

Illuminati Slap Script

By Max Dweck

Main Character Looks:

Clemens: Thin average height white man. Old, bald, sharp features. Craggy face. I'm talkin' REALLY old. Like this dude's lifespan has DEFINITELY been extended artificially. He looks like he's 70 but he's looked 70 for at least 50 years so you know he's at least 100. He wears a nice suit and an Illuminati ring.

The Intruder: Fit, tall, short-haired, lean-muscled black man. Maybe a short beard, maybe not. Scar on his forehead over his left eye. Decked out in an all-black suit somewhere between riot gear and superhero armor. Head covered by helmet with a black visor obscuring his entire face. He has a sword on his back and a fancy utility belt with a gun holster around his waist.

The Location: A skyscraper that's a bit away from the city. It's a seemingly-normal office building, but not a lot of officey stuff is actually going on here. Clemens' office is darker and more sinister than the rest of the building with some ancient relics and fancy artwork and a bunch of monitors. Real austere feel that contrasts with the mundanity of the rest of the building. One of the most prominent things in Clemens' office is some sort of classical painting.

Page 1:

Panel 1: Intruder is in the main lobby. There's about five knocked out security guards surrounding him on the floor already. A sixth guard is running at him with a baton.

Guard: YOU'RE GOING DOWN, YOU SON OF A-

Panel 2: The Intruder nails the guard with a cross punch to the jaw.

SFX: POW!

Panel 3: The guard is laid out on the floor.

Panel 4: The same as panel 3, but with a security footage look to it.

Panel 5: Shot of Clemens sitting at his desk. He's talking into a fancy phone with a pearl handled-headset.

Clemens: Caroline, we have an intruder.

Clemens: No, he's not here. But he's already taken out the lobby guards.

Panel 6: The intruder walks up a stairway in the back of the lobby past the security desk, approaching some double doors.

Clemens (Caption Box): Deploy the *real* security forces.

Panel 7: A big, hulking, overly-muscled, veiny, 8-foot-tall supersoldier busts through the double doors, stopping the Intruder. He's wearing some armor and a techy-looking helmet that obscures his eyes.

SFX: WHAM

Supersoldier: KILL INTRUDER!

Page 2:

Panel 1: The supersoldier takes a big swing, which the Intruder jumps over.

Helmet: Protect the Illuminati.

Supersoldier: PROTECT ILLUMINATI!

Panel 2: Intruder lands on supersoldier's shoulder and grabs onto his helmet, his other hand going for the gun on his belt.

Helmet: Guard their secrets.

Supersoldier: GUARD SECRETS!

Panel 3: The supersoldier reaches for the intruder on his shoulder, but the Intruder's jumped to the other side, pulling off the supersoldier's helmet and shooting him in the temple.

Note: For this next bit I want the two speech bubbles connected by a long, thin line, with the sound effect placed over the line between them.

Helmet: Kill the intruder.

Supersoldier: KILL-

SFX: BANG!

Supersoldier: ...

Panel 4: Clemens looks at the dead supersoldier on a monitor, still on the phone.

Clemens: This is no amateur we're dealing with. Have the helicopter ready for takeoff in two minutes.

Panel 5: Close-up on Clemens' eyes widening in fear.

Clemens: IT'S BEEN WHAT!?

Panel 6: Show the burning wreckage of an exploded helicopter on the roof.

Panel 7: Clemens angrily hangs up the phone.

SFX: SLAM!

Page 3:

Panel 1: The Intruder has moved onto the next room. A ninja werewolf is descending on him from above, ready to slash at him with its claws.

Panel 2: In one swing the intruder draws a shining silver sword and cuts off the werewolf's head.

SFX: SHLICK

Panel 3: More werewolf ninjas descend from the ceiling.

Panel 4: Clemens watching the monitors.

Clemens: The Silver Blade of the Von Harting family! But that's been lost since...

Panel 5: Flashback to the 60s. A "younger" Clemens (he looks the same but he's got a colorful mod suit and a toupee) is running from a cave holding a golden idol depicting a wolf. From the cave, a giant wolf hand has captured Von Harting, a very manly monster-hunter holding the same silver sword as the intruder.

Caption: 1963:

Von Harting: Damn you, Clemens! With my final breath, I curse your name!

Clemens (Caption): But Von Harting was the last of his line, and had no apprentice...

Panel 6: Back to present. Clemens gazes at the monitor intensely.

Clemens: So who *are* you?

Page 4:

Panel 1: The Intruder walks past all the slain ninja-wolves towards a large elevator in the back of the room.

SFX: Ding

Panel 2: The elevator opens and a 10-foot-tall killer robot with glowing red eyes appears, unloading twin gatling guns. Intruder dodges out of the way while flicking something at the robot from his utility belt. A smaller panel-in-panel points along the

flight path of the flicked object and zooms in to reveal a small high-tech metal disc with a green light on it.

SFX: whirrrrrrrrr

SFX: TUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUTUT

SFX: -flk-

Panel 3: Small panel. Close up on robot's eyes. The disc latches onto the robot's head and it stops firing.

SFX: -klk-

Panel 4: Exact same close-up as panel 5. The robot's eyes turn green.

Robot: SELF-DESTRUCT ACTIVATED

Panel 5: The robot explodes. Intruder hits the ground.

SFX: KABOOM!!!

Clemens (Caption): Impossible! Nobody can hack these machines! The original designer is dead, and the only other person who knows about them...

Panel 6: Flashback to a year ago. Outside of the office building. Clemens is walking into the building as a fat middle-aged man screams at him, being dragged away by security guards.

Caption: 2020

Yelling Man: Damn you, Clemens! My daughter didn't die in some "lab accident"! She was too smart for that!

Yelling Man: I'll find the truth! I'll make sure everyone knows!

Panel 7: Back to present. Clemens leans back in his chair, experiencing a brief moment of relief, eyes closed.

Clemens: No, that out of shape lackwit couldn't be the intruder.

Clemens: -sigh-

Clemens: At least with the elevator blown up, he has no way of getting up here now.

Panel 8: Same shot, Clemens' eyes open wide.

Sound from Monitor: KRNCH

Page 5:

Panel 1: The Intruder is climbing the walls of the elevator shaft with a pair of titanium-tipped climbing axes.

SFX: KRNCH

Panel 2: Clemens stands up, enraged.

Clemens: MOUNTAIN CLIMBING EQUIPMENT!?

Clemens: Who would even have that in this situation!?

Panel 3: Clemens sits back down again, stroking his chin.

Clemens: Who indeed...?

Panel 4: Flashback to a snowy mountain. An actually younger-looking Clemens is climbing a mountain and cuts the line behind him, sending a fellow climber falling to his death.

Caption: 1936

Climber: DAMN YOU, CLEMENS!

Clemens (Caption): No, that was over 80 years ago.

Panel 5: Flashback to the top of a volcano. Clemens is pushing a man in.

Caption: 1987

Man: DAMN YOU, CLEMENS!

Clemens (Caption): Definitely not.

Panel 6: Flashback to a rocky cliffside. Clemens watches from his helicopter holding a remote detonator as a part of the cliff explodes, sending the fit young climber falling to his death.

Caption: Yesterday

SFX: BOOM!

Young Climber: DAMN YOU, CLEMENS!

Clemens (Caption): No, we're holding that body to be "found" in a few days.

Panel 7: Back to present. Clemens pinches his brow.

Clemens: I've killed far too many men on mountains to narrow it down that way.

Clemens: Think, Clemens, think. You're Illuminati, for Christ's sake.

Page 6:

Panel 1: Clemens unlocks a filing cabinet.

Clemens: Knowledge is power. We have all the knowledge, so we have all the power.

Clemens: Once I know who I'm facing, I'll have the power to stop him...

Panel 2: Wide shot of Clemens flipping through the open filing cabinet in silhouette. Lots of space behind him for word bubbles.

Clemens: Dead...

Clemens: Dead...

Clemens: Paralyzed...

Clemens: Dead...

Clemens: Comatose...

Clemens: Incarcerated...

Clemens: Dead...

Panel 3: The doors to Clemens' office are kicked open.

SFX: CRASH

Panel 4: The Intruder steps into the room. He and Clemens stare at each other.

Panel 5: The Intruder takes off his helmet.

Intruder: Remember me?

Clemens: ...

Clemens: No.

Intruder: Yeah. You wouldn't.

Panel 6: The Intruder looks at the classical painting on Clemens' wall.

Page 7:

Panel 1: Flashback to the intruder as a kid. He's ten years old, no scar on his face, looking at the same painting in a museum.

Caption: 2003

Panel 2: Clemens and the Museum Curator come walking down the hall, the latter following the former frantically.

Curator: But Mr. Clemens, to just remove a piece from the exhibit for your personal-

Clemens: The arrangements have been made with your employers. Go grouse to them.

Panel 3: Clemens goes to grab the painting from the wall, reaching over Kid Intruder.

Clemens: As of this minute, this piece is my proper-

Intruder: Hey man, you're not supposed to touch the art.

Panel 4: Clemens backhands kid intruder, his ring cutting across his forehead.

SFX: SLAP!

Clemens: Out of the way, brat!

Panel 5: Close-up on Kid Intruder's eyes. One is closed as blood leaks down from the cut over it. The other has the reflection of Clemens' bloodied ring in his eye.

Panel 6: Back to present. The view is from behind the wrist of Clemens' ring hand, the Intruder in front of him, staring down at the ring.

Page 8:

Panel 1: Clemens looks at the intruder fearfully.

Clemens: Well, you've made it here. What do you want?

Intruder: Not much.

Panel 2: The Intruder raises his hand for a backhanded slap.

Intruder: Just this.

Panel 3: The Intruder backhands Clemens.

SFX: SLAP!

Panel 4: As Clemens falls his forehead scrapes against the corner of his desk, giving him a cut.

Clemens: Aah!

Panel 5: Half-page ending panel. The Intruder turns around and walks out of the office as a trembling Clemens lays fearfully on the floor, bleeding from the same spot over his eye as he made the Intruder in the past.

Intruder: Now we're even.

Title and Credits

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