

JUDGE DREDD

The cover features a woman with long, dark, wavy hair and a shocked expression, looking directly at the viewer. She is holding a large, green, dual-barreled futuristic weapon. She wears a blue, short-sleeved shirt that is torn and stained with blood. The background is a stylized American flag with red and white vertical stripes on the left and a blue field with white stars on the right. In the background, to the right, is a golden, armored figure of Judge Dredd. The overall style is a detailed comic book illustration with a gritty, dramatic feel.

AMERICA

JOHN WAGNER ★ COLIN MACNEIL



JUDGE DREDD

AMERICA

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

AMERICA

JOHN WAGNER

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COLIN MACNEIL

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INTRODUCTION

Managing editor Steve MacManus caught me with a hard right hook as I entered his office. I crashed against the wall. He was on me before I could slump to the floor, his face locked in a rictus of anger, and in his hand the dull glint of a Luger P08 semi-automatic pistol, a souvenir from his days on *Battle Picture Weekly*.

“Your lead story for the *Megazine* is about as exciting as my granny!” Uh-oh, I thought. I could take a punch but no freelance likes rejection. The barrel of Steve’s luger was pressing deep enough in my ear to give me a wax job. “You’ve got twenty-four hours to turn it round or you’re a freakin’ statistic – get me?”

Perhaps not quite the way it happened but if a comic writer can’t fantasise a little, who can? It was 1990. With the Judge Dredd movie due out soon, there was no better time to launch the future lawman’s own title – the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. ‘Megazine’ was Steve’s word. I didn’t care for it much at first, but it grew. Like a lot of things – Dredd’s uniform, for instance, way back all those years ago when I first saw Carlos’s sketches.

The ‘Meg’ was to take a more in depth, adult approach to Dredd and his world, and the lead story had to crystallise that, to set the tone for the whole comic.

I was called ‘consultant’ but initially I was working on the project full time. I didn’t particularly like it; it reminded me how hard editorial was and why I gave it up for the easier life of a freelance. In addition I was writing ‘Young Death – Boyhood of a Superfiend’, ‘Al’s Baby’ and this story.

I seldom work a plot out in great detail. I like to have a fair idea of where a story’s heading and a few interesting elements that occur along the way, but at the same time am more than willing to abandon all preconceptions and veer off in whatever direction plot developments or characters dictate. Let them take me where they will. I feel it makes the story more spontaneous (others might just call it lazy).

This story was different. This time I had to nail it down

tight. There was no room for error. I tried to gather together all my thoughts about Judge Dredd, as if everything I and former co-writer Alan Grant and many others had done was a build up to this one tale. What would it really be like to live in Dredd’s monster city? A broad sweep, from birth to death in the Mega-City – the bizarre, claustrophobic, often chilling view from Joe Citizen. But at the same time Joe Dredd had to have his say as well. Hero or villain – which was he?

Getting there was, as usual, a struggle, but once I had the title – once I knew who and what America was – the story started to put itself together without a lot of pushing and prodding from me. That’s when you know it’s working.

Carlos Ezquerro was the obvious choice on art, he was Dredd’s creator. But – selfishly – I needed him on *Al’s Baby*. We were breaking new ground there and Carlos was – and still is – the best character creator I know. He was also happiest and in my opinion at his best when working on something new.

Instead the art duties went to Colin MacNeil. His work on a recent series had been so exceptional that he was an obvious choice.

Colin didn’t disappoint. His first pages were knock-me-down good. He’d captured the flavour of the story, of the city, with some of the best painted art I’d seen. The result you can see and enjoy on the following pages.

This volume also contains two sequels. Some felt ‘Fading of the Light’ was a story too far, that it should have ended with ‘America’. I admit to some second thoughts myself, but in the main I’m pleased with where we are -- because ‘Fading of the Light’ begat ‘Cadet’, and I like the way things have turned out.

Not that I planned it that way. The characters took over, you see, and took me where they would. And now a whole new range of possibilities has opened up.

John Wagner



AMERICA

Script: John Wagner

Art: Colin MacNeil

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 1.01-1.07



WHERE DO I STAND?

I'LL TELL YOU
WHERE I STAND.

I STAND FOUR-SQUARE FOR
JUSTICE. I STAND FOR
DISCIPLINE, GOOD ORDER
AND THE RIGID APPLICATION
OF THE LAW — AND GRUD
HELP ANY LIMP-WRIST
LIBERALS WHO SAY
DIFFERENT.

THE PEOPLE, THEY KNOW
WHERE I STAND. THEY
NEED RULES TO LIVE BY
— I PROVIDE THEM.
THEY BREAK THE RULES,
I BREAK THEM. THAT'S
THE WAY IT WORKS.

THE PEOPLE LIKE IT
THAT WAY. THEY NEED
TO KNOW WHERE
THEY STAND.

RIGHTS?

SURE. I'M ALL FOR
RIGHTS. BUT NOT
AT THE EXPENSE
OF ORDER.

THAT'S WHY I LIKE TO
SEE THAT STATUE OF
JUDGEMENT STANDING
THERE, TOWERING
OVER LIBERTY.

KIND OF A SYMBOL.

JUSTICE HAS A PRICE.

THE PRICE IS FREEDOM.



THIS IS A LOVE STORY.



I'M GOING TO
TELL YOU HOW
I LOVED A
WOMAN...
LOVED HER FROM
THE FIRST
MOMENT I CAN
REMEMBER —
LOVE HER
STILL, THOUGH
THE SPARK THAT
ANIMATED HER
HAS LONG
SINCE BEEN
CRUSHED OUT.



AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW I
BETRAYED HER — AND
WHEN I'VE FINISHED
YOU'LL DESPISE ME FOR
WHAT I DID.



I WAS FOOLISH THEN. I DIDN'T—OR WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND...

BUT I'M NOT TRYING TO EXCUSE MYSELF. PLEASE, HATE AWAY. I DESERVE IT.



THOUGH WHETHER ANY MAN DESERVES THE PUNISHMENT I INFLICTED ON MYSELF... ONLY YOU CAN JUDGE.



AMERICA.

TODAY HER EYES STARE BACK AT ME, SAD AND EMPTY... NO TRACE NOW OF THE FIRE THAT ONCE BURNED SO FIERCE IN THEM.



BUT I REMEMBER AMERICA.



I WAS THERE. FROM FIRST TO LAST, FROM THE MOMENT SHE CAME HOWLING INTO THIS SICK WORLD...

I WAS THERE, AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY...

MADRE GRODDO—!!

PUSH, ALVIRA!



ALMOST THERE! ONE MORE TIME!

SHE'S COMIN'!







I CAN'T
REMEMBER
WHEN I
FIRST
BECAME
AWARE OF
THE JUDGES.



I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE
THEY WERE ALWAYS THERE,
A DARK PRESENCE IN THE
BACKGROUND OF OUR LIVES
—AS MUCH A PART OF
GROWING UP AS THE AIR
THAT WE BREATHED AND
THE STREETS THAT WE
PLAYED ON.



WHEREVER WE WENT
THEY WERE THERE.
WATCHING. ALWAYS
WATCHING.

THEY COULD FIX YOU
WITH A SPECIAL
KIND OF STARE, LIKE
THEY COULD LOOK
RIGHT INTO YOUR SOUL.



DULTS, THEY'D TELL US
THE JUDGES WERE
THERE FOR OUR GOOD,
TO PROTECT US AND
MAKE OUR STREETS
SAFE.



BUT WE'D HEAR THE
TREMOR IN THEIR
VOICES WHEN THEY
TALKED ABOUT THEM
AND SEE THEIR
FURTIVE EXPRESSIONS
WHenever A JUDGE
CAUGHT THEIR EYE —
AND WE'D KNOW
THEY WERE AFRAID.



AND AT NIGHT
MOTHERS WOULD
TUCK US IN WITH
DIRE WARNINGS—
SLEEP OR THE
JUDGES WOULD
COME FOR US.





SO WE DIDN'T
NEED GHOSTS
OR GOBLINS OR
VAMPIRES. WE
HAD THE JUDGES.

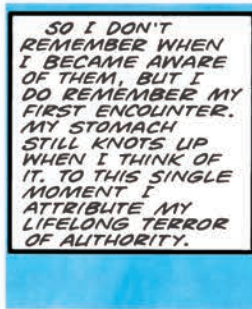


AND
THEY
WERE
WORSE.



WE KNEW THEY
DID EXIST.

AND THERE WAS A
STRONG POSSIBILITY
THEY WOULD COME
FOR US.



SO I DON'T
REMEMBER WHEN
I BECAME AWARE
OF THEM, BUT I
DO REMEMBER MY
FIRST ENCOUNTER.
MY STOMACH
STILL KNOTS UP
WHEN I THINK OF
IT. TO THIS SINGLE
MOMENT I
ATTRIBUTE MY
LIFELONG TERROR
OF AUTHORITY.



NAME?



B-BENNETT
BEENY, SIR.
APARTMENT
41-30, FRED
NIETZSCHE.



BEEN
FIGHTING,
SON?

Y-YES,
SIR...

YOU LIKE
FIGHTING?

N-N-NO,
SIR...



WE'VE GOT PLACES WE
PUT BOYS WHO FIGHT. YOU
WANT TO GO TO THE JUVE
CUBES, SON?

N-NO,
SIR...

LOCKED
UP, ALL BY
YOURSELF—

N-NO!



BY GRUD,
IF I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A
TROUBLEMAKER--

ARE YOU
A TROUBLE-
MAKER,
SON?

N-N-NO!
PLEASE--!
I'M NOT A
TROUBLE-
MAKER!



P-PLEASE
D-DON'T SEND
ME TO THE
JUVE CUBES!
I'M SORRY!
I'LL N-N-NEVER
FIGHT AGAIN!
I PROMISE!
PLEASE...



LEAVE HIM
ALONE! HE
HASN'T DONE
ANYTHING!

SOME BAD
BOYS BEAT HIM
UP AND BROKE
HIS GITTER! IT'S
THEM YOU SHOULD
BE CHASING, NOT
MAKING BENNY
CRY!



WELL, WELL.
WORD FROM
THE PEANUT
GALLERY.

YOU WANT
TO WATCH THAT
LIP, KID. IT'LL
LAND YOU IN
TROUBLE.

NAME?

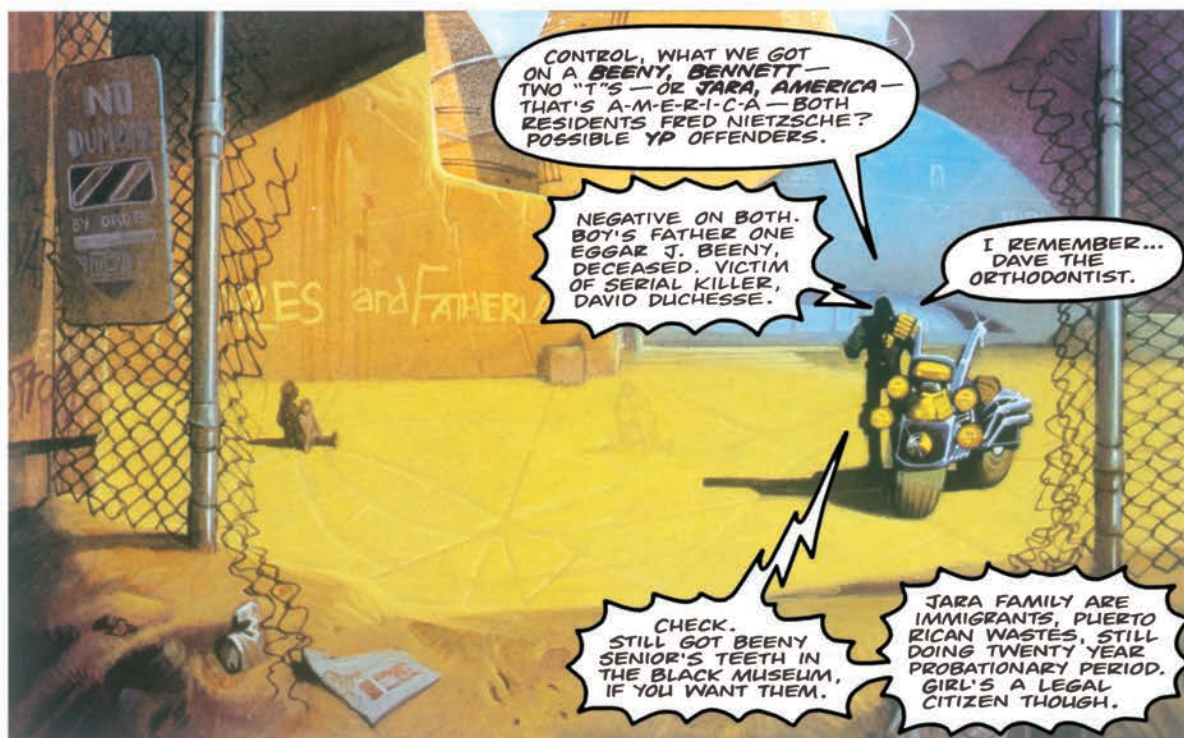


MY NAME IS
AMERICA JARA. I
LIVE AT APARTMENT
4-1-31, FRED
NIETZSCHE BLOCK—
AND I CAN SAY
WHAT I LIKE 'COS
MY DAD SAYS THIS
IS AMERICA AND
IT'S A FREE
COUNTRY.



YEAH? WHAT
CENTURY'S HE
LIVING IN?

THIS AIN'T
AMERICA ANYMORE,
KID. THIS IS MEGA-
CITY ONE—AND YOU
AND YOUR OLD MAN
HAVE GOT A LOT
TO LEARN.



CONTROL, WHAT WE GOT
ON A BEENY, BENNETT—
TWO "T'S—OR JARA, AMERICA—
THAT'S A-M-E-R-I-C-A—BOTH
RESIDENTS FRED NIETZSCHE?
POSSIBLE YP OFFENDERS.

NEGATIVE ON BOTH.
BOY'S FATHER ONE
EGGAR J. BEENY,
DECEASED. VICTIM
OF SERIAL KILLER,
DAVID DUCHESS.

I REMEMBER...
DAVE THE
ORTHODONTIST.

CHECK.
STILL GOT BEENY
SENIOR'S TEETH IN
THE BLACK MUSEUM,
IF YOU WANT THEM.

JARA FAMILY ARE
IMMIGRANTS, PUERTO
RICAN WASTES, STILL
DOING TWENTY YEAR
PROBATIONARY PERIOD.
GIRL'S A LEGAL
CITIZEN THOUGH.



IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT EVERY CRIMINAL, EVERY SINGLE PERP THERE EVER WAS, STARTED OUT AS A JUVIE. THAT'S WHERE TO CATCH THE PROBLEM.

PUT THE FEAR OF GRUD INTO THEM RIGHT FROM THE START.



I LIKE TO GIVE THEM THE STARE — A LONG, HARD LOOK —

A LOOK THAT SAYS: I KNOW YOU, JUVIE. I'M KEEPING A SPECIAL EYE ON YOU.

MAKE ONE WRONG MOVE AND I'LL BE THERE.

YES, GIVE ME THE JUVIE AT FIVE AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE MODEL CITIZEN —

— OR ONE WHO THINKS LONG AND HARD BEFORE HE STEPS OVER THE LINE.



Thomas Jefferson 1743 -1826



LIFE - LIBERTY - THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS - THESE THREE GREAT PRINCIPLES UPON WHICH OUR ANCIENT NATION WAS FOUNDED.

LIFE: LIBERTY: PURSUIT OF I

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M SORRY, AMERICA--?

WHERE'S LIBERTY GONE?

I MEAN, YOU DROP A PIECE OF LITTER AND THE JUDGES CAN LOCK YOU UP FOR IT. JAYWALK AND IT'S PRACTICALLY A CAPITAL OFFENCE.

SHE'S OFF AGAIN--!

SHUT UP, GOBBER!

THEY CAN BREAK INTO YOUR HOME ANY TIME THEY LIKE. THEY CAN BEAT YOU UP AND TORTURE YOU--

COME NOW, I THINK YOU'RE EXAGGERATING

--AND GRUD HELP YOU IF YOUR GENETIC CODE DOESN'T MATCH UP TO THEIR HIGH STANDARDS! THEY CALL YOU MUTIE AND BOOT YOU OUT OF THE CITY!

THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. THERE'S A PERFECTLY GOOD REASON FOR EVERYTHING.

AND HAPPINESS-- THERE'S A JOKE! LOOK AROUND YOU! YOU SEE ANY HAPPY FACES?

SO MUCH FOR LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS!

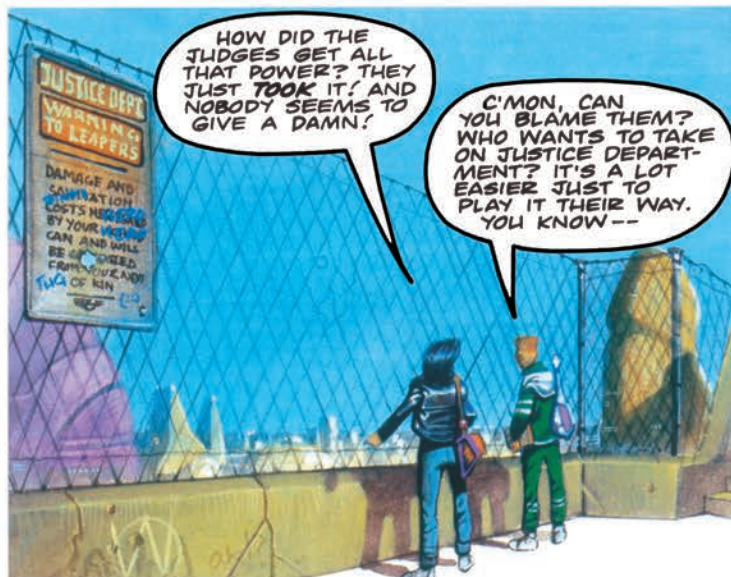
I'M HAPPY, MAN.

YEAH, 'COS YOU'RE DRUNK.

AT LEAST WE'RE STILL ALIVE, AMERICA. ONE OUT OF THREE'S NOT BAD.



IT MAKES ME SO MAD, BENNY!

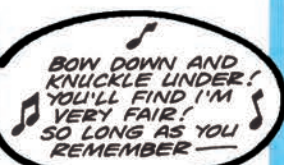


HOW DID THE JUDGES GET ALL THAT POWER? THEY JUST **TOOK** IT! AND NOBODY SEEMS TO GIVE A DAMN!

C'MON, CAN YOU BLAME THEM? WHO WANTS TO TAKE ON JUSTICE DEPARTMENT? IT'S A LOT EASIER JUST TO PLAY IT THEIR WAY. YOU KNOW--



I'M A MEAN OLD JUDGE. MY NAME IS DREDD. DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD OR I'LL BUST YOUR HEAD! DON'T TALK OF FREEDOM. FREEDOM IS FOR FOOLS. YOU'LL DO MUCH BETTER TO OBEY THESE RULES—



BOW DOWN AND KNUCKLE UNDER! YOU'LL FIND I'M VERY FAIR! SO LONG AS YOU REMEMBER—

JUST PLANT YOUR LIPS RIGHT THERE!



SHE LAUGHED. I CAN PICTURE HER STILL, HER FACE ALL AGLOW. HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE WAS.

DID YOU JUST MAKE THAT UP?



SHE LAUGHED SO LITTLE THOSE DAYS. LIFE WAS ALWAYS SO SERIOUS.

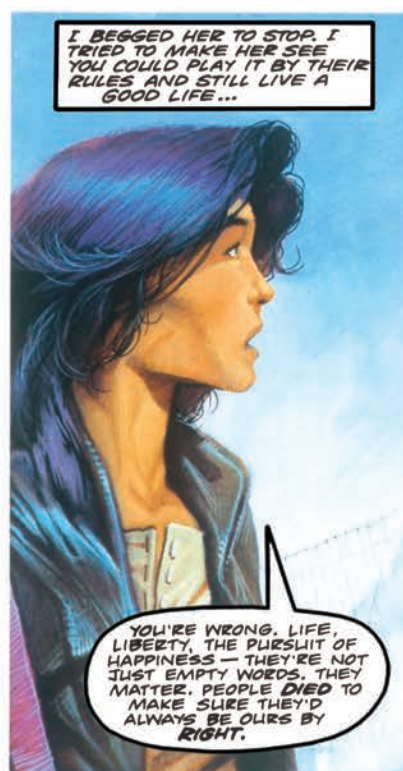
YOU'RE A NATURAL COMIC, BENNY. YOU'VE GOT A REAL TALENT FOR IT...

I JUST WISH I COULD SEE THE FUNNY SIDE OF IT...



DON'T YOU SEE, PEOPLE CAME TO AMERICA TO **ESCAPE** FROM TYRANNY, TO BE FREE, TO HAVE THE RIGHT TO DECIDE FOR THEMSELVES HOW THEY WANTED TO LIVE.

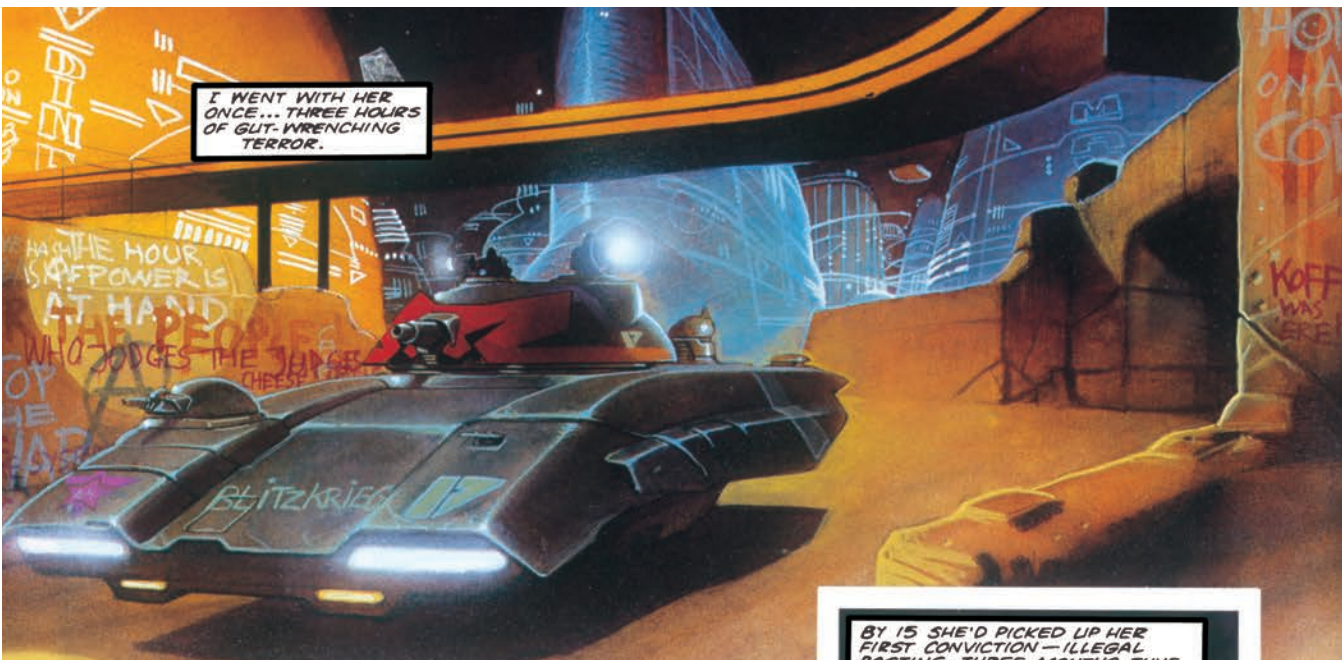
THE JUDGES HAVE TAKEN ALL THAT AWAY FROM US AND NOTHING WILL EVER CHANGE UNLESS WE'RE PREPARED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT—STAND UP AND TELL THEM TO KEEP THE HELL OUT OF OUR LIVES!



HOW I LOVED HER, WANTED TO PROTECT HER, TO SAVE HER FROM THE DANGER SHE WAS RUSHING HEADLONG INTO.



I WENT WITH HER
ONCE... THREE HOURS
OF GUT-WRENCHING
TERROR.



SHE NEVER
ASKED ME
TO GO AGAIN,
AND I WAS
GRATEFUL.



BY 15 SHE'D PICKED UP HER
FIRST CONVICTION—ILLEGAL
POSTING. THREE MONTHS JUVIE
CLUBS PLUS MANDATORY REHAB.
SHE WAS STARTING TO BE A
MARKED TROUBLEMAKER.



SHE'D COME OUT
OF THE CLOSET,
HANGING ROUND
WITH ALL THE
DEMMY CROWD
AND FLAUNTING
DEM STICKERS
ON HER BAG.

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY
CHILDHOOD ENDED. AMI AND I
WERE DRIFTING APART. I
WATCHED IT HAPPENING,
HATING IT, POWERLESS TO
PREVENT IT.

OH, AMI, COWARD THAT I AM I'D HAVE JOINED
THE DAMNED DEMS IF IT MEANT I COULD HAVE
HAD YOU. I'D HAVE MARCHED WITH YOU AND
FOUGHT WITH YOU AND DIED WITH YOU...



YET PART OF ME ALWAYS KNEW
IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, A FOOL'S
DREAM. SHE WAS LIGHT AND FIRE
AND LIGHTNING. AND ME—JUST
DULL OLD BENNY BEENY.

THE FLAME THAT
BURNED IN AMERICA
WAS TOO BRIGHT
FOR ME EVER TO
HOLD.

I'D SEE HER TURNING HEADS AS WE PASSED, TALL AND PROUD AND SELF-CONFIDENT IN HER GROWING WOMANHOOD — FEELING STRANGELY PRIVILEGED TO BE WITH HER, TO BE SHARING HER SPACE, SHARING THE SAME PLANET.



I'D WATCH HER WITH HER NEW FRIENDS, FEELING FOR THE FIRST TIME LIKE AN OUTSIDER.

LOVING HER, LONGING FOR HER.

AND TOO AFRAID TO TELL HER.



KNOWING WHAT HER ANSWER WOULD BE.

HOPE ENDED TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE GRADUATION BOP...

I'M SORRY, BENNY — I ALREADY SAID I'D GO WITH DOODY.

DOODY MANSON? JEEZ, AMI! HE'S HEAVY IN WITH THE DEMOCRATS! HELL, THE GUY'S ALREADY SPENT HALF HIS LIFE IN JUVIE REHAB!

THEN IT ALL CAME POURING OUT, DUMB WORD STUMBLING AFTER DUMB WORD — AND ALL THE TIME I COULD SEE THE ANSWER WRITTEN ON HER FACE.



IF I SAID NOTHING, AT LEAST THERE WAS ALWAYS HOPE...

HE'S NO GOOD FOR YOU — HE'S TROUBLE! I'M THE ONE. I LOVE YOU.

OH, BENNY... I LOVE YOU TOO, BUT... NOT THAT WAY...



I KNOW. LIKE A BROTHER, HUH?

WELL, AMI, I GOTTA GO.

BENNY...



BENNY!



I DO LOVE YOU, HONEST I DO.

PLEASE DON'T CRY...



OH, BENNY.



I WENT TO THE
BOP. ALONE.



I HAD TO ADMIT,
AMI AND DOODY
LOOKED GOOD
TOGETHER.



THEY ASKED ME
TO SING A
COUPLE OF MY
COMEDY SONGS.
I DID "THE
GEEK WHO ATE
MY KNEEPAD"
AND "THE
LIMPT MAN."



EVERYBODY
LAUGHED.

EXCEPT THE
COMEDIAN.



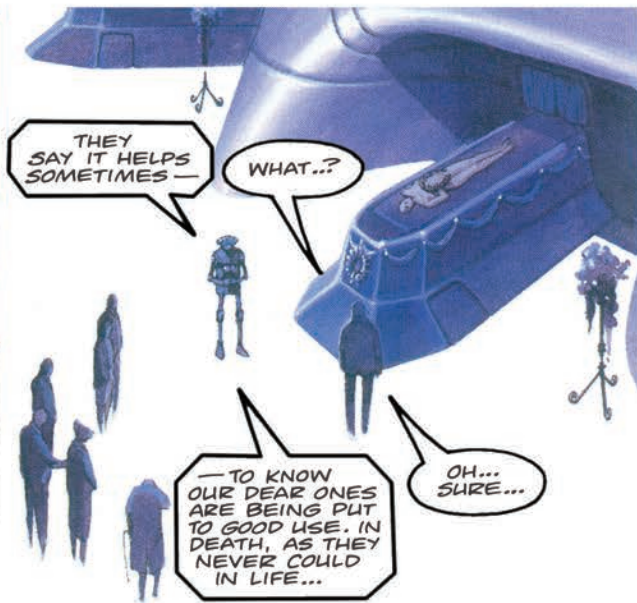
AMI WENT AWAY TO WEST SECTOR
LI — POLITICS. DOODY WENT TOO.
SHE PROMISED SHE'D WRITE
REGULARLY AND SHE DID. SHE
TOLD ME SHE AND DOODY WERE
SHARING A STUDEHAB.

THERE'S HARDLY
ROOM FOR ONE
IN A STUDEHAB. I
DIDN'T WANT TO
KNOW ANY MORE.



MY MOM DIED. TERMINAL BOREDOM, THEY SAID. AMI COULDN'T MAKE IT TO RESYK— SOME STUDE PROTEST.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HER ON THE BELT?



THEY SAY IT HELPS SOMETIMES —

WHAT...?

— TO KNOW OUR DEAR ONES ARE BEING PUT TO GOOD USE. IN DEATH, AS THEY NEVER COULD IN LIFE...

OH... SURE...



LIFE SHE EES SAD, EH, BENNY?

WHAT YOU GONNA DO NOW?



I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME SUCCESS WITH MY MUSIC.

AH, YES, SI! WE HEAR! YOU GONNA BE THE BEEG STAR, EH? MRS BEENY'S LEETLE BOY GONNA MAKE EET BEEG.

YOUR MOMMA, SHE BE PROUD OF YOU.



ME, I NO' HAPPY HERE. EES NO WHAT I THEENK.

"HEY, YOU, PICK UP THAT PAPER— HEY, YOU, STOP STANDING THERE— HEY, YOU, UP AGAINST THE WALL!"

NO DO ANYTHING— NO WORK— TAKE ONE STEP OUT OF LINE AN' BANG! YOU DEAD!



I WEESH WE NEVER COME... EES NO' THE GREAT DREAM PLACE — EES NO AMERICA NO MORE.



I'M WORRIED ABOUT HER, BENNY. SHE NO COME HOME NO MORE — SHE EEN BEEG WITH THESE DEMOCRATS. AN' THAT DOOD GUY—!

NO GOOD GONNA COME OF EET, BOT WHAT CAN YOU DO? AMERICA, SHE GONNA DO WHAT SHE LIKE, WHAT-EVER YOU SAY...

YES...

I WROTE TO HER THAT NIGHT.
I STILL HAVE THE LETTER.
SHE'D KEPT IT.

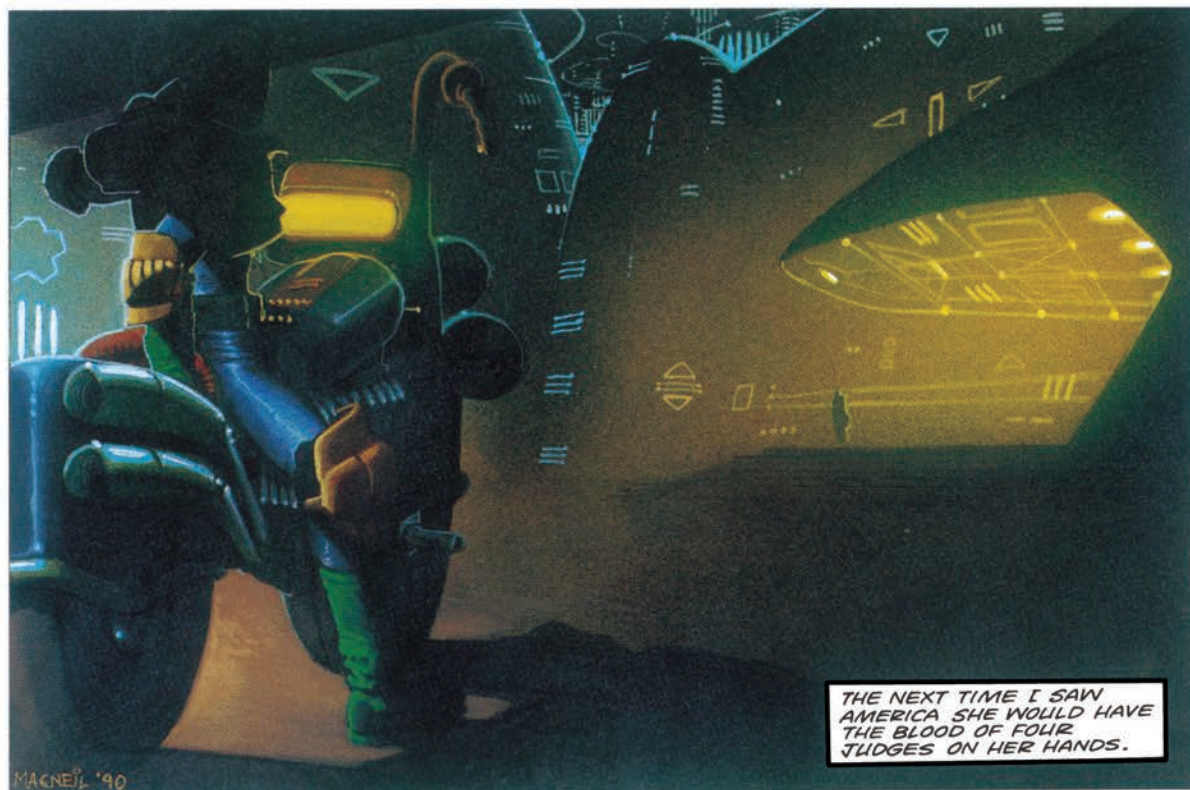
Dear Ami,

Now mom's gone there's
no reason for me to hang
around old Fred Nietzsche.
So I guess this is goodbye.
I don't think I'll write any
more. I'm sure you understand.

I just want you to know
that I'll always love you. If
you ever need me, I'm there.

Take care of yourself

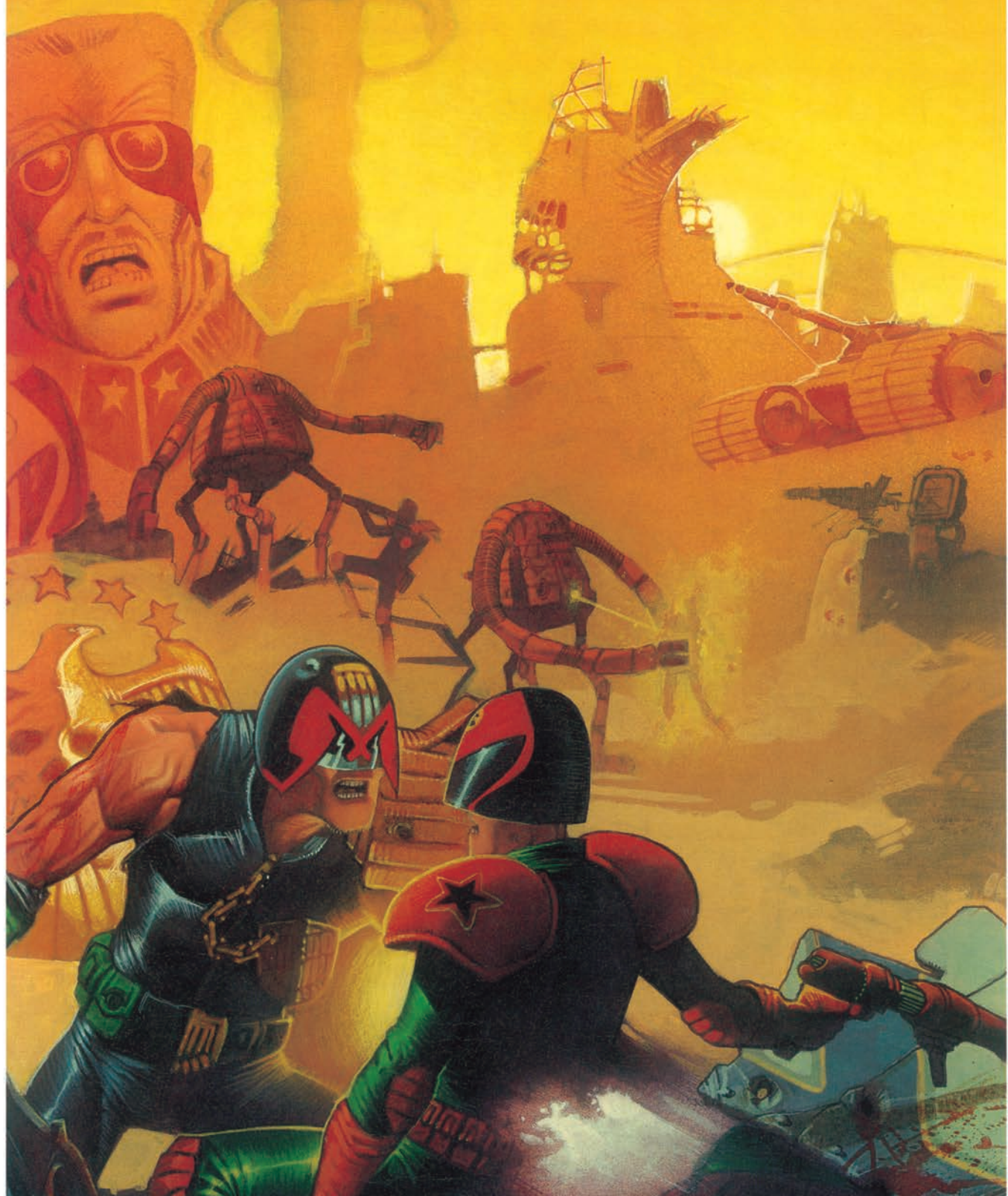
Benny



THE NEXT TIME I SAW
AMERICA SHE WOULD HAVE
THE BLOOD OF FOUR
JUDGES ON HER HANDS.

THE WAR CAME.

I WAS IN MEGA-CITY TWO
WHEN IT STARTED. I SAT
IT OUT THERE.



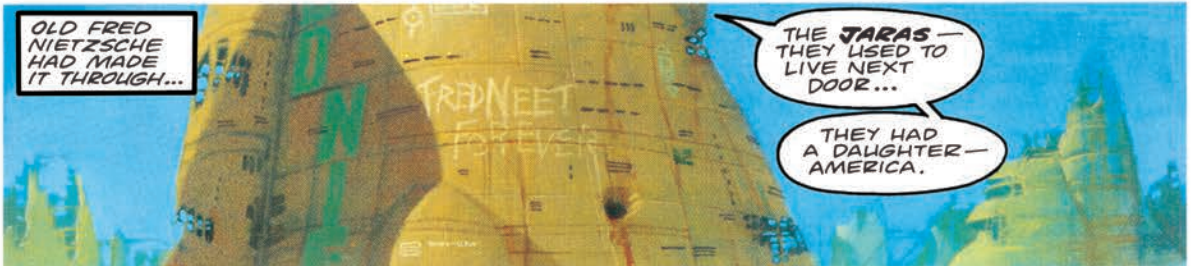


WHEN IT WAS
OVER I
LOOKED FOR
AMI AT WEST
SECTOR L.



WEST DEHAR
UNIT K

NO RECORDS
REMAINED.



OLD FRED
NIETZSCHE
HAD MADE
IT THROUGH...

THE **JARAS** —
THEY USED TO
LIVE NEXT
DOOR...

THEY HAD
A DAUGHTER —
AMERICA.



I DON'T
REMEMBER NO
AMERICA BUT I
REMEMBER THE
GUY, ALL RIGHT.
KILLED HISSELF —
WENT MAD WIT' A
STANLEY LASER.
GOT HIS WIFE AN'
A FEW A' THE
NEIGHBOURS, THEN
TRIED TO GIVE
HISSELF A
APPENDICKAMY.



GOT **ME**
AS WELL.

'COURSE, I
DIDN'T CARE.
I WAS PRETTY
CRAZY TOO —
BLOCK MANIA.



I'M STILL
A LITTLE
LOOPY.

HEY — AIN'T
YOU BENNETT
BEENY? YOU
USED TA LIVE
HERE, DINCHA?



YEAH, I SEEN YOU
ONNA VID THE OTHER
NIGHT! I THOUGHT YOU
WUZ CRAP BUT THE
DOG LIKED YA.

HEY, HOW ABOUT
YOUR AUTOGRAPH,
MAN?



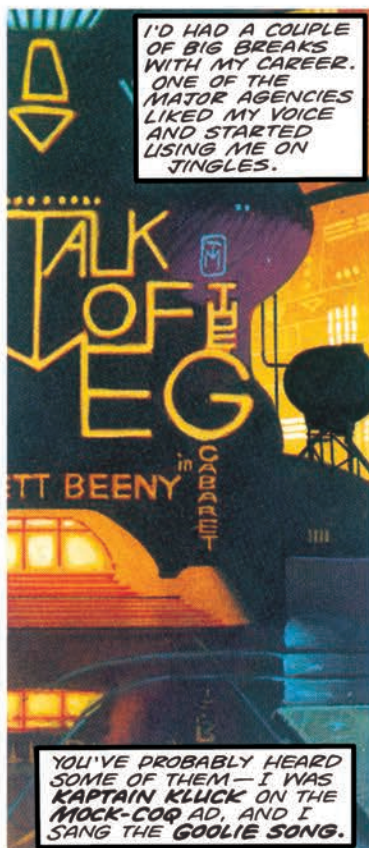
HEY, C'MON!
I GOT MY OWN
STANLEY! YOU CAN
PUT IT RIGHT
THERE!



AMI'S NAME DIDN'T
APPEAR ON ANY **DP**
LIST, AND AFTER THAT
I STOPPED LOOKING.
IN A WAY I SUPPOSE
I WAS GLAD NOT TO
FIND HER. IT WOULD
ONLY HAVE BROUGHT
BACK ALL THE HURT
AND THE PAIN.



SO I HOPED THAT
SHE WAS ALIVE,
AND I WISHED
HER WELL. AND
NOT A DAY PASSED
WHEN I DIDN'T
THINK OF HER.



I'D HAD A COUPLE OF BIG BREAKS WITH MY CAREER. ONE OF THE MAJOR AGENCIES LIKED MY VOICE AND STARTED USING ME ON JINGLES.

YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD SOME OF THEM—I WAS **KAPTAIN KLUCK** ON THE **MOCK-COP** AD, AND I SANG THE **GOOLIE SONG**.



JERALDO SAYS FIVE MINUTES.

RANDY SEER-SUCKER HEARD ONE OF MY COMEDY NUMBERS ON A DEMO SLUG AND GAVE ME A SPOT ON TONY TUBBS' SHOW. THEY LIKED ME. MY **FREIDBACH** RATING WAS 79. A PHENOMENAL **85** AMONG WOMEN IN THE 35-54 GROUP.

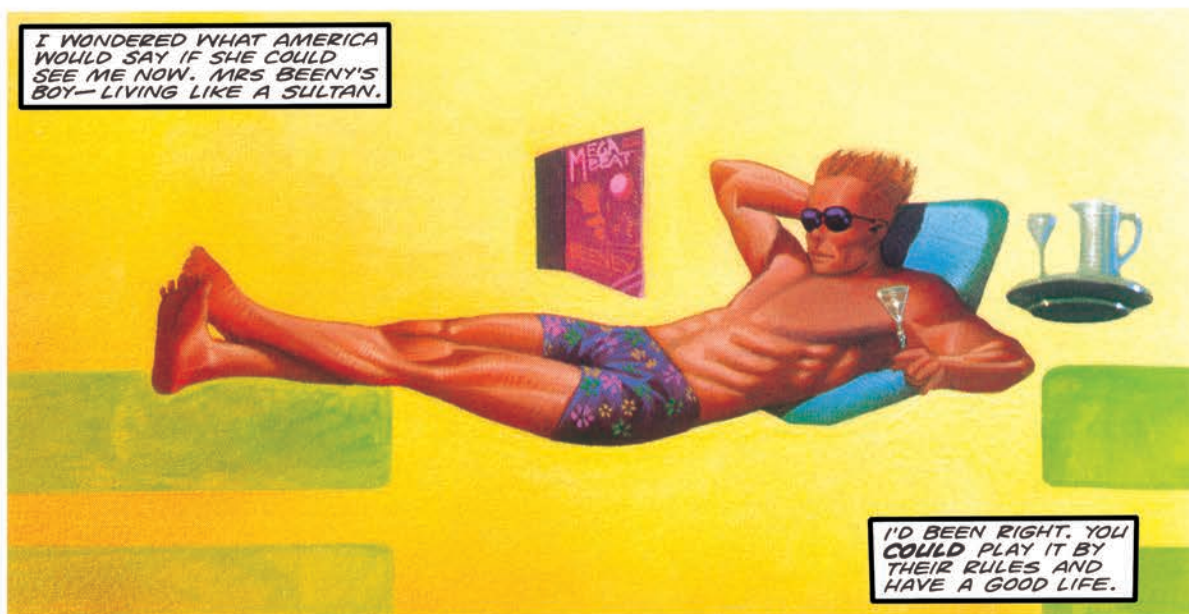


IT SEEMS I AROUSED SOME MOTHERING INSTINCT.



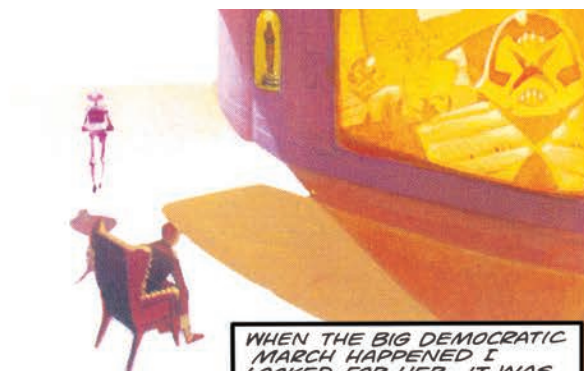
AFTER THAT I WAS MADE. MONEY STARTED POURING IN. I BOUGHT A BIG **NIMBY** UNIT ON THE RIDLEY ESTATE.

ELECTRIC WALLS TO KEEP OUT JOE CIT, DROID SERVANTS, MY OWN ANTI-GRAV POOL—A REAL GARDEN, FOR GRUD'S SAKE.



I WONDERED WHAT AMERICA WOULD SAY IF SHE COULD SEE ME NOW. MRS BEENY'S BOY—LIVING LIKE A SULTAN.

I'D BEEN RIGHT. YOU COULD PLAY IT BY THEIR RULES AND HAVE A GOOD LIFE.



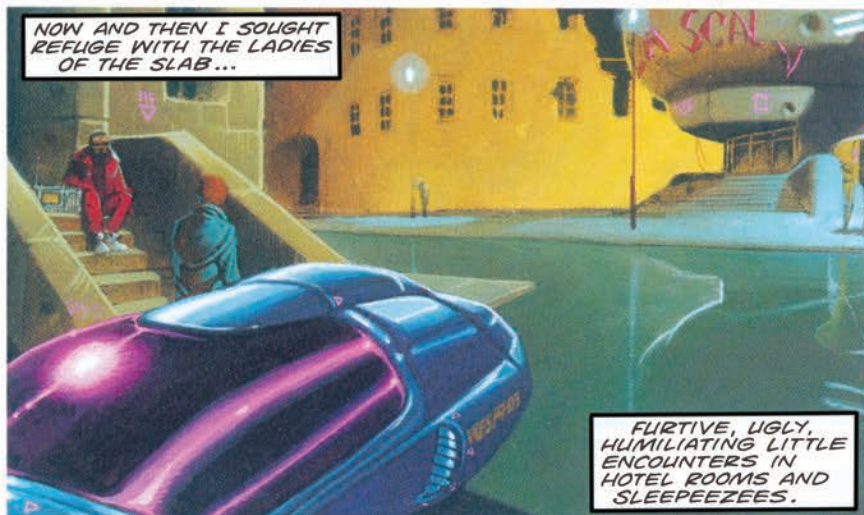
WHEN THE BIG DEMOCRATIC MARCH HAPPENED I LOOKED FOR HER. IT WAS HOPELESS, OF COURSE — ONE FACE AMONG SIXTEEN MILLION.



I PRAYED THAT SHE WASN'T ON IT.



I STILL LIVED ALONE. THERE'D BEEN A FEW BRIEF RELATIONSHIPS, BUT NONE THAT CAME TO ANYTHING. I GUESS IN MY MIND NO ONE COULD EVER REPLACE AMERICA.



NOW AND THEN I SOUGHT REFUGE WITH THE LADIES OF THE SLAB...

FURTIVE, UGLY, HUMILIATING LITTLE ENCOUNTERS IN HOTEL ROOMS AND SLEEPZEEZES.



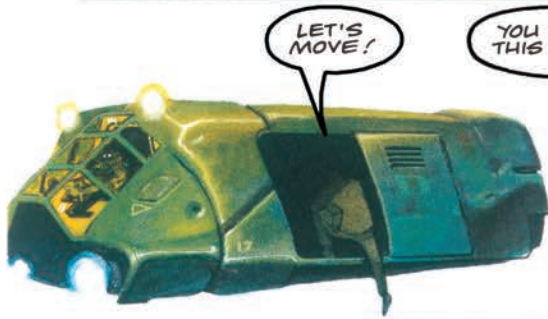
THAT'S WHERE I FOUND HER.

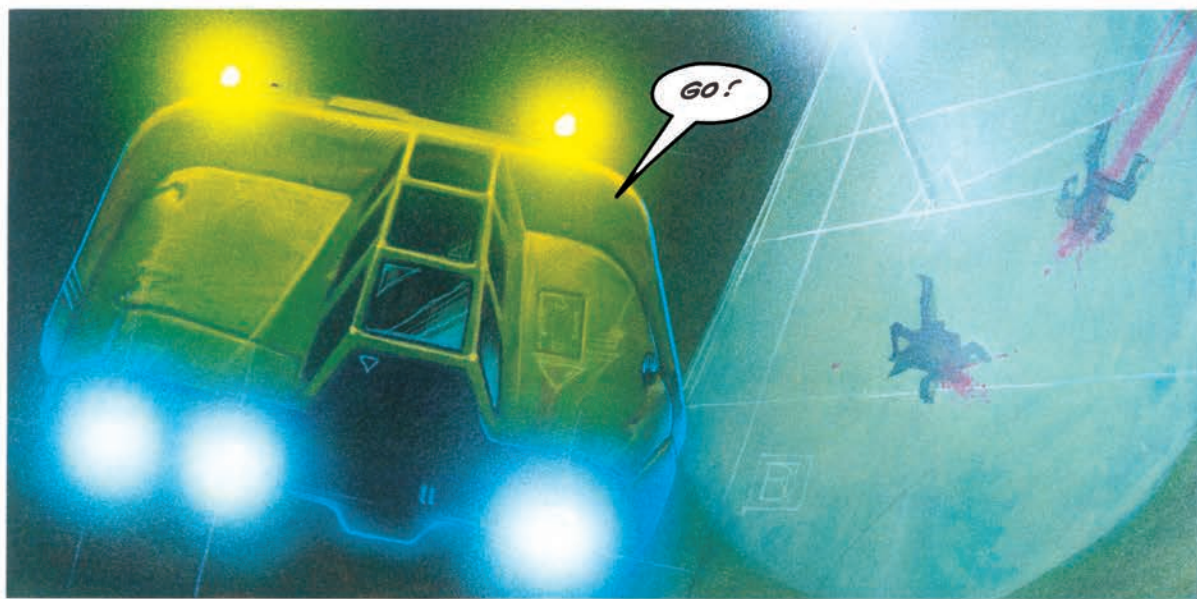
















YOU EVER HEAR HIM?

I KNOW THE NAME. JUST ANOTHER CREEP.

HE WAS ACTUALLY QUITE GOOD. FUNNY. NICE VOICE TOO.



THAT REALLY BENNETT BEENY?

WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE? THE SLABWALKER?

COULD BE. CAN'T SEE HIM TIED IN WITH THIS TOTAL WAR BUNCH, THAT'S FOR SURE...

THAT'S HIS POD PARKED UP THE STREET.



WHERE DO YOU GET TIME FOR MUSICAL APPRECIATION, PENDER? CONTROL NOT WORKING YOU HARD ENOUGH?



HOW'S IT LOOK?

TOUCH AND GO.

IF HE DOES MAKE IT, HE WON'T BE SINGING AGAIN.



"THEY SHOT HIS THROAT OUT."



DO YOUR BEST. CHANCES ARE HE STUMBLED UPON THE AMBUSH, WITNESSED EVERYTHING. THAT'S WHY THEY SHOT HIM.

KEEP ME INFORMED, PENDER. I WANT THESE CREEPS.



I'LL GIVE 'EM TOTAL WAR!

THE CITY'S JUMPING. CRIME
RUNNING OUT OF CONTROL.

SAME OLD SONG.

NO TIME TO STOP, NO
TIME TO THINK—

BREAK 'EM UP!

RUN 'EM IN!

TAKE 'EM OUT!

BLOW 'EM DOWN!

BAG 'EM UP!

CART 'EM OFF!

JUSTICE.

SET IT TO THE TUNE
OF "RAWHIDE."

THAT'S THE SONG
OF THE JUDGES.

TUNE IN—
OR DROP OUT.





CAN'T REMEMBER



THEY GOT YOU IN THE THROAT, NOT THE BRAIN. THINK! YOU MUST REMEMBER!

PLEASE, HE'S STILL VERY WEAK.



AND FOUR JUDGES ARE VERY DEAD.

HE NEEDS REST. PERHAPS IN A FEW DAYS.

I'LL DECIDE WHEN HE NEEDS REST!

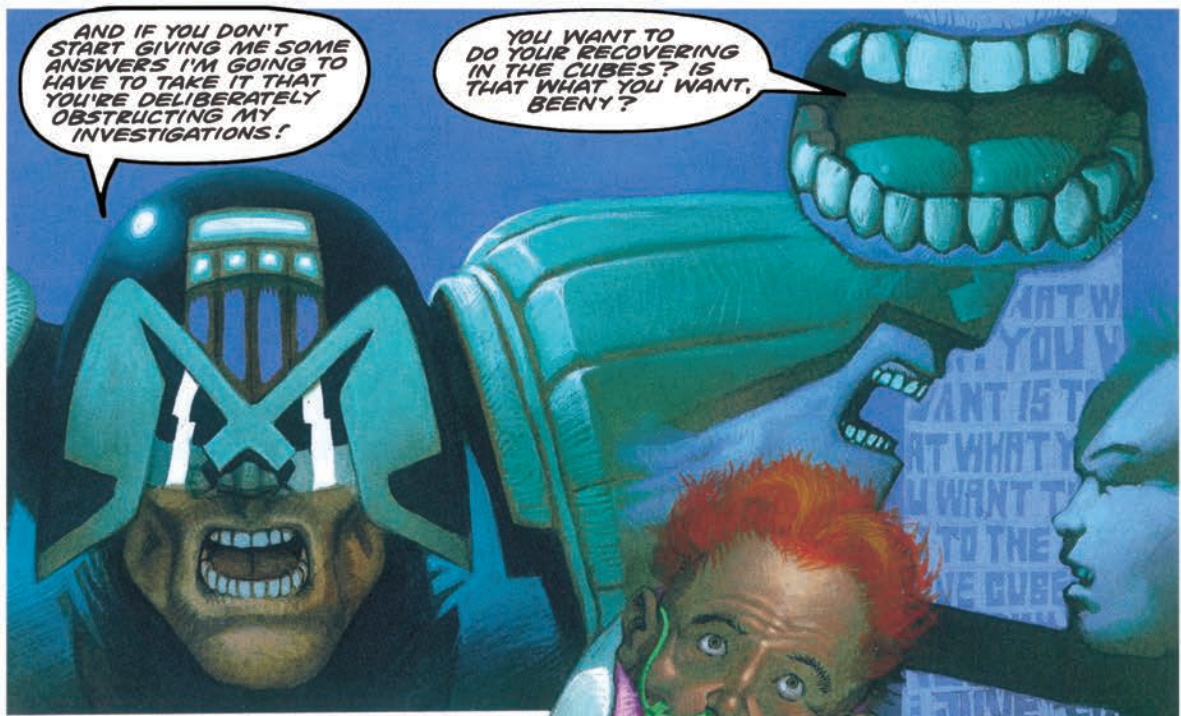


WHAT AM I ARGUING WITH A ROBOT FOR? GET IT OUTTA HERE, PENDER!



I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT, BEENY... YOU DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WITH ALL THESE QUESTIONS...

BUT THERE'S A GANG OF PSYCHOPATHS OUT THERE WHO SEEM TO THINK IT'S THEIR GRUDGIVEN RIGHT TO MURDER A JUDGE OR TWO—



AND IF YOU DON'T
START GIVING ME SOME
ANSWERS I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO TAKE IT THAT
YOU'RE DELIBERATELY
OBSTRUCTING MY
INVESTIGATIONS!

YOU WANT TO
DO YOUR RECOVERING
IN THE CUBES? IS
THAT WHAT YOU WANT,
BEENY?



THAT'S
BETTER.

LET'S TAKE
IT FROM THE
BEGINNING.
WHAT WERE
YOU DOING
ON NEVUS
STREET?

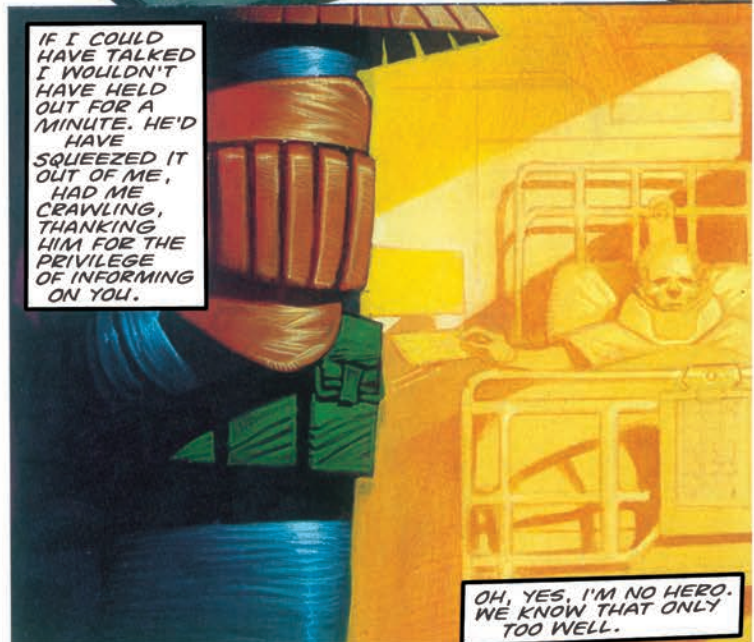
I LIED FOR YOU, AMI.

HARD TO IMAGINE — ME,
SCARED LITTLE BENNY
BEENY, LYING TO THE
JUDGES...

BUT WHY KID MYSELF?
IT WAS NO GREAT ACT
OF COURAGE.



TAP TAP



IF I COULD
HAVE TALKED
I WOULDN'T
HAVE HELD
OUT FOR A
MINUTE. HE'D
HAVE
SQUEEZED IT
OUT OF ME,
HAD ME
CRAWLING,
THANKING
HIM FOR THE
PRIVILEGE
OF INFORMING
ON YOU.

OH, YES, I'M NO HERO.
WE KNOW THAT ONLY
TOO WELL.

THREE MAYBE FOUR
HAPPENED SO FAST CAN'T BE SURE
SHOOTING. JUDGES FALLING. MAN COME AT ME WITH GUN
DONT REMEMBER
BIG LOTS OF MUSCLES TANK TOP UNSHAVEN
NO
CAN'T REMEMBER
IM TRYING

BUT I LEFT MY THROAT
ON NEVUS STREET AND
HE COULDN'T GET TO ME.
SO I LIED. IT WAS DARK,
IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST...

...MY MEMORY SO HAZY, MY
HAND DRAGGING SLOWLY OVER
THE KEYBOARD, STRETCHING
EACH WORD, EACH LETTER
INTO AN ETERNITY...

AND JUDGE DREDD IS
NOT A PATIENT MAN.

12:07

HE STOPPED ON NEVUS STREET TO
LOOK FOR A PUBLIC FACILITY. THE FIRST
THING HE NOTICED WAS WHEN THE
SHOOTING STARTED. THERE WERE
THREE, POSSIBLY FOUR TERRORISTS,
HE CAN'T BE SURE.

THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM WAS
MUSCULAR, AGE 20-30 APPROXIMATE,
UNSHAVEN, TANK TOP. ONE OF THEM
WAS A WOMAN - TALL, DARK HAIR,
THAT'S ALL HE REMEMBERS. HE
WOULDN'T RECOGNISE ANY OF
THEM AGAIN.

NOT MUCH
HELP, ARE YOU,
CITIZEN?

YEAH, I KNOW,
YOU'RE SORRY.
SO AM I.

THAT'S
ALL FOR
NOW. YOU
REMEMBER
ANYTHING
ELSE - THE
SLIGHTEST
DETAIL - I
WANT TO
KNOW
ABOUT IT.

HE'S
RESTING.

WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

I THINK ONLY
A FOOL STOPS ON
NEVUS LOOKING
FOR A PF.

HIS SLAX WERE
HEAVILY SOILED.

SO WOULD YOURS
BE IF YOU'D JUST
HAD YOUR THROAT
SHOT OUT.

PROBABLY DOESN'T
WANT TO ADMIT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR A SLABWALKER.
WE CAN PULL HIM FOR
CONSORTING.

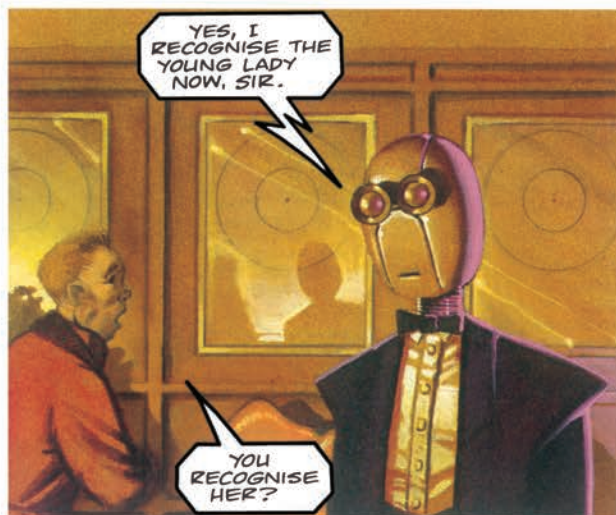
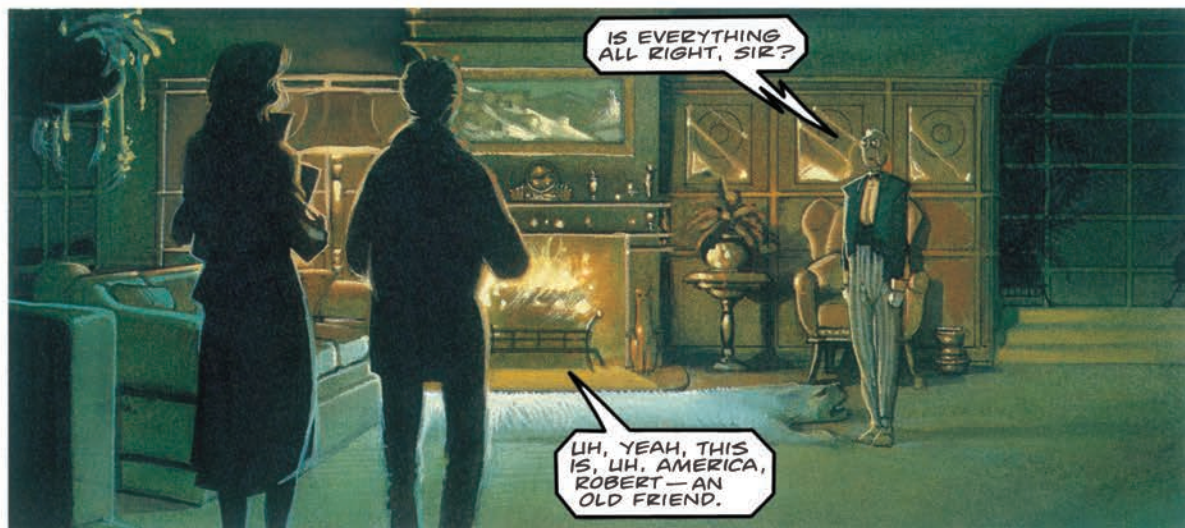
NO, LET IT GO.
CREEP'S ALREADY
LOST A CAREER
ANYWAY.

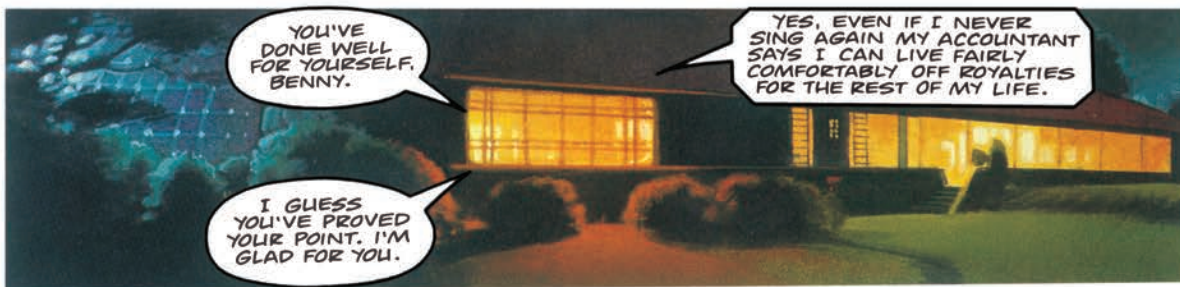
YOU'RE
ALL HEART.











YOU'VE
DONE WELL
FOR YOURSELF,
BENNY.

YES, EVEN IF I NEVER
SING AGAIN MY ACCOUNTANT
SAYS I CAN LIVE FAIRLY
COMFORTABLY OFF ROYALTIES
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

I GUESS
YOU'VE PROVED
YOUR POINT. I'M
GLAD FOR YOU.

I REFRAINED FROM TELLING HER THAT
SHE COULD HAVE BEEN PART OF
EVERYTHING — COULD STILL BE IF
SHE'D WANTED TO. I KNEW IT WAS
A WASTE OF TIME.

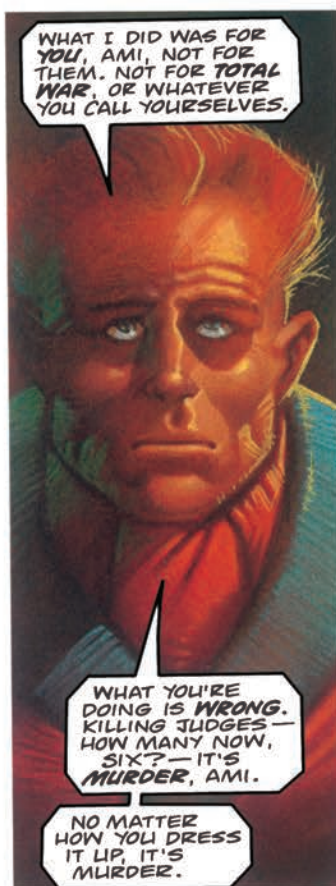
THANKS — FOR NOT
INFORMING ON US.
YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT
TO, CONSIDERING
WHAT HAPPENED.

HOW DO
YOU KNOW I
DIDN'T?

MY PICTURE WOULD HAVE
BEEN ON EVERY NEWSCAST. I
WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW — I'D
BE DEAD OR IN A CUBE.



DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ROBERT. HE
WON'T REPEAT
ANYTHING HE
HEARS IN THIS
HOUSE.



WHAT I DID WAS FOR
YOU, AMI, NOT FOR
THEM. NOT FOR **TOTAL
WAR**, OR WHATEVER
YOU CALL YOURSELVES.

WHAT YOU'RE
DOING IS **WRONG**.
KILLING JUDGES —
HOW MANY NOW,
SIX? — IT'S
MURDER, AMI.

NO MATTER
HOW YOU DRESS
IT UP, IT'S
MURDER.



I KNOW...

THEN
WHY?

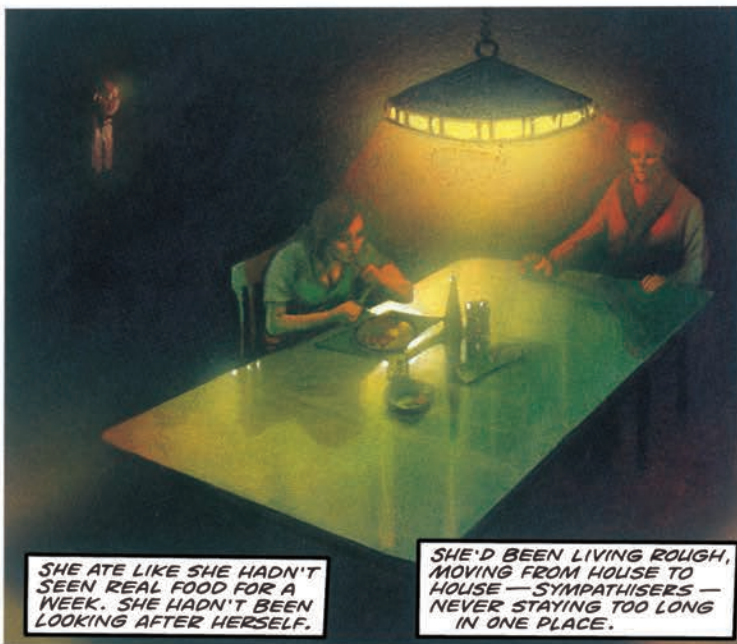


THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY,
BENNY.

PLEASE, I
DON'T WANT
TO TALK ABOUT
IT NOW...
MAYBE
LATER.



I'M JUST
SO HAPPY TO
SEE YOU. LET'S
NOT SPOIL
THINGS...



SHE ATE LIKE SHE HADN'T SEEN REAL FOOD FOR A WEEK. SHE HADN'T BEEN LOOKING AFTER HERSELF.

SHE'D BEEN LIVING ROUGH, MOVING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE — SYMPATHISERS — NEVER STAYING TOO LONG IN ONE PLACE.



OHMMMMH... STUFFED!

'MEMBER THAT TIME WE GOT HOLD OF MOM'S TAFFEE MIX?



DO I? YOU HAD GUNK ALL UP YOUR NOSE AND IN YOUR HAIR. YOUR TUMMY WAS SO TIGHT YOU COULD HARDLY STAND!

YOU'RE ONE TO TALK! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS UP BEING SICK ALL NIGHT!



WE TALKED LONG INTO THE NIGHT. FOR A FEW HOURS IT WAS JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, AS IF THE REAL WORLD HAD NEVER INTRUDED ON OUR LIVES.



BUT IN THE END THERE WAS NO KEEPING IT OUT...

THE JUDGES WILL GET YOU. YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU? THEY ALWAYS DO.

YES.



WHY DON'T YOU STOP?

I CAN'T.

OF COURSE YOU CAN. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IDENTIFIED. JUST QUIT—WALK AWAY. I'LL HELP YOU.

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING WE COULD EVER NEED HERE. LIVE WITH ME. WE COULD BE HAPPY TOGETHER, I KNOW IT.



DAMN! I PROMISED MYSELF I WASN'T GOING TO SAY THAT...

OH, HELL, AMI, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU.



IN THE MORNING SHE
SHOWED ME MY LETTER...



I ALWAYS KEPT IT.
EVEN IN THE DARKEST
DAYS IT MEANT SOMETHING
—TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE
CARED...



I NEED
YOUR HELP
NOW.

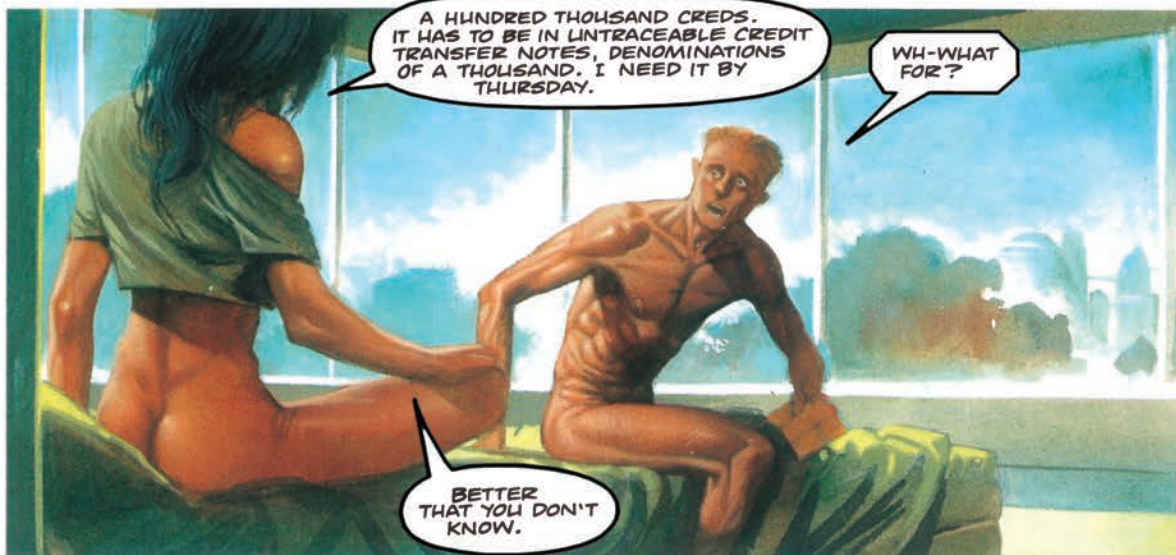
SURE.
ANYTHING. LIKE I
SAID LAST NIGHT—
JUST NAME IT.



A HUNDRED THOUSAND CRED.
IT HAS TO BE IN UNTRACEABLE CREDIT
TRANSFER NOTES, DENOMINATIONS
OF A THOUSAND. I NEED IT BY
THURSDAY.

WH-WHAT
FOR?

BETTER
THAT YOU DON'T
KNOW.



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING
SHE COULD HAVE WANTED
THAT MONEY FOR...TOTAL WAR.

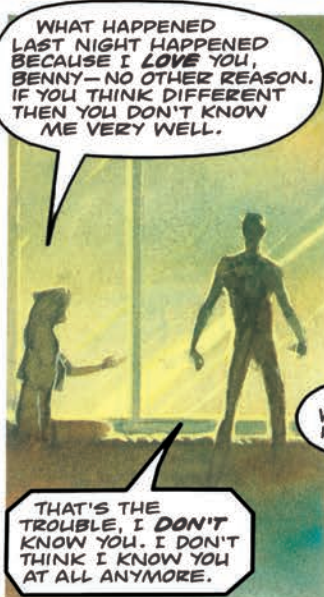
SO THAT'S
WHAT THIS WAS
ALL ABOUT? GRUD?
I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN!

WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT HAPPENED
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU,
BENNY—NO OTHER REASON.
IF YOU THINK DIFFERENT
THEN YOU DON'T KNOW
ME VERY WELL.



THEN MAYBE
WE'D BETTER GET
RE-ACQUAINTED...

THAT'S THE
TROUBLE, I DON'T
KNOW YOU. I DON'T
THINK I KNOW YOU
AT ALL ANYMORE.





SHE TOLD ME SHE'D BEEN ON THE BIG DEMOCRATIC MARCH, HER AND DOOD. SHE WAS FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT.

THEY WERE SIXTEEN MILLION STRONG, MARCHING ON THE GRAND HALL — A HUGE TIDAL WAVE OF PEACEFUL PROTEST. THEY FELT NOTHING COULD STOP THEM.



THEN THE STONE THROWING STARTED... JUSTICE DEPARTMENT AGITATORS, PLANTED IN THE MARCH.

COME ON, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?

I KNOW. IT'S THE WAY THEY WORK.



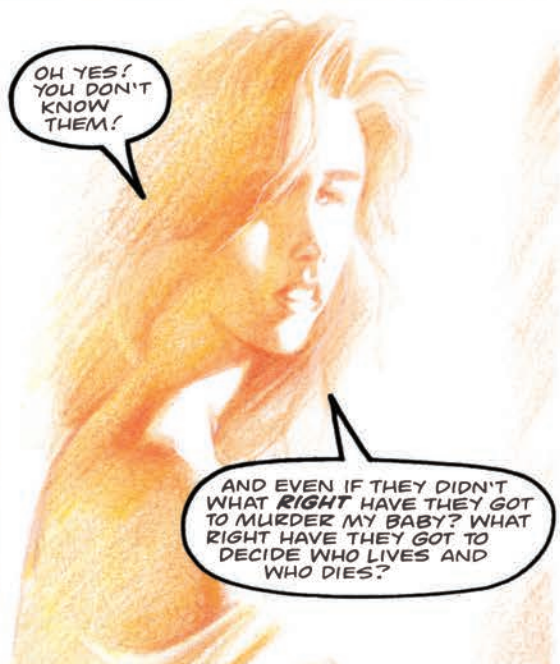
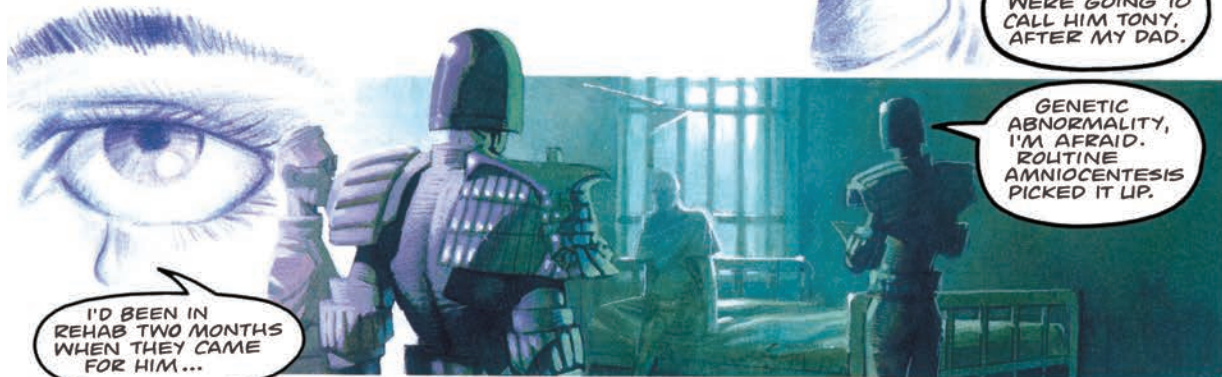
IT GAVE THE JUDGES ALL THE EXCUSE THEY NEEDED--

NO VIOLENCE!
NO VIOLENCE!



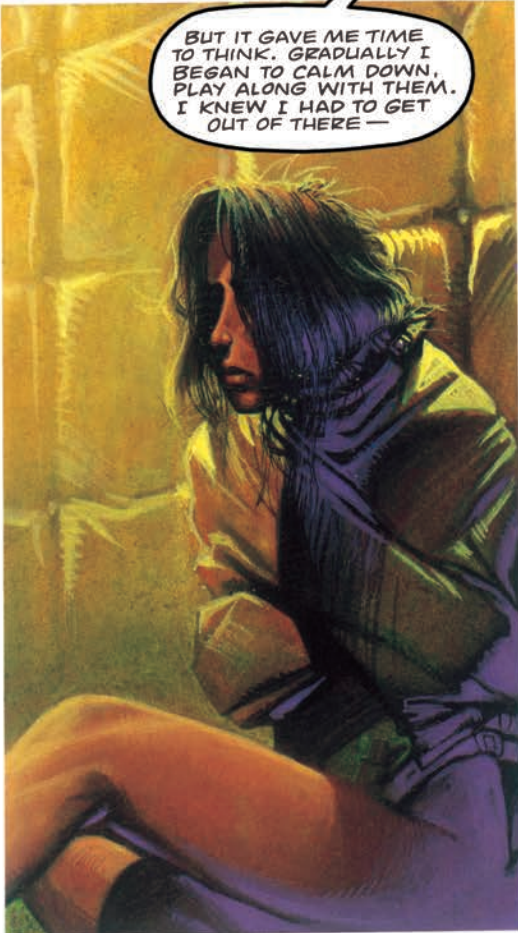
DOOD!

LEAVE HIM ALONE--!





I ENDED UP IN THE PSYCHO CUBES, MUCH OF THE TIME UNDER RESTRAINT. CLASSIFIED HOSTILE.



BUT IT GAVE ME TIME TO THINK. GRADUALLY I BEGAN TO CALM DOWN, PLAY ALONG WITH THEM. I KNEW I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE —



— TO FIGHT THEM, BENNY!

IT WASN'T HARD TO FIND OTHERS WHO FELT THE SAME WAY. THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH HAD CHANGED A LOT OF PEOPLE.



MAYBE THERE IS ANOTHER WAY. MAYBE ONE DAY PEACEFUL PROTEST WILL WIN. BUT I JUST DON'T CARE ANYMORE.

OH, AMERICA. WERE YOU USING ME EVEN THEN? YOU KNEW JUST THE RIGHT WORDS TO TWIST ME WITH— NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN...

NO! I WON'T BELIEVE IT OF HER!



I PROMISE YOU NO ONE WILL BE HURT BY THIS MONEY. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DO IT, I'LL UNDERSTAND.

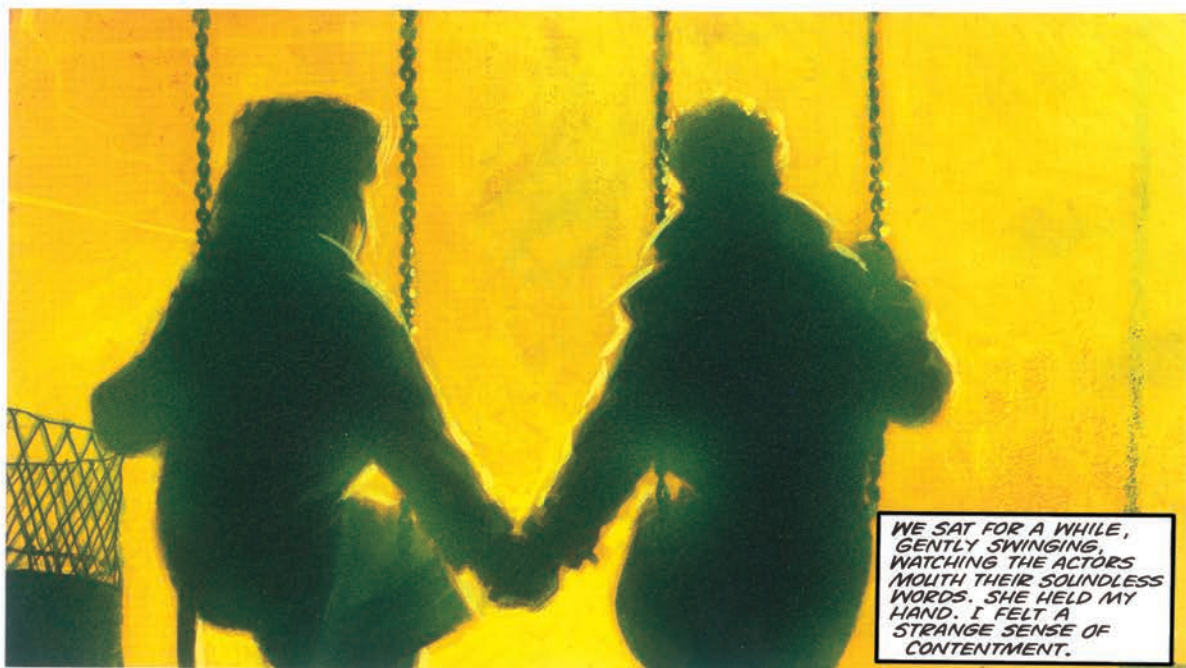
I WON'T GET YOU INVOLVED. IF YOU SAY NO I'LL WALK OUT OF HERE AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN.

N-No...



THURSDAY, YOU SAID...?

WE ARRANGED TO MEET AT A NORTH SECTOR HOV-IN. IT WAS SAFER, SHE SAID, IF SHE DIDN'T COME TO THE HOUSE AGAIN.



WE SAT FOR A WHILE, GENTLY SWINGING, WATCHING THE ACTORS MOUTH THEIR SOUNDLESS WORDS. SHE HELD MY HAND. I FELT A STRANGE SENSE OF CONTENTMENT.

IF ONLY IT COULD HAVE STAYED LIKE THAT — IF WE COULD HAVE WALKED AWAY, TOGETHER, TURNED OUR BACKS ON THE TRAGEDY THAT HAD BEEN SO CAREFULLY LAID OUT BEFORE US.

BUT LIFE DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY.



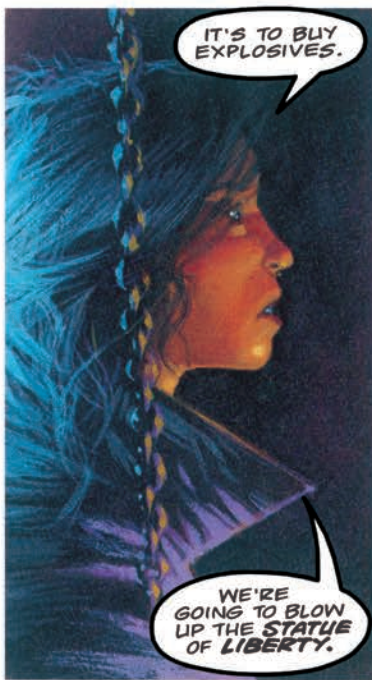
DID YOU BRING THE MONEY?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THIS?

I TOLD YOU, BETTER YOU DON'T KNOW.

I'VE GOT TO KNOW, AMI. I ... HAVE TO BE SURE NO ONE'S GOING TO BE HURT. I CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU UNLESS YOU TELL ME.





IT'S TO BUY
EXPLOSIVES.

WE'RE
GOING TO BLOW
UP THE **STATUE
OF LIBERTY.**



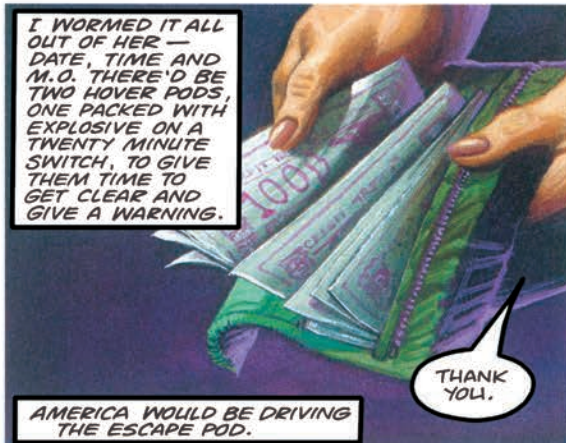
JEEEEZ...

I...I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE ALL FOR
LIBERTY...



THERE'S NO
LIBERTY, NOT HERE.
THE **STATUES** A
SICK JOKE.

WE'RE JUST
MAKING A POINT.
HEADLINES —
THAT'S WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT, ISN'T
IT? SOONER OR
LATER THE
MESSAGE WILL
GET THROUGH.



I **WORMED** IT ALL
OUT OF HER —
DATE, TIME AND
M.O. THERE'D BE
TWO HOVER PODS,
ONE PACKED WITH
EXPLOSIVE ON A
TWENTY MINUTE
SWITCH, TO GIVE
THEM TIME TO
GET CLEAR AND
GIVE A WARNING.

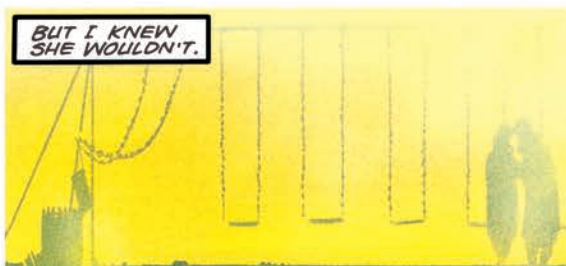
THANK
YOU.

AMERICA WOULD BE DRIVING
THE ESCAPE POD.



AFTERWARDS...
YOU'LL GIVE THIS
UP, WON'T YOU?

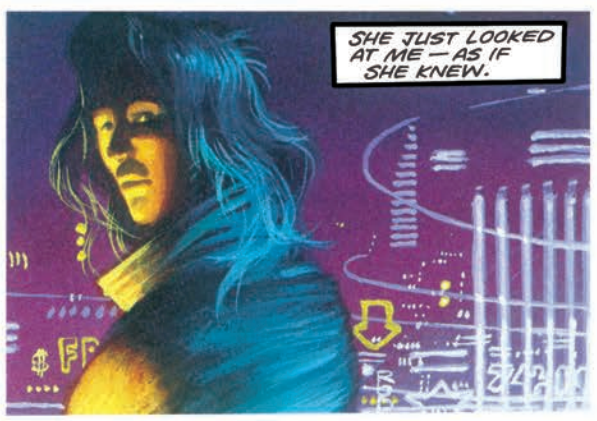
I'LL THINK
ABOUT IT,
BENNY.



BUT I KNEW
SHE WOULDN'T.



I DON'T
WANT TO LOSE YOU
AGAIN, AMI...



SHE JUST LOOKED
AT ME — AS IF
SHE KNEW.

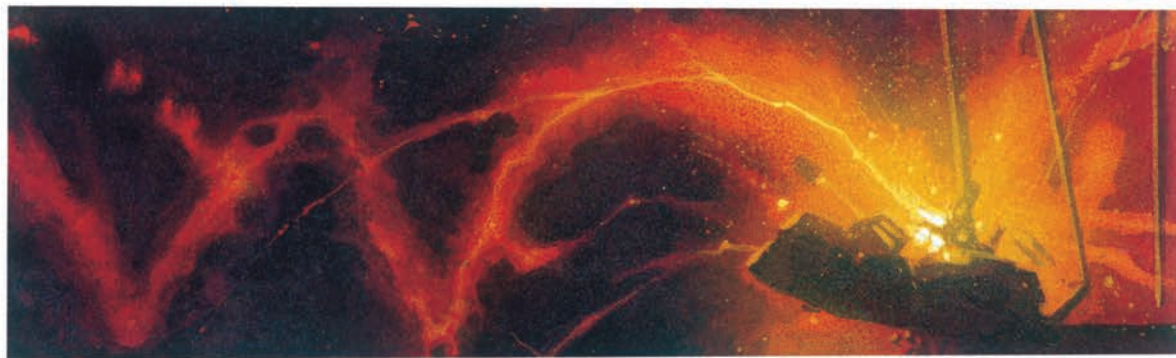








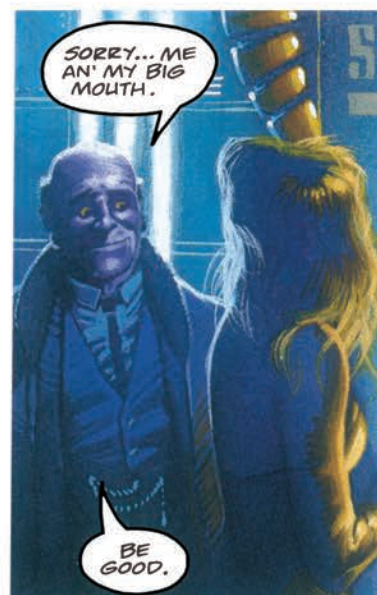




CEASE
FIRING!



AMI!

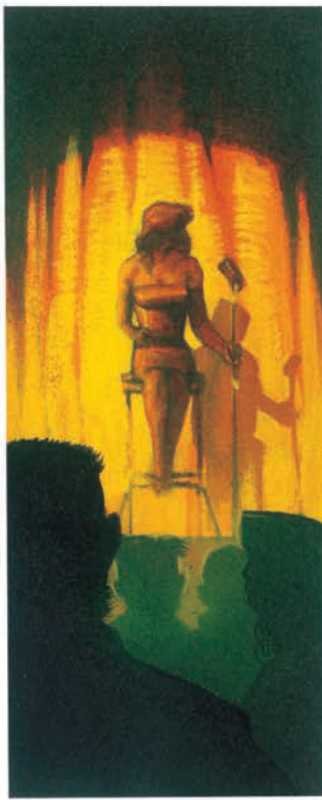








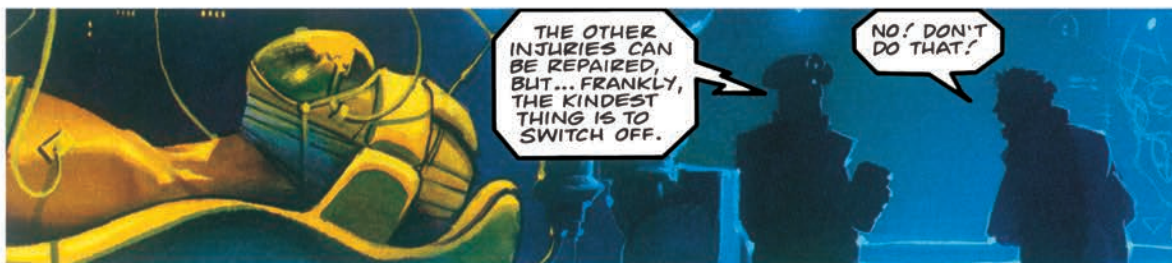




A LUMP OF THE GETAWAY VEHICLE WAS LODGED IN AMI'S SKULL. SHE WAS DECLARED BRAIN DEAD BEFORE SHE REACHED HOSPITAL.

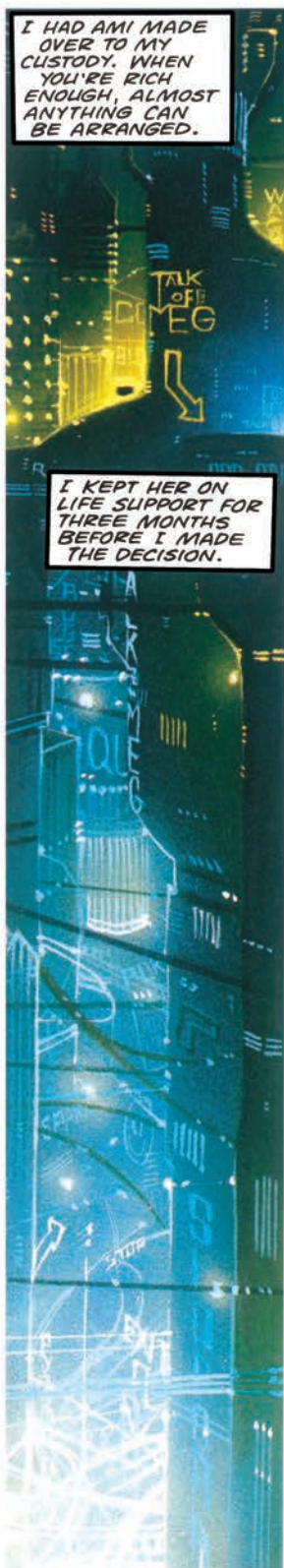


AND THE WORD STUCK IN MY THROAT.



THE OTHER INJURIES CAN BE REPAIRED, BUT... FRANKLY, THE KINDEST THING IS TO SWITCH OFF.

NO! DON'T DO THAT!



I HAD AMI MADE OVER TO MY CUSTODY. WHEN YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH, ALMOST ANYTHING CAN BE ARRANGED.

I KEPT HER ON LIFE SUPPORT FOR THREE MONTHS BEFORE I MADE THE DECISION.



MUSCLE CO-ORDINATION IS STILL TRICKY AND MY FINGERS ARE TOO CLUMSY TO MANAGE THE GITTER, BUT I'M SLOWLY GETTING USED TO IT.



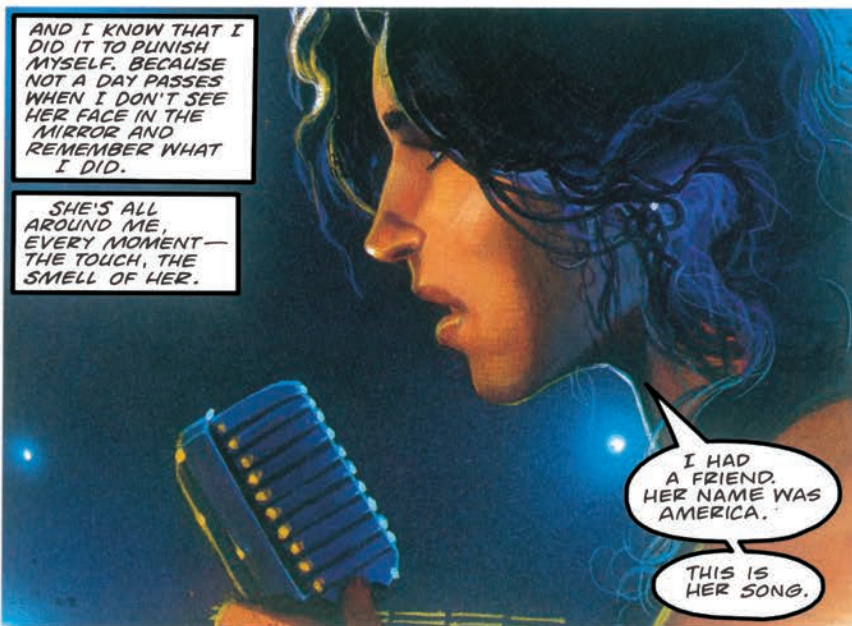
WHY DID I DO IT? I'M STILL NOT SURE MYSELF.

I KNOW THAT PART OF ME COULD NEVER TAKE THAT FINAL STEP - NEVER BRING MYSELF TO SWITCH OFF AND END HER LIFE FOREVER.



I'M NOT HERE TO SING ANY FUNNY LITTLE NUMBERS.

YOU CAN LAUGH ABOUT THINGS FOR ONLY SO LONG.



AND I KNOW THAT I DID IT TO PUNISH MYSELF. BECAUSE NOT A DAY PASSES WHEN I DON'T SEE HER FACE IN THE MIRROR AND REMEMBER WHAT I DID.

SHE'S ALL AROUND ME, EVERY MOMENT - THE TOUCH, THE SMELL OF HER.

I HAD A FRIEND. HER NAME WAS AMERICA.

THIS IS HER SONG.

BUT I LIKE TO THINK THAT I DID IT FOR AMI, TOO. SO THAT AT LEAST PART OF HER — AT LEAST HER DREAM COULD CARRY ON.

BECAUSE SHE WAS RIGHT. YOU CAN'T IGNORE WHAT'S GOING ON. YOU CAN'T BURY YOUR HEAD IN THE SAND AND FORGET WHAT THE JUDGES ARE DOING TO US.

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP FIGHTING.

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP LOOKING FOR AMERICA.





FREEDOM — POWER TO THE
PEOPLE — DEMOCRACY... THE
GREAT AMERICAN DREAM.

DON'T KID YOURSELF.

WE TRIED IT BEFORE. BELIEVE
ME, IT DOESN'T WORK. YOU
CAN'T TRUST THE PEOPLE.

SO DREAM ON, CREEP. BUT
JUST REMEMBER — THAT'S
ALL IT IS, A DREAM...

AMERICA IS DEAD.

THIS IS THE REAL WORLD.



FADING OF THE LIGHT

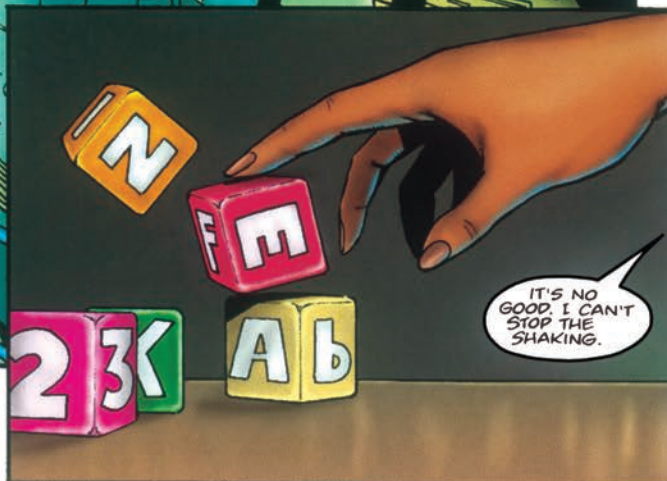
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Art: Colin MacNeil

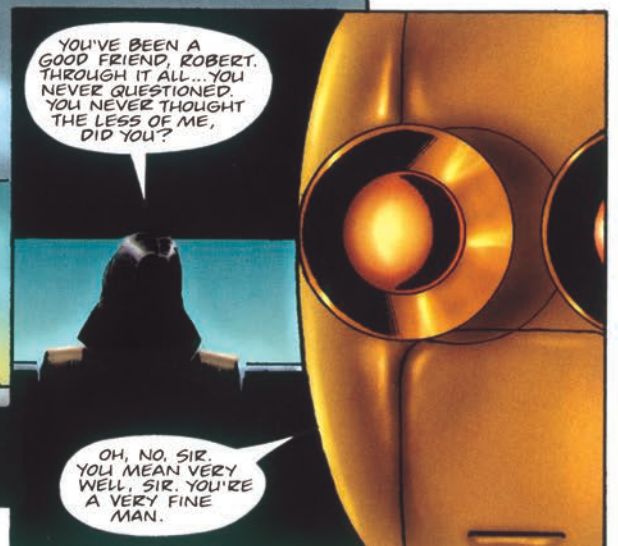
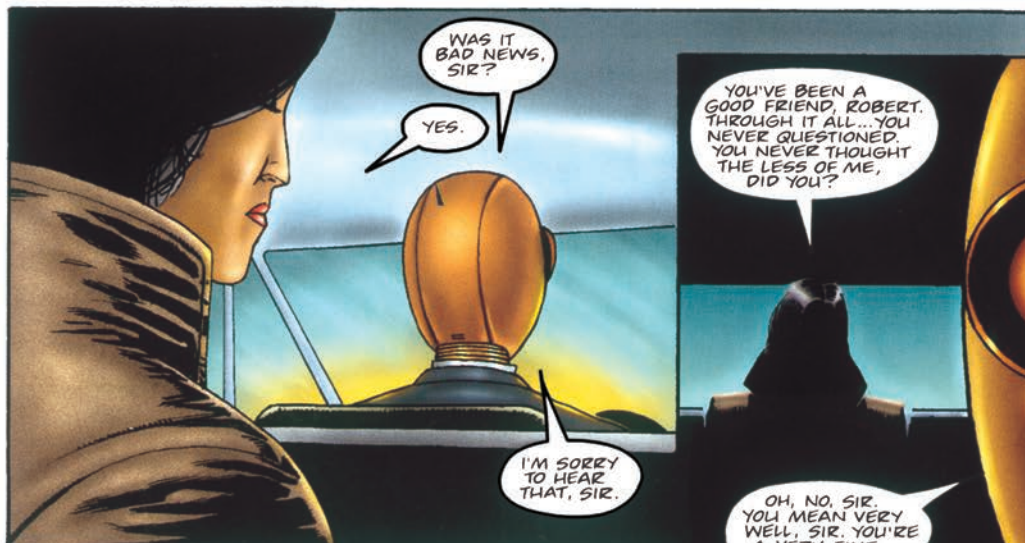
Colour: Alan Cradock

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

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I WISH IT WAS TRUE.

WHERE SHALL I BEGIN?

NOT AT THE BEGINNING. YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT SHAMEFUL STORY. CONSPIRACY, BETRAYAL, DEATH — A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

PLAYED OUT, OVER ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY. SORRY.

SO VERY SORRY.

BUT I MUST BRIEFLY RETURN TO THOSE EVENTS. IT'S IMPORTANT, YOU SEE, THAT YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY.

ONLY THEN MIGHT YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY I'VE DONE THIS UNSPEAKABLE THING — THIS FINAL ACT OF BETRAYAL.

WHY I'VE MADE MY CONTRACT WITH THE DEVIL.



SO WHAT'S NEW?
JUST SPINELESS
BENNETT BEENNY AT
IT AGAIN. SPUG FACE
BENNY - BEENNY THE
BETRAYER, WHO
WEARS HIS FRIEND
LIKE A COAT.

WEIRDO.

PERVERT.



WHAT TWISTED ACT
WOULDN'T HE COMMIT?

HE STABBED HER IN
THE BACK ONCE.
WHY NOT AGAIN?

BUT PLEASE, HEAR ME
OUT. IT ISN'T ALWAYS
AS IT SEEMS.



THERE
ARE THINGS
I HAVEN'T
TOLD YOU.

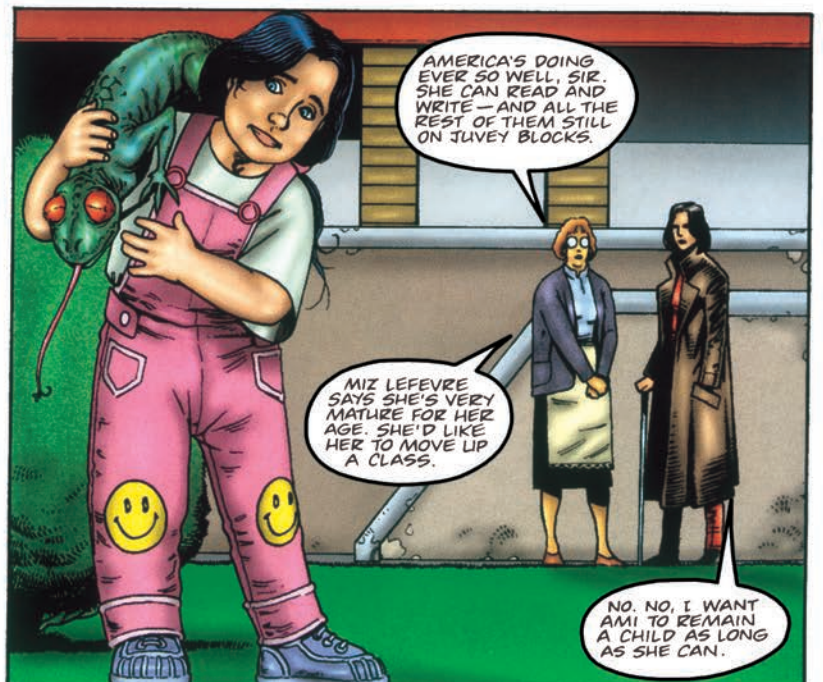
DADDY!



MRS
WILSON
BOUGHT ME A
RAD-LIZARD!

IT'S BEEN
DETOXED,
SIR.

IT'S
VERY NICE,
DARLING.



AMERICA'S DOING
EVER SO WELL, SIR.
SHE CAN READ AND
WRITE - AND ALL THE
REST OF THEM STILL
ON JUVEY BLOCKS.

MIZ LEFEVRE
SAYS SHE'S VERY
MATURE FOR HER
AGE. SHE'D LIKE
HER TO MOVE UP
A CLASS.

NO, NO, I WANT
AMI TO REMAIN
A CHILD AS LONG
AS SHE CAN.



A YEAR AFTER AMERICA
DIED SHE GAVE BIRTH
TO OUR CHILD.

I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT OUR
ONE NIGHT TOGETHER, OUR
ISLAND OF HAPPINESS AMID
THAT OCEAN OF DESPAIR,
COULD HAVE YIELDED
SOMETHING SO PRECIOUS.
BUT I WON'T LIE TO YOU.

BEFORE I HAD MY
BRAIN IMPLANTED IN
AMERICA'S SKULL, I
IMPREGNATED HER.

CALL IT SICK. CALL IT
WHAT YOU LIKE. IT
WASN'T LIKE THAT.

I WAS CRAZED WITH GRIEF.
I FELT I COULD SOMEHOW
RECREATE HER, BRING HER
BACK, MAKE GOOD ALL THE
HURT I'D CAUSED HER.



WHAT I GOT WAS
ALTOGETHER
DIFFERENT...



IT'S A
GIRL.

TO FEEL HER MOVING,
TURNING, KICKING
INSIDE ME, KNOWING
AMERICA WAS PART
OF HER. AMI AND ME.
I WAS SWAMPED
WITH LOVE.



IT'S A FEELING I
CAN'T DESCRIBE —
A FEELING FEW
MEN ARE
PRIVILEGED TO
KNOW.

AND STRANGELY, EVEN
WITH AMI DEAD AND
GONE FOREVER, JUST
A SHELL THAT I WORE
— A HAIR SHIRT I'D PUT
ON TO TORTURE MYSELF
— FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN MY LIFE I BEGAN TO
FEEL HAPPY, TRULY
HAPPY.



THE BIRTH WAS
DIFFICULT.



THE DRUGS I TOOK TO
COUNTER REJECTION
PREVENTED HER
DEVELOPING ANY
NATURAL IMMUNITY.
A COMMON COLD
COULD HAVE KILLED
HER.



SHE SPENT THE
FIRST SIX MONTHS
OF HER LIFE IN A
BUBBLE.



SHE'S A
FIGHTER.

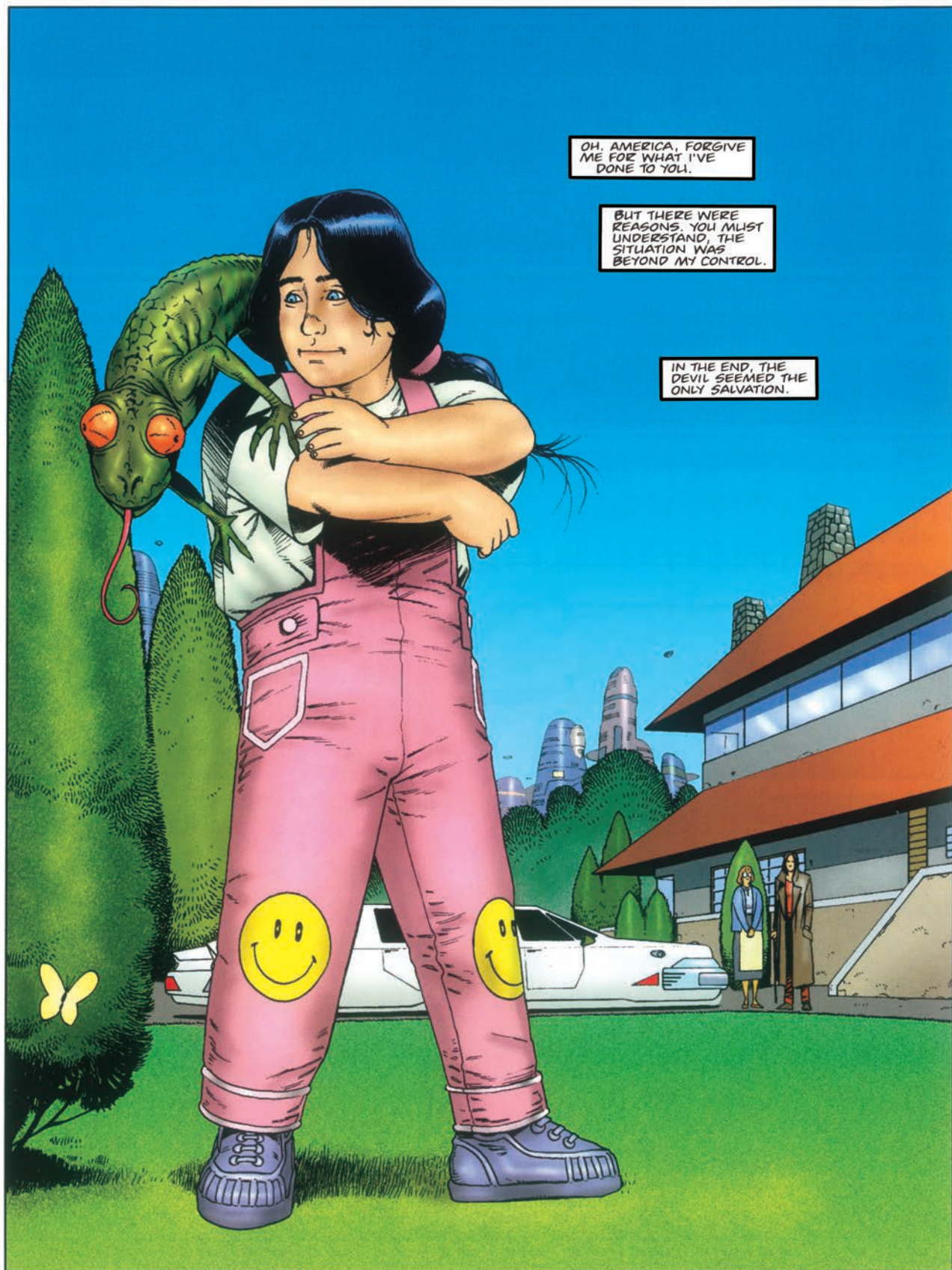
AND SHE WAS. AMI HAD
ALL HER MOTHER'S INNER
STEEL-- AND THANKFULLY
FEW OF THE BEENY TRAITS.

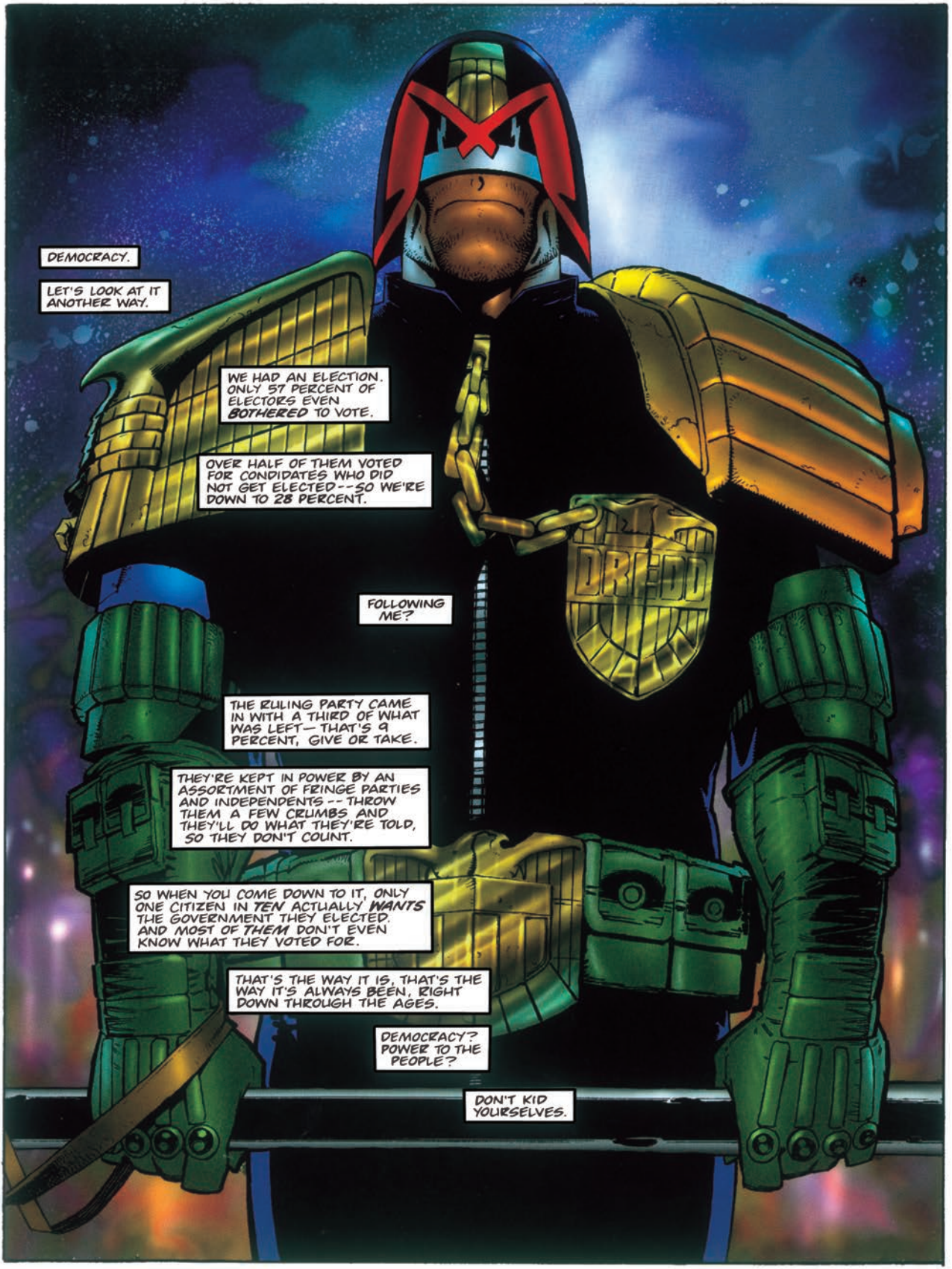


OH, AMERICA, FORGIVE
ME FOR WHAT I'VE
DONE TO YOU.

BUT THERE WERE
REASONS. YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND, THE
SITUATION WAS
BEYOND MY CONTROL.

IN THE END, THE
DEVIL SEEMED THE
ONLY SALVATION.





DEMOCRACY.

LET'S LOOK AT IT
ANOTHER WAY.

WE HAD AN ELECTION.
ONLY 57 PERCENT OF
ELECTORS EVEN
BOTHERED TO VOTE.

OVER HALF OF THEM VOTED
FOR CANDIDATES WHO DID
NOT GET ELECTED--SO WE'RE
DOWN TO 28 PERCENT.

FOLLOWING
ME?

THE RULING PARTY CAME
IN WITH A THIRD OF WHAT
WAS LEFT--THAT'S 9
PERCENT, GIVE OR TAKE.

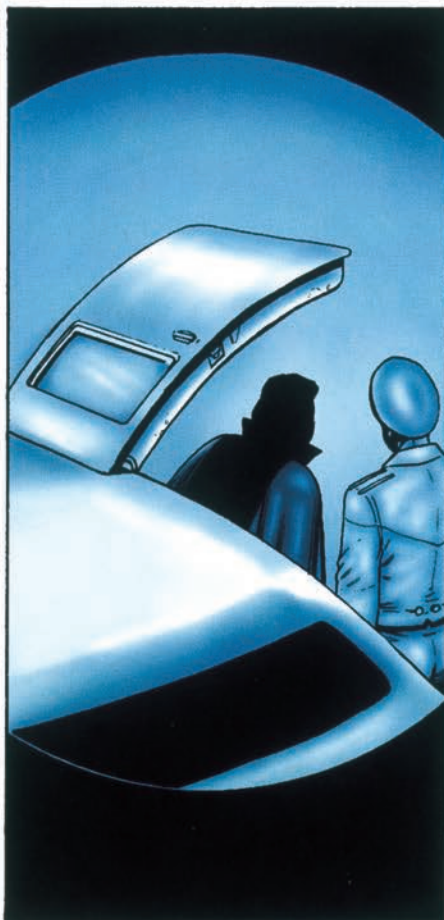
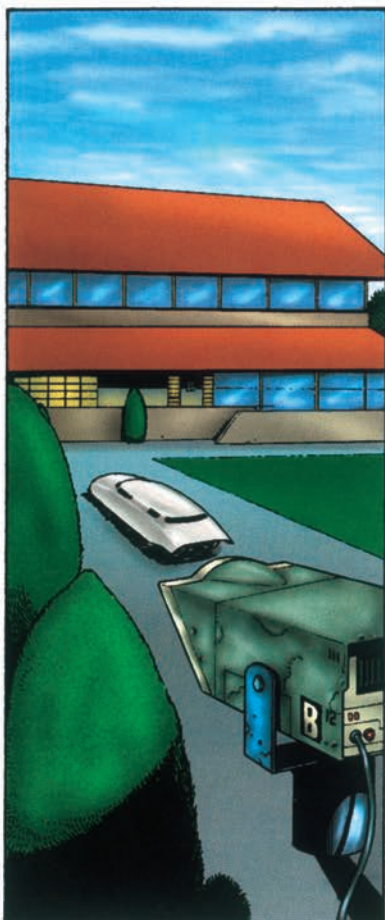
THEY'RE KEPT IN POWER BY AN
ASSORTMENT OF FRINGE PARTIES
AND INDEPENDENTS--THROW
THEM A FEW CRUMBS AND
THEY'LL DO WHAT THEY'RE TOLD,
SO THEY DON'T COUNT.

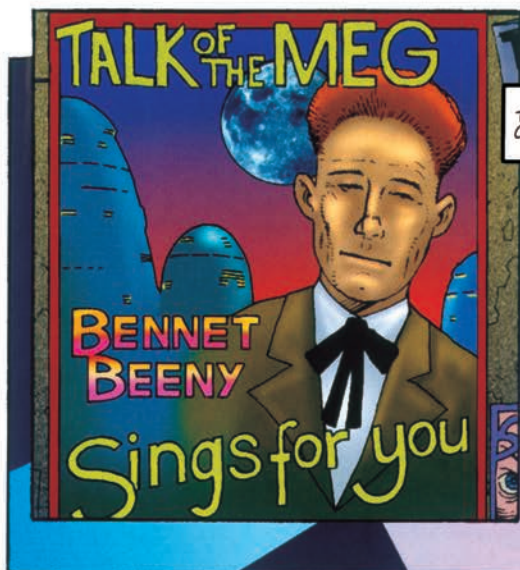
SO WHEN YOU COME DOWN TO IT, ONLY
ONE CITIZEN IN TEN ACTUALLY WANTS
THE GOVERNMENT THEY ELECTED.
AND MOST OF THEM DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT THEY VOTED FOR.

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, THAT'S THE
WAY IT'S ALWAYS BEEN, RIGHT
DOWN THROUGH THE AGES.

DEMOCRACY?
POWER TO THE
PEOPLE?

DON'T KID
YOURSELVES.





AFTER THE TRANSPLANT, MY CAREER HAD TAKEN A NOSEDIVE.

WITH AMERICA'S BLOOD FRESH ON MY HANDS, I COULDN'T BEAR TO PERFORM THE FLUNNY LITTLE DITTIES THAT HAD MADE BENNETT BEENY A HOUSEHOLD NAME.

INSTEAD, I SANG ABOUT INJUSTICE AND TYRANNY AND THE SICKNESS THAT HAD US ALL IN ITS GRIP.

AND NOBODY WANTED TO KNOW.



THE CRITICS DESTROYED ME.

FOREMOST AMONG THEM WAS VICTOR PORTNOY. HIS REVIEW IS STILL ETCHED IN WHAT LITTLE REMAINS OF MY MIND.

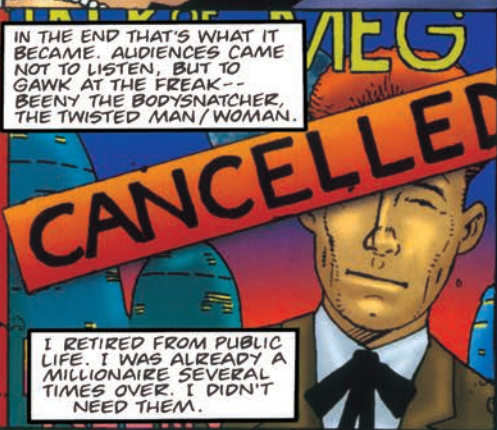
HE DESCRIBED ME AS A "SAD, SICK, LITTLE MAN" AND MY ACT AS A "PERVERSION" AND A "FREAK SHOW!"



IN THE END THAT'S WHAT IT BECAME. AUDIENCES CAME NOT TO LISTEN, BUT TO GAWK AT THE FREAK-- BEENY THE BODYSNATCHER, THE TWISTED MAN/WOMAN.

BUT IT HAD BEEN VICTOR PORTNOY WHO'D SPREAD THE POISON. "VICTOR THE VIPER," THEY CALLED HIM. "POISON PORTNOY."

I DIDN'T REALISE THEN JUST HOW POISONOUS HE WAS.



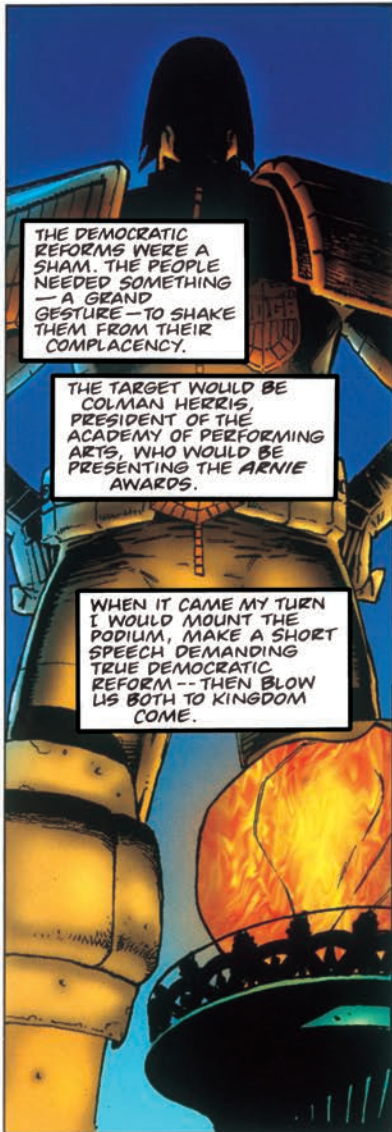
I RETIRED FROM PUBLIC LIFE. I WAS ALREADY A MILLIONAIRE SEVERAL TIMES OVER. I DIDN'T NEED THEM.

AN ARNIE...MY, MY. THAT MUST GIVE YOU A WARM GLOW, BENNETT. THE PINNACLE OF A SONG-WRITER'S CAREER.

I HAVEN'T WON IT YET.



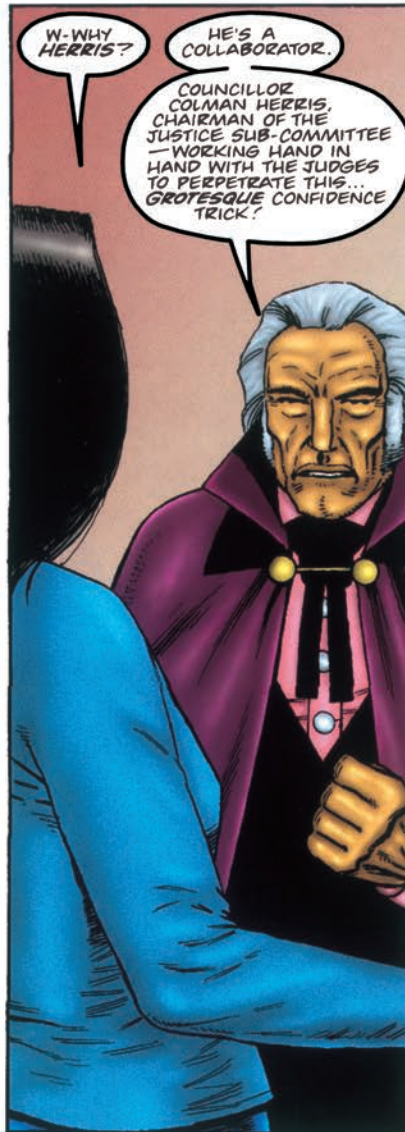




THE DEMOCRATIC REFORMS WERE A SHAM. THE PEOPLE NEEDED SOMETHING — A GRAND GESTURE — TO SHAKE THEM FROM THEIR COMPLACENCY.

THE TARGET WOULD BE COLMAN HERRIS, PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS, WHO WOULD BE PRESENTING THE ARNIE AWARDS.

WHEN IT CAME MY TURN I WOULD MOUNT THE PODIUM, MAKE A SHORT SPEECH DEMANDING TRUE DEMOCRATIC REFORM — THEN BLOW US BOTH TO KINGDOM COME.



W-WHY HERRIS?

HE'S A COLLABORATOR.

COUNCILLOR COLMAN HERRIS, CHAIRMAN OF THE JUSTICE SUB-COMMITTEE — WORKING HAND IN HAND WITH THE JUDGES TO PERPETRATE THIS... GROTESQUE CONFIDENCE TRICK!



YOU'RE DYING ANYWAY, BENNETT. WHAT DOES IT MATTER? GO OUT WITH A BANG. FOR ONCE GIVE SOME MEANING TO YOUR SAD, SICK LIFE.

NO, I WON'T DO IT--

I THOUGHT YOU HATED THEM—THOUGHT YOU HATED THE JUDGES?

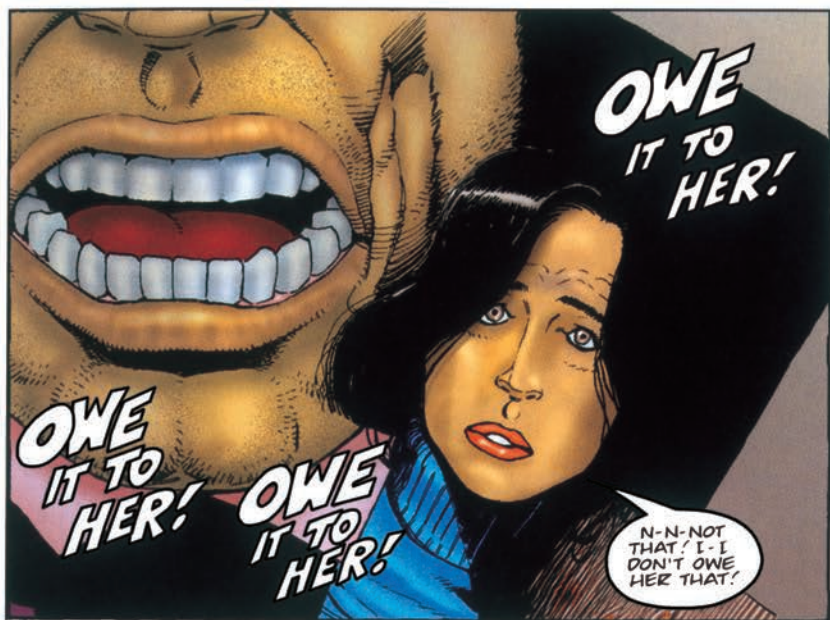
I CAN'T! IT'S MURDER!



THAT DIDN'T STOP YOU BEFORE! IT'S WHAT SHE WOULD WANT—SHE WOULD DO IT!

N-NOT ME! I-I'M NOT AMI--

IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE AMENDS! YOU OWE IT TO HER!





DREDD—

WHAT IS IT, PENDER?

SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

ROUTINE SURVEILLANCE ON OUR OLD FRIEND BEENY PICKED THEM UP.

VICTOR PORTNOY'S SUSPECTED OF LINKS WITH VARIOUS DEMOCRATIC TERRORIST GROUPS—NOTHING WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO PIN A CHARGE ON.

OF COURSE, THE MEETING COULD BE INNOCENT—THEY'RE IN THE SAME LINE OF WORK.

ON THE OTHER HAND, BEENY'S CONFIDENTIAL MEDICAL RECORDS SAY HE'S GOT ACUTE REJECTION SYNDROME—HE HAS ONLY A SHORT WHILE TO LIVE.

AND A MAN WITH NOTHING TO LOSE IS CAPABLE OF DESPERATE ACTS.

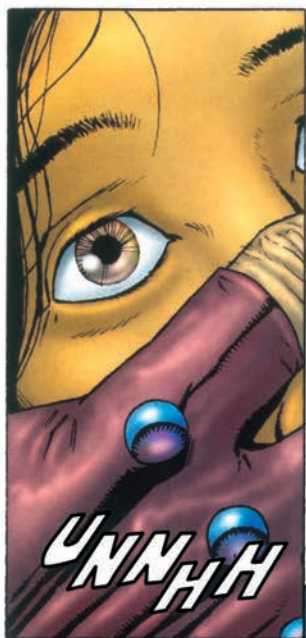
YOU WERE RIGHT TO BRING THIS TO MY ATTENTION. STEP UP SURVEILLANCE—A WATCH ON BEENY ROUND THE CLOCK.

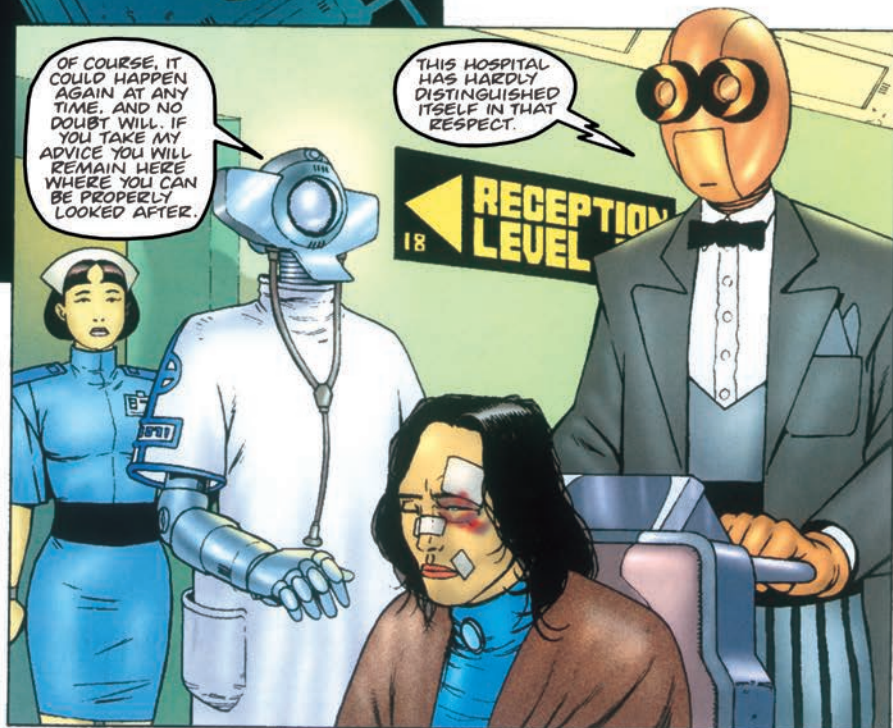
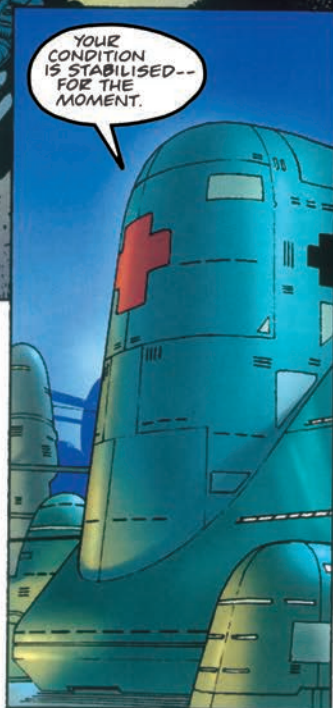
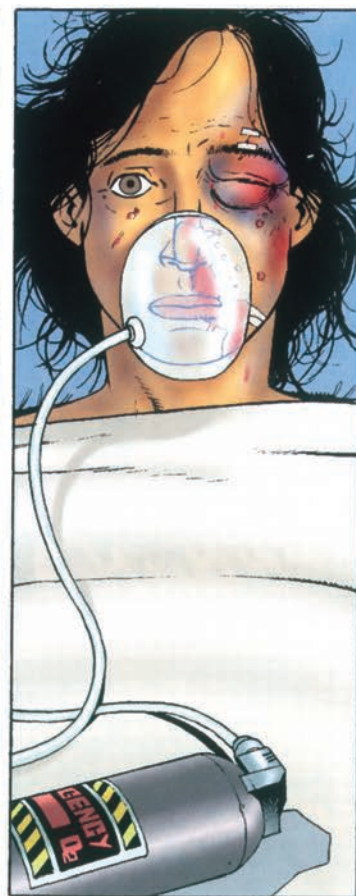
IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING. STILL, BEST TO BE SURE.

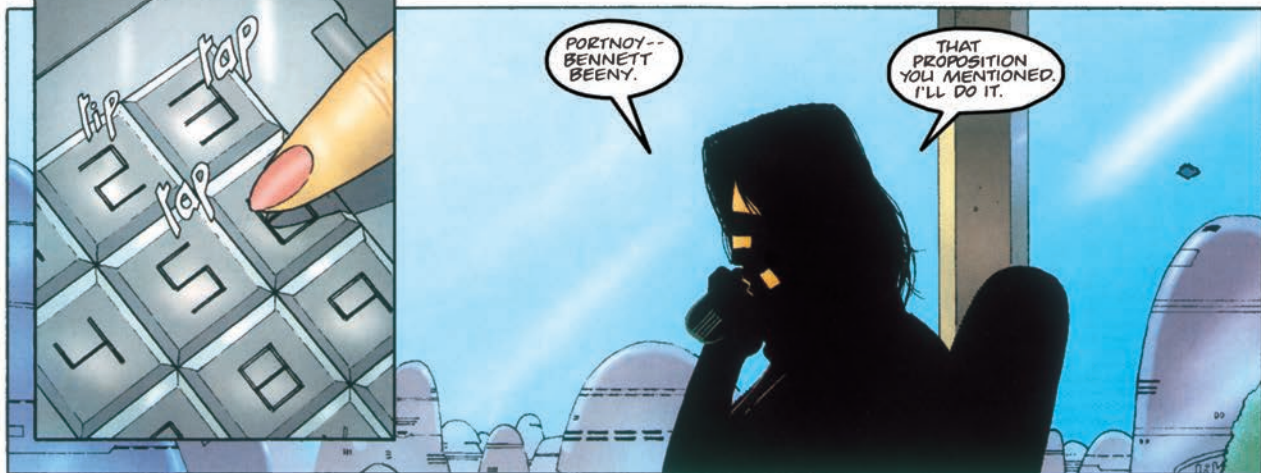
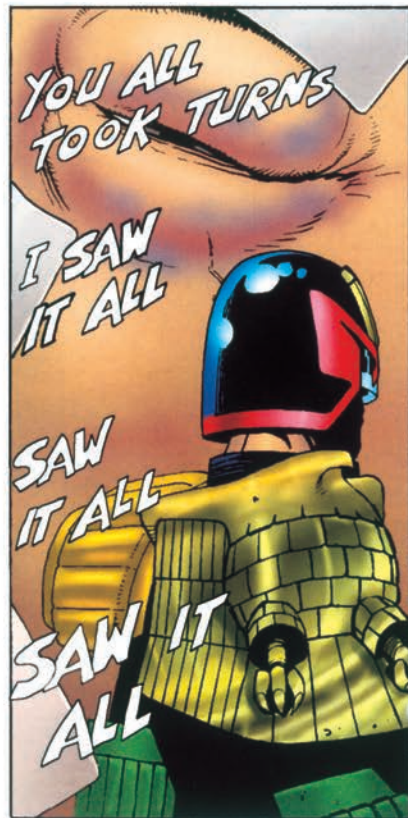
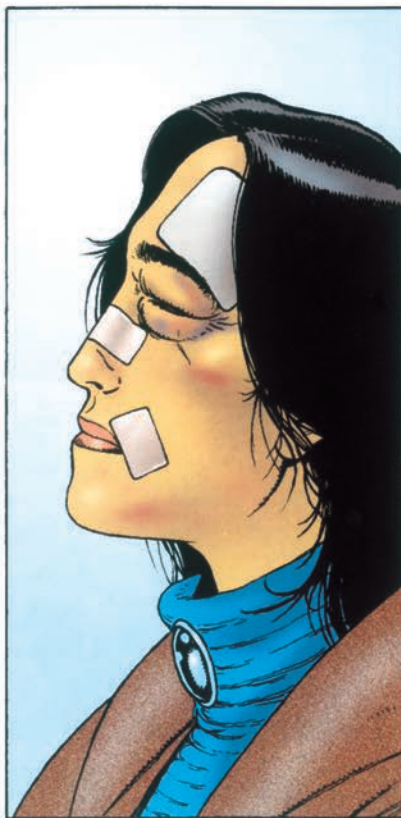






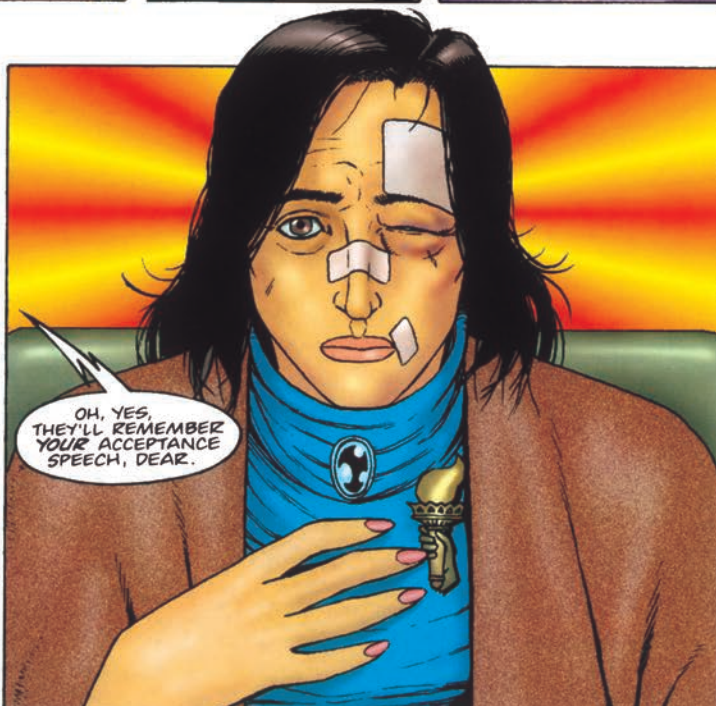
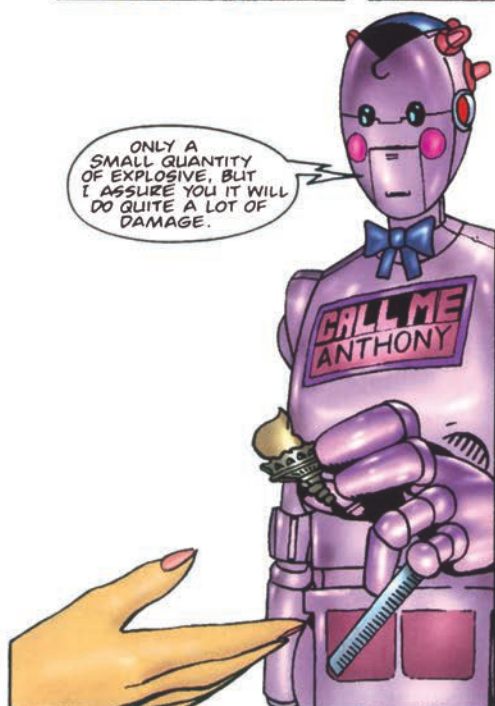
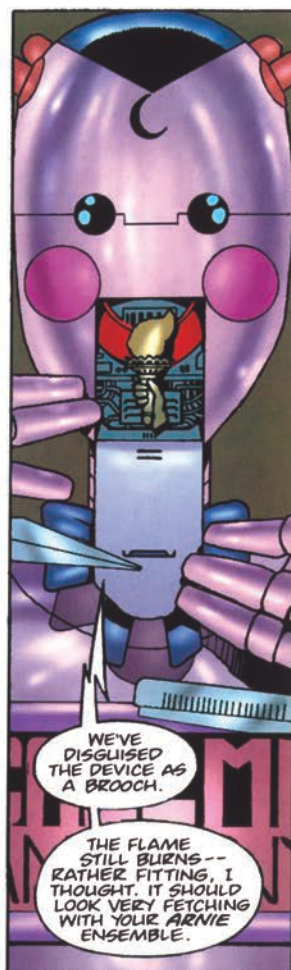
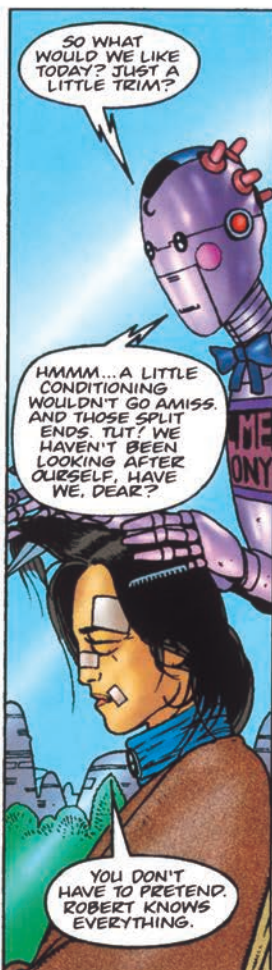
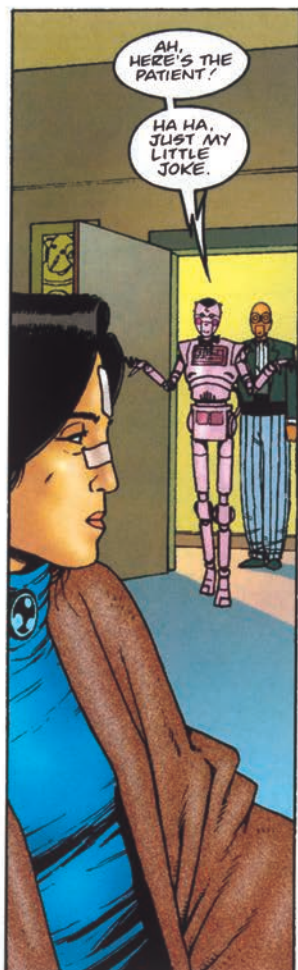








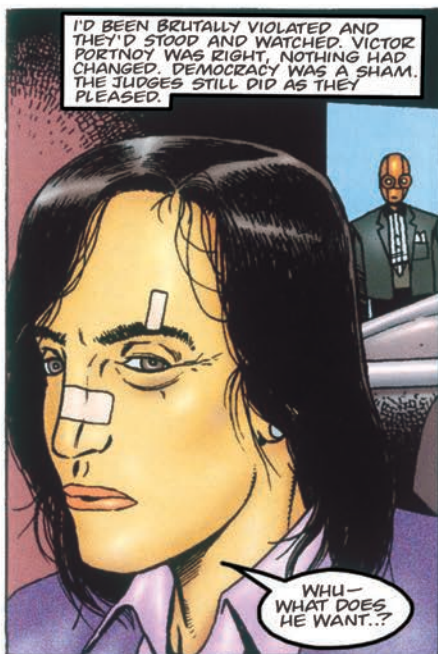






ALMOST AS SOON AS I'D AGREED TO MURDER COLMAN HERRIS, I BEGAN TO REGRET IT.

JUDGE DREDD TO SEE YOU, SIR.



I'D BEEN BRUTALLY VIOLATED AND THEY'D STOOD AND WATCHED. VICTOR PORTNOY WAS RIGHT, NOTHING HAD CHANGED. DEMOCRACY WAS A SHAM. THE JUDGES STILL DID AS THEY PLEASED.

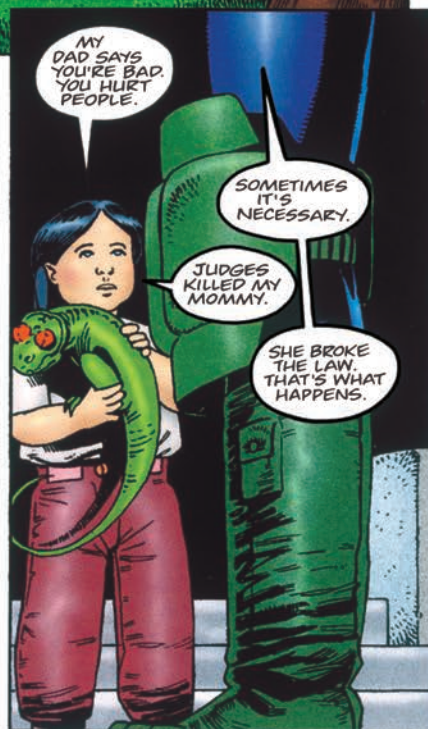
WHY—WHAT DOES HE WANT..?



BUT AS THE DAYS TO THE ARNIES SLIPPED AWAY, SO DID MY RESOLVE...

I'M TEACHING MY LIZARD TO SING. DO YOU WANT TO HEAR HIM?

I'LL TAKE A RAIN CHECK.

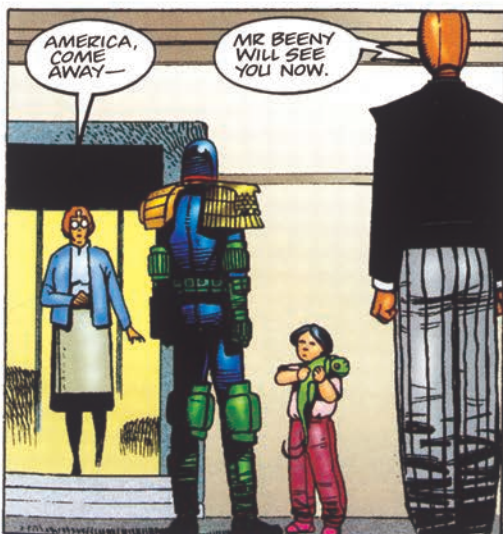


MY DAD SAYS YOU'RE BAD. YOU HURT PEOPLE.

SOMETIMES IT'S NECESSARY.

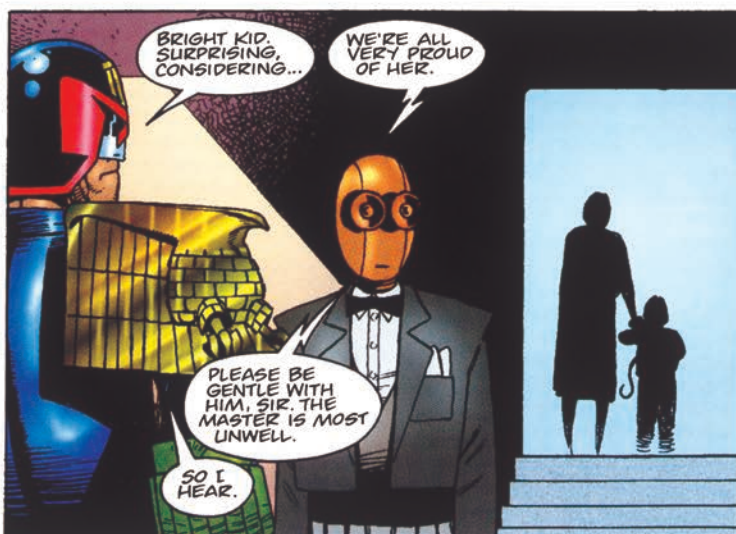
JUDGES KILLED MY MOMMY.

SHE BROKE THE LAW. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS.



AMERICA, COME AWAY—

MR BEENY WILL SEE YOU NOW.

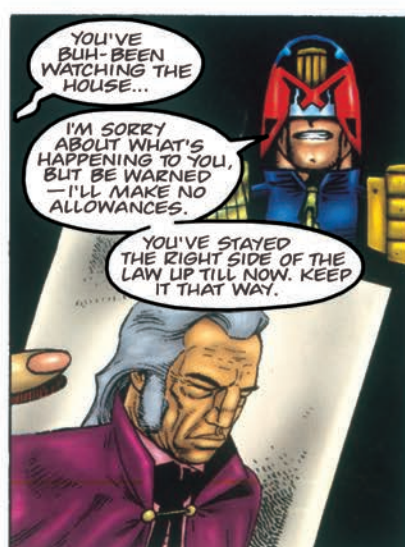
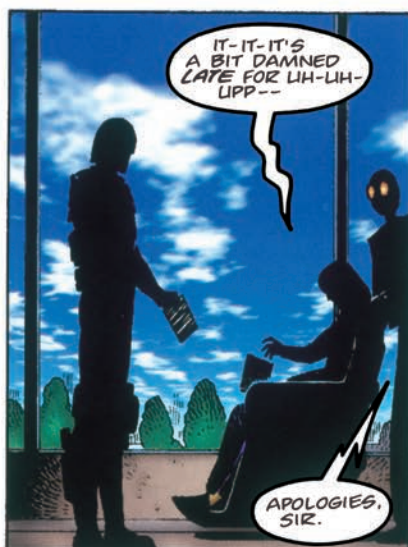
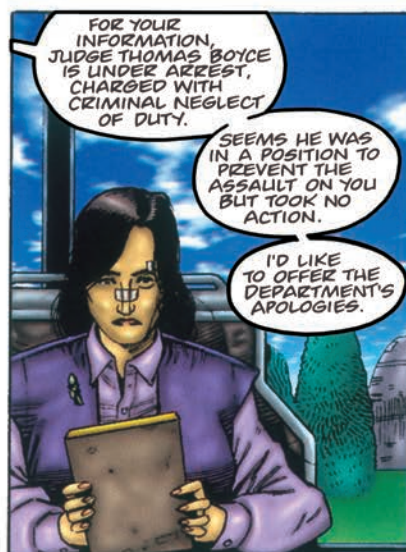


BRIGHT KID, SURPRISING, CONSIDERING...

WE'RE ALL VERY PROUD OF HER.

PLEASE BE GENTLE WITH HIM, SIR. THE MASTER IS MOST UNWELL.

SO I HEAR.



WHERE DO
I STAND?

I'LL TELL YOU
WHERE I STAND.

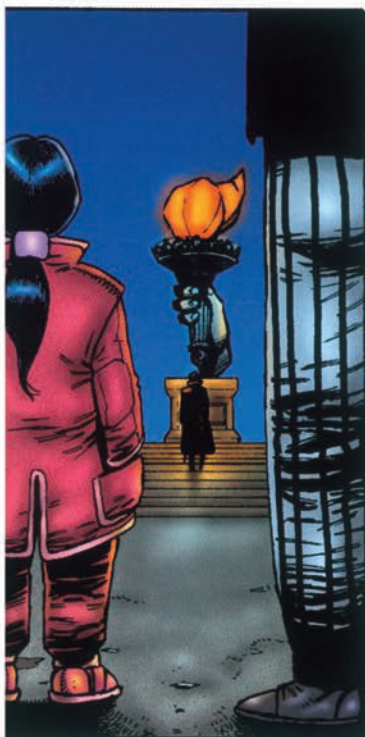
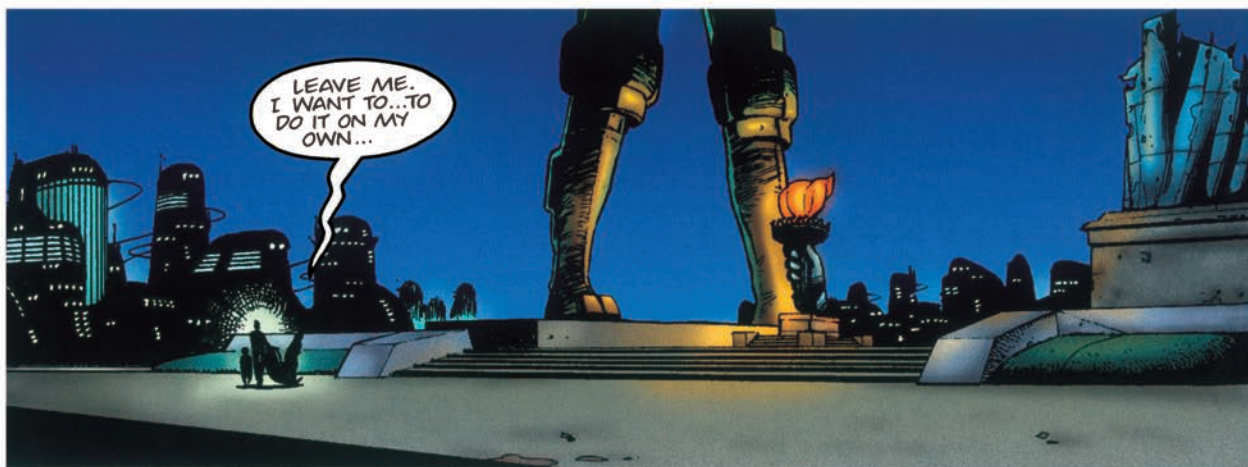
I STAND FOR JUSTICE. I
STAND FOR DISCIPLINE, GOOD
ORDER AND THE RIGID
APPLICATION OF THE LAW.

I MAKE NO
EXCEPTIONS.

NOT FOR YOU, NOT FOR US.
A JUDGE STEPS OUT OF
LINE, HE'LL DO TIME, SAME
AS THE NEXT CREEP.

THE PEOPLE KNOW
THAT, AND THEY
RESPECT IT.

MAYBE I'M NO
MR NICE GUY—
BUT AT LEAST
I'M CONSISTENT.



"ARE YOU GOING
TO DIE, DADDY?"

"YES,
DARLING."

"I DON'T WANT
YOU TO DIE."

"I DON'T WANT TO
EITHER. SOMETIMES
THESE THINGS
HAPPEN."

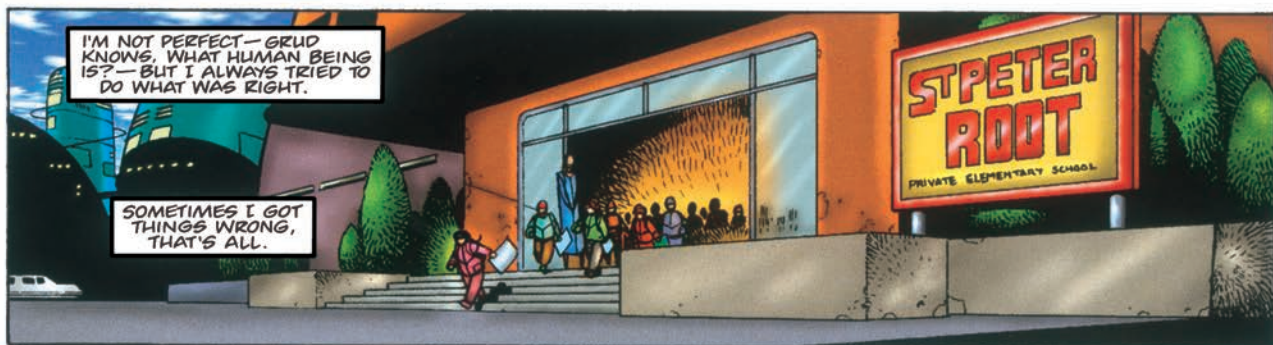
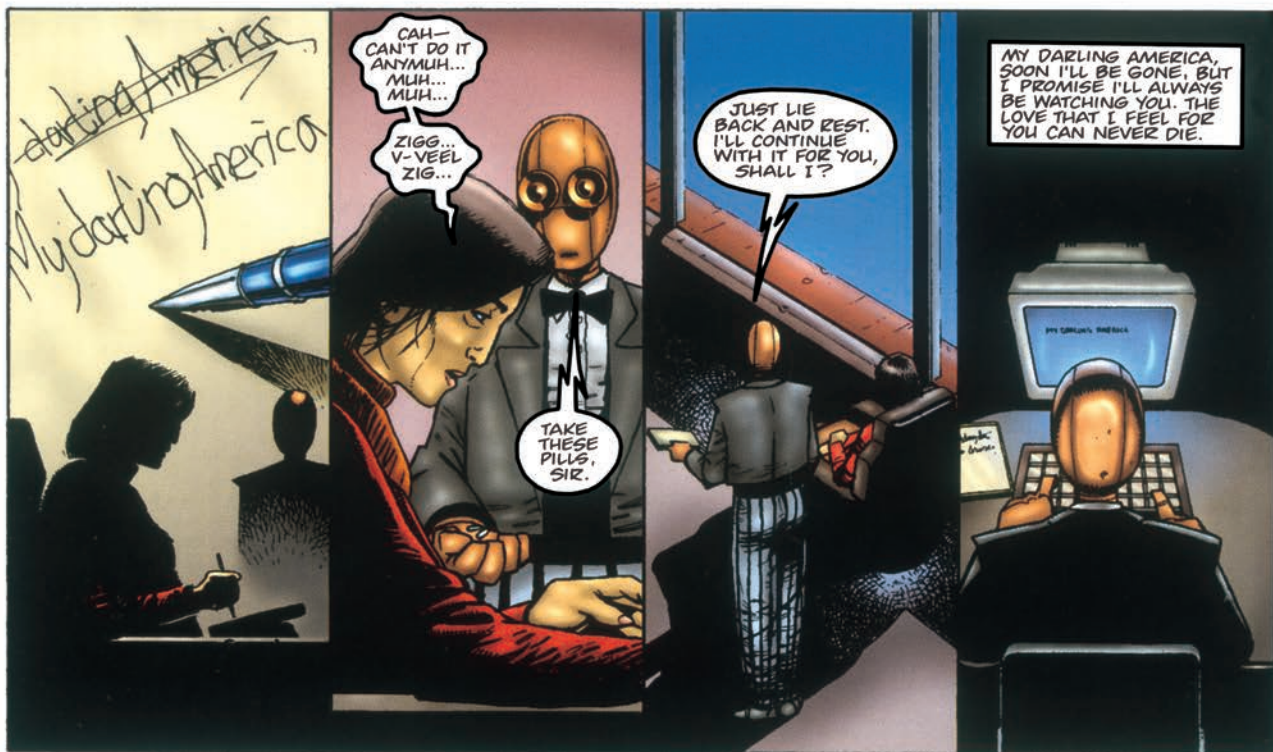
"I'LL BE ALL ON
MY OWN. WHO'LL
LOOK AFTER ME?"

"MRS WILSON—AND ROBERT.
DON'T WORRY, THEY'LL TAKE
GOOD CARE OF YOU. YOU'LL
HAVE EVERYTHING YOU
COULD WANT."

"I WANT YOU."

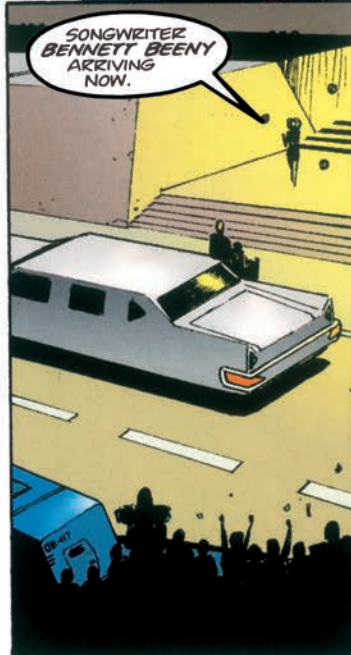
"I'LL BE THERE. UP IN
HEAVEN, WITH YOUR
MOMMY. WE'LL
ALWAYS BE WATCHING
OVER YOU."

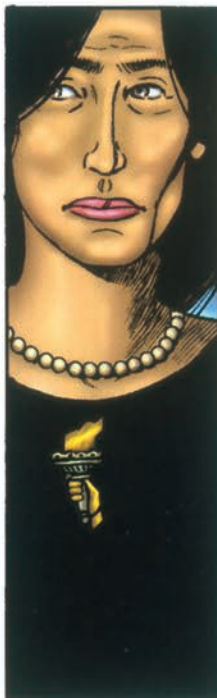




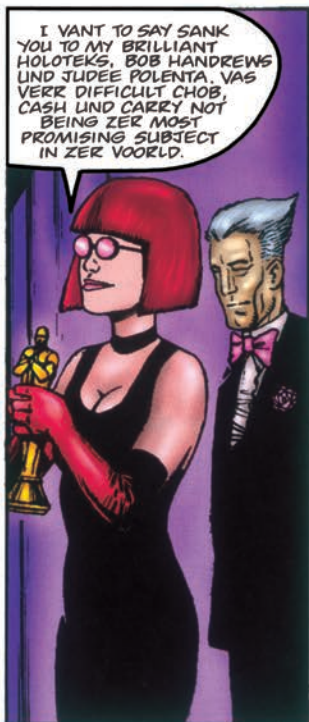
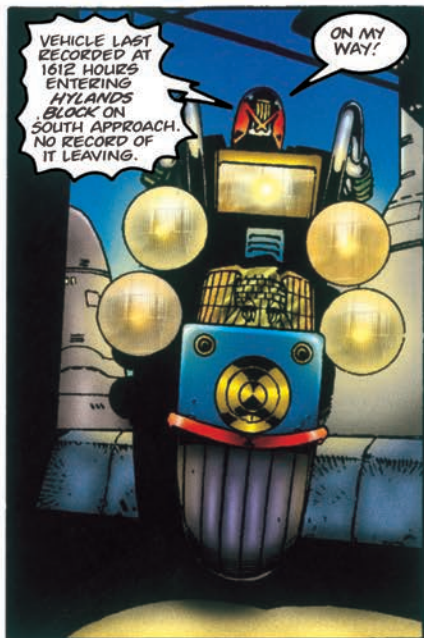
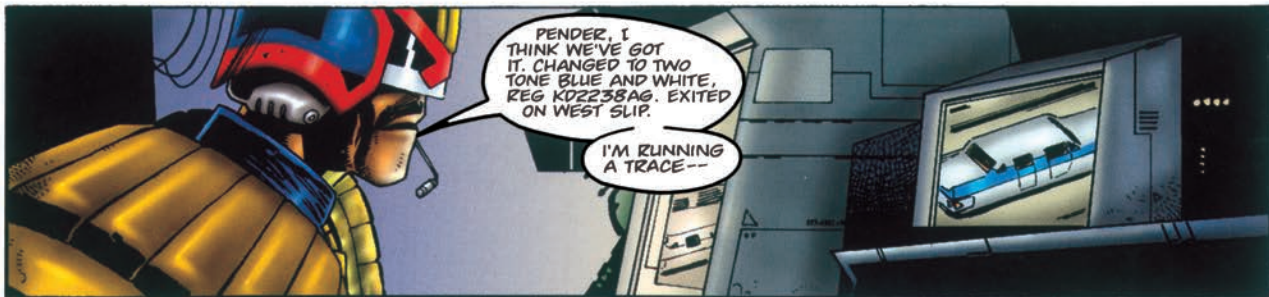




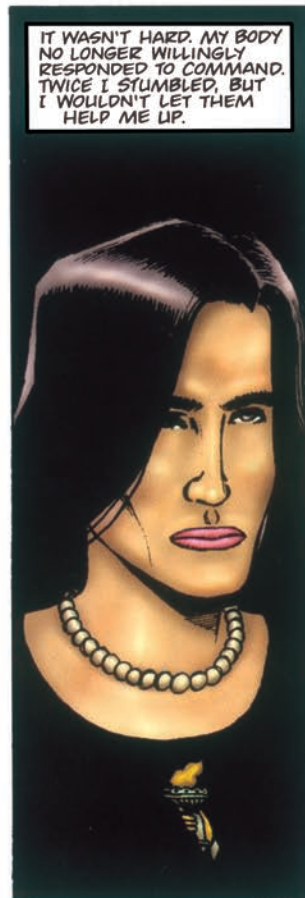
















THERE'S GOING TO BE
A SLAUGHTER LIKE YOU
WON'T BELIEVE. REAL
STARS BLEEDING REAL
BLOOD FOR ONCE — ON
WORLDWIDE TV!

DEMOCRACY
OR DEATH?

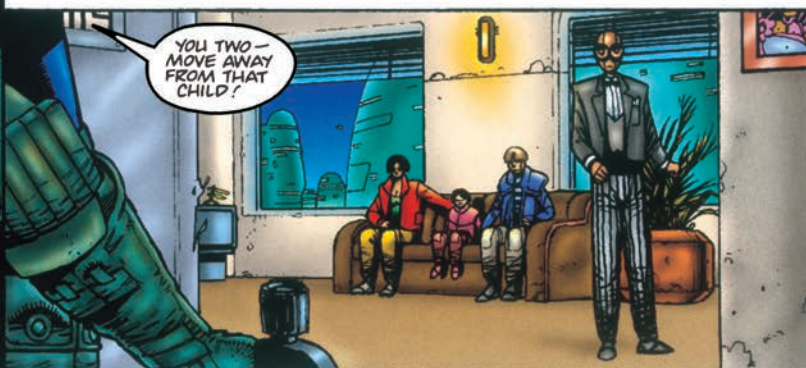
FZANGGG

SPATTA

AHHHH

OH MY
GRUD —!







THE THEORY WAS THAT THE SLAUGHTER WOULD SPARK A JUSTICE DEPT CRACKDOWN ON ALL DEMOCRATIC ACTIVITY. THE ENSUING ATMOSPHERE OF REPRESSION WOULD BRING FRESH RECRUITS RUSHING TO JOIN VICTOR PORTNOY'S CAUSE.

MAY GRUD, SHOULD SUCH AN ENTITY EXIST— AND ALL LOGIC SUGGESTS OTHERWISE -- MAY GRUD FORBID.

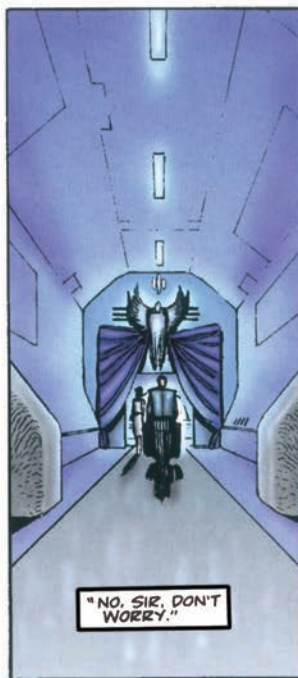
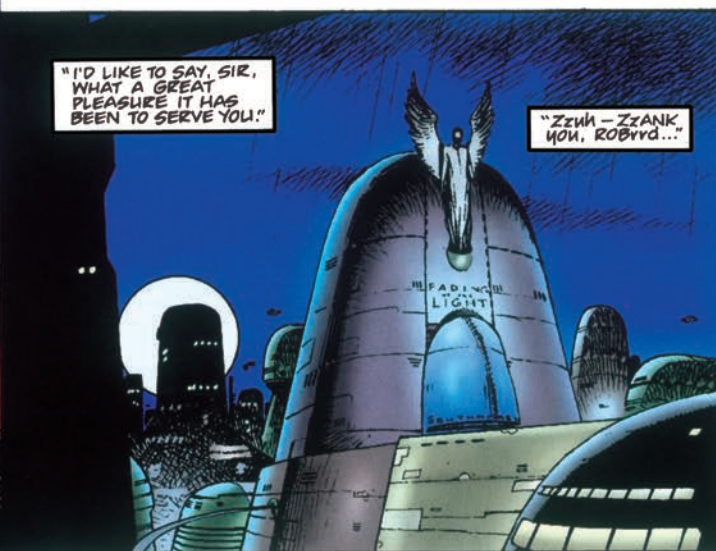
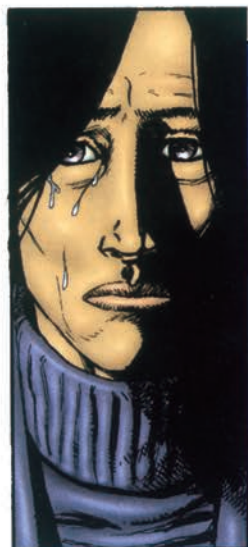
THAT SHOULD DO IT.

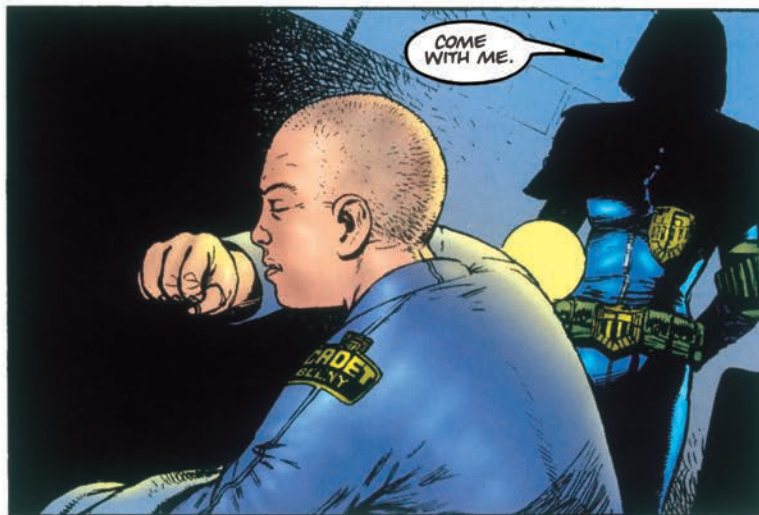
HOW ARE WE, SIE? FEELING A LITTLE BETTER NOW?

YEZZZ

THAT'S GOOD. DON'T WANT TO BE ALL SLOBBERY AND TWITCHING WHEN WE SEE MISS AMI. DO WE?

GOODBYE, MY DARLING. I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN I CAN EVER PUT INTO WORDS. I KNOW YOU'LL BE BRAVE. I KNOW YOU'LL MAKE ME PROUD OF YOU.







BE BRAVE, CHILD.



HE WANTED YOU TO HAVE THIS. I SEE NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD KEEP IT FROM YOU.

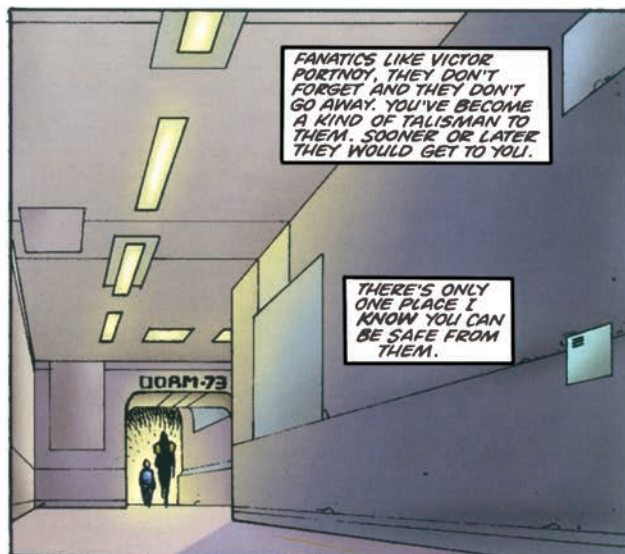


YOU HAVE A BIG FUTURE HERE WITH US, AMERICA. YOUR FATHER DID THE BEST THING, EVEN IF FOR THE WRONG REASONS. WORK HARD, APPLY YOURSELF—MAKE HIM PROUD OF YOU.

Y-YES, SIR. I WILL.



GIVE HER AN HOUR FOR GRIEVING. THEN BEST IF SHE JOINS THE OTHER CADETS.



FANATICS LIKE VICTOR PORTNOY, THEY DON'T FORGET AND THEY DON'T GO AWAY. YOU'VE BECOME A KIND OF TALISMAN TO THEM. SOONER OR LATER THEY WOULD GET TO YOU.

THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I KNOW YOU CAN BE SAFE FROM THEM.

00AM-73

AT LEAST THE JUDGES DON'T PRETEND.

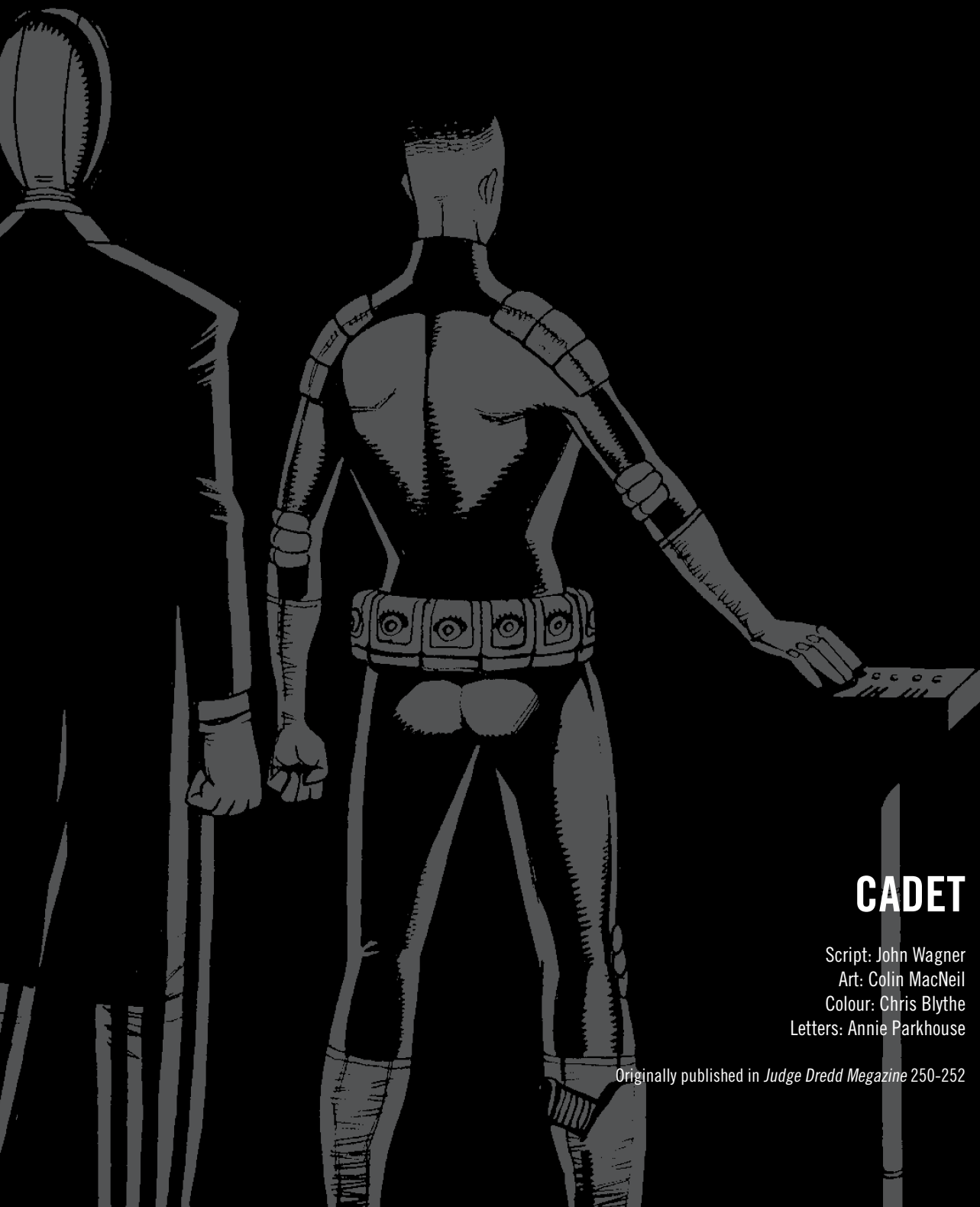
YES, THEY MUST CHANGE. BUT NOT BY MURDER — NOT BY BOMBING, NOT BY DECEPTION AND LIES. BUT FROM WITHIN, WITHIN THEIR HEARTS AND THEIR CONSCIENCES.



AND I BELIEVE,
I TRULY BELIEVE,
THAT ONE GOOD
JUDGE IS WORTH
A THOUSAND
PROTEST MARCHES.

TO UPHOLD THE LAW

I BELIEVE IN YOU,
MY DARLING.



CADET

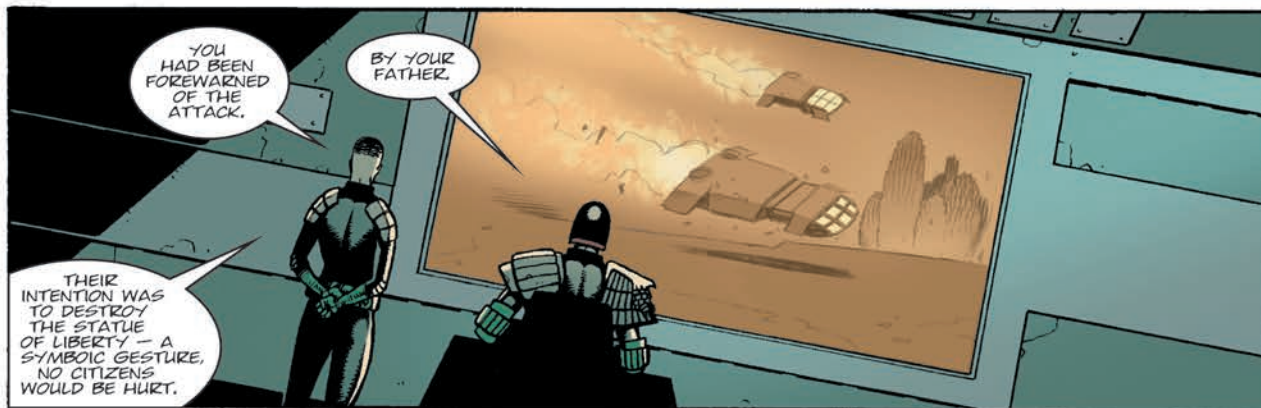
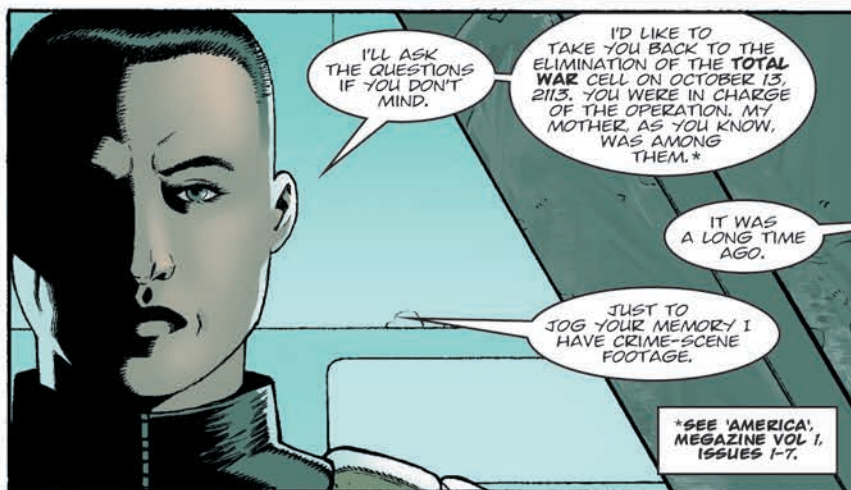
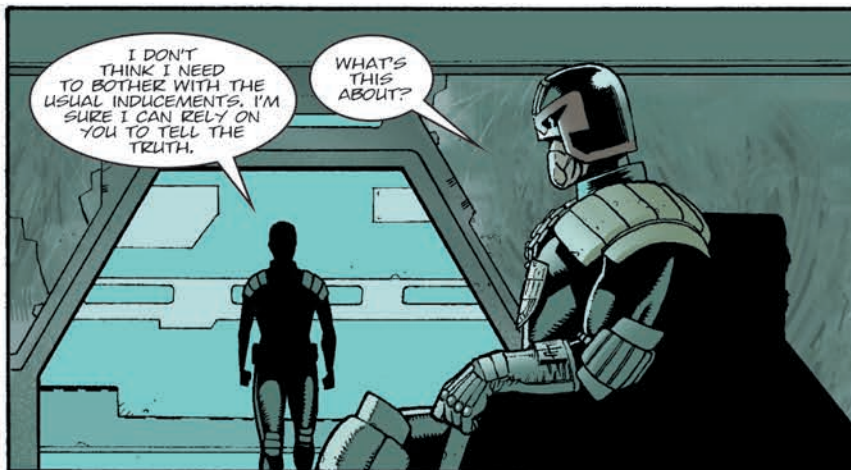
Script: John Wagner

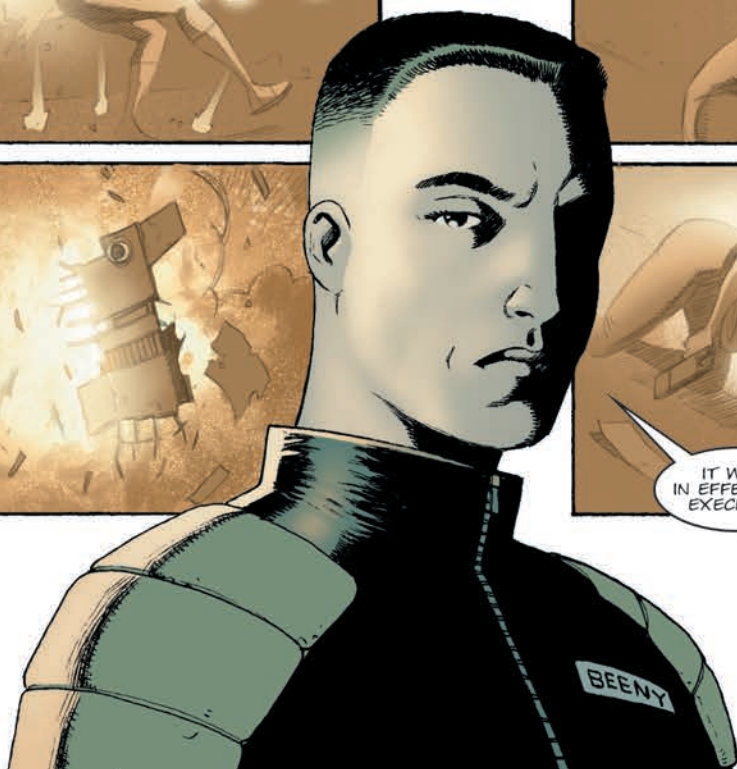
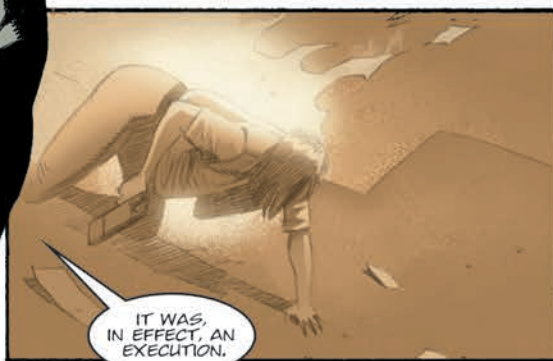
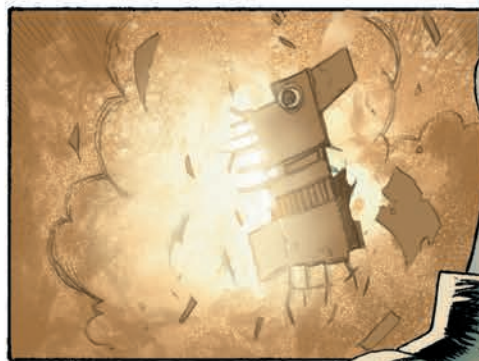
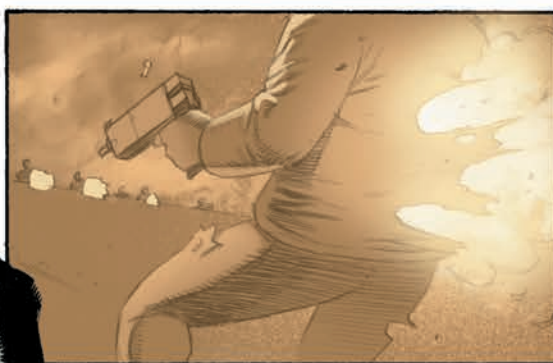
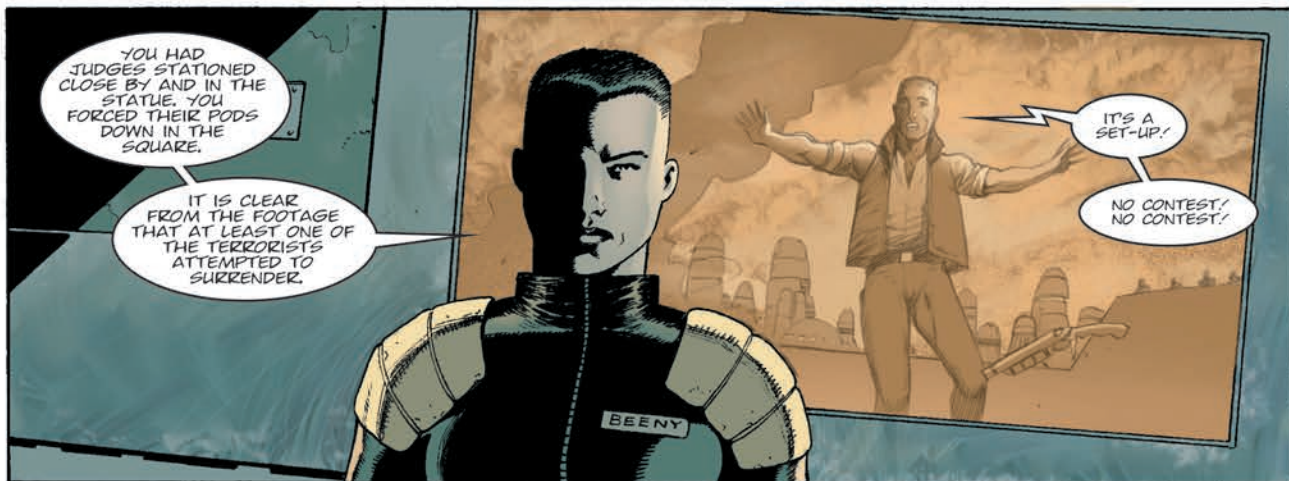
Art: Colin MacNeil

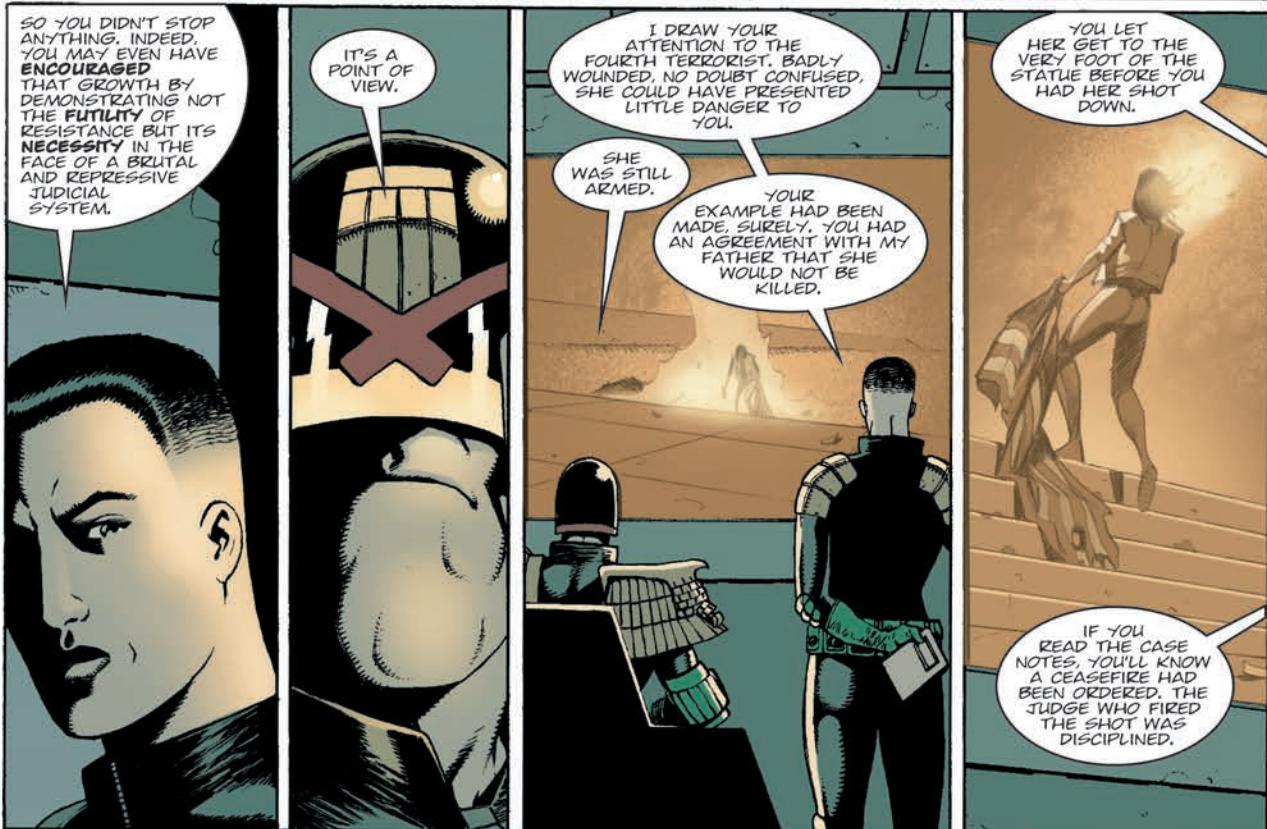
Colour: Chris Blythe

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

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I TAKE YOU FORWARD ROUGHLY SIX YEARS TO THE ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS AWARD CEREMONY. MY FATHER HAD BEEN GIVEN AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE TO DETONATE ON STAGE.*

BY THEN HE WAS WEARING YOUR MOTHER'S BODY.

*SEE FADING OF THE LIGHT, MEGAZINE VOL 3, ISSUES 20-25.

I'M WELL AWARE OF MY FATHER'S ODDNESS. BENNETT BEENY, THE TWISTED MAN/WOMAN - BEENY THE BODYSNATCHER - THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED HIM.

BUT I CAN TELL YOU HE WAS A GOOD MAN, A KIND MAN, HE'D NEVER WILLINGLY HURT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING, AND THAT'S SOMETHING NOT MANY OF US CAN SAY.

THE DETONATION OF THE DEVICE WAS TO BE THE SIGNAL FOR A BLOODY SLAUGHTER BY TERRORISTS PLANTED IN THE HALL. THE FACT THAT MY FATHER HAD COME TO YOU WITH THE INFORMATION COULD NOT PREVENT THAT.

VICTOR PORTNOY WAS ARRESTED AT THE SCENE. HE IS IDENTIFIED IN THE CASE NOTES AS THE INSTIGATOR OF THE PLOT.

CAPTURED TERRORISTS TESTIFIED THEY RECEIVED WEAPONS AND INSTRUCTIONS DIRECTLY FROM PORTNOY. HE WAS TAKEN TO BE THE TOP LINK IN THE CHAIN.

TAKEN TO BE?

THE CASE WAS HANDED TO GRAND HALL. PORTNOY DIED UNDER INTERROGATION. THEY DIDN'T GET MUCH OUT OF HIM, BUT NO EVIDENCE WAS EVER FOUND TO SUGGEST HE WAS WORKING UNDER ANYONE ELSE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

YET SUBSEQUENT EVENTS SUGGEST THAT THE TOTAL WAR WEB WAS ALREADY WIDESPREAD AND HIGHLY ORGANISED.

AND VICTOR PORTNOY WAS A SOCIALITE AND A DANDY - TOO PUBLIC A FIGURE SURELY TO BE ALLOWED TO ORGANISE AND CARRY OUT SUCH AN ELABORATE ATTACK, NOT WITHOUT DIRECTION.

IN LIGHT OF SUBSEQUENT EVENTS, THAT'S A REASONABLE CONCLUSION.

GOOD, BECAUSE THAT WILL BE THE FOCUS OF MY INVESTIGATION. TO FIND OUT WHO WAS REALLY BEHIND THE ATTACK.

I WISH YOU LUCK, SORRY I COULDN'T BE MORE HELP.

I HOPE YOU WILL BE. YOU SEE, I'VE ASKED FOR YOU AS MY CO-INVESTIGATOR.

WHAT-?



IN 10TH YEAR WE EXPECT EVERY CADET TO BE ABLE TO INITIATE AND CARRY OUT A **FULL INVESTIGATION**. WHERE POSSIBLE, WE TEAM THEM UP WITH THE INVIGILATOR OF THEIR CHOICE.

I TAKE IT YOU'VE NO OBJECTION TO WORKING WITH BEENY?

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY SHE REQUESTED ME.



WE THOUGHT IT WAS ODD, CONSIDERING YOUR HISTORY, BUT BEENY WAS INSISTENT. IT WAS ONLY FAIR TO LET HER HAVE HER WAY. GIVE HER ENOUGH ROPE, AS IT WERE...

AS CO-INVESTIGATOR YOU WILL ASSIST AS REQUESTED BUT OFFER NO DIRECTION. SHE WILL BE ARMED AND GRANTED FULL JUDICIAL STATUS FOR THE DURATION. DO TRY TO BRING HER BACK ALIVE.

I'LL DO MY BEST. NOTHING'S GUARANTEED.



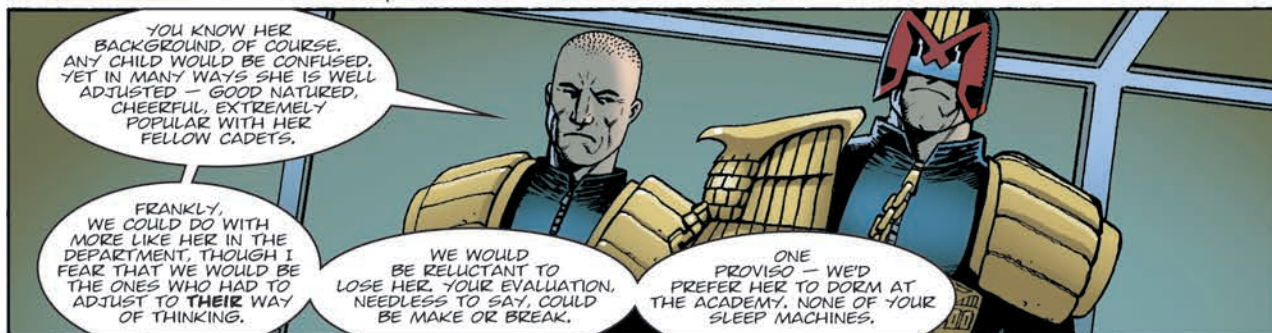
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HER?

I CAN'T SAY WE HAVEN'T HAD OUR DOUBTS.



"SHE'S TOO MUCH HER OWN PERSON. SHARP, PHYSICALLY EXCELLENT, GOOD SKILLS, NO LACK OF COURAGE, BUT THERE'S A **PERVERSE** QUALITY TO HER - I'D ALMOST SAY REBELLIOUS.

"HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT EVERYTHING, NEVER SHORT OF AN ANSWER, YET SHE CLAIMS IT'S HER GREATEST DESIRE TO BE A JUDGE AND I BELIEVE HER."



YOU KNOW HER BACKGROUND, OF COURSE. ANY CHILD WOULD BE CONFUSED, YET IN MANY WAYS SHE IS WELL ADJUSTED - GOOD NATURED, CHEERFUL, EXTREMELY POPULAR WITH HER FELLOW CADETS.

FRANKLY, WE COULD DO WITH MORE LIKE HER IN THE DEPARTMENT, THOUGH I FEAR THAT WE WOULD BE THE ONES WHO HAD TO ADJUST TO **THEIR** WAY OF THINKING.

WE WOULD BE RELUCTANT TO LOSE HER. YOUR EVALUATION, NEEDLESS TO SAY, COULD BE MAKE OR BREAK.

ONE PROVISIO - WE'D PREFER HER TO DORM AT THE ACADEMY. NONE OF YOUR SLEEP MACHINES.



"THEY'RE NOT GOOD FOR YOU, YOU KNOW. I'VE SAID IT BEFORE, I'LL SAY IT AGAIN. JUST MAKE A MAN GRUMPY."

"REALLY? I THOUGHT IT WAS TIGHT BOOTS."





WHY ME, BEENY?

SORRY?

THE WAY YOU SEE IT, I KILLED YOUR MOTHER. WHY CHOOSE ME?



IF YOU COME DOWN TO IT, YES, YOU DID KILL HER. YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED IT EARLIER, BEFORE ANYONE GOT HURT. BUT YOU WANTED TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE.

BUT THEN IF I WAS GOING TO BLAME ANYONE I'D HAVE TO BLAME THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT. IT'S THE WAY WE WORK. IT'S THE WAY WE ARE. OUR WHOLE CULTURE IS WRONG.

AND YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE THAT?

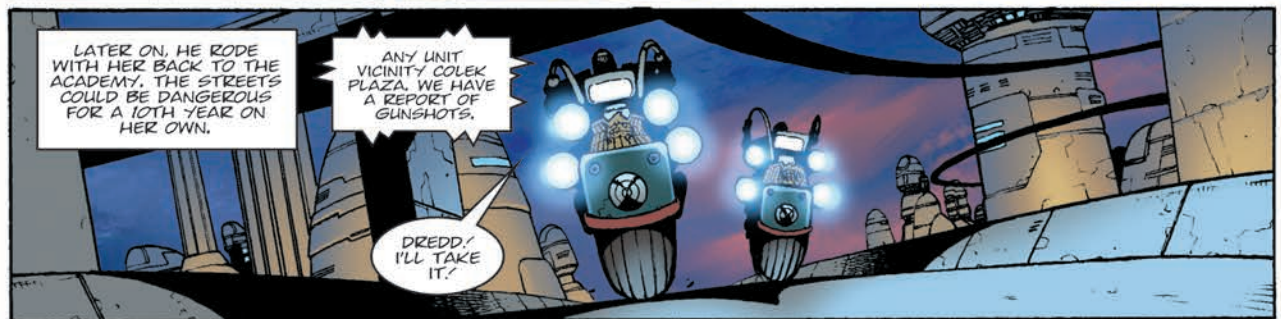


YES, I AM.

I TOLD YOU ONCE YOU WERE BAD. I DON'T THINK THAT ANYMORE. YOU'RE NOT BAD. YOU'RE JUST WHAT THE SYSTEM MADE YOU.

AS FAR AS THIS CASE GOES, YOU HAVE AN INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE. YOU'RE A FIRST-RATE INVESTIGATOR AND IT'LL IRK YOU BIG TIME THAT THE ORIGINAL INVESTIGATION NEVER GOT AT THE TRUTH. SO I BELIEVE YOU CAN HELP ME. I REALLY WANT TO KNOW THE ANSWERS.

FAIR ENOUGH.



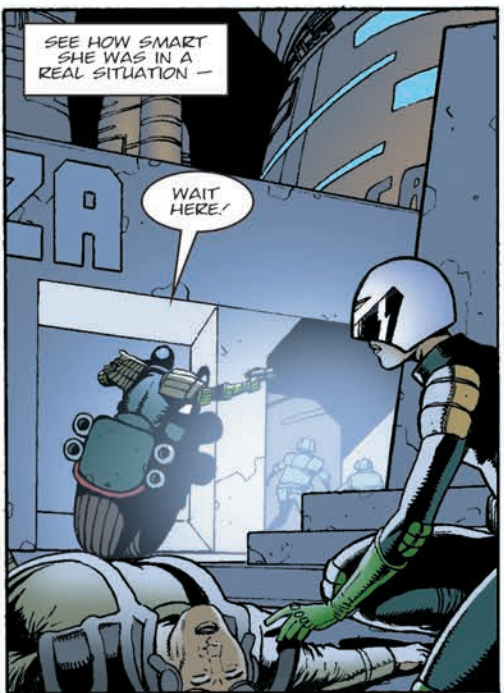
LATER ON, HE RODE WITH HER BACK TO THE ACADEMY. THE STREETS COULD BE DANGEROUS FOR A 10TH YEAR ON HER OWN.

ANY UNIT VICINITY COLEK PLAZA. WE HAVE A REPORT OF GUNSHOTS.

DREDD, I'LL TAKE IT.

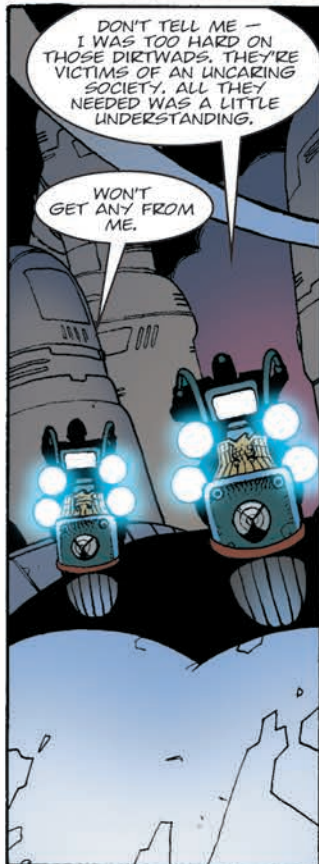


HE HAD TO ADMIT THERE WAS A MODICUM OF PLEASURE IN TAKING THE CALL, BACK ON HOME GROUND —



SEE HOW SMART SHE WAS IN A REAL SITUATION —

WAIT HERE!





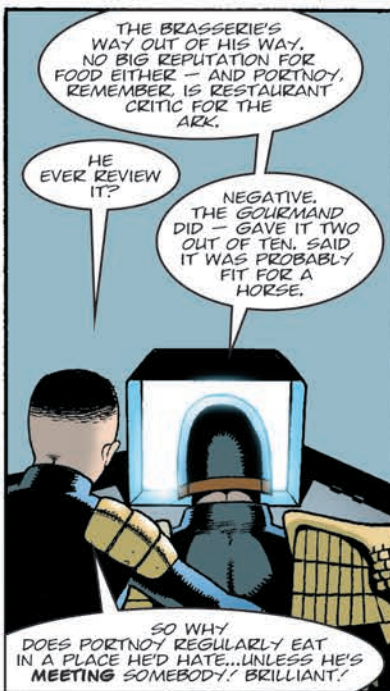
I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE...

WHAT?



PORTNOY'S CARD RECEIPTS. FIRST MONDAY IN EVERY MONTH HE EATS IN THE HORSE BRASSERIE, SECTOR 44. THAT GOES BACK ALMOST FIVE YEARS.

THEN LOOK AT THIS - IN THE WEEKS LEADING UP TO THE ATTACK HE EATS THERE FREQUENTLY, THREE TIMES ALONE IN THE WEEK BEFORE THE CEREMONY.



THE BRASSERIE'S WAY OUT OF HIS WAY. NO BIG REPUTATION FOR FOOD EITHER - AND PORTNOY, REMEMBER, IS RESTAURANT CRITIC FOR THE ARK.

HE EVER REVIEW IT?

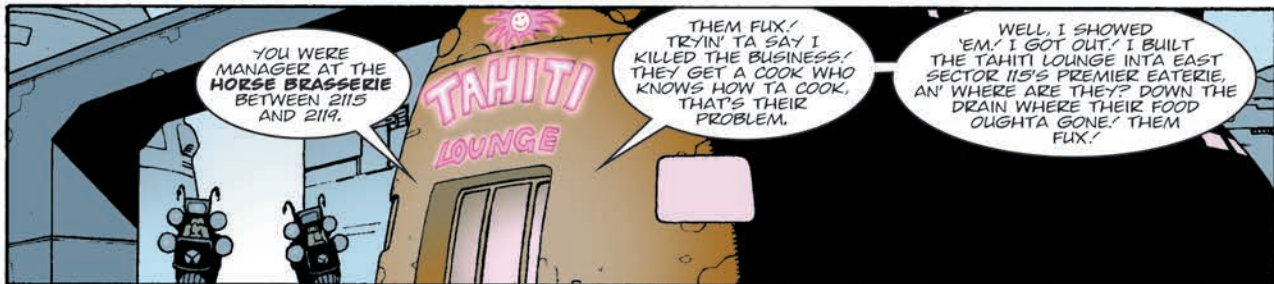
NEGATIVE. THE GOURMAND DID - GAVE IT TWO OUT OF TEN. SAID IT WAS PROBABLY FIT FOR A HORSE.

SO WHY DOES PORTNOY REGULARLY EAT IN A PLACE HE'D HATE...UNLESS HE'S MEETING SOMEBODY? BRILLIANT!



TEN YEARS AGO. WON'T BE ANY SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE. AND THE BRASSERIE'S BEEN CLOSED SINCE '20.

THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY, BEENY. WHAT'S YOUR MOVE?



YOU WERE MANAGER AT THE HORSE BRASSERIE BETWEEN 2115 AND 2119.

THEM FLUX! TRYIN' TA SAY I KILLED THE BUSINESS! THEY GET A COOK WHO KNOWS HOW TA COOK, THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM.

WELL, I SHOWED 'EM. I GOT OUT. I BUILT THE TAHITI LOUNGE INTO EAST SECTOR 115'S PREMIER EATERIE, AN' WHERE ARE THEY? DOWN THE DRAIN WHERE THEIR FOOD OUGHTA GONE. THEM FLUX!



DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS MAN?

SURE. THAT'S VICTOR PORTNOY. HE USED TO BE A HORSE REGULAR - BEATS ME WHY. I MEAN, HE'S SUPPOSED TO KNOW SOMETHIN' - I COULDA TOLD HIM. DON'T EAT HERE.

WHO DID HE MEET WITH WHEN HE WENT THERE?

HIM? NOBODY. ALWAYS ATE ALONE. SAT THERE MAKIN' NOTES, LIKE HE WAS WRITIN' A REVIEW OR SOMETHIN'. I NEVER HEARD NO REVIEW, THOUGH. ANYWAY, I COULDA TOLD HIM WHAT TO WRITE. ONE WORD - HORSESHIT.



AND NOBODY JOINED HIM? SAT AT THE NEXT TABLE, SAY?

NAH. WE WASN'T, LIKE, BUSY. SOMETIMES HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN. ALWAYS SAT IN THE CORNER BOOTH, ON HIS OWN.

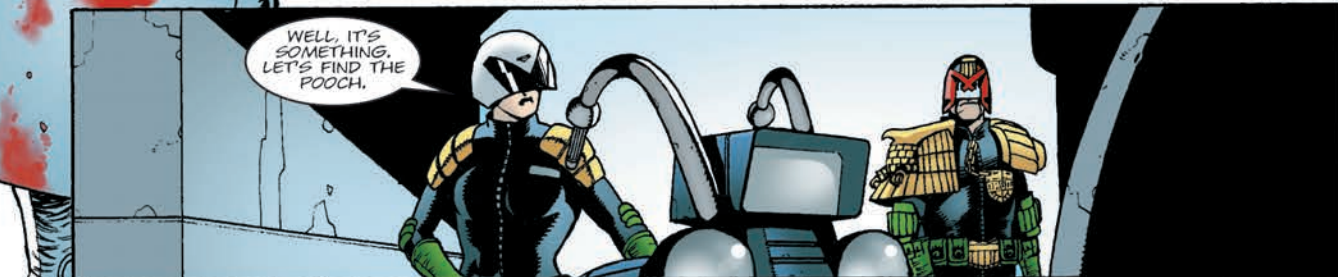
WHAT ABOUT STAFF? ANYONE PARTICULARLY FRIENDLY WITH HIM?

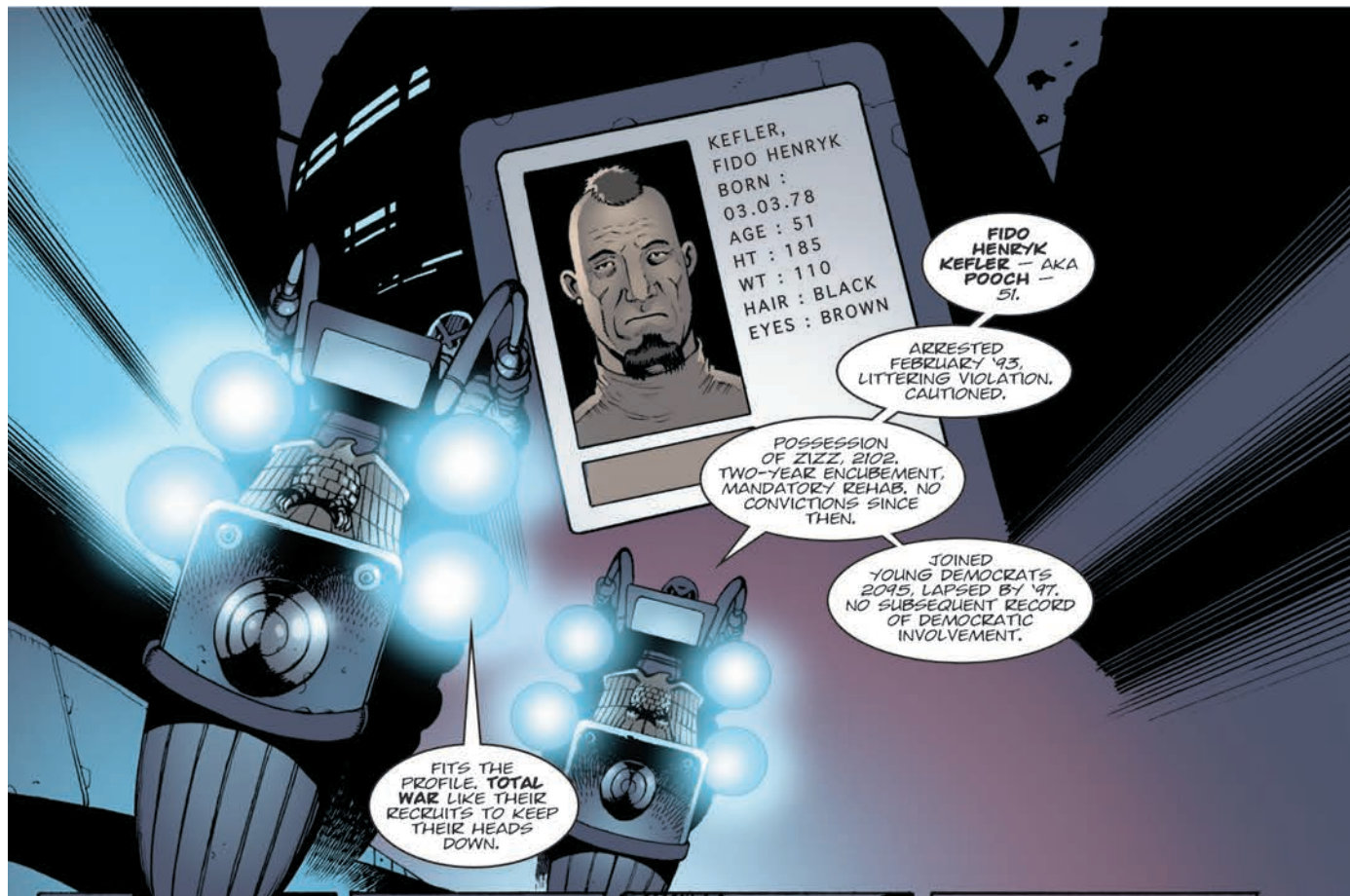
THERE WAS POOCH. SURE, POOCH. I SEEN 'EM LAUGHIN' AN' JOKIN' OFTEN ENOUGH. 'COURSE HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME ON HIS HANDS, LIKE I SAID, WE WASN'T BUSY.

POOCH?



THE WAITER, HE WAS THERE WHEN I STARTED, STAYED RIGHT TILL THE DUMP CLOSED.





KEFLER,
FIDO HENRYK
BORN :
03.03.78
AGE : 51
HT : 185
WT : 110
HAIR : BLACK
EYES : BROWN

FIDO
HENRYK
KEFLER — AKA
POOCH —
51.

ARRESTED
FEBRUARY '93,
LITTERING VIOLATION,
CAUTIONED.

POSSESSION
OF ZIZZ, 2102.
TWO-YEAR ENCUBEMENT,
MANDATORY REHAB, NO
CONVICTIONS SINCE
THEN.

JOINED
YOUNG DEMOCRATS
2045, LAPSED BY '97,
NO SUBSEQUENT RECORD
OF DEMOCRATIC
INVOLVEMENT.

FITS THE
PROFILE. TOTAL
WAR LIKE THEIR
RECRUITS TO KEEP
THEIR HEADS
DOWN.



KEFLER
WAS WAITER IN THE
HORSE BRASSERIE TILL
AUGUST 2120, A SERIES
OF SHORT CONTRACT JOBS
UNTIL 2125, WHEN HE
SIGNED OFF UNFIT
AFTER SLIPPING
ON KITCHEN
FAT.

DANGEROUS
GAME, THE
RESTAURANT
BUSINESS.

SINCE
THEN BEEN
COLLECTING
WELF, SINGLE RATE
OF 334 PER WEEK.
REGISTERED
ADDRESS, VASS
TOWER,
LEVEL 99.



CORNER
APARTMENT.
HIGH-OCTANE
ACCOMMODATION
ON 334 A
WEEK.

YOU'D THINK
WELFARE
WOULD BE
ASKING A FEW
QUESTIONS.



CONTROL,
BEENY. I WANT
AN AERIAL UNIT ON
TERRACE, APARTMENT
99K VASS TOWER.
NOBODY LEAVES
WITHOUT MY SAY-SO
LET ME KNOW
WHEN IT'S IN
PLACE.

YOU GOT
A ROJ.



A WISE PRECAUTION.
IF SHE'D MISSED IT HE
WOULD HAVE NOTED IT
ON HER EVALUATION —

SURFERS
DROPPING IN.
SOMEONE'S
HOME.

I'LL
TAKE THE
LEAD, AVOID
GUNPLAY IF
POSSIBLE.
I WANT
THE POOCH
ALIVE.









THIS CREEP'S BRIAN LEGGE, DRUMMER WITH THE SURF MONKEYS. YOU DID THE LISTENING PUBLIC A FAVOUR.



BACK UP ARRIVED -

HIGH GRADE BRAINCHOWDER - COMMERCIAL QUANTITIES.

FIGURED THOSE CREEPS WERE ON SOMETHING TO TRY SURFING THEIR WAY OUT.

BETTER LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE INJURIES, CADET.



SHE'D TAKEN COMMAND WHEN THE SITUATION DEMANDED, HANDLED IT LIKE A TEN-YEAR MAN. DESPITE HIS MISGIVINGS, HE WAS BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS GIRL.



YOU ARE LARSEN PROBY, 21, THROBBIST WITH THE SURF MONKEY MUSICAL COMBO? YOU LIVE AT 3778 LAZENBY CONAPTS?

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOOT ME, MAN.



WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THAT APARTMENT, LARSEN?

I DON'T HAVE TO SAY. I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING.

YOU WERE FOUND WITH 32 GRAMS OF HIGH-GRADE ALOPROPHINOL. THAT CAN EARN YOU UP TO SEVEN YEARS.

YOU REFUSED AN ORDER FROM A JUDGE. YOU FURTHER COMMITTED AN ASSAULT ON A JUDGE. LET'S DOUBLE THAT UP TO FOURTEEN. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW, LARSEN?



LOOK, I'VE HEARD YOU GUYS - YOU'RE GOOD. I'D LIKE TO CUT YOU SOME SLACK. BUT YOU'RE IN A BAD SPOT HERE. IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE A STAGE AGAIN, YOU BETTER COME CLEAN WITH ME.

OKAY, OKAY! WE JUST WENT THERE TO SCORE, OKAY? NEXT THING WE KNOW POOCH IS FREAKIN' OUT AN' DUMPIN' ALL HIS GEAR ON US. WE...WE JUST PANICKED.



I THINK WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME. IF THIS POOCH WAS TOTAL WAR, THEY'D HAVE HIT HIM THEMSELVES.

SO WHAT - HAND HIM OVER TO NARCOTICS?

NO, NO, BETTER SEE IT OUT.

SHE GRILLED KEFLER RELENTLESSLY, GOING BACK OVER THE SAME GROUND TIME AND AGAIN, PROBING FOR A CHINK IN HIS STORY —

THE BRASSERIE HAD A POOR REPUTATION. WHAT DID YOU THINK BROUGHT A RESTAURANT CRITIC LIKE VICTOR PORTNOY THERE SO OFTEN —

— UNLESS YOU WERE GIVING HIM HIS INSTRUCTIONS. A BOMB HERE, AN ASSASSINATION THERE — WHATEVER TOTAL WAR NEEDED.

STICK THIS STUFF ABOUT TOTAL WAR! I'M NO TERRORIST!

AND MR BERT DELONG, THE MANAGER — WHAT DID HE SPEAK TO PORTNOY ABOUT?

I DUNNO, NOTHIN' MUCH. I TOLD YOU, BERT COULDN'T STAND THE GUY. HE WAS ALWAYS SAYIN' IT.

IN THE END ALL THEY HAD WAS A SORDID LITTLE DRUG OPERATION AND A LONG-RUNNING WELFARE CON...

THE HORSE BRASSERIE COULD HAVE BEEN A DEAD LETTER DROP, YOU THOUGHT OF THAT?

YES, OF COURSE.

IF SO, YOU'LL NEED TO CHECK ON OTHER CUSTOMERS, CLEANING STAFF — A WHOLE LIST OF PEOPLE YOU MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO TRACE. ANYONE COULD HAVE LEFT SOMETHING AT THAT TABLE FOR VICTOR PORTNOY.

IF EVERY CASE WORKED OUT THE WAY WE WANTED, BEENY, THIS JOB WOULD BE A LOT EASIER. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GIVE UP. SOME TRAILS JUST GROW TOO COLD.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I'LL BE PUTTING IN A POSITIVE EVALUATION.

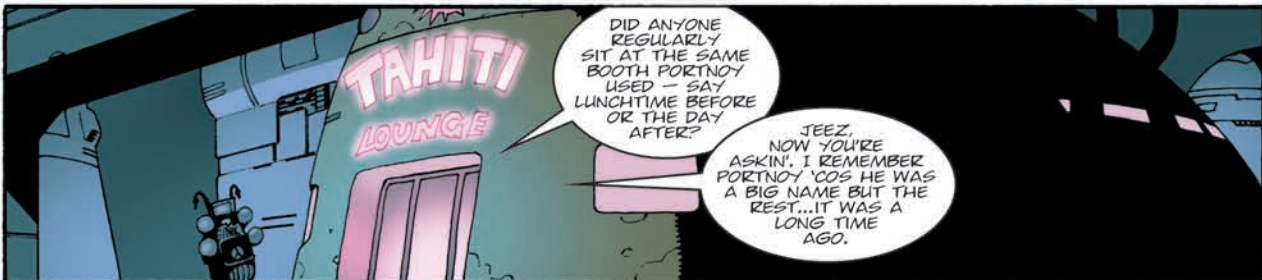
THANKS, BUT I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THIS TOO LONG. I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW.

THE LINK IS THE HORSE BRASSERIE — I'M SURE YOU WERE RIGHT. WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIGURE OUT HOW. THE ANSWER'S THERE — SOMETHING WE MISSED, SOMETHING WE'RE JUST NOT SEEING.

FINE, 6 AM THEN.

STRANGE, TO BE WORKING WITH HIM — THE MAN WHO, IF HE HADN'T PULLED THE TRIGGER, HAD STILL BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HER MOTHER'S DEATH. STRANGER STILL NOT TO HATE HIM...

BUT TEN YEARS IN THE ACADEMY HAD GIVEN HER A DIFFERENT UNDERSTANDING. IN MANY WAYS SHE'D COME TO SEE THE WORLD THROUGH HIS EYES. "GIVE ME THE CHILD AT FIVE..."



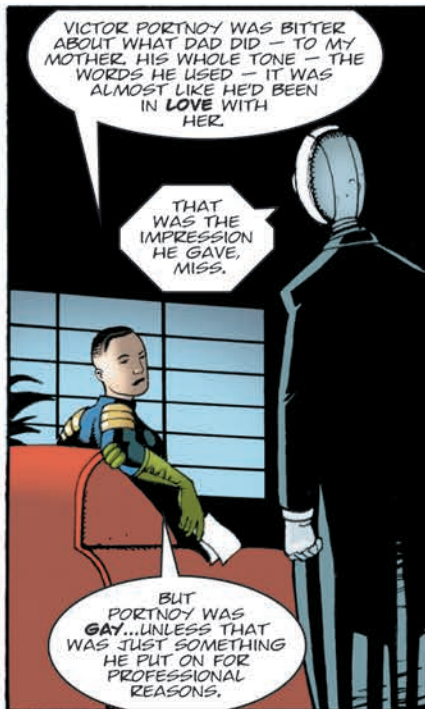


My darling America,
Soon I'll be gone, but I promise I'll always be watching you. The love that I feel for you can never die.

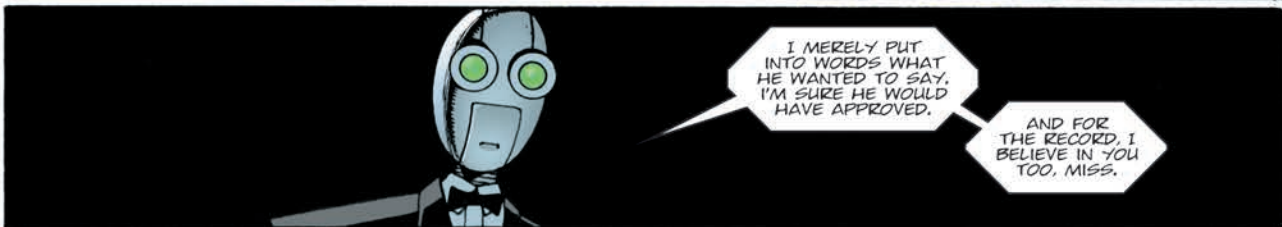
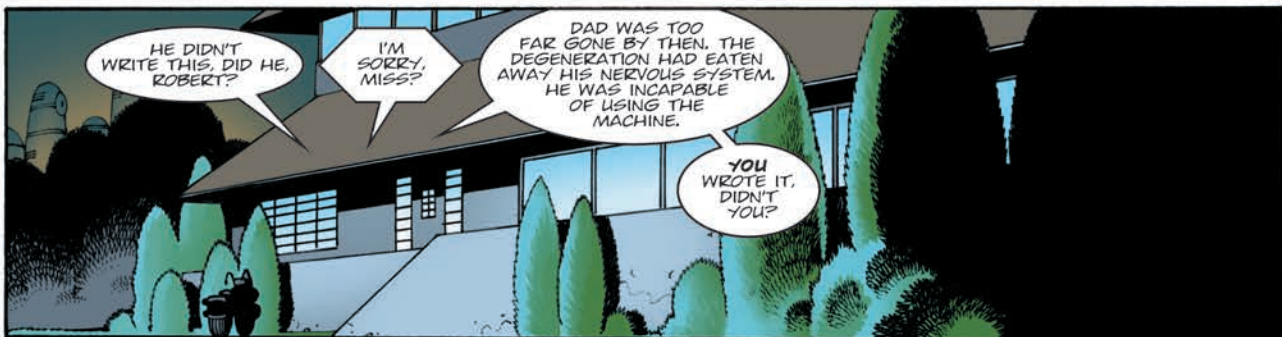
Can it be an act of love to consign you to the future I have chosen for you -- the Academy of Law? Your mother, I know, would have despised me. It is everything she hated.
But believe me, my darling, it's the only place I know you will be safe. There are terrible forces at work.



Why did I agree to carry a bomb to the awards ceremony? It was madness. But I was hurt, angry. Your mother had been right -- the Judges were an evil we had to fight in any way we could.
That anger blinded me to the truth -- that the real evil was men like Victor Portnoy.



And I believe, I truly believe, that one good Judge is worth a thousand protest marches.
I believe in you, my darling.





NIGHT,
SAM.

LATER,
BOSS.

HEY, YOU
WANT TO CHECK
ON THAT BROTHER OF
YOURS. HE'S ACTIN'
REAL FUNNY IN
THERE.



YOU CRAZY
FOOL! STANDING
THERE WATCHIN' HER
- DROOLIN' LIKE A DOG
IN HEAT! YOU WANT
TO GIVE THE
WHOLE GAME
AWAY?

WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT
IN THERE?
THAT PICTURE
AGAIN!



PUT IT
DOWN!

WANNNN
ERRR!

THAT'S
ALL OVER!
FINISHED! YOU
CAN'T HAVE HER!
NOBODY'S GOING
TO HAVE
HER!



WANNNN
ERRR!

CHUNK-KAX

IT HAD BEEN NAGGING AT HIM MOST OF THE NIGHT, A SENSE OF DISQUIET. SOMETHING WAS NOT RIGHT, SOMETHING THEY'D MISSED...

A THOUGHT THAT TURNED AND TWISTED IN HIS BRAIN UNTIL IT FINALLY CRYSTALLISED INTO THE BROTHER... JOBEY DELONG, THE VIRTUAL MORON. OR WAS HE?

HE'D BEEN SO CONVINCING THEY HADN'T BOTHERED TO QUESTION HIM - DIDN'T THINK THEY'D GET ANY SENSE.

POOR SIMPLE JOBEY DELONG, WHO'D SUSPECT HIM OF BEING VICTOR PORTNOY'S TOTAL WAR CONTACT, OF MASTER-MINDING THE ACADEMY AWARDS MASSACRE? HE HAD THE PERFECT COVER -

MARCH 27, 2111 - COOK ELMA BEALE SENTENCED TO TWELVE YEARS, ATTEMPTED MURDER OF ASSISTANT MANAGER DELONG, JOBEY, HOTTIE BAR ON SILVER STREET, BEALE WENT BERSERK WITH A CLEAVER...

CHECK THE MEDICAL REPORT.

DELONG'S LIFE SAVED AFTER A FOUR-HOUR OPERATION. METAL PLATE INSERTED...

...LEAVING HIM WITH SEVERE MENTAL IMPAIRMENT AND APPROXIMATE IQ OF A THREE YEAR OLD.

THAT BLOWS THAT THEORY.

BEALE ALSO RECEIVED FOUR YEARS CONCURRENT FOR GRIEVOUS WOUNDING OF MANAGER BERTRAM DELONG. BERTRAM DELONG'S THROAT WAS SLASHED...

WAIT A MINUTE...

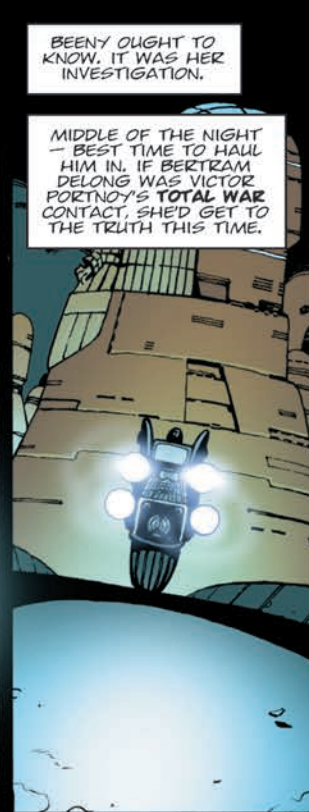
INJURIES NOT LIFE-THREATENING, BUT...HIS VOICE BOX WAS SMASHED - REPLACED BY A WARNER VOX 41 IMPLANT!

DELONG HAD WORN A NECKTIE - THEY COULDN'T SEE THE SCAR, AND AN ARTIFICIAL VOICE WAS NEVER GOING TO SHOW FALSE ON THE LIE DETECTOR.

EVERYTHING HE'D TOLD THEM COULD BE A LIE!

BEEENY OUGHT TO KNOW, IT WAS HER INVESTIGATION.

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - BEST TIME TO HAUL HIM IN. IF BERTRAM DELONG WAS VICTOR PORTNOY'S TOTAL WAR CONTACT, SHE'D GET TO THE TRUTH THIS TIME.



WHAT
NEXT?

RE-QUESTION ALL PORTNOY'S
ACQUAINTANCES — RELATIVES
— FORMER LOVERS. IT COULD
TAKE MONTHS.

NO. CONCENTRATE ON THE HORSE BRASSERIE. THAT
WAS STILL THEIR BEST LEAD — THEIR **ONLY** LEAD.
THAT'S WHERE PORTNOY HAD MET HIS CONTACT...

MAYBE
THERE WAS A **FIFTH**
TERRORIST IN MY MOTHER'S
CELL. SOMEONE THEY
NEVER FOUND OUT
ABOUT...

WHAT
MAKES YOU
SAY THAT,
MISS AMI?

PORTNOY,
THE WAY HE SPOKE
ABOUT MY MOTHER,
LIKE HE WAS IN LOVE.
BUT PORTNOY
WAS GAY.

SO IF HE
WASN'T IN LOVE WITH
HER, MAYBE SOMEONE
ELSE WAS — PORTNOY'S
SUPERIOR. PORTNOY
WAS JUST, YOU KNOW,
MOUTHING HIS
WORDS...

IT'S
POSSIBLE.

THING IS,
WHY USE **DAD**
TO CARRY THE
BOMB ANYWAY? THEY
DIDN'T **NEED** HIM —
IF ANYTHING HE WAS A
HINDRANCE AND A RISK.
THE REASON — IT HAD
TO BE **PERSONAL**.
SOMEONE
WANTED DAD
DEAD.

SAY
THIS GUY LOVED
MY MOTHER — HATED
MY FATHER FOR WHAT HE
DID. HE MUST HAVE BEEN
CLOSE TO HER, MAYBE
IN THE SAME
CELL...

OH, I
DON'T KNOW!
IT'S ALL SPINNING
ROUND IN MY
HEAD.

I IMAGINE
THAT'S PART OF
THE FASCINATION
OF THE WORK —
SOLVING THE
CONUNDRUMS.

I'VE MADE
UP THE BED IN
YOUR OLD ROOM,
MISS. IF YOU
FEEL LIKE
SLEEPING.

I'M TOO
WOUND UP TO
SLEEP. THINK I'LL
TAKE A LOOK
AROUND.



BEENY...
NO, SHE HASN'T
CHECKED
IN.



I DROPPED
HER OFF AT 23.50
APPROX.

SHE
NEVER ENTERED
THE BUILDING. WE
ASSUMED SHE
WAS WITH
YOU.

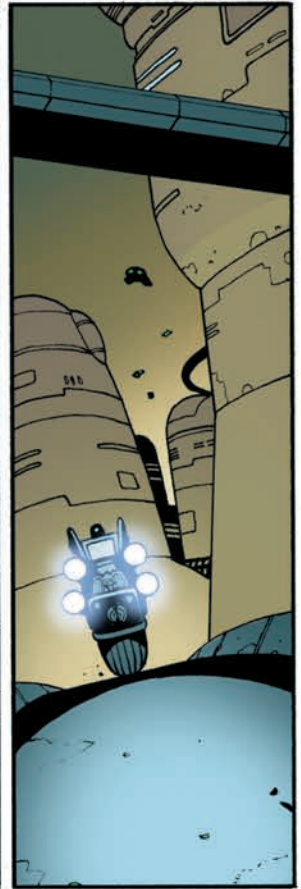
DID
SHE LEAVE A
MESSAGE?

NO...
NOTHING
HERE.

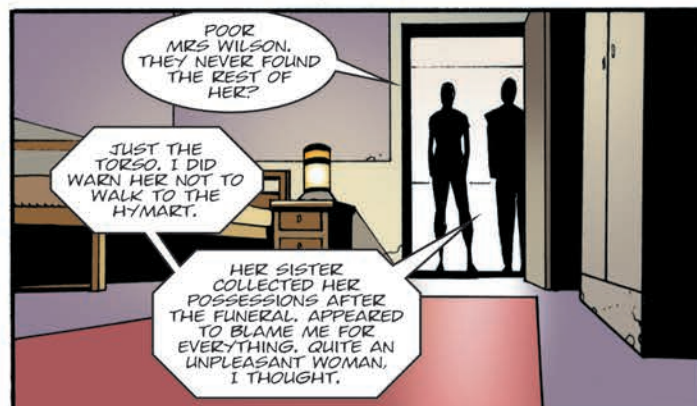


DAMN.!

CONTROL,
PUT OUT A CALL
FOR CADET AMERICA
BEENY! SHE'S TO
CONTACT ME
IMMEDIATELY!



CONTROL
TO BEENY,
RESPOND.



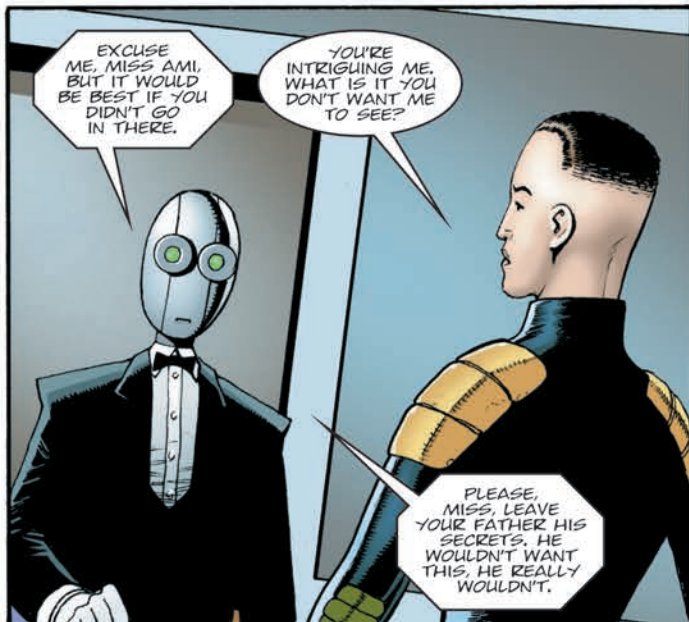
POOR
MRS WILSON.
THEY NEVER FOUND
THE REST OF
HER?

JUST THE
TORSO. I DID
WARN HER NOT TO
WALK TO THE
HYMART.

HER SISTER
COLLECTED HER
POSSESSIONS AFTER
THE FUNERAL. SHE
APPEARED TO
BLAME ME FOR
EVERYTHING. QUITE AN
UNPLEASANT WOMAN,
I THOUGHT.



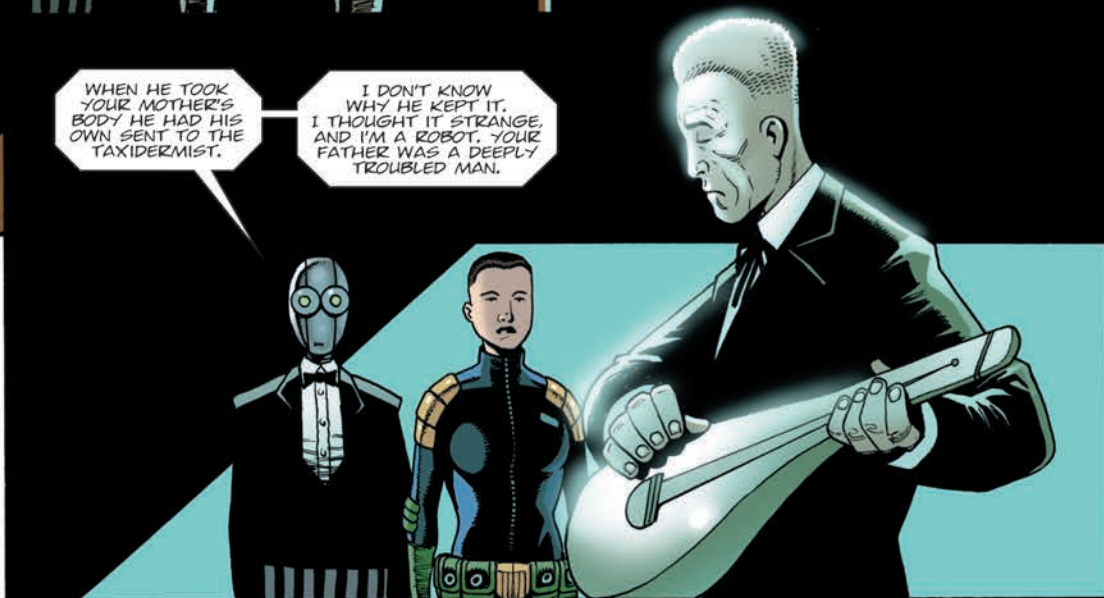
THIS
WHOLE FAMILY
SEEMS BLIGHTED
BY TRAGEDY.
EVERY ONE WE
TOUCH...





WHEN HE TOOK
YOUR MOTHER'S
BODY HE HAD HIS
OWN SENT TO THE
TAXIDERMIST.

I DON'T KNOW
WHY HE KEPT IT.
I THOUGHT IT STRANGE
AND I'M A ROBOT. YOUR
FATHER WAS A DEEPLY
TROUBLED MAN.













ROBERT MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY TRIPPED SOME TIME DELAY THAT SWITCHED HIM ON. HOW HE CAME TO WALK IN HERE I DON'T KNOW —



HE PROMISED HE'D LOOK AFTER ME. I GUESS HE DID.

I WOULDN'T TRY PUTTING THAT IN YOUR CASE SUMMARY, BEENY.



THE INVESTIGATION WILL BE HANDLED OVER TO THE ANTI-TERROR UNIT. I SUSPECT DELONG IS NO LONGER HEAVILY INVOLVED WITH TOTAL WAR, BUT HE CAN STILL TELL US A LOT. YOU'LL BE KEPT INFORMED, OF COURSE.

GET THIS FREAKIN' THING OUT, YOU FLUX!



YOU SHOULD HAVE INFORMED THE ACADEMY WHERE YOU WERE GOING, BEENY. THAT'S A BLACK MARK AGAINST YOU.

JUST DIDN'T THINK, TOO WRAPPED UP IN THE CASE.

I'M PLEASED TO SAY THE REST OF MY EVALUATION WILL BE ENTIRELY POSITIVE. I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ON THE STREETS — IF THAT'S WHAT YOU DECIDE YOU WANT.



THAT'S WHAT I WANT. I HAVE TO MAKE IT. THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO.

MAYBE WE DO NEED CHANGE. I DON'T KNOW. YOU GET SO CLOSE TO IT.

JUST DON'T TRY TO DO IT ALL TOO FAST.



YOUR DROID'S A WRITE OFF.

POOR ROBERT. HARD NOT TO THINK OF HIM AS HUMAN.

HE WAS THE LAST LINK WITH MY FAMILY, AS MUCH AS IT EVER WAS A FAMILY. ALL GONE NOW...



WE'RE YOUR FAMILY NOW.

JUDGE DREDD: CADET (PART 1) ORIGINAL SCRIPT

PAGE 1

1. External, Academy of Law.

CAPTION: THE ACADEMY OF LAW –

FROM ACAD: GOOD MORNING, JUDGE DREDD. MY NAME IS CADET BEENY. PLEASE SIT DOWN.

2. Longish view. In a mocked-up interrogation cube DREDD sits in the chair. Cadet AMERICA BEENY (see 'Fading of the Light') faces him in the role of interrogator. She doesn't wear her helmet. She's 14/15 now, looking quite a lot like her mother, with the same determined tilt to her chin.

AMI: I DON'T THINK I NEED TO BOTHER WITH THE USUAL INDUCEMENTS. I'M SURE I CAN RELY ON YOU TO TELL THE TRUTH.

DREDD: WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

AMI: I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS IF YOU DON'T MIND.

3. Close in. Good view of Ami here. (MATT – I'VE JUST PUT IN AN APPROXIMATE YEAR BELOW. CAN YOU CHECK WHEN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN?)

AMI: I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THE ELIMINATION OF THE TOTAL WAR CELL ON OCTOBER 13, 2113. YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF THE OPERATION. MY MOTHER, AS YOU KNOW, WAS AMONG THEM.

DREDD: IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

AMI: JUST TO JOG YOUR MEMORY I HAVE CRIME-SCENE FOOTAGE.

4. On a big wall screen we see footage of the terror cell attack from America – the vehicles being brought down in the square, where judges are waiting.

AMI: YOU HAD BEEN FOREWARNED OF THE ATTACK.

DREDD: BY YOUR FATHER.

AMI: THEIR INTENTION WAS TO DESTROY THE STATUE OF LIBERTY – A SYMBOLIC GESTURE, NO CITIZENS WOULD BE HURT.

DREDD: UNLESS THEY HAPPENED TO BE IN THE WAY.

5. Headshot of Dredd in fg. He's not happy about all this.

DREDD: THE GROUP HAD PLENTY OF BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS ALREADY, BELIEVE ME – MAINLY JUDGES. YOUR MOTHER WAS GOOD AT THAT. IF YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE SOME POINT –

AMI: I'M MERELY TRYING TO ESTABLISH THE FACTS.

PAGE 2

1. Ami in fg backed by the screen, showing Kurd trying to surrender.

AMI: YOU HAD JUDGES STATIONED CLOSE BY AND IN THE STATUE. YOU FORCED THEM DOWN IN THE SQUARE.

LINK: IT IS CLEAR FROM THE FOOTAGE THAT AT LEAST ONE OF THE TERRORISTS ATTEMPTED TO SURRENDER.

KURD(jag): IT'S A SET-UP!

LINK: NO CONTEST! NO CONTEST!

2. Dredd gives the order. This and what follows is from the footage, but you don't have to let that tie you down.

DREDD: FIRE AT WILL!

3/4/5/6. Reprise the violent death of Kurd and the others/a vehicle being blown apart/America hit or crawling from the wreckage. Insert a headshot of cadet Ami over it.

AMI: IT WAS, IN EFFECT, AN EXECUTION.

PAGE 3

1. Dredd's not giving an inch, but neither is Ami.

DREDD: THEY BROKE THE LAW, THEY PAID THE PRICE. WHAT POINT ARE YOU MAKING?

AMI: YOU WANTED TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THEM – TO DEMONSTRATE THAT ARMED RESISTANCE WAS POINTLESS AND, ULTIMATELY, FATAL.

LINK: WHAT DID YOU ACHIEVE? YEARS LATER TOTAL WAR HAD GROWN STRONG ENOUGH TO LAUNCH A NUCLEAR ATTACK ON THE CITY.

2. Headshot, Ami. Is there anger beneath her controlled exterior?

AMI: SO YOU DIDN'T STOP ANYTHING. INDEED, YOU MAY EVEN HAVE ENCOURAGED THAT GROWTH BY DEMONSTRATING NOT THE FUTILITY OF RESISTANCE BUT ITS NECESSITY IN THE FACE OF A BRUTAL AND REPRESSIVE JUDICIAL SYSTEM.

3. Headshot, Dredd. It's not a point of view he agrees with.

DREDD: IT'S A POINT OF VIEW.

4. Ami turns back to the screen, now showing America at the foot of the statue.

AMI: I DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FOURTH TERRORIST. BADLY WOUNDED, NO DOUBT CONFUSED, SHE COULD HAVE PRESENTED LITTLE DANGER TO YOU.

DREDD: SHE WAS STILL ARMED.

AMI: YOUR EXAMPLE HAD BEEN MADE, SURELY. YOU HAD AN AGREEMENT WITH MY FATHER THAT SHE WOULD NOT BE KILLED.

5. Just the screen. The bullet hits America.

OFF: YOU LET HER GET TO THE VERY FOOT OF THE STATUE BEFORE YOU HAD HER SHOT DOWN.

OFF: IF YOU READ THE CASE NOTES YOU'LL KNOW A CEASEFIRE HAD BEEN ORDERED. THE JUDGE WHO FIRED THE SHOT WAS DISCIPLINED.

6. Ami reads from the report. Dredd is beginning to dislike her.

AMI: YES, I HAVE THE REPORT HERE. JUDGE BASIL NOTT – SUBSEQUENTLY ISSUED A VERBAL REPRIMAND.

LINK: A VERBAL REPRIMAND FOR A WOMAN'S LIFE – DOESN'T SEEM QUITE BALANCED SOMEHOW.

DREDD: I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF WE DID THE RIGHT THING LETTING YOU ENLIST IN THE ACADEMY, BEENY. IS THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING PERTINENT TO YOUR INVESTIGATION?

7. Ami faces Dredd with just a hint of a smile playing on her lips. Dredd is momentarily speechless.

AMI: NOT DIRECTLY. I JUST THOUGHT IT OUGHT TO BE SAID. BESIDES, NEVER LET YOUR PERP GET TOO COMFORTABLE IN THE CHAIR – THAT'S HOW WE TEACH IT, ISN'T IT?

8. Head – or growl and chin – shot of Dredd.

DREDD: YOU'VE GOT SOME GRIT, KID, COMING ON TO ME LIKE THIS. GET TO THE POINT. MY TIME'S LIMITED.

PAGE 4

1. On screen now is an image of Benny in America's body hobbling with his stick towards the stage at the awards ceremony in 'Fading of the Light'. The screen shows him in close focus. There's a scornful twist to Dredd's mouth as he watches.

AMI: I TAKE YOU FORWARD ROUGHLY SIX YEARS TO THE ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS AWARD CEREMONY. MY FATHER HAD BEEN GIVEN AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE TO DETONATE ON STAGE.

DREDD: BY THEN HE WAS WEARING YOUR MOTHER'S BODY.

2. Ami's not taking that without reply.

AMI: I'M WELL AWARE OF MY FATHER'S ODDNESS. BENNETT BEENY, THE TWISTED MAN/WOMAN – BEENY THE BODYSNATCHER – THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED HIM.

LINK: BUT I CAN TELL YOU HE WAS A GOOD MAN, A KIND MAN. HE'D NEVER WILLINGLY HURT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING, AND THAT'S SOMETHING NOT MANY OF US CAN SAY.

3. The screen shows the slaughter in the hall.

OFF: THE DETONATION OF THE DEVICE WAS TO BE THE SIGNAL FOR A BLOODY SLAUGHTER BY TERRORISTS PLANTED IN THE HALL. THE FACT THAT MY FATHER HAD COME TO YOU WITH THE INFORMATION COULD NOT PREVENT THAT.

4. On screen a headshot of Victor Portnoy.

AMI: VICTOR PORTNOY WAS ARRESTED AT THE SCENE. HE IS IDENTIFIED IN THE CASE NOTES AS THE INSTIGATOR OF THE PLOT.

DREDD: CAPTURED TERRORISTS TESTIFIED THEY RECEIVED WEAPONS AND INSTRUCTIONS DIRECTLY FROM PORTNOY. HE WAS TAKEN TO BE THE TOP LINK IN THE CHAIN.

AMI: TAKEN TO BE?

5. Just Dredd and Ami.

DREDD: THE CASE WAS HANDED TO GRAND HALL. PORTNOY DIED UNDER INTERROGATION. THEY DIDN'T GET MUCH OUT OF HIM. BUT NO EVIDENCE WAS EVER FOUND TO SUGGEST HE WAS WORKING UNDER ANYONE ELSE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

AMI: YET SUBSEQUENT EVENTS SUGGEST THAT THE TOTAL WAR WEB WAS ALREADY WIDESPREAD AND HIGHLY ORGANISED.

LINK: AND VICTOR PORTNOY WAS A SOCIALITE AND A DANDY – TOO PUBLIC A FIGURE SURELY TO BE ALLOWED TO ORGANISE AND CARRY OUT SUCH AN ELABORATE ATTACK, NOT WITHOUT DIRECTION.

6. Dredd thinks it over, agrees grudgingly. Ami wears a pugnacious expression.

DREDD: IN LIGHT OF SUBSEQUENT EVENTS, THAT'S A REASONABLE CONCLUSION.

AMI: GOOD. BECAUSE THAT WILL BE THE FOCUS OF MY INVESTIGATION, TO FIND OUT WHO WAS REALLY BEHIND THE ATTACK.

DREDD: I WISH YOU LUCK. SORRY I COULDN'T BE MORE HELP.

7. Dredd, face in fg, is not pleased.

AMI: I HOPE YOU WILL BE. YOU SEE, I'VE ASKED FOR YOU AS MY CO-INVESTIGATOR.

DREDD: WHAT – ?

PAGE 5

1. Ami in fg, in a big mock-up of a city street in the academy. Dredd and the Deputy Principal of the Academy (invent him, there can be several Dep Ps) watch from a glassed observation point high in bg – we've used something like this more than once, but I can't recall where refs would be). Ami is walking along, gun in hand, turning to fire at an armed knifeman in a woman's dress in an alley, hitting him as he stabs down at his victim (both robots).

DEPUTY P: IN 10TH YEAR WE EXPECT EVERY CADET TO BE ABLE TO INITIATE AND CARRY OUT A FULL INVESTIGATION. WHERE POSSIBLE, WE TEAM THEM UP WITH THE INVIGILATOR OF THEIR CHOICE.

LINK: I TAKE IT YOU'VE NO OBJECTION TO WORKING WITH BEENY?

DREDD: I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY SHE REQUESTED ME.

2. Dredd and Dep P in fg, looking down on the battlezone.

DEP P: WE THOUGHT IT WAS ODD, CONSIDERING YOUR HISTORY. BUT BEENY WAS INSISTENT. IT WAS ONLY FAIR TO LET HER HAVE HER WAY. GIVE HER ENOUGH ROPE, AS IT WERE...

LINK: AS CO-INVESTIGATOR YOU WILL ASSIST AS REQUESTED BUT OFFER NO DIRECTION. SHE WILL BE ARMED AND GRANTED FULL JUDICIAL STATUS FOR THE DURATION. DO TRY TO BRING HER BACK ALIVE.

DREDD: I'LL DO MY BEST. NOTHING'S GUARANTEED.

3. On Ami, walking along. A child behind and to the side pops a balloon – BANG! She swivels, gun levelled, but holds

her fire. Dredd and Dep P's position can be seen high in bg.

DREDD: WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HER?

DEP P: I CAN'T SAY WE HAVEN'T HAD OUR DOUBTS.

4. To front and other side a gunman smashes a bar window and fires at Ami. She ducks under the bullet – which makes a paintball splash on a wall or lamppost behind her. She fires herself, hitting the gunman.

OFF: SHE'S TOO MUCH HER OWN PERSON. SHARP, PHYSICALLY EXCELLENT, GOOD SKILLS, NO LACK OF COURAGE, BUT THERE'S A PERVERSE QUALITY TO HER – I'D ALMOST SAY REBELLIOUS.

LINK: HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT EVERYTHING. NEVER SHORT OF AN ANSWER. YET SHE CLAIMS IT'S HER GREATEST DESIRE TO BE A JUDGE AND I BELIEVE HER.

5. Just Dep P and Dredd.

DEP P: YOU KNOW HER BACKGROUND, OF COURSE. ANY CHILD WOULD BE SCREWED UP. YET IN MANY WAYS SHE IS WELL ADJUSTED – GOOD NATURED, CHEERFUL, EXTREMELY POPULAR WITH HER FELLOW CADETS.

LINK: FRANKLY, WE COULD DO WITH MORE LIKE HER IN THE DEPARTMENT, THOUGH I FEAR THAT WE WOULD BE THE ONES WHO HAD TO ADJUST TO THEIR WAY OF THINKING.

LINK: WE WOULD BE RELUCTANT TO LOSE HER. YOUR EVALUATION, NEEDLESS TO SAY, COULD BE MAKE OR BREAK.

DREDD: WHEN DO YOU WANT IT?

DEP P: WHEN THE INVESTIGATION'S COMPLETED. WE'D PREFER HER TO DORM AT THE ACADEMY – NONE OF YOUR TEN MINUTES IN THE SLEEP MACHINE.

6. On Ami, moving along, gun ready, cautious.

OFF: THEY'RE NOT GOOD FOR YOU, YOU KNOW – SLEEP MACHINES. I'VE SAID IT BEFORE, I'LL SAY IT AGAIN. JUST MAKE A MAN GRUMPY.

OFF: I THOUGHT IT WAS TIGHT BOOTS.

PAGE 6

1. Ami, ready for action on the streets, stands by her bike (and Dredd's) as Dredd gives her a stern lecture. This is in the bike pool beneath the Academy.

DREDD: THE STREETS AREN'T A CITY SIMULATION. THE PEOPLE ARE REAL. THE JUDGEMENTS YOU MAKE COULD MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH – THEIRS OR YOURS.

LINK: IF WE SEE A CRIME WE CAN'T IGNORE IT. IT MAY BE DANGEROUS. STAY ALERT, LOOK TO YOUR OWN SAFETY AT ALL TIMES.

AMI: YES, SIR.

2. External of the Grand Hall.

CAPTION: BUT IT WAS PAPERWORK AT FIRST.

3. Dredd and Ami have desks in a large investigations room, with computers, intercoms etc. Dredd sits at his, piled with stacks and boxes of paperwork, working on it glumly. Ami's desk is similarly stacked. A big mugshot of Portnoy is pinned up on a noticeboard by their desks. Ami brings up another small stack and plumps it down in front of him.

CAPTION: PILE UPON PILE, A SEEMINGLY LIMITLESS STREAM, LOOKING INTO EVERY FACET OF VICTOR PORTNOY'S LIFE.

AMI: PHONE RECORDS FROM HIS PLACE IN CANADA.

DREDD: THEY ALREADY WENT THROUGH THESE.

AMI: AND THEY GOT IT WRONG. LET'S GET IT RIGHT.

4. On Dredd, working through the records grumpily.

5. Ami's hard at work on her own stacks. In bg Dredd rises, stretches.

DREDD: GETTING STIFF. LET'S TAKE AN HOUR ON THE STREETS, SHOW YOU WHAT REAL JUDGING'S ABOUT.

AMI: I'D PREFER IT IF WE JUST KEPT AT IT. IF YOU DON'T MIND. SIR.

6. Dredd settles back down to his paperwork, even grumpier.

CAPTION: HE WONDERED IF SHE WAS DOING IT TO GET AT HIM. HIS DISLIKE OF PAPERWORK WAS A RUNNING JOKE IN THE DEPARTMENT.

CAPTION: IF SHE WAS, IT WAS WORKING.

PAGE 7

1. The canteen. Dredd and Ami sit opposite each other, eating their frugal repast.

DREDD: WHY ME, BEENY?

AMI: SORRY?

DREDD: THE WAY YOU SEE IT, I KILLED YOUR MOTHER. WHY CHOOSE ME?

2. An element of scepticism on Dredd's face.

AMI: IF YOU COME DOWN TO IT, YES, YOU DID KILL HER. YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED IT EARLIER, BEFORE ANYONE GOT HURT. BUT YOU WANTED TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE.

LINK: BUT THEN IF I WAS GOING TO BLAME ANYONE I'D HAVE TO BLAME THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT. IT'S THE WAY WE WORK. IT'S THE WAY WE ARE. OUR WHOLE CULTURE IS WRONG.

DREDD: AND YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE THAT?

AMI: YES, I AM.

3. Ami sincere. Dredd frowns.

AMI: I TOLD YOU ONCE YOU WERE BAD. I DON'T THINK THAT ANYMORE. YOU'RE NOT BAD, YOU'RE JUST WHAT THE SYSTEM MADE YOU.

LINK: AS FAR AS THIS CASE GOES, YOU HAVE AN INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE. YOU'RE A FIRST RATE INVESTIGATOR AND IT'LL IRK YOU BIG TIME THAT THE ORIGINAL INVESTIGATION NEVER GOT AT THE TRUTH. SO I BELIEVE YOU CAN HELP ME. I REALLY WANT TO KNOW THE ANSWERS.

DREDD: FAIR ENOUGH.

4. They're riding through the streets, late at night. Dredd responds to a call.

CAPTION: LATER ON HE RODE WITH HER BACK TO THE ACADEMY. THE STREETS COULD BE DANGEROUS FOR A 10TH YEAR ON HER OWN.

JAG: ANY UNIT VICINITY COLEK PLAZA. WE HAVE A REPORT OF GUNSHOTS.

DREDD: DREDD! I'LL TAKE IT!

5. A gunfight has been going on in the square, three against two, a drug dealers' tiff. One man lies mortally wounded. The two closest to Dredd turn to face him as he speeds into the square, followed by Ami. Dredd's shots cut them down.

CAPTION: HE HAD TO ADMIT THERE WAS A MODICUM OF PLEASURE IN TAKING THE CALL. BACK ON HOME GROUND –

6. The other two guys are running away, across the square, leaving their dead buddy. Dredd parts company with Ami as they reach the two Dredd just shot, Ami leaping off her bike by one fallen man.

CAPTION: SEE HOW SMART SHE WAS IN A REAL SITUATION –

DREDD: WAIT HERE!

PAGE 8

1. Ami crouching/kneeling by one guy – clearly dead. But the other guy is just hit in the shoulder. He's face down and painfully reaching out towards his gun, which has fallen from his hand. A shot from Ami hits it and sends it skidding out of reach.

AMI:I'LL GET TO YOU, BUSTER!

FX: BDAM Spangggggg

2. Dredd returns, pushing the two perps who ran in front of him. One is clutching his shoulder/arm, where he's taken Dredd's bullet. Ami has cuffed the wounded perp to a railing or pole in bg. She's gone to the original victim, hands covered in blood as she tries to staunch the dying man's bleeding.

CAPTION:BUT SHE HANDLED HERSELF WELL, WHAT LITTLE SHE HAD TO DO. HE SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT SHE WOULD.

AMI: HE'S TAKEN THREE HITS, TWO IN THE GUT. CAN'T STOP THE BLEEDING. I'VE CALLED IN THE MED WAGON.

3. Med and catch wagons have arrived. The victim Ami was treating is loaded on a hover stretcher. The med examines him – it's too late, he's dead – and comments to Ami. She's using a cloth to wipe the blood off her hands. Beside her Dredd prods his charges toward the catch wagon judges, who have come to take them.

MED: THIS ONE'S GONE. NICE TRY.

DREDD: DRUG FEUD. TWO LESS OF THE SCUM TO WORRY ABOUT. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, ENRIQUE?

PERP: SHUT YOUR STINKIN' MOUTH!

4. Dredd and Ami ride along towards the Academy in bg.

DREDD: DON'T TELL ME – I WAS TOO HARD ON THOSE DIRTWADS. THEY'RE VICTIMS OF AN UNCARING SOCIETY. ALL THEY NEEDED WAS A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING.

AMI: WON'T GET IT FROM ME.

5. Dredd looks at her, grudgingly approving.

AMI: THEY'RE PEDDLERS OF POISON, THEY RUIN PEOPLE'S LIVES. THEY GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED.

DREDD: HMMMPH.

6. Outside the Academy Dredd takes his leave.

AMI: GET SOME SLEEP. I NEED YOU SHARP IN THE MORNING.

DREDD: CRIME DOESN'T HAVE A BEDTIME. I'LL GRAB TEN IN THE MACHINE IF I NEED IT.

7. Dredd watches her ride into the Academy.

CAPTION: HE HAD TO HAND IT TO HER, SHE HAD SOME MOXY.

PAGE 9

1. Day. They're back at their desks. Dredd is working on the computer.

DREDD: I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE...

AMI: WHAT?

2. She comes over, looks over Dredd's shoulder. We don't have to see what's on the screen.

DREDD: PORTNOY'S CARD RECEIPTS. FIRST MONDAY IN EVERY MONTH HE EATS IN THE HORSE BRASSERIE, SECTOR 94. THAT GOES BACK ALMOST FIVE YEARS.

LINK: THEN LOOK AT THIS – IN THE WEEKS LEADING UP TO THE ATTACK HE EATS THERE FREQUENTLY, THREE TIMES ALONE IN THE WEEK BEFORE THE CEREMONY.

3. Same. Could be an external of the Grand Hall.

DREDD: THE BRASSERIE'S WAY OUT OF HIS WAY. NO BIG REPUTATION FOR FOOD EITHER – AND PORTNOY, REMEMBER, IS RESTAURANT CRITIC FOR THE ARK.

AMI: HE EVER REVIEW IT?

DREDD: NEGATIVE. THE GOURMAND DID – GAVE IT TWO OUT OF TEN. SAID IT WAS PROBABLY FIT FOR A HORSE.

AMI: SO WHY DOES PORTNOY REGULARLY EAT IN A PLACE HE HATES... UNLESS HE'S MEETING SOMEBODY! BRILLIANT!

4. Close on Dredd and Ami.

DREDD: TEN YEARS AGO. WON'T BE ANY SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE. AND THE BRASSERIE'S BEEN CLOSED SINCE '20.

LINK: THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY, BEENY. WHAT'S YOUR MOVE?

5. External, the gaudy frontage of a restaurant, TAHITI LOUNGE.

VOICE: YOU WERE MANAGER AT THE HORSE BRASSERIE BETWEEN 2115 AND 2119.

VOICE: THEM FUX! TRYIN' TA SAY I KILLED THE BUSINESS! THEY GET A COOK WHO KNOWS HOW TA COOK, THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM.

LINK: WELL, I SHOWED 'EM! I GOT OUT! I BUILT THE TAHITI LOUNGE INTA EAST SECTOR 115'S PREMIER EATERIE, AN' WHERE ARE THEY? DOWN THE DRAIN WHERE THEIR FOOD OUGHTA GONE! THEM FUX!

6. Go inside. Ami is interviewing the manager while Dredd stands watching. Manager, Bert, is fiftyish, big built, looking slightly too big for his gold sequinned lounge jacket. A rough diamond. He wears a cravat that covers the front of his neck. Ami shows him a picture of Portnoy.

AMI: DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS MAN?

BERT: SURE. THAT'S VICTOR PORTNOY. HE WAS A REGULAR – BEATS ME WHY. I MEAN, HE'S SUPPOSED TO KNOW SOMETHIN' – I COULDA TOLD HIM, DON'T EAT HERE.

AMI: WHO DID HE MEET WITH WHEN HE WENT THERE?

BERT: HIM? NOBODY. ALWAYS ATE ALONE. SAT THERE MAKIN' NOTES, LIKE HE WAS WRITIN' A REVIEW OR SOMETHIN'. I NEVER HEARDA NO REVIEW THOUGH. ANYWAY, I COULDA TOLD HIM WHAT TO WRITE. ONE WORD – HORSESHIT.

7. Ami frowns.

AMI: AND NOBODY JOINED HIM? SAT AT THE NEXT TABLE, SAY?

BERT: NAH. WE WASN'T, LIKE, BUSY. SOMETIMES HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN. ALWAYS SAT IN THE CORNER BOOTH, ON HIS OWN.

AMI: WHAT ABOUT STAFF? ANYONE PARTICULARLY FRIENDLY WITH HIM?

BERT: THERE WAS POOCH. SURE, POOCH. I SEEN 'EM LAUGHIN' AN' JOKIN' OFTEN ENOUGH. COURSE HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME ON HIS HANDS. LIKE I SAID, WE WASN'T BUSY.

AMI: POOCH?

8. Just Burt.

BERT: THE WAITER. HE WAS THERE WHEN I STARTED, STAYED RIGHT TILL THE DUMP CLOSED.

PAGE 10

1. A big hulking guy, Bert's brother JOBEY, comes past, carrying a slab of meatlike stuff over his shoulder. He wears white, blood-stained chef's gear. His nose has been sliced off and there's a big scar across his forehead, like somebody sliced open his skull, which they did. As a result he's pretty moronic.

BERT: HEY, JOBEY, OL' POOCH FROM THE HORSE – WHAT WAS HIS LAST NAME?

2. Jobey stops. He sees Ami, is stunned. A gob of drool drops from his lip.

JOBEY: HUNNH?

BERT: THIS IS JOBEY, MY BROTHER. GOTTA EXCUSE HIM, HE AIN'T ALL THERE – FREAKIN' COOK WENT BUGFUX WITH A CLEAVER BACK IN '11, WHEN WE HAD THE HOTTIE BAR.

LINK: HEY, GO ON, YA BIG LUNK, GET THAT INNA FREEZER BEFORE IT SPOILS.

3. Jobey goes off. Bert remembers. Ami, we notice, has her lie detector in hand.

BERT: FIDO! THAT'S IT! FIDO KEFLER. FIDO – POOCH – GET IT? DON'T ASK ME WHERE HE IS NOW.

AMI: WE'LL FIND HIM.

LINK: AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR DELONG – YOU HAVE OCCASION TO TALK WITH PORTNOY? DISCUSS BUSINESS, MAYBE?

4. Ami's lie detector in fg. Bert smiles, he's not worried.

BERT: ME? NO! PERSONALLY I COULDN'T STAND THE GUY – FREAKIN' FRUITBALL! AN' YOU CAN CHECK ALL THE LIE DETECTORS YA LIKE.

5. Outside, Dredd and Ami at their bikes.

AMI: WELL, IT'S SOMETHING.

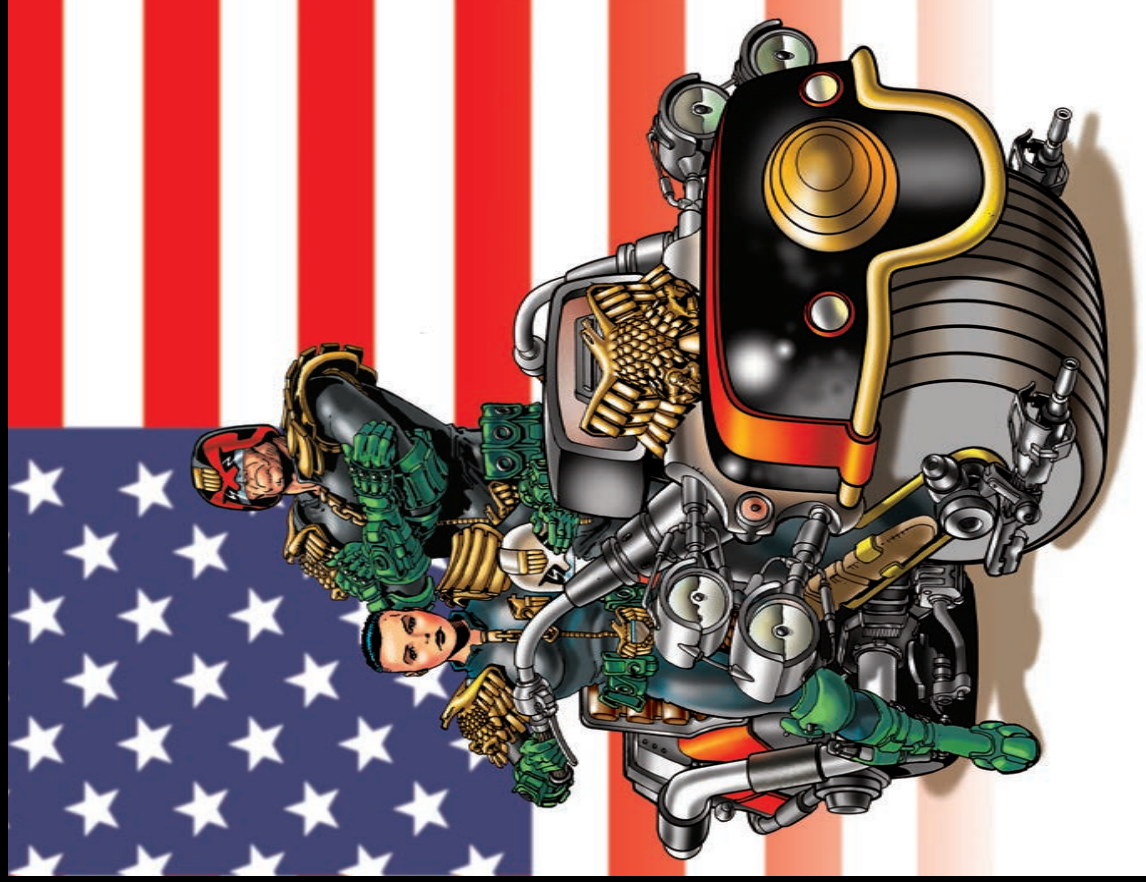
LINK: LET'S FIND THE POOCH.

6. In the kitchen Bert enters. He sees Jobey with something in his hand. Jobey tries to hide it.

BERT: WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? WHADDA YOU GOT THERE – ?

7. Bert's hand grabs Jobey's and forces it down into fg. The hand is clutching a much worn and creased photograph – of America (Ami's mother). Just show the men's hands, no more is necessary – make the photo big.

BERT: WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' WITH THAT?



*Judge Dredd Magazine Issue 250: Cover by **Cliff Robinson***



*Judge Dredd Magazine Issue 252: Cover by **Karl Richardson***



JOHN WAGNER

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

COLIN MACNEIL

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper: Song of the Surfer* and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog: The Final Solution*. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award-winning *America* for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad*, and, outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!