

ARTHUR WYATT // ALEC WORLEY // BEN WILLISHER // PAUL DAVIDSON

DREDD/ANDERSON

THE DEEP END

TERRELL

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DREDD ANDERSON THE DEEP END

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA
JUDGE ANDERSON CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & BRIAN BOLLAND

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GALLERY



DUST

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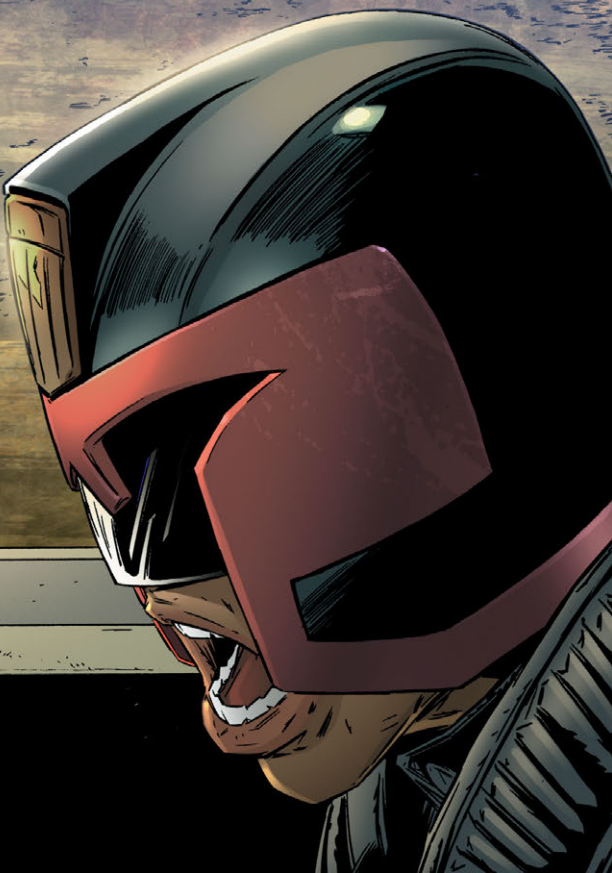
MEGA-CITY ONE.

EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE
HUDDLED UP AGAINST THE
HABITABLE COASTLINE OF WHAT WAS
ONCE NORTH AMERICA. A CROWDED
MESS OF CRIME AND CORRUPTION,
CHOKING ON ITS OWN EFFLUVIA.



A WORLD UNTO
ITSELF. AND BEYOND
THE CURSED CITY...

...A **CURSED EARTH**.
BLASTED ROCK AND DUST,
AN IRRADIATED WASTELAND
STRETCHING ACROSS THE
CONTINENT.

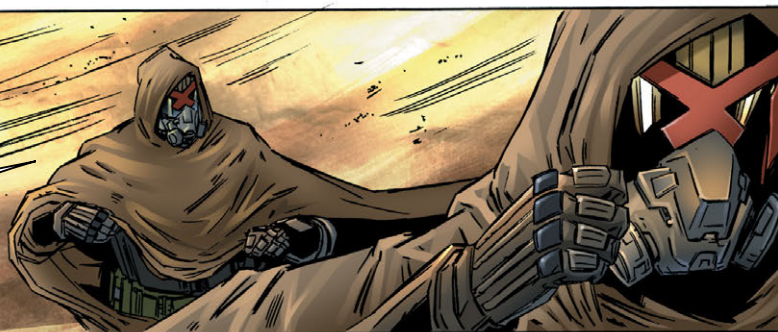


STORM
COMING IN!

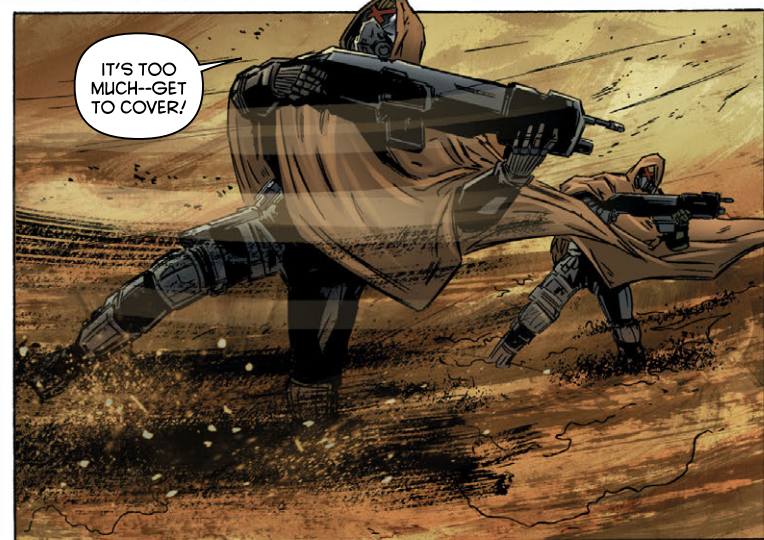
THE STORMS THAT SWEEP
ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH
ARE A TERROR TO BEHOLD.

WINDS OF UP TO A HUNDRED
MILES AN HOUR PASSING
OVER VAST STRETCHES OF
BONE-DRY GROUND, LIFTING
PARTICLES OF CONTAMINATED
DIRT INTO THE AIR...

LOOKS LIKE
A BAD ONE--
RADCLOAKS
ON!



IT'S TOO
MUCH--GET
TO COVER!



WHOA--!





...UNTIL THEY FORM
A CURTAIN OF
SWIRLING BLACK
SILT, FILLING THE SKY.



WHAT THE
HELL WAS
THAT?

AS THE STORM HITS, THE CITY LOCKS ITSELF DOWN.

SEVERE
WEATHER ALERT!
BLAST DOORS
CLOSING IN ONE
MINUTE!

THIS
IS NOT A
DRILL!

EVEN THOSE NOT INSIDE THE
HARDENED CONFINES OF THE
MEGA-BLOCKS SEEK TO SEAL
THEMSELVES IN AS BEST AS
POSSIBLE.

THOSE CAUGHT
OUTSIDE FIND
COVER--

--OR FACE A HORRIBLE
DEATH CHOKING ON FILTH
AS THE STORM SUCKS THE
OXYGEN FROM THE AIR.

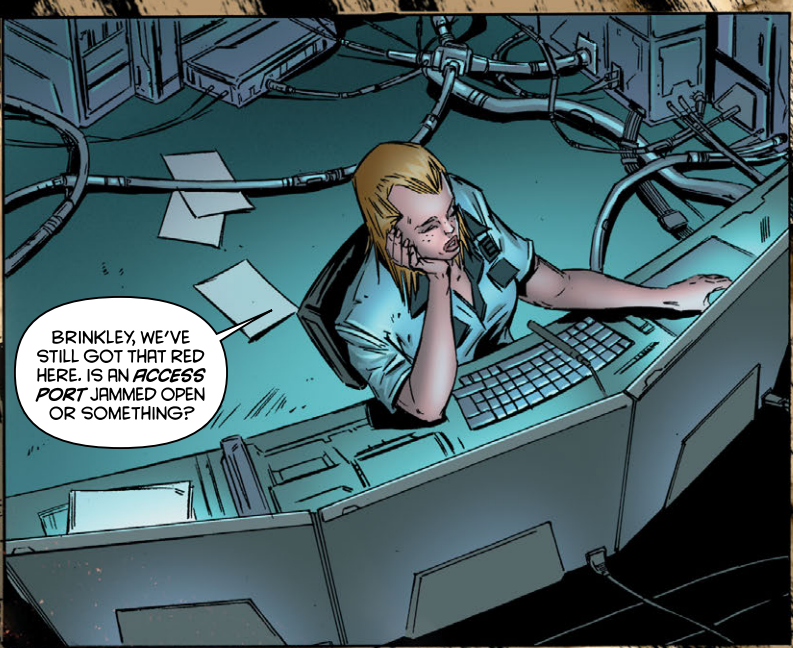
NO,
WAIT...

PLEASE!

NO--!



OTOMO PLAZA,
ONE MILE IN FROM
THE WEST WALL--



BRINKLEY, WE'VE
STILL GOT THAT RED
HERE. IS AN **ACCESS**
PORT JAMMED OPEN
OR SOMETHING?



I'M
LOOKING, I'M
LOOKING...

DEFINITELY
A BREACH,
THERE'S **DUST**
EVERYWHERE.



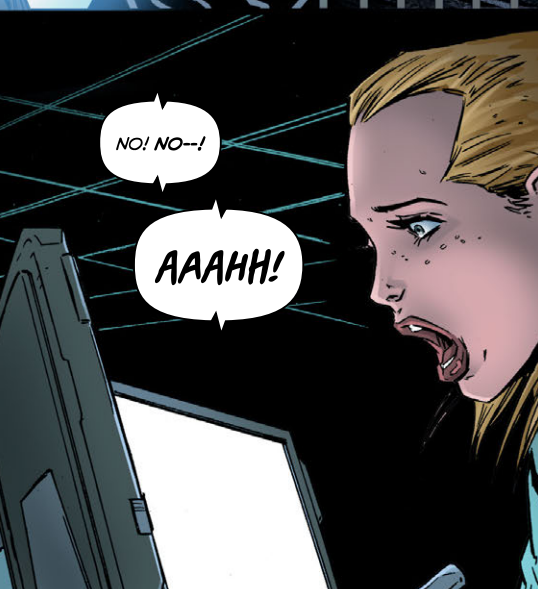
I DON'T
LIKE THIS
ONE BIT.

SOMETHING'S
TORN
THROUGH
HERE...



...RIGHT THE
WAY THROUGH
TO THE
OUTSIDE.

W-WAIT,
WHAT'S
THAT?



NO! NO--!

AAAHH!

EVEN AS THE RAGE OF THE STORM SUBSIDES, IT REMAINS DEADLY--LEAVING BEHIND A BLANKET OF DUST CONTAMINATED WITH RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES.

AND BENEATH THE DUST, THE BODIES...

DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT IT, CITIZEN.

LOOTING IS A CAPITAL OFFENCE.

RESYK HAS BEEN NOTIFIED. MOVE ALONG.

A TOUCH LENIENT, CONTI.

SITUATION SEEMED TO CALL FOR A WARNING. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH WORK CUT OUT FOR US AS IT IS.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.

WE'RE NEEDED AT OTOMO PLAZA. MULTIPLE HOMICIDES.



USUALLY I AVOID
THIS LEVEL. IF I CAN, BUT IF ALL
THE CORRIDOR CAMERAS GO
OUT AT ONCE I'VE GOT TO
CHECK ON THEM. THAT'S IN THE
MAINTENANCE MANUAL.

AND I HAD TO
COME UP HERE MYSELF
AS AFTER THE STORM
WE'RE UNDERSTAFFED.
THAT'S HOW I ENDED
UP FINDING THE
FIRST BODY...



LOOKS LIKE
THE VIC GOT OFF A
BURST FROM THAT
HANDCANNON...

TWELVE-
MILLIMETRE
SLUGTHROWER--
NOISY. FROM THE
WEIGHT OF IT,
HE LET OFF A
FULL CLIP

NOBODY
HEARD
ANYTHING?



I JUST KEEP THE PLACE RUNNING, I'VE GOT NO COMMENT ON ANYONE WHO LIVES HERE. BUT THIS IS MY GUESS...



...THE NEIGHBOURS DIDN'T COME ROUND FOR SYNTH-CAFF AND A CHAT MUCH.

MAYBE THEY'D POP IN TO BORROW A CLIP OF SUGAR.

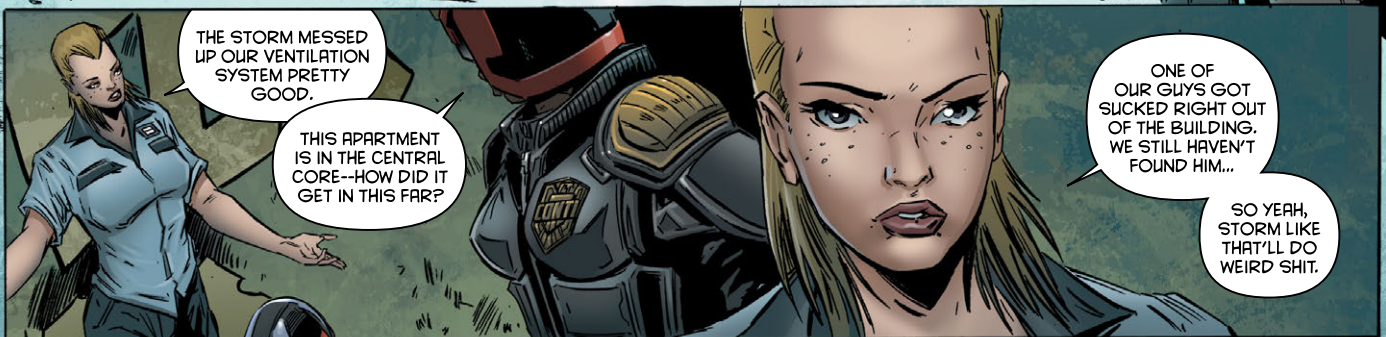
PHARMACEUTICAL-GRADE NARCOTICS, I'D GUESS.



RIVAL GANG?
DRUG WAR?

COULD
BE. UNUSUAL
TO
LEAVE MONEY AND
PRODUCT BEHIND,
THOUGH.

WHAT'S
WITH ALL
THE *DUST*?



THE STORM MESSED
UP OUR VENTILATION
SYSTEM PRETTY
GOOD.

THIS APARTMENT
IS IN THE CENTRAL
CORE--HOW DID IT
GET IN THIS FAR?

ONE OF
OUR GUYS GOT
SUCKED RIGHT OUT
OF THE BUILDING.
WE STILL HAVEN'T
FOUND HIM...

SO YEAH,
STORM LIKE
THAT'LL DO
WEIRD SHIT.



OK, WE'LL
TAKE IT FROM
HERE.

NOSE AND
THROAT
BLOCKED...I
THINK THIS ONE
DROWNED
ON DIRT.



POOR
VENTILATION
DOESN'T DO
THAT.

WHAT
ARE YOU
THINKING?



I'M THINKING *THIS* BODY IS DIFFERENT.



THE OTHERS WERE ALL QUICK KILLS. THIS ONE DIED SLOWLY...

WHOEVER DID THIS WENT THROUGH THE OTHERS TO GET TO *HIM*.



HIS EYES...

I'VE HEARD OF IT HAPPENING IN THE CURSED EARTH--GRIT GETS DRIVEN UNDER THE EYELIDS, SCOURS EVERYTHING OUT.



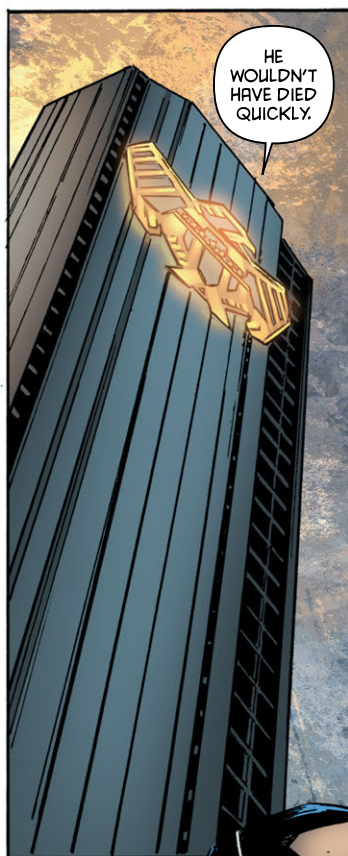
BUT HOW?

WHEN WE FIND OUT WHO DID THIS WE'LL ASK THEM.



UNTIL THEN WE'VE GOT A ROOM FULL OF ARMED CREEPS ALL KILLED TO GET TO ONE MAN. YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

I THINK WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A **VIGILANTE**.



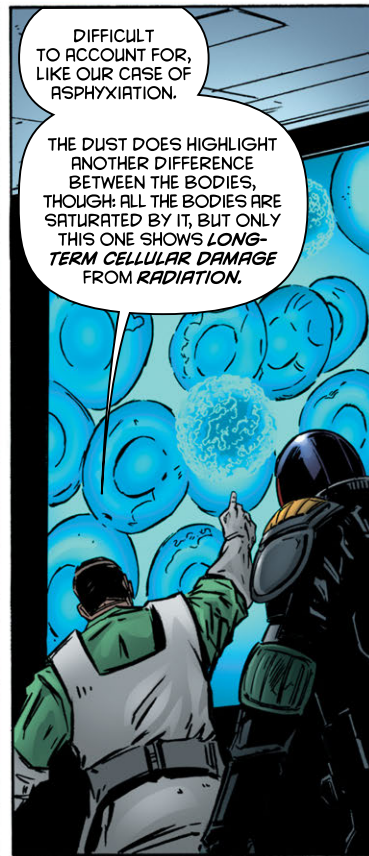
HE
WOULDN'T
HAVE DIED
QUICKLY.



THE OTHERS DIED
FAST--MOSTLY STAB AND
SLASH WOUNDS, PROBABLY
THE SAME KILLER--BUT
SINGLE WOUNDS,
DELIVERED QUICKLY.

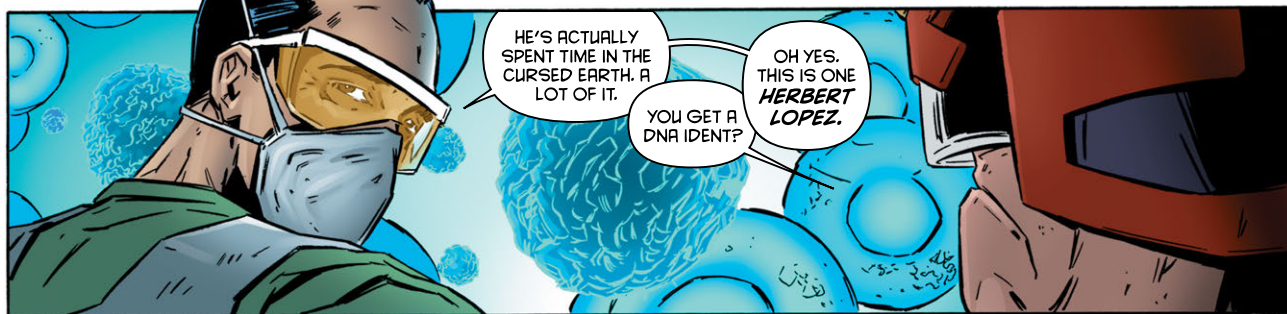
WITH THIS ONE
IT'S STILL THE SAME
BLADE, BUT MULTIPLE
CUTS, SLOW, ONLY
THE LAST FATAL.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
EYES?



DIFFICULT
TO ACCOUNT FOR,
LIKE OUR CASE OF
ASPHYXIAION.

THE DUST DOES HIGHLIGHT
ANOTHER DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THE BODIES,
THOUGH: ALL THE BODIES ARE
SATURATED BY IT, BUT ONLY
THIS ONE SHOWS **LONG-
TERM CELLULAR DAMAGE**
FROM RADIATION.



HE'S ACTUALLY
SPENT TIME IN THE
CURSED EARTH. A
LOT OF IT.

YOU GET A
DNA IDENT?

OH YES.
THIS IS ONE
**HERBERT
LOPEZ.**

HERBERT LOPEZ.



HE WAS OLDER THAN THE REST. HADN'T
DONE THE SAME TIME IN THE CUBES. BUT
STILL, A RECORD. RECENTLY SUSPECTED
OF INVOLVEMENT IN THE DRUGS TRADE,
BEFORE THAT CURSED EARTH SMUGGLING.

AND AMONGST THE
KNOWN ASSOCIATES,
A STROKE OF LUCK.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
HOLDING FACILITY,
SECTOR 32 WEST.

LET'S GO.

ELAINE GERTRAUD--
CURRENTLY HELD ON
DISRUPTIVE BEHAVIOUR
CHARGES.



LOPEZ?
NEVER HEARD OF
HIM. WHAT'S THIS
ABOUT?



HE'S
DEAD.

YOU'VE LEFT THE CITY
FOR THE CURSED EARTH
WITH HIM ON MORE THAN A
DOZEN OCCASIONS, AND
ARRIVED BACK TOGETHER
ALMOST EVERY TIME--
YOU STILL SAY YOU DON'T
KNOW THE MAN?



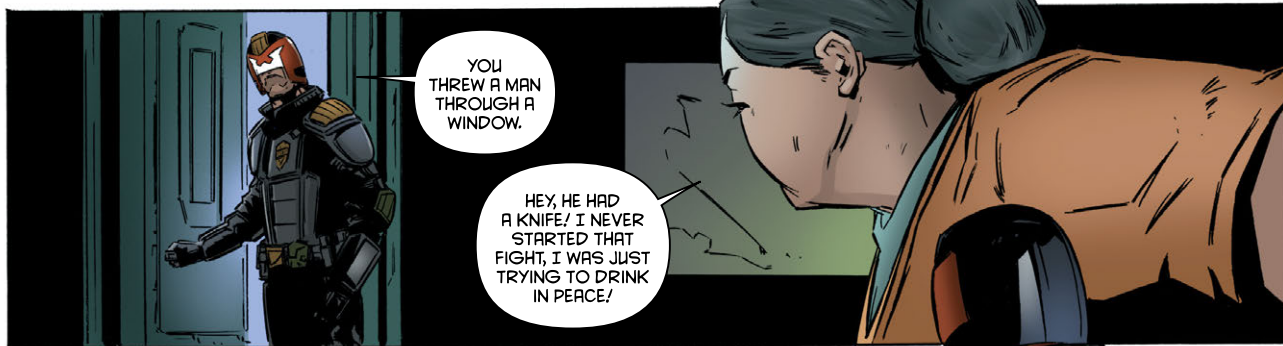
SO WE'VE HAD
BUSINESS WHERE OUR
PATHS HAVE CROSSED--
LOTS OF PEOPLE ON THOSE
RADWAGONS, DOESN'T
MEAN I'D REMEMBER
THEM ALL.

SO AM I
GETTING OUT
OF HERE OR
WHAT?



YOU
THREW A MAN
THROUGH A
WINDOW.

HEY, HE HAD
A KNIFE! I NEVER
STARTED THAT
FIGHT, I WAS JUST
TRYING TO DRINK
IN PEACE!



I'VE GOT
RIGHTS!

I FOUND
ANOTHER ONE.





A RADWAGON
BOUND FOR THE CITY
STOPPED CHECKING
IN TWO DAYS
AGO. JUST BEFORE
THE STORM IT WAS
FOUND, APPARENTLY
ABANDONED.

WHEN THEY GOT IN
THEY FOUND THE CREW AND
PASSENGER'S DEAD. SOME
FROM KNIFE WOUNDS, SOME
CHOKED TO DEATH. NOBODY
HAD SEEN ANYTHING LIKE
IT--THEY THOUGHT MAYBE
RAIDERS HAD STRUCK THEN
SEALED THE HATCHES AFTER
THEMSELVES.

I CHECKED THE
NAMES OF THE VICTIMS
AGAINST RADWAGON
PASSENGER LISTS,
LOOKING FOR ANYONE
THAT GERTRAUD AND
LOPEZ HAD TRAVELLED
WITH...



"I FOUND A MATCH:
DALTON WESTLAKE.
REPORT SAYS HIS
WOUNDS WERE
PARTICULARLY SEVERE."



GOOD
WORK,
CONTI.

SHOULD WE
ASK GERTRAUD
ABOUT
WESTLAKE?

I DOUBT
SHE'LL TALK.

THEN
WHAT?



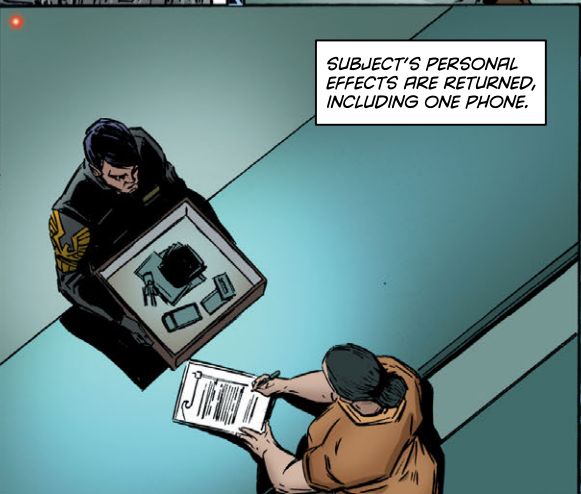
WE LET
HER GO.



1600 HOURS: SUBJECT
RELEASED FROM CUSTODY.



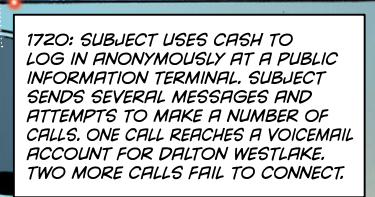
TOOK
YOUR TIME.



SUBJECT'S PERSONAL
EFFECTS ARE RETURNED,
INCLUDING ONE PHONE.



1640: SUBJECT LEAVES
HOLDING FACILITY,
PROCEEDING SOUTHBOUND.



1720: SUBJECT USES CASH TO
LOG IN ANONYMOUSLY AT A PUBLIC
INFORMATION TERMINAL. SUBJECT
SENDS SEVERAL MESSAGES AND
ATTEMPTS TO MAKE A NUMBER OF
CALLS. ONE CALL REACHES A VOICEMAIL
ACCOUNT FOR DALTON WESTLAKE.
TWO MORE CALLS FAIL TO CONNECT.

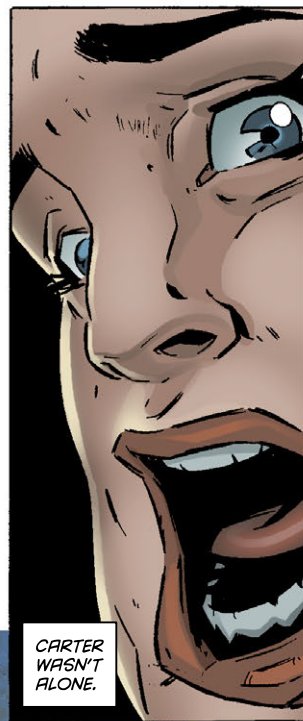


SUBJECT HAS
NOT USED HER
OWN PHONE
FOR ANY CALLS.

GODDAMMIT.



1815: SUBJECT ENTERS
CLINTON HEIGHTS.





MY
GOD--



HELP..

ONE
CHANCE,
CREEP--

**ON THE
FLOOR!**





AAAAHH--!

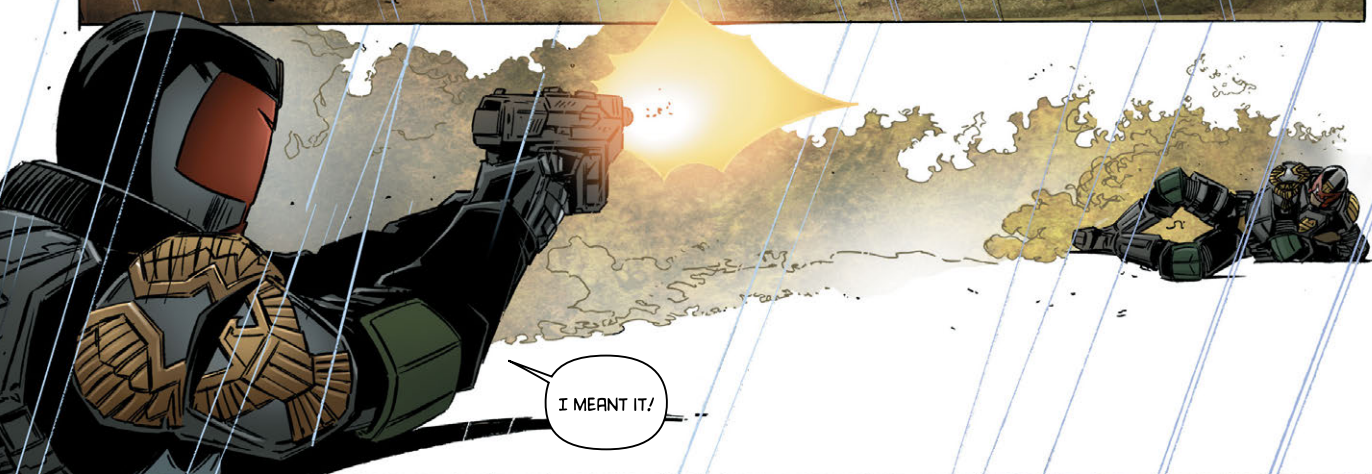
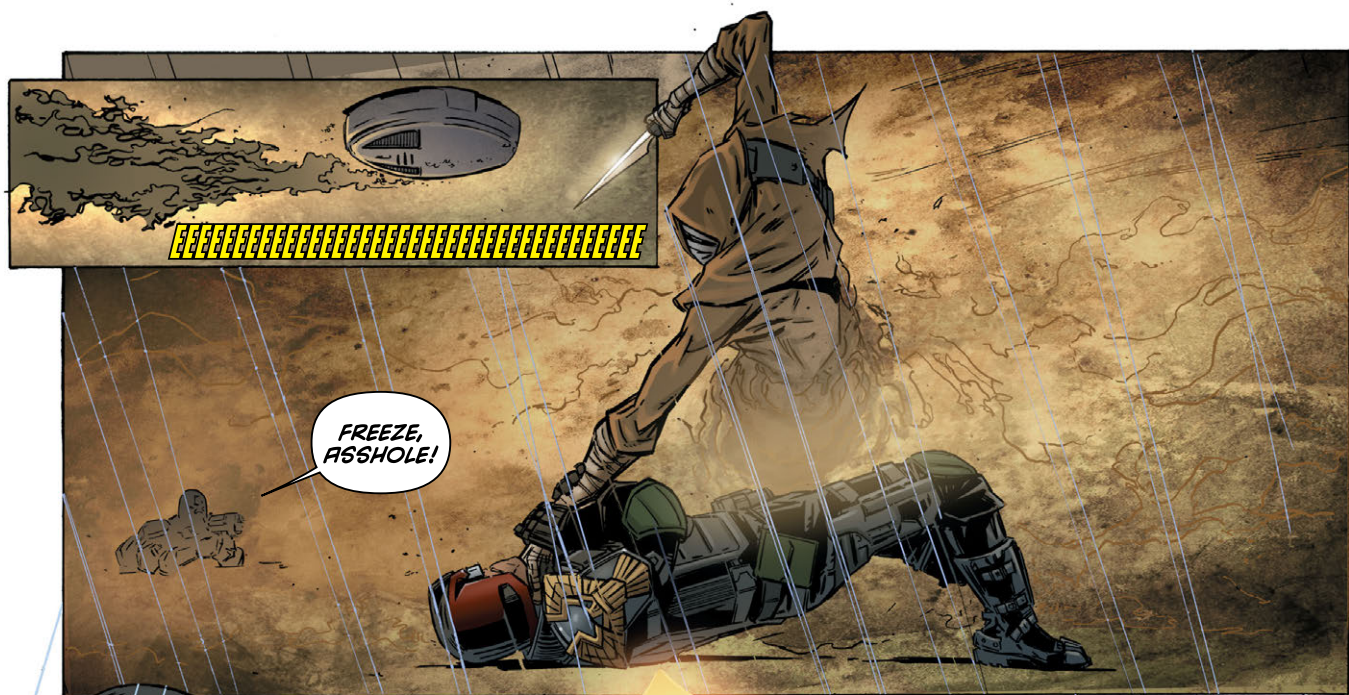
CAN'T
SEE!

WATCH
OUT, HE
HAS--

--KNIVES!

GOTTA
CLEAR THE
AIR...

HOTSHOT!





HE...HE WANTED
WOLANSKI...HAD
TO TELL HIM...

DON'T TRY
TO TALK. HELP
IS COMING.



ALWAYS KNEW
THE PAST...WOULD
CATCH UP WITH US...
BUT NOT LIKE...

HKKK...



CONTROL,
CANCEL THAT
MEDIC.



"SEND A
MEAT-WAGON."

HIS NAME
WAS **ADOLFUS CARTER**--USED
TO RUN WITH VARIOUS CURSED
EARTH GANGS, OVERLAPPING
CONSIDERABLY WITH OUR OTHER
VICTIMS. THE APARTMENT IS UNDER
ANOTHER NAME, PROBABLY
AN ASSUMED IDENTITY.

DREDD?
CONTROL. GOT
SOMETHING FOR
YOU ON THAT
WEIRD APB.

JUDGES ON THE WEST
WALL REPORTED AN ANOMALOUS
DUST CLOUD, BIG ENOUGH TO
HIDE YOUR GUY, HEADING OUT OF
THE CITY. WENT BY THEM BEFORE
THEY COULD ENGAGE.



THE CURSED
EARTH AGAIN...

YEAH.

LOOKS LIKE
THAT'S WHERE
WE'LL GET OUR
ANSWERS...





IT'S
ENDLESS.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
VTOL AV-1025,
TWELVE HOURS LATER:

ON AND ON,
OUT TO THE
HORIZON AND
BEYOND...



FIRST
TIME OUT
HERE?

IT GETS A LOT OF PEOPLE
LIKE THAT--YOU THINK THE
BIG MEG IS THE BIGGEST,
BADDEST THING THERE IS, AND
THEN YOU GET OUT OF IT AND
SEE THERE'S SOMEWHERE
BIGGER--AND *WORSE*.

WHAT'S
OUR ETAP?

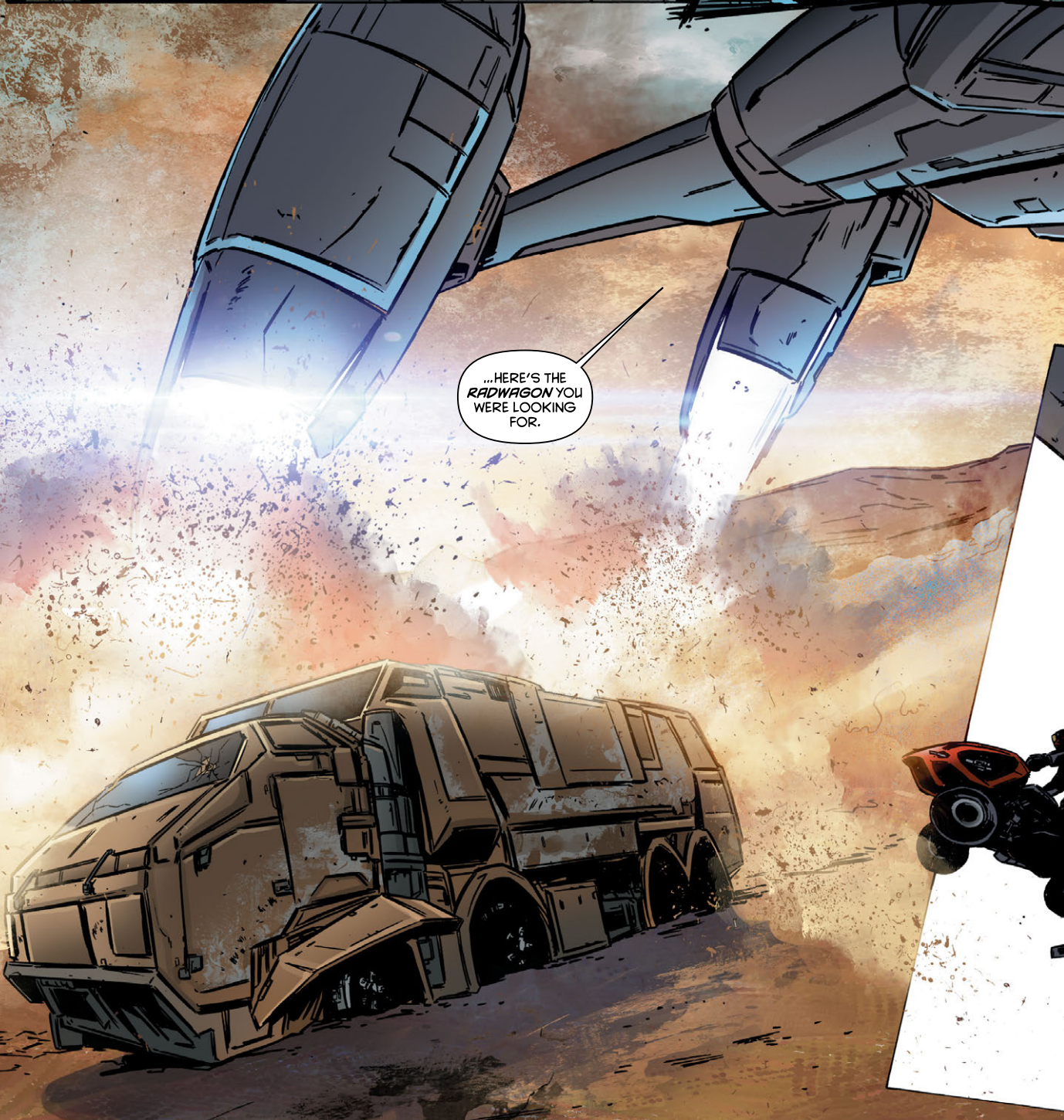


ANY MINUTE
NOW. SURPRISED
YOU'RE IN SUCH A
HURRY--CREEP'S
OUT OF THE CITY,
OUT OF YOUR
HAIR...

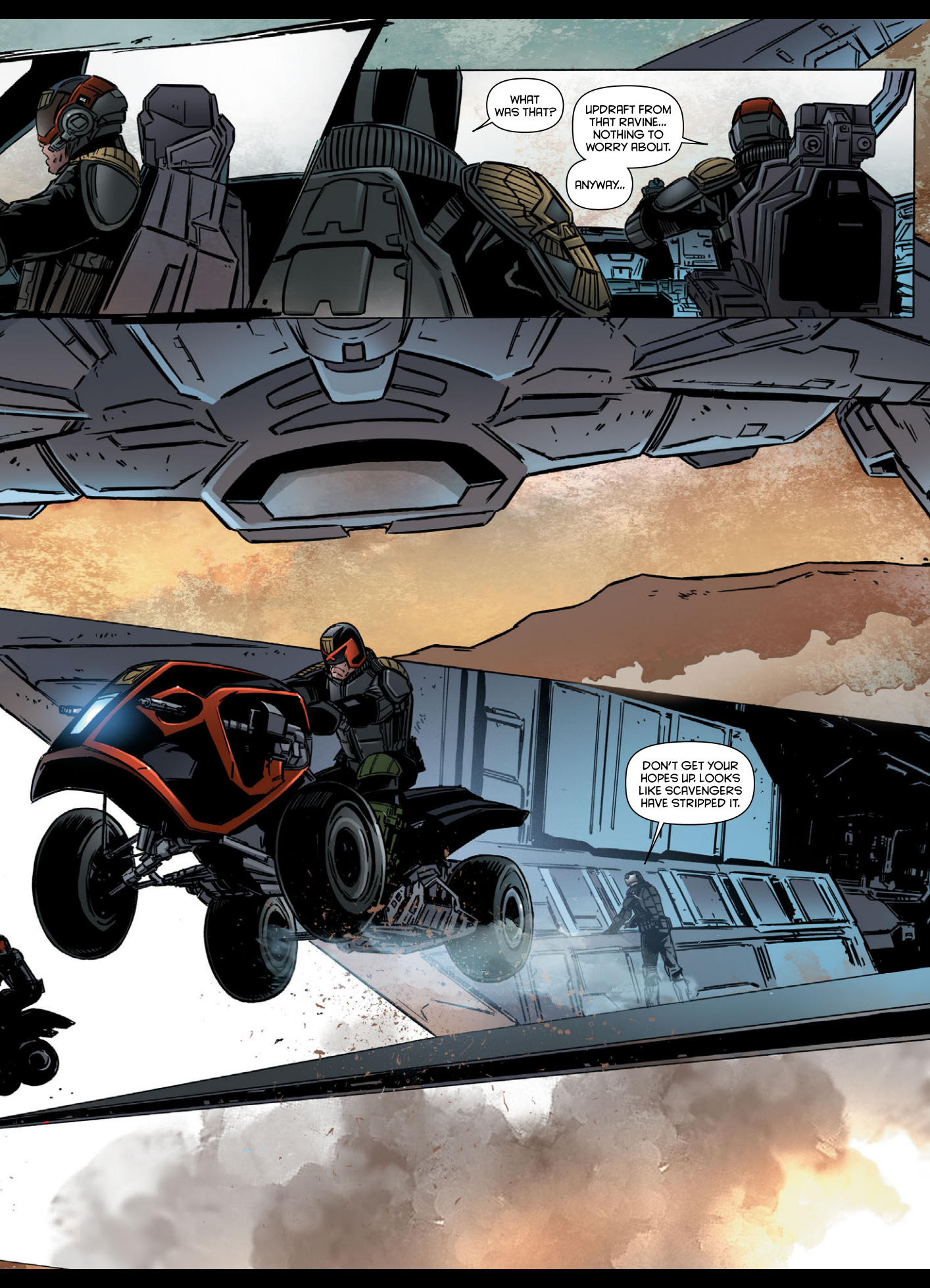
THE LAW
IS THE LAW. THAT
DOESN'T STOP
AT THE CITY
BOUNDARIES.

IF YOU
SAY SO--

WHOA!



...HERE'S THE
RADWAGON YOU
WERE LOOKING
FOR.



WHAT
WAS THAT?

UPDRAFT FROM
THAT RAVINE...
NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT.

ANYWAY...

DON'T GET YOUR
HOPES UP. LOOKS
LIKE SCAVENGERS
HAVE STRIPPED IT.

"THE ANIMALS OUT HERE
WILL TAKE *ANYTHING*."



THIS
LOOKS
INTACT--



HSSSSSS!

AAAHH--!



THUNK

THANKS.

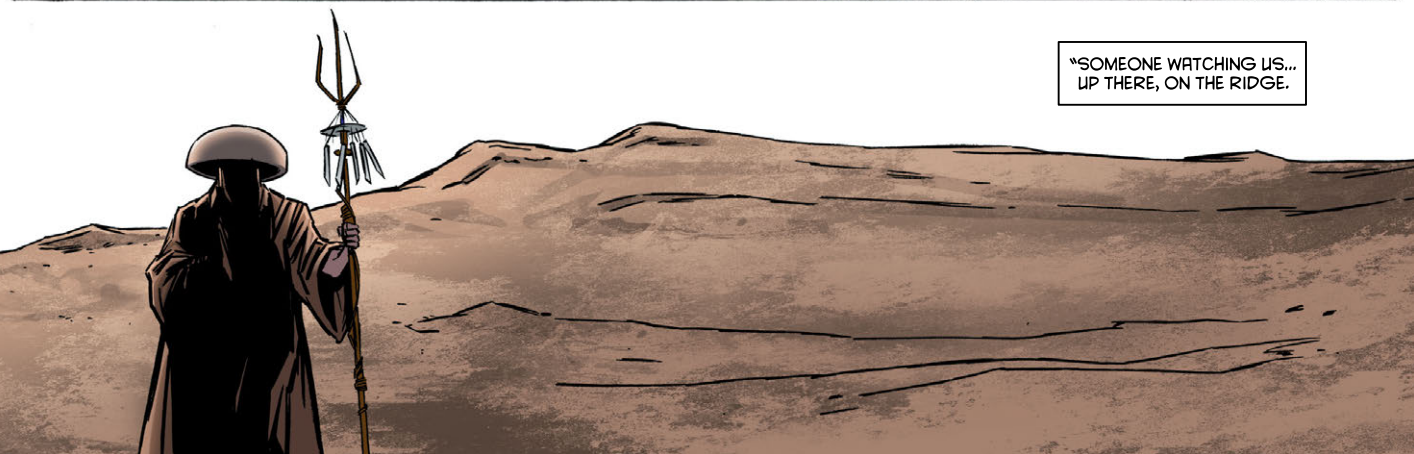
YOU KNOW, I'M
BEGINNING TO THINK
MAYBE OUR PILOT
WAS RIGHT...WE *HAVE*
COME OUT HERE FOR
NOTHING.



MAYBE.
MAYBE NOT.



"SOMEONE WATCHING US...
UP THERE, ON THE RIDGE."





"MIGHT KNOW A THING OR TWO."

HEY!



OH, HELLO,
HELLO...

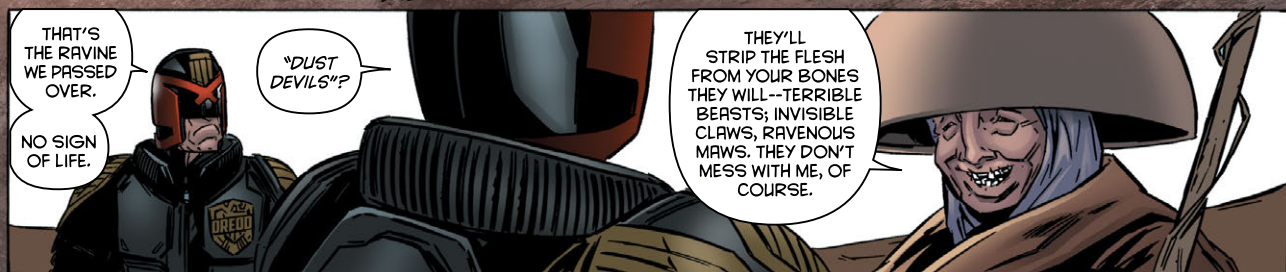
YOU SHOULDN'T
BE OUT HERE, YOU KNOW.
TOO CLOSE TO THE
CANYON. *DUST DEVILS*
MIGHT COME.



THE
CANYON?

OVER THERE,
OVER THERE. THAT'S
WHERE THEY COME
FROM, YOU KNOW.
TERRIBLE FIERCE.

BIG CITY
FOLK IN THAT TIN CAN
YOU WERE LOOKING
AT WENT TOO CLOSE,
AN' *DUST DEVILS*
GOT 'EM.

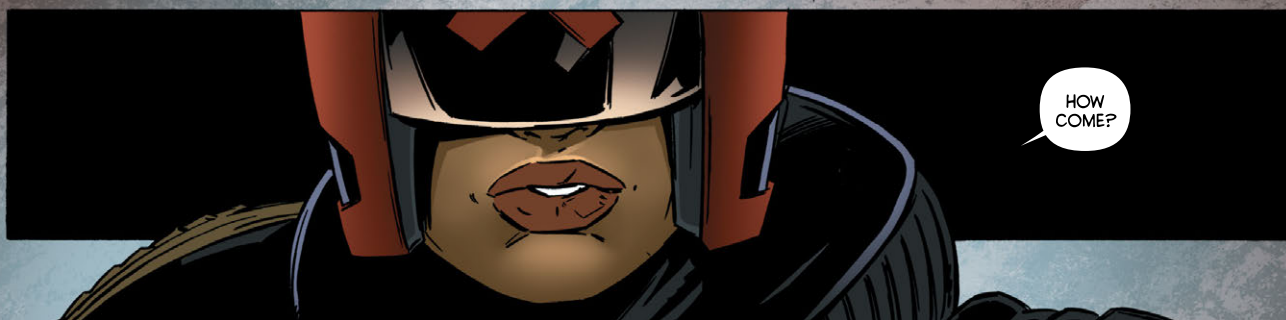


THAT'S
THE RAVINE
WE PASSED
OVER.

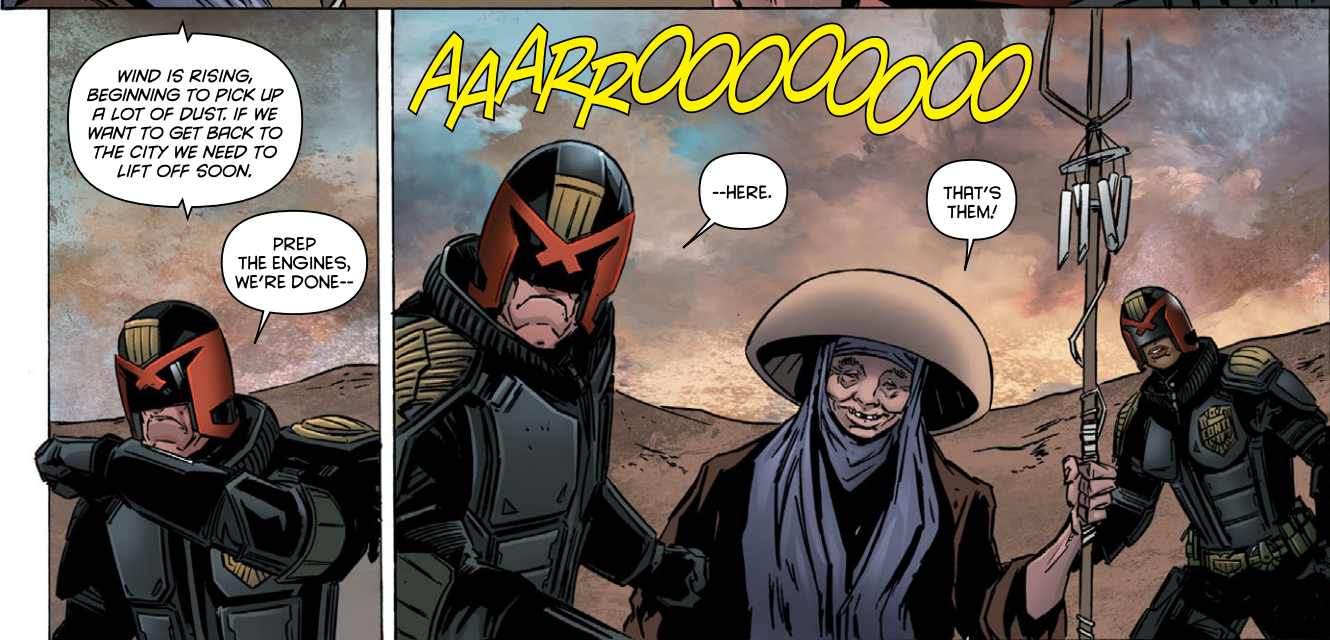
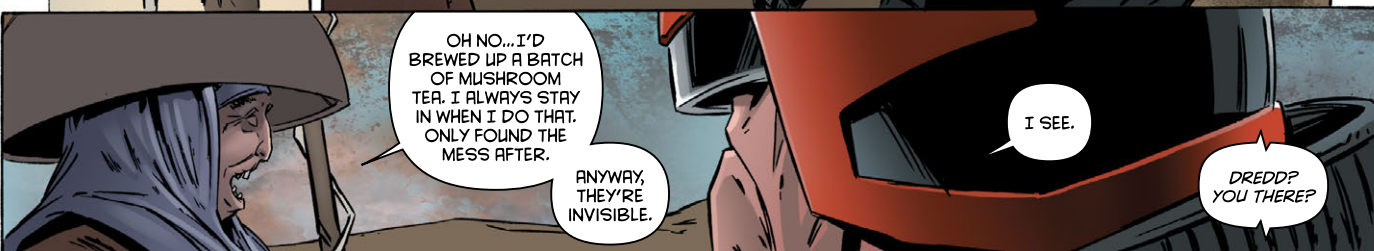
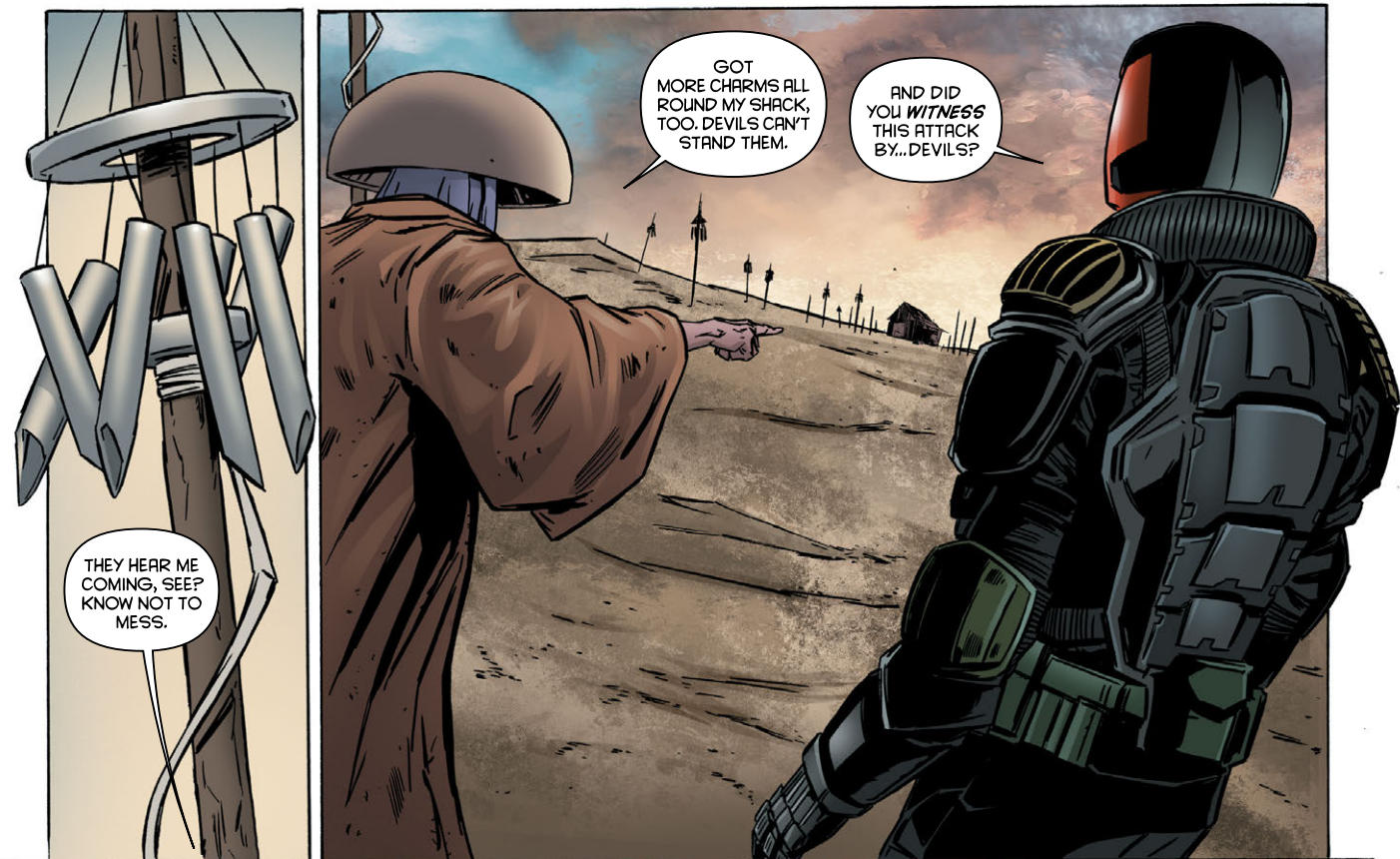
NO SIGN
OF LIFE.

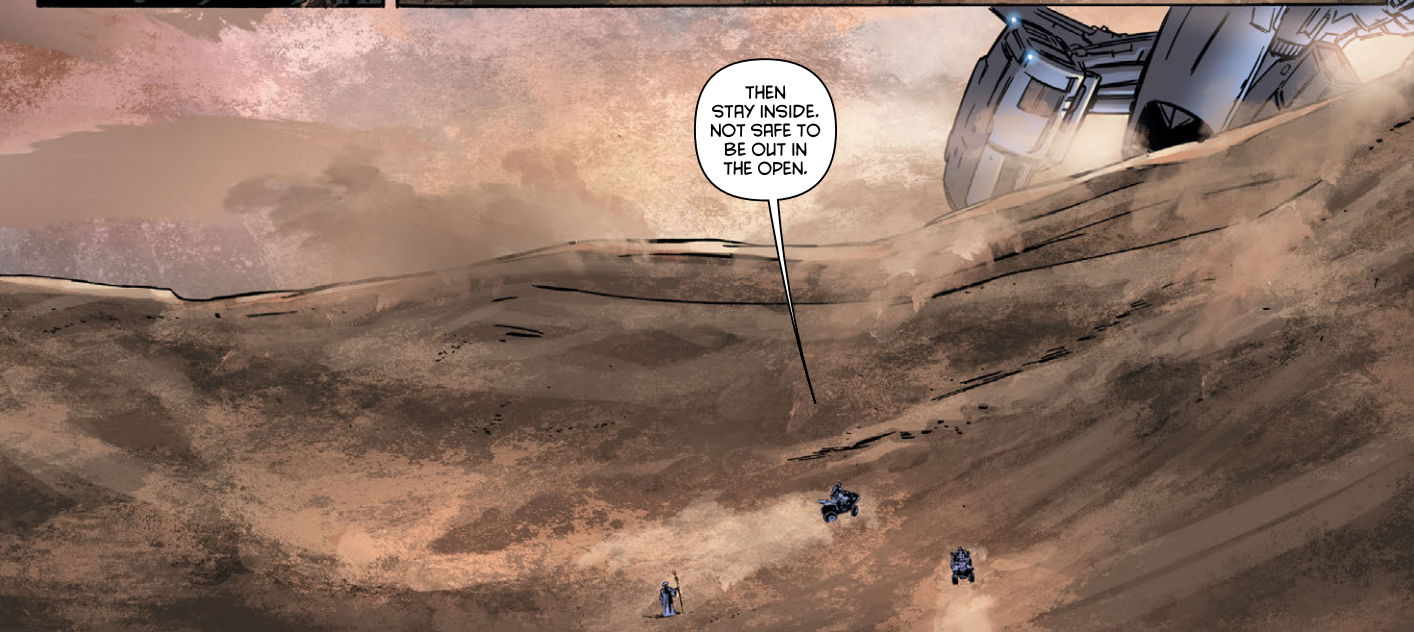
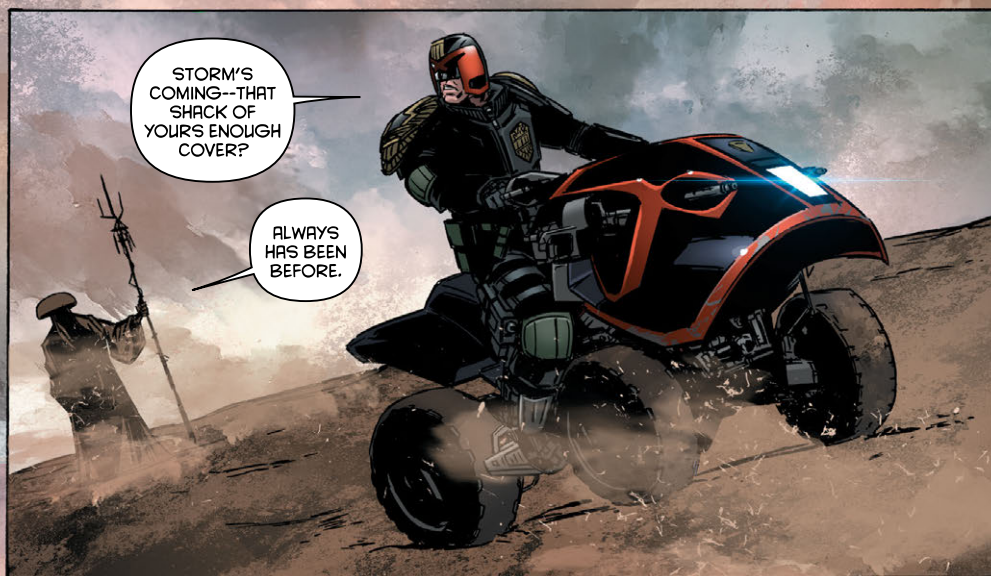
"*DUST DEVILS*"?

THEY'LL
STRIP THE FLESH
FROM YOUR BONES
THEY WILL--TERRIBLE
BEASTS; INVISIBLE
CLAWS; RAVENOUS
MAWS. THEY DON'T
MESS WITH ME, OF
COURSE.



HOW
COME?







IT'S A MONSTER.



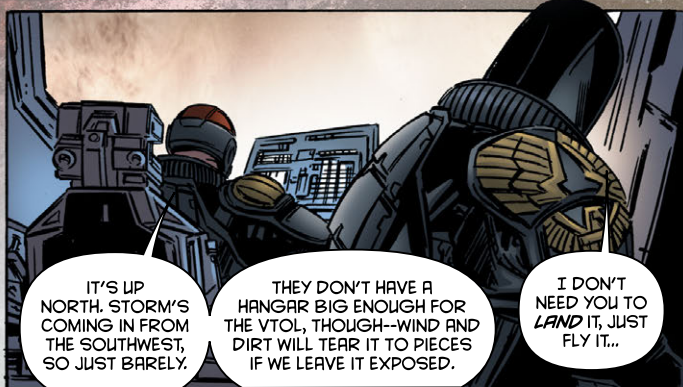
YOU'RE NOT WRONG. EASILY AS BIG AS THAT LAST ONE, BY THE LOOK OF THINGS.

CONTROL RELAYED A MESSAGE WHILE YOU WERE SIGHTSEEING-- THEY'VE LOCATED THE GUY YOU WERE LOOKING FOR. SEEMS HE GOT WIND OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND WANTS TO TURN HIMSELF IN.



MICHAEL C. WOLANSKI...

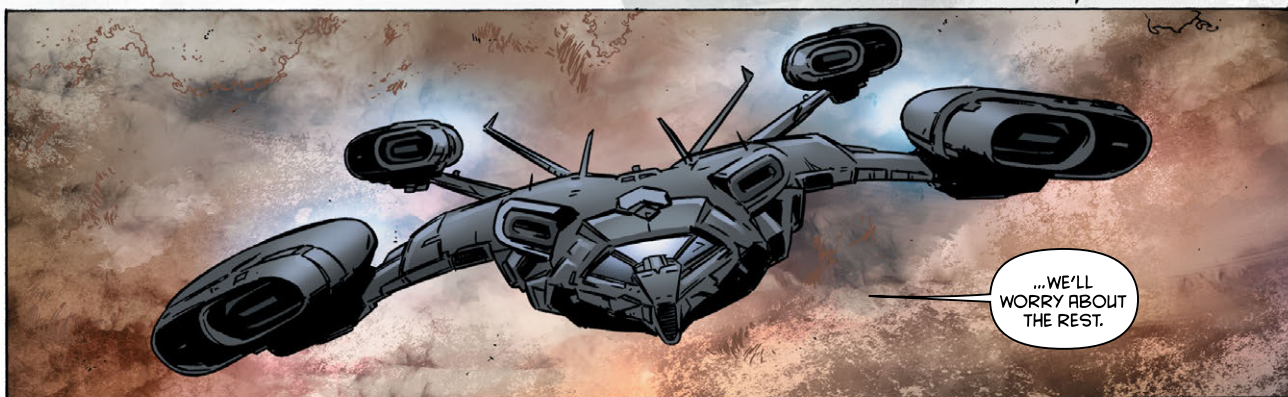
HE'S WORKING ON ONE OF THEIR CRAWLER COLONIES. CAN YOU GET US THERE AHEAD OF THE STORM?



IT'S UP NORTH. STORM'S COMING IN FROM THE SOUTHWEST, SO JUST BARELY.

THEY DON'T HAVE A HANGAR BIG ENOUGH FOR THE VTOL, THOUGH--WIND AND DIRT WILL TEAR IT TO PIECES IF WE LEAVE IT EXPOSED.

I DON'T NEED YOU TO *LAND* IT, JUST FLY IT...



...WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE REST.

NEW BARNAVELT.

IRONIC THAT HIS
ROUTE SHOULD
TAKE HIM THIS WAY.

NO MUTANTS



FREAK!

FREAK!

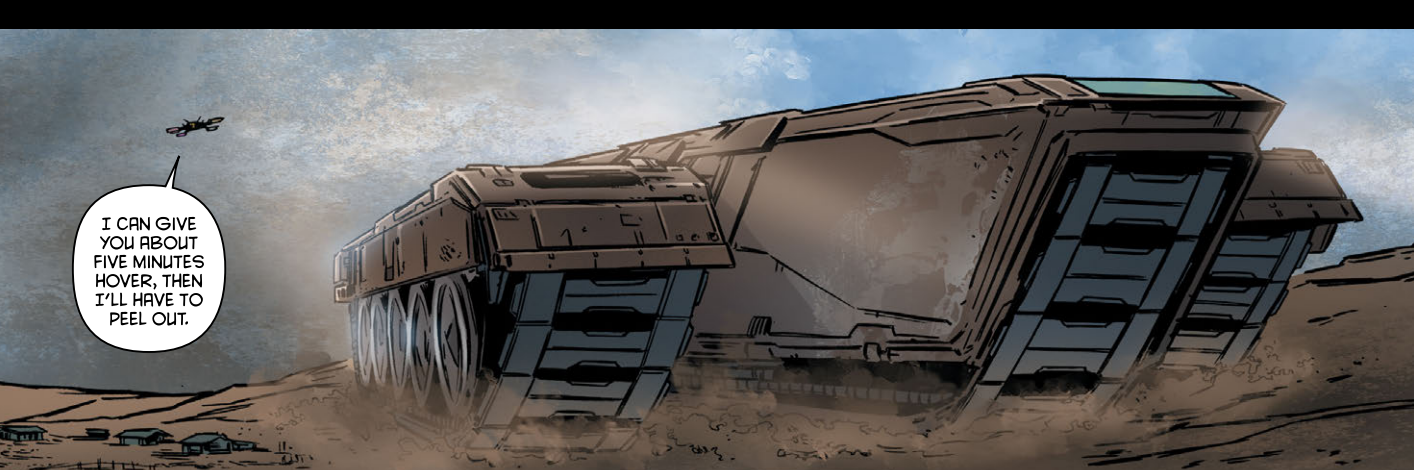
FREAK!

BACK TO WHERE
IT ALL BEGAN...

BUT THE PAST IS
JUST THE PAST.

THERE IS NO TIME
TO DWELL ON IT. HE
MUST FOCUS ON
THE TASK AHEAD.

ONLY ONE TO TAKE
CARE OF NOW, THEN
HIS REVENGE WILL
BE COMPLETE.



I CAN GIVE YOU ABOUT FIVE MINUTES HOVER, THEN I'LL HAVE TO PEEL OUT.



YOU READY, CONTIP?

READY FOR WHAT?



READY TO JUMP.

OPEN THE REAR HATCH!



WHY DID I KNOW HE'D SAY THAT?



OKAY, IN POSITION... NOW!



GO, GO, GO!





WELCOME TO THE
WILLIAMSBURG.

OEMLING...
THIS USED TO
BE THEIRS?

TILL JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT SEIZED
THEIR ASSETS LAST
YEAR, YEAH. I HEAR
YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THAT.

SHANAHAN



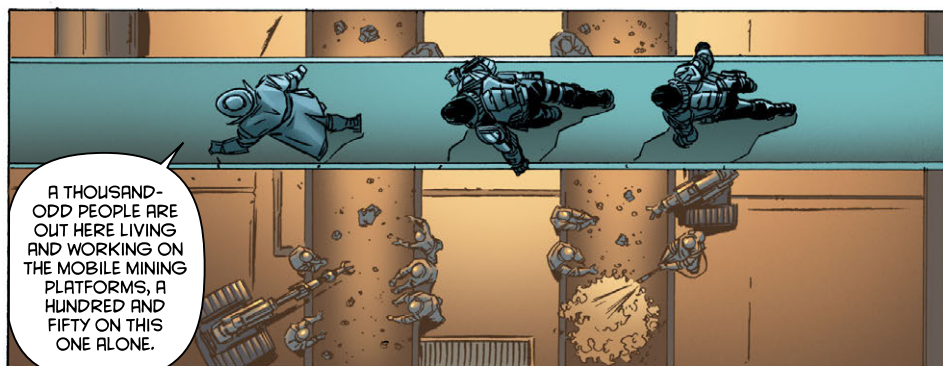
PRIOR CASE FOR BOTH OF US. HALL OF JUSTICE STILL HAS SOME ONGOING INVESTIGATIONS.

WELL, ANYWAY, WE INHERITED A CAN OF WORMS. THE WILLIAMSBURG MAY LOOK LIKE A BIG BUCKET OF BOLTS, BUT IT'S A REAL COMMUNITY.



YOU HEARD THE EXPRESSION THAT MEGA-CITIES ARE A NEW WORLD BUILT ON THE RUINS OF THE OLD? THE CRAWLERS GO OUT AND FIND THE RUINS OF THAT OLD WORLD, DIG IT UP, DECONTAMINATE IT, AN' RECYCLE IT.

DANGEROUS WORK. SOME OF THE DEEP LAYERS OF WRECKAGE ARE RADIOACTIVE ENOUGH TO KILL YOU IN AN INSTANT, BUT THE REWARDS OUTWEIGH THAT SO WE CAN'T SHUT IT DOWN.

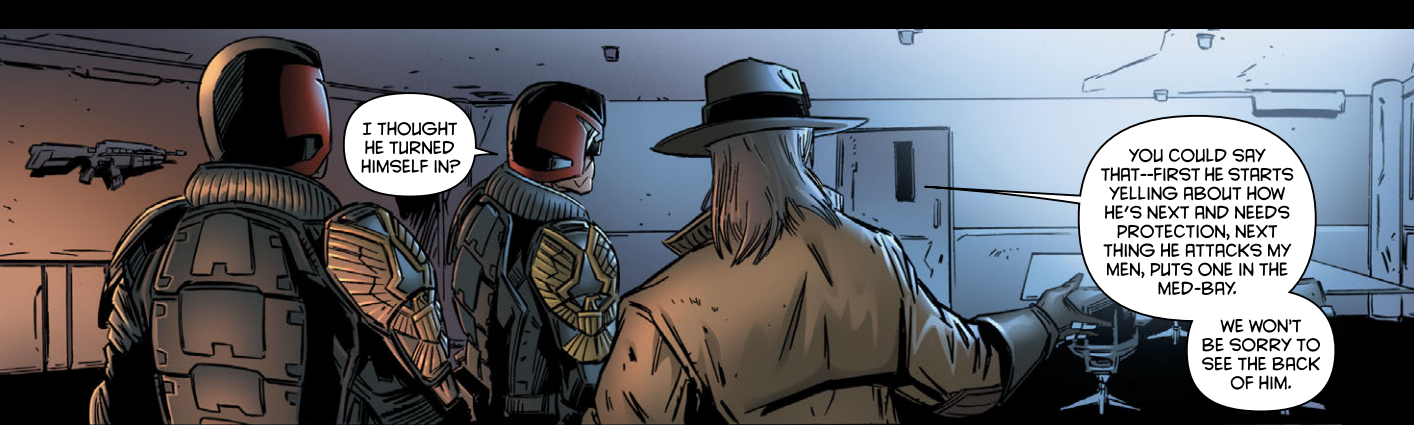


A THOUSAND-ODD PEOPLE ARE OUT HERE LIVING AND WORKING ON THE MOBILE MINING PLATFORMS, A HUNDRED AND FIFTY ON THIS ONE ALONE.



I WAS GETTING A BIT LONG IN THE TOOTH TO BE A STREET JUDGE SO THEY SENT ME OUT HERE AS MARSHAL, IN CHARGE OF THE MESS.

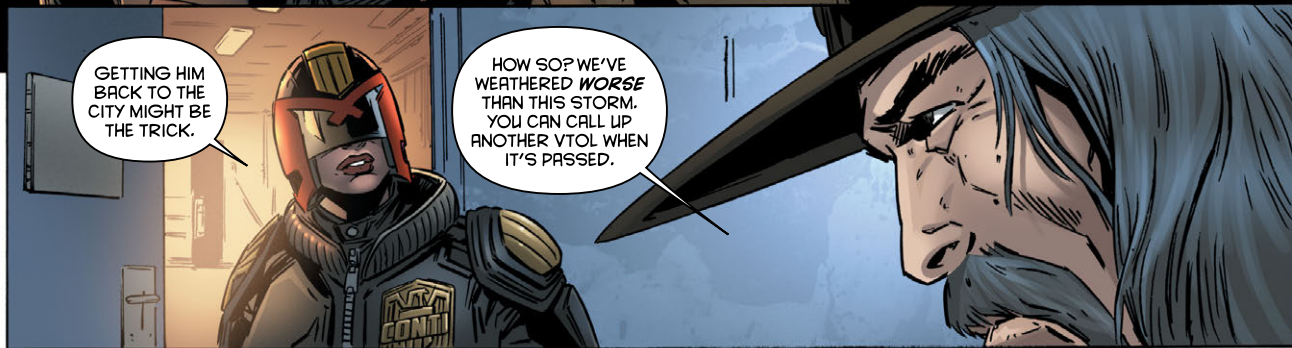
THE ORDINARY TROUBLEMAKERS ARE BAD ENOUGH, SO I'LL BE GLAD FOR YOU TO TAKE THIS CREEP OFF OUR HANDS.



I THOUGHT
HE TURNED
HIMSELF IN?

YOU COULD SAY
THAT--FIRST HE STARTS
YELLING ABOUT HOW
HE'S NEXT AND NEEDS
PROTECTION, NEXT
THING HE ATTACKS MY
MEN, PUTS ONE IN THE
MED-BAY.

WE WON'T
BE SORRY TO
SEE THE BACK
OF HIM.



GETTING HIM
BACK TO THE
CITY MIGHT BE
THE TRICK.

HOW SO? WE'VE
WEATHERED *WORSE*
THAN THIS STORM.
YOU CAN CALL UP
ANOTHER VTOL WHEN
IT'S PASSED.



IF WE'RE RIGHT
THEN THERE MAY BE
SOMETHING ELSE OUT
THERE OTHER THAN
THE STORM.

YOU MAY WANT
TO THINK ABOUT
PUTTING YOUR
SECURITY DETAIL
ON HIGH ALERT.



IN THE
MEANTIME I'D
LIKE A WORD
WITH CITIZEN
WOLANSKI.

"LET'S SEE IF
HE CAN LET US
KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON..."

IT GOT
THEM, DIDN'T
IT? GERTRAUD
AND CARTER,
I MEAN.

I HEARD ABOUT
WESTLAKE AND LOPEZ,
AND THEN I COULDN'T
RAISE THE OTHERS, SO
IT STANDS TO REASON
IT GOT THEM.





WHAT DO YOU MEAN "IT"?

SOME KIND OF CREATURE...A GHOST...A SPIRIT FROM HELL.

IT GOT SHENG FIRST, THAT'S WHEN I SAW IT.

"WE'D GOTTEN WORD OF A CACHE OF PRE-WAR GOODS--WESTLAKE, SHENG AND ME. DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING, SO WE HEADED BACK TO THE NEAREST TOWN. BEFORE LONG WE GOT PRETTY SPOOKED BECAUSE SOMETHING STARTED FOLLOWING US.

"WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS--JUST HEARD IT MOVING, SAW FLICKERS OF MOTION DARTING FROM ROCK TO ROCK, BUT WE NEVER QUITE SAW IT DIRECTLY. SOMETHING MAN-SIZED, OUT THERE, TRACKING US.

"FINALLY SHENG COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE, STARTED SHOOTING. I DON'T THINK SHE WAS AIMING, JUST FIRING WILD, HOPING TO HIT WHATEVER IT WAS.

COME ON AND FACE ME, YOU FUCKING COWARD!

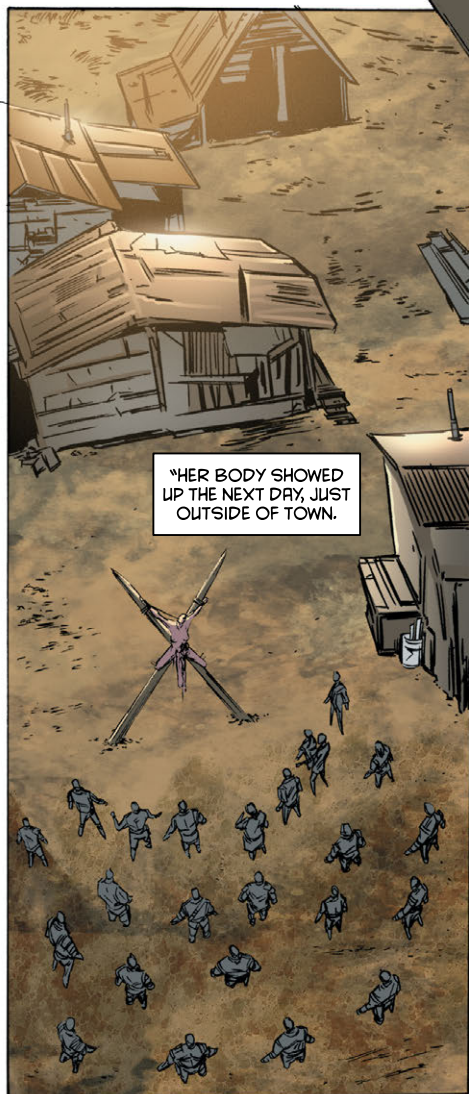


"THAT WAS WHEN IT STRUCK...CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND SWEEPED IN TO TAKE HER.



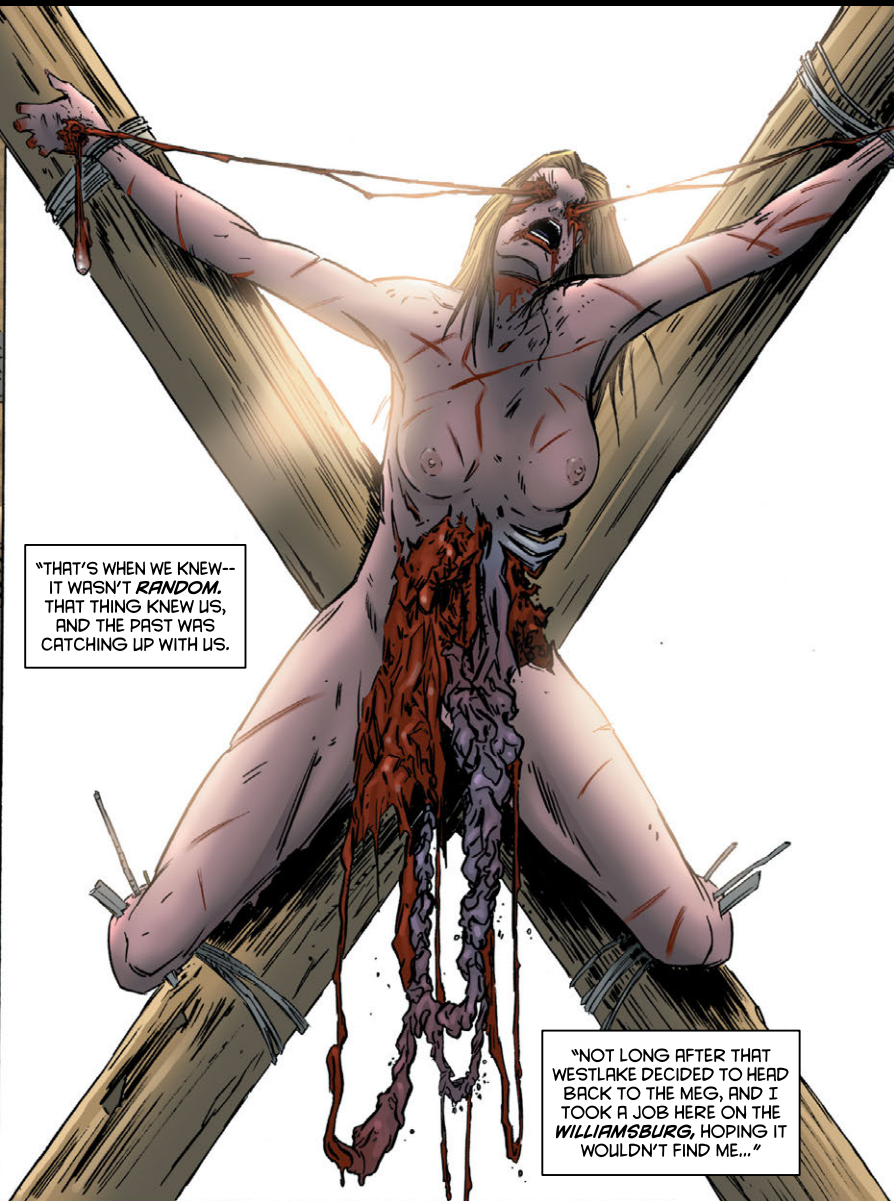
"IT SPARED ONE GLANCE AT US AND I FELT THE HATE JUST RADIATING FROM IT. THEN THERE WAS A SWIRL OF DUST AND IT WAS GONE...AND SO WAS SHENG, LIKE THE DESERT HAD SWALLOWED HER UP.





"HER BODY SHOWED UP THE NEXT DAY, JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

"THAT'S WHEN WE KNEW-- IT WASN'T *RANDOM*. THAT THING KNEW US, AND THE PAST WAS CATCHING UP WITH US.



"NOT LONG AFTER THAT WESTLAKE DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO THE MEG, AND I TOOK A JOB HERE ON THE *WILLIAMSBURG*, HOPING IT WOULDN'T FIND ME..."



BUT IF IT GOT LOPEZ AND GERTRAUD...

THE OTHERS WE KNOW ABOUT, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ON THIS "*SHENG*".

SHE LIVED HER WHOLE LIFE OUT HERE, NEVER VISITED THE CITY--YOU PROBABLY DON'T HAVE RECORDS FOR HER.

BUT SHE WAS ONE OF US...PART OF WHAT HAPPENED AT *NEW BARNAVELT*.



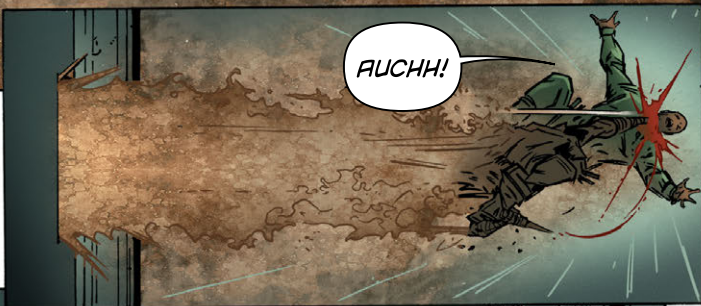


ENGINE
NUMBER FOUR
IS OUT!

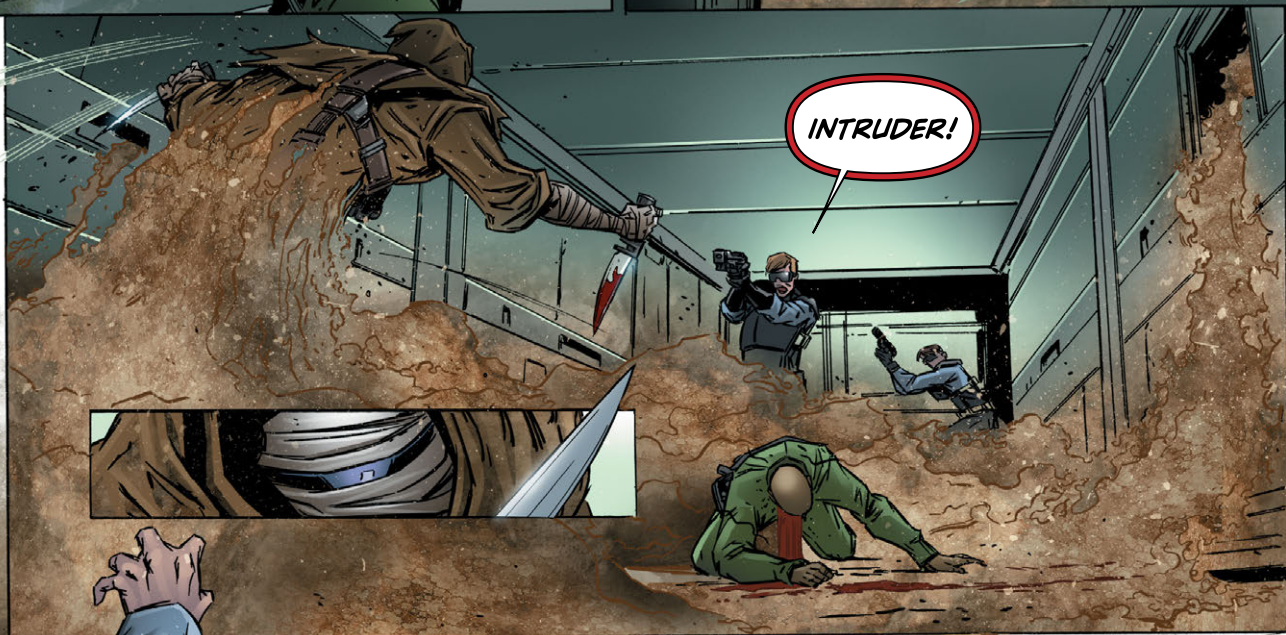
DUST
EVERYWHERE.
WHOLE THING
MUST BE
CLOGGED...



RUCHH!



INTRUDER!



AAHH--!





NEW
BARNAVELT.

EVERYONE
WAS HOPING
IT WOULD BE
A PARADISE. I
GUESS THAT'S
ALWAYS THE
HOPE...



"THE FOLKS WHO FOUNDED IT
WERE MOSTLY FROM THE MEG,
TRYING TO MAKE A NEW LIFE
OUTSIDE ITS WALLS. A GOOD,
WHOLESOME LIFE, FREE FROM
CRIME AND OPPRESSION. THAT
WAS THE *THEORY*, ANYWAY.

"A LOT OF THEM
WERE RELIGIOUS,
LIKE THE *VARRS*.



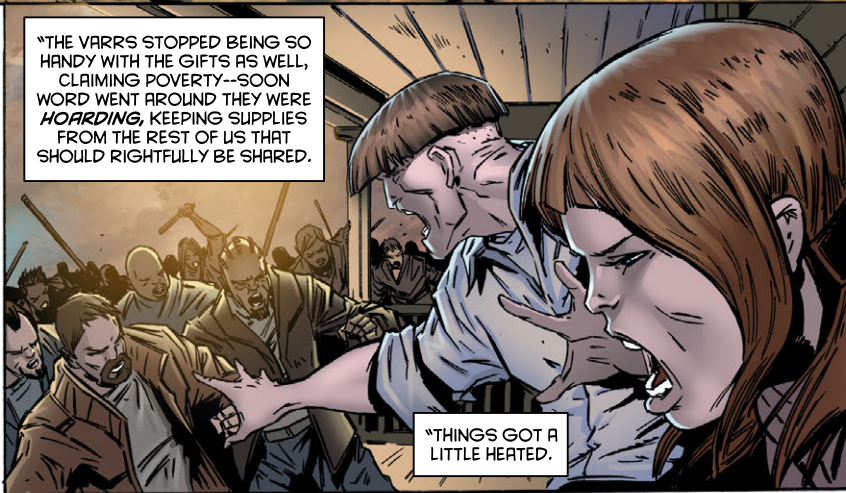
"THE VARRS WERE A BIG DEAL IN
TOWN BECAUSE THEY'D BEEN RICH
BACK IN THE CITY AND BROUGHT
A LOT OF THAT WEALTH WITH THEM.
FEEDSTOCK, WATER PURIFIERS,
ENERGY CELLS, YOU NAME IT THEY
HAD A SUPPLY OF IT AND WEREN'T
SHY OF SHARING.

"AND NEW BARNAVELT
PROSPERED, GOOD
TIMES FOR ALL.



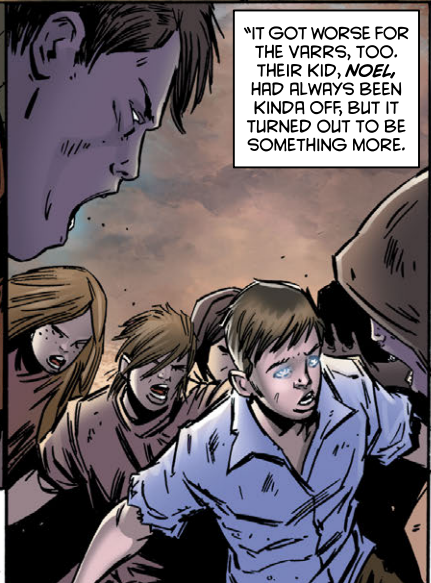
"UNTIL THEY *WEREN'T* GOOD TIMES.

"UNTIL THE CROPS FAILED AND SUPPLIES RAN
LOW AND IT LOOKED LIKE GOING IT ALONE
WASN'T GOING TO BE THAT EASY AFTER ALL.



"THE VARRS STOPPED BEING SO
HANDY WITH THE GIFTS AS WELL,
CLAIMING POVERTY--SOON
WORD WENT AROUND THEY WERE
HOARDING, KEEPING SUPPLIES
FROM THE REST OF US THAT
SHOULD RIGHTFULLY BE SHARED.

"THINGS GOT A
LITTLE HEATED.



"IT GOT WORSE FOR
THE VARRS, TOO.
THEIR KID, *NOEL*,
HAD ALWAYS BEEN
KINDA OFF, BUT IT
TURNED OUT TO BE
SOMETHING MORE.



"AND NEW BARNAVELT HAD SOME PRETTY STRICT **RULES** ABOUT THAT KIND OF THING."

"SO THAT WAS THAT... THEY LIPPED AND LEFT TOWN."

"EXCEPT THERE WAS THE ISSUE OF SUPPLIES--THE TOWN WAS OUT OF FOOD, OUR LAST FEW WATER PURIFIERS WERE HALF BROKEN, NO POWER TO BE HAD. DIDN'T THEY HAVE SOME **DUTY** TO THE TOWN THEY HELPED FOUND? SHOULDN'T THEY HAVE LEFT SOME OF THEIR WEALTH BEHIND FOR US?"

"THEM OR US, THAT'S JUST HOW IT IS."

"AND WHAT THEY WOULDN'T GIVE, WASN'T IT OUR DUTY TO **TAKE**--TO SAVE THE TOWN?"

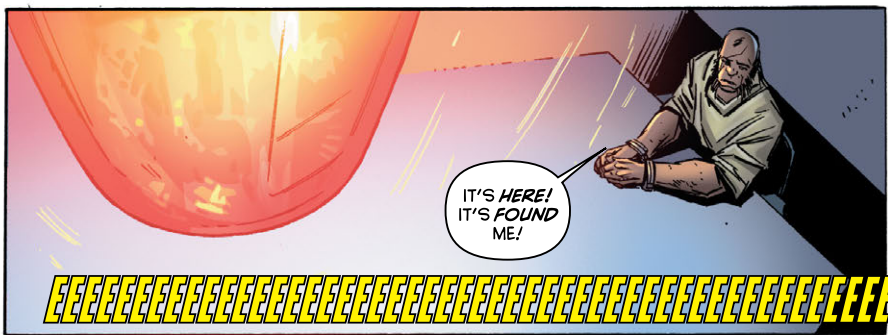
"YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, WE WEREN'T CRIMINALS--NOT THEN, AT LEAST--JUST **DESPERATE**."

"WE CAUGHT THEM OUT IN THE OPEN. THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE."

"IT WAS ONLY AFTER WE FOUND OUT THEY HAD NO SUPPLIES, NO FABULOUS HOARD."

"THE RADWAGON WE ROLLED INTO A RAVINE, AND WE MADE A DECISION NOT TO TELL ANYONE BACK AT NEW BARNAVELT WHAT HAD HAPPENED. NOT THAT THE TOWN LASTED MUCH LONGER AFTER THAT--WE ALL DRIFTED APART AND WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS."

"I'VE NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED TO THE KID."





ENGINE FOUR
STILL DOWN, AND I'M
SHOWING FIRES...ALSO
AN INTRUDER ALARM?



WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON
BACK THERE?



HE FEELS THE
STORM RAGE
OUTSIDE.

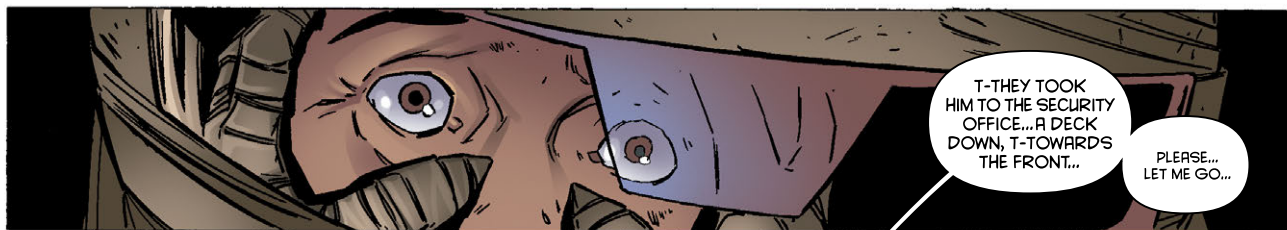


THE FURY INSIDE
HIM MATCHES IT,
DRIVING HIM ON.



ESPECIALLY NOW
VENGEANCE IS
ALMOST HIS.

WOLANSKI...
WHERE?



T-THEY TOOK HIM TO THE SECURITY OFFICE...A DECK DOWN, T-TOWARDS THE FRONT...

PLEASE... LET ME GO...



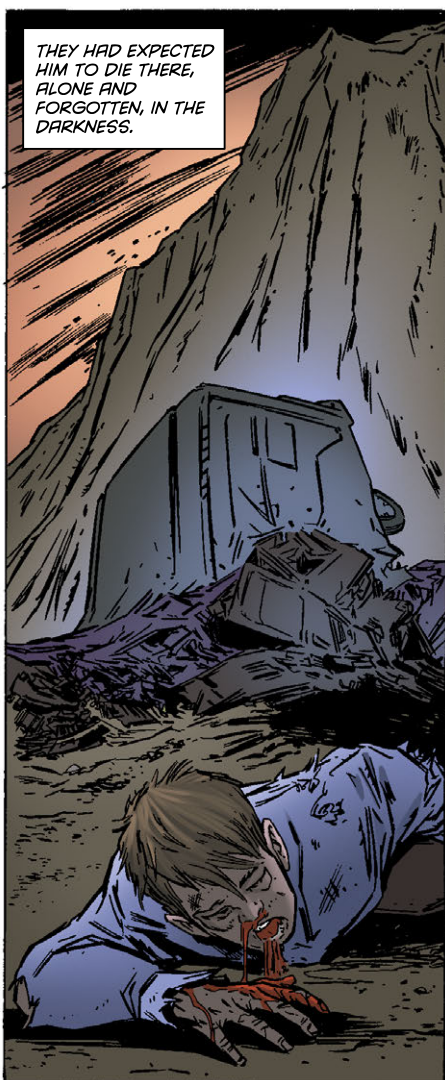
THE HATE HAS BURNED SO LONG NOW...



...SINCE HIS CHILDHOOD WAS TAKEN FROM HIM...



...SINCE HE WAS CAST INTO THE ABYSS.



THEY HAD EXPECTED HIM TO DIE THERE, ALONE AND FORGOTTEN, IN THE DARKNESS.



INSTEAD THE DARKNESS TOOK HIM IN, AND FED HIS HATE.

IT'S
HEADING
THIS WAY!
IT--

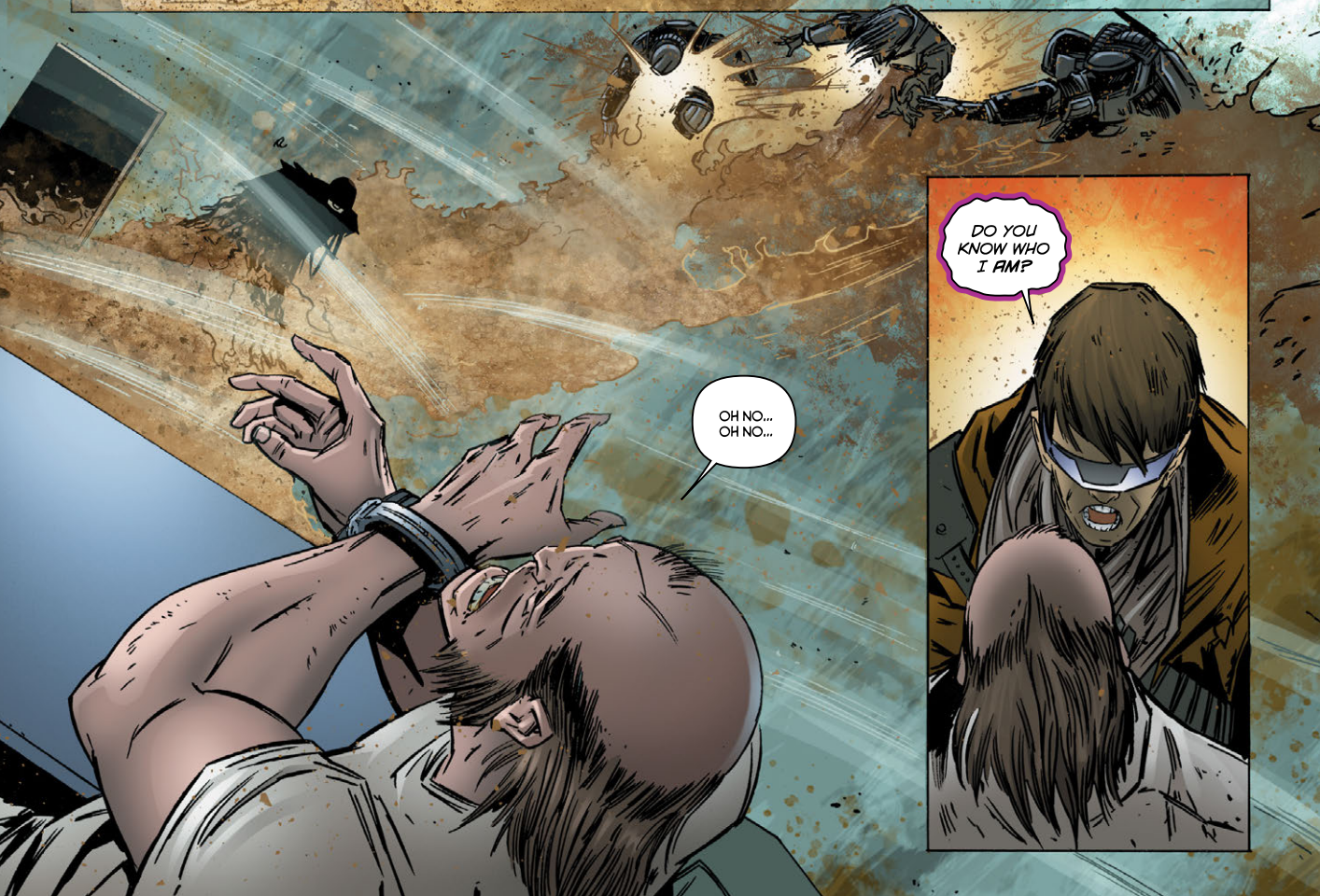
UHHNN!



DAMNED IF
I'M GOING TO
LET THAT THING
TAKE ANY MORE
OF MY MEN!



SHANAHAN,
NO--



OH NO...
OH NO...

DO YOU
KNOW WHO
I AM?



Y-YOU'RE HIM... YOU'RE THE VARR KID.

LISTEN, I DIDN'T FIRE A SHOT THAT DAY-- I DIDN'T KNOW THAT WAS THE PLAN, I NEVER WOULD HAVE GONE ALONG WITH IT...

SSHH...

DOWN IN THE DARKNESS I WAS NOT ALONE. I MET... OTHERS... AND THEY SHARED THEIR GIFTS WITH ME.

LET ME SHARE THEM WITH YOU.

EEAAARGH!

THAT'S ENOUGH--

SCREAMER!

EEEEEEEE



EYES ARE GONE, BUT WOLANSKI'S ALIVE...HOW'S SHANAHAN?

STILL HERE.

BUSTED A RIB OR TWO, HEAD'S RINGING. WHAT THE HELL *WAS* THAT?



SONIC GRENADE, FOR RIOT CONTROL. OUR CREEP'S SENSITIVE TO NOISE.

REGULATION HELMET COMES WITH SOUND-DAMPENING NOW. YOU SHOULD PUT IN A REQUISITION.

HELL, I'M SENSITIVE TO THAT KIND OF NOISE.



KROOM

THAT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM MAIN PRODUCTION--HALF THE WORKFORCE IS TAKING SHELTER UP THERE.

WATCH WOLANSKI...



...WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CREEP.

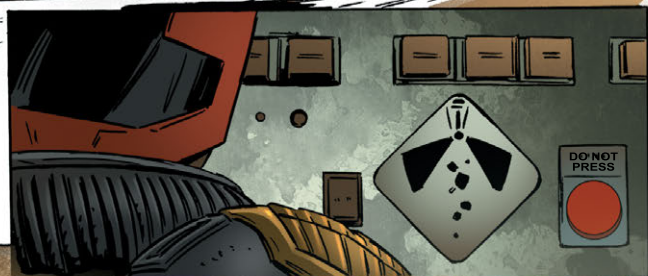


HE'S TEARING THE PLACE APART! GOT TO TAKE HIM OUT FAST!

HEATSEEKER!



DAMMIT--!



YOU
GOT HIM.

GOOD
WORK.



OH NO.

I THINK I JUST
GAVE HIM MORE
MATERIAL TO
WORK WITH...



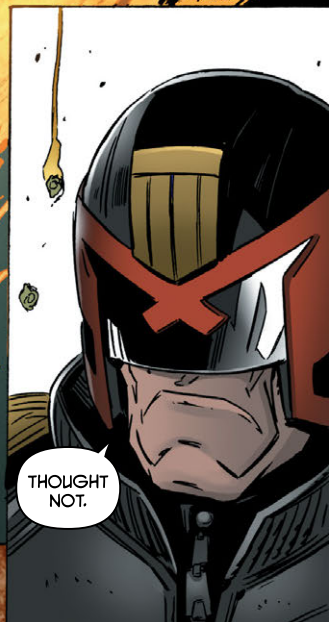
CREEP'S
GOT A THING
FOR DUST.

LET'S SEE
IF HE'S AS
GOOD WITH
SLAG...



INCENDIARY!

AAA
Ahhh!



THOUGHT
NOT.

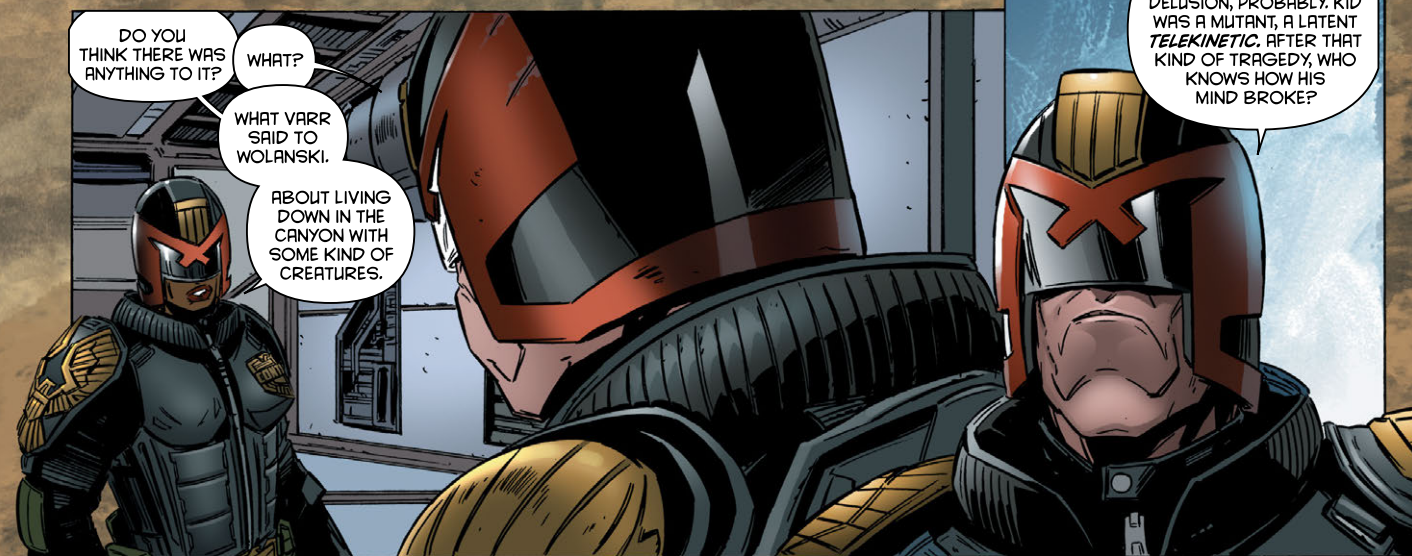


EVERYTHING'S
LOADED, FORECAST IS
CLEAR. YOU SHOULD BE
GOOD TO GO.



ABOUT TIME.
WE'RE NEEDED
BACK ON THE
STREETS.

RECOMMEND
YOU SEE ABOUT
THAT HELMET.



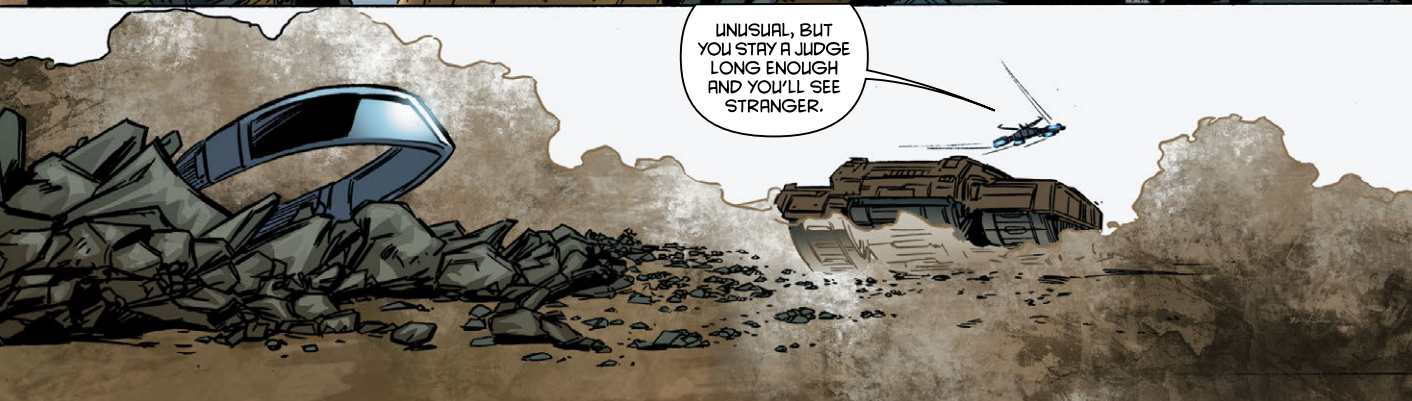
DO YOU
THINK THERE WAS
ANYTHING TO IT?

WHAT?

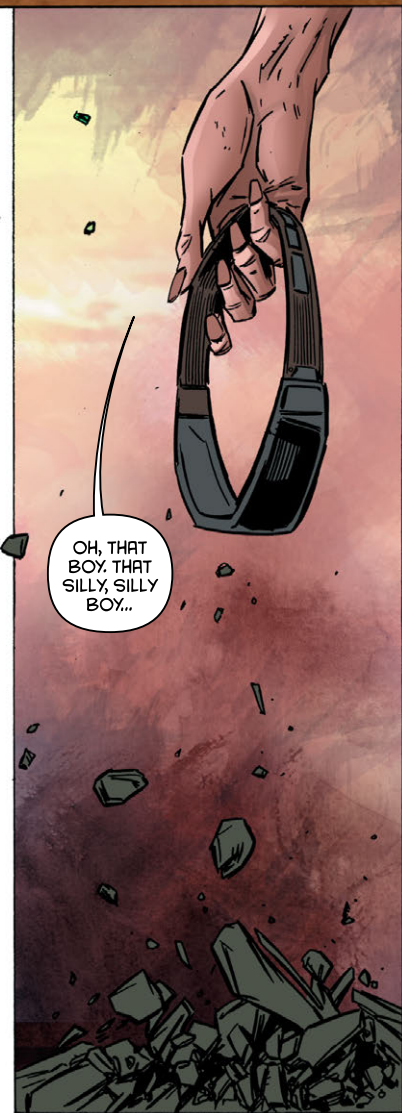
WHAT VARR
SAID TO
WOLANSKI.

ABOUT LIVING
DOWN IN THE
CANYON WITH
SOME KIND OF
CREATURES.

A PROJECTED
DELUSION, PROBABLY. KID
WAS A MUTANT, A LATENT
TELEKINETIC. AFTER THAT
KIND OF TRAGEDY, WHO
KNOWS HOW HIS
MIND BROKE?



UNUSUAL, BUT
YOU STAY A JUDGE
LONG ENOUGH
AND YOU'LL SEE
STRANGER.



OH, THAT
BOY. THAT
SILLY, SILLY
BOY...



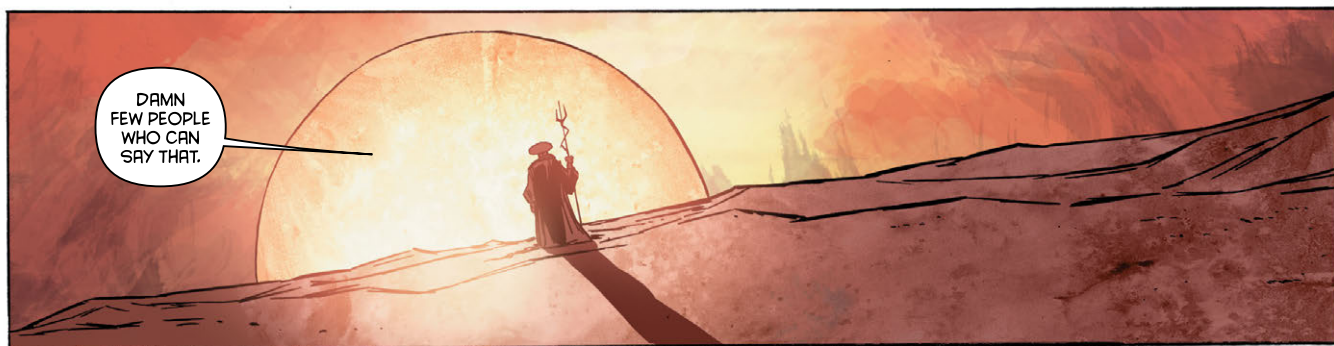
THEY TOLD YOU,
THEY DID. TOLD YOU
NOTHING GOOD
WOULD COME FROM
MESSING WITH CITY
FOLKS.

BUT YOU HAD
TO CHASE THEM,
DIDN'T YOU? HAD
TO GET YOUR
REVENGE.



AND NOW I'LL
HAVE TO TELL THEM
YOU'RE GONE.
THEY WON'T LIKE
THAT AT ALL, THEM
DEVILS.

STILL, YOU
GOT WHAT YOU
WANTED, OR
AT LEAST MOST
OF IT...



DAMN
FEW PEOPLE
WHO CAN
SAY THAT.



THE DEEP END

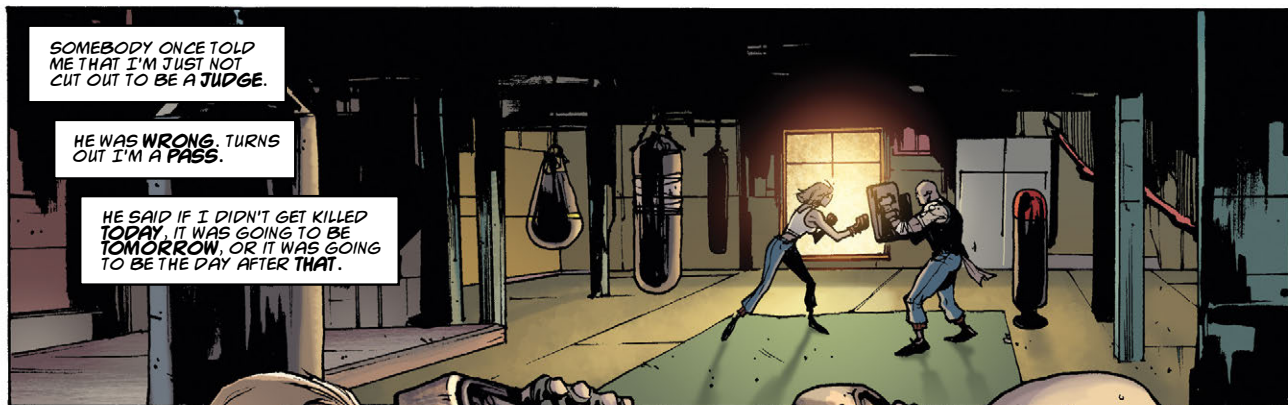
Script: ALEC WORLEY
Artist: PAUL DAVIDSON
Colour: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: ELLIE DE VILLE

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SOMEBODY ONCE TOLD ME THAT I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT TO BE A JUDGE.

HE WAS **WRONG**. TURNS OUT I'M A **PASS**.

HE SAID IF I DIDN'T GET KILLED **TODAY**, IT WAS GOING TO BE **TOMORROW**, OR IT WAS GOING TO BE THE DAY AFTER **THAT**.



FINE BY ME.

THE ASSESSMENT. DREDD. THAT NIGHT IN PEACH TREES. I SOMEHOW MADE IT OUT OF THAT PLACE ALIVE.

SO WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M STILL IN THERE? FIGHTING TO GET OUT?



IT'S LIKE —

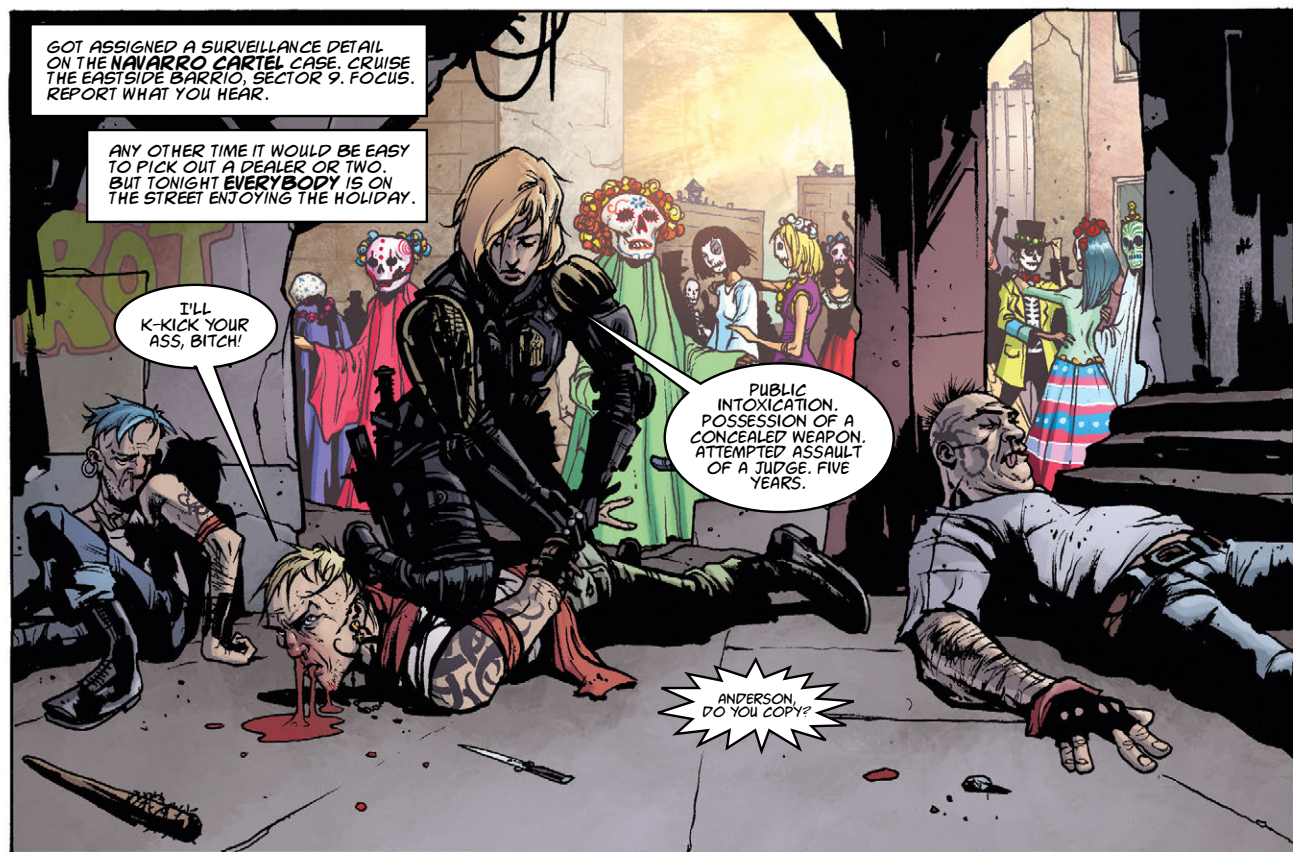
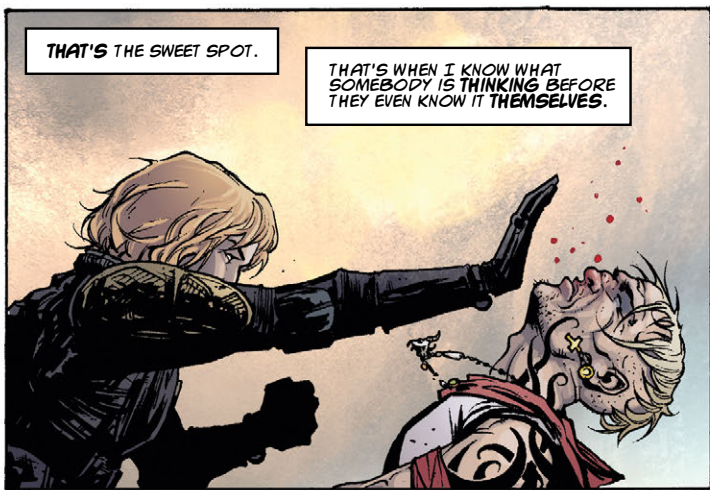
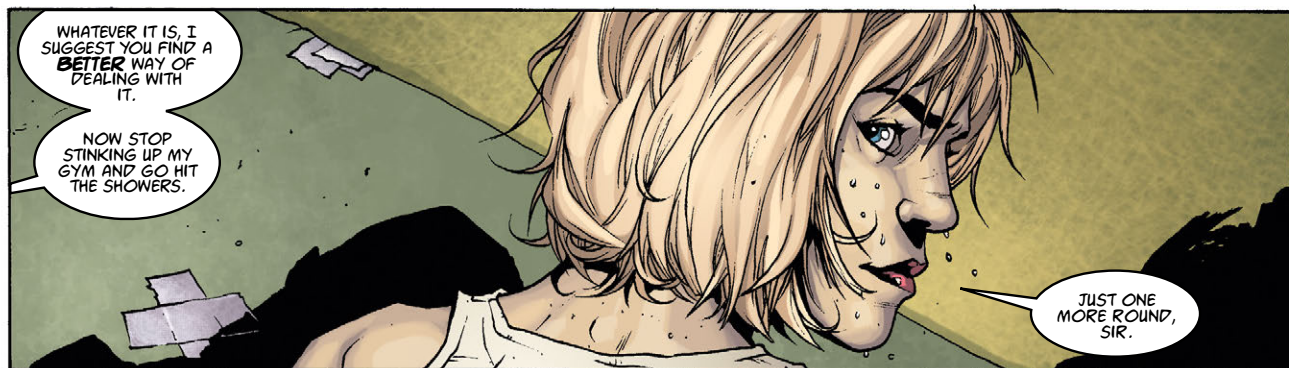
UHH!

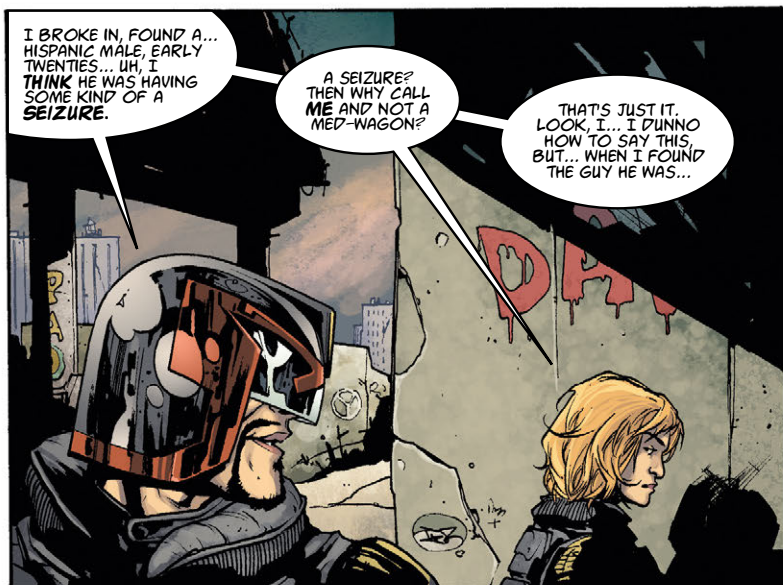
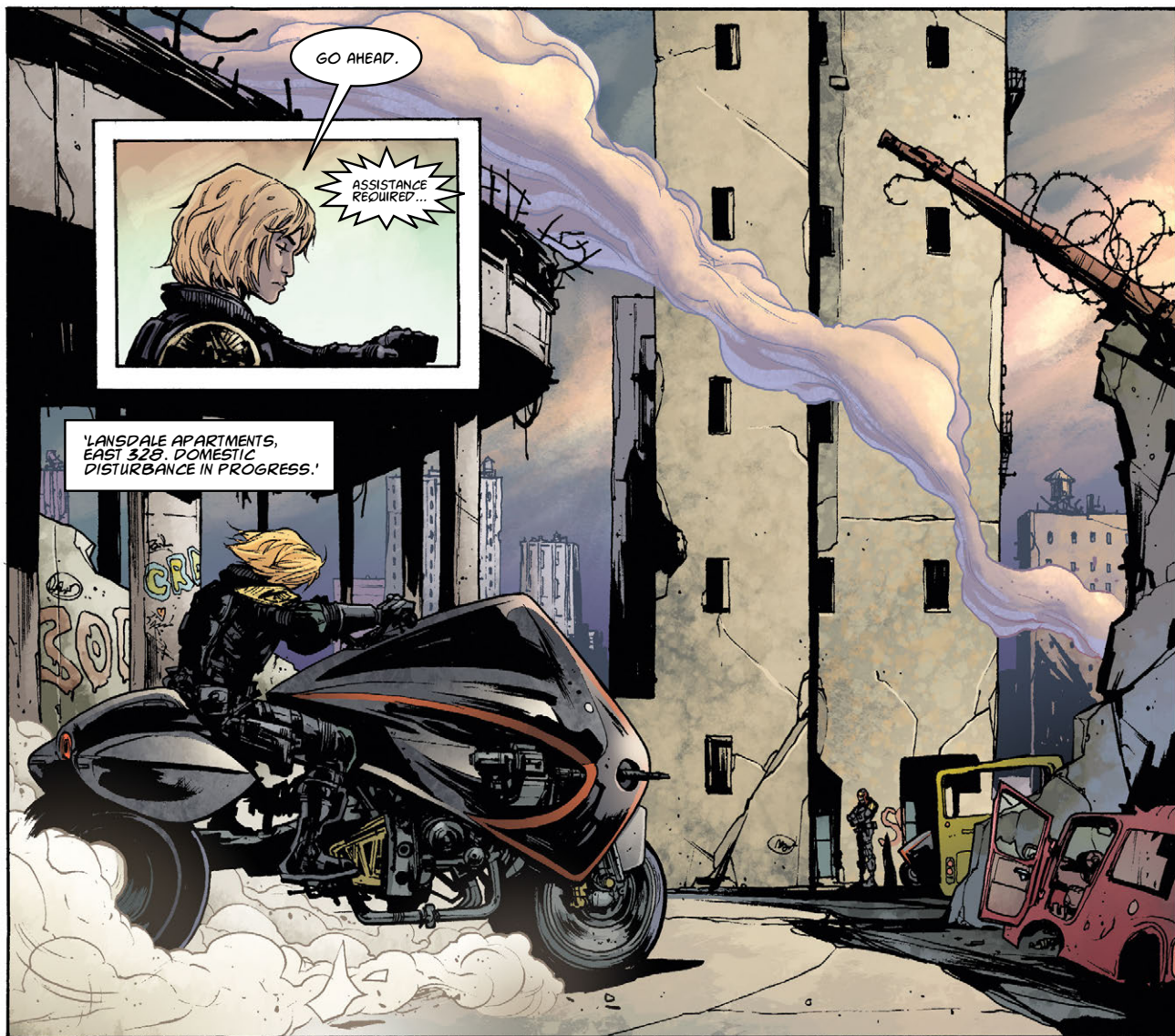


YOU'RE THE **PSYCHIC**, ANDERSON. TELL ME WHAT I'M THINKING...

HFF... HFF... **FOCUS**... HFF... STAY... STAY IN THE MOMENT.

I CAN'T READ **YOUR** THOUGHTS, BUT THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN THROWING YOURSELF INTO THESE EXTRA SESSIONS YOU'VE REQUESTED TELLS ME YOU'VE GOT **SOMETHING** ON YOUR MIND.







HE WAS
STANDING
IN THE
AIR.

I'M REACHING INTO
HIM. I CAN SEE WHAT
HE THINKS HE SAW.

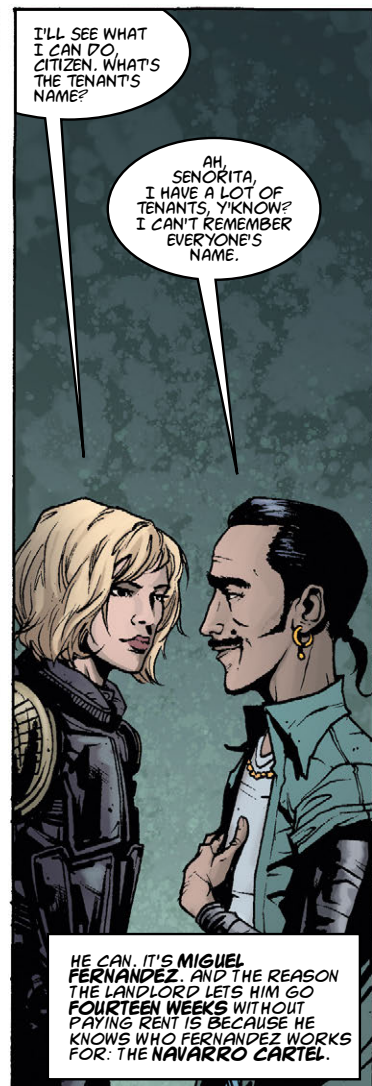
I'M SENSING FATIGUE,
SLEEP DEPRIVATION. HE
KEEPS THINKING OF A
STORY HIS GRANDMOTHER
TOLD HIM THAT GAVE HIM
NIGHTMARES WHEN HE
WAS A LITTLE BOY.



EXCUSE ME,
SENORITA?

AS I BEEN
TELLING YOUR
PARTNER, THE GUY
GOING CRAZY UPSTAIRS
OWES ME FOURTEEN
WEEKS' RENT,
Y'KNOW?

THERE ANY
WAY I CAN **GET**
THAT BEFORE
YOU ARREST
HIM?



I'LL SEE WHAT
I CAN DO,
CITIZEN. WHAT'S
THE TENANT'S
NAME?

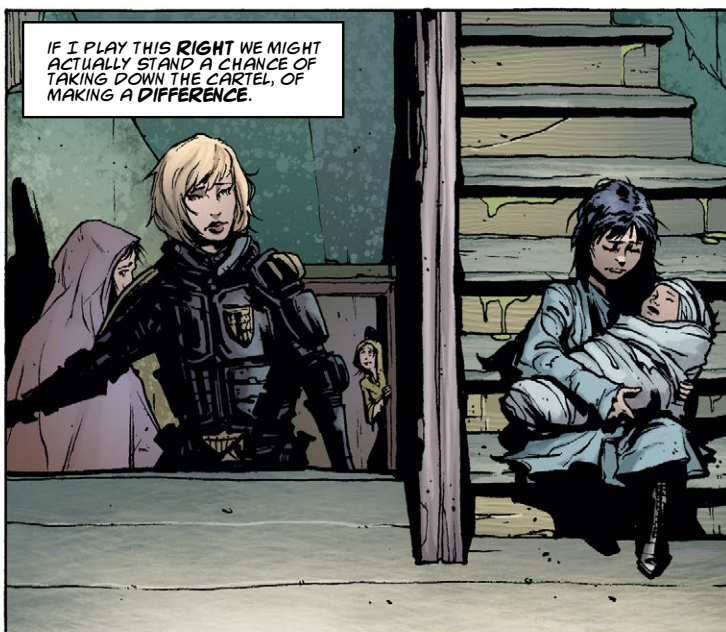
AH,
SENORITA,
I HAVE A LOT OF
TENANTS, Y'KNOW?
I CAN'T REMEMBER
EVERYONE'S
NAME.

HE CAN. IT'S MIGUEL
FERNANDEZ. AND THE REASON
THE LANDLORD LETS HIM GO
FOURTEEN WEEKS WITHOUT
PAYING RENT IS BECAUSE HE
KNOWS WHO FERNANDEZ WORKS
FOR: THE NAVARRO CARTEL.



FERNANDEZ IS A **HALCONE** —
A LOW-LEVEL DEALER. BUT A
GOOD SOURCE OF INTEL IF
I CAN GET TO WORK ON HIM.

I'M
GOING UPSTAIRS,
CARDENAS. GIVE ME
TEN MINUTES.



IF I PLAY THIS **RIGHT** WE MIGHT
ACTUALLY STAND A CHANCE OF
TAKING DOWN THE CARTEL, OF
MAKING A **DIFFERENCE**.



SOUNDS LIKE FERNANDEZ
HAS GOT SOMEONE UP
THERE WITH HIM.



SO WHY AM I ONLY SENSING
A SINGLE PRESENCE...?

TEN
CUIDADO,
SEÑORITA!



ESE CHICO POSEIDO
POR EL MISMISMO
DIABLO!

CITIZEN,
I NEED YOU
TO STAY INSIDE
AND LOCK
YOUR DOOR.

DEBE
TOMAR ESTO!
TOMELO, POR
FAVOR!



SANTA MARIA,
MADRE DE DIOS,
RUEGA POR
NOSOTROS...



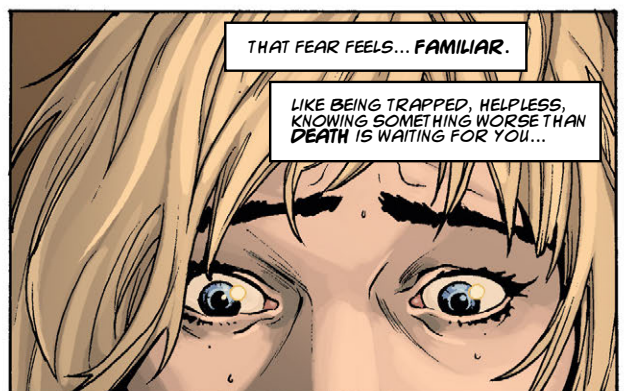
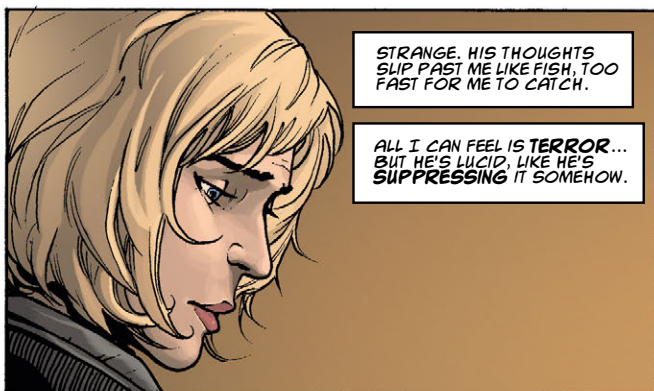
AHORA Y
EN LA HORA
DE NUESTRA
MUERTE. AMEN.

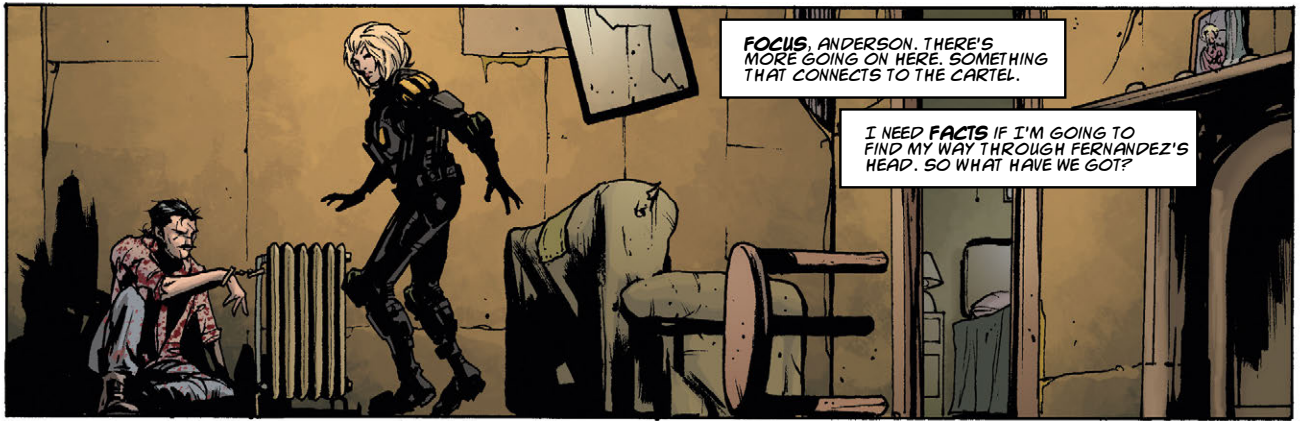
MIGUEL
FERNANDEZ...?



MY NAME IS JUDGE
ANDERSON.

I'M COMING IN...





FOCUS, ANDERSON. THERE'S MORE GOING ON HERE. SOMETHING THAT CONNECTS TO THE CARTEL.

I NEED **FACTS** IF I'M GOING TO FIND MY WAY THROUGH FERNANDEZ'S HEAD. SO WHAT HAVE WE GOT?



ITEM: BAG FULL OF SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR. LOOKS LIKE HE WAS GOING SOMEWHERE.



ITEM: A GOOD CATHOLIC BOY.



THE CANDLEWAX IS STILL SOFT.

SO WHAT MAKES A DRUG DEALER STAY AT HOME AND PRAY ON A NIGHT WHEN EVERYONE IN THE BARRIO IS ON THE STREET'S LOOKING TO BUY?



FEAR. BUT FEAR OF WHAT?

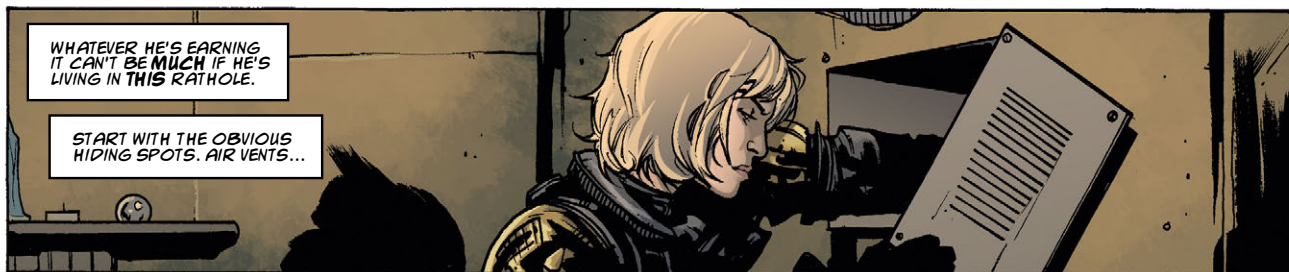
HIS EMPLOYERS? THE LAST DEALER WHO OFFENDED THE CARTEL GOT HIS HEAD SAWN OFF ON CAMERA.



SO WHAT MIGHT FERNANDEZ HAVE DONE TO UPSET THEM?

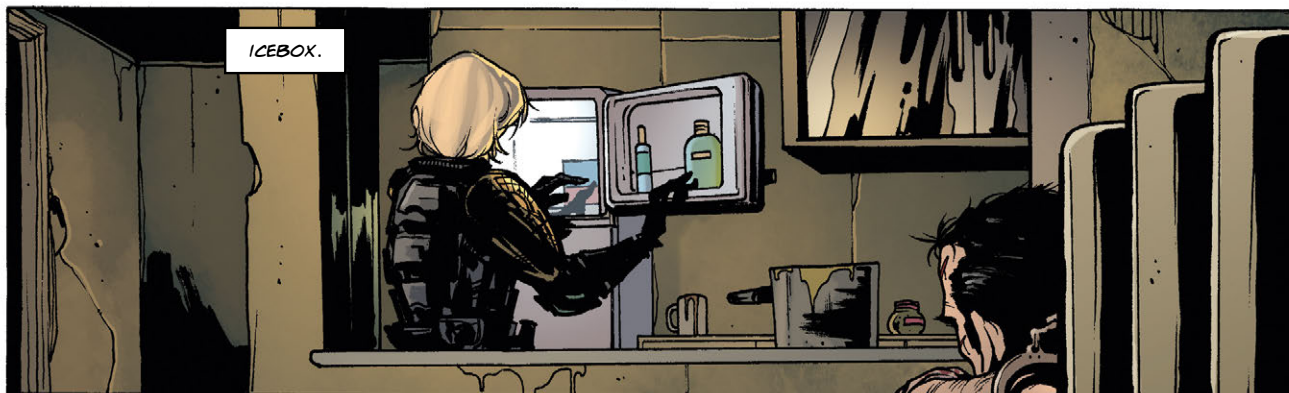
I HAVE A HUNCH...

WRONG
NUMBERRR...



WHATEVER HE'S EARNING
IT CAN'T BE MUCH IF HE'S
LIVING IN THIS RATHOLE.

START WITH THE OBVIOUS
HIDING SPOTS. AIR VENTS...

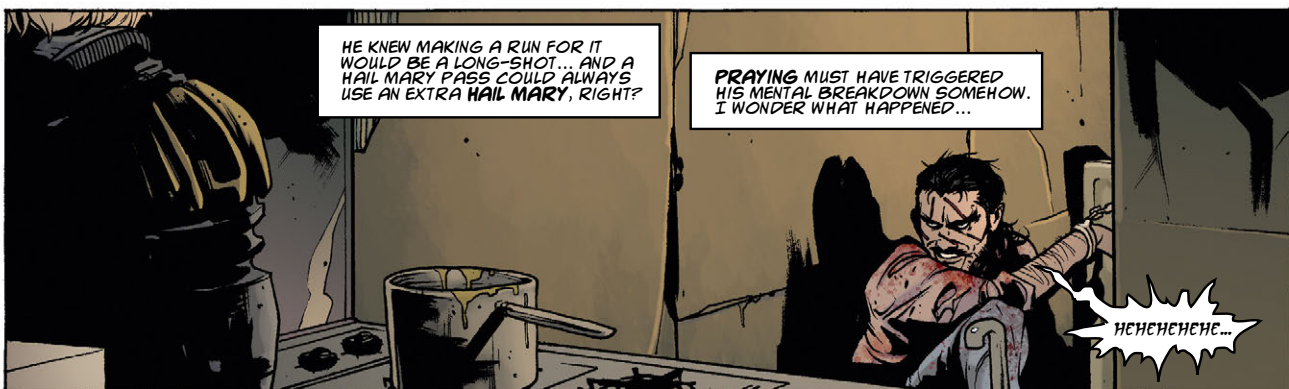


ICEBOX.



LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS
RIGHT. FERNANDEZ HAS
BEEN SKIMMING HIS DEALS.

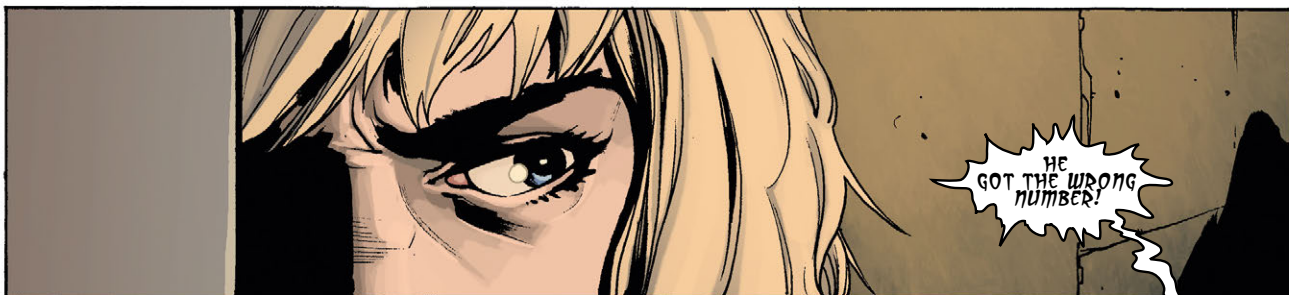
MUST HAVE KNOWN THE
CARTEL WERE ON TO HIM.



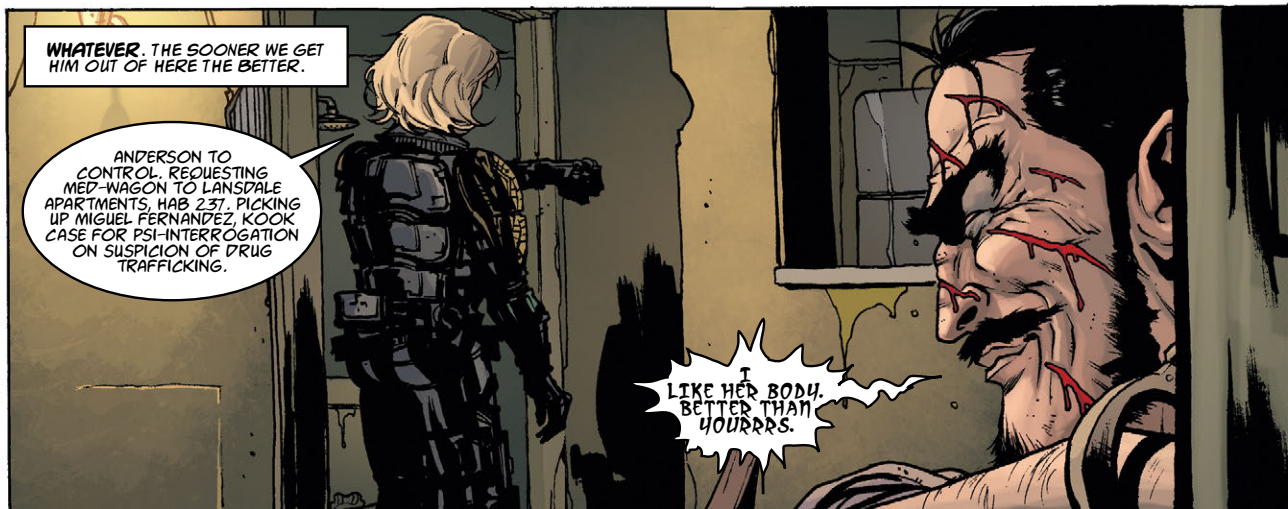
HE KNEW MAKING A RUN FOR IT
WOULD BE A LONG-SHOT... AND A
HAIL MARY PASS COULD ALWAYS
USE AN EXTRA HAIL MARY, RIGHT?

PRAYING MUST HAVE TRIGGERED
HIS MENTAL BREAKDOWN SOMEHOW.
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED...

HEHEHEHE...



HE
GOT THE WRONG
NUMBER!



WHATEVER. THE SOONER WE GET HIM OUT OF HERE THE BETTER.

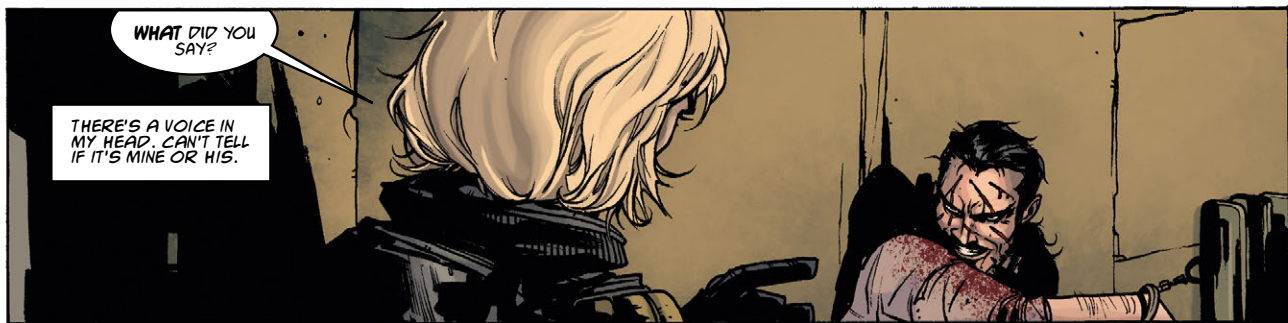
ANDERSON TO CONTROL. REQUESTING MED-WAGON TO LANSDALE APARTMENTS, HAB 237. PICKING UP MIGUEL FERNANDEZ, KOOK CASE FOR PSI-INTERROGATION ON SUSPICION OF DRUG TRAFFICKING.

I LIKE HER BODY. BETTER THAN YOURRS.



COPY THAT, ANDERSON. MED-WAGON INBOUND.

FIRM AS A PEACH, FRESH FROM THE TREEEEE...



WHAT DID YOU SAY?

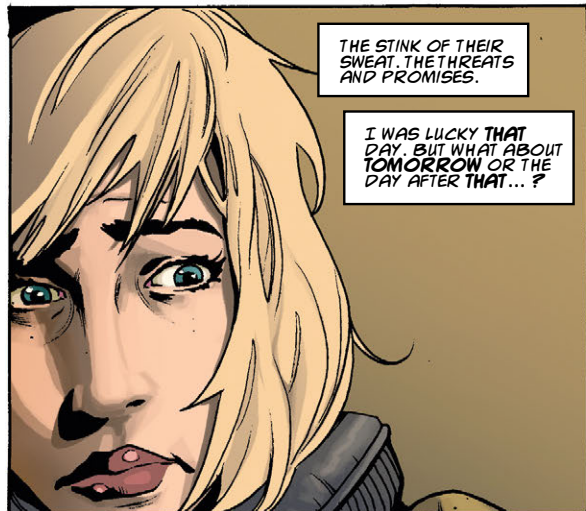
THERE'S A VOICE IN MY HEAD. CAN'T TELL IF IT'S MINE OR HIS.



IT'S DESCRIBING WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS CAPTURED IN PEACH TREES.

THE PERPS SHOVING ME DOWN THE CORRIDOR. THE EMPTY HOLSTER AT MY SIDE. THE DOG SNAPPING AT MY LEGS.

THAAAT'S IT...



THE STINK OF THEIR SWEAT. THE THREATS AND PROMISES.

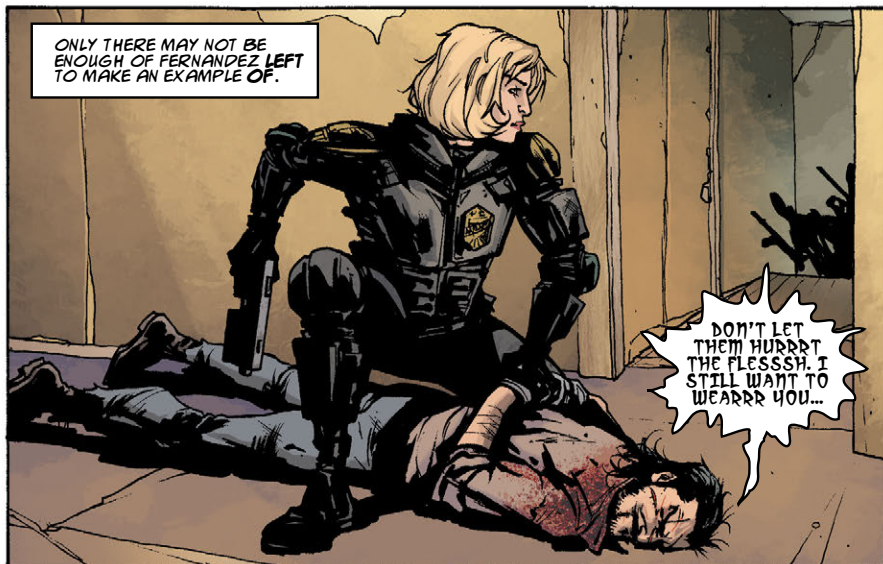
I WAS LUCKY THAT DAY. BUT WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW OR THE DAY AFTER THAT... ?





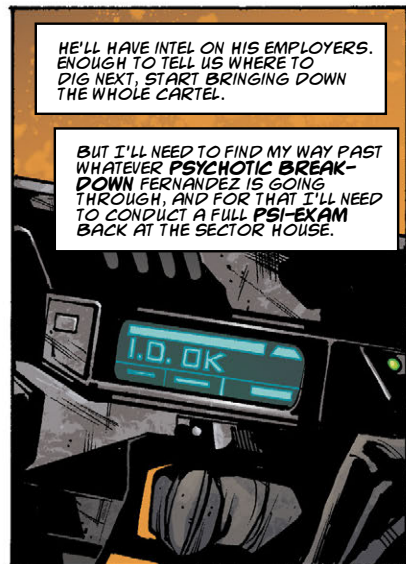
I CAN FEEL THEM COMING. SICARIOS. SOLDIERS OF THE NAVARRO CARTEL. THEY'VE SEEN MY BIKE. THEY KNOW I'M UP HERE.

THEY'VE COME TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF FERNANDEZ.



ONLY THERE MAY NOT BE ENOUGH OF FERNANDEZ LEFT TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF.

DON'T LET THEM HURRBT THE FLESSSH. I STILL WANT TO WEARRR YOU...



HE'LL HAVE INTEL ON HIS EMPLOYERS. ENOUGH TO TELL US WHERE TO DIG NEXT, START BRINGING DOWN THE WHOLE CARTEL.

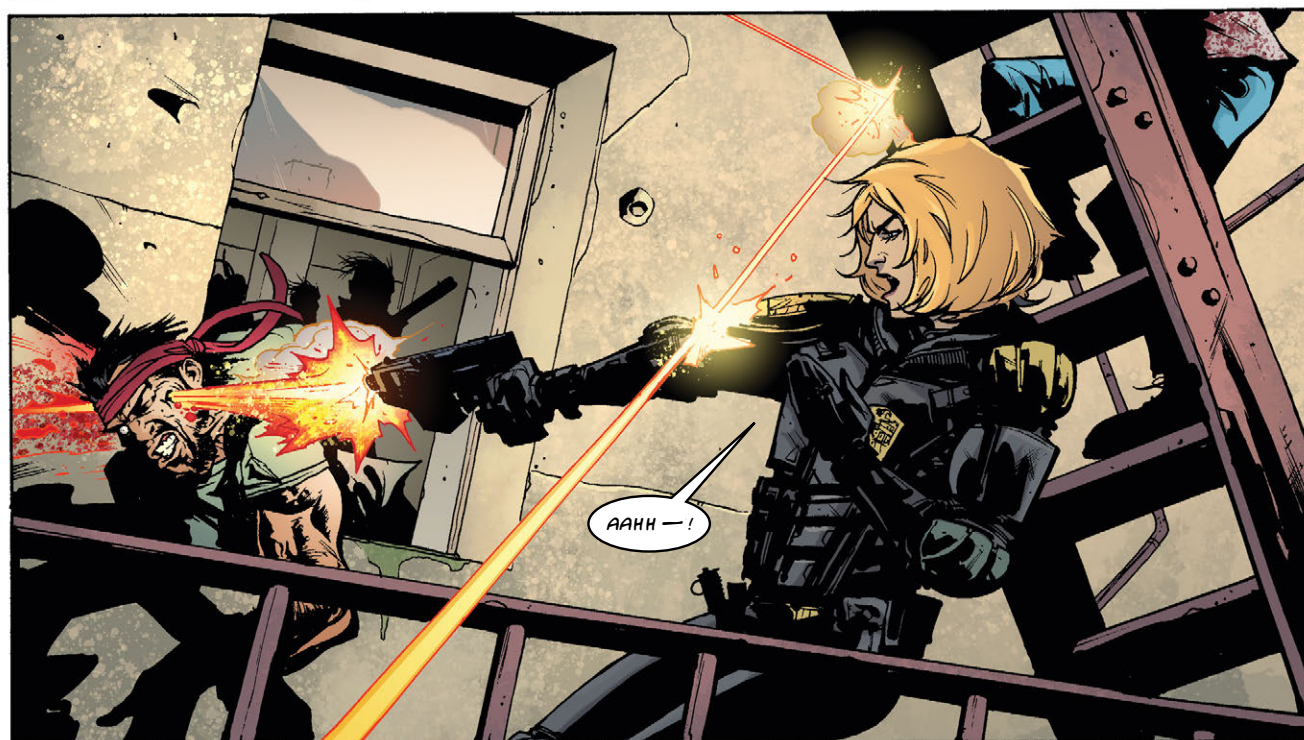
BUT I'LL NEED TO FIND MY WAY PAST WHATEVER PSYCHOTIC BREAK-DOWN FERNANDEZ IS GOING THROUGH, AND FOR THAT I'LL NEED TO CONDUCT A FULL PSI-EXAM BACK AT THE SECTOR HOUSE.

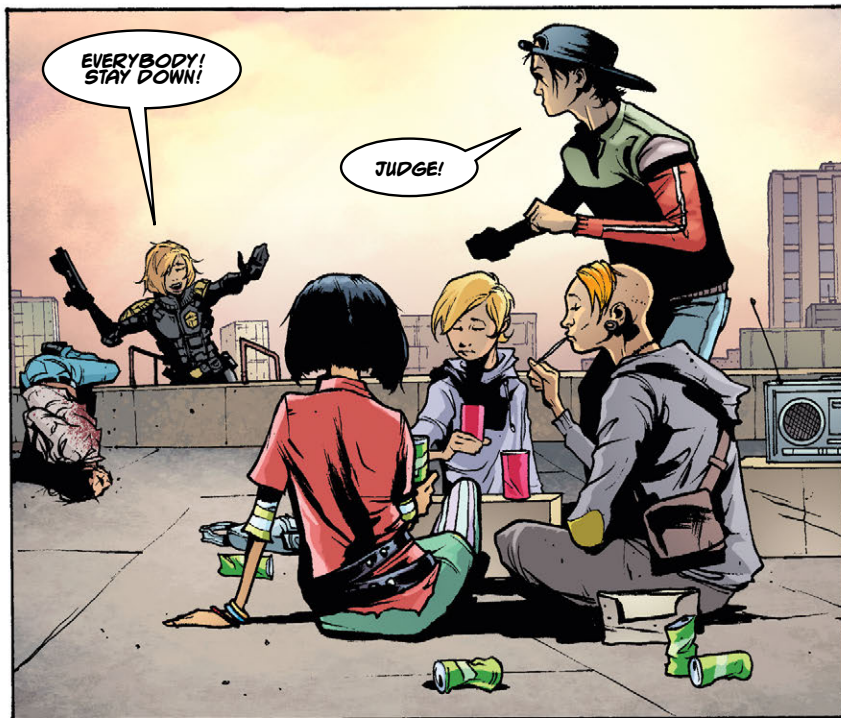


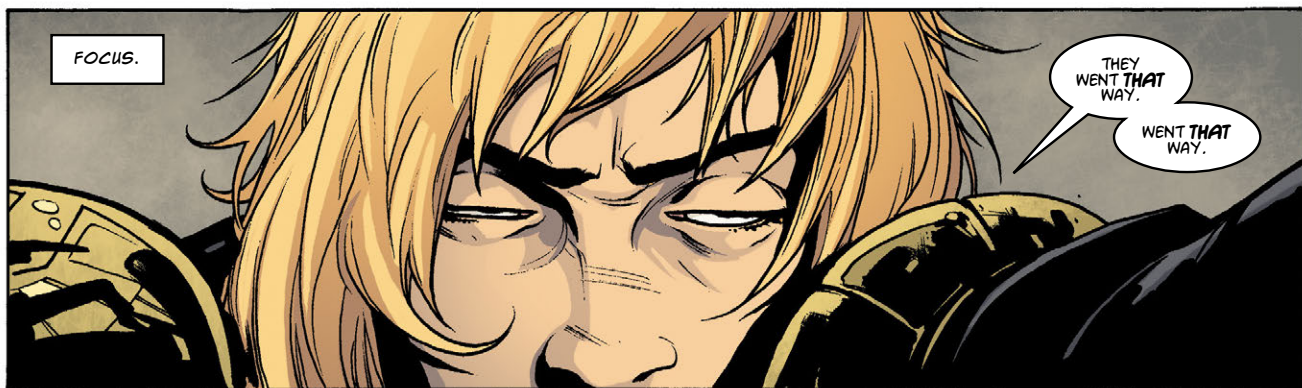
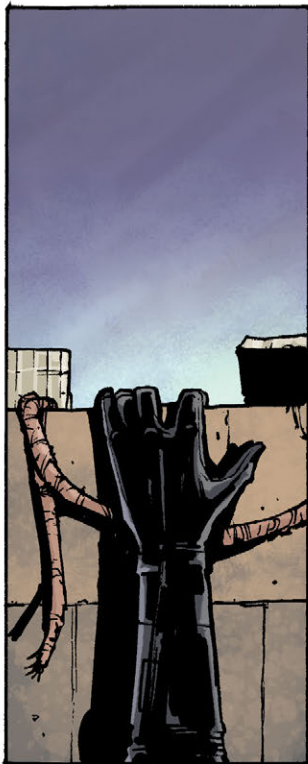
MULTIPLE ARMED TARGETS. OBSTRUCTED LINE OF SIGHT.

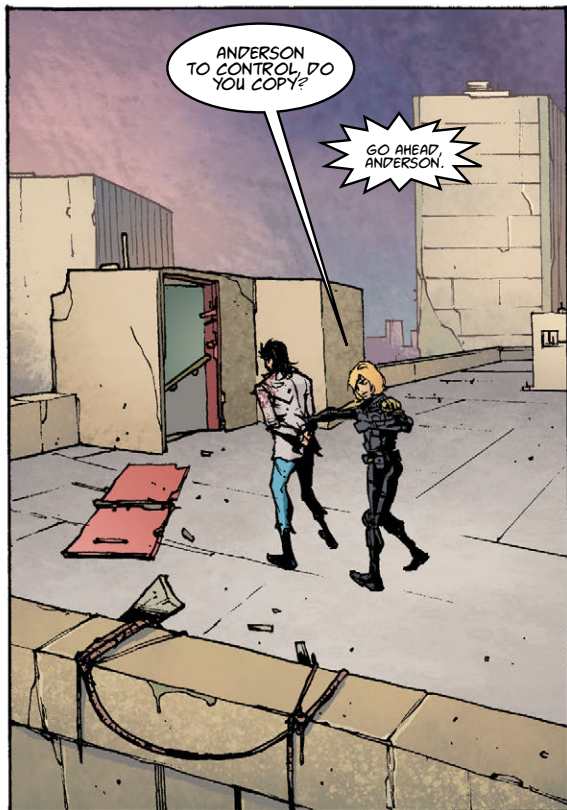


GAS GRENADE.

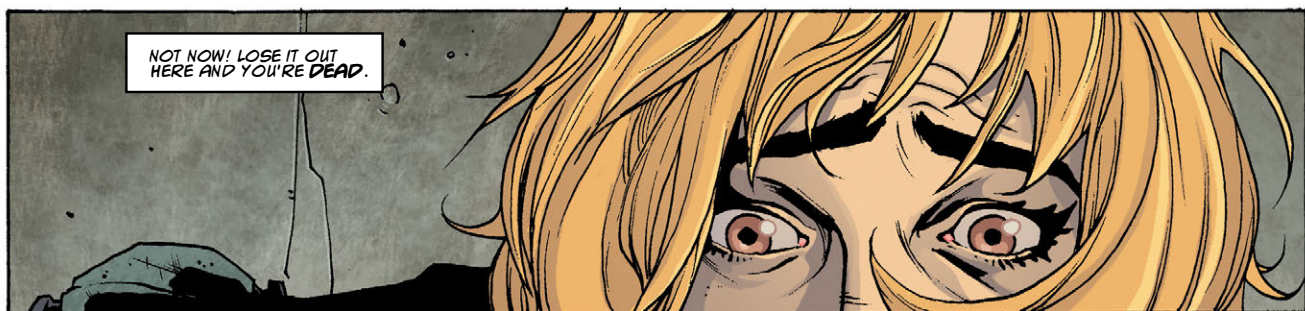










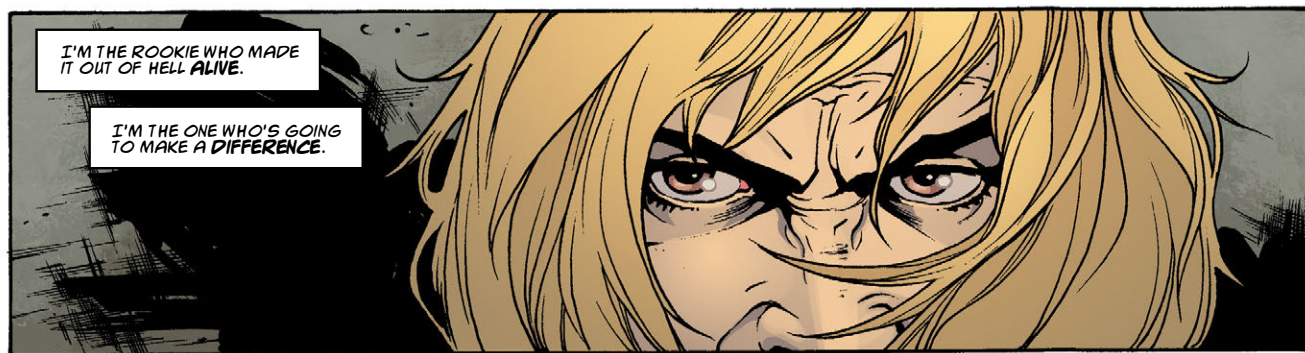




SAME **DEVIL** WATCHING OVER ME.

ANOTHER MONSTER TRYING
TO GET INSIDE MY HEAD...

ONLY **THIS** TIME IT'S NOT UP TO THE
MONSTERS WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE.



I'M THE ROOKIE WHO MADE
IT OUT OF HELL **ALIVE**.

I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOING
TO MAKE A **DIFFERENCE**.

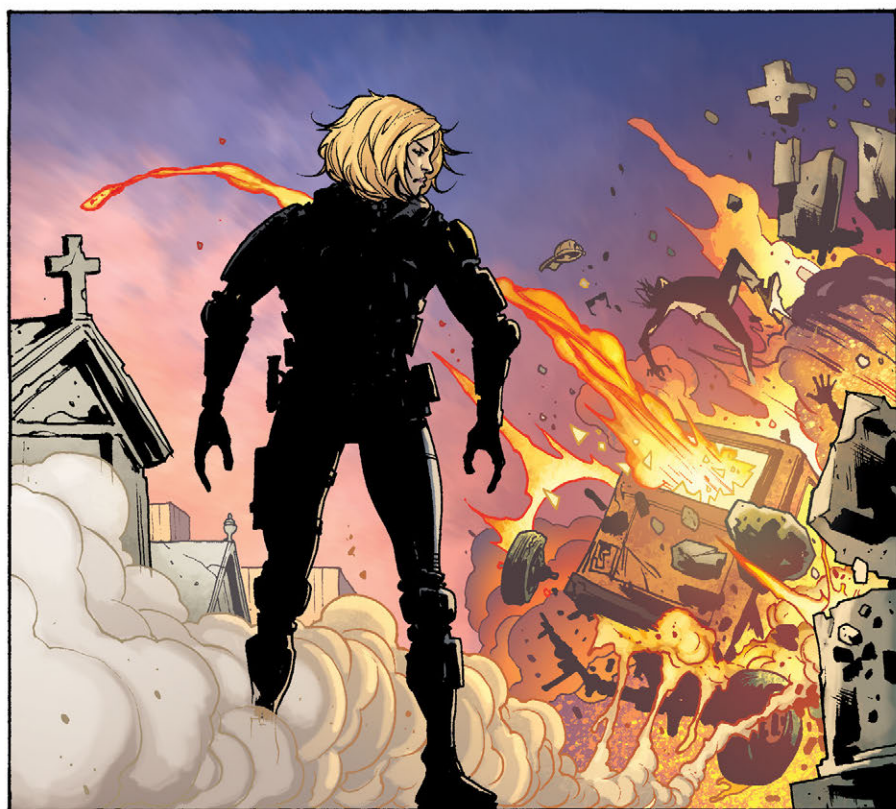
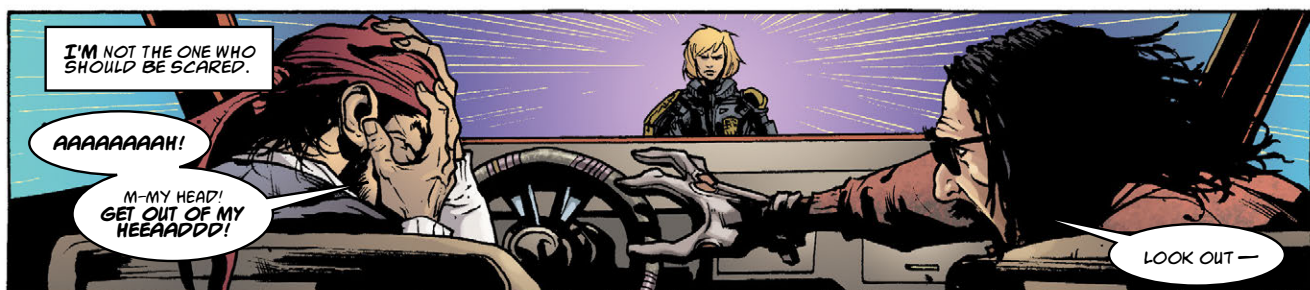
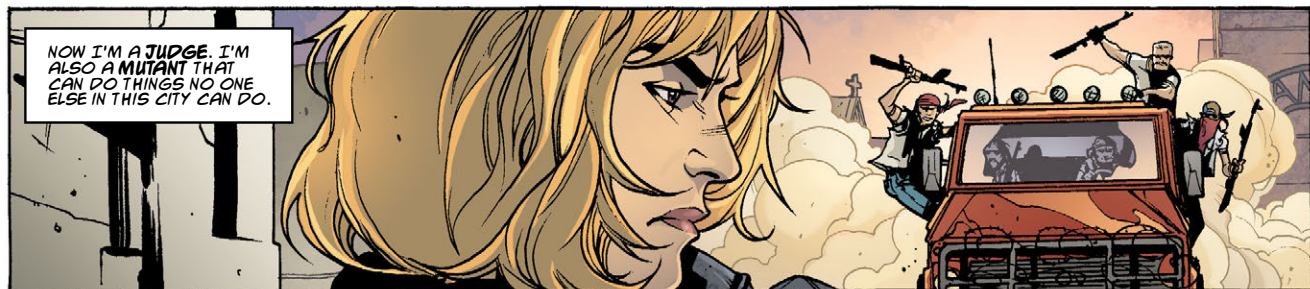


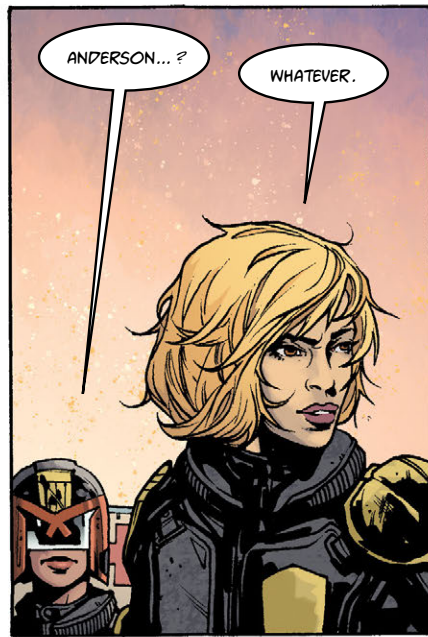
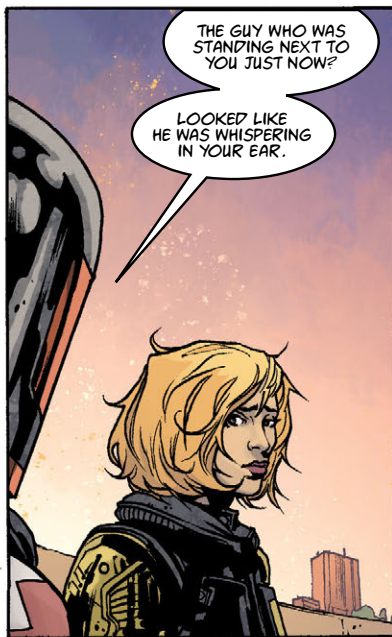
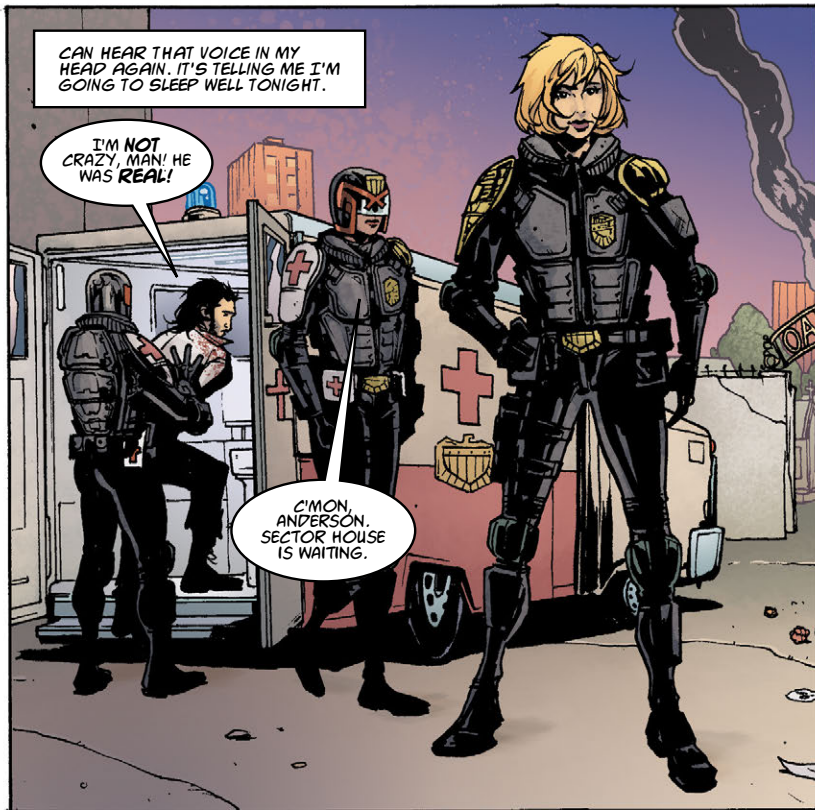
TIME TO GET THIS FEAR
OUT OF **MY** HEAD...

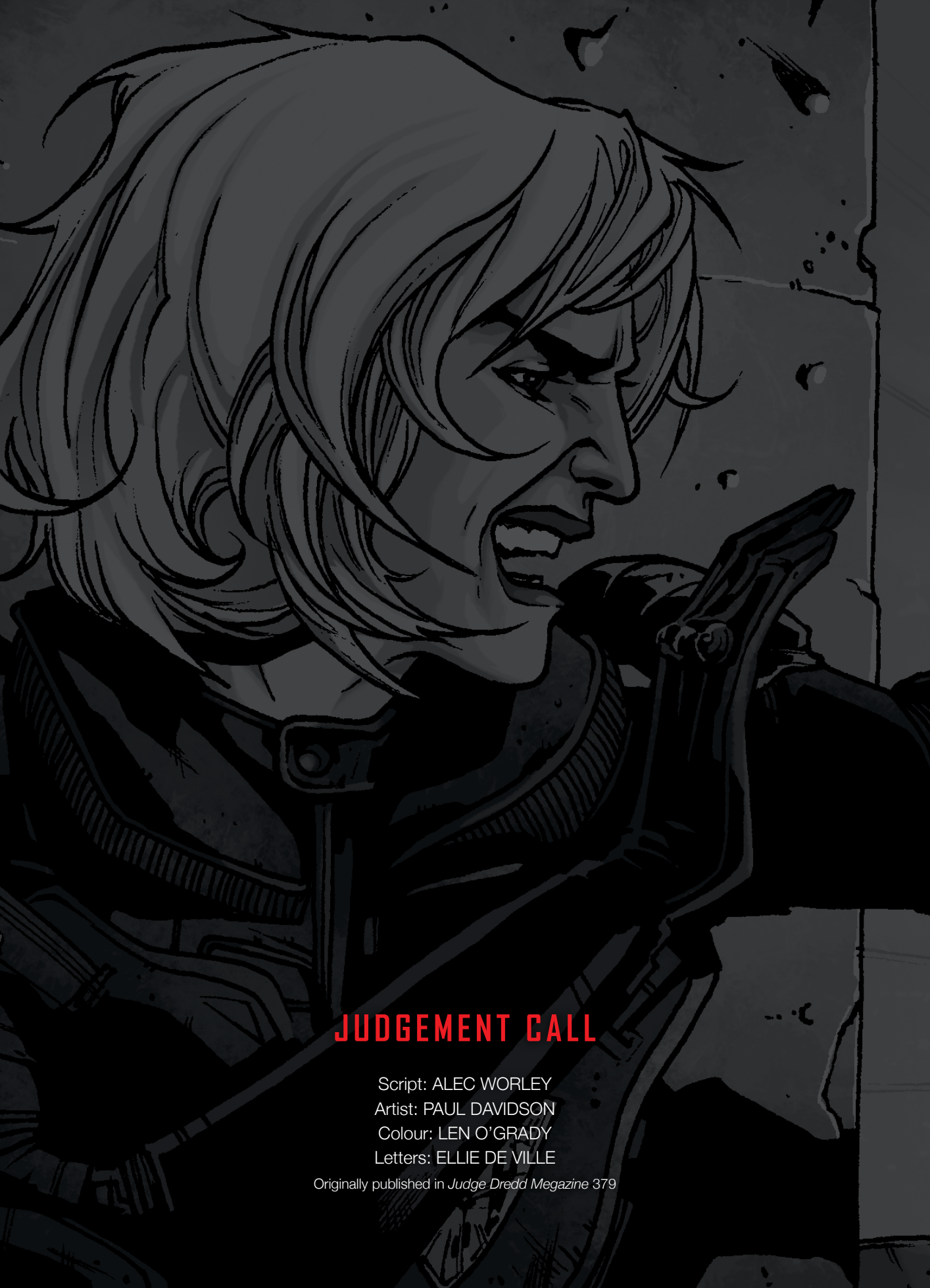


... AND INTO SOMEONE
WHO **DESERVES** IT.

AAAAHHHHHH!







JUDGEMENT CALL

Script: ALEC WORLEY
Artist: PAUL DAVIDSON
Colour: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: ELLIE DE VILLE

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 379



I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYTHING **SPECIAL** ABOUT ME, CHIEF JUDGE.

WHAT I CAN DO... IT'S JUST WHO I AM. IT'S WHO I'VE **ALWAYS** BEEN.

OTHER THAN THAT, I WORK THE STREETS LIKE **EVERYBODY** ELSE.



IT'S TRUE, WORD **HAS** GOTTEN AROUND. PRETTY MUCH **EVERYONE** I WORK WITH NOW KNOWS I'M A **MUTANT**. AND I KNOW A LOT OF THEM HAVE... **RESERVATIONS**.

BUT I **NEVER** LET THAT GET IN THE WAY OF THE JOB.



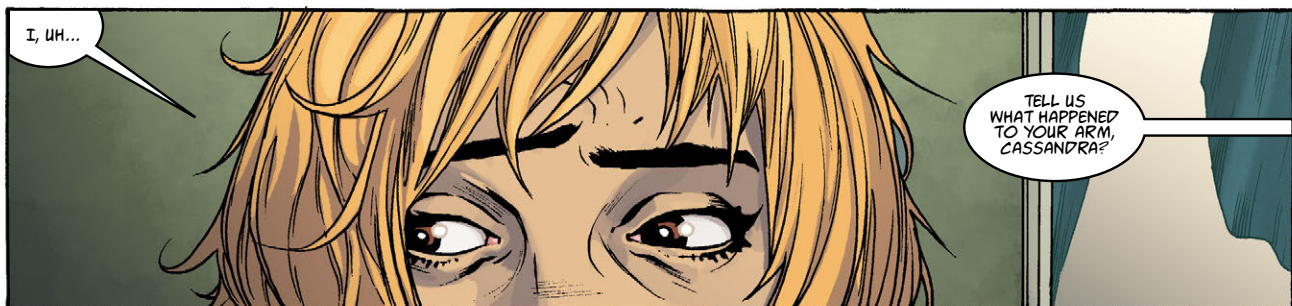
MINE OR ANYONE ELSE'S.

THIS IS YOUR END-OF-YEAR ASSESSMENT, ANDERSON, NOT AN INTERROGATION.



PLEASE RELAX AND JUST ANSWER THE QUESTIONS.

WHY BOTHER ASKING ME QUESTIONS IF YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAVE SOMEONE **READ MY MIND**?

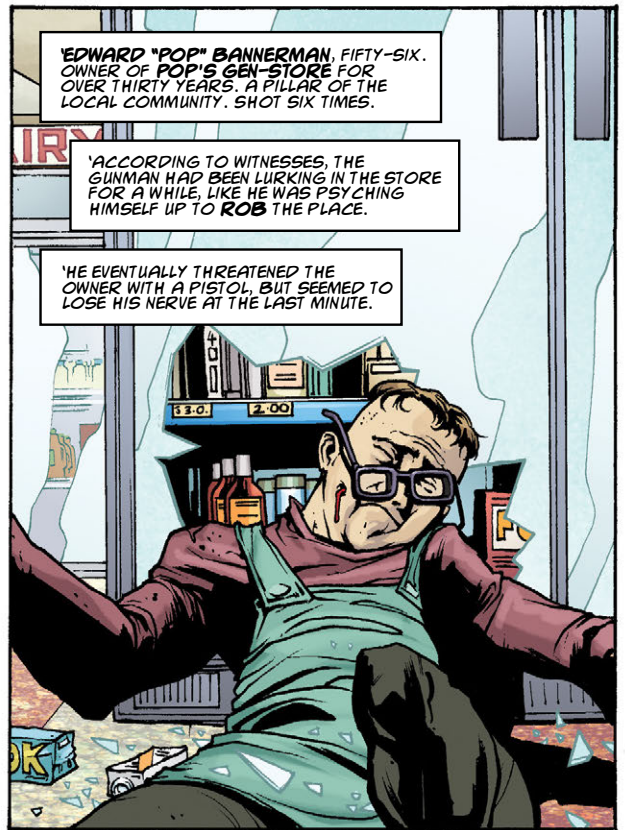




'I MISSED. HE DIDN'T.'

CAUCASIAN MALE.
UHN... EARLY TWENTIES,
GREEN BASEBALL CAP,
TAN JACKET. SHOOTER
ESCAPED ON FOOT
THROUGH THE REAR EXIT
OF POP'S GEN-STORE
ON EASTMAN.

REQUEST
MEAT WAGON
TO MY GPS. TWO
BODIES FOR
RESYK.



**'EDWARD "POP" BANNERMAN, FIFTY-SIX.
OWNER OF POP'S GEN-STORE FOR
OVER THIRTY YEARS. A PILLAR OF THE
LOCAL COMMUNITY. SHOT SIX TIMES.'**

'ACCORDING TO WITNESSES, THE
GUNMAN HAD BEEN LURKING IN THE STORE
FOR A WHILE, LIKE HE WAS PSYCHING
HIMSELF UP TO ROB THE PLACE.'

'HE EVENTUALLY THREATENED THE
OWNER WITH A PISTOL, BUT SEEMED TO
LOSE HIS NERVE AT THE LAST MINUTE.'

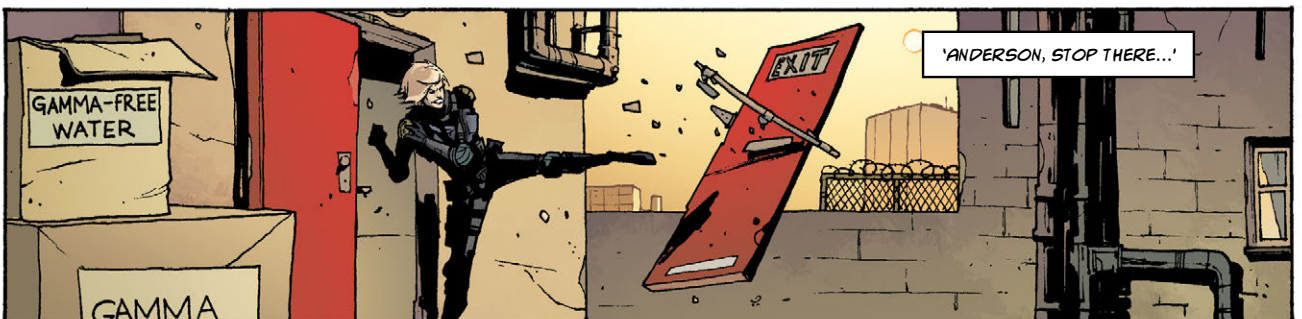


'BEFORE HE WAS SHOT, BANNERMAN GRAPPLING WITH THE
GUNMAN AND THE WEAPON DISCHARGED BY ACCIDENT,
KILLING A BYSTANDER IN FRONT OF HIS FAMILY.'

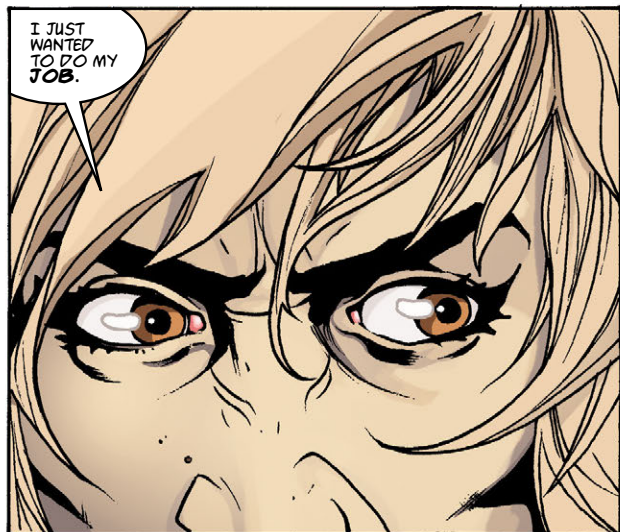
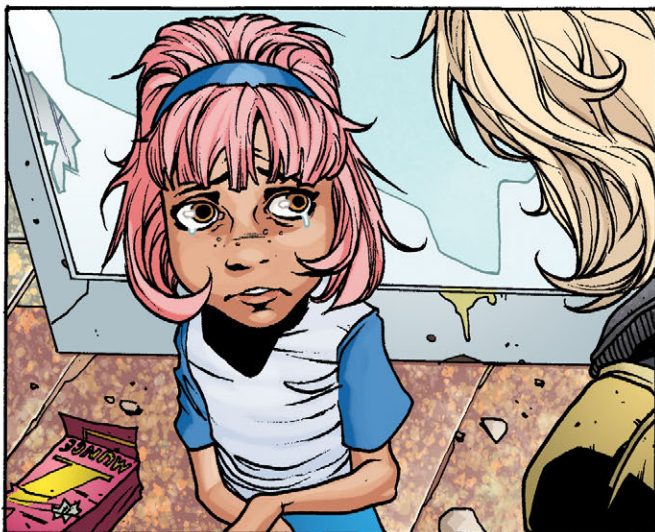
COPY THAT,
ANDERSON. WAGONS
INBOUND. WHAT'S
YOUR STATUS?



AM IN
PURSUIT.

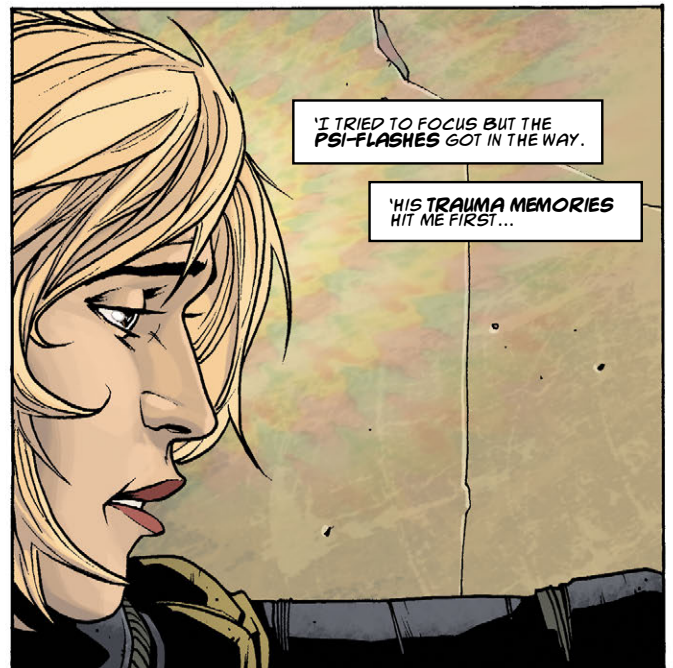
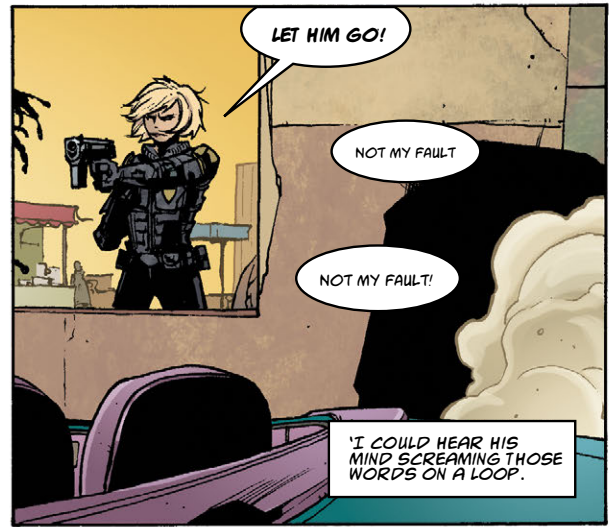


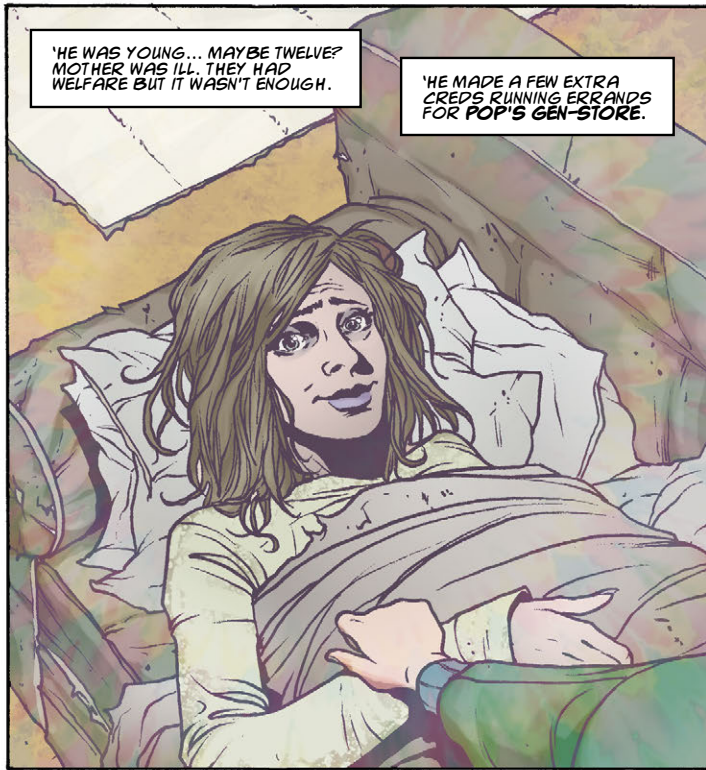
'ANDERSON, STOP THERE...'











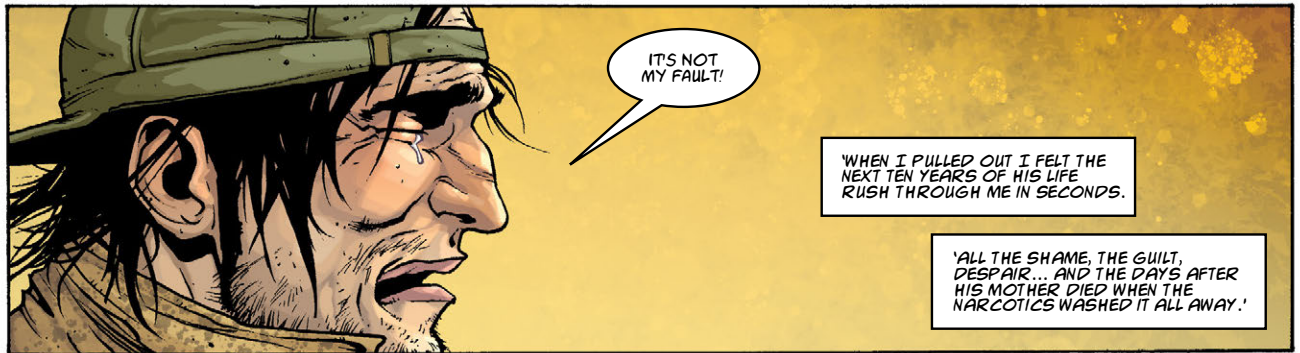
'HE WAS YOUNG... MAYBE TWELVE? MOTHER WAS ILL. THEY HAD WELFARE BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

'HE MADE A FEW EXTRA CREDITS RUNNING ERRANDS FOR POP'S GEN-STORE.



'THEN ONE DAY POP EXPLAINED HOW THE BOY COULD EARN A LITTLE MORE...

'... BUT IT HAD TO STAY A SECRET.'



IT'S NOT MY FAULT!

'WHEN I PULLED OUT I FELT THE NEXT TEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE RUSH THROUGH ME IN SECONDS.

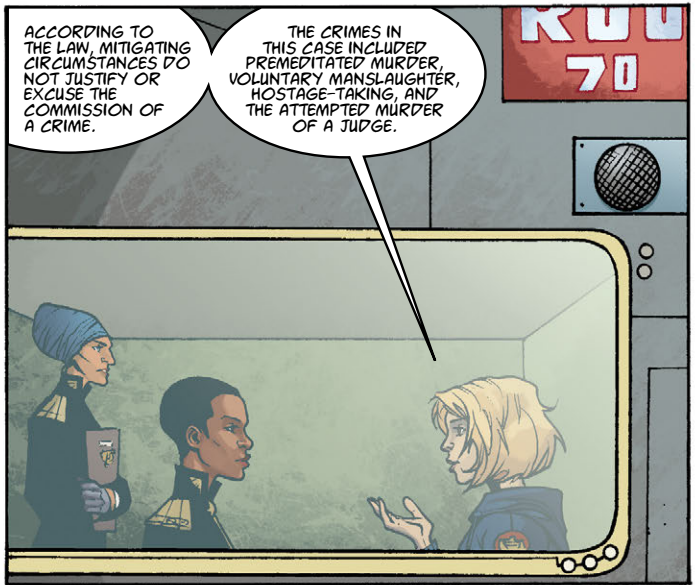
'ALL THE SHAME, THE GUILT, DESPAIR... AND THE DAYS AFTER HIS MOTHER DIED WHEN THE NARCOTICS WASHED IT ALL AWAY.'



ANDERSON —

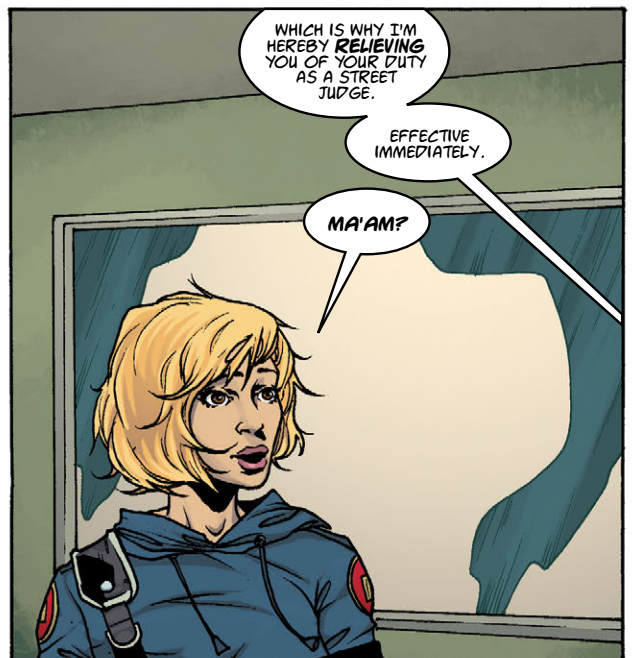
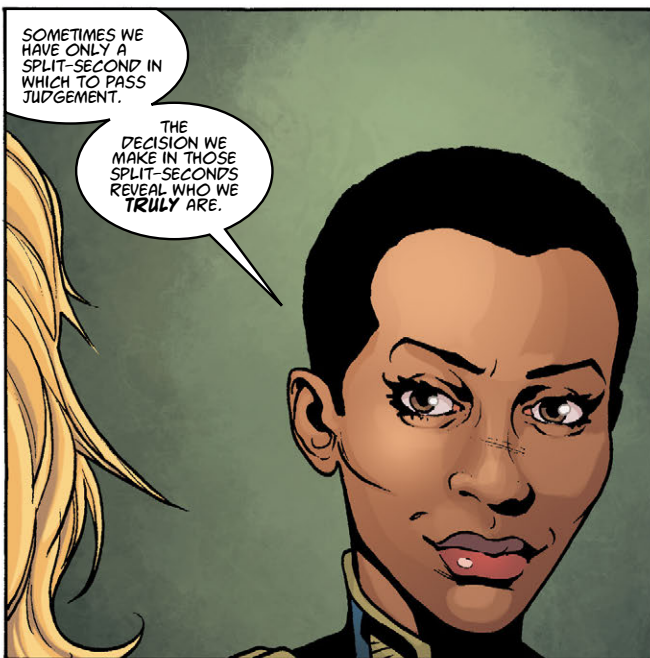
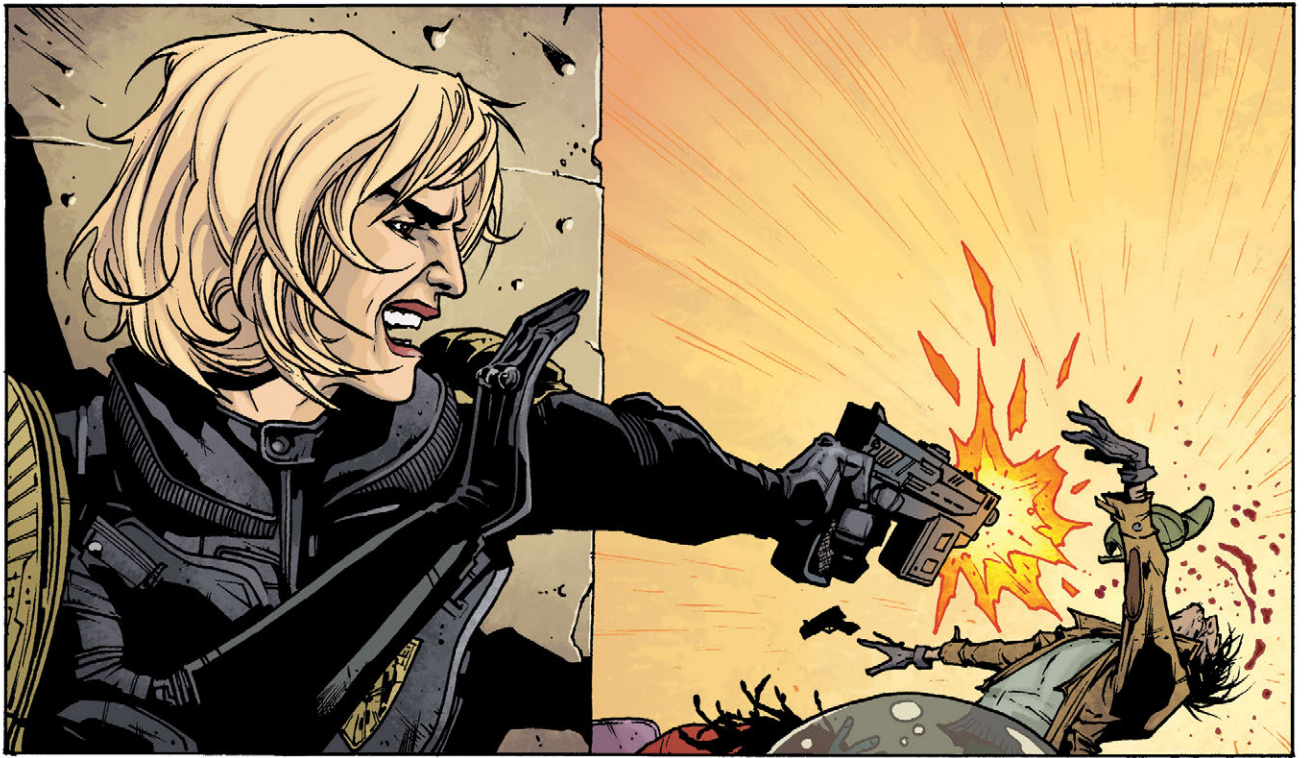
WHAT HE BECAME. IT WASN'T HIS FAULT.

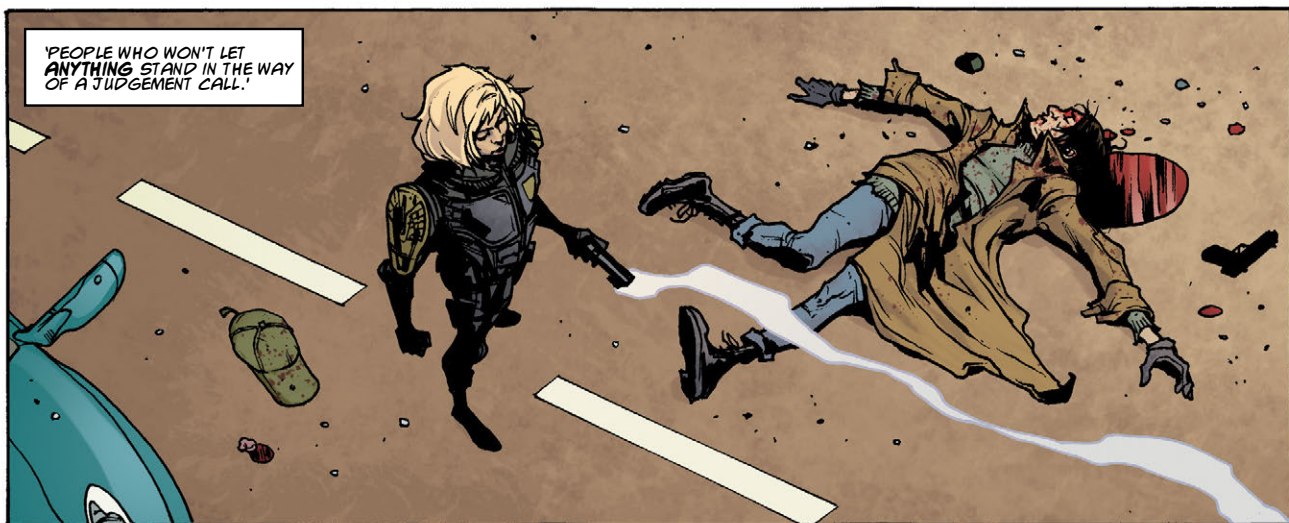
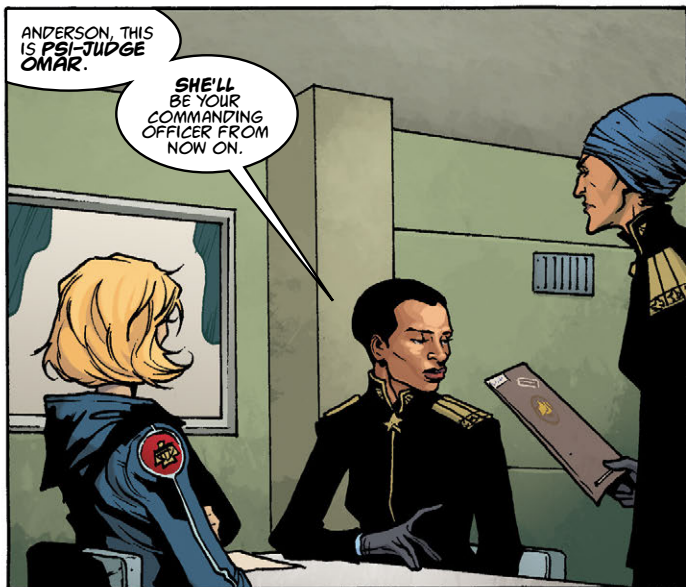
ANDERSON. WHAT WAS YOUR JUDGEMENT?



ACCORDING TO THE LAW, MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES DO NOT JUSTIFY OR EXCUSE THE COMMISSION OF A CRIME.

THE CRIMES IN THIS CASE INCLUDED PREMEDITATED MURDER, VOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER, HOSTAGE-TAKING, AND THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A JUDGE.







GALLERY & ALEC WORLEY SCRIPT

RYAN
BROWN
—15—



*Judge Dredd Magazine 367: Cover by **Ryan Brown***





Judge Dredd Magazine 377: Cover by Dylan Teague



ANDERSON: THE DEEP END

PART 1 Script

PAGE ONE

1.) Introductory shot of Anderson rapid-punching a pair of focus pads held by her combat instructor (early 50s, short but stocky, shaved head and neat chinbeard). We're in an otherwise empty gym.

She's wearing sweat-pants and a Department-issue white vest; he's wearing the same but in black. She's drenched in sweat, the muscles in her arms and shoulders bulging. Her instructor seems troubled.

CAPTION: SOMEBODY ONCE TOLD ME THAT I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT TO BE A JUDGE.

CAP: HE WAS WRONG. TURNS OUT I'M A PASS.

CAP: HE SAID IF I DIDN'T GET KILLED TODAY, IT WAS GOING TO BE TOMORROW, OR IT WAS GOING TO BE THE DAY AFTER THAT.

2.) Closer on Anderson, sweating, teeth gritted, focused on nothing but punching those pads like they're her worst enemy.

CAPTION: FINE BY ME.

CAP: THE ASSESSMENT. DREDD. THAT NIGHT IN PEACH TREES. I SOMEHOW MADE IT OUT OF THAT PLACE ALIVE.

CAP: SO WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M STILL IN THERE? FIGHTING TO GET OUT?

3.) Pull back as her instructor suddenly swerves to one side, letting her punch whoosh past him as he claps her on the back of the head with one of the pads, knocking her to the floor.

CAPTION: IT'S LIKE—

ANDERSON: UNH!

4.) Anderson kneels on the mat, panting, defeated. Her instructor stands over her, calm, hands behind his back.

INSTRUCTOR: YOU'RE THE PSYCHIC, ANDERSON. TELL ME WHAT I'M THINKING...

ANDERSON: HFF... HFF... FOCUS... HFF... STAY... STAY IN THE MOMENT.

INSTRUCTOR: I CAN'T READ YOUR THOUGHTS, BUT THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN THROWING YOURSELF INTO THESE EXTRA SESSIONS YOU'VE REQUESTED TELLS ME YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND.

PAGE TWO

1.) Close on Anderson looking up at him, drenched in sweat, driven by her inner demons.

INSTRUCTOR (off): WHATEVER IT IS, I SUGGEST YOU FIND A BETTER WAY OF DEALING WITH IT.

LINK: NOW STOP STINKING UP MY GYM AND GO HIT THE SHOWERS.

ANDERSON: JUST ONE MORE ROUND, SIR.

2.) Close-up of Anderson's gloved hand chopping the inside of a man's wrist, knocking a switchblade from his hand.

We've now cut from the gym to a street scene.

CAPTION: HE'S RIGHT, OF COURSE. IT'S ALL FOCUS.

CAP: WHEN I DO IT JUST RIGHT, WHEN I FEEL THAT INVISIBLE WORLD SHIVER INTO EXISTENCE...

3.) The chop is followed by a lightning-fast palm-strike to the guy's nose, which pops like a juicy tomato.

CAPTION: THAT'S THE SWEET SPOT.

CAP: THAT'S WHEN I KNOW WHAT SOMEBODY IS THINKING BEFORE THEY EVEN KNOW IT THEMSELVES.

4.) BIG PANEL (lots of dialogue): Pull back into a night-time street scene in the barrio. Anderson's partyboy attacker (20s, scrawny, tattooed, vest and jeans) is on the ground, blood streaming from his busted nose, furious as Anderson kneels on his back and cuffs him. (NOTE: Her badge reads 'Anderson' not 'Psi' as psychics aren't public knowledge in the movie-verse.)

Two of the partyboy's drinking buddies lay nearby, also battered and cuffed; Anderson has whipped their asses too!

In this and the following panels, celebrations for the Day of the Dead are in full swing. The sweltering streets are crowded with youngsters, the guys trying to look cool, the girls wearing marigolds and calavera face-paint. Everyone's out to get loaded or laid.

CAPTION: GOT ASSIGNED A SURVEILLANCE DETAIL ON THE NAVARRO CARTEL CASE. CRUISE THE EASTSIDE BARRIO, SECTOR 9. FOCUS. REPORT WHAT YOU HEAR.

CAP: ANY OTHER TIME IT WOULD BE EASY TO PICK OUT A DEALER OR TWO. BUT TONIGHT EVERYBODY IS ON THE STREET ENJOYING THE HOLIDAY.

PARTYGUY: I'LL K-KICK YOUR ASS, BITCH!

ANDERSON: PUBLIC INTOXICATION. POSSESSION OF A CONCEALED WEAPON. ATTEMPTED ASSAULT OF A JUDGE. FIVE YEARS.

JAG NO TAIL: ANDERSON, DO YOU COPY?

PAGE THREE

1.) Anderson speaks into her fist (like they do in the movie).

ANDERSON: GO AHEAD.

JAG NO TAIL: ASSISTANCE REQUIRED...

2.) ESTABLISHING SHOT: Anderson parks her Lawmaster outside a run-down tenement block (six storeys high with an alleyway either side; see also the rooftop action scene in episode two).

Distant mega-blocks loom like tombstones in the background; whoever lives in this shithole doesn't even get a nice view!

Another Judge is waiting for her by the front door.

CAPTION: 'LANSDALE APARTMENTS, EAST 328. DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE IN PROGRESS.'

3.) Introduce Judge Cardenas (powerfully built Mexican guy; looks even bigger next to petite Anderson). As Anderson approaches he looks unsure of himself as he explains the situation.

ANDERSON: JUDGE ANDERSON, SECTOR 12. RESPONDING TO YOUR 10-16?

CARDENAS: CARDENAS, SECTOR 9. NEIGHBOURS CALLED ABOUT SCREAMS COMING FROM A HAB ON THE TOP FLOOR.

4.) Anderson looks confused.

Cardenas tenses up, looking even more awkward and embarrassed.

CARDENAS: I BROKE IN, FOUND A... HISPANIC MALE, EARLY TWENTIES... UH, I THINK HE WAS HAVING SOME KIND OF A SEIZURE.

ANDERSON: A SEIZURE? THEN WHY CALL ME AND NOT A MED-WAGON?

CARDENAS: THAT'S JUST IT. LOOK, I... I DUNNO HOW TO SAY THIS, BUT... WHEN I FOUND THE GUY HE WAS...

PAGE FOUR

1.) Close-up of Cardenas, spooked, sweating under his helmet.

CARDENAS: HE WAS STANDING IN THE AIR.

CAPTION (after dialogue): I'M REACHING INTO HIM. I CAN SEE WHAT HE THINKS HE SAW.

CAP: I'M SENSING FATIGUE, SLEEP DEPRIVATION. HE KEEPS THINKING OF A STORY HIS GRANDMOTHER TOLD HIM THAT GAVE HIM NIGHTMARES WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY.

2.) Introduce the Landlord (mid-forties, weasel-like Mexican guy in shirt and vest, hair slicked back, thinks of himself as a charmer).

He approaches Anderson, indicating Cardenas to whom he was speaking before she arrived.

LANDLORD: EXCUSE ME, SEÑORITA?

LINK: AS I BEEN TELLING YOUR PARTNER, THE GUY GOING CRAZY UPSTAIRS OWES ME FOURTEEN WEEKS' RENT, Y'KNOW?

LINK: THERE ANY WAY I CAN GET THAT BEFORE YOU ARREST HIM?

3.) Anderson smiles blandly and lets the Landlord talk (all the while reading his mind). The Landlord looks shifty; he's holding something back.

ANDERSON: I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO, CITIZEN. WHAT'S THE TENANT'S NAME?

LANDLORD: AH, SEÑORITA, I HAVE A LOT OF TENANTS, Y'KNOW? I CAN'T REMEMBER EVERYONE'S NAME.

CAPTION (after dialogue): HE CAN. IT'S MIGUEL FERNÁNDEZ. AND THE REASON THE LANDLORD LETS HIM GO FOURTEEN WEEKS WITHOUT PAYING RENT IS BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHO FERNÁNDEZ WORKS FOR: THE NAVARRO CARTEL.

4.) Leaving the Landlord with Cardenas, Anderson enters the apartment block. (From here we start ratcheting up the suspense and claustrophobia as Anderson approaches whatever horror awaits her on the top floor.)

CAPTION: FERNÁNDEZ IS A HALCONE - A LOW-LEVEL DEALER. BUT A GOOD SOURCE OF INTEL IF I CAN GET TO WORK ON HIM.

ANDERSON: I'M GOING UPSTAIRS, CARDENAS. GIVE ME TEN MINUTES.

5.) Anderson ascends the stairs, passing fearful, curious neighbours, including a heartbreakingly dishevelled little girl trying to comfort a screaming baby.

The place is a roach-infested hellhole.

CAPTION: IF I PLAY THIS RIGHT WE MIGHT ACTUALLY STAND A CHANCE OF TAKING DOWN THE CARTEL, OF MAKING A DIFFERENCE.

PAGE FIVE

1.) Small mood-panel of Anderson ascending another flight of stairs, the place looking increasingly dilapidated and menacing.

She passes Day of the Dead decorations on the stairs or on the wall (maybe garlands, paper skeletons or sugar skulls).

NO DIALOGUE

2.) She's reached the landing and is peering up the next set of stairs, starting to get a little spooked.

Someone is speaking to Anderson from a half-open door beside her.

CAPTION: SOUNDS LIKE FERNÁNDEZ HAS GOT SOMEONE UP THERE WITH HIM.

LINK: SO WHY AM I ONLY SENSING A SINGLE PRESENCE...?

SPEAKER: TEN CUIDADO, SEÑORITA!

3.) A tearful old Mexican lady desperately offers Anderson her rosary, imploring, fearful for the young woman's soul.

Anderson ignores the rosary and gently ushers the old lady back indoors.

OLD LADY: ESE CHICO ESTA POSEÍDO POR EL MISMÍSIMO DIABLO!

ANDERSON: CITIZEN, I NEED YOU TO STAY INSIDE AND LOCK YOUR DOOR.

OLD LADY: DEBE TOMAR ESTO! TÓMELO, POR FAVOUR!

4.) The old woman prays into her rosary as she watches Anderson ascend the rest of the stairs.

OLD LADY: SANTA MARÍA, MADRE DE DIOS, RUEGA POR NOSOTROS...

5.) Anderson is on the top-floor landing now, where she finds Miguel's apartment (number 237). The door has been kicked in.

OLD LADY (off): AHORA Y EN LA HORA DE NUESTRA MUERTE. AMÉN.

ANDERSON: MIGUEL FERNÁNDEZ...?

6.) Anderson enters the apartment cautiously, hands in front of her, meaning no harm but ready to take on whatever might come at her.

ANDERSON: MY NAME IS JUDGE ANDERSON.

LINK: I'M COMING IN...

PAGE SIX

1.) Reveal the apartment as Anderson enters.

It's a bachelor pad (living room and adjoining kitchen, doors lead off to bathroom and bedroom) and the place is a darkened mess, like someone had a fight in here.

Anderson is addressing a figure slumped in a corner by the radiator (hold the suspense; don't reveal Miguel just yet)...

LETTERER: If you could do some kind of gnarly bubble and font for Miguel's dialogue throughout that would be ace!

ANDERSON: I'M NOT HERE TO ARREST YOU, CITIZEN.

FIGURE BY THE RADIATOR: HRRRRRR...?

2.) Anderson sees the figure's wrist is shackled to the radiator with a pair of handcuffs. The man's fingertips are smeared with blood.

CAPTION: HE WAS FREE WHEN CARDENAS LEFT HIM. LOOKS LIKE HE CUFFED HIMSELF AND TOSSED THE KEY.

ANDERSON: I'M HERE TO HELP YOU.

FIGURE: INTERESSSSTING...

3.) Okay, NOW we reveal Miguel (slim, early 20s; a seasoned hustler), his clothes are torn and his face and neck are covered with fresh claw marks (hence the bloody fingers).

He grins up at Anderson, a catlike gleam in his eye, like a feral beast waiting to pounce. Is he possessed by a demon? Or is he just crazy?

CAPTION: INJURIES APPEAR SELF-INFLICTED. VOICE SOUNDS MORE LIKE A TORTURED CAT THAN A HUMAN BEING.

CAP: CAN'T SEE EMPTY BOTTLES OR DRUG PARAPHERNALIA. NO SMELL OF ALCOHOL, CHEMS OR VOMIT. A KOOK CASE?

MIGUEL: WRONG NUMBERRR!

4.) Close on Anderson, struggling to read Miguel's mind, her psi-sense shimmering around her head.

CAPTION: STRANGE. HIS THOUGHTS SLIP PAST ME LIKE FISH, TOO FAST FOR ME TO CATCH.

CAP: ALL I CAN FEEL IS TERROR... BUT HE'S LUCID, LIKE HE'S SUPPRESSING IT SOMEHOW.

5.) Closer on Anderson, fearful.

CAPTION: THAT FEAR FEELS... FAMILIAR.

CAP: LIKE BEING TRAPPED, HELPLESS, KNOWING SOMETHING WORSE THAN DEATH IS WAITING FOR YOU...

PAGE SEVEN

1.) Pull back as Anderson gets a grip on herself and surveys the room.

CAP: FOCUS, ANDERSON. THERE'S MORE GOING ON HERE. SOMETHING THAT CONNECTS TO THE CARTEL.

CAP: I NEED FACTS IF I'M GOING TO FIND MY WAY THROUGH FERNÁNDEZ'S HEAD. SO WHAT HAVE WE GOT?

2.) In the bedroom, she sees a gym-bag stuffed with shirts and underwear.

CAPTION: ITEM: BAG FULL OF SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR. LOOKS LIKE HE WAS GOING SOMEWHERE.

3.) Back in the living room, there's a small picture of Christ on the mantelpiece, the frame draped with a rosary.

This is flanked by a small figurine of the Virgin, and a couple of tealight-type candles.

CAPTION: ITEM: A GOOD CATHOLIC BOY.

4.) Curious, Anderson dabs at one of the candles.

CAPTION: THE CANDLEWAX IS STILL SOFT.

CAP: SO WHAT MAKES A DRUG DEALER STAY HOME AND PRAY ON A NIGHT WHEN EVERYONE IN THE BARRIO IS ON THE STREETS LOOKING TO BUY?

5.) Anderson looks back at Miguel; she's deep in thought.

CAPTION: FEAR. BUT FEAR OF WHAT?

CAP: HIS EMPLOYERS? THE LAST DEALER WHO OFFENDED THE CARTEL GOT HIS HEAD SAWN OFF ON CAMERA.

6.) Miguel stares back at her, eyes gleaming, curious.

CAPTION: SO WHAT MIGHT FERNÁNDEZ HAVE DONE TO UPSET THEM?

CAP: I HAVE A HUNCH...

MIGUEL: WRONG NUMBERRR...

PAGE EIGHT

1.) Anderson has pulled open an air vent in the wall and is feeling about inside the cavity.

CAPTION: WHATEVER HE'S EARNING IT CAN'T BE MUCH IF HE'S LIVING IN THIS RATHOLE.

CAP: START WITH THE OBVIOUS HIDING SPOTS. AIR VENTS...

2.) Now she's searching the icebox of the small fridge in the kitchen.

CAPTION: ICEBOX.

3.) Close-up of a frozen block of banknotes, which Anderson has discovered hidden inside a ready-meal packet marked 'E-Z SYNTHETTI BOLOGNESE'.

CAPTION: LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT. FERNÁNDEZ HAS BEEN SKIMMING HIS DEALS.

CAP: MUST HAVE KNOWN THE CARTEL WERE ON TO HIM.

4.) Miguel grins from across the room, a sinister gleam in his eyes. (If possible, get the altar on the mantelpiece in shot as well.)

CAPTION: HE KNEW MAKING A RUN FOR IT WOULD BE A LONG-SHOT... AND A HAIL MARY PASS COULD ALWAYS USE AN EXTRA HAIL MARY, RIGHT?

CAP: PRAYING MUST HAVE TRIGGERED HIS MENTAL BREAKDOWN SOMEHOW. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED...

MIGUEL: HEHEHEHEHE...

5.) Close on Anderson, frustrated.

MIGUEL (off): HE GOT THE WRONG NUMBER!

PAGE NINE

1.) Pull back as Anderson speaks into her fist, annoyed.

Miguel leers at her; give a clear outline of her body so we get a sense of what he's leering at.

CAPTION: WHATEVER. THE SOONER WE GET HIM OUT OF HERE THE BETTER.

ANDERSON: ANDERSON TO CONTROL. REQUESTING MED-WAGON TO LANSDALE APARTMENTS, HAB 237. PICKING UP MIGUEL FERNÁNDEZ, KOOK CASE FOR PSI-INTERROGATION ON SUSPICION OF DRUG TRAFFICKING.

MIGUEL: I LIKE HER BODY. BETTER THAN YOURRRRS.

2.) Close on Anderson, startled; Miguel's words have struck a nerve.

JAG NO TAIL: COPY THAT, ANDERSON. MED-WAGON INBOUND.

MIGUEL (off): FIRM AS A PEACH, FRESH FROM THE TREEEEEE...

3.) Anderson turns to Miguel, angry.

ANDERSON: WHAT DID YOU SAY?

CAPTION: THERE'S A VOICE IN MY HEAD. CAN'T TELL IF IT'S MINE OR HIS.

4.) Close on Miguel, grinning to himself.

CAPTION: IT'S DESCRIBING WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS CAPTURED IN PEACH TREES.

CAP: THE PERPS SHOVING ME DOWN THE CORRIDOR. THE EMPTY HOLSTER AT MY SIDE. THE DOG **SNAPPING** AT MY LEGS.

MIGUEL: THAAAAT'S IT...

5.) Close on Anderson, truly scared.

CAPTION: THE STINK OF THEIR SWEAT. THE THREATS AND PROMISES.

CAP: I WAS LUCKY THAT DAY. BUT WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW OR THE DAY AFTER THAT...?

PAGE TEN

1.) Meanwhile, in the street below, Judge Cardenas is still arguing with the landlord by the front door.

Cardenas has his back to the road; a vehicle has just pulled up behind him.

LANDLORD: BUT JUDGE--

CARDENAS: CITIZEN, I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU AGAIN. WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN.

2.) Close on the Landlord, terrified as he yells at someone behind Cardenas.

CARDENAS: NOW FOR THE LAST TIME, MOVE ALONG BEFORE I HAVE TO--

LANDLORD: MADRE DE DIOS!

3.) REVEAL: The Landlord flees as Cardenas turns to look behind him.

He sees a gleaming SUV full of cartel thugs pointing an assortment of military-grade firearms at him. (The thugs are mid-twenties, baseball caps, balaclavas, t-shirts, jeans, check shirts; NO body armour.)

Foremost among the thugs is the biggest and meanest, who wears a skull-face bandana over the lower-half of his face. (He appears later, so we'll call him SKULL-FACE.) He's pointing a pump-action shotgun at Cardenas' head.

CARDENAS: HUH?

4.) Back upstairs, Anderson snaps out of her trance, awakened by the gunshot in the street below. Miguel is wild and frantic.

SFX (from outside): BDAM!

ANDERSON: CARDENAS!

MIGUEL: THEY'RE COOOOMING!

5.) Skull-Face and his crew storm through the front door, as the residents flee for cover (include that little girl and the baby among these if you can).

CAPTION (Miguel): 'THEY'RRRE COMING FOR US BOTH!'

DTP: NEXT ISSUE: DANCING WITH THE DEAD!

ARTHUR WYATT

Arthur Wyatt's writing for *2000 AD* and the *Megazine* includes *The Streets of Dan Francisco*, *Samizdat Squad* and *Orlok: Agent of East Meg One*, as well as numerous one-offs stories. Raised in the flatlands of Bedfordshire he now resides in America's mountainous Pacific Northwest with his wife and two daughters. He spends far more time discussing kittens and ponies than you would expect.

ALEC WORLEY

Alec Worley was a burger-flipper, a projectionist and a film critic before completing his *Future Shock* apprenticeship for *2000 AD* and creating two original series: *Age of the Wolf* (with Jon Davis-Hunt) and *Dandridge* (with Warren Pleece). He's also written *Judge Dredd*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Tharg's 3rillers* and *Tales From The Black Museum*, as well as *Judge Dredd* short stories and a novella, *Judge Anderson: Heartbreaker*.

BEN WILLsher

Ben Willsher got his break in comics in the ground-breaking *Deadline* magazine (home of *Tank Girl*), before being stolen by the world of computer games, where he has worked as an Art Director for many years. However, the lure of Comics was too strong and he came back to *2000 AD* and has drawn *Future Shocks*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Tharg's Terror Tales*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Damnation Station*, but he is probably best known for his work on *Judge Dredd*. As well as reviving the uber cool grifter *Lenny Zero*, with original creator Andy Diggle, Willsher has worked on a movie Dreddverse strip titled *Dust*.

Beyond his accomplishments in the world of comics he has also worked in film, television and the music industry, and is heavily involved in the World of *Doctor Who*, where he has illustrated work for the Time Lord luminaries such as Russell T Davies, Mark Gatiss, and comic giant Neil Gaiman.

PAUL DAVIDSON

Paul Davidson is an illustrator and comic book artist from the north east of England. A professional artist for over 25 years working with publishers from around the world. After a brief stint drawing comics in the 90's Paul spent 9 years as a storyboard/concept artist in the video games industry. In 2008 Marvel lured him back into sequential art, drawing books like *The New Mutants* and *X-Men: Legacy*. He's currently fulfilling a childhood dream of working for the Galaxy's greatest comic, drawing *Judge Dredd*.



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