

BRINK



BOOK THREE

DAN ABNETT ★ I.N.J. CULBARD

DAN ABNETT

Writer

I.N.J. CULBARD

Artist

I.N.J. CULBARD

Cover Artist



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

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2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

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Graphic Novel Editor: Maz Smith

Graphic Design: Oz Osborne, Sam Gretton & Gemma Sheldrake

Reprographics: Joseph Morgan, Richard Tustian & Emma Denton

PR: Michael Molcher

Publishing Assistant: Owen Johnson

Original Commissioning Editor: Matt Smith

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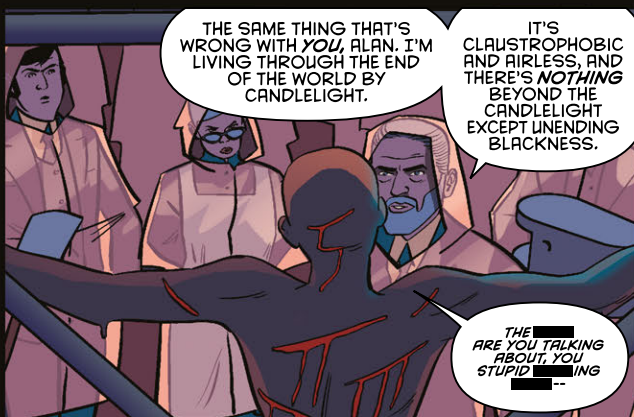
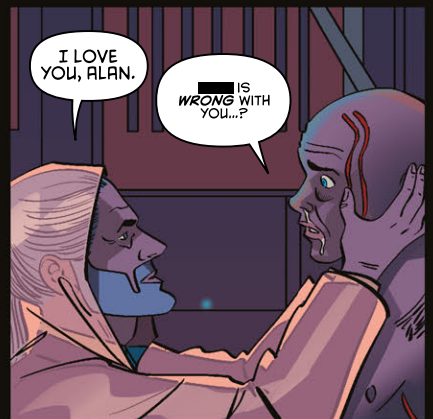
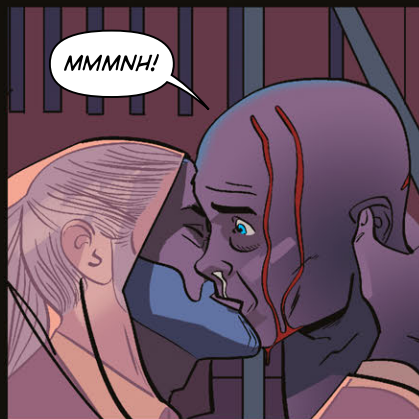
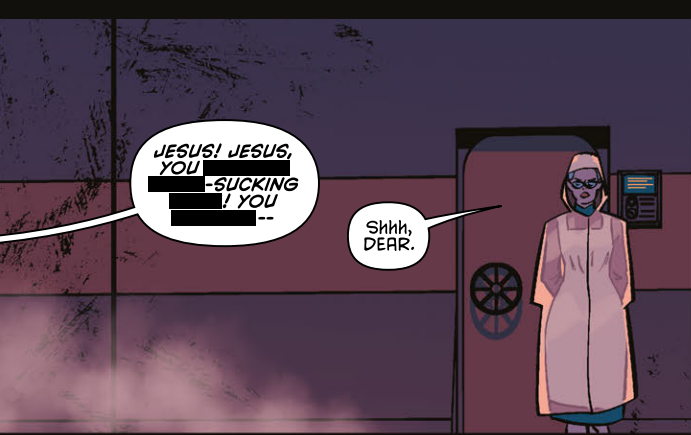
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BRINK



BOOK THREE

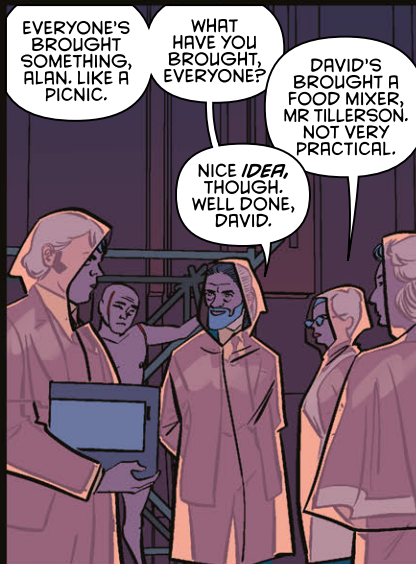
BRINK CREATED BY DAN ABNETT & I.N.J. CULBARD





IT'S OUR GIFT TO YOU, ALAN. IT'S THE BEST GIFT ANYONE CAN EVER GET.

JOEL! JOEL! PLEASE--



EVERYONE'S BROUGHT SOMETHING, ALAN. LIKE A PICNIC.

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT, EVERYONE?

DAVID'S BROUGHT A FOOD MIXER, MR TILLERSON. NOT VERY PRACTICAL.

NICE IDEA, THOUGH. WELL DONE, DAVID.



NAIL GUN. SPLENDID.

HACKSAW. ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE. HEDGE TRIMMER. POWER DRILL. TROWEL.

A SACK OF FAST-SET CEMENT, SARAH? THAT'S LOVELY THINKING.



YOU SEE, ALAN, THEY'RE ALL THINGS WE ONCE USED TO BUILD AND SHAPE OUR WORLD.

WE SHAPED IT SO MUCH, IN THE END, IT DIED.

SO THESE THINGS NOW HAVE SYMBOLIC VALUE.



WE USE THEM TO UN-SHAPE NOW. TO UN-MAKE ALL THE BAD THINGS WE MADE BEFORE.

SO THEY POSSESS SPECIAL POWER THAT WILL HELP US WITH OUR WORKING TODAY.



YOU'RE ~~UN~~ING MMMMGGHHH!

SHH! SHH, ALAN!

THE LEPER HEART BEATS FOR YOU. LOW THETA HANGS IN THE SUN.

DROWSY MELANCHOLEMA AND WATCHFUL VOVEK STAND SIDE BY SIDE, WAITING TO OPEN THE UNREACH FOR YOU.



JUST FOR YOU, ALAN. SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

MRS SYLVIE? TELL ALAN THE NAME OF THE WONDERFUL THING HE WILL MEET IN THE BLACKNESS.

SO ALAN CAN GREET IT BY NAME.

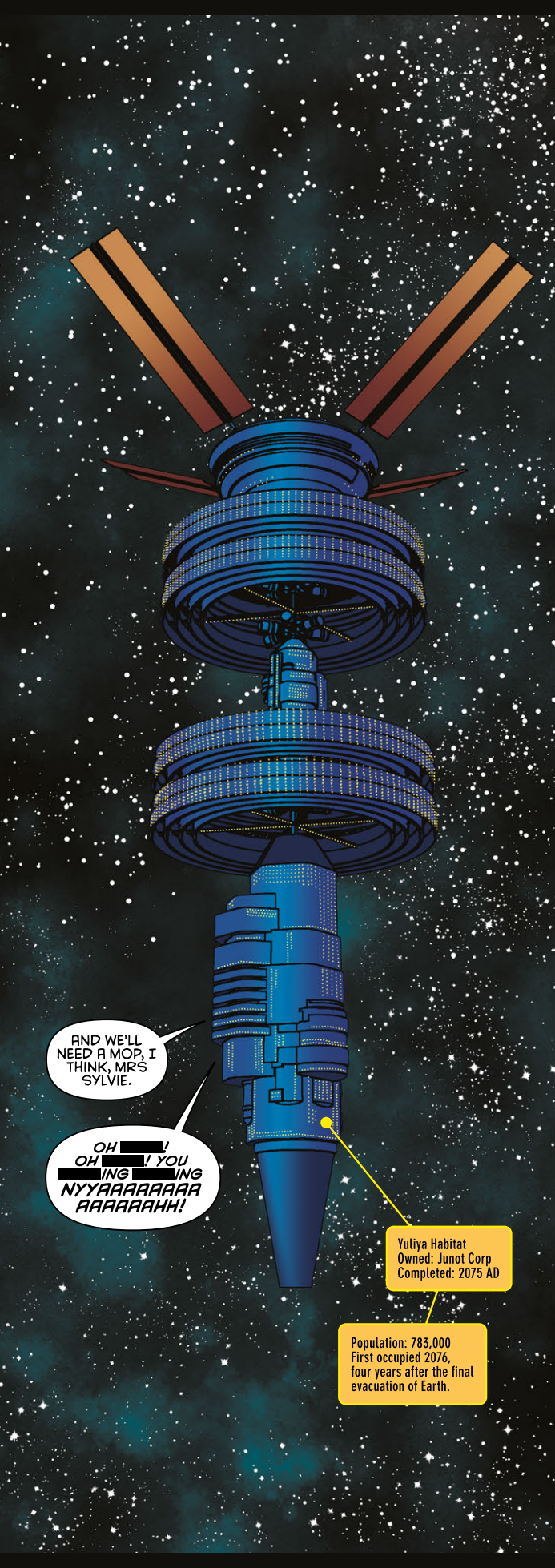
PHALE CHRONOZON.



PHALE CHRONOZON, ALAN. PLEASE SAY HELLO FROM ME.

DEBORAH, CAN I BORROW YOUR HACKSAW?

MMIIIMMGGGHH! MIIIIIMMGGGHHH!

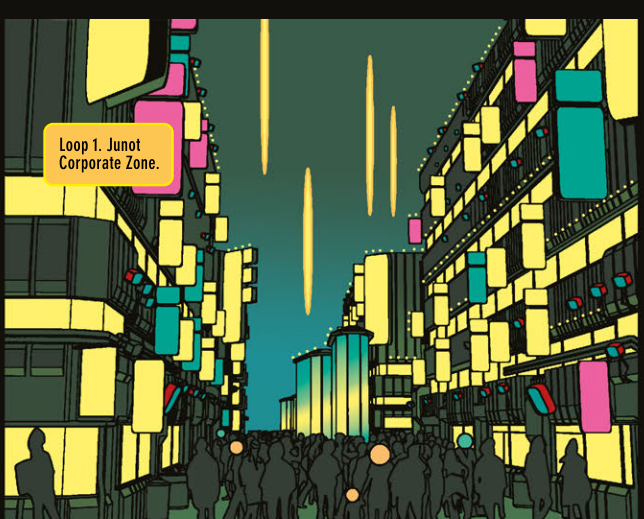


AND WE'LL
NEED A MOP, I
THINK, MRS
SYLVIE.

OH [REDACTED]!
OH [REDACTED]! YOU
[REDACTED]ING
NYAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAHH!

Yuliya Habitat
Owned: Junot Corp
Completed: 2075 AD

Population: 783,000
First occupied 2076,
four years after the final
evacuation of Earth.



Loop 1. Junot
Corporate Zone.



HSD RESTRICTED DATA
Bridget Kurtis
Investigator, Habitat Security Division
Born: Salma Habitat 2067
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER



Junot House
Junot Corporation
headquarters

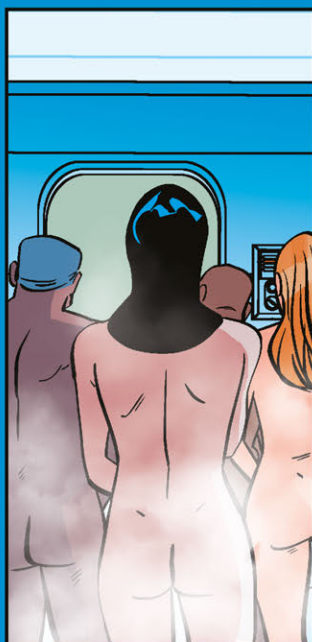
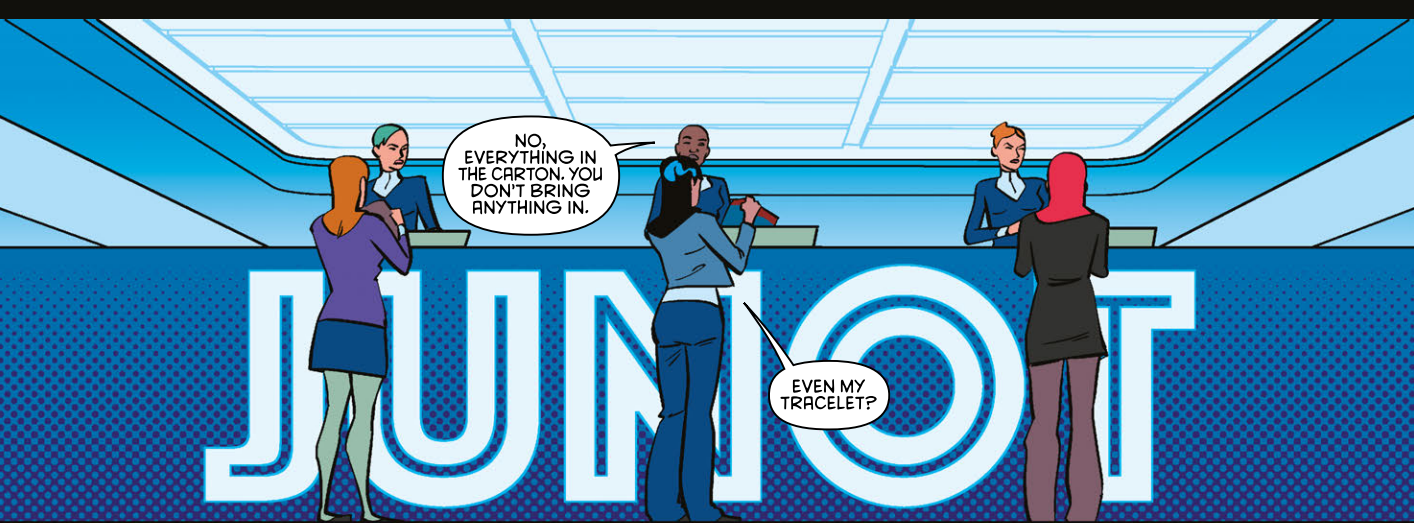
Junot House service entry
(domestic staff only)

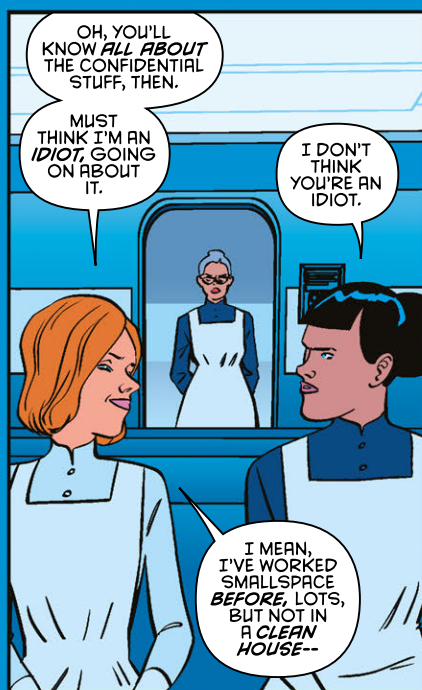
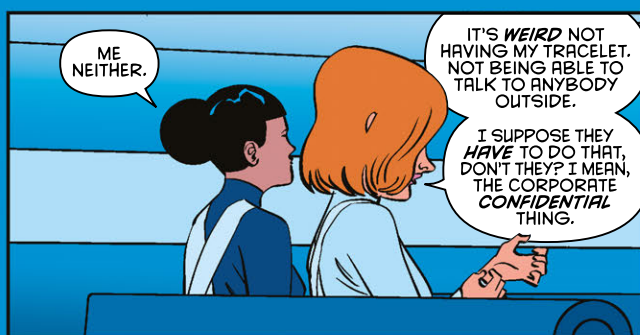
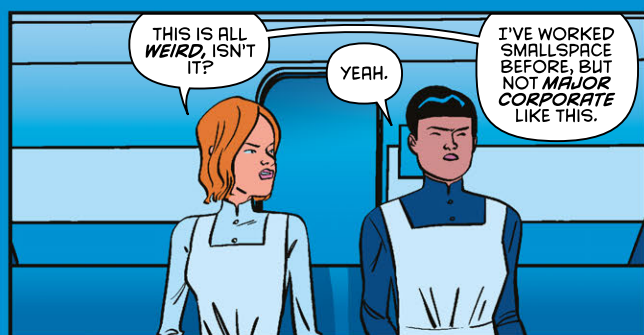


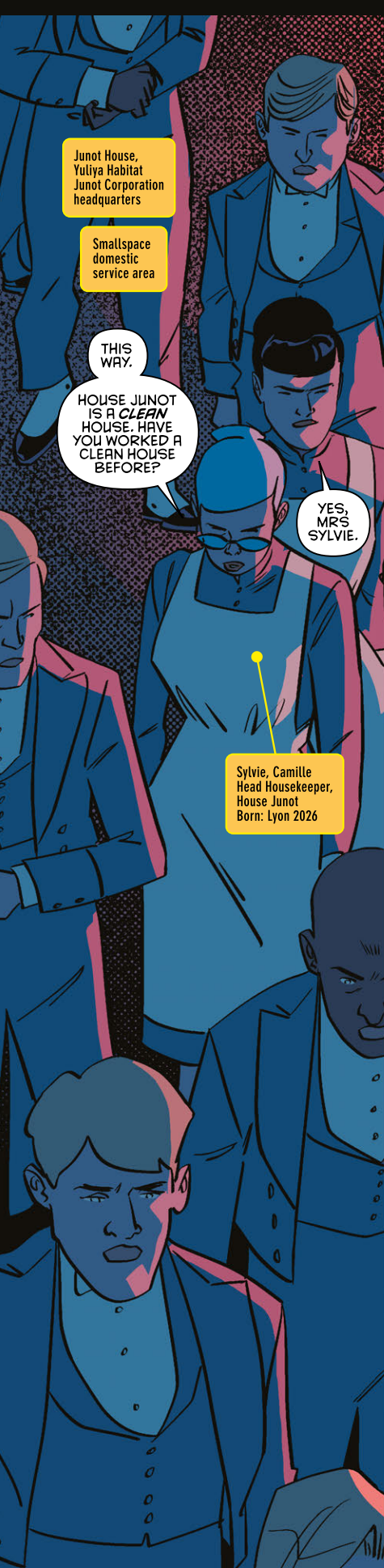
NEW?

YES,
SIR. FIRST
DAY.

I GOT YOU.
DAVIA SINTA. YOU'RE
TAGGED ON PAYROLL. GO
LEFT FOR SCREENING
AND INDUCTION.







Junot House,
Yuliya Habitat
Junot Corporation
headquarters

Smallspace
domestic
service area

THIS
WAY.

HOUSE JUNOT
IS A *CLEAN*
HOUSE. HAVE
YOU WORKED A
CLEAN HOUSE
BEFORE?

YES,
MRS
SYLVIE.

Sylvie, Camille
Head Housekeeper,
House Junot
Born: Lyon 2026



TAKE
THIS.

IF YOU
DETECT ANYTHING
DURING A SWEEP,
YOU REPORT IT
TO ME OR TO ONE
OF THE SENIOR
HOUSE SECURITY
OFFICERS.

YES,
MRS
SYLVIE.

Junot Corp
"sweeper wand"
Model k37
Portable surveillance
detection system



THIS IS A
PLACE OF BUSINESS.
NO RECORDING
DEVICES, BUGS OR
SURVEILLANCE UNITS
ARE PERMITTED.

CORPORATE
SECRETS AND
TRANSACTIONS
MUST BE
PROTECTED.



YOU WILL
CONFINE YOURSELF TO
SMALLSPACE UNLESS
WORKING.

YOU WILL BE
PERMITTED OUT
OF THE HOUSE
ONE DAY PER
WEEK.

WHAT'S
YOUR
NAME?

DAVIA
SINTA, MRS
SYLVIE.

HSD RESTRICTED DATA
Bridget Kurtis
Investigator, Habitat Security Division
Born: Salma Habitat 2067
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER



DAVIA,
THIS IS
PHYLLIS.

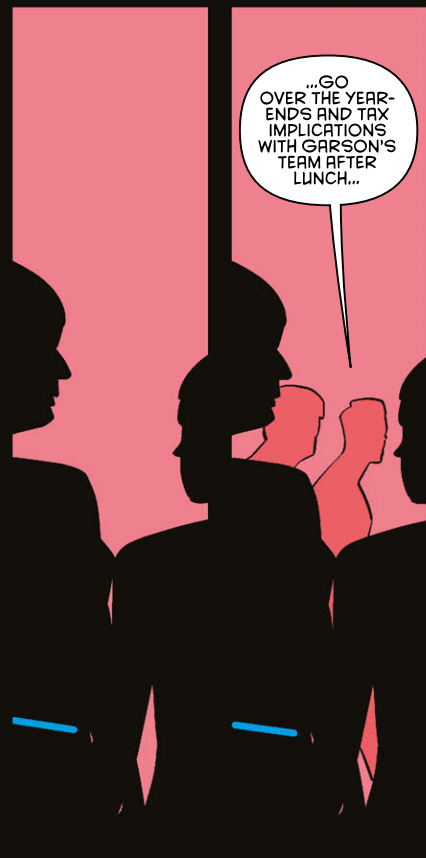
YOU'LL WORK
WITH HER UNTIL
YOU LEARN THE
PROTOCOLS.

HI--

LET'S
GET TO
IT.



THROUGH
HERE.





Smallspace
domestic staff
quarters





THIS IS YOU.

OUR NEXT SHIFT IS TOMORROW MORNING AT FIVE.



LALLA.

HELLO! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BUNKED TOGETHER.

HOW WAS YOUR FIRST DAY?



SWEEP-Y.

HA HA! YOU'RE RIGHT FUNNY.



HOW WAS YOUR FIRST DAY IN FOOD PREPP?

OH, IT WAS NICE.

THEY BRING YOUR MEAL. IT'S THERE.



Hmm.

WHAT'S UP WITH IT?

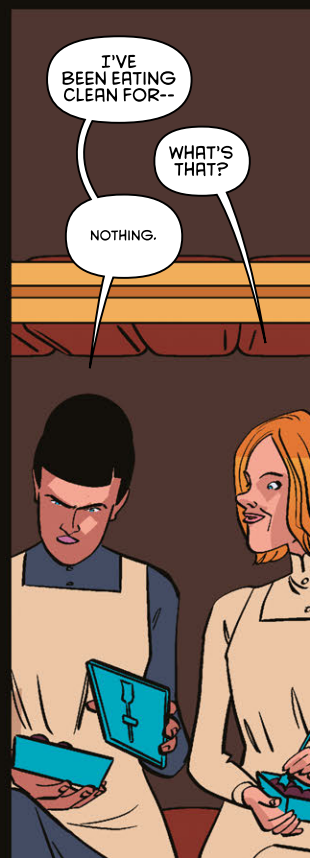
THE FOOD HERE'S GOOD. WE WASH OUR HANDS AND WEAR GLOVES AND EVERYTHING.

IT'S PROCESSED.



OF COURSE IT IS. *ALL* FOOD'S PROCESSED, SILLY.

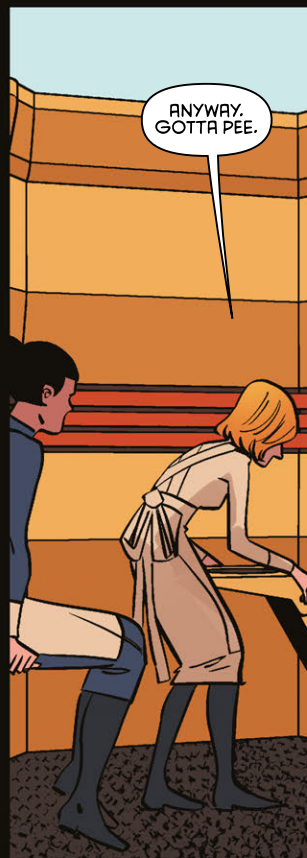
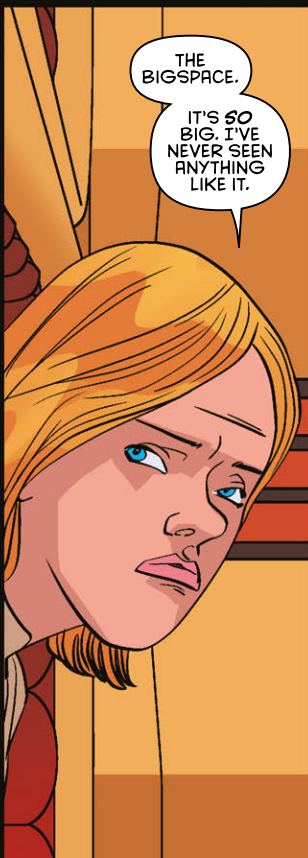
IT'S GOT VITAMINS AND NUDGE AND ALL THE ESSENTIALS.

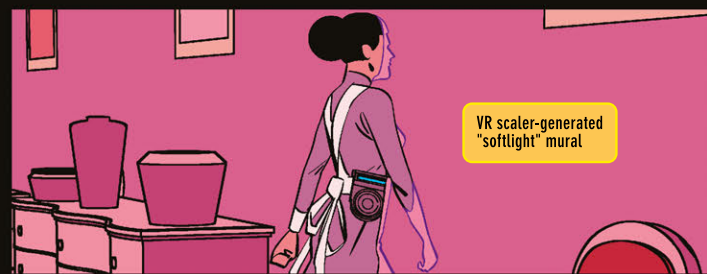
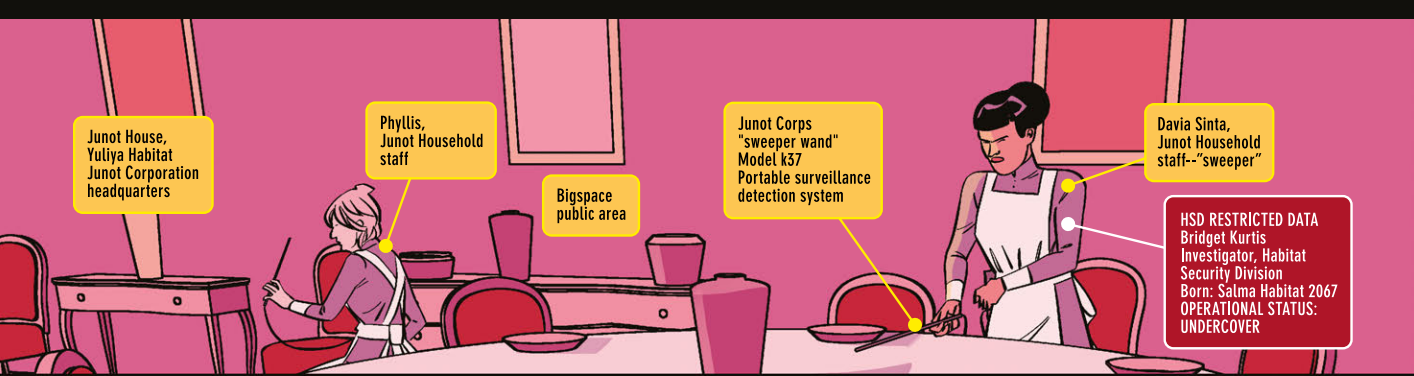


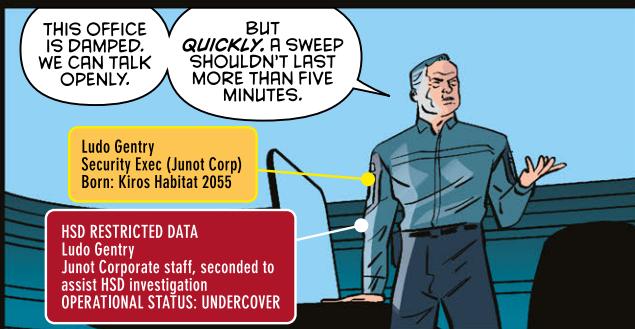
I'VE BEEN EATING CLEAN FOR--

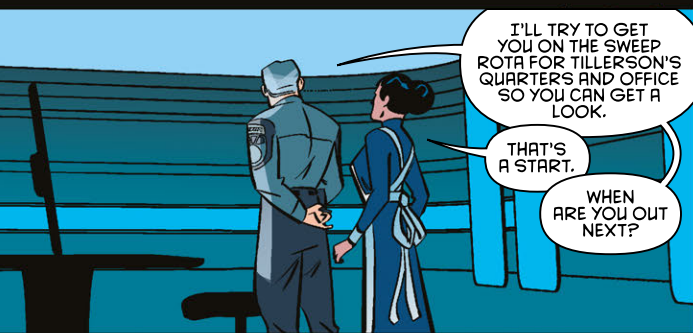
WHAT'S THAT?

NOTHING.









I'LL TRY TO GET YOU ON THE SWEEP ROTA FOR TILLERSON'S QUARTERS AND OFFICE SO YOU CAN GET A LOOK.

THAT'S A START.

WHEN ARE YOU OUT NEXT?



MY DOWNTIME DAY IS SATURDAY.

THEN CYCLE THOSE NAMES BACK TO YOUR HANDLER OUTSIDE AND GET HSD TO RUN THEM ALL.

ANY PRIORS, ANY DIRT.

YOU REMEMBER THE LIST?



SHIELA REYES. LENORE FRIXEL. DAVID GARBO. GAEL NOVARRO. HECTOR NUNEZ. SARAH TEMPE. GEORG BLASCO. JOEL TILLERSON.

GOOD.



YOU REALISE IT'LL TAKE ANOTHER WEEK UNTIL I GET OUT AGAIN TO COLLECT ANY RESULTS?

WE'RE PLAYING A LONG GAME, KURTIS. WE HAVE TO BE METHODOICAL AND CAREFUL.

IF ANYTHING FLAGS RED, THEY CAN MAKE A CODEWORD CALL TO ME AND I'LL ARRANGE A MEETING--



GENTRY! GOT A SEC?

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, BLASCO?



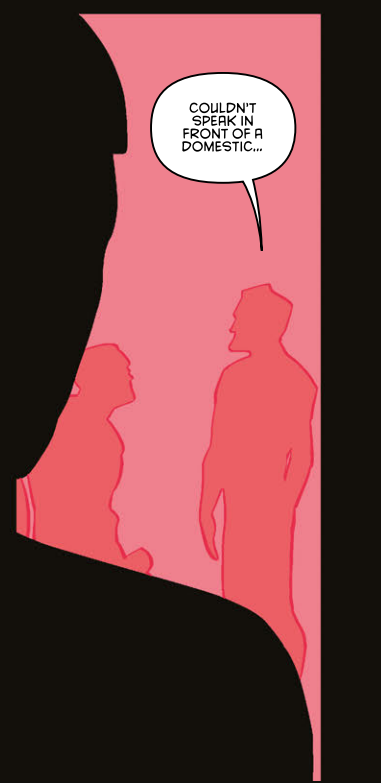
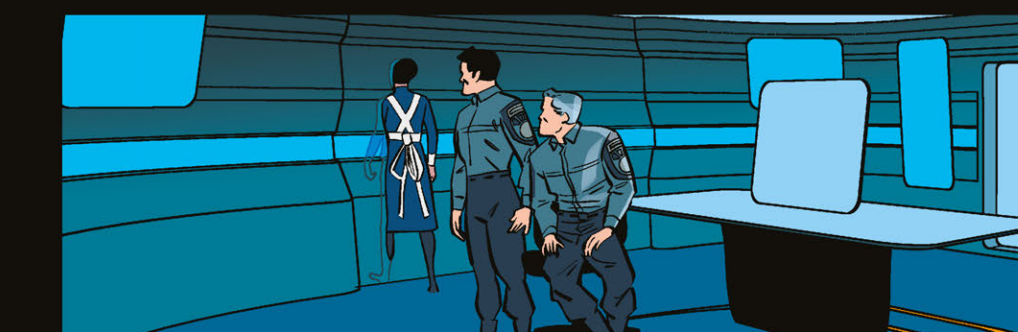
Um...

SHE'S JUST STAFF. A SWEEPER.

YEAH...



...STEP BACK, WOULD YOU, SWEET-HEART?



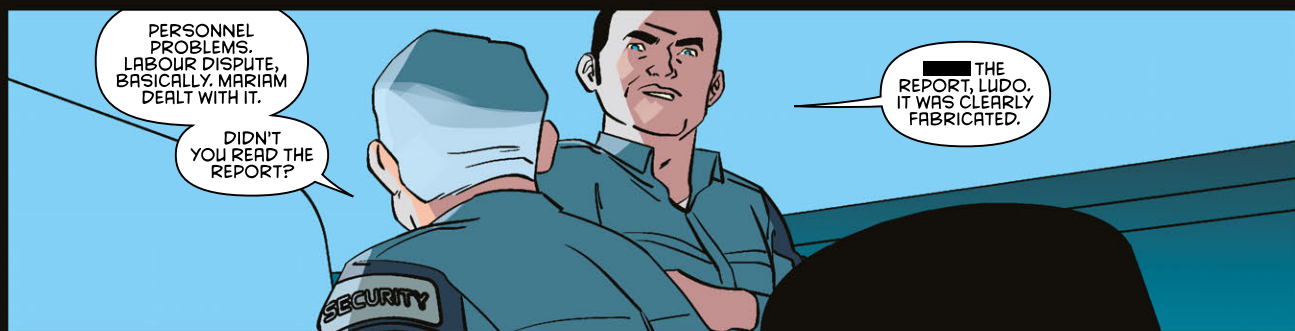
COULDN'T SPEAK IN FRONT OF A DOMESTIC...



THEY'RE ALL VETTED, GEORG.

WHATEVER. LOOK, I NEED A QUIET WORD.

YOU WERE ON GALINA. WHAT HAPPENED OVER THERE?



PERSONNEL PROBLEMS. LABOUR DISPUTE, BASICALLY. MARIAM DEALT WITH IT.

DIDN'T YOU READ THE REPORT?

THE REPORT, LUDO. IT WAS CLEARLY FABRICATED.



THE GALINA BUILD HAS KICKED A HUGE HOLE IN FINANCE. JUNOT'S PISSING BLOOD ON THE LOAN-PAYMENT INTEREST.

DON'T GIVE ME **██████**ING LABOUR PROBLEMS.



I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING ELSE.

WHY DO YOU CARE, BLASCO? YOU'RE SECURITY ADMINISTRATION LIKE ME. YOU'RE NOT ATTACHED TO THE HABITAT BUILD.

I'M ATTACHED TO JUNOT, AND THE GALINA BUILD'S ATTACHED TO JUNOT LIKE A **██████**ING ANCHOR.

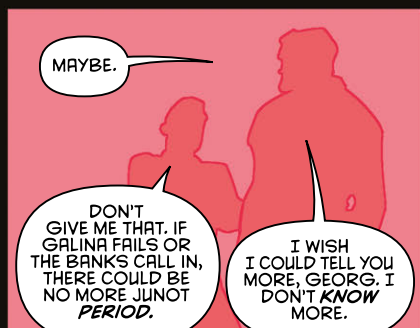
I'M THINKING ABOUT MY EMPLOYMENT PROSPECTS.



LAY-OFFS AND RESTRUCTURE?

AT THE VERY LEAST.

THERE ARE GOING TO BE SERIOUS CUTS, AND ADMINISTRATION ALWAYS GETS IT IN THE BALLS FIRST.



MAYBE.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT. IF GALINA FAILS OR THE BANKS CALL IN, THERE COULD BE NO MORE JUNOT PERIOD.

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU MORE, GEORG. I DON'T KNOW MORE.



OKAY.

LOOK, YOU MAY NOT WANT TO DO ME A FAVOUR--

IT'S NOT A CASE OF "WANT"--



YEAH, YEAH!

YOU MAY NOT WANT TO DO ME A FAVOUR BUT I'LL DO *YOU* ONE.

UPDATE YOUR CV. START LOOKING FOR A *NEW JOB*.

COME ON...



I HEAR ANTRON AND C-LUX ARE HIRING.

THERE'S NO FUTURE HERE. THE BOARD IS GETTING RESTLESS.

I THINK THEY'RE WORKING TO HAVE MARIAM REMOVED.

NO WAY.



I'M SERIOUS. ANOTHER TWO, THREE WEEKS, THEY'LL GET MARIAM *OUT*.

MARIAM AND ANYONE IN HER CIRCLE. LIKE *YOU*, GENTRY.

JUNOT IS A FAMILY BUSINESS--



GROW UP. THE *NAME* MATTERS. THE BLOOD *DOESN'T*. THE OLD MAN'S GONE [REDACTED] KNOWS WHERE, AND LITTLE MARIAM MADE A PISS-POOR SHOW OF RUNNING THINGS SINCE.



ANYWAY, LATER.



YOU HEAR ALL THAT?

YES.



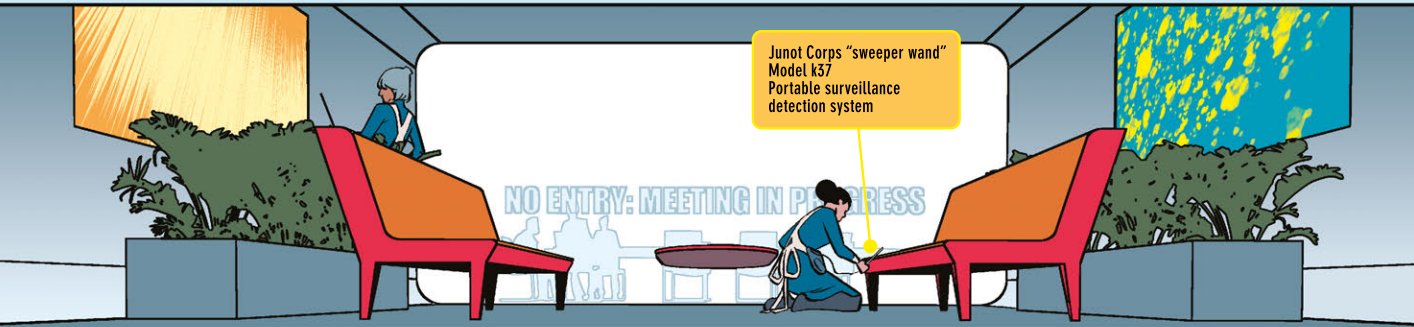
IF BLASCO'S RIGHT, WE'RE ON A SHORT CLOCK.

WITHOUT MARIAM ON THE INSIDE, THIS OP IS DOOMED.

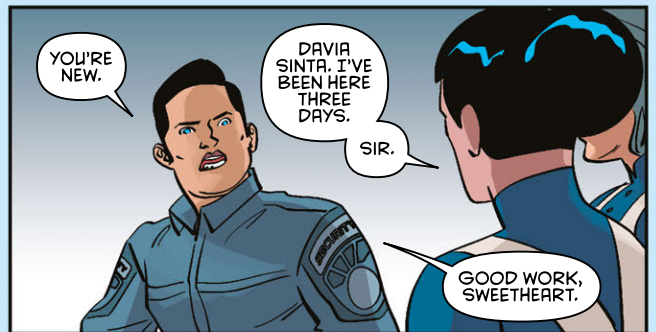
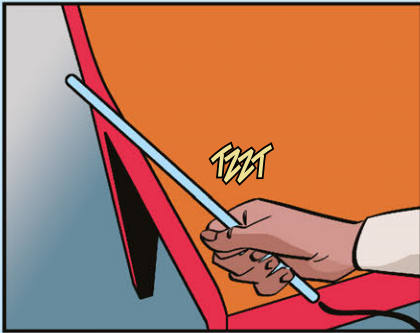
NO ENTRY: MEETING IN PROGRESS

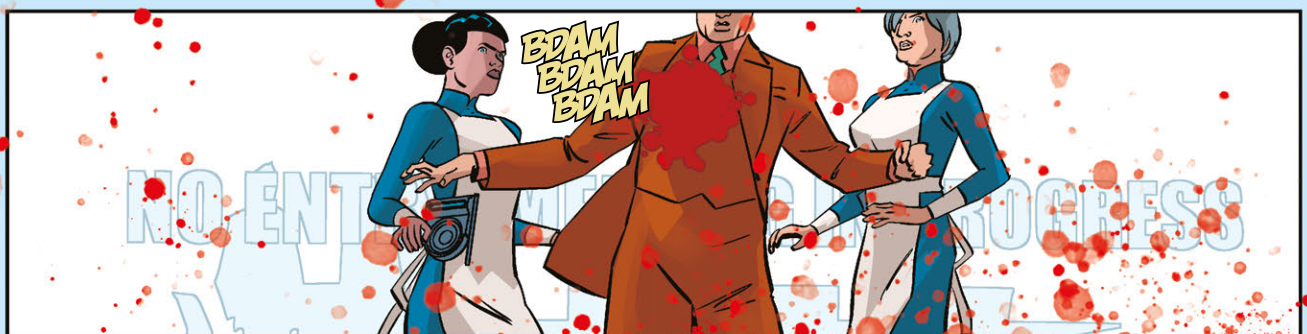
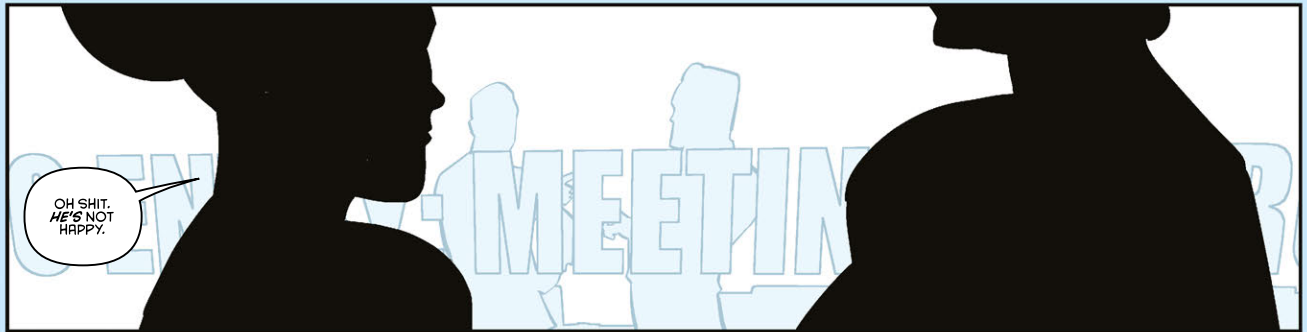
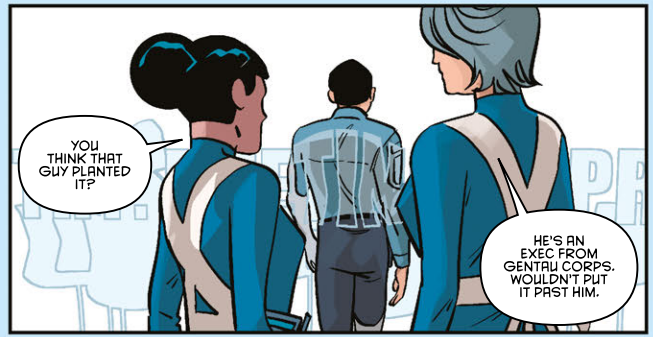
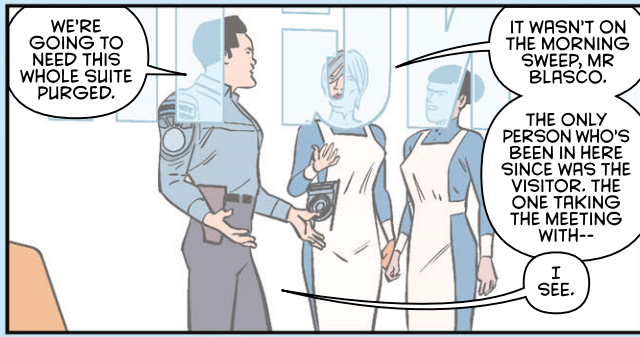
Junot House,
Yuliya Habitat
Junot Corporation
headquarters

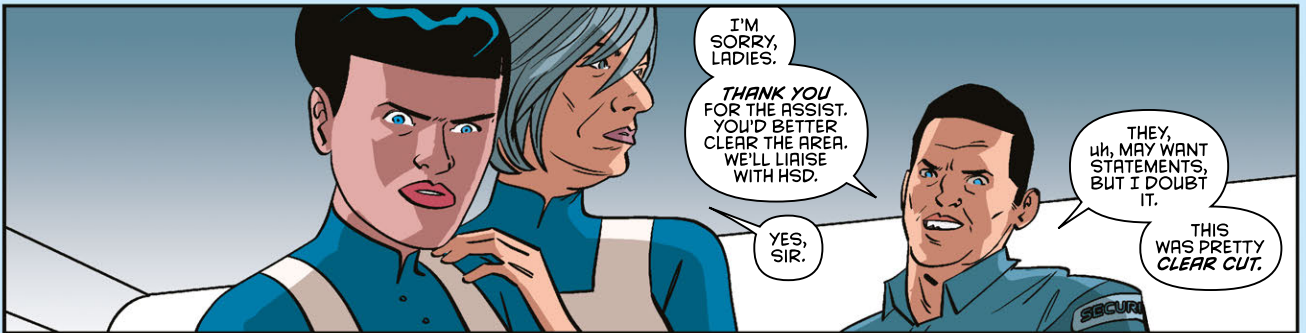
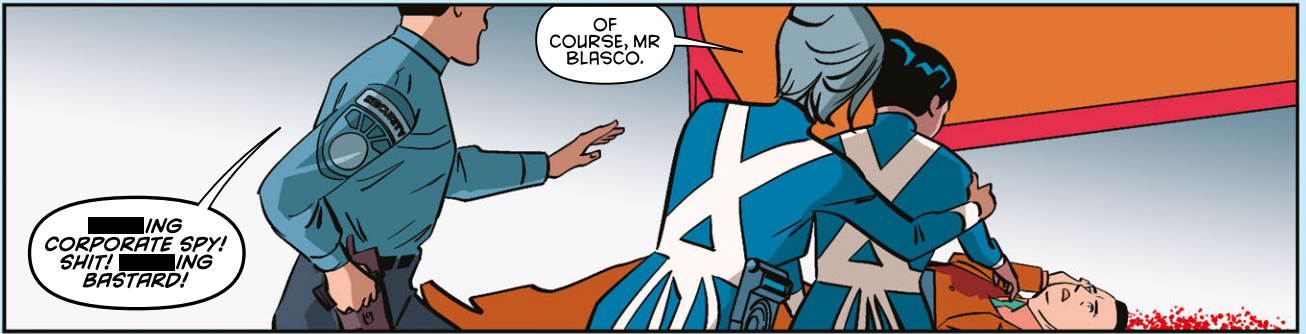
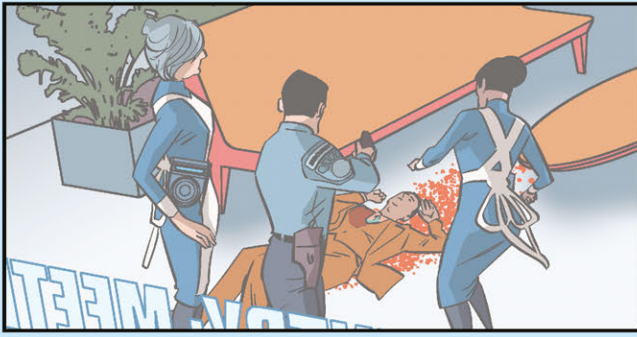
Bigspace public
area, anteroom to
meeting suite 41



Junot Corps "sweeper wand"
Model k37
Portable surveillance
detection system







Smallspace domestic service area: loading dock 17



I SEE YOU FOUND THE SMOKING AREA.

HI.



Shirley Keen, Junot Household staff--maid

"SHIRLEY" RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT.

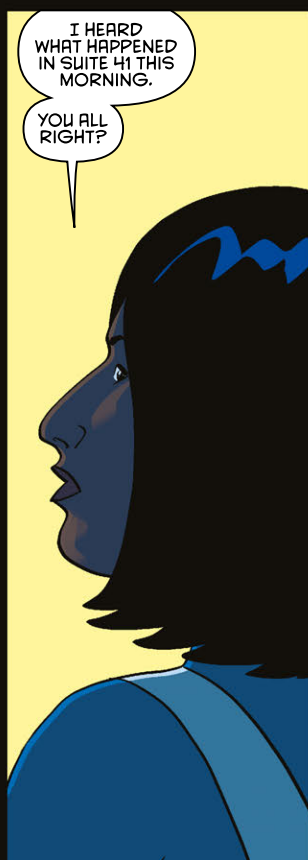
HSD RESTRICTED DATA
Gita Gibrani
Investigator, Habitat Security Division
Born: Yuliya Habitat 2072
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER



GOOD TO SEE YOU.

YOU LOOK SPOOKED.

WELL--



I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED IN SUITE 41 THIS MORNING.

YOU ALL RIGHT?



JUSTIFIED SECURITY ACTION. CORPORATE SPY.

STILL, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.



I BET.

THING IS... BLASCO--

SECURITY EXEC. I KNOW HIM.

I'VE BEEN IN HERE EIGHT DAYS.



OKAY, SO, THE GUY, THE DEAD GUY, HE KNEW HIM.

REALLY?

SAID HIS NAME, RIGHT BEFORE BLASCO TOPPED HIM.



COULD BE ANYTHING. MAYBE HE *DID* KNOW HIM. MAYBE THEY WERE INTRODUCED EARLIER--

NO, HIS *AFFECT*. HE WAS SURPRISED. AND IF HE'D JUST MET HIM, WHY WOULD HE USE HIS FIRST NAME?

AND BLASCO COULD HAVE JUST MADE AN *ARREST*, YOU KNOW? NOT LIKE THE GUY COULD EXIT MAIN GATE.



AND BLASCO'S ON GENTRY'S WATCHLIST.

SHIT. SO BLASCO WAS... WHAT?

PROTECTING HIS COVER? COVERING *SOMETHING*, ANYWAY.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

KEEP WATCHING.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?



I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.

WHAT?

EASIER IF I SHOW YOU.

CAN YOU MEET ME BACK DOWN HERE TONIGHT? AFTER LIGHTS-OUT?



OKAY.

DEATH AND SECRETS. JUST LIKE BEING BACK ON GALINA, HUH?



OH OFF.

HA!



SNNRTT-
FOOF! SNNRTT-
FOOF!



SNNRTT-
FOOF! SNNRTT-
FOOF!



SNNRTT-
FOOF!



MNNYYMM...
SNNRTT-FOOF!



SNNRTT-
FOOF! SNNRTT-
FOOF!



Junot House,
Yuliya Habitat
Junot Corporation
headquarters

Smallspace
domestic staff
quarters



Domestic
access 437



Smallspace domestic
service area: loading
dock 17



ALL RIGHT?

YEAH.



FOLLOW ME.



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WELL, IF ANYONE BUMPS INTO US, WE'RE SNEAKING OFF FOR A PRIVATE TRYST.

A TRYST?



A CHEEKY DRY HUMP IN THE AIR-CIRC ROOM. IT'S A POPULAR MAKE-OUT SPOT.

YOU THINK YOU CAN PULL THAT OFF?

I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRED YOU VERY MUCH FROM AFAR.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT. LIVE THE ROLE.



WHERE REALLY?

DOWN HERE. THE HOUSE VAULTS. I'VE BEEN WORKING RETRIEVAL. I WANNA SHOW YOU.

BUT THERE MIGHT BE SOME OVER-THE-SHIRT ACTION LATER TOO IF YOU PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT.



RETRIEVAL?

THROUGH HERE--



House Junot storage vaults. Vault eighteen.

BEHOLD.

IT'S HUGE.

BRACE YOURSELF. THERE ARE FORTY CHAMBERS LIKE IT.



WHAT'S "RETRIEVAL"?

IT'S GETTING STUFF FOR THE JUNOT EXECS. THE **TOFFS**.

GETTING STUFF AND BRINGING IT TO THEM.

WHAT STUFF?



THEIR STUFF.

PERSONAL POSSESSIONS. HEIRLOOMS. LAMPS. CLOTHES. TEDDY BEARS. WHATEVER.

THEY SHIPPED IT ALL UP FROM EARTH.



THEY SHIPPED...?

THE PAYLOAD COSTS *ALONE* WOULD--

I *KNOW*, RIGHT? RICH PEOPLE.



THEY BROUGHT ALL THEIR STUFF WITH THEM, AND THEY STORE IT HERE.

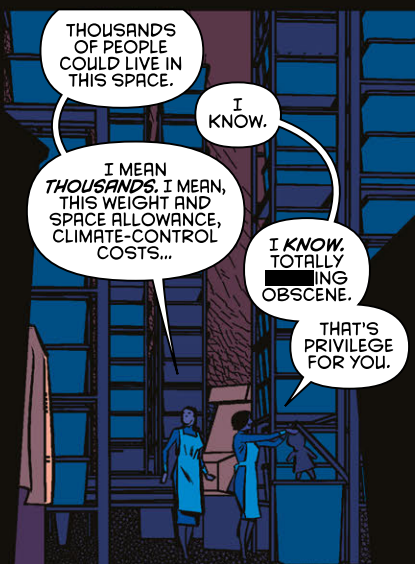
WHEN YOU WORK RETRIEVAL, YOU GET SENT DOWN HERE TO FIND THINGS FOR THEM.

"OH, SHIRLEY? COULD YOU GO FETCH MY GRANDMAMA'S SEWING BOX?"



ALL THE CONTAINERS ARE ITEMISED. FULL INVENTORY. DIGI-CODES FOR ITEM LOCATION.

THEN THE BIG STUFF TOO.



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE COULD LIVE IN THIS SPACE.

I *KNOW*.

I MEAN *THOUSANDS*. I MEAN, THIS WEIGHT AND SPACE ALLOWANCE, CLIMATE-CONTROL COSTS...

I *KNOW*, TOTALLY *OBSCENE*.

THAT'S PRIVILEGE FOR YOU.



THEY GET TO KEEP THEIR JUNK.

THE RICH GET TO *HOLD ON* TO THEIR OLD LIVES. THEIR KEEPSAKES.

THAT'S WHAT MONEY BUYS YOU: *SENTIMENT*. THE RICH GET THE LUXURY OF SENTIMENT. ATTACHMENT TO MATERIAL POSSESSIONS.



YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME.

Heh.

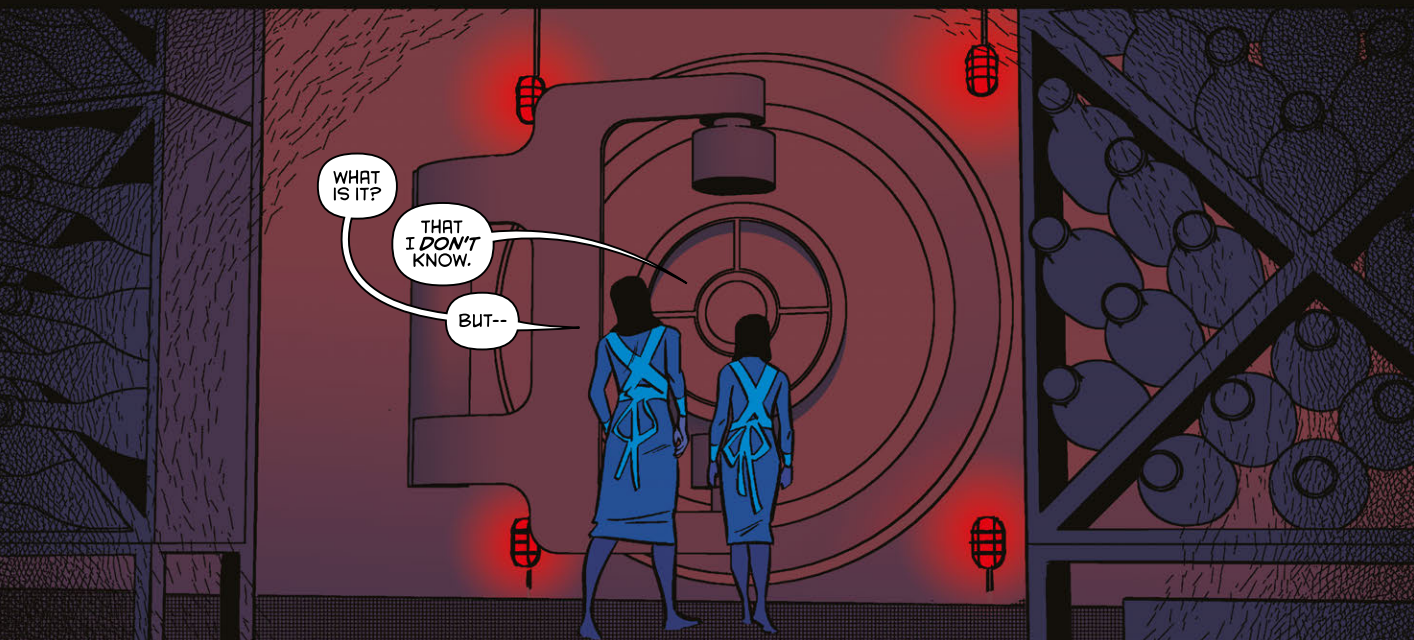
GOD, THIS PLACE MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL. THE *██████*ING WASTE OF IT. THE ARROGANCE.



ANYWAY, THIS IS ALL JUST A SOBERING ILLUSTRATION OF SOCIAL DIVISION.

NOT THE POINT OF OUR EXCURSION.

THAT'S DOWN HERE.



WHAT IS IT?

THAT I DON'T KNOW.

BUT--



IT'S THE ENTRANCE TO A SEALED LEVEL. WON'T OPEN, I TRIED. TOTALLY OFF LIMITS.

NO IDEA WHO HAS THE ACCESS CODES.

BUT IT'S GOT TO BE BIG. SERIOUSLY BIG COMPARTMENTS.

RIGHT.



A SECRET AREA? A SECRET LEVEL?

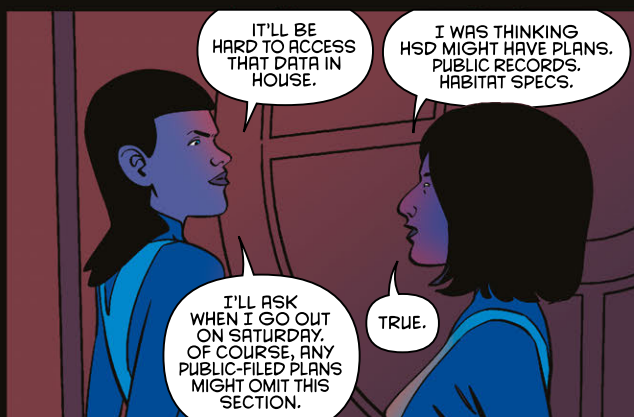
AND HIDDEN AWAY DOWN HERE. I'VE NO IDEA WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR.

BUT AFTER GALINA, WE KNOW THE PEOPLE WE'RE HUNTING AREN'T ABOVE CONCEALING THINGS WITH ARCHITECTURE.



WE NEED TO GET IN THERE.

YES, WE DO. FIRST STEP, I THINK, IS TO FIND PLANS OF HOUSE JUNOT. WORK OUT HOW BIG THAT AREA IS. SEE IF THERE ARE OTHER WAYS IN THAT AREN'T SECURITY LOCKED.



IT'LL BE HARD TO ACCESS THAT DATA IN HOUSE.

I WAS THINKING HSD MIGHT HAVE PLANS. PUBLIC RECORDS. HABITAT SPECS.

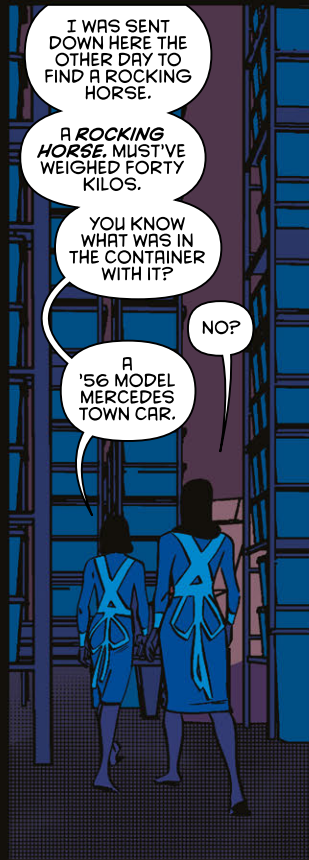
TRUE.

I'LL ASK WHEN I GO OUT ON SATURDAY. OF COURSE, ANY PUBLIC-FILED PLANS MIGHT OMIT THIS SECTION.



WE SHOULD HEAD BACK, BEFORE SOMEONE NOTICES WE'RE NOT WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE.

OKAY.



I WAS SENT DOWN HERE THE OTHER DAY TO FIND A ROCKING HORSE.

A **ROCKING HORSE**, MUST'VE WEIGHED FORTY KILOS.

YOU KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE CONTAINER WITH IT?

NO?

A '56 MODEL MERCEDES TOWN CAR.



THESE **ING** PEOPLE.

JESUS.



...SO YOU'LL RUN THIS PAST THE HANDLERS ON SATURDAY?

YEAH, I'LL--



HEY.



SINTA, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.



MR BLASCO, SIR.



WHAT ARE YOU **DOING** DOWN HERE, SWEETHEART?

AND WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

Junot House,
Yuliya Habitat
Junot Corporation
headquarters

Smallspace domestic
service area: loading
dock 17

Georg Blasco
Security Exec
(Junot Corp)
Born: Leng
Habitat 2064

Davia Sinta,
Junot Household
staff--"sweeper"

HSD RESTRICTED DATA
Bridget Kurtis
Investigator, Habitat
Security Division
Born: Salma Habitat 2067
OPERATIONAL STATUS:
UNDERCOVER

Shirley Keen,
Junot Household
staff--maid

HSD RESTRICTED DATA
Gita Gibrani
Investigator, Habitat
Security Division
Born: Yuliya Habitat 2072
OPERATIONAL STATUS:
UNDERCOVER

COME ON,
YOU GIRLS KNOW
THIS AREA'S ONLY
FOR **AUTHORISED**
STAFF.

SORRY,
MR BLASCO.

I
COULDN'T
SLEEP. I
WENT FOR
A WALK.

NOT USED TO
INTERNAL TIME IN
THE HOUSE, HUH,
SWEETHEART?

NO, AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED
YESTERDAY--

SHE WAS
UPSET.

OH.
YEAH, OF
COURSE.

YOU TWO
KNOW EACH
OTHER?

ME
AND SHIRLEY
JUST MET.

I SNEAKED
OFF FOR A
SMOKE, BOSS.
SORRY.

OKAY.

LOOK, uh,
SINTA. I WAS
LOOKING FOR
YOU.

TILLERSON
WANTS TO
SEE YOU.

IS
THAT...HUMAN
RESOURCES?

YEAH.
HE'D LIKE A
WORD.

I'LL
SHOW
YOU UP.

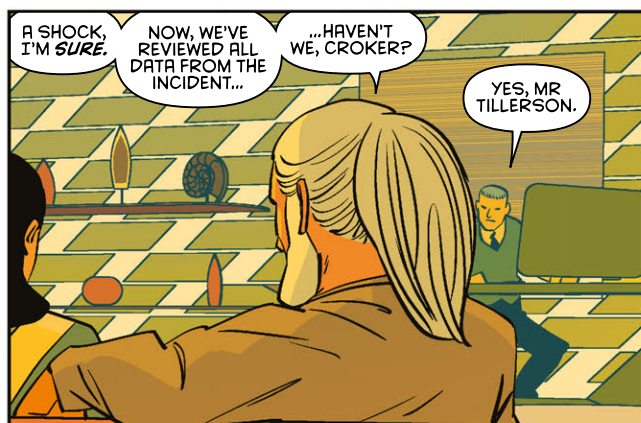
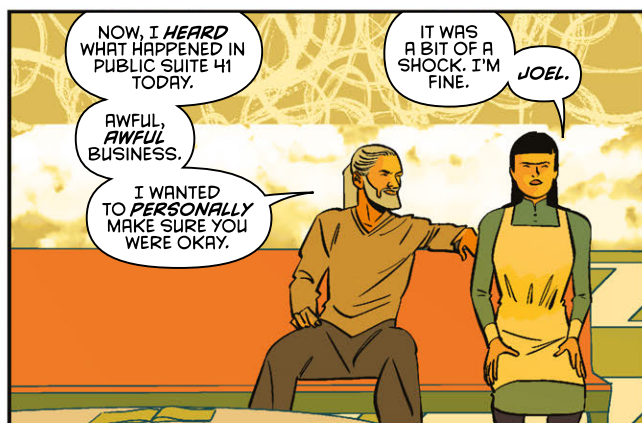
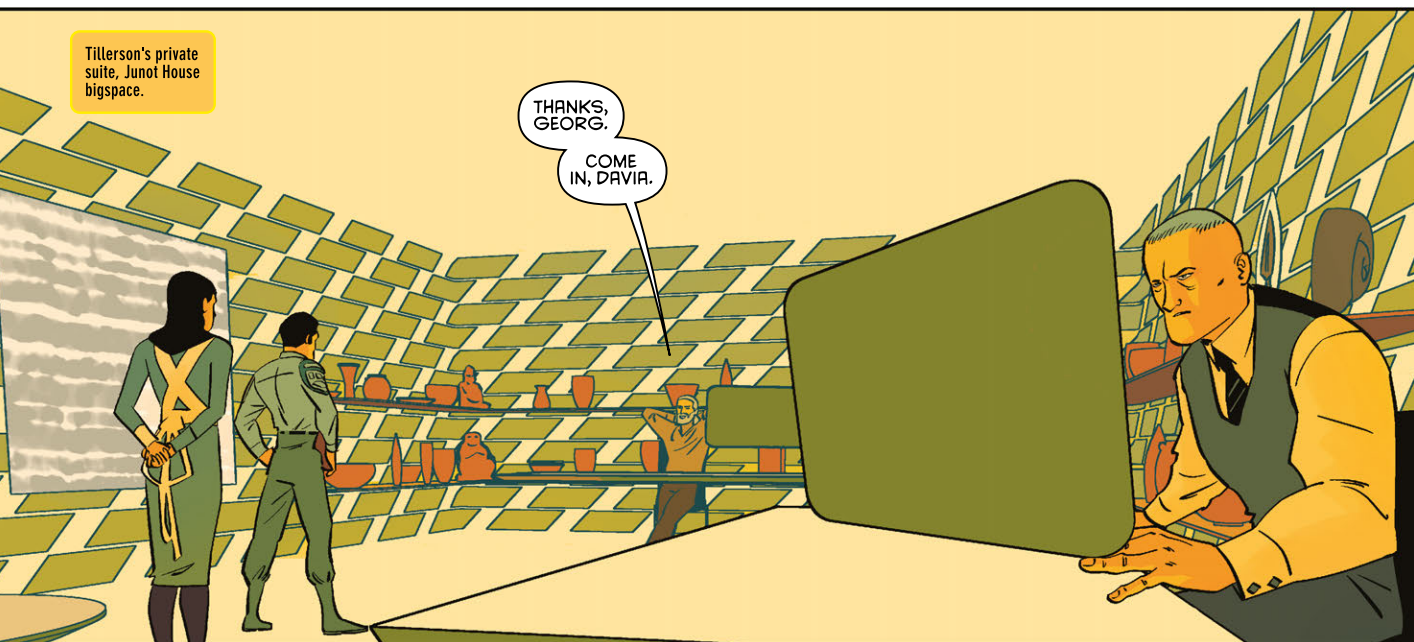
AND **YOU**,
SHIRLEY...KEEP TO
THE DESIGNATED
SMOKING AREAS,
ALL RIGHT?

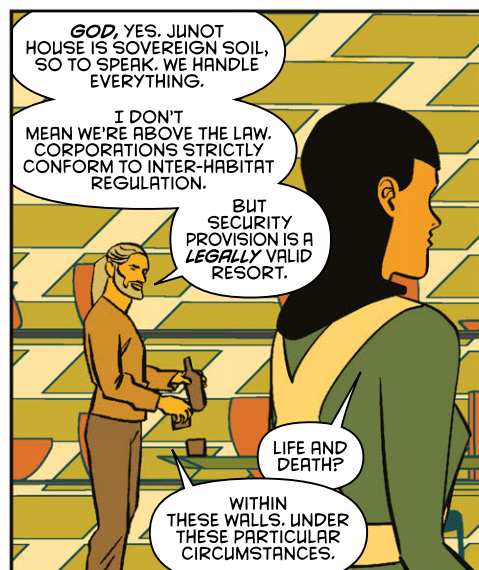
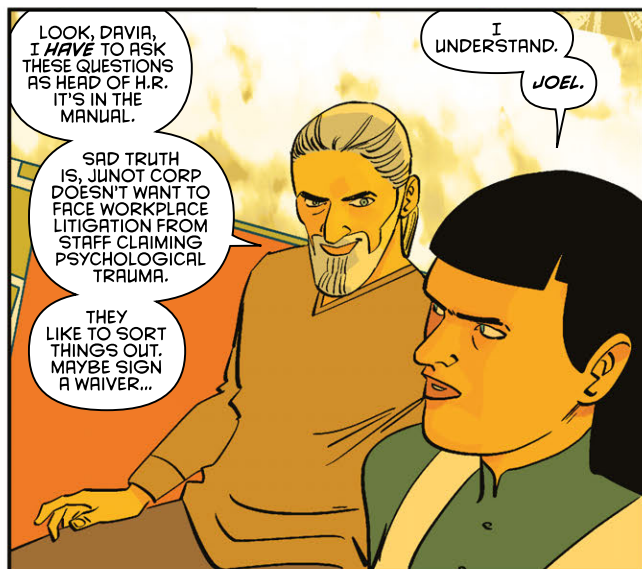
WILL DO,
BOSS.

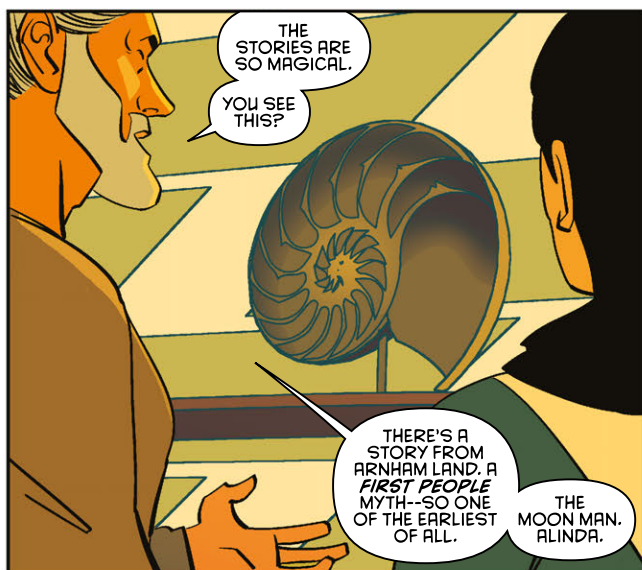
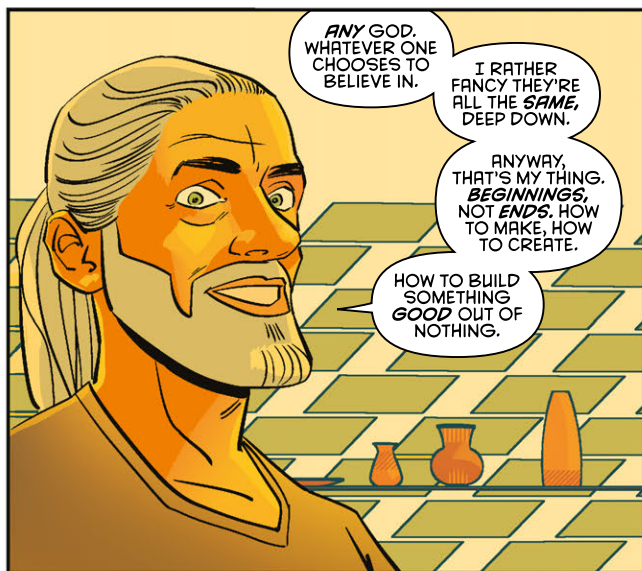
SHIT.

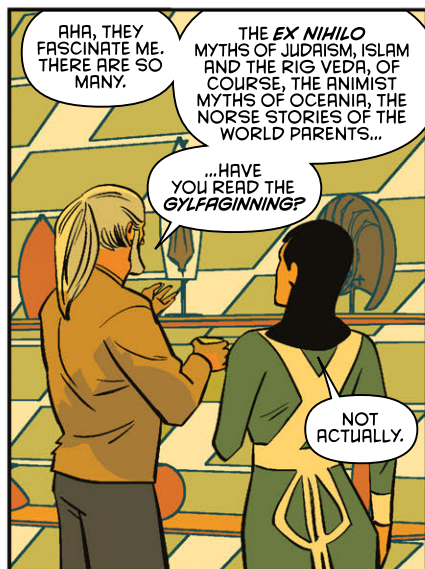
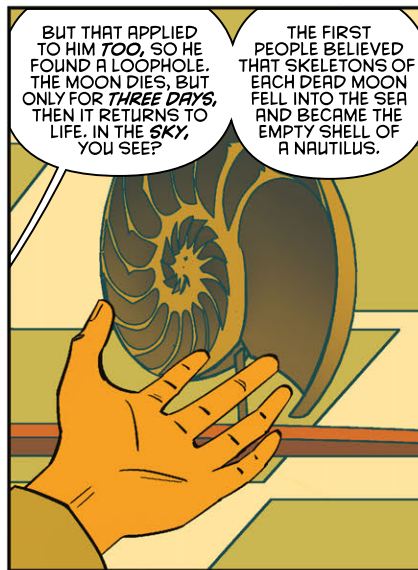


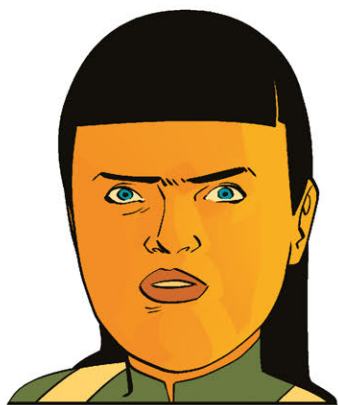
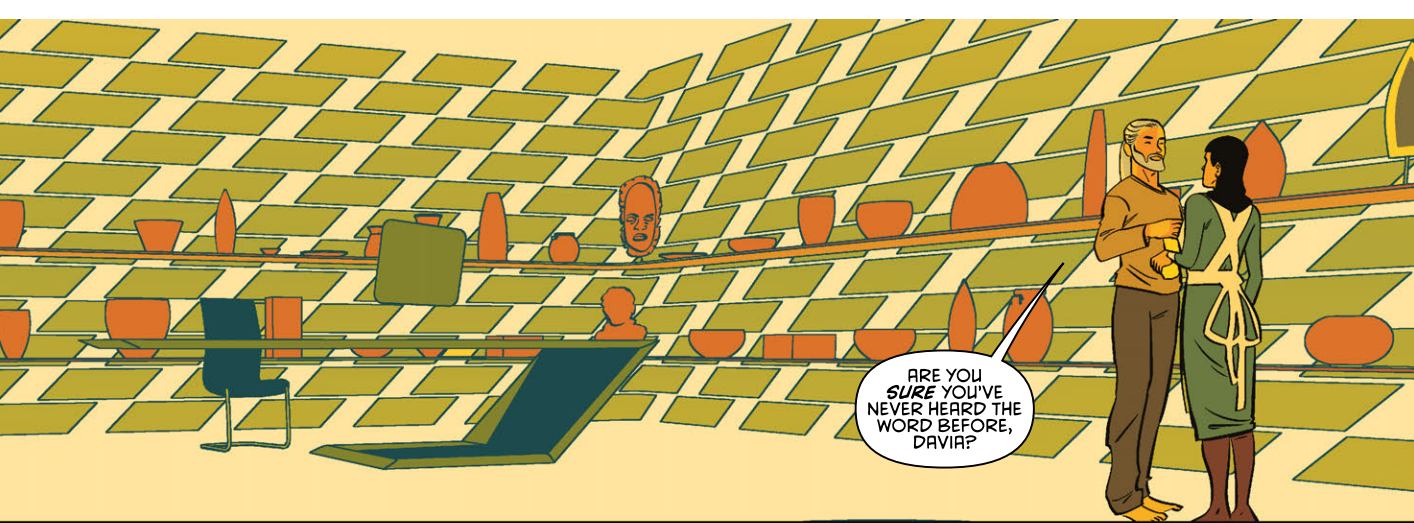
Tillerson's private suite, Junot House bigspace.

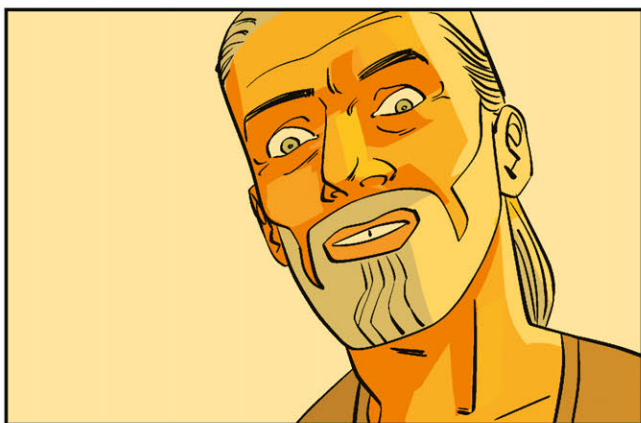
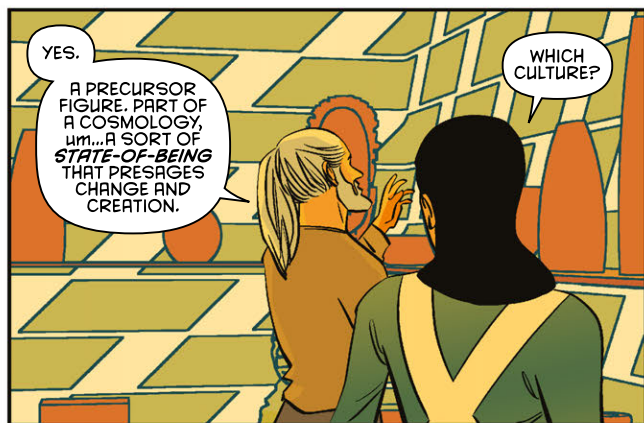


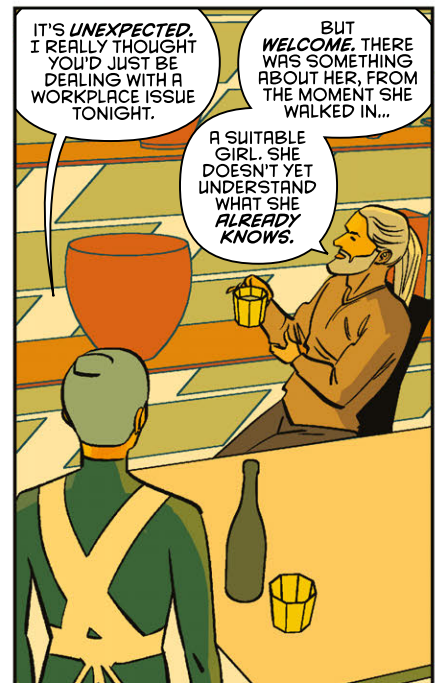
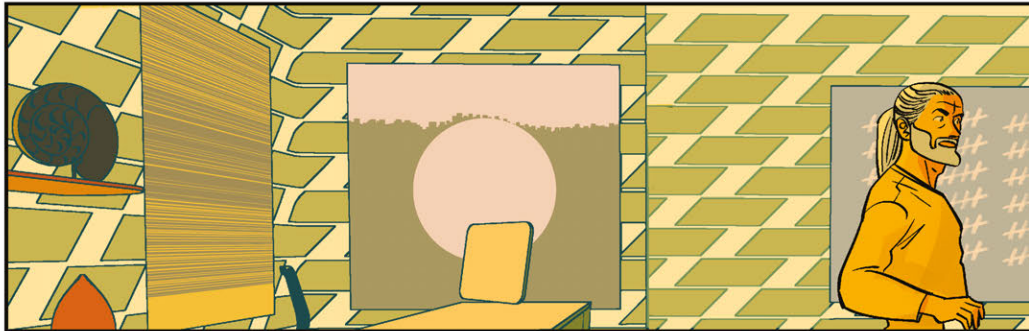


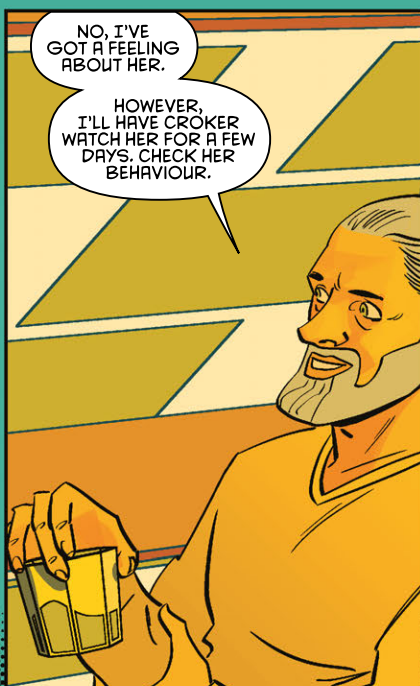


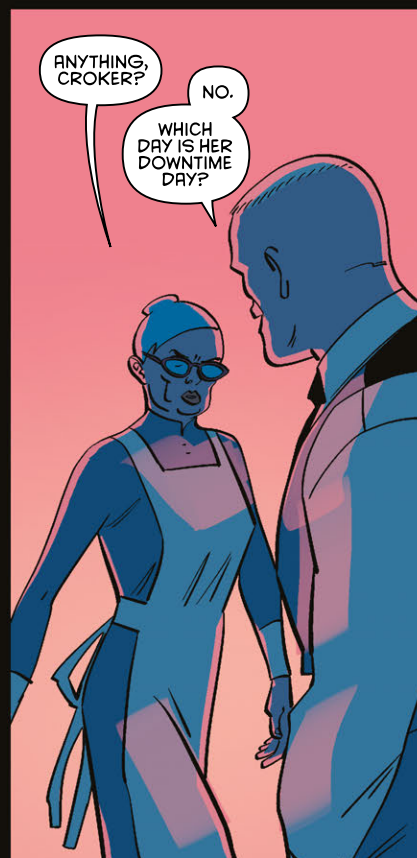








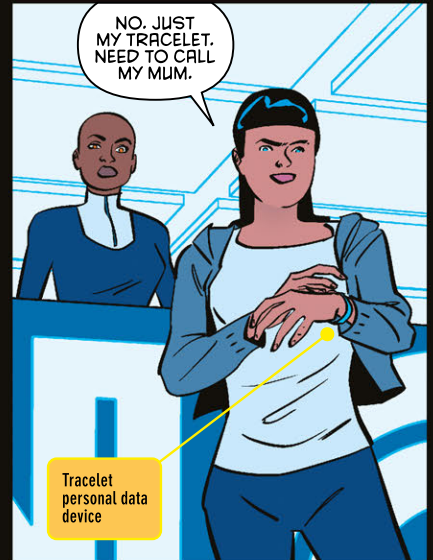




Junot House,
Yutliya Habitat
Junot Corporation
headquarters

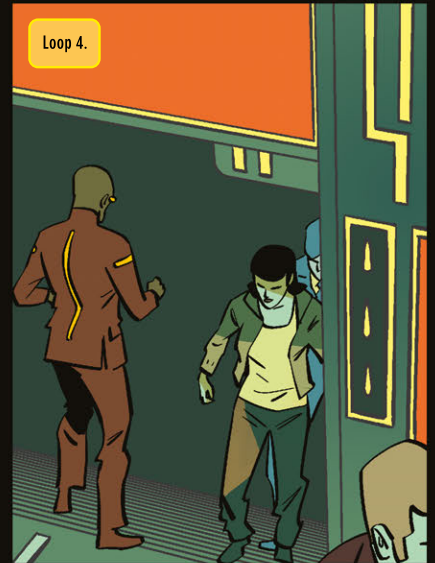


Junot House service
entry (domestic
staff only)

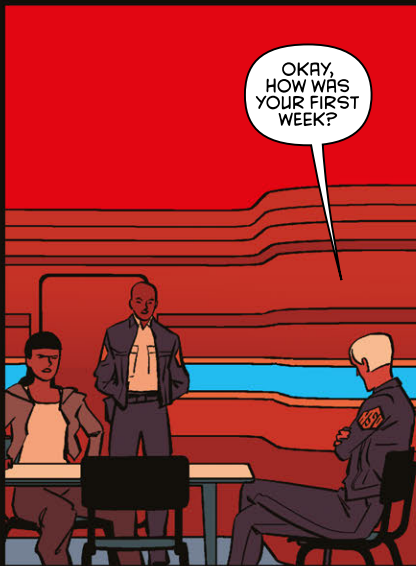


Tracelet
personal data
device









OKAY,
HOW WAS
YOUR FIRST
WEEK?



DELIGHTFUL.

I HAVE
NAMES.

SHIELA REYES, ACCOUNTS.
LENORE FRIXEL, CLAIMS ADJUSTMENT.
DAVID GARBO, DESIGN ANALYTICS.
GAEL NOVARRO, HECTOR NUNEZ, SARAH
TEMPE, ALL CORP EXEC. GEORG
BLASCO, SECURITY SECTION.



ALL
SUSPECTED?

GENTRY
PASSED ME THE
LIST VERBALLY.
EACH ONE IS A
POSSIBLE.

WE NEED
TO KNOW
PRIORS.
ANYTHING,
REALLY.



BONNER.

I'M RUNNING
THEM ALL. IT MAY
TAKE A WHILE TO
DO A COMPLETE
SWEEP.

I'M NOT
EXPECTING
ANYTHING
UNTIL I SEE
YOU NEXT
WEEK.



ADD JOEL
TILLERSON TO
THAT.

HE'S
THEIR HEAD
OF H.R.

HE IS, AND
HE'S ALSO THE
STRONGEST
STINK I GOT.



MADE A SHOW OF
WOONG ME. I THINK
HE'S ON THE INSIDE
OF IT.

HE
CERTAINLY
KNEW THE
NAMES.

LIKE?



MELAN-
CHOLEMA.

SO I
FED HIM BACK.
VOVEK. SAID
I'D DREAMED
IT.

PRETTY
MUCH GOT
HIM HARD, SO
HE THINKS
I'M RIPE.



BE
CAREFUL. DON'T
[REDACTED] WITH THIS
STUFF.

I'M WELL
AWARE, BILDER,
HOW [REDACTED]ING
INSANE THEY
CAN BE.



SO YOU'VE
ESTABLISHED
CONTACT IN-
HOUSE WITH
GENTRY?

AND
GITA.

SHE'S
LOCATED AN
AREA IN THE
LOWER LEVELS.
TOTALLY OFF-
LIMITS.



Habitat Security
Division Safe House,
Loop 4, Yuliya Habitat

THAT
LIST OF
NAMES.

IF ANYTHING
PINGS RED,
GO THROUGH
GENTRY.

IS THE BOARD
REALLY MOVING
AGAINST MARIAM
JUNOT?

THE GALINA
CONSTRUCTION
IS A FINANCIAL
WOUND THAT'S NOT
CLOSING.

BUT THAT'S
JUST THE LEVERAGE.
THERE'S GENERAL *NO*
CONFIDENCE IN HER
ABILITIES.

SINCE
HER FATHER
VANISHED?

YEAH,
AND IS IT JUST
ME, OR IS THAT AN
UNCOMFORTABLE
CONNECTION?

SECT CASES
ARE STATISTICALLY
OBSESSED WITH END-
OF-TIMES THEMES, AND
THE MERCURY EVENT
HAS GOT THEM ALL
TWITCHING.

JUNOT'S THE
FIRST CORP WHERE
WE HAVE *PROOF*
OF SYSTEMIC SECT
ACTIVITY...AND THE
CEO IS LOST IN
THE SAME--

COME ON, YOU'RE
DOING IT AGAIN. DRAWING
LINES BETWEEN LUNATIC
FRINGE ACTIVITIES AND A
SOLAR-FLARE CRISIS
THAT--

SOLAR
FLARE? IS THAT
THE CURRENT
EXPLANATION?

THE
MERCURY EVENT
IS STILL BEING
INVESTIGATED.
ALL DATA IS
CLASSIFIED.

TO ME,
OR TO YOU
AS WELL?

TO ME
AS WELL.



I THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION.

WELL, YOU WOULD, BILDER.



SORRY, THAT WAS YOU BEING ON MY SIDE, WASN'T IT?

APPARENTLY SO.



LOOK, I HOPE SECT ACTIVITY IS JUST A NASTY MANIFESTATION OF THE BRINK ZEITGEIST.

PEOPLE FUMBLING AROUND, INCREASINGLY DERANGED, SEARCHING FOR A PURPOSE AND A POINT IN A WORLD WHERE NEITHER EXISTS ANYMORE.

A LOT OF THE CONNECTIONS WE MIGHT READ ARE CIRCUMSTANTIAL.



SO...?

SO THERE'S A SECT PROBLEM INSIDE JUNOT HOUSE, AND THE JUNOT CEO WENT MISSING DURING THE MERCURY EVENT.

COINCIDENCE.



ALTERNATIVELY--

THE JUNOT SECT WENT TO THE TOP. PERE JUNOT COVERED IT, WAS *PART* OF IT. HE'S GONE, AND THE EXTANT SECT MEMBERS ARE DESPERATE TO MAINTAIN THE COVER AND INFLUENCE THE CORP AFFORDS THEM.

MARIAM'S NOT SECT, SO SHE'S A LIABILITY.



THIS ISN'T JUNOT CLEANING HOUSE TO STAY COMMERCIALY VIABLE. IT'S THE SECT PROTECTING ITS INTERESTS FROM OUTSIDERS.



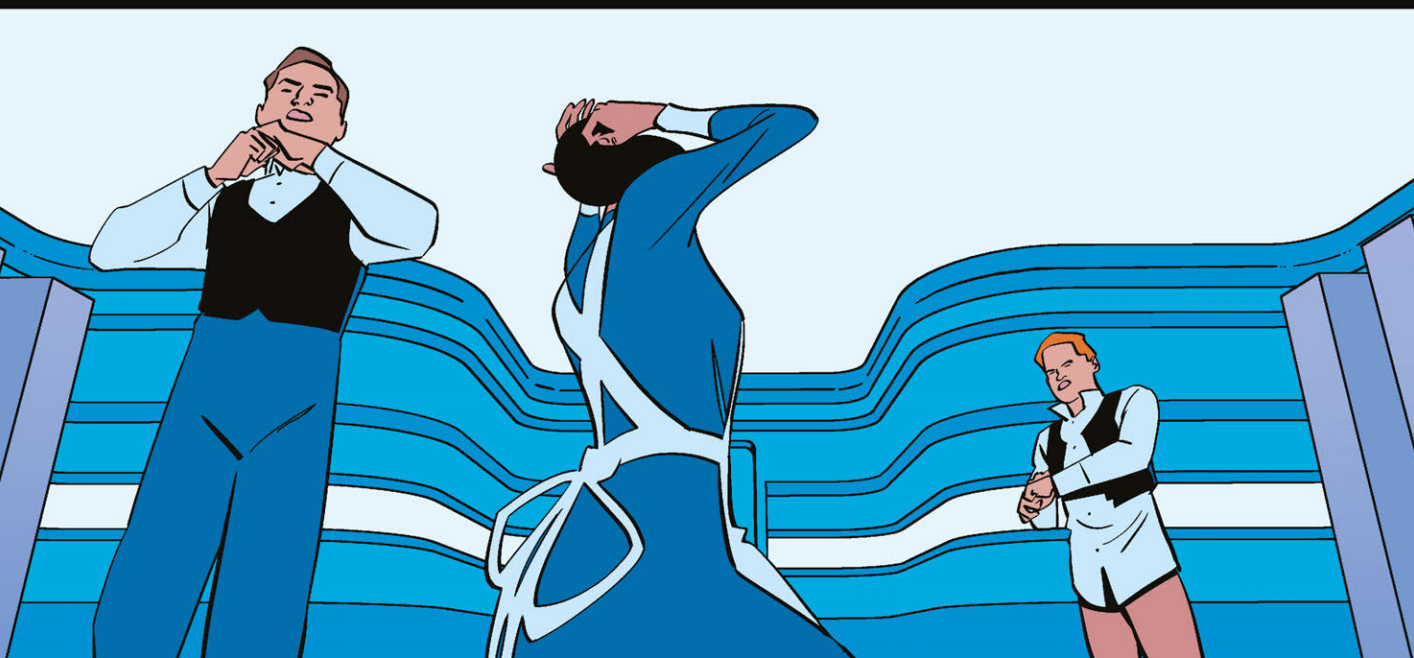
AND EVEN IF THAT'S ONLY A POSSIBILITY, WE HAVE TO ALLOW FOR IT.

BETTER TO BE DISAPPOINTED THAN SURPRISED.

JESUS.

I DON'T KNOW...







DAVIA SINTA.



WHAT?

GIVE US THE ROOM, PLEASE.

I'M NOT EVEN DRESSED Y--



OFF.

CLEARER?



WHAT IS THIS, CROKER?

THIS IS YOU, DETAINED BY JUNOT SECURITY.



FOR?

YOU JUST SPENT YOUR DAY OFF IN LOOP 4, IN THE COMPANY OF INDIVIDUALS CONFIRMED AS SENIOR HSD OFFICERS.

SO THAT MAKES YOU... WHAT? NOT "DAVIA SINTA" FOR A START.

HSD? AN INSERT?

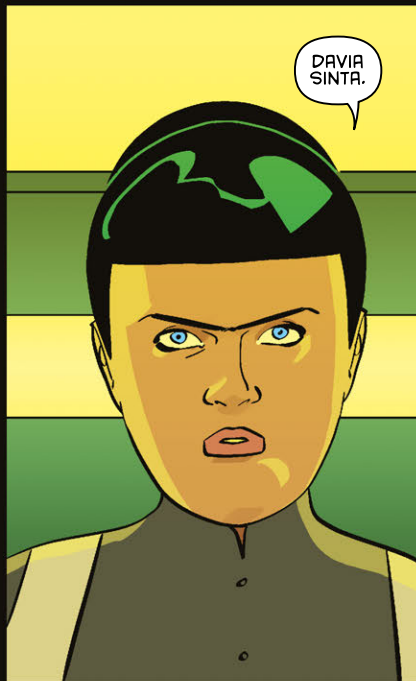


OKAY. GOOD. THE HARD WAY.

BRING HER.



LET'S
START WITH
YOUR NAME.



DAVIA
SINTA.



WRONG!



Secure interrogation
suite, Junot House
Junot Corporation
headquarters

YOUR
REAL
NAME.



LOOK,
CROKER...

...I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU THINK I'VE
DONE--



WRONG!

YOU *DO*
KNOW WHAT I
THINK YOU'VE
DONE.

SO YOU
START TALKING,
AND IF I GET SOME
SENSE YOU'RE TELLING
THE TRUTH, THINGS
WILL GO EASIER
FOR YOU.





UNGH!



START AGAIN.

THIS TIME, BEAR IN MIND THAT I KINDA GET OFF ON VIOLENCE.



THE [REDACTED] CROKER?

GET OUT.

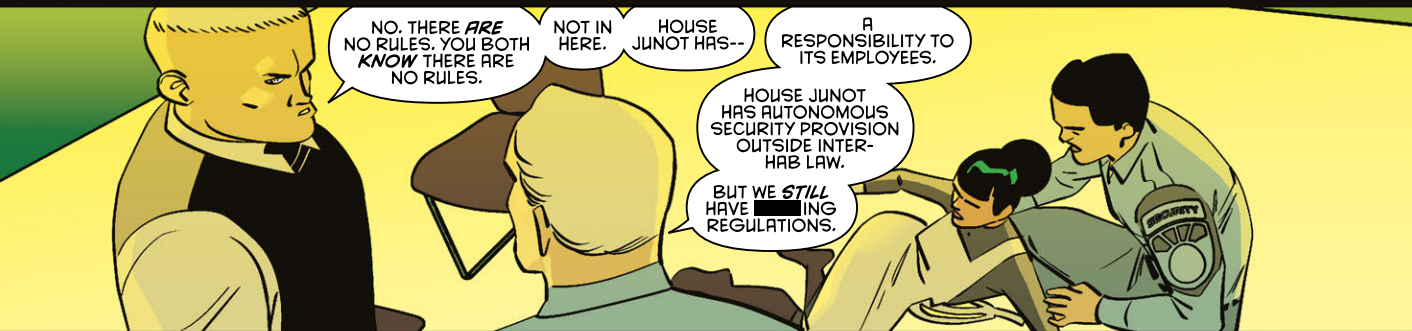


ABSOLUTELY NOT, YOU'VE DETAINED A HOUSE EMPLOYEE.

HOUSE SECURITY **WILL** BE PRESENT DURING INTERVIEW.

GET THE [REDACTED] OUT, GENTRY.

THERE ARE **RULES**, MAN.



NO, THERE **ARE** NO RULES. YOU BOTH **KNOW** THERE ARE NO RULES.

NOT IN HERE.

HOUSE JUNOT HAS--

A RESPONSIBILITY TO ITS EMPLOYEES.

HOUSE JUNOT HAS AUTONOMOUS SECURITY PROVISION OUTSIDE INTER-HAB LAW.

BUT WE **STILL** HAVE [REDACTED]ING REGULATIONS.



SHE'S HSD. I TRACKED HER.

SHE MET WITH HSD HANDLERS. I GOT CONFIRMED I.D. ON TWO OF THEM.

SHE'S AN **INSERT**, GENTRY.



SINTA. YOU NEED TO GIVE US SOMETHING TO MAKE THIS GO AWAY.



SOMETHING.



OKAY.



House Junot
smallspace domestic
service area

Donal Greeg,
Junot Household
staff--maintenance

HSD RESTRICTED DATA
"Bilder"
HSD covert operations
OPERATIONAL STATUS:
UNDERCOVER



Smallspace
domestic
service area:
loading dock 17



Sub level.
Entry to
House Vaults



MY NAME
IS BRIDGET
KURTIS.

I'M A
HABITAT
SECURITY
DIVISION
AGENT.

I HAVE BEEN
OPERATING
UNDERCOVER
IN HOUSE JUNOT
PURSUANT TO
AN ONGOING
INVESTIGATION.



SHIT.

I TOLD
YOU, A
ING INSERT.

KURTIS,
WE CAN WALK
THIS BACK.

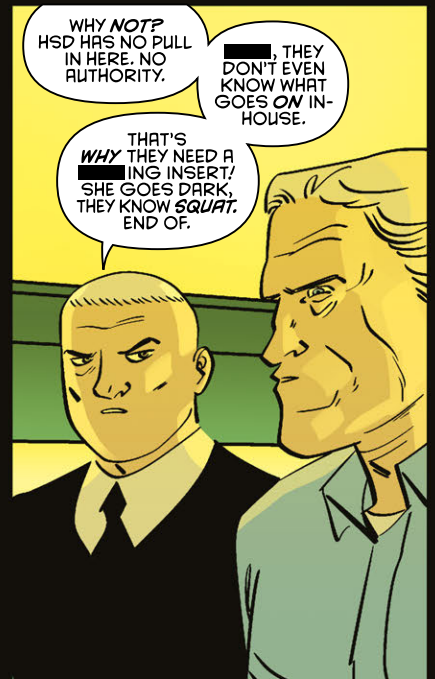
HOUSE
JUNOT DOESN'T
NEED TROUBLE
WITH HSD.



WE CAN TOP
THIS BITCH. DO
WHATEVER WE LIKE.
THEY WOULDN'T
KNOW.

WHAT
COULD THEY
DO?

GOD,
CROKER.
THAT'S NOT
HOW THIS
WORKS--



WHY NOT?
HSD HAS NO PULL
IN HERE. NO
AUTHORITY.

THEY
DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT
GOES ON IN-
HOUSE.

THAT'S
WHY THEY NEED A
ING INSERT/
SHE GOES DARK,
THEY KNOW SQUAT.
END OF.



CROKER'S RIGHT, GENTRY. WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS INTERNAL. THIS IS JUST ANOTHER HSD FISHING EXPEDITION TO UNDERMINE HOUSE AUTONOMY--

JESUS, BLASCO. NOT YOU TOO.



DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY HSD SENT ME IN?

WHAT?

SHE SPEAKS.



I DIDN'T WANT THIS ASSIGNMENT. I REFUSED IT TWICE.

ING INSERT INTO A CORPORATE HOUSE? I KNOW HOW ING WRONG THAT CAN GO.

I DON'T WANT TO ING DIE, OKAY?



I'LL GIVE UP EVERYTHING I KNOW IF YOU LET ME WALK.

I'LL TELL MY HANDLERS THE OP WAS A BUST AND I HAD TO ABORT.

I WON'T REPORT ANYTHING.

PLEASE.



WE'RE LISTENING.

YOU TALK, I'LL STREET YOU.



I'M AN HSD INSERT. WE'RE INVESTIGATING... CORPORATE INSIDE DEALING.

MAJOR CASE. THREE, MAYBE FOUR CORPS IN THE FRAME.



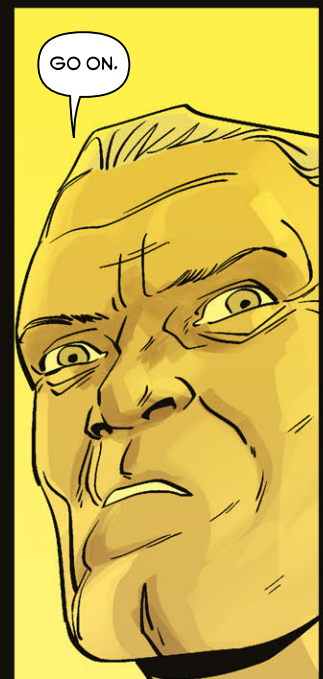
INSIDE DEALING?

WHERE'S SHE GOING WITH THIS?

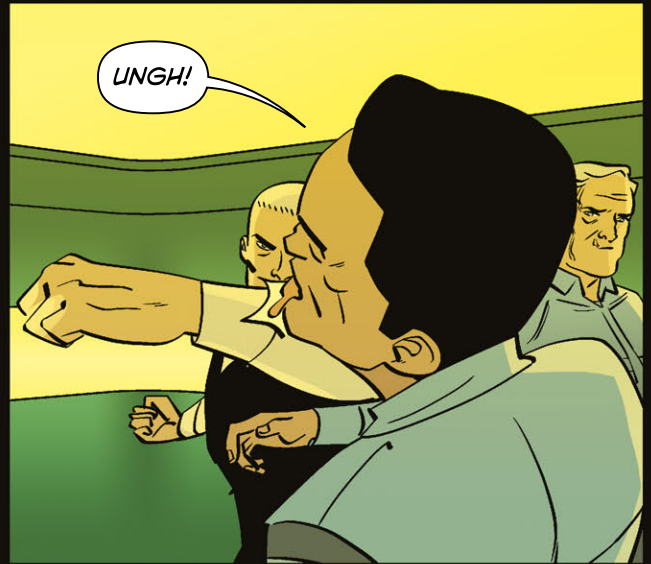
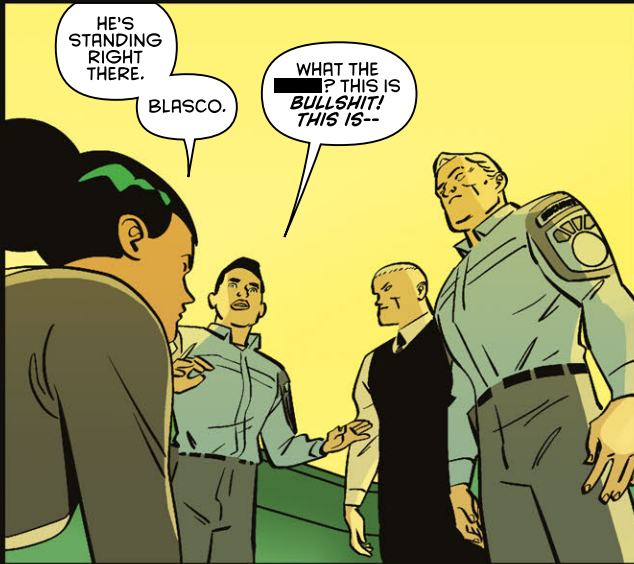


I WAS BRIEFED TO WATCH A JUNOT EMPLOYEE. HSD THINKS HE'S A CORPORATE SPY.

FEEDING PROPRIETARY SECRETS TO GENTAU.



GO ON.



Security Holding Area,
Junot House
Junot Corporation
headquarters

YOU
DID GOOD.
DEFLECTED
ATTENTION.
KEPT THE OP
SECURE.

I'M
[REDACTED]ING
TERRIFIED,
GENTRY.

JUST SIT
TIGHT HERE.
I'LL WORK ON
A FIX AND GET
YOU OUT.

YOU
PUTTING THAT
BITCH IN HERE
WITH ME?

SHUT UP,
BLASCO.

I DON'T
DESERVE TO
BE HERE!

GENTRY!

BITCH.
SELLING ME
OUT--

THEY HAD
YOU ALREADY,
BLASCO. THEY
WERE ON TO
YOU.

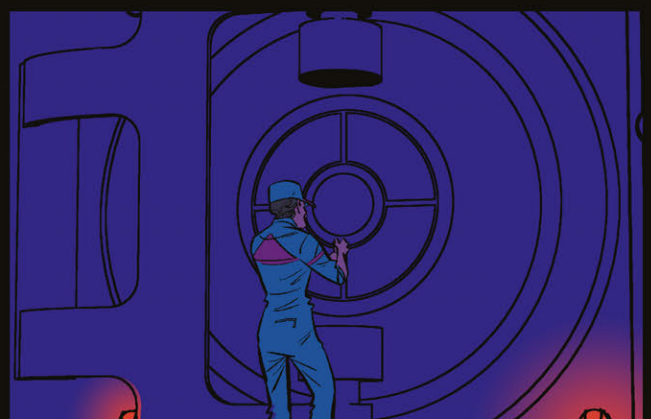
USEFUL FOR
YOU, THOUGH, EHP?
YOU JUST THROW ME
UNDER THE BUS TO
GET YOURSELF
OUT OF--

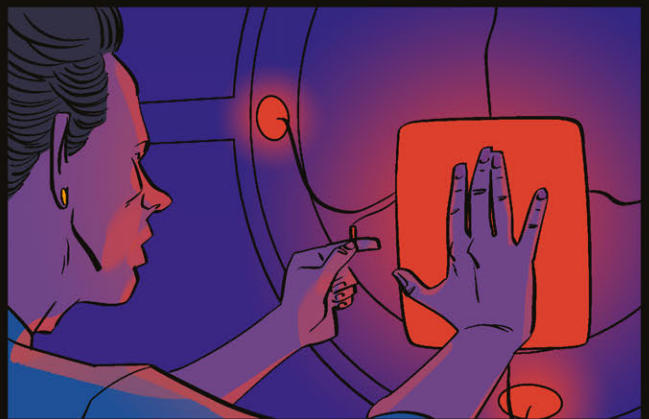
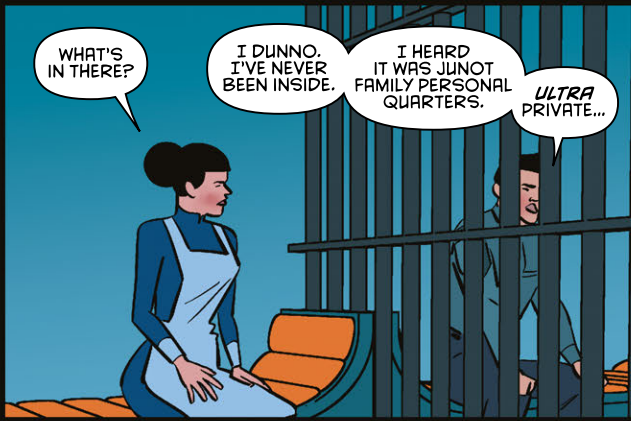
MELAN-
CHOLEMA.

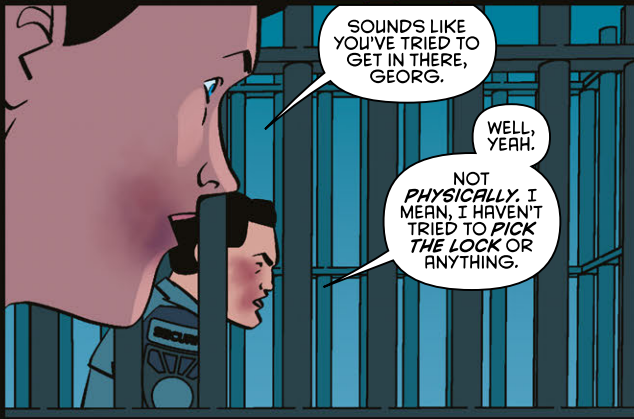
WHAT?

MELAN-
CHOLEMA.
LOW THETA.
VOVEK.

THE [REDACTED]
ARE YOU
SAYING?



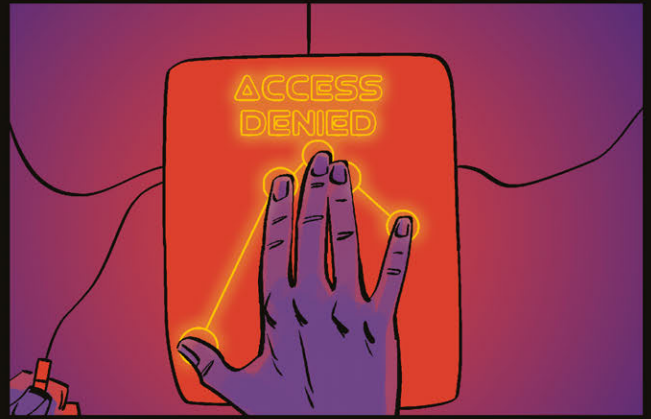




SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE TRIED TO GET IN THERE, GEORG.

WELL, YEAH.

NOT *PHYSICALLY*. I MEAN, I HAVEN'T TRIED TO *PICK THE LOCK* OR ANYTHING.



I JUST... THERE'S A RUMOUR.

THEY SAY... THE HIGH-UPS HAVE SOME SORT OF SECRET CLUB.

"HIGH-UPS"?

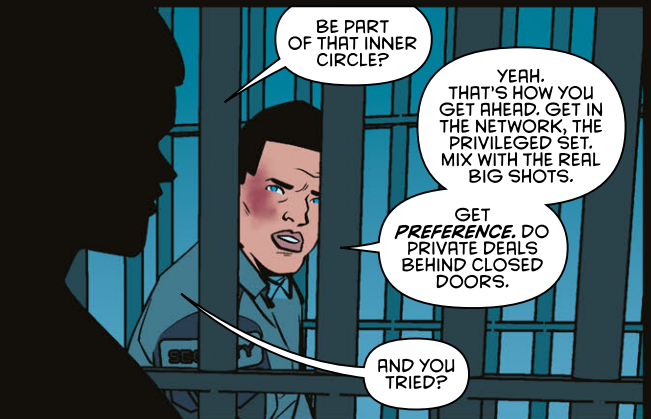
JUNOT BOARD, JUNOT FAMILY, SENIOR EXECS.

IT'S A KIND OF INVITATION-ONLY, *PRIVATE MEMBERS* THING.



WHAT, LIKE A MASONIC THING? A LODGE? A FRATERNITY?

I GUESS. IT'S THE INNER CIRCLE. I MEAN, IF YOU WANT TO *REALLY* ADVANCE IN CORPORATE, YOU NEED TO BE IN.



BE PART OF THAT INNER CIRCLE?

YEAH. THAT'S HOW YOU GET AHEAD. GET IN THE NETWORK, THE PRIVILEGED SET. MIX WITH THE REAL BIG SHOTS.

GET *PREFERENCE*. DO PRIVATE DEALS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

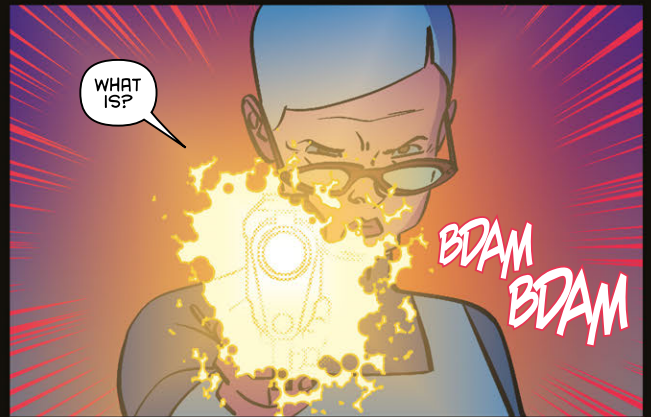
AND YOU TRIED?



OF COURSE. MADE A FEW GENTLE OVERTURES.

GUESS I DIDN'T FIT. DIDN'T "*MEET THE STANDARDS*".

YOU WEREN'T CONSIDERED SUITABLE FOR MEMBERSHIP?



Security Holding
Area, Junot House
Junot Corporation
headquarters

CROKER?
WHAT'S
GOING ON?
CROKER?

WHAT'S
THE ISSUE
HERE? WHAT
ARE YOU--

SHUT
UP, GENTRY,
AND STAY
OUT OF MY
ROAD.

JUST
A MINUTE
NOW--

I **TOLD**
YOU, GENTRY.
STOW YOUR SHIT.
THIS ISN'T YOUR
BUSINESS.

YOU.
SINTA.
OUT.

QUICKLY.

WHAT IS
THIS--?

QUICKLY!

WHAT'S
GOING ON?
CROKER? I
SHOULDN'T BE
IN HERE!

THIS
IS **ALL** A
MISTAKE--

SHUT
THE **████** UP,
BLASCO.

THIS IS
TILLERSON'S
CALL, GENTRY.
DON'T EVEN
THINK ABOUT
FOLLOWING
ME.

WHAT THE
HELL'S GOING
DOWN,
GENTRY?

I DON'T
KNOW, BUT
IT'S NOT
GOOD.

DAVIA.
HELLO.



Tillerson's private suite, Junot House bigspace.

THOUGH NOW I'M GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND IT'S NOT "DAVIA" AT ALL.

IT'S BRIDGET.



I'VE GONE THROUGH THIS ALREADY IN INTERVIEW, TILLERSON.

I'M COOPERATING. I'VE ADMITTED MY NAME'S KURTIS, AND I'M AN HSD OFFICER. I WAS INSERTED INSIDE DEALING---

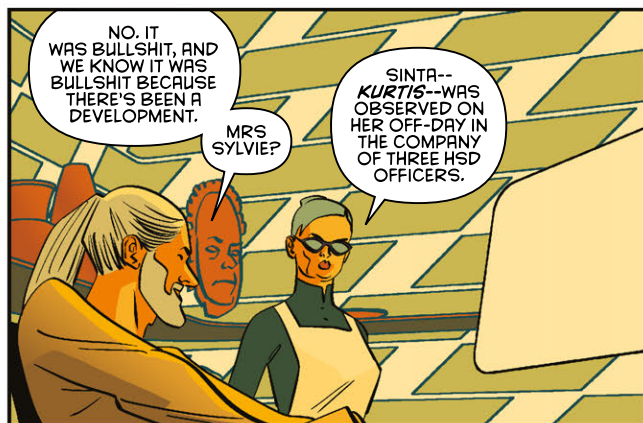


UH-BUH-BUH!

WE'VE MOVED ON SINCE THEN.

YOUR STORY WAS A **DIVERSION**. SELLING BLASCO OUT, IT WAS ALL A DIVERSION.

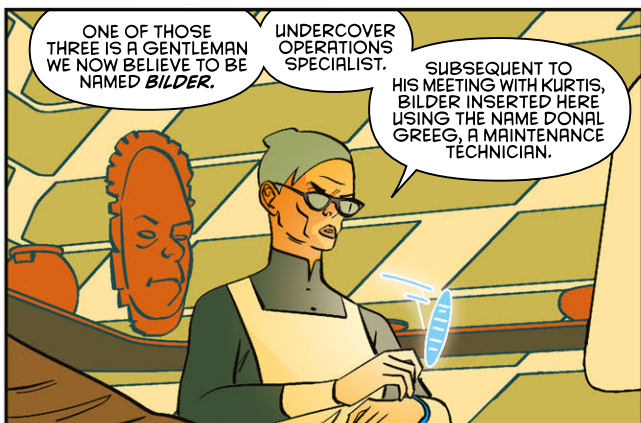
I ASSURE YOU--



NO. IT WAS BULLSHIT, AND WE KNOW IT WAS BULLSHIT BECAUSE THERE'S BEEN A DEVELOPMENT.

MRS SYLVIE?

SINTA--**KURTIS**--WAS OBSERVED ON HER OFF-DAY IN THE COMPANY OF THREE HSD OFFICERS.



ONE OF THOSE THREE IS A GENTLEMAN WE NOW BELIEVE TO BE NAMED **BILDER**.

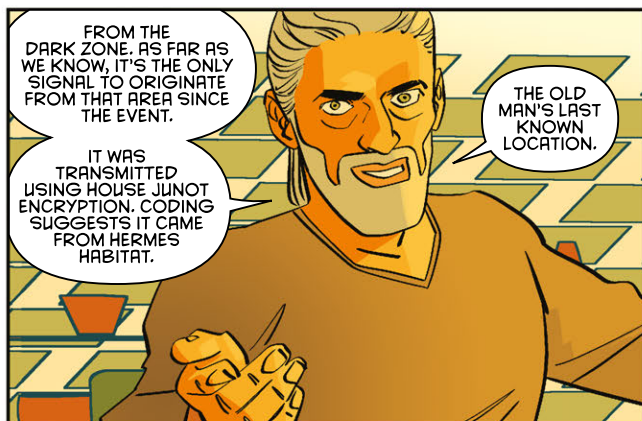
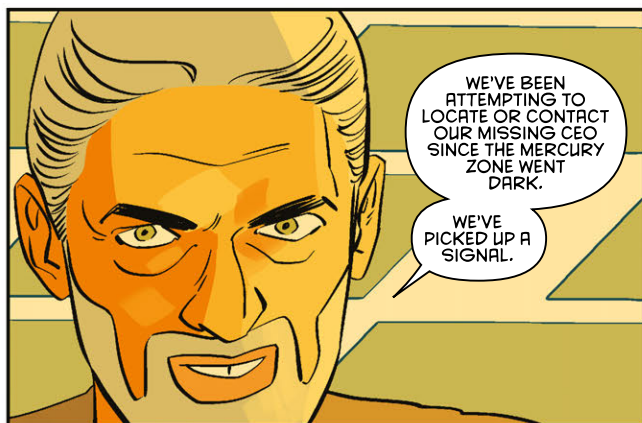
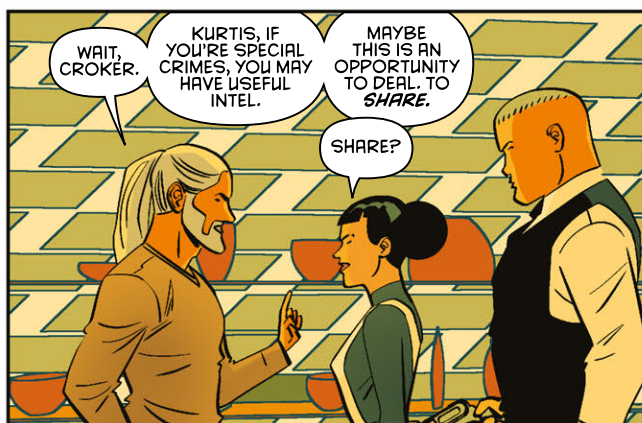
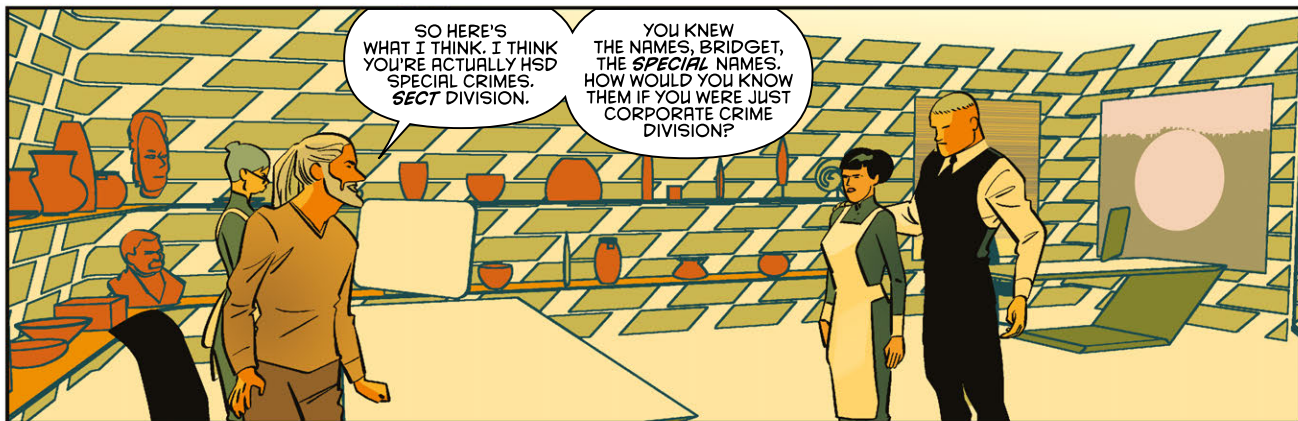
UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS SPECIALIST.

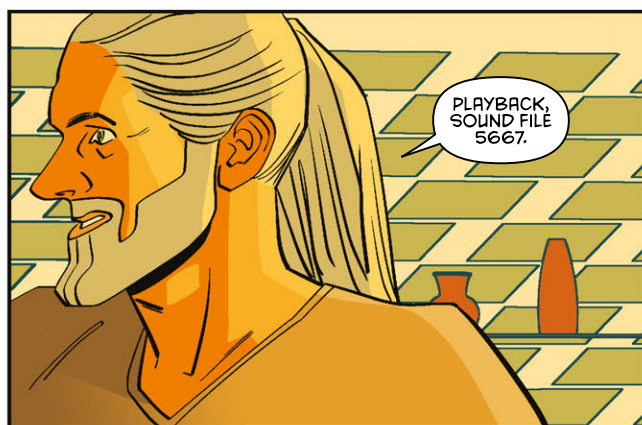
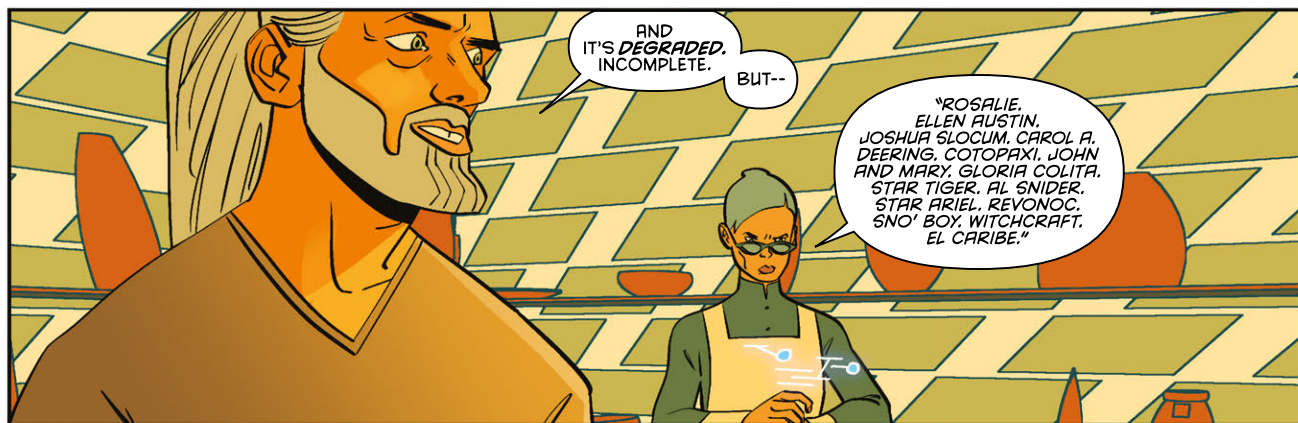
SUBSEQUENT TO HIS MEETING WITH KURTIS, BILDER INSERTED HERE USING THE NAME DONAL GREEG, A MAINTENANCE TECHNICIAN.

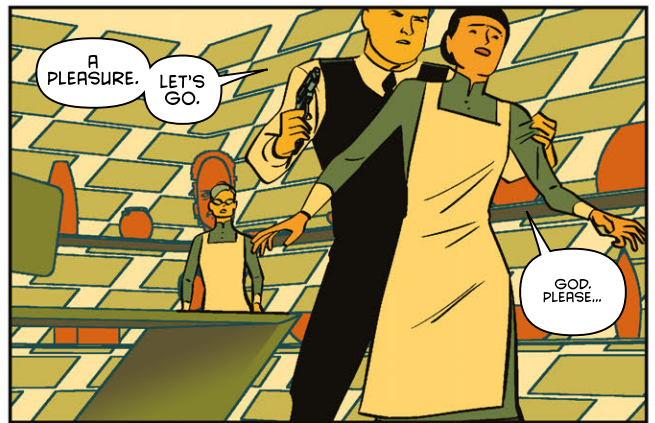


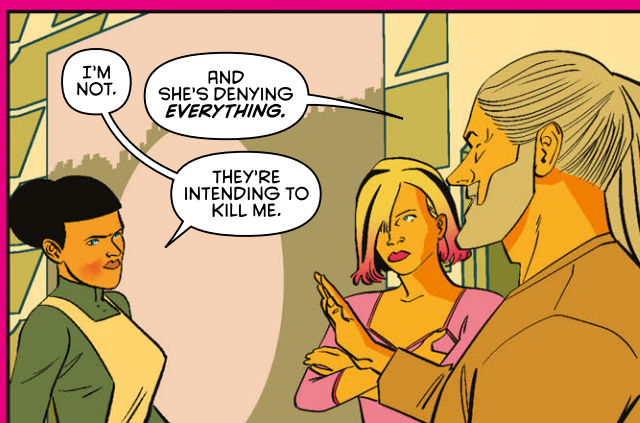
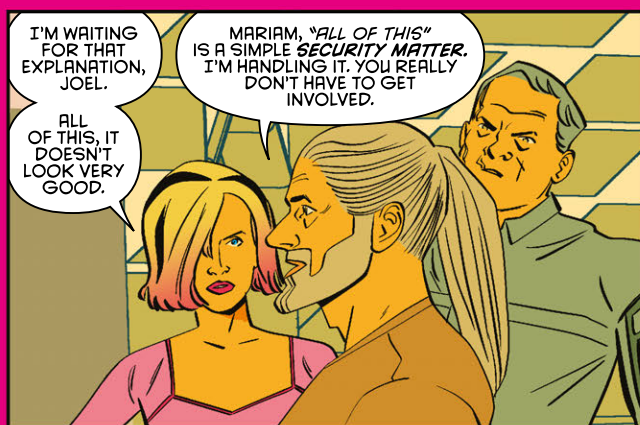
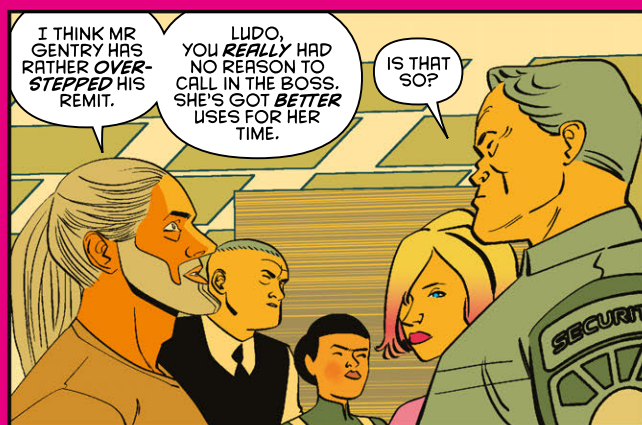
GREEG WAS INTERCEPTED TRYING TO ACCESS THE FAMILY VAULT AN HOUR AGO.

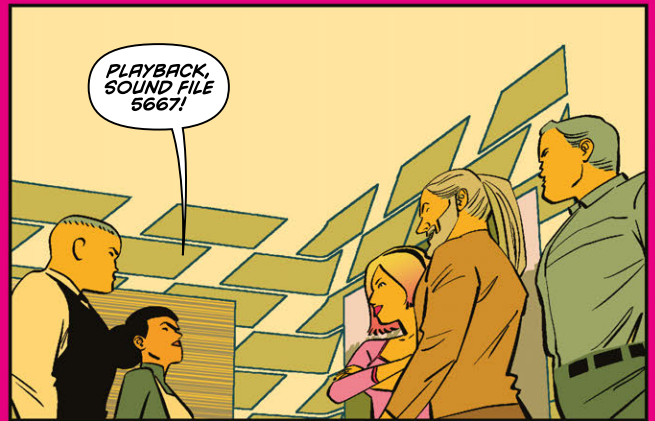
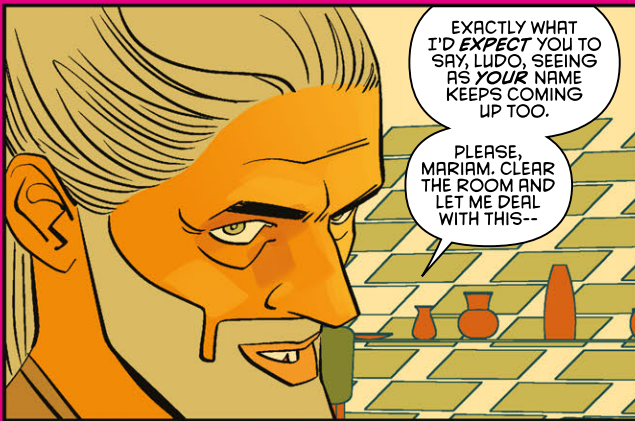
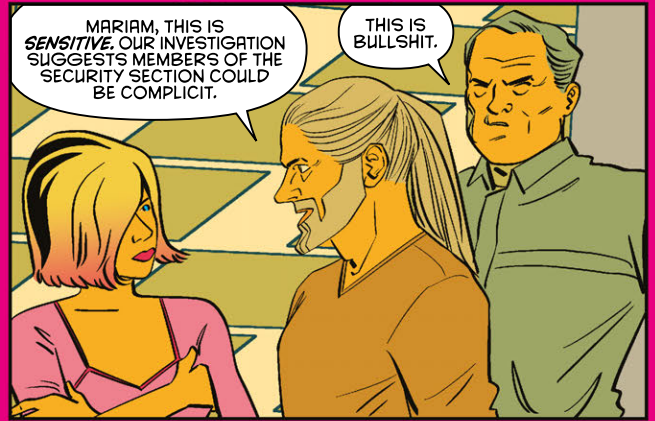
INTERCEPTED?

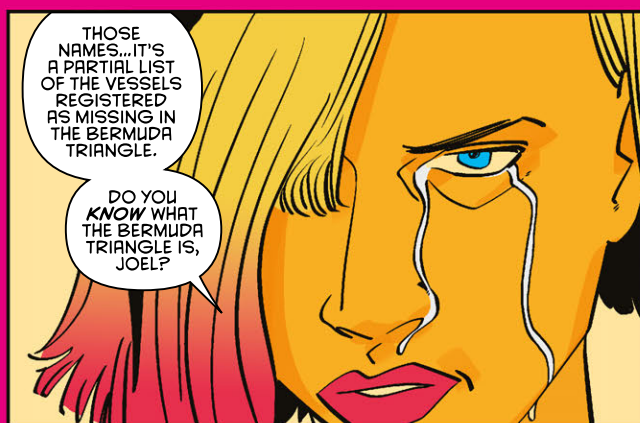
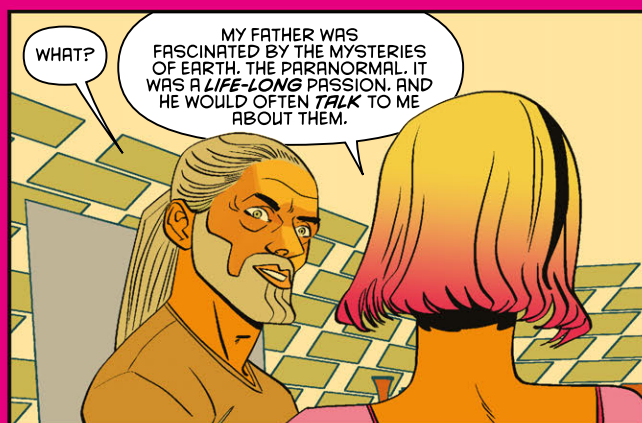
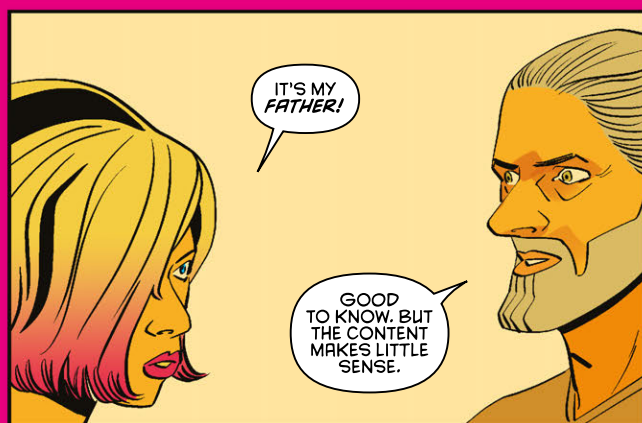


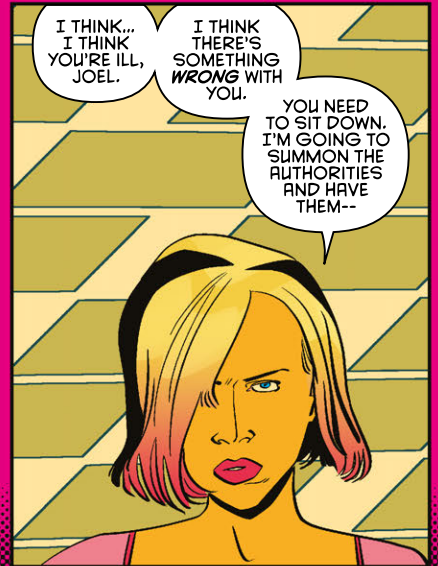


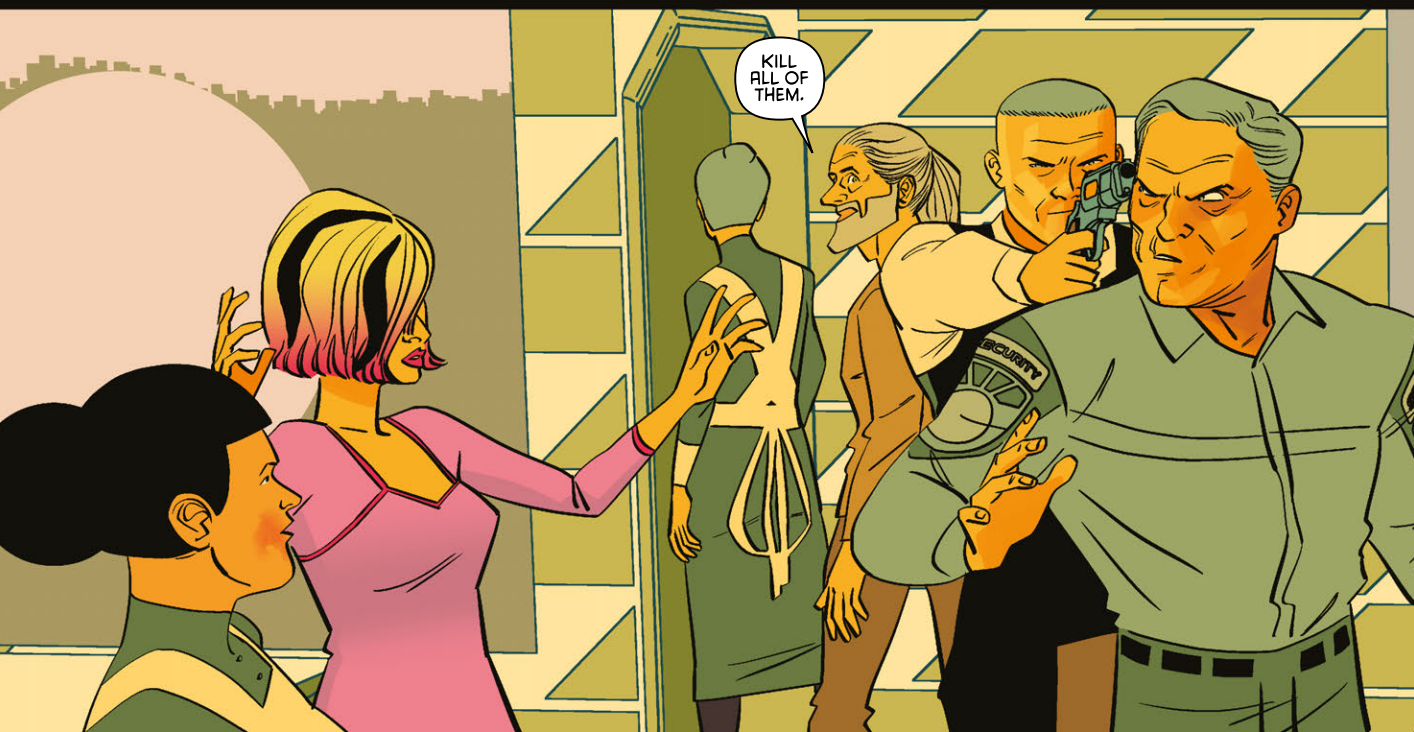
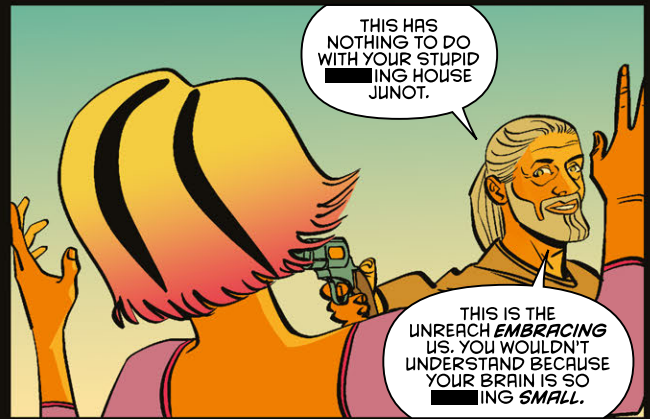
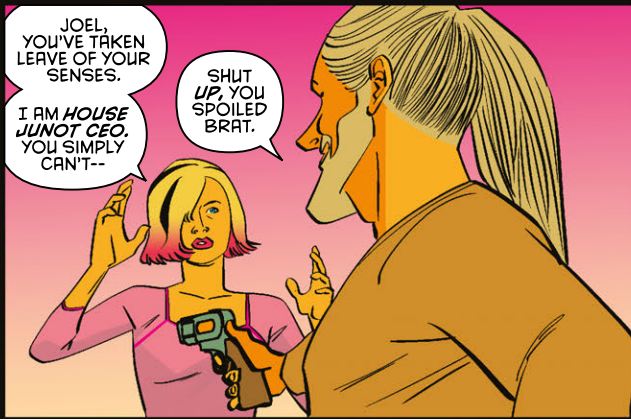




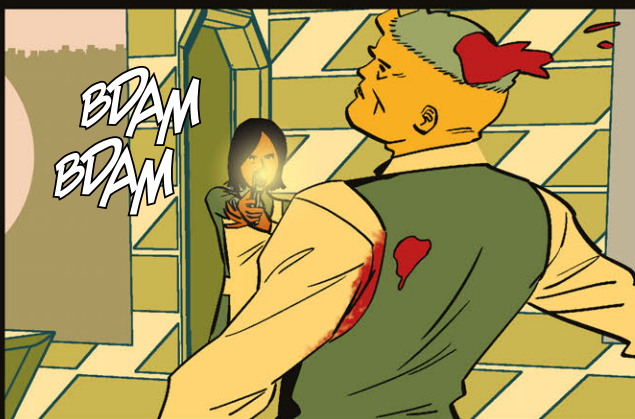


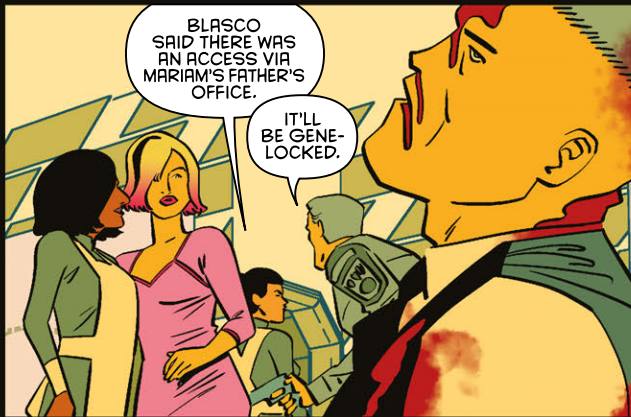
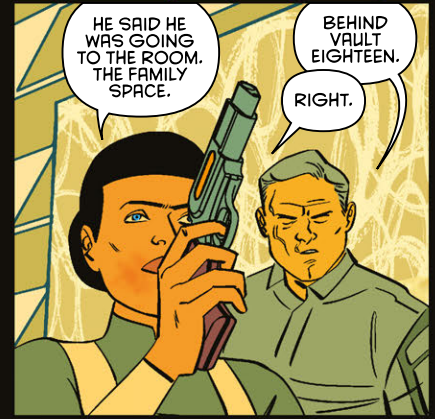


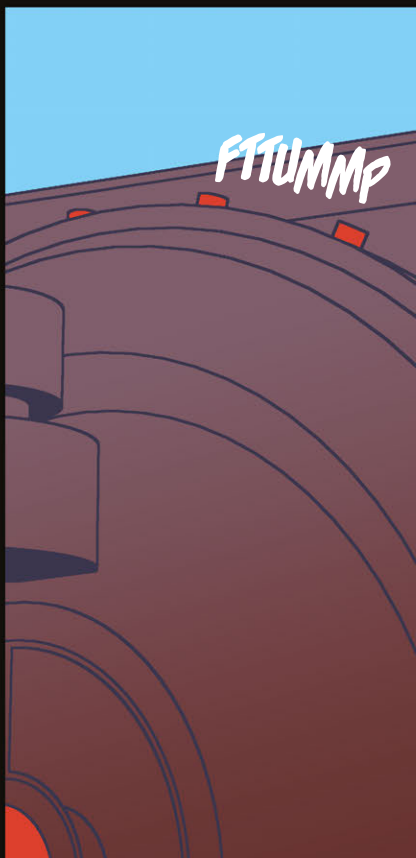
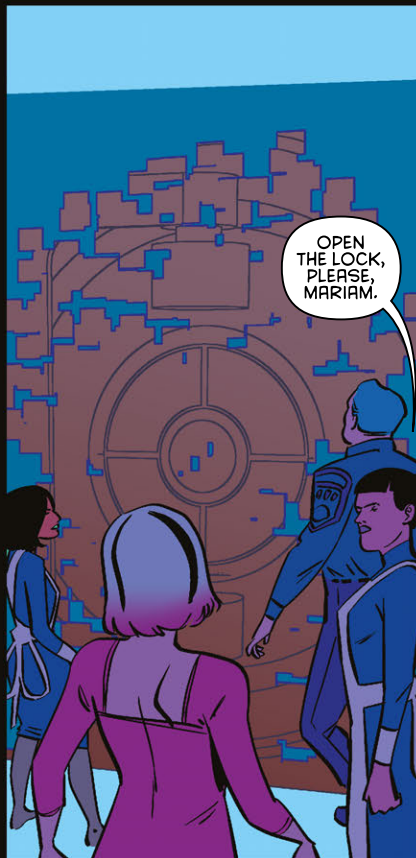
















"The Family Space."

Unclassified area
behind Vault 18,
Junot House.

EVERYONE
IS HERE, MR
TILLERSON.

THAT'S
LOVELY, MRS
SYLVIE.



HELLO,
EVERYONE.

SO HAPPY
YOU COULD ALL
MAKE IT.



WHAT'S GOING
ON, JOEL? THIS
MEETING WASN'T
SCHEDULED--



I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT'S GOING ON,
DAVID. REALLY EXCITING
THINGS, *THAT'S*
WHAT.

LOOK...
I'VE CALLED
YOU ALL DOWN AT
SHORT NOTICE.
APOLOGIES
FOR THAT.

INCON-
VENIENT. I
GET THAT.



THE
THING IS, OUR
MOMENT IS
HERE.

WE'RE
GOING TO
MAKE THE
OFFER.

WE
ARE?

NOW?



YES,
HECTOR.
RIGHT
NOW.

I'M
SCARED,
JOEL.



OH GOSH,
SARAH. NO
NEED TO BE.

THERE,
THERE.



I'VE RECEIVED A MESSAGE.

FROM **BERNARD**.

BERNARD?
IS HE ALIVE?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT HIS MESSAGE WAS VERY CLEAR. HE SAYS EVERYTHING'S READY. IT'S TIME. THE UNREACH IS OPEN.

THAT WHICH WAS MISSING MAY NOW BE FOUND. THAT WHICH WAS HIDDEN MAY NOW BE SEEN.



WE ARE IN LOW THETA, EVERYONE. IT'S DAWN. THE FIRST MORNING OF **ALL** MORNINGS. **THAT'S** WHAT BERNARD WANTED US TO KNOW.

SO IT'S THE **MAKING TIME**. IS IT THE **MAKING TIME**, JOEL?



IT **IS**, DAVID. AT LONG LAST, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF DARKNESS.

VOVEK IS WAKING FROM HIS SLEEP, AND MELANCHOLEMA IS RISING UP TO WELCOME HIM LIKE A DAWN CHORUS

CAN YOU HEAR MELANCHOLEMA SINGING, EVERYONE?

N-NO?



WELL, YOU WILL.

ONCE WE MAKE THE OFFER, **EVERYONE** WILL.

GALINA WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE OFFER, JOEL. NOT US.



BRUCE.

BRUCE, BRUCE, BRUCE.

GALINA WAS A WONDERFUL DREAM, BUT IT'S JUST NOT VIABLE. IT'S NOT GOING TO BE **READY** IN TIME.

WE NEED TO MAKE THE OFFER **NOW**.



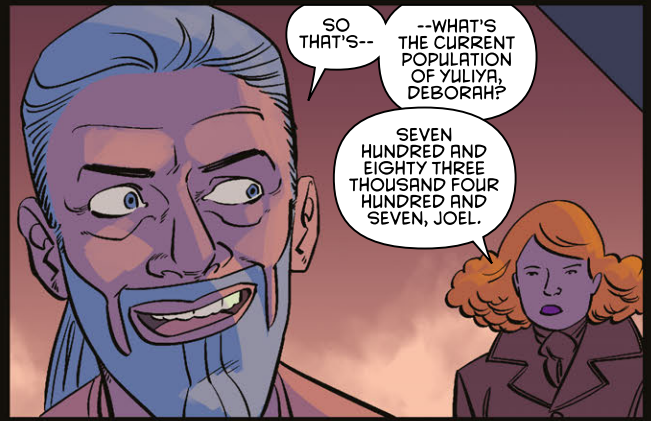
MRS SYLVIE? WOULD YOU CHECK THAT THE CANISTERS ARE PROPERLY ATTACHED TO CENTRAL AIR-CIRC?

THOSE OF YOU FROM THE DUCT UNION, COULD YOU HELP HER? THANKS.



THE R-ACOL 3 WILL WORK SWIFTLY BECAUSE OF THE NUDGE WE'VE BEEN LACING THE FOOD AND WATER SUPPLIES WITH FOR THE LAST YEAR.

IT'S AN ACTIVATOR. GAS FORM. IT JUST CHEMICALLY **SWITCHES** ON THE NUDGE LOAD IN EVERYONE'S SYSTEM.



SO THAT'S---

--WHAT'S THE CURRENT POPULATION OF YULIYA, DEBORAH?

SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVEN, JOEL.



THAT SHOULD BE **MORE** THAN ENOUGH. A VERY HIGH OFFER.



W-WILL PEOPLE BE **HURT**, JOEL?

ONLY PHYSICALLY, SARAH.

OH, **BLESS** YOU FOR CARING.



IT'S NOT DESTRUCTION, SARAH, IT'S **CREATION**. ORDER FROM CHAOS.

EVERYONE WILL BE RIGHT AS RAIN IN THE LONG TERM.

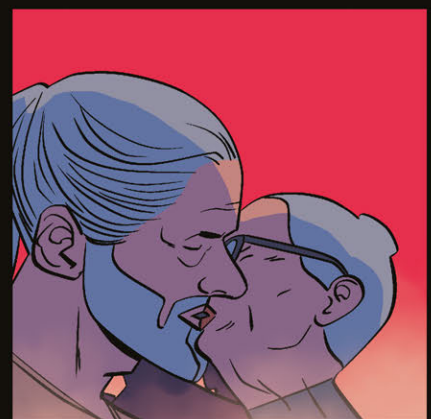
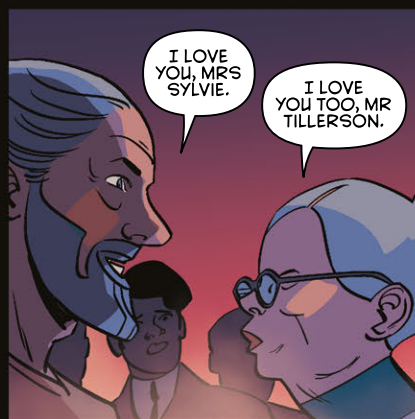
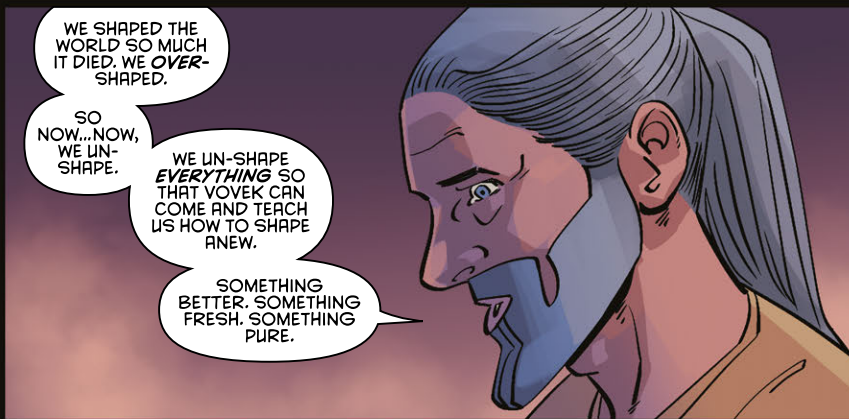
JUST LIKE ALAN.

ALAN'S DEAD.



NOT REALLY HE ISN'T, SARAH.

JUST UN-SHAPED. HE WASN'T READY TO HEAR. MAINLY BECAUSE HE WAS A BIT OF A DICK.







BRIDGET.

LUDO.

EVERYONE?
THIS IS BRIDGET
AND LUDO.

H-HELLO.



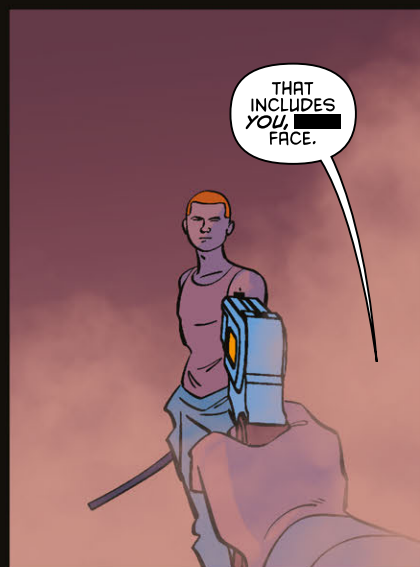
TH- THEY'VE
GOT **GUNS**,
JOEL.

I THINK AT THIS
POINT THAT ONLY
ADDS TO THE **FUN**,
SARAH.

VOVEK WILL
BE DELIGHTED--



I CAN'T STRESS
HIGHLY ENOUGH HOW
IMPORTANT IT IS THAT
NONE OF YOU
ING MOVE
RIGHT NOW.



THAT
INCLUDES
YOU,
FACE.



GUYS,
I'M SORRY,
BUT YOU'RE
NOT REALLY
GRASPING
THE BIG
PICTURE.

I IMAGINE
YOU'RE
WAITING FOR
BACK-UP TO
ARRIVE,
YEAH?

WE'RE
WAITING **TOO**.
SO THIS IS
JUST GOING
TO BE US ALL
WAITING
TOGETHER.

WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING
FOR, JOEL?

YOU
KNOW **ALL**
THEIR NAMES,
BRIDGET.



THIS IS
PRIVATE PROPERTY.
CORPORATE
PROPERTY--

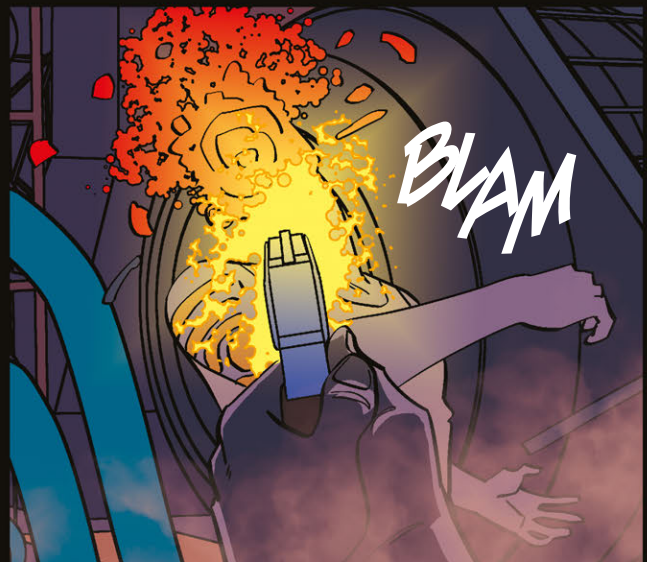
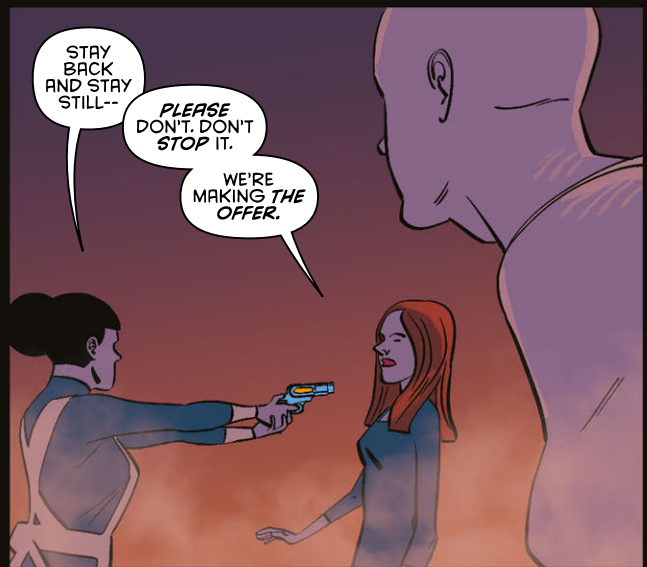
OH,
WE ARE **SO**
PAST THAT.

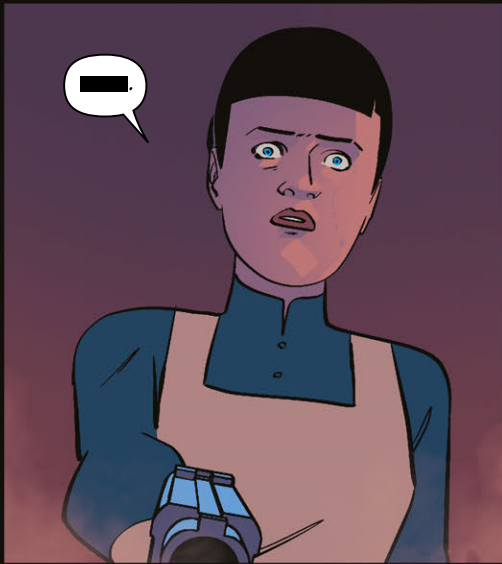


WHAT'S
IN THE
CANISTERS,
JOEL?

REVELATION.





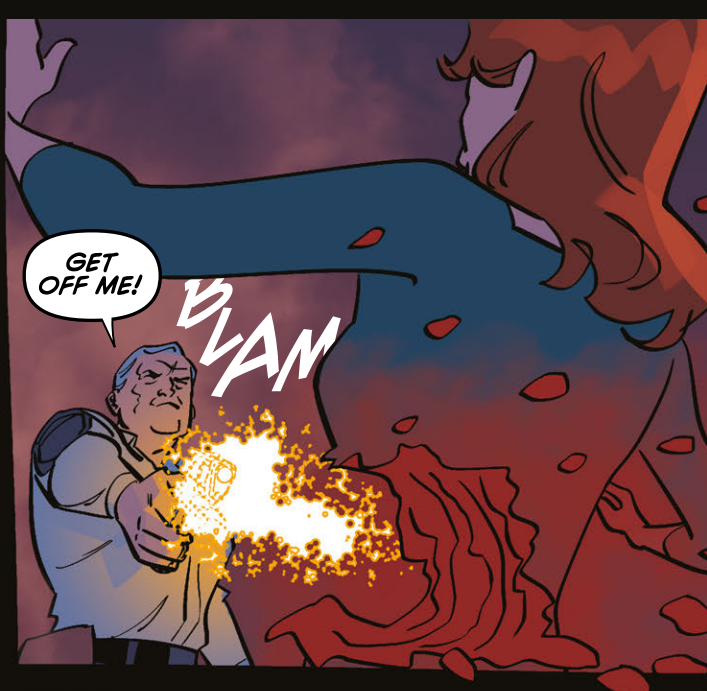




KURTIS!



CAN I?
CAN I TOUCH
THEM?



GET
OFF ME!

BLAM



KURTIS!
KURTIS!

OH, I'VE GOT A
TUMMY ACHIE,
JOEL.



Look look
there's the
first one

Six days on
the job Salma HSD
and he was fifteen
and he'd raped this
old woman and I had
him cornered gave a
warning but he

So I had
to shoot had
to shoot

Do you
see him?



I SEE VOVEK.
HIS NAME IS
VOVEK. SEE?
WHEN I SAY HIS
NAME HE NODS
TO ME.

VOVEK?



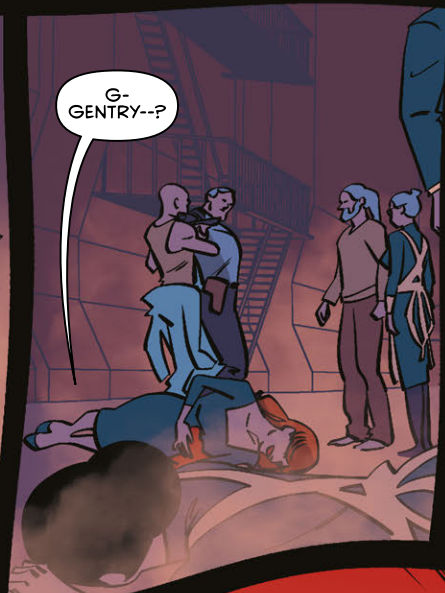
IT'S NOT
VOVEK! IT'S
NOT VOVEK!

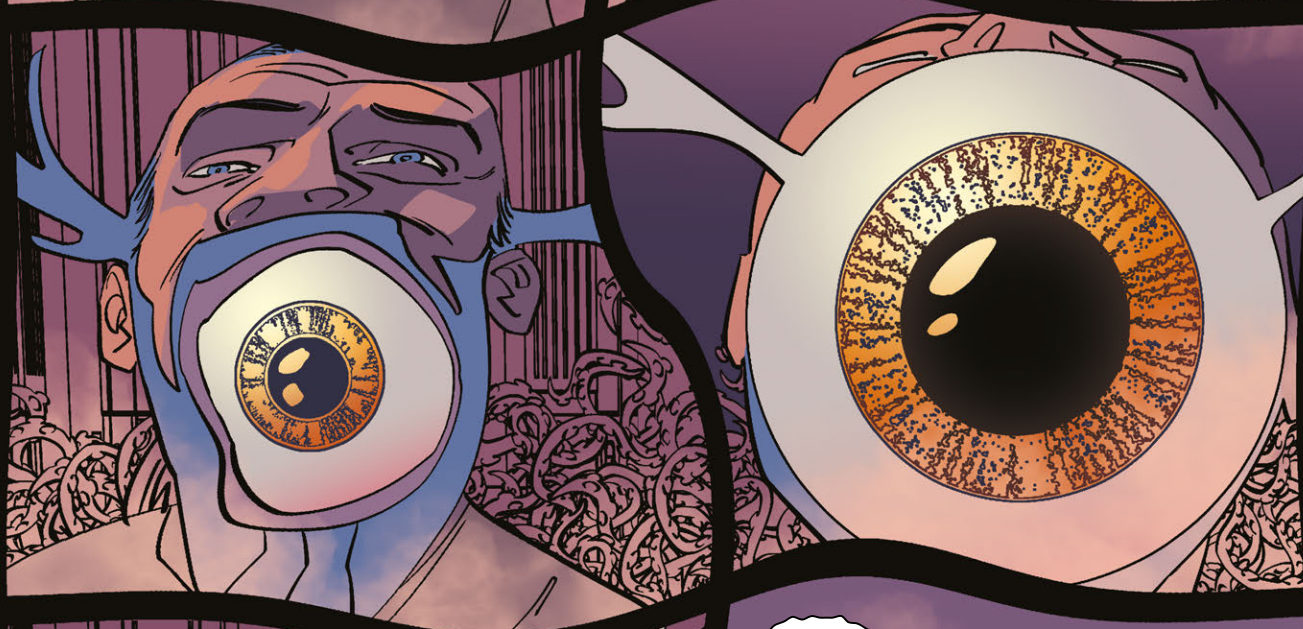
IT'S THAT
ASSHOLE BOY
WHO MADE ME
SHOOT HIM!

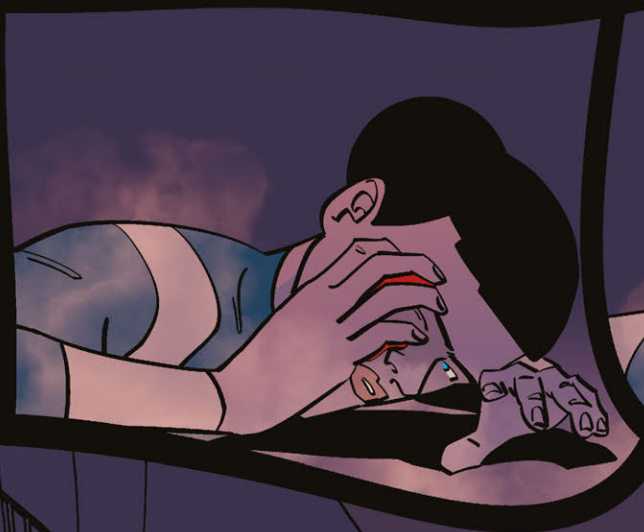
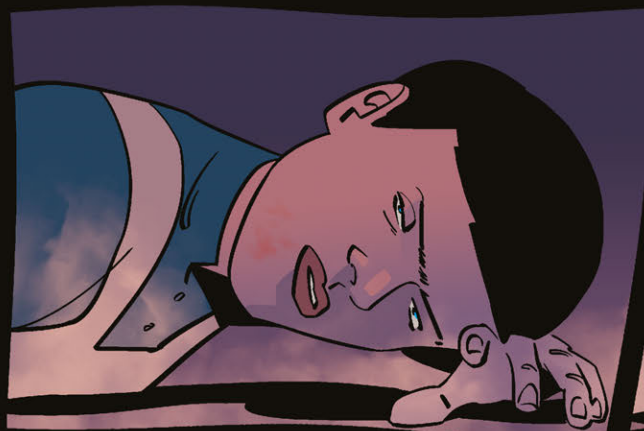
WHAT?

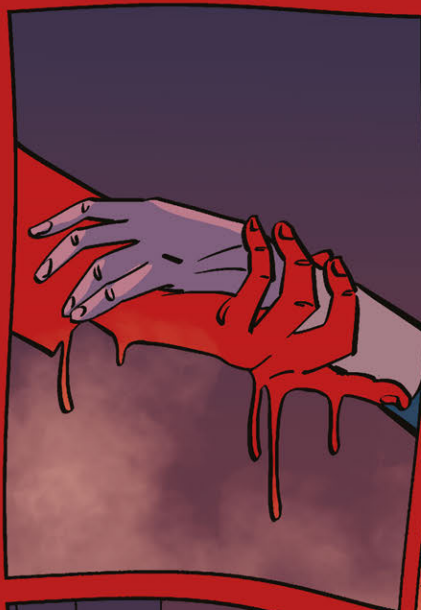


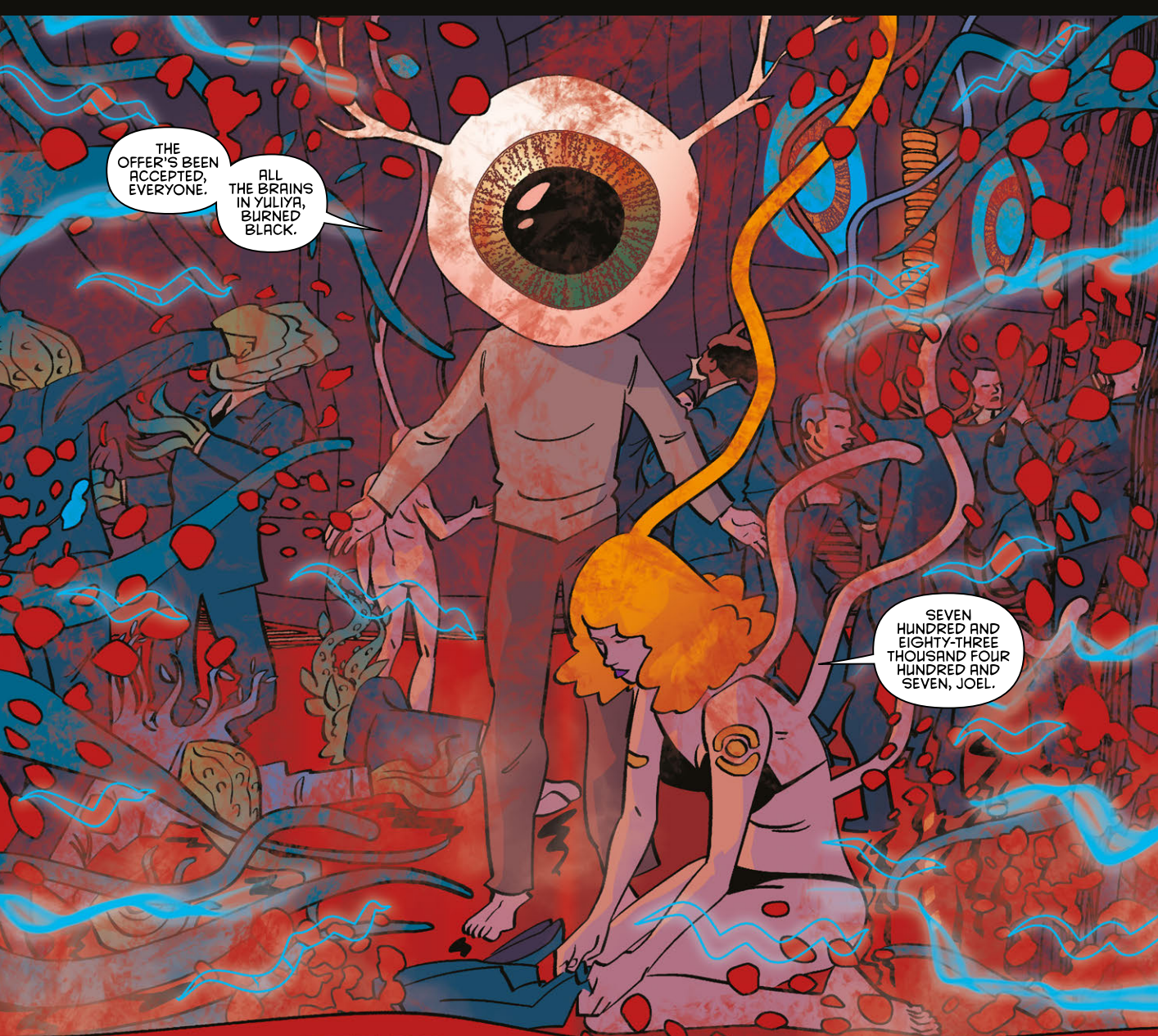
MY DAD SAID IT
WAS OKAY. HE'D BEEN HSD TOO,
SO HE KNEW. HE SAID IT WAS
JUSTIFIED AND I'D GET OVER IT
BUT I DIDN'T BECAUSE IT DIDN'T
MATTER WHAT HE'D DONE, HE
WAS JUST A BOY--







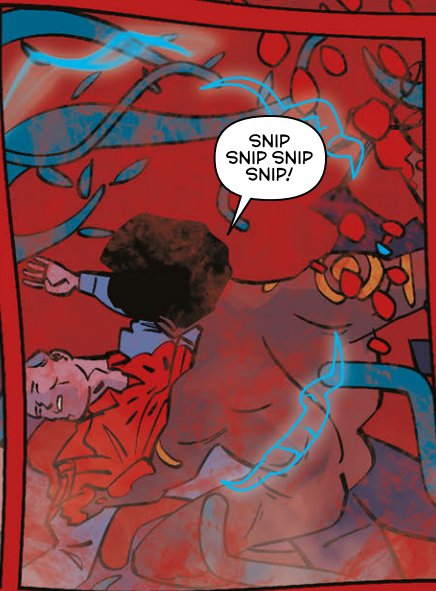




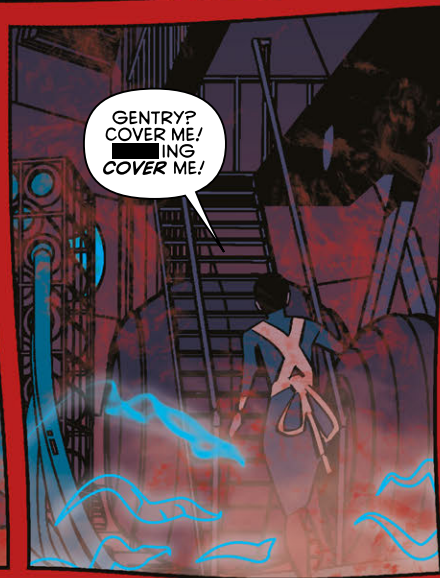
THE
OFFER'S BEEN
ACCEPTED,
EVERYONE.

ALL
THE BRAINS
IN YULIYA,
BURNED
BLACK.

SEVEN
HUNDRED AND
EIGHTY-THREE
THOUSAND FOUR
HUNDRED AND
SEVEN, JOEL.

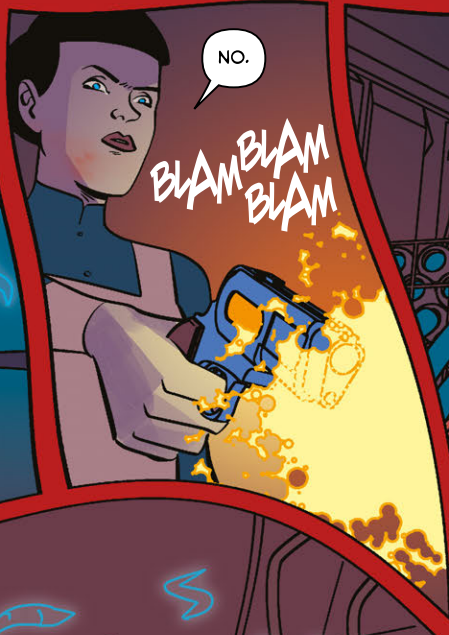
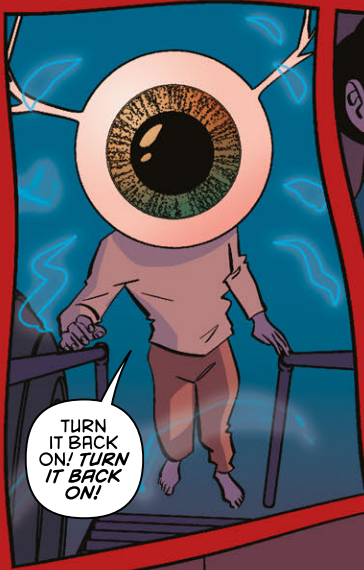


SNIP
SNIP SNIP
SNIP!



GENTRY?
COVER ME!
ING
COVER ME!







SHIT. WHAT
ARE *YOU*
SUPPOSED
TO BE?



ARE
YOU PHALE
CHRONOZON
OR OR OR
OR...



I DON'T
CARE.

GET HER
WEAPON.

JESUS
WEPT, *LOOK*
AT THIS--

RUN THE
VENTS TO
PURGE!

HURRY
THE
UP!



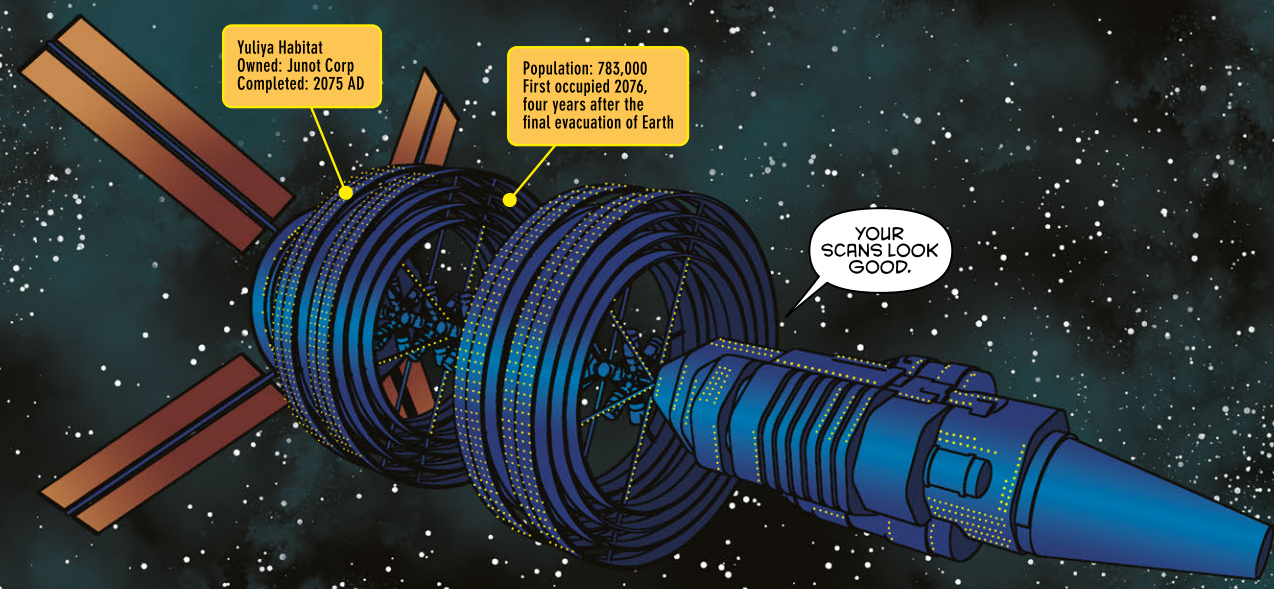
KURTIS?



KURTIS?



BRIDGET
KURTIS?



Yuliya Habitat
Owned: Junot Corp
Completed: 2075 AD

Population: 783,000
First occupied 2076,
four years after the
final evacuation of Earth

YOUR
SCANS LOOK
GOOD.

Loop 1.
Medicare Centre.

YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT FOR A WEEK.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO PISS ABOUT WITH *R-ACTOL 3*, Ms KURTIS. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT EXPOSURE TO THAT HAS DONE TO YOUR SYSTEM.

I'LL START YOU ON SOLID FOODS TOMORROW.

CLEAN, RIGHT? NO NUDGE.

AS REQUESTED.

YOU HAVE VISITORS.

Vittori, Elane
Director, Habitat Security Division
Born: Kiro's Habitat 2045

Gibrani, Gita
Investigator, Habitat Security Division
Born: Yuliya Habitat 2072

Two women are talking to a man in a uniform. One woman is holding a small device.

DON'T YOU LOOK AWFUL.

HAH.

THEY TOLD ME OVER SIX HUNDRED PEOPLE DIED.

YES.

THE GAS PENETRATED SEVERAL SECTIONS OF YULIYA BEFORE IT WAS PURGED.

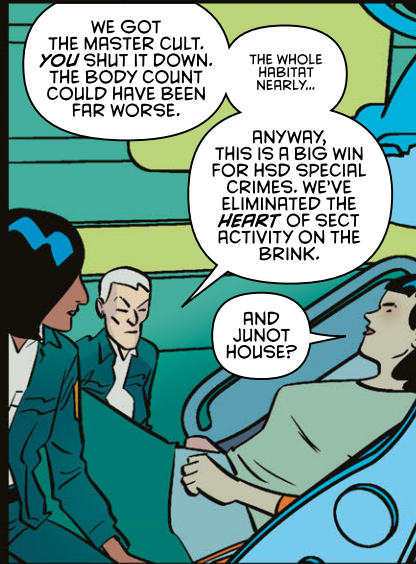
IT TRIGGERED RIOTING AND PSYCHOPATHIC BEHAVIOUR.



JESUS.
NOT MUCH
OF A WIN.

THE
DEATH TOLL
IS TERRIBLE,
KURTIS.

BUT
IT IS. IT *IS*
A WIN.



WE GOT
THE MASTER CULT.
YOU SHUT IT DOWN.
THE BODY COUNT
COULD HAVE BEEN
FAR WORSE.

THE WHOLE
HABITAT
NEARLY...

ANYWAY,
THIS IS A BIG WIN
FOR HSD SPECIAL
CRIMES. WE'VE
ELIMINATED THE
HEART OF SECT
ACTIVITY ON THE
BRINK.

AND
JUNOT
HOUSE?



JUNOT ASSETS AND SITES
HAVE BEEN SEIZED. IT'S THE END FOR THEM.
THERE'S A FULL INVESTIGATION RUNNING,
INTERVIEWING ALL PERSONNEL, FORENSIC
ANALYSIS OF HOUSE RECORDS...

MARIAM'S SAFE,
THOUGH. SHE'S
IN PROTECTIVE
CUSTODY. SHE'S
COOPERATING.



GENTRY'S
DEAD,
ISN'T HE?

YEAH.
SORRY.



I THOUGHT
SO. I THOUGHT I
SAW HIM DIE.

BUT
I SAW A LOT
OF STRANGE
SHIT.

YOU
DID. I'VE
READ YOUR
REPORT.



MOST OF
THAT WAS THE
GAS, THOUGH.
THE R-ACTOL.

I SAW
THINGS. I SAW
BRINKMANN--



THE
GAS, YES.

THE DOCS THINK
YOU WERE MORE RESISTANT
BECAUSE OF YOUR HISTORY
OF CLEAN DIET. LESS NUDGE
IN YOUR SYSTEM FOR
THE R-ACTOL TO
WORK ON.

THAT'S HOW
YOU STAYED SANE
LONG ENOUGH
TO CLOSE THE
DUCT AND--

IT DIDN'T
FEEL SANE.



LOOK,
YOU SAY THIS
IS A WIN SO...
YAAAY.

TILLERSON'S
COVEN WAS
DANGEROUS AND
INSANE, LIKE ALL
SECTS.

BUT I HAVE
A GUT FEELING
THEY WERE ON TO
SOMETHING IN
THEIR OWN MAD
WAY.



THAT'S
NOT IN YOUR
REPORT.

OF COURSE
IT ISN'T. I
DON'T WANT TO
BE DISCHARGED
ON A PSYCHE
DISABILITY.



SECT ACTIVITY
IS LINKED TO
THE MERCURY
EVENT. I DON'T
KNOW *HOW*.

TILLERSON
KNEW
THINGS.

WE HAVE
TO START
TAKING THAT
CONNECTION
SERIOUSLY.



KURTIS--

WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN THE VENUS
HABITATS GO
DARK TOO?

WE CAN
FIGHT INCIDENTS
OF SECT CRIMES ALL
WE LIKE, BUT WHAT
IF THE THINGS THE
SECTS BELIEVE IN
ARE *REAL*?



MAYBE
NOT REAL... BUT
INDICATORS OF
SOMETHING
SIGNIFICANT?

THERE'S SO
MUCH COMMONALITY
BETWEEN THE SECTS,
THE LANGUAGE THEY
USE, THE IDEAS--



YES, BECAUSE
OF THE *MASTER
SECT*, WHICH
WE'VE--

MORE THAN
THAT. SHOW ME A
LINK BETWEEN
TILLERSON'S GROUP
AND LUDMILLA OR
SOPHIA.

THEY ALL
BELIEVED THE
SAME SHIT.
HOW?



I ALWAYS FIND
CONVERSATIONS
WITH YOU
DEPRESSING,
KURTIS.

I GET
THAT.



BRINKMANN
CAME TO ME. I
FELT LIKE HE WAS
TRYING TO
TELL--

THE GAS,
KURTIS.

NO. HE
SAID TWO
WORDS--



RIGHT.
"WEIRD LIFE."

I DID SOME
RESEARCH
ON THAT.

THIS
SHOULD BE
GOOD.



WELL, IT'S
AN AVANT-GARDE
HYPOTHESIS THAT'S
BEEN AROUND FOR
A FEW DECADES.

SCIENTISTS
BELIEVE THAT
LIFE ON OTHER
WORLDS MIGHT
TAKE THE FORM
OF **EXTREMOPHILES**.

LIFE FORMS THAT
CAN LIVE IN HARSH
ENVIRONMENTS THAT
OUR BIOLOGY CAN'T
COPE WITH.



THERE
USED TO BE SOME
EXAMPLES ON EARTH, IN
VOLCANIC VENTS AND
PERMAFROST AND
STUFF.

THE POINT
IS, THE BIOLOGY
OF THESE THINGS
MIGHT BE SO **OTHER**
WE WOULDN'T EVEN
RECOGNISE
THEM AS LIFE
FORMS.



WHY
NOT?

Um,
MICROSCOPIC,
SILICON-BASED,
USING AMMONIA
RATHER THAN WATER.
THEY'D POSSESS FEW
OR **NONE** OF THE
FACTORS WE USE
TO DEFINE LIFE.

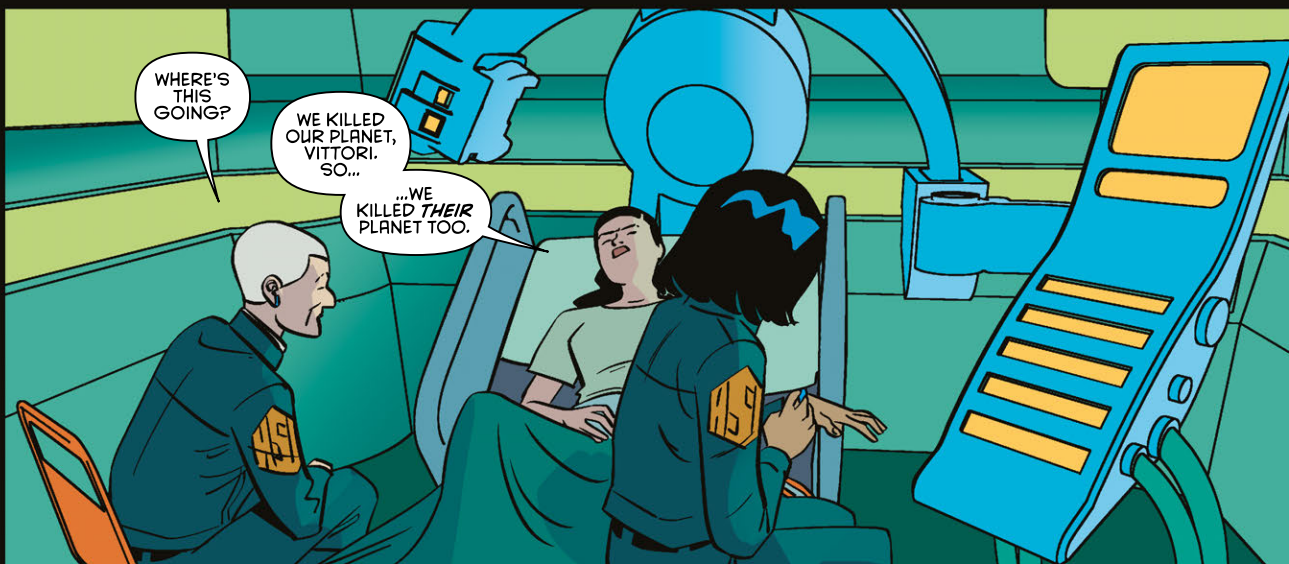


THE THING IS,
THE WEIRD-LIFE THEORY
PROPOSES THAT THERE
WERE SPECIES LIKE THAT
ALIVE ON EARTH
WITH US.

CO-EXISTING
WITH US. AND WE
NEVER FOUND THEM.
NEVER CLASSIFIED
THEM.

BECAUSE
MAINSTREAM
THINKING WAS
THAT ALL LIFE
ON EARTH WAS
CARBON-BASED--

STOP.



WHERE'S
THIS
GOING?

WE KILLED
OUR PLANET,
VITTORI.
SO...

...WE
KILLED **THEIR**
PLANET TOO.



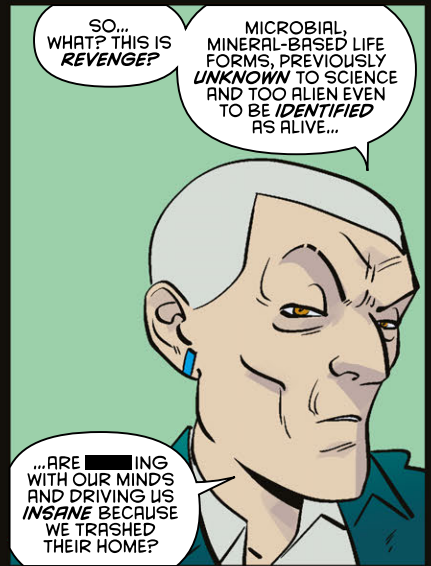
THEY MIGHT
BE **REALLY**
ED OFF
ABOUT THAT.



THERE
ARE NO GIANT
SPACE-GOD
DEMONS. NO
MELANCHOLEMA
BULLSHIT
STUFF.

BUT THERE
ARE ALIENS...OR
RATHER NATIVE
EARTH SPECIES
UTTERLY ALIEN TO
US. A HIDDEN
BIOSPHERE.

AND WE
BROUGHT THEM
OUT HERE WITH
US.



SO...
WHAT? THIS IS
REVENGE?

MICROBIAL,
MINERAL-BASED LIFE
FORMS, PREVIOUSLY
UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE
AND TOO ALIEN EVEN
TO BE **IDENTIFIED**
AS ALIVE...

...**ARE** **ING**
WITH OUR MINDS
AND DRIVING US
INSANE BECAUSE
WE TRASHED
THEIR HOME?



WELL,
WHEN YOU
PUT IT LIKE
THAT...

AND WE
KNOW THIS BECAUSE
THE GHOST OF YOUR
DEAD PARTNER TOLD
YOU THIS DURING
A PSYCHOTIC
EPISODE?

AND
LIKE THAT.



GET
SOME REST.

GIBRANI?
PLEASE DELETE
THAT CRAP BEFORE
THEY CLOSE MY
DEPARTMENT
DOWN.

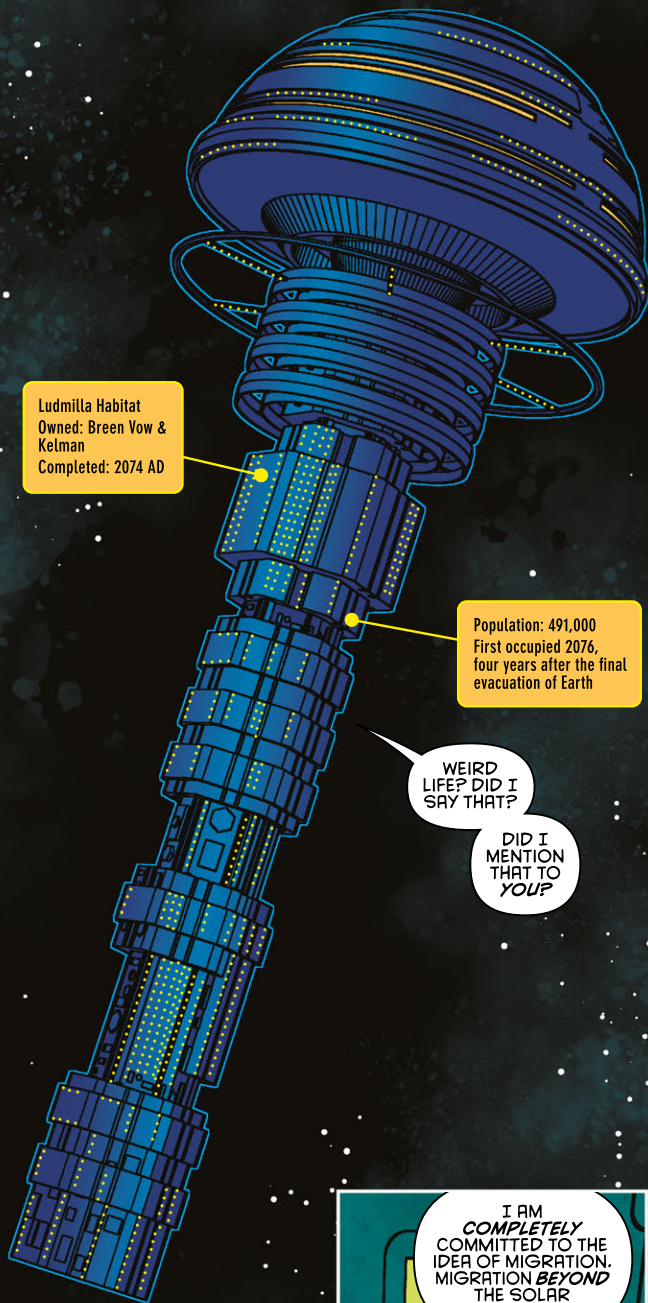


THANKS
FOR TRYING.

YOU
BETCHA.



GITA,
WHEN I'M FIT
AND OUT OF HERE,
THERE'S SOMEONE
I WANT TO TALK
TO...



Ludmilla Habitat
Owned: Breen Vow &
Kelman
Completed: 2074 AD

Population: 491,000
First occupied 2076,
four years after the final
evacuation of Earth

WEIRD
LIFE? DID I
SAY THAT?

DID I
MENTION
THAT TO
YOU?

I DON'T REMEMBER.
IT WAS A BIT OF A
CRAZY TIME. WITH BOB
AND FRANNIE AND
EVERYTHING.

A-AND OF
COURSE, I WAS
SHOT. THAT DID
EFFECT MY
MEMORY.

Anish Anoor
Propulsion systems
engineer
Born: Sydon
Habitat 2057

Um, I WANT
TO APOLOGISE. THE
THINGS WE WERE
TRYING TO DO...BOB
AND FRANNIE...

...IT WAS
INSANE. SIMPLY
INSANE.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
I WAS
THINKING.

AND YOU...
YOU WERE HURT, I
UNDERSTAND?

WELL,
I'M PAYING
THE PRICE FOR
ALL OF THAT
NOW.

PAYING
THE PRICE.

WEIRD LIFE,
THOUGH. IT'S
WHY I DID WHAT
I DID.

MY **WORK**,
I MEAN. DESIGNING
DRIVES. DEVELOPING
KALI.

I AM
COMPLETELY
COMMITTED TO THE
IDEA OF MIGRATION.
MIGRATION **BEYOND**
THE SOLAR
SYSTEM.

IT'S THE
ONLY WAY
FORWARD FOR
OUR SPECIES.
THE **ONLY**
HOPE.

OF COURSE,
THE CORPORATIONS
DON'T LISTEN. IT'S
TOO EXPENSIVE!
TOO COMPLEX!

BUT IT'S
WHAT WE HAVE TO
DO. IT'S THE NEXT
STAGE OF OUR
EVOLUTION.

OF COURSE,
THE CORPO-
RATIONS...

THEY
DIDN'T LISTEN
TO ME **THEN**, AND
THEY **CERTAINLY**
WON'T LISTEN TO
ME NOW.



Gita Gibrani
Investigator, Habitat
Security Division
Born: Yuliya Habitat 2072

Bridget Kurtis
Investigator, Habitat
Security Division
Born: Salma Habitat 2067

WE'RE
LISTENING.

WE'VE COME
A LONG WAY
TO SEE YOU, MR
ANOOR.

AND
THE FACILITY
HAS GRANTED
US HALF AN HOUR,
SO IF WE COULD
MOVE THINGS
UP...

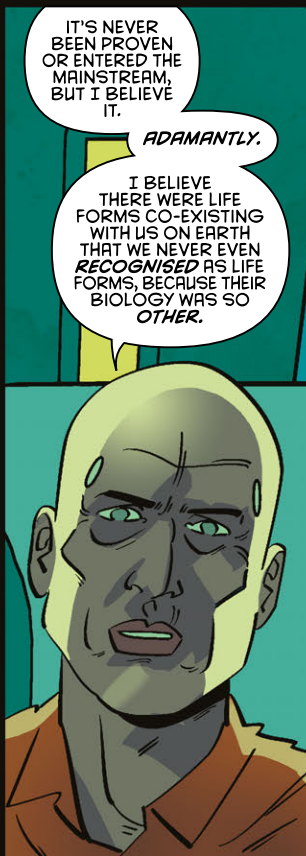


Psychiatric Wing
Ludmilla Prison
Hospital

FORGIVE
ME. I DON'T
GET MANY
VISITORS.

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT TO
KNOW?

WEIRD
LIFE.



IT'S NEVER
BEEN PROVEN
OR ENTERED THE
MAINSTREAM,
BUT I BELIEVE
IT.

ADAMANTLY.

I BELIEVE
THERE WERE LIFE
FORMS CO-EXISTING
WITH US ON EARTH
THAT WE NEVER EVEN
RECOGNISED AS LIFE
FORMS, BECAUSE THEIR
BIOLOGY WAS SO
OTHER.



LIKE...
WHAT? SILICON
BASED?

PROBABLY.
THAT'S **ONE**
POSSIBILITY.

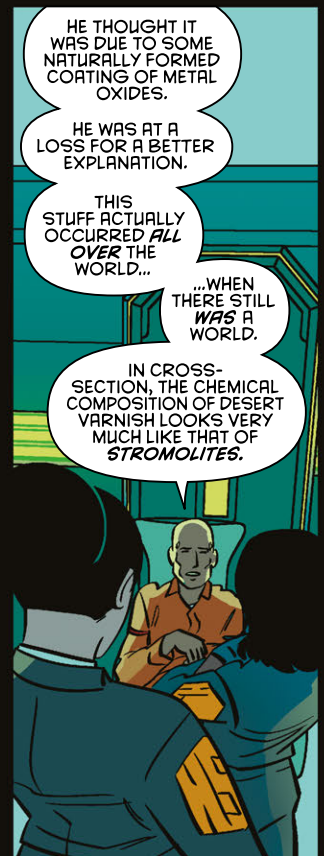
AND, OF
COURSE, IT'S
LONG PAST
THE POINT WE
COULD VERIFY
IT NOW.



THERE WAS A
THING, FOR EXAMPLE,
CALLED "**DESERT
VARNISH**".

DARWIN **HIMSELF**
OBSERVED IT IN 1830-
SOMETHING, NEAR
SAN SALVADOR.

ROCKS
THAT **GLEAMED**.
THEY...THEY LOOKED
BURNISHED IN THE
SUNSHINE.



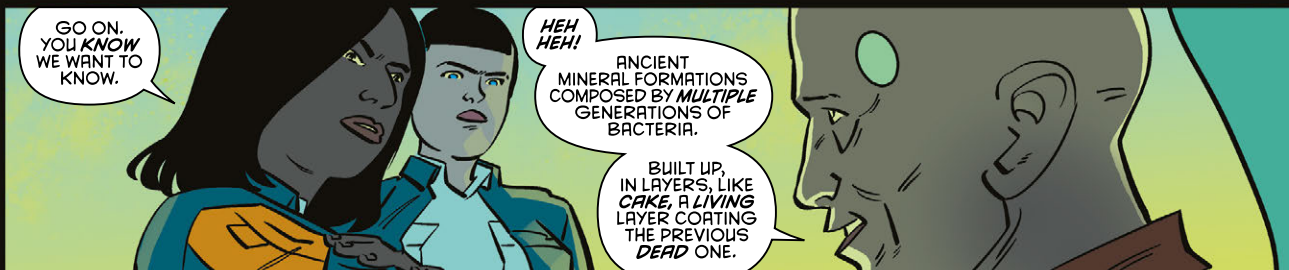
HE THOUGHT IT
WAS DUE TO SOME
NATURALLY FORMED
COATING OF METAL
OXIDES.

HE WAS AT A
LOSS FOR A BETTER
EXPLANATION.

THIS
STUFF ACTUALLY
OCCURRED **ALL**
OVER THE
WORLD...

...WHEN
THERE STILL
WAS A
WORLD.

IN CROSS-
SECTION, THE CHEMICAL
COMPOSITION OF DESERT
VARNISH LOOKS VERY
MUCH LIKE THAT OF
STROMOLITES.



GO ON, YOU *KNOW* WE WANT TO KNOW.

HEH HEH!

ANCIENT MINERAL FORMATIONS COMPOSED BY *MULTIPLE* GENERATIONS OF BACTERIA.

BUILT UP, IN LAYERS, LIKE *CAKE*, A *LIVING* LAYER COATING THE PREVIOUS *DEAD* ONE.



AND THE *CHEMISTRY* OF DESERT VARNISH SELDOM MATCHED THE GEOLOGY OF THE AREAS IN WHICH IT WAS FOUND.

NO ONE WAS *EVER* ABLE TO REPLICATE DESERT VARNISH ARTIFICIALLY. IT'S CLEARLY THE PRODUCT OF A *VERY COMPLEX* PROCESS.



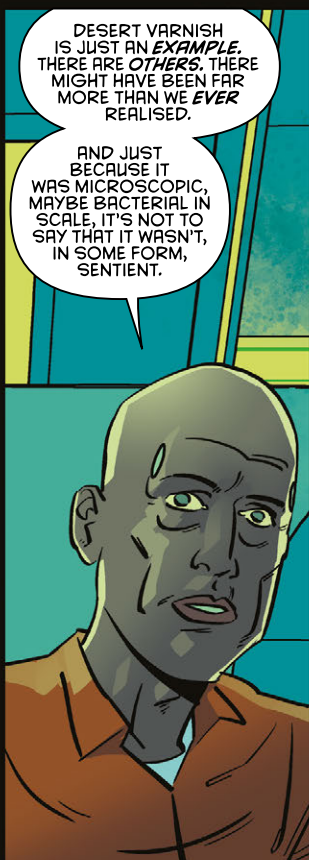
YOU'RE SAYING...IT COULD HAVE BEEN A LIFE FORM?

YES! SOMETHING COMPLETELY *BEYOND* THE FRAMEWORK OF WHAT WE CONSIDER TO BE LIFE.

WE KNEW ABOUT IT FOR *CENTURIES*. IT WAS *RIGHT THERE*, AND WE *NEVER* WORKED OUT WHAT IT WAS.



AND WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH EXTRA-SOLAR MIGRATION?



DESERT VARNISH IS JUST AN *EXAMPLE*. THERE ARE *OTHERS*. THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FAR MORE THAN WE *EVER* REALISED.

AND JUST BECAUSE IT WAS MICROSCOPIC, MAYBE BACTERIAL IN SCALE, IT'S NOT TO SAY THAT IT WASN'T, IN SOME FORM, SENTIENT.



INTELLIGENT?

WE DIDN'T RECOGNISE THEM AS LIFE FORMS, SO THEIR INTELLIGENCE, THEIR *SENTIENCE*, WAS PROBABLY *EQUALLY* UNKNOWNABLE BY OUR NARROW DEFINITIONS.



BUT IF THEY EXISTED, THEY WERE ANCIENT. THEY PRE-DATED US. THE EARTH WAS THEIR HOME *LONG* BEFORE IT WAS OURS.



SO THEY'D BE PISSED OFF ABOUT THE END OF EARTH?

I MEAN, PISSED OFF IN THEIR OWN, *UNDEFINABLE* DEFINITION OF THE TERM?

THEY'D WANT *REVENGE* ON US?



FOR KILLING THEIR HOME?

AN INTERESTING IDEA, BUT **WRONG**, I FEEL.

THAT ASSUMES **ANTHROPOMORPHIC MOTIVATION**.



THERE IS **ONE** IMPULSE THAT ALL LIFE ON EARTH SHARED, NO MATTER HOW **WEIRD**.

SURVIVAL.

I THINK IT'S A BASE VALUE FOR **ALL** LIFE.



WEIRD LIFE, **WHATEVER** IT IS, CAN'T MAKE AN EXTRA-SOLAR MIGRATION AND SET UP HOME SOMEWHERE NEW.

BUT MAYBE... **MAYBE...** IT CAN MAKE US DO IT.



SO...IF WE BROUGHT IT TO THE BRINK WITH US, IT MIGHT WANT US TO TAKE THE **NEXT** STEP?

TAKE IT WITH US TO A **NEW** WORLD? AN EXO-PLANET?



BASICALLY.

IT'S DEPENDING ON US TO PROVIDE FOR ITS **LONG-TERM SURVIVAL STRATEGY**.

AS A BY-PRODUCT OF OUR **OWN**.



AND HOW'S IT INFLUENCING US?

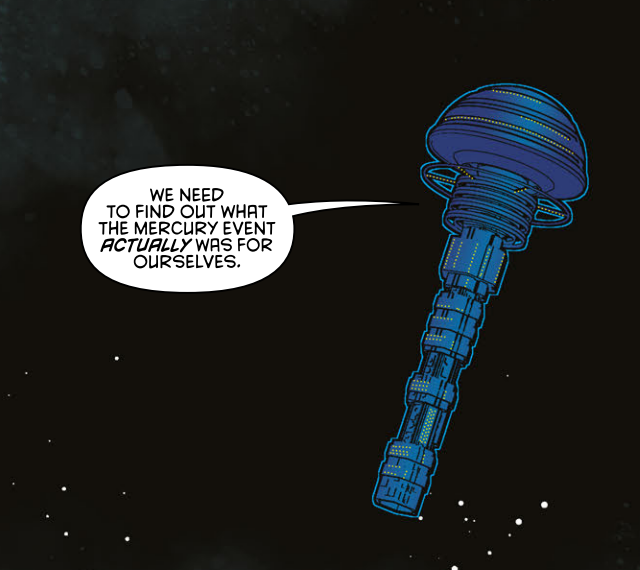
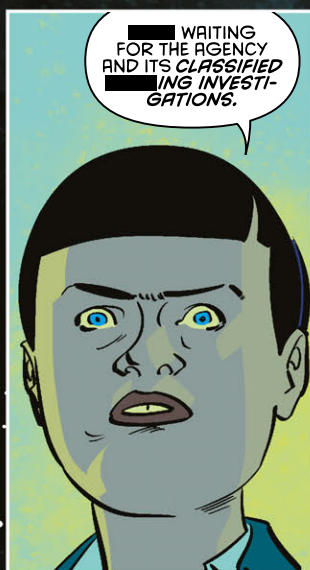
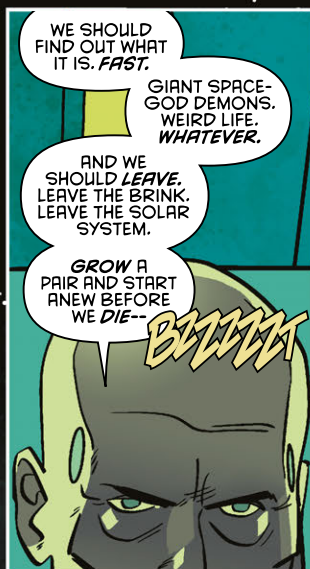
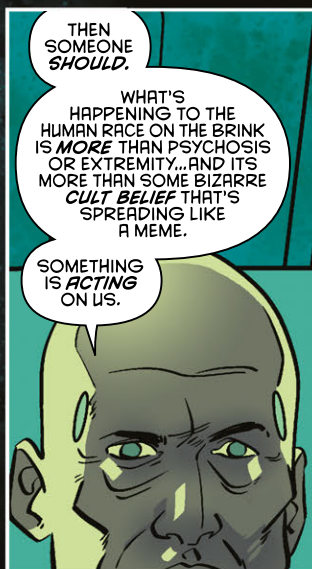
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S JUST A THEORY.

BUT IT COULD BE ALTERING OUR BRAIN CHEMISTRY **EN MASSE**, MAKING US **BELIEVE** THINGS.



MAKING US BELIEVE IN **GIANT SPACE-GOD DEMONS**. MAKING US **AFRAID**.

CONVINCING US TO **RUN**.



**COVER GALLERY
&
DAN ABNETT SCRIPT**





BRINK

BOOK THREE: HIGH SOCIETY

Part one (of nineteen)
[Episode 17 is 10 pages]
Full script for five pages

Note on "TAGS"

We're going to do the TAGS exactly as before, but this time SOME of them are going to be classified information. For these - which will be marked - can we use the same style but change the colour - maybe red with a green or white frame, please.

NOTE ON SWEARING

There's a lot of real swearing in the opening scene. Rather than substituting with %\$%#! I think it would be much more powerful if we simply blocked out or replaced the offended words with black oblongs. To me, that very obviously redacted censorship fits in with Brink's style, and means we don't have to go for soft and invented swear words. Therefore, I have written the actual **fucking** swear words in, so we can replace with black oblongs of appropriate length. Words rendered in **fucking** bold are therefore to be blacked out. I apologise for any **fucking** offence.

Page one

Ian - this opening scene takes place in a large, lower level cargo vault - very functional and mechanical, very 'space ship hold'.

1. Close in. MRS SYLVIE (head and shoulders), standing in front of a large, closed entry hatch (sliding shutters?). She is looking off to the left, at the source of the voice. MRS SYLVIE is the austere housekeeper of House Junot, a proper spinsterish lady. She wears a black and white housekeeper's uniform (a long dress/gown etc, very Victorian but simplified in modern fabrics). Over this, in this scene, she is wearing a CLEAR PLASTIC RAIN CAPE, a disposable. For some reason, I see her looking like Betty White, but unsmiling.

From off **LEFT**
JESUS! JESUS, YOU [REDACTED] [REDACTED]-SUCKING [REDACTED]! YOU [REDACTED]--
MRS SYLVIE
SHHH, DEAR.

2. Match shot. The hatch behind her opens and she looks around to greet JOEL TILLERSON. I imagine William Hurt - tall, handsome, but pale and soft-spoken, a lurking menace but genial. He is wearing a smart business suit AND a RAIN CAPE.

FROM OFF **LEFT**
OH [REDACTED]! OH [REDACTED]! YOU [REDACTED]-EATING [REDACTED]!
TILLERSON
MRS SYLVIE, HELLO.
MRS SYLVIE
THE GUESTS ARE WAITING FOR YOU, MR TILLERSON.

3. Page wide. Pull back to reveal all. We are looking down into this large hold space, clean but industrial, gloomy. Tillerson is walking out onto the floor beside Mrs Sylvie. A group of men and woman (about a dozen) are calmly waiting for them. They are all dressed in smart day clothes and RAIN CAPES (hoods up?), and each one is each holding an object in their arms in front of them (see after). A NAKED MAN (Victim) is grotesquely nailed (crucified) and chained upright, spread-eagled to scaffold in the middle of the room. He is twisting and shrieking, deep in terror and frenzy. He has been tortured, and is pretty much covered with bloody cuts. Everyone's body language should be very calm and casual and 'ordinary' apart from this poor bastard. Tillerson is walking towards him.

TILLERSON
GOOD, GOOD.
VICTIM
[REDACTED], JOEL! [REDACTED] IS THIS? LOOK WHAT SHE'S [REDACTED]ING DONE TO ME!
TILLERSON
ALAN! GOOD TO SEE YOU! THANKS FOR COMING!

4. Tight in as Tillerson hugs the startled, frantic victim. A real tight hug, arms around him, cheek pressed to his shoulder, warm and affectionate. Of course the bewildered victim can't hug back.

TILLERSON

I'M SO HAPPY YOU COULD BE HERE, ALAN.

VICTIM

NHHHH! THE [REDACTED]?

(JOINED)

JOEL, PLEASE [REDACTED] ING HELP ME! SHE'S--

5. Match shot. Gentle and benign, Tillerson kisses the victim full on the mouth like that's perfectly ordinary. The Victim's eyes bulge in astonishment.

VICTIM

MMNH!

6. Match shot. Tillerson pulls back and smiles - with what looks like genuine affection - at the victim, face to face. The man is utterly FREAKED.

TILLERSON

I LOVE YOU, ALAN.

VICTIM

(SMALL)

[REDACTED] IS WRONG WITH YOU...?

7. Tillerson smiles at the victim as he takes a step back, the others watching, waiting.

TILLERSON

THE SAME THING THAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ALAN. I'M LIVING THROUGH THE END OF THE WORLD BY CANDLELIGHT.

(JOINED)

IT'S CLAUSTROPHOBIC AND AIRLESS, AND THERE'S NOTHING BEYOND THE CANDLELIGHT EXCEPT UNENDING BLACKNESS.

VICTIM

(SMALL)

THE [REDACTED] ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOU STUPID [REDACTED] ING [REDACTED] --

8. Tighter on the smiling Tillerson, utterly casual and genial.

TILLERSON

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE BLACKNESS, ALAN, IF YOU'D LISTEN FOR A MINUTE AND STOP SWEARING.

(JOINED)

IT'S NOT EMPTY, THE BLACKNESS. THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT, AND IT'S WONDERFUL.

(JOINED)

WE'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO IT.

VICTIM

(small from off)

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR [REDACTED] ING MIND--

Page two

1. Tillerson turns to approach the waiting figures. Each one is holding an object - a hedge trimmer, a food mixer, a sack of cement, a trowel, a spade etc etc.

TILLERSON

IT'S OUR GIFT TO YOU, ALAN. IT'S THE BEST GIFT ANYONE CAN EVER GET.

VICTIM

JOEL! JOEL! PLEASE--

2. Tillerson walks in amongst the waiting group, smiling, looking at the things they are clutching. Mrs Sylvie is at his side.

TILLERSON

EVERYONE'S BROUGHT SOMETHING, ALAN. LIKE A PICNIC.

(JOINED)

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT, EVERYONE?

MRS SYLVIE

DAVID'S BROUGHT A FOOD MIXER, MR TILLERSON. NOT VERY PRACTICAL.

TILLERSON

NICE IDEA, THOUGH. WELL DONE, DAVID.

3. Tillerson continues to inspect. The waiting figures wait silently, holding their 'gifts' in front of them with both hands.

TILLERSON

NAIL GUN. SPLENDID.

(JOINED)

HACKSAW. ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE. HEDGE TRIMMER. POWER DRILL. TROWEL.

(JOINED)

A SACK OF FAST-SET CEMENT, SARAH? THAT'S LOVELY THINKING.

4. Tillerson looks back at the traumatized victim.

TILLERSON

YOU SEE, ALAN, THEY'RE ALL THINGS WE ONCE USED TO BUILD AND SHAPE OUR WORLD.

(JOINED)

WE SHAPED IT SO MUCH, IN THE END, IT DIED.

(JOINED)

SO THESE THINGS NOW HAVE SYMBOLIC VALUE.

5. Tighter on Tillerson as he walks back to the victim.

TILLERSON

WE USE THEM TO UN-SHAPE NOW. TO UN-MAKE ALL THAT BAD THINGS WE MADE BEFORE.

(JOINED)

SO THEY POSSESS SPECIAL POWER THAT WILL HELP US WITH OUR WORKING TODAY.

6. The victim reacts violently, but Tillerson calmly - and firmly - clamps his hand across the victim's mouth.

VICTIM

YOU'RE ██████████ ING MMMMGGHHH!

TILLERSON

SHH! SHHH, ALAN!

(JOINED)

THE LEPER HEART BEATS FOR YOU. LOW THETA HANGS IN THE SUN.

(JOINED)

DROWSY MELANCHOLEMA AND WATCHFUL VOVEK STAND SIDE BY SIDE, WAITING TO OPEN THE UNREACH FOR YOU.

7. Hand still clamped, Tillerson leans in, whispering, smiling. The victim is eyes-wide in frantic panic. Mrs Sylvie stands nearby.

TILLERSON

JUST FOR YOU, ALAN. SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

(JOINED)

MRS SYLVIE? TELL ALAN THE NAME OF THE WONDERFUL THING HE WILL MEET IN THE BLACKNESS.

(JOINED)

SO ALAN CAN GREET IT BY NAME.

MRS SYLVIE

PHALE CHRONOZON.

8. Tight in on Tillerson (smiling) and the victim (eyes wide) face to face, hand still clamped across the mouth.

TILLERSON

PHALE CHRONOZON, ALAN. PLEASE SAY HELLO FROM ME.

(JOINED)

DEBORAH, CAN I BORROW YOUR HACKSAW?

VICTIM

MMIIIIIMMMGGGHH! MIIIIIMMMGGHHHHHHHHH!

Page three

1. Page wide, big and splash. Big shot with room for the title and logo. A vast and spectacular exterior shot of YULIYA HABITAT in space.

FROM 1

AND WE'LL NEED A MOP, I THINK, MRS SYLVIE.

FROM 2

OH [REDACTED]! OH [REDACTED]! YOU [REDACTED]ING [REDACTED]ING NYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!

TAG

(habitat)

Yuliya Habitat

Owned: Junot Corp

Completed: 2075 AD

TAG

(habitat)

Population: 783,000

First occupied 2076, four years after the final evacuation of Earth.

2. Interior, a shot looking down a very busy public 'street'. Really dense packed with citizens hustling about their business.

TAG

Loop 1. Junot Corporate Zone.

3. Close in to show KURTIS walking through the press of the crowd. She looks deadpan, dressed in simple civilian clothes, with a small rucksack or overnight bag.

TAG

(classified style)

HSD RESTRICTED DATA

Bridget Kurtis

Investigator, Habitat Security Division

Born: Salma Habitat 2067

OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER

4. Behind her as she approaches a large GATEWAY in the wall of a larger BUILDING. The gateway is a large, perhaps ornate, security gate/hatch, manned by uniformed security guards (Gentry's uniform from book 2). If we have a Junot logo, it's over the gate. Kurtis isn't the only civilian heading in.

TAG

(building)

Junot House

Junot Corporation headquarters

TAG

(gateway)

Junot House service entry (domestic staff only)

5. Kurtis stops and talks to a guard in the gateway. Others civilians pass by her, heading in. The guard, bored, is scanning her tracelet with a handheld device, reading off it. Kurtis is obediently holding her tracelet up.

GUARD

NEW?

BRIDGET

YES, SIR. FIRST DAY.

GUARD

I GOT YOU. DAVIA SINTA. YOU'RE TAGGED ON PAYROLL.

(JOINED)

GO LEFT FOR SCREENING AND INDUCTION.

Page four

1. Interior. A high-tech checking area like an airport security check. Kurtis stands at a steel counter facing a uniformed clerk. There is a plastic carton the size of an archive box on the counter, and she's putting her bag in it. The clerk looks bored, unamused. Nearby, other people are going through the same routine.

CLERK

NO, EVERYTHING IN THE CARTON. YOU DON'T BRING ANYTHING IN.

BRIDGET

EVEN MY TRACELET?

2. The clerk sneers. Kurtis slips off her tracelet, looking unhappy.

CLERK

DIDN'T YOU READ THE T.A.C.?

(JOINED)

JUNOT HOUSE IS A CLEAN HOUSE. NO PERSONAL DEVICES.

(JOINED)

PUT IT IN THE CARTON.

3. On her hands as she puts the tracelet into the carton with her bag (her POV).

CLERK

ANY IMPLANTS? NANOWARE?

4.

BRIDGET

NO.

5. Cut to Kurtis standing in a body scanner, arms raised. Graphic/light FX scans pass over her

From **OFF**

LOOK TO THE LEFT.

(JOINED)

OKAY, MOVE THROUGH. STRIP OFF.

6. Cut to her in a very sparse, basic 'locker room', stripping naked. Others, men and women, are doing the same around her. All very awkward and degrading.

NO DIALOGUE

7. Cut to her, stark naked, in an industrial shower that is hosing her harshly from all sides, Silkwood style. Other miserable naked people are in there with her. You can use the spray to cover actually nudity.

NO DIALOGUE

8. Behind Kurtis as she stands, naked and dripping, at another counter. A uniformed fitter is sliding her a shrink-wrapped block of clothes. He is absolutely not interested in the fact she's naked.

BRIDGET

DAVIA SINTA.

FITTER

THIS IS YOUR LIVERY.

(JOINED)

GET DRESSED AND GO THROUGH TO INDUCTION.

Page five

1. Page wide. Cut to induction. A small-ish room like a doctor's waiting room. Rows of chairs. Maybe a Junot logo on the wall, maybe even very faint, old fashioned wall appear. The place isn't full - about six other people. Kurtis, face grim, sits facing us in the front row. She is now dressed in her uniform - basically a black, Victorian housemaid's uniform with a white pinny. Not sexy, though. Very functional. Black tights. Heavy black shoes. The other men and women in the room wear similar uniforms (housemaids, grooms, servants).

NO DIALOGUE

2. A very young girl (LALLA) in a white 'cook's' uniform sits down beside her, nervous, smiling. Bridget doesn't look at her.

LALLA

THIS IS ALL WEIRD, ISN'T IT?

BRIDGET

YEAH.

LALLA

I'VE WORKED SMALLSPACE BEFORE, BUT NOT MAJOR CORPORATE LIKE THIS.

3. They sit side by side, not looking at each other. Lalla fiddles with her wrist where her tracelet should be.

BRIDGET

ME NEITHER.

LALLA

IT'S WEIRD NOT HAVING MY TRACELET. NOT BEING ABLE TO TALK TO ANYBODY OUTSIDE.

(JOINED)

I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE TO DO THAT, DON'T THEY? I MEAN, THE CORPORATE CONFIDENTIAL THING.

4. Side by side. Not looking at each other. Lalla laughs nervously, uncomfortable.

LALLA

THEY EVEN LOOKED UP MY--

(JOINED, SMALL)

YOU KNOW. CAVITY SEARCH. FRONT AND BACK. WASN'T VERY NICE.

BRIDGET

NO, IT WASN'T.

LALLA

BUY A GIRL A DRINK FIRST, I SAY. HA HA!

5. Match shot, but now they look at each other. Bridget still doesn't crack an expression.

LALLA

I'M LALLA. I'M A CLASS FOUR IN FOOD PREP.

BRIDGET

DAVIA.

(JOINED)

I'M A SWEEPER.

6. Match shot.

LALLA

OH, YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT THE CONFIDENTIAL STUFF, THEN.

(JOINED)

MUST THINK I'M AN IDIOT, GOING ON ABOUT IT.

BRIDGET

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

LALLA

I MEAN, I'VE WORKED SMALLSPACE BEFORE, LOTS, BUT NOT IN A CLEAN HOUSE--

7. Behind Kurtis and the others as MRS SYLVIE walks in and looks at them (no rain cape now).

MRS SYLVIE

GOOD MORNING. WELCOME TO INDUCTION.

(JOINED)

I'M THE HOUSEKEEPER. I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW INFORMAL WORDS BY WAY OF HELLO.

(JOINED)

MY NAME IS MRS SYLVIE.

DTP

NEXT PROG: SWEEPING SMALLSPACE!

DAN ABNETT

Dan Abnett is a seven-times New York Times bestselling author and an award-winning comic book writer. He has written over fifty novels, including the acclaimed Gaunt's Ghosts series, the Eisenhower and Ravenor trilogies, volumes of the million-selling Horus Heresy series, *The Silent Stars Go By* (*Doctor Who*), *Rocket Raccoon and Groot: Steal the Galaxy*, *The Avengers: Everybody Wants To Rule The World*, *The Wield*, *Triumph: Her Majesty's Hero*, and *Embedded*. In comics, he is known for his work on *The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *Aquaman*, *The Titans*, *Nova*, *Wild's End*, and *The New Deadwardians*. His 2008 run on *The Guardians of the Galaxy* for Marvel formed the inspiration for the blockbuster movie. A regular contributor to the UK's long-running 2000 AD, he is the creator of series including *Grey Area*, *Lawless*, *Brink*, *Kingdom* and the classic *Sinister Dexter*. He has also written extensively for the games industry, including *Shadow of Mordor* and *Alien: Isolation*.

Dan lives and works in the UK. Follow him on Twitter @VincentAbnett

I.N.J. CULBARD

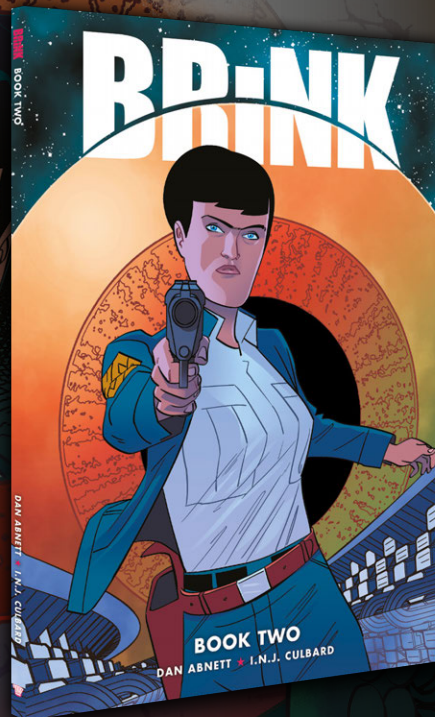
I.N.J. Culbard is an award-winning artist and writer. He has had work published by SelfMadeHero, Dark Horse comics, Vertigo and BOOM! Studios. He first started working with Ian Edginton on adaptations for SelfMadeHero of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Sign of the Four*, and *The Valley of Fear*. He has also worked with Dan Abnett on original series such as *The New Deadwardians* (Vertigo), *Dark Ages* (Dark Horse Comics), and *Wild's End* (BOOM! Studios). And lastly he has worked with Chris Lackey and Chad Fifer on the original graphic novel, *Deadbeats* (SelfMadeHero)

He has produced a number of his own adaptations for SelfMadeHero including *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, *The Shadow Out of Time*, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, *At the Mountains of Madness* and his first solo original graphic novel, *Celeste*.

THE EDGE OF MADNESS!

BRINK

DAN ABNETT I.N.J. CULBARD

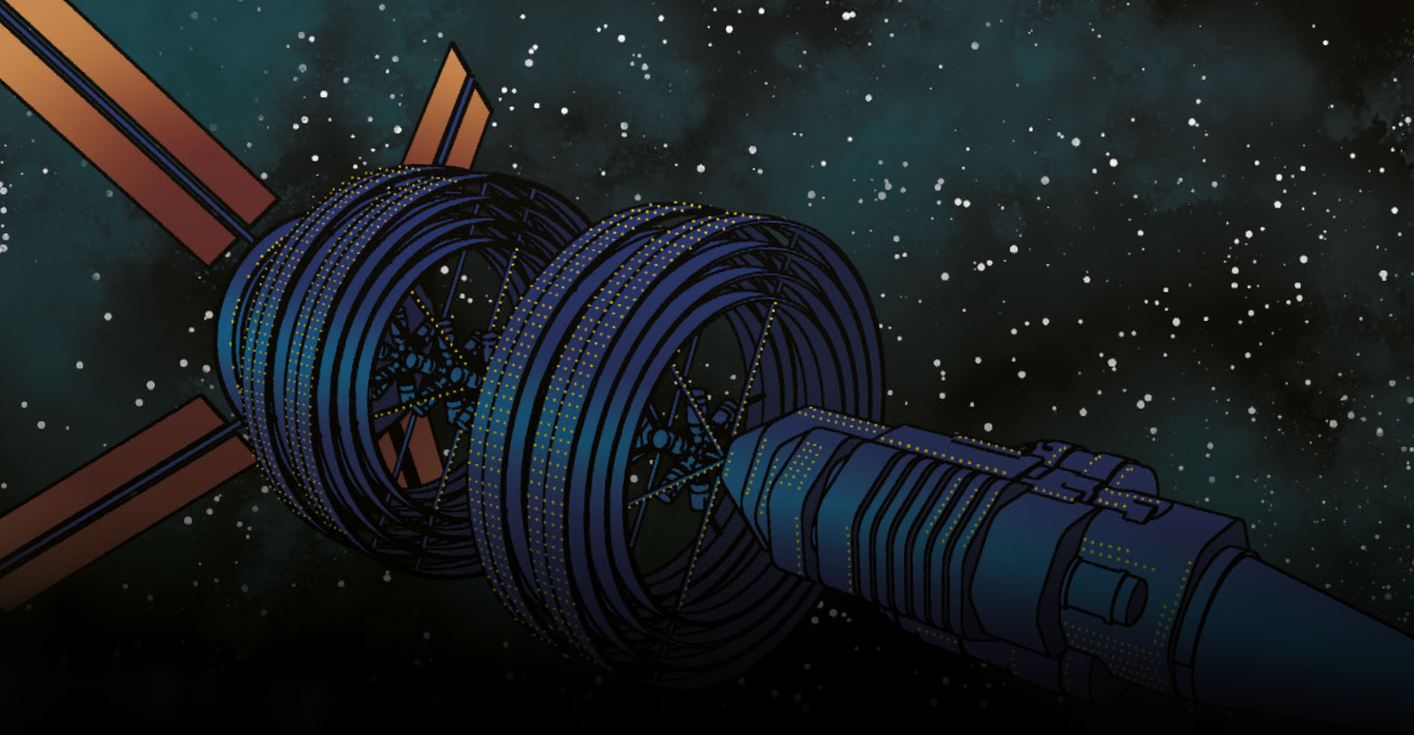


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THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE BLACKNESS

BRIDGET KURTIS IS BACK UNDERCOVER. POSING AS SECURITY STAFF WITHIN THE paranoid Junot house, she must attempt to infiltrate the Master Sect lurking amongst the upper echelons of Junot corporate before the group realises their plans to appropriate Galina Habitat for mass human sacrifice have been compromised.

Separating occult machinations from insider dealing is hard enough, but the board are already suspicious of events on Galina, and the team's top-ranking "in" could quickly get voted out before they can uncover the truth. The corporation is viciously secretive, especially where "family" is concerned, and to earn their trust Kurtis may have to reveal her familiarity with the Sect's arcane gods, whether she wants to or not...

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