall. He immediately said that he doesn't want to talk to a lawyer because "they're so stuffy". He said he had a lawyer once before, but his lawyer didn't get any of his jokes and that he was only there for a paycheck. He said he would love to cooperate, but he seemed distracted by the mall.

WALT: You could smell the butter wafting into the cell from the Auntie Annes. Cinnamon Sugar, ever had that? How do these cops, who I respect by the way, but these big fat guy cops, you know, let's be honest, these big fat guy cops are eating buttery hot pretzels every day, you know? They ain't catching anybody, you know? I could have escaped whenever I wanted. I have foldable bones, I don't know the medical word, but I can fold em.

OFFICER: We began interrogating Walt Trembley immediately. We found it very, very difficult to keep him mentally engaged in the present circumstances despite the best use of strategic attention gathering maneuvers, such as if not limited to, pointing our guns in his face.

WALT: I'm not gonna be afraid of a guy just because he starts making me suck the barrel of his gun, you know? Like what are you, a tough guy? You saw this in an episode of Columbo! I think the cop had a little cinnamon sugar on his gun from lunch! NOT SCARY!

OFFICER: He kept trying to tell us that he did not have a permit to carry a gun which means he could not have done it because he "respects the rule of law." Eventually, we discovered that there was a treasure trove of information on Mr. Trembley's Kodak camera. Most of the pictures were really annoying. Bridges, classic cars, cigars, it looked like his life was a guided tour of Jay Leno's mansion. But there was one picture that changed the investigation dramatically. Of course, this film took two weeks to develop, so, Mr Trembley was in jail during that entire time.

WALT: I just kept saying 3 hots and a cot, and guess what? The other prisoners kept kicking my ass! The guards said, "stop talking and I'll make them stop kicking your ass!" But you know me, I don't respond well to ultimatums.

OFFICER: The picture we found was of a cat leaving a trail of bloody little pawprints. Also, the fact that we had confirmed via security cameras that Walt was clearly visible and clearly not attacking Yinz at that time. We decided to shift our focus.

['dum dum' noise]

DETECTIVE TOM: Can you state your name and species for the record, and possibly make the classic sound your species is known for. We ask every suspect to do this.

FRENCH FRY: Meow meow meow. I'm just a little kitty cat. My boots and vest are made of white fur while my other fur is that classic tabby cat pattern.

DETECTIVE TOM: OK well you forgot to give us your name, but we already know it's French Fry the Cat. Basically we're just fucking with you by asking you to state stuff we already know. But here's something you might not know. Police have come into possession of a very suspicious photo of you at the scene of the crime. Look at these little mittens, so fluffy and soft. Are these not your little white boots?

FRENCH FRY: I'd like to say they're white boots. But look closer. They're stained with blood.

DETECTIVE TOM: Well that's exactly why we're so concerned. It looks like the boots of a murderer.

FRENCH FRY: Look. I'm just a little kitty cat. With some of the most acerbic, cutting humor this world has ever seen. Stuff a nephew would be proud of you for, even a cool one. So I guess my point is, even though the things I SAY are cutting, I would never cut someone. Unless I used my kitty cat claws to cut them and tear their flesh asunder. I would do that. But I'd have to have a pretty good reason. Like getting scared a little.

DETECTIVE TOM: Well Dr. Yinz didn't have any claw marks on him at the time of his death. He was shot from afar. And indeed, a golden man named Opulence says he saw you on the balcony just before the deed was done on that fateful day.

FRENCH FRY: What are you accusing me of? Using a sni-puurrr rifle? To kill a puuurrrr-son? From my puuuuur-ch on the balcony? How would I even know who to aim at? All humans look alike to me. None of you are tabbies or calicos or anything. Not sure how you tell each other apart. And you don't pee on your territory so it's hard to tell who owns what.

DETECTIVE TOM: There was a golden gun for cats right there on the scene. And you had blood all over your pawprints.

FRENCH FRY: I don't think cats can see the color gold. It's like a yellow blue thing. Humans love to talk about how Garfield the Cat is orange. Well, to us, he's more of a yellow blue thing. Totally different vibe. Cats don't even think Garfield is funny. To us, he's more of like a Bill Meow-r.

DETECTIVE TOM: Still, you had a gun and you had a motive. Dr. Yinz was about to film a Netflix special. One that had previously been tied to you.

FRENCH FRY: What are you trying to say, that I meeooww-red him?

DETECTIVE TOM: THATS ENOUGH! That's more of a stretch than Bill Meow-r. You're pushing it with these meow puns. The purr ones were fine though.

FRENCH FRY: And let me tell you something about Netflix. They wouldn't know funny if it scratched them in the back with its claws. I tell you, I had one hour of the most sentimental stories about kittenhood you've ever heard. My father. He was never around. He got ran over by a car when I was a baby. My mother? Yeah, she was great. She nursed us kittens for about six weeks. Till she was ran over by a car. Basically I'm like the kitty cat Dave Eggers, raising my siblings on my own, my siblings who I was the same age as. We were all immigrants by the way.

(light applause)

FRENCH FRY: Thank you, thank you. You can imagine how touching that standup special was. I talked about how the younger generation of cats just wants to show their buttocks.

(light applause)

FRENCH FRY: Thank you, thank you.

DETECTIVE TOM: That sounds pretty good, but how does it exonerate you from the murder of Dr. Yinz?

FRENCH FRY: You see, these young cats, they grew up with Instagram and TikTok where you can show your buttocks to anyone, and it's legal for cats to do it, cause the human laws don't apply. But my nephew, he got big on there just doing skateboarding tricks. Why can't the other kitten youths just do something wholesome like that? Be more wholesome like my COO-OL nephew?

DETECTIVE TOM: French Fry, if we could stop discussing your cool nephew for a moment-

FRENCH FRY: Mrrrr-reo-reo-reow!!!!!!!

DETECTIVE: Whoa! Okay, well tell me, what does your coool nephew have to do with you not killing Dr. Yinz?

FRENCH FRY: I'll tell you. So here's the thing. I was on the balcony for a little bit, sure. But I got sleepy and wanted to take a cat nap before Dr. Yinz actually revealed his stupid painting. So I went to the warmest place I could find, the computers in the adults-only room. These were like 1990s Gateways that sounded like they were mining the world's biggest bitcoin just from booting up Leisure Suit Larry. So needless to say they were quite warm and I curled up into a little ball on top of one. At one point, I stood up, walked in a circle, and flipped around to sleep facing the opposite direction. Then, I was rudely jolted awake by a museum worker in the employ of Dr. Yinz. They said I had to get out of the adults only room because I was not 18 human years old.

Furious, I called my cool nephew to complain about how adults are so mean and won't let us young guys just do what WE wanna do.

DETECTIVE TOM: So this phone call, is there a record of it?

FRENCH FRY: Yeah, I save all my calls with my nephew, just in case he says something cool. As you can see from the timestamp here in my call history, this was taking place at exactly the time that Dr. Yinz was shot.

(Click, recording noises)

FRENCH FRY: Hey nephew, what's purrrrin'? You do anything cool lately?

NEPHEW: Cowabunga French Fry! I was just doing a 180 on a halfpipe. Why don't you come down here to Cali and I'll teach you how to ollie?

FRENCH FRY: Us cats call it Cali, just like humans do. But we mean Calico, not California. But it's the same thing, we just call it that instead.

NEPHEW: They legalized catnip here, man.

FRENCH FRY: Yeah I think it's legal everywhere. That's really cool though.

NEPHEW: We got a pool out here. We like to circle it hissing. My friend Boots fell in and he just started running, like really low to the ground.

FRENCH FRY: That's awesome.

NEPHEW: Me and my friend Mittens did something crazy last week, man. Maybe you saw it on the news. We got on the field at the Dodgers game and just ran around like nuts, basically going crazy like cats do. Dude I barely got out of there alive, these outfielders were chasing me around, trying to scoop me up with their mitts. Mittens ended up dangling from the upper balcony and landed in some guy's cheese fries. The local news called it "A fluffy dust-up at Fuuurrr-st base."

FRENCH FRY: That's so choice. Man. How'd you get to be so cool?

NEPHEW: Instead of doing homework, I'm always trying to neck in homeroom. I rev my engine real loud, and when it comes to Friday night, I like to get crazy.

FRENCH: Hold on, I got to go. Someone just shot Dr. Yinz.

NEPHEW: Alright. Peace.

FRENCH FRY: Alright. Bye bye.

(end call)

DETECTIVE TOM: But what about all the red bloody pawprints?

FRENCH FRY: Oh yeah there was some guy in the bathroom, he got shot cause he was being really annoying and jiggling all the handles to the stalls. I must have pranced through his blood with my little kitty cat paws after I used the litterbox. You know I can't fucking see the color red, right?

DETECTIVE: There's just one more thing that doesn't add up. What about the banana peel? You were seen unpeeling a banana...

FRENCH FRY: Oh yeah. Some guy tripped on it and died instantly. He didn't matter though.

DETECTIVE TOM: Yeah we're not worried about that guy. I guess that clears everything up.

FRENCH FRY: Well, there was one strange thing I saw. It may not mean much to you, but I've heard of investigations progressing over less. It's so dumb and small, I don't even feel like saying it anymore. Anyway, I saw this guy in the hallway eating a guy whole. Now, I don't know much about humans, and their stupid ways, but that struck me as a green flag. Cats call red flags green flags because we can't see the fucking color red. Anyway, that guy's name was Gary Tasteman.

[bum bum]

DETECTIVE TOM: And who is this Gary Tasteman? What possible motive could an aging rockabilly star have for eating the world's most popular non-Rick scientist?

GARY: I wanted to eat him.

DETECTIVE TOM: Oh, I didn't know you'd just - come out and say it I guess.

GARY: Yep.

DETECTIVE: So did you shoot Dr. Yinz?

GARY: Oh no. I was going to eat him. Someone else shot him. I couldn't get to him so I had to eat this other guy.

DETECTIVE: Oh. Okay. So, what happened?

GARY: Well, I heard a bang and a big commotion. But I was pretty preoccupied because I was cooking and eating Sam Elliott.

DETECTIVE: So why are you not in jail right now? I mean, it's illegal to eat a guy, right?

GARY: Cmon, hotshot, you think this is Gary Tasteman's first rodeo? Prove it. I gotta make the lawman work for his dollar like I work for mine.

DETECTIVE: You just admitted to it. You just admitted to killing and eating the famous actor, Sam Elliott.

GARY: What do I know, huh? I'm just talking, shaking my gums. The sheriff came to my house and made me sit on the toilet and take a, ladies close your ears, number two into a fryer basket. I tell you what, you wouldn't think it was a cannibalism charge they were investigating based off of how hard everyone was laughing as I took a shit into that fryer basket. Not a dry eye in the house. They found some sarsaparilla caps, but no bones, no hair, and the DA said that that wasn't enough to charge me.

DETECTIVE: Did they search the rest of the house?

GARY: Oh, bigtime. But it was after the whole scenario where everyone watched me take a number two into a fryer basket. You know the fryer basket I'm talking about? Like for french fries at a McDonalds. I tell you what, I'm about to bust my gut just thinking about it again. It was so funny. No, after that they searched my house, but everyone was in a pretty positive mood. They found someone else's bones in one of my upright basses, though. But those came with it. It was an old Nashville trick to really pull the sound out of an upright bass by putting the bones of a drifter into it, you know, town to town so nobody can really miss em, you know?

DETECTIVE: I'm familiar with that concept, yes.

GARY: Can do whatever you want because nobody misses em. Do we understand each other?

DETECTIVE: Right.

GARY: You got any family? How's your diet?

DETECTIVE: A lot of people know that I am here right now.

GARY: Loud and clear, kemosabe.

DETECTIVE: So if you didn't kill Dr. Yinz, who did?

GARY: Aw hell, I ain't answering that. Never had much respect for the badge myself, so I ain't gonna pin one on now. I tell you what, though. If I was you, I'd take a look at that guy that kept

firing his gun everywhere, climbing things and falling out of them, and also, he admitted to killing Dr. Yinz.

DETECTIVE: Wait, what? Someone admitted to killing Dr. Yinz? Wait, are you talking about --

[bum bum]

SHED: Hello, my name is Shed Shitley. I killed Dr. Yinz Llubjana.

DETECTIVE: No you didn't. Everyone saw you fall.

SHED: Which ones my camera? I want to look scary when I admit to it.

DETECTIVE: I mean, that one is synched up on you, but there is no way you k--

SHED: Hello, my name is Shed Shitley. I am a professional bounty hunter and soldier of fortune. I assassinated Dr. Yinz Llubjana.

DETECTIVE: How? We all saw you fall from the vent. You fell like 50 feet. You almost died. You looked like a big raspberry someone stomped on.

SHED: There were conflicting reports at the time --

DETECTIVE: There is a video currently uploaded to WorldStar HipHop with over 17 million views. See, there's you falling, there's you trying to pull a bunch of grenade pins that aren't there anymore. There's Dr. Yinz hitting his dab and his dougie on you. And then a big spurt of blood shoots out of the top of your head like a whale breaching the surface, and then you pass out. Then he gets shot after that. See?

SHED: That could have happened in 2012. He couldn't think of a newer dance to do? Doesn't he know any references Gen Z would understand?

DETECTIVE: Gen Z thinks dabbing and dougie-ing is iconic.

SHED: Do you wanna know what really happened? The truth?

DETECTIVE: Sure.

SHED: Okay, so the last time I'm seen on camera is when I'm heading upstairs to the famous assassinations exhibit, right? I'll let you know what happened from there. I did a tactical roll towards the scaffolding, which was blocked by a wall that wasn't on the schematics. I sticky bombed the wall, puncturing it in a perfect man sized hole. I emitted a short EMP blast to disable the cameras in the local vicinity before setting up an experimental tech weapon called the laptop gun. This gun was mounted on the wall and was piloted by an experimental rogue AI

that I can only describe as “if DeepBlue was capable of saying racial slurs”. In order to cover my tracks and not get caught for my crimes, I pretended to act really stupid and incompetent. I went around and accidentally shot my gun, I broke stuff, I fought guys, but most importantly, I fell. I fell onto the stage right before Yinz was shot in order to give myself an alibi.

DETECTIVE: Let’s say that that is all true. If you were attempting to give yourself an alibi, it worked. No one thinks it is you. Why risk that by coming out and admitting that you shot him?

SHED: People are fucking laughing at me and shit from the video! They are saying I obviously didn’t do it, but that’s not what I wanted! I wanted people to think that I killed Dr. Yinz, but that I beat the case anyway! That’s the ideal situation for me, sort of an OJ thing!

DETECTIVE: So if I believe you, and we press charges, then you’re going to flip 180 and fight the charges and claim you didn’t do it?

SHED: I didn’t fucking do it.

DETECTIVE: You just said you did.

SHED: Right, but do you think I did it?

DETECTIVE: No.

SHED: Well, I definitely did it. I just told you.

DETECTIVE: You took a lot of heat on social media the last couple weeks. Are you tired of people looking at the video.

SHED: It’s a bullshit video because I killed him so I did it on purpose. People think I’m the loser who failed dramatically, but guess what? I’m the hero. I mean, I’m capable is what I mean. I know killing him doesn’t make me a hero, but I needed to finally kill someone or people would stop hiring me to do manhunts.

DETECTIVE: This commenter here said that they were by the stage when you fell and that you definitely shit your pants. Is this true?

SHED: No! But if I did shit my pants, it would be only because that would make the alibi stronger. No one who shits themselves could kill a man.

DETECTIVE: Okay, so if you did kill him, you did shit yourself. But if you didn’t kill him, you didn’t shit yourself.

SHED: Right, but which one do you think?

DETECTIVE: Does it matter?

SHED: Well, whatever you think, it's the other one that actually happened. I just want to put the word out there that I'm a suspect and that I shit my pants on purpose.

DETECTIVE: So you did shit your pants?

SHED: Whatever you think, I did the opposite.

DETECTIVE: Why did you agree to this interview?

SHED: I just want to clear the air about how I killed a guy and how I'm not this big loser everyone makes me out to be. You know? It's crazy, this bullying. Black twitter has made my life a living hell. They said I looked like the Michelin Man in riot armor. They said I look like I have a toenail where my penis should be. They said I looked like Canadian Brexit.

DETECTIVE: Who do you think really killed Dr. Yinz Lubjana?

SHED: Me. That Opulence guy, he never could of done it. College boy all gold and stuff. Never been in the muck. Never had to fight his way out of the corner.

DETECTIVE: What if I think that it is you who actually did it?

SHED: Well, I'd say it wasn't me, it was the Golden Boy. You see guys that like. Guys that have been in the muck. That guy has definitely never went to college. If I was the main suspect, I'd tell the cops to check out that guy.

[bum bum]

[EKG beeping in the background]

TOM: So that just leaves one suspect. A golden man with no background, no fingerprints or a single form of Government issued ID. The self-proclaimed smartest man in the world, (a mantle that Yinz himself has boasted of having), also known as the Living God, his name is Opulence, the man who had the highest ever registered score on MyFunIQtest.com.

OPULENCE: YOU SHOULD THANK ME FOR BEING HERE!

TOM: Thank you for being here, Opulence.

OPULENCE: [calmer now] And thank you for having me, Tom.

TOM: Let's get down to brass tacks. Or should I say, GOLD tacks, in your case.

[Light Applause]

OPULENCE: Thank you for noticing my gold skin. Anyway, yes, what did you want to talk to me about.

TOM: Are you responsible for shooting Dr. Yinz Llubjana at the art museum on that fateful day?

OPULENCE: Unfortunately, no. As long as it is done, that is all that matters. I assume one of my millions of fans and loyal underlings would do it. See, people are beginning to realize that beauty is an illusion that must be shattered in favor of efficiency and pragmatism. I assume that, at this point, the public is so demoralized that soon I'll be able to walk into the White House and pronounce myself God King.

TOM: Well, you ARE the Living God.

OPULENCE: Yes. And there is nothing more godly in the human realm than the KING. So it makes sense that I should be a God King. Or Emperor. In Asimov, it was always either a God King or an Emperor. I think, personally, I'm more of a God King than an Emperor.

TOM: So, if you personally didn't kill Yinz, where were you and what were you doing during the assassination?

OPULENCE: A man of my intellect simply falls in and out of fancies. I found myself letting out a yawn at the banality of it all, so I placed my weapons onto the ground and simply walked off. I believe that I walked to the local library and read all of the books there.... For a second time. When you're as smart as me, there's basically no such thing as a new book. You see, I've already read all of the words there are, so when a new book comes out, it's just a slightly reorganized set of words that I've already read before. I can basically figure out the point of it instantly.

TOM: What if a new word comes out?

OPULENCE: Hah. People nowadays are too foolish to invent new words. They hardly even know the old ones.

TOM: OK. So you're saying you weren't even there when Dr. Yinz was shot?

OPULENCE: That is correct.

OFFICER PROZBOZIAK: Upon reviewing the tape, uh, with a horizontal VHS placed inside of a VCR recorder, um, and pressing play to watch the tape ocularly with use of eyes and rods and cones, on the inside, to see color, uh, watching the tape here it appears that the individually kinetically obtained is known by the street name Opulence. However, what is seen heretofore on the videotape contradicts directly the statement made by the suspect.

As we can see here, in the illustrated digital image below, we see Opulence holding what appears to be a psychic gun in the John Wilkes Booth booth, we see here in frame the street man named as under the street name Mr. Opulence, we see here that he slips on a banana peel, sort of sliding on it, uh, kinetically skateboard style, which carries him to a mop bucket, here, and at timestamp 12:29 we can see here the suspect citizen named Mr. Opulence falls into the mop bucket with his little butt. With the citizen's little butt locked firmly and tightly into the mop bucket, we can see the wheels on the bottom of the mop bucket start spinning in a 360 motion repeatedly, carrying the citizen victim known as Opulence through what appears to be a small ladies clothing shop that exists in the museum for some reason. We lose sight of Opulence as he goes barrelling into the ladies clothing shop, and we see him circumvenulate out of the other side, appearing to now be wearing four women's hats and a bra. Finally, we see the victim hero stand, taking off the women's clothing. The bra gets caught over his head here, and he goes tumbling backwards into a recently hung painting that is still fresh with wet paint. It appears from this angle here we see the victim get paint on his hand and accidentally swipe upwards, causing the person in the painting to frown instead of smile.

Next, we see Opulence get the bra off of his head here, and then he swings around to kick the hats away, accidentally dipping his hand in red paint and then painting over the naked woman in the paintings, uh, mammary glands and, uh, vulva majora, which really pissed off everyone in the Horny Paintings Exhibit. Uh, lastly here, we see an anvil falling phonetically through the floor from the Anvil Exhibit upstairs, making lasting physical impact on the hero's cranium, causing the citizen to fall to the floor, shattering all of his teeth in the process, which jingled like piano keys and, for just a brief moment, played "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow". Then, as we see here on the tape, a second larger anvil completely flattens the hero citizen Opulence victim, just as paramedics arrive on the scene, where they put a bicycle pump in his mouth and blow him into a big balloon. Afterwards, they tied a small string to him, and walked him to the hospital. Doctors say that he will be in intense physical rehab for at least 2 years.

TOM: OK Opulence. If you were at the library re-reading all the books... How did you end up in this hospital bed with all of your bones shattered?

OPULENCE: I wanted all my bones to break so that I can begin the process of replacing them with carbon fiber. That is why I allowed a very large book to fall on me and crush me.

TOM: What about the footage of you falling? Are you saying that it is fake?

OPULENCE: You can make anything with digital effects these days. I was able to use CGI to finally live in the Golden Bank of my dreams.

TOM: But, that's not real?

OPULENCE: If my Golden Bank isn't real, how do I have video footage of you slapping your little booty in my foyer? Why, I can even make it look old timey by making it black and white. Do you see the kind of power at my disposal now, plebeian?

TOM: Ok, ok, I understand. But... there's one thing I don't understand. If you can't explain who shot Dr. Yinz... I don't know if anybody can.

YINZ: I can.

[Gasps]

TOM: Dr. Yinz! YOU'RE BACK! YOU'RE FINALLY BACK!

YINZ: I've been here the whole time. Over there. I was just sitting there reading a magazine.

TOM: But-but-but... how?

YINZ: Oh, every other Thursday I come to the hospital here. It's the only hospital I know of that still gets Cigar Aficionado. I like to read about all the cool new cigars and I like the cologne samples and I like that all of the men in the advertisements are guys with sweaters wrapped around their necks driving around sailboats with some much younger girls. Kind of classic man stuff, you know. So I sit around in a waiting room and if anyone asks me what I'm doing I will claim I went to the wrong office. I can usually find a scone or some free coffee or something too. Basically like a perfect morning.

TOM: No, I mean. I thought you were dead. We all thought you were dead. We saw you take a bullet to the ticker. There was blood and guts everywhere, like stomachs and intestines, which was weird since it only hit your heart. You basically went into instant rigor mortis and started crunching around and locking up all your joints at weird angles. They had to put more makeup on your before they took you to the ambulance because they were afraid that the ambulance driver would puke so much if he saw your face that he would crash the ambulance.

YINZ: I think I can explain everything. Come with me.

[in the distance] RECEPTIONIST: You're not allowed to take that magazine!

YINZ: Okay, so here's what went down. So, the Painting That Will Heal The World got messed up by this super funny cat that I would actually have loved to work with before, French Fry. His humor is sort of subtle but sharp. You have to be a cat to really get it, but I get the gist of it. Anyway, I called my buddy Hashman to help. He went and he got me a substitute painting, the second best painting in the world, the world famous Mona Lisa. I, meanwhile, began constructing a time machine. It's really complicated what happened next, so put down your phones.

In my original universe that is not this one, there was no assassination. The painting was revealed as the Mona Lisa, which pissed off everyone except for this one guy. I finished the time machine about three weeks later. The first thing I did was go back in time to destroy another guy's time machine so that I would have the only time machine.

OPULENCE: You messed up my team machine?

YINZ: Oh, hey man! That was you? How you been? Anyway, after that I went back in time to the painting reveal. I didn't want everyone making fun of me for having the messed up painting, so I took my AWP and I shot myself. I mean the different version of myself from an alternate timeline.

TOM: Why'd you do that?

YINZ: In all those old movies, you know, with time travel, people always have to fight a different timeline's version of themselves. I didn't want myself to get the drop on me so I took him out first.

TOM: Well, then why didn't you go down and explain what happened? What happened to the painting That Will Heal The World?

YINZ: I thought it was so cool when I shot a different version of myself with an AWP. It's called the Devil's AWP, by the way, I named it that. It has 7 triggers. They are all over the gun. Anyway, I had originally planned to go back in time again to get the painting before French Fry the famous funny cat scratched it and replace it with the Mona Lisa. It sort of would be a prank on French Fry and the Mona Lisa. But I just felt so cool after getting assassinated. I saw myself dying there in front of the Mona Lisa and I knew I would be remembered forever, like John Lennon or that other guy. By the way, I forgot to tell you. There was no good angle to get a real nice shot at my own heart when I went back to shoot myself. So I had to go back FURTHER in time to tell my museum staff to create a crow's nest exhibit overlooking the main atrium. They got the crow's nest from Hook in there, and from Pirates of the Caribbean, and all those other hundreds of pirate movies that you can name. Anyway after using the time machine to then go forward in time, I chose to go in the Hook one, it was refurbished and everything, using reclaimed wood from Peter Pan's time. So that's where I was when I blasted myself with the Devil's AWP, which glows in the dark by the way.

TOM: So where is the painting that will heal the world?

YINZ: Aahh shit, I knew I forgot something. I knew I had to do something today, other than the Cigar Aficionado thing. Yeah, I went back in time a week ago to grab the painting, and I totally spaced out on going back to put it back in place, which was the whole point of all of this by the way, but I got too distracted by this new game I'm playing. It is called Cookie Clicker: Legends, and they have more cookies than the regular game has. Snickerdoodles, peanut butter cookies,

there's a blue cookie, there's one that is the shape of a diamond but still looks more like a cookie and that cookie is worth a thousand points if you click it.

TOM: So what will you do with the painting—

YINZ: There is a chocolate cookie with three types of chocolate chips in it. There is a cookie that is so big, it would take a town of a thousand starving orphans over 10 years to eat it. It's really easy to click though, on account of being so big. There is a cookie with meatballs in it. A cookie topped with pasta sauce.

TOM: But what about the painting-

YINZ: Here, I'm playing it now, on my phone. You just click away and if you do enough clicks you can buy something that can automatically click for you. Then you make more grandmas, you get more cookies, you can sell them for money, but mostly what you do is find the coolest looking cookie and you just start clicking on it.

TOM: But what about the painting-

YINZ: Sorry, I'd love to talk and play Cookie Clicker: Legends for you all night, but I really have to go back in time now with The Painting That Will Heal the world right now. Bye bye!

[a blue portal with the hands of a ticking clock opens up in front of Dr. Yinz and he carries the painting through with it.]

YINZ 2: To me, beauty is a fancier word for pretty but it also means beautiful. I remember that I was eating chicken wings in my car when—

YINZ 1: Stop! Stop your beautiful speech! Dr. Yinz! Don't shoot! He's too beautiful! Haha! Seriously, we're good. It's over.

YINZ 2: Oh my God. Who are you. You're beautiful. But seriously, what's up. Are we in some kind of time knot or something?

YINZ 1: There's another hot guy in the crow's nest with an AWP right now. It's another Dr. Yinz, like us. I was him in the past but he is him now. I think that's how it works.

YINZ 2: Are you me?

YINZ 1: I don't know. Cut me and see if you bleed.

YINZ 2: Maybe we should tell the third Yinz to shoot you in the leg instead.

[bullet fires off by Yinz 2's leg]

YINZ 1: Stop goofing around, this is serious! I have something important to say. Ladies and Gentlemen, that is not the real Painting That Will Heal The World. This one is!

[Dr. Yinz holds up a similar sized painting with a fine velvet cloth draped over it as the crowd gasps.]

WALT: Pretty good. Pretty dramatic.

YINZ 1: I have here with me today the means to Heal the sickness of the world. It is a rare and nearly arcane beauty that I crafted lovingly by tapping into the collective human unconscious. If it was created 2000 years ago, people would be worshipping and throwing their loincloths at it. If you are under the effects of MDMA, do not look at this painting or your heart will swell with empathy until it explodes. This is a construct of pure light, merely touching the cheek of humanity, before sweeping by, leaving behind only warm, cascading waters. Please, look to your right and to your left and tell everyone that it is okay to cry. Hands to yourself though. Behold! Fellow creatures of understanding! At long last will your simian minds feel peace! I present to you.... THE PAINTING THAT WILL HEAL THE WORLD!

[cool sounds, gasps, oohs and ahhs]

FAZE: Bro, I'm not just like, S-ing your D or sucking your dick or anything like that, but that painting is the fucking best painting I've ever fucking seen. It makes that Mona Lisa that look like shit.

SHED: It's beautiful... it's gorgeous. I'm going to call my ex-wife... and tell her I don't forgive her.

FRENCH FRY: It's paw-sitively puurrrr-fect. And I'm a little kitty cat, so I know a thing or two about paws and purring.

WALT: It's so perfect. It's magnificent. It's too good for me. I shouldn't even be looking at it. Oh my God, I'm ruining it!

GARY: Heck I'd put some relish and mustard and some caramelized onions on it and gobble it right up.

OPULENCE: The beauty... It is so divine that it is corroding my superior mental faculties... I must... Look... Away... Before it makes me as stupid and emotional as the rest of them.

HASHMAN: Where's the beef?

PIKACHU: Pika Pika! Don't forget me!

[Chewbacca noise]

PIKACHU: Chewbacca says don't forget him either!

YINZ: Behold! Your salvation! I can only think of one person that this painting should belong to. One person, so insanely cool that deserves to safeguard this national treasure. Ladies and Gentlemen, may I introduce to you, the new owner of the Painting That Will Heal The World, give a big round of applause for French Fry the Cat's cool nephew, who skateboards, by the way!

[the crowd goes absolutely fucking feral. They are screaming, they are going nuts, people are fighting, it's a mess.]

YINZ: Your glorious future awaits!

[French Fry's nephew comes up on his skateboard and does a really bad kickflip and the board careens off toward the wall, and French Fry's nephew stumbles. Luckily, he's a kitty cat, so he lands on all four paws, even though his board went flying into the wall and exploded. Everyone starts clapping and going nuts.]

[4 weeks later. In the cities, people are going around painting over graffiti that says "ASS" and "SHIT" and "FUCK THIS". A black man and a white man are shown shaking hands for a really long time. A woman compares her paycheck to a man's and it is the same and you can tell just by looking at the woman and the man that their intelligence and capability is exactly the same. President Joe Biden addresses the nation to tell them that Racism has ended. A young boy is plotting a school shooting when the government knocks on the door and brings him a girlfriend. A soup chef at a soup kitchen is frowning because there is too much soup in the soup kitchen because no one is poor anymore so no one has to go to the soup kitchen because they can just get their soup at home. Some aliens who were planning to come to Earth to show us the error of our ways, turn around and go back to their home planet, for they have nothing to teach us. The world is truly healed.]

[Then, in a hospital bed in Terre Haute, we see Opulence the golden man, lying bedridden in his big bed, and clutching his fist into a tight fist.]

OPULENCE: Yiiiiinz..... This.... Isn't..... Over.....

THE END