

PAGE ONE: (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1. In a large laboratory on a catwalk over a vat of purple, bubbling chemicals, BOSS sneers at DWEEB while pointing to a broken light bulb hanging down from the ceiling. The light bulb is directly over the top of a lidless vat with bubbling chemicals. Boss is a fit, chiseled man in his early 50s in an expensive 3-piece suit, while Dweeb is a thin squirrely bald man in his early 30s with thick glasses and a lab coat. Dweeb is cowering slightly, completely dominated by Boss.

1. BOSS (YELLING):

I'm your boss, and I'm telling you to fix that light bulb! That one, hanging over an open-top vat of unspecified chemicals, all by yourself with no safety gear! Now!

2. DWEEB (SOFTLY):

Yes, sir.

PANEL 2. Dweeb was standing on the railing of the catwalk, leaning over a vat of bubbling chemicals as he reached for the light bulb. The railing has just given way, and Dweeb is falling forward while shouting in panic.

3. SFX (RAILING):

Snap

4. DWEEB (BURSTING):

Oh no! This shoddy railing just broke—

PANEL 3. Dweeb is falling head-first into the vat of chemicals, arms flailing in panic. He is just above the surface of the chemicals, screaming.

5. DWEEB (BURSTING, FROM VAT):

—and now I'm falling into this open-top vat of unspecified chemicals!

PANEL 4. Same view as before. Dweeb has just fallen in, and we see the splash he made on the surface of the chemicals.

6. SFX (CHEMICALS):

Sploosh!

PANEL 5. The surface of the chemicals bubble slightly.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 6. A green tentacle suddenly emerges from the chemicals, which ripple around where the tentacle emerges.

7. DWEEB (VAT, BURSTING):

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr...

PAGE TWO: (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1. Dweeb has become MONSTER. Monster is a large doughy creature with a pale green complexion. His left eye remains the same but his right eye has become a large compound eye, like an insect. Large fangs stick out of his mouth sideways. His left arm is now a long tentacle, he has two arms on his right side, and a hairy leg sticking out of the back of his neck. Monster is screaming in the middle of a major city street, two crashed cars behind him, with bystanders fleeing. All he wears is the tattered remains of Dweeb's pants.

1. MONSTER (BURSTING):

...rrrarrgh!

2. MONSTER (BURSTING):

That horrible lab accident turned me into a monster—

PANEL 2. Monster has grabbed SOFIA with his tentacle, wrapping it around her and holding her upside down. Sofia is a short, thin Italian woman in her mid-60s with mostly grey hair in a conservative floral dress. She screams in terror as Monster continues to yell.

3. MONSTER (BURSTING):

—and now I'll make the world pay!

4. SOFIA (BURSTING):

AAAAAAAAAH!

PANEL 3. Still wrapped in Monster's tentacle, Sofia is suddenly calm, smiling sympathetically. Monster responds to her, curious and suddenly optimistic.

5. SOFIA:

Wait, did you say a lab accident did this to you?

6. MONSTER:

Yeah...

PANEL 4. Sofia, still wrapped in the tentacle, holds out a business card from her hand and smiles encouragingly. Monster reaches for the card with one of his right arms, excited.

7. SOFIA:

Well you need Carlo Scolari! He makes them pay for you!

PANEL 5. Close up on Monster's face. He's looking over his shoulder, looking directly out of the panel to the reader, smiling excitedly.

8. MONSTER:

Wow! I'm calling Carlo Scolari!

PAGE THREE: (4 PANELS)

PANEL 1. CARLO stands in his law office, in front of his large wooden desk, giving an oily, used-car salesman smile directly to the reader. Carlo is a short, fat, Italian man in his early 30s, a Danny Devito/ Joe Pesci type. He has hair all over his body, but is starting to go bald and thus has a very high forehead. Behind his desk is a dark leather chair, and shelves full of leather-bound books. The scenario has now become a cheesy commercial for personal injury lawyer, ala [“Better Call Saul.”](#)

1. CARLO:

Hi, I’m Carlo Scolari, attorney-at-law. Has a freak lab accident turned you into a hideous, super-powered monster?

2. CARLO:

Then I’m the lawyer for you!

PANEL 2. In a board-room at the head of a conference table, Monster stands triumphantly behind Carlo. Carlo is angrily shouting, pounding his fist on papers scattered on the table and with his other hand pointing accusingly at Boss. Boss is sitting in a chair, sweating profusely and cringing. This panel is in black and white.

3. CAPTION (CARLO):

“I’ll make them pay! Medical costs, damages, anything you need to even the score!”

PANEL 3. A large tank of water sits in the middle of a lab. Inside the tank floats JELLYMAN, a large human-sized jellyfish with a hairless, gelatinous head sticking out from the top. Jellyman mournfully describes his fate.

4. JELLYMAN:

I was a janitor at a science lab, until I fell into a tank filled with genetically-modified jellyfish.

PANEL 4. Jellyman snarls angrily as he remembers the horror of his accident. He brings tTwo tentacles below his face, and the tentacles crackle as an electric arc jumps between them.

5. JELLYMAN:

I was so angry! I wanted to wrap the world in my tentacles, and make everyone feel my burning sting of vengeance!

6. SFX (TENTACLES):

SZZZZ

PAGE FOUR: (3 PANELS)

PANEL 1. Jellyman suddenly perks up, smiling excitedly.

1. JELLYMAN:

Instead, I hired Carlo Scolari! He got me a huge cash settlement, my own tank, and all the phytoplankton I can eat!

2. JELLYMAN:

Thanks, Carlo!

PANEL 2. Back in Carlo's office, focusing on Carlo standing in front of his desk. Carlo grins as he adjusts his tie.

3. CARLO:

So when science turns you into a monster, don't get angry! Get Carlo Scolari!

4. CARLO:

Let me go on the rampage—

PANEL 3. Carlo and Sofia stand in the center of his office. To their right is Monster, and to their left is Jellyman floating in his tank. All four of them smile broadly at the reader, and Carlo points his finger out to the reader defiantly. The SFX should appear as text cheaply overlaid on a tv screen. At the bottom of the screen is a paragraph of fine print too small to be read.

5. CARLO, SOFIA, MONSTER, AND JELLYMAN (BURSTING):

—for you!

6. SFX:

Carlo Scolari, Attorney at Law!

7. SFX:

Operators standing by!

8. SFX (SMALLER):

Works on contingency, no Pro Bono.

9. SFX (SMALLER):

Si habla Español!

PAGE FIVE: (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1. WAINWRIGHT and his supervisor, ROSS, are standing below the antimatter reaction chamber in a lab at Speculative Technologies. The chamber appears to be a large metal chamber surrounded by rings of wire coils serving as electromagnets, like a giant [tokomak reactor](#). On the underside of the chamber is a large hatch sealed with wheel. Wainwright is a maintenance worker at Speculative Technologies, a tall, heavysset black man in his late-40s with short hair greying at the temples and a blue-collar attitude. He wears a maintenance jumpsuit as he stands below the chamber, reaching up to turn the wheel to unlock the chamber. His supervisor Ross stands behind him, a gruff ex-military type in his mid-40s wearing a white shirt and black tie.

1. CAPTION:

4 months earlier, at Speculative Technologies Incorporated antimatter research lab. Friday afternoon.

2. WAINWRIGHT:

I was this close to getting out of here, Ross. Just five minutes away from a weekend with my family...and they tell me to scrub the whole chamber?!

3. ROSS:

They're running behind and want to fire it up first thing Monday morning.

PANEL 2. The hatch is now open, with Wainwright's waist and legs hanging out as he climbs inside. Ross shrugs as he leaves, done for the day.

4. WAINWRIGHT (FROM HATCH):

I swear, if this place screws me over one more time I'm going to lose it!

5. WAINWRIGHT (FROM HATCH):

This thing's off, right?

6. ROSS:

It's 5 p.m. on a Friday. You really think any scientists are still here?

PANEL 3. In the control room for the chamber, located next door, DR. LIU and his colleague Dr. GASSLER walk through the door. Liu is a thin Chinese man in his late 30s. A scientist at Speculative Industries, he wears a white lab-coat over a shirt and tie. Has dark glasses, short hair. Gassler is Another scientist at Speculative Industries, colleague of Tim Liu. A woman in her late 20s, with red hair tied back in a ponytail. Typically wears a lab-coat over slacks and a blouse. The control both has racks of electronic equipment and a desk with two computers. Liu is rolling his eyes in exasperated annoyance, while Gassler is insistently making her point.

7. CAPTION:

The chamber control room next door.

8. GASSLER:

...but we're so close! If we just raised the beam energy by a few keV—

9. LIU:

Fine! We'll do one more run, but let's make this quick.

PANEL 4. Gassler stops, suddenly concerned. Liu sits down at a computer and starts typing the keyboard.

10. GASSLER:

Wait, we should check the chamber first. What if someone's in there?

11. LIU:

It's 5 p.m. on a Friday. You really think maintenance is still here?

PANEL 5. Gassler, eyes growing wide, starts to move to stop him. Liu raises his hands and mocks crying, repeating her words in a mocking tone.

12. GASSLER:

But we're supposed to check the chamber before...

13. LIU:

Waaah, waaah...we're supposed to check the chamber...waah waah...

PANEL 6. Rolling his eyes, Liu casually presses a button at the keyboard.

14. LIU:

Will you relax? Every system in this lab is full of interlocks and safety overrides. The chances of anything going wrong are practically one in...

15. SFX:

Beep!

PAGE SIX: (SPLASH PAGE)

PAGE: Exterior view of Speculative Technologies, a high-tech research compound. At the top of the main building is a billboard with the Spec Tech logo. Next to the logo the billboard states “Speculative Technologies: Blasting your way into the future!” Next to the main building is a warehouse where the antimatter chamber was housed. This building has just exploded, with dark red ribbons of energy flying out of the epicenter.

1. SFX:
Boom!

TITLE AND CREDITS