

JUDGE DREDD: SAVE HIM
By Rob Williams

Page One (Six Panels)

Panel One

Exterior establishing shot of the skyline of Mega City One, busy, colourful, ALIVE, the usual buzz of flying roadster/cars. Think similar to Coruscant in the Star Wars prequels but more chaotic. Exterior establishing shot of the headquarters of PSI Division – reference here on right:



LOCATOR: HEADQUARTERS, PSI-DIVISION.

RONSON (from building): Thank you for coming, Dredd.

RONSON (from building): Although I'm a little unsure why it took you so long...

Panel Two

Interior, corridor. **NB – Colour note: clinical, clean and white interiors in this scene please.** Dredd and a senior Psi-Judge – RONSON – walk towards us. And Ronson looks a bit like David Bowie, funnily enough. Psi-Judges have regular Judge's uniform but the badge is just says 'PSI' as on the building above instead of a name, and they don't wear helmets. They're usually a little more eccentric than a normal Judge. Nothing huge or overt though. Dredd's as grumpy and grim as ever.

DREDD: We're kind of short of numbers since Chaos Day, Ronson. You may have heard.

RONSON: Yes... well that's part of why I called you.

Panel Three

Dredd and Ronson enter a room – effectively a padded cell. Observation window to one side. Sat on the floor is a catatonic 17-year-old Latino boy in a Justice Department jumpsuit. He's bald and has a large birthmark on one cheek that stretches up above his eye onto his forehead. A dark red blotch. The kid is sat on the floor, leaning against one wall. He's alive and well but totally limp. The lights are on the doors are open but nobody's home.

RONSON: This is Salas. HUGELY promising Psi-cadet.

RONSON: Extraordinarily talented. Possibly the best we've seen since Cassandra Anderson. Potentially better.

Panel Four

Close-up on Salas now. Not drooling but not far away from it. Dry lips, dehydrate

RONSON (o/s): This happened on Chaos Day. He couldn't shut the psychic noise of all those deaths out and has been catatonic ever since.

RONSON (o/s): We've tried to probe his mind but there's some kind of... blockage there.

Panel Five

Back to Dredd, looking down at the boy. Dredd unsure why he's here.

DREDD: What's this got to do with me?

RONSON: He's not reacted to or made a noise in the time since Chaos Day. But every now and again, he says one solitary word.

RONSON: "Dredd."

Panel Six

Thin horizontal panel. Dredd has crouched down so he's eye-level with Salas and stares at him. The boy doesn't react. Remains catatonic.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Five

Large widescreen panel. If this were a US book it'd be a splash page but this is a six pager so... In the foreground of the shot is Dredd, but the PSI-Division corridor he's stepped out into is now open to the elements. Most of the building is gone, ripped away. Dredd's 180 stories up with a huge drop below and open to the elements. And across from him is the city, Mega City One, as we saw on Page Two, Panel One. But the city is dead and derelict. No one's lived here for 100 years. The buildings have been smashed and overgrown. Think Prypiat – the abandoned ghost town near Chernobyl (Great eerie setting. Pics here <http://englishrussia.com/2006/09/13/lost-city-of-chernobyl/>). NOTHING is alive here. This is a ghost city and it looks like much of it has been smashed by something huge. The sky above is black pollution, massed clouds creating a fog. And in the background of the city skyline, within that cloud is a HUGE shape. A monster that's the size of around six city blocks. NB - **James – go with God with whatever design you want for the monster. But it's something nasty and evil made and vaguely animalistic and demon doglike – with head, a mouth, sharp teeth (important in the finale) and legs – it's made from the diseased death screams of 350 million people.**

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Six

Front onto Dredd, stunned by this sight. Genuinely unnerved by it. This is HIS city, and it's DEAD. Over his shoulder, weak and barely able to stand, hanging onto the door, is Salas. The boy seems weak and vulnerable here. Just woken up.

SALAS:

YOUR city.

Page Three (Six Panels)

Panel One

The monster suddenly starts to move towards 'us'/Dredd, coming through the smog. Smashing its way past and through City Blocks as it comes.

FX: RRRRRWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!

Panel Two

Dredd rushes back and grabs Salas – who still appears half asleep and unreadable, even though he's awake and up. Dredd about to drag him out of the room to run.

DREDD: Looks like I found your 'blockage'.

DREDD: Come on.

Panel Three

Dredd and a weary Salas run down the corridor – huge drop down one side, a wrong step meaning death. Behind them, the monster is coming in, smashing into a nearby block. The size of the thing - it could easily swallow them both whole. Dredd's pulled his lawgiver pistol from his boot holster. Reference here <http://tinyurl.com/ck9xgnp>

DREDD: Time to NOT be catatonic.

Panel Four

Dredd turns and fires his lawgiver back over his shoulder. Salas appears to just be waking, but is still disorientated.

SALAS: This... this is...

SALAS: ... we're in my mind...

DREDD: Yeah. Figured that.

DREDD: HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

Panel Five

The monster recoils slightly as Dredd's explosive round hits it in the face. Dredd dragging a staggering Salas along. They're reached an elevator door, overgrown and rusty now. (James, Dredd's in the process of putting his lawgiver pistol back in its holster here. We'll need it later).

FX: BOOOM!!

SALAS: If you die here, your mind dies...

DREDD: This ain't my first run round the psychic block.

DREDD: I know the score.

Panel Six

We're inside the elevator now as Dredd pulls the door open it takes all of his strength to do so. The monster's coming down the corridor, ripping the building to pieces just by its scale, weight and presence.

DREDD: And you're NOT going to die here.

SALAS: I was calling you here so the dead of Mega City One could have their REVENGE.

SALAS: On YOU.

Panel Six

Pull back, behind Dredd and Salas– the monster breathing huge and heavy above them, considering them, growling. Salas points at it.

SALAS: That's what this thing is. The poisoned, diseased souls of all those millions murdered by the Chaos bug.

SALAS: I FELT the rips and tears of their screams as their skins boiled and bubbled. I heard their innards froth and burst with rage.

SALAS: It was HORRIFIC and it happened to them.

Panel Seven

Close-up on Dredd, unnerved by these words below the surface.

SALAS (o/s): And I know, every Judge knows, it happened because of YOU.

SALAS (o/s): You know why the Sovs sent the bug.

The elevator plummets downwards – over a 100 stories to fall – away from the monster, who claps its jaws and narrowly misses Dredd. Salas screams at Dredd.

FX: SNAPPPPP!!!

SALAS: YOU IDIOT! IF YOU DIE HERE YOUR
MIND DIES!

SALAS: YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH
WARRANT!

Panel Six

Dredd, WAY stronger and bigger than Salas, suddenly slams and pins him down to the floor of elevator. Hard. The elevator shaft hurtling past at incredible speed.

SALAS: HURH!

FX: SLAM!!

Page Six (Six Panels)

Panel One

Dredd puts his boot to Salas' throat, choking him, and stands on top of him. So his feet are both on Salas, not on the elevator (like Salas is his own surf board). Salas will take any impact a milli-second before him. The elevator shaft hurtling past.

DREDD: This is all inside YOUR brain, right?

Panel Two

Salas – eyes wide, and suddenly panicked – stares up at Dredd. Dredd's boot on his throat. The tunnel hurtling past them.

DREDD: I'm betting it explodes from the impact a milli-second before I hit.

Panel Three

Pull back, up the tunnel, watching Dredd, standing strong and fearless on Salas as the tunnel plummets down away from us towards oblivion.

DREDD: You're right about one thing, Salas.

DREDD: This is MY city.

Panel Four

Back to reality, and the interrogation room from earlier (**NB colour note – we're back to clean, white and clinical interiors**) – it's clean and new again. Ronson is there, so is Dredd, on his haunches before Salas, who has hold of Dredd like a moment has only just passed in the cell from earlier. But Salas' eyes roll over in his head here and blood spurts out of his nose as – mentally – he dies here when the elevator hits.

SALAS: GLARRRRHHH!!!!

Panel Five

Salas lies dead on the floor, face down, a large pool of blood oozing from his ears, nose and eyes. Ronson looks shocked and horrified. Dredd stands and simply looks to walk away. He considers the fact that he has a very slight noseblood, touching his glove gently to his nose

RONSON: He... he's DEAD!

