Judge Dredd: The Man Comes Around Rob Williams

JUDGE DREDD: THE MAN COMES AROUND

By Rob Williams & RM Guera

Page One (Five Panels)

Panel One

Opening panel and a front on close-up on Dredd's eyeline looking at the visor of his helmet. His hands on either side of the helmet, lowering the helmet into place (we never see him without the helmet, obviously). NB – Dredd is naked from the waist up and getting dressed for action here in the Hall Of Justice, although we don't see below his mouth here. And the uniform he's putting on here is clean and impeccable and NEW. It won't be as our story progresses, as we'll see. This is a GRIM, HARD man. Not one smile has passed his lips in his lifetime. Dredd is pure will and mean and granite.

NARRATOR: "The eyes are the window to the soul..."

NARRATOR: "These ones are robotic. The originals

poked out by some lizard monstrosity in

a future that will never happen."

NARRATOR: "Don't ask..."

Panel Two

Now our 'camera' has lowered so it's torso level. And his body shows his age, even though he's in incredible shape and has all the technological medical aid of his future world. **Dredd's a man in his early seventies here**. And there's endless healed over scars here, some deeper than others. A lifetime on the streets shown in scar tissue. He's getting his jacket/uniform on, about to zip it up.

NARRATOR: "And then there's the wounds. More

bullet hits than breaths taken. Speed heal machines holding it all together like an elastic band across the Grand Canyon."

NARRATOR: "Cancer. Growth on his duodenum.

Beaten like a screaming, fleeing perp

with a fractured daystick."

Panel Three

Really extreme close-up on his mouth – the chin. He grunts at some bodily creak or unease he feels. Pure granite will, this man. Held together by his own sense of purpose.

NARRATOR: "Time wouldn't beat him."

Panel Four

Close-in tight shot on his torso as Dredd zips UP his uniform. His armour, effectively. That suit holding everything together. Without it, you feel, he'd fall apart.

NARRATOR: "He would NOT let it."

Panel Five

Front on shot of Dredd now, full uniform, clean and ready for action. Jaw set. Looks hard-as-nails. You WOULD NOT fuck with him. Walking out of the Hall Of Justice out onto the street towards us. Other Judges going in and out. RM – here's a reference shot of the Grand Hall of Justice but you won't have to show the whole thing. But just so you're aware of what the entrance roughly looks like. http://tinyurl.com/avjbrbu

Page Two (Six Panels)

Panel One

Cut to a terrified citizen falling from a huge Mega City One block – plummeting to his death having been thrown off a high level. Still hundreds of feet to go before he hits city bottom. He has a futuristic grenade gaffer taped to his side – an LED light on it flashes. We'll establish that properly next panel.

CITIZEN: AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

Panel Two

Close-up on that grenade, as the citizen stares at it in blind, mind-melting panic.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

The citizen looks down at the city floor rushing towards him, hundreds of feet away but coming up fast. Panic. Unimaginable panic.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Four

We're floor level now with a group of Judges who have arrived on scene. The floor before them is an abattoir of blood and body parts – this falling citizen is not the first to hit this way. And the grenade goes off and the citizen explodes 30 feet off the ground BEFORE he hits the ground. The Judges turn away to shield themselves from the blast and the blood and body parts heading towards them. Dredd DOESN'T turn away. Two of the Judges are sat on their Lawmaster bikes (ref http://tinyurl.com/bbx7rjx).

FX: BUTHLOOOOOOOM!!!

Panel Five

What's left of the poor schlob hits the pavement. No need to go in too close on this – it can happen just off panel and we get the splatters. In the background we see the Judges turning back. Some look sickened. Dredd stares right at this, unflinching.

FX: SHHHPLATTT!!!

Panel Six

Close-up on Dredd, another Judge to his side. Light blood splatters on that previously clean helmet and uniform (no longer clean). The Judge next to him (young, late 20s, fit – this is GREEN) looks sickened. Dredd just clenches that monstrous fucking jaw. Someone's going to pay for this.

Cit exploded BEFORE he hit the ground... DREDD:

GREEN: Yeah, they're all doing that.

DREDD:

Page Three (Six Panels)

Panel One

Dredd looks up to the heavens, like he's talking to God. Green looks up in a different direction, but at a different point, at the next poor sap who's been thrown over the edge.

DREDD: Control. BF Skinner Block. Someone's

throwing citizens off a floor in the 220s.

What do you see?

RADIO (spiked, untethered): Elevators shut down, internal cameras

cut.

GREEN: Oop. Look out. Here comes another one.

Panel Two

Dredd turns his back on the impending splatter zone and starts to walk away. Above him, just out of panel. The effects of another citizen exploding is just visible. Dredd doesn't flinch.

DREDD: H-Wagon availability?

RADIO (spiked, untethered): 20 minutes.

DREDD: Hmph. Give me satellite cover. Snipers. I

want the lower floors evacuated. Someone's got an explosives store up

there.

FX: SHHHPLATTT!!!

Panel Three

Cut to the four Judges taking the stairwell as fast as they can. Dredd is third. No sign of discomfort but his age showing. There's a hundred floors to go up.

NARRATOR: "We're going up."

DENT: Level 182.

NARRATOR: "Heart thumps like an abusive husband."

Panel Four

Close-up on Dredd. Breathing hard, sweating. Jaw clenched in determination. Lungs burning. This amount of physical effort on a man his age. Takes its toll.

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NARRATOR: "Not normally this hard. Lungs are a

failing chemical fire. Wants to lie down.

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Wants to rest."

GREEN (o/s): Dredd...

NARRATOR: "Don't throw up."

Panel Five

The three Judges ahead look up and see that smoke is ahead of them, coming round the corner before the next stairwell.

GREEN: Some kind of gas...

DREDD: RESPIRATORS!

Panel Six

The Judges all slap down their helmet respirators so they cover their mouths. Reference here http://tinyurl.com/a6pepgb Guns primed. The gas covering them. Visibility quickly going down to zero so they can't see the Judge in front.

Page Four (Six Panels)

Panel One

Close-up on Dredd's face here, reaction shot. And while we can't see his eyes through that visor, they're wide and shocked here as something appears from the smoke. For once, this man who has seen it all, is rather stopped in his tracks. And the Lawgiver kind of just hangs in his hand in front of him.

NARRATOR: "... he moved to raise his Lawgiver..."

Panel Two

Large panel. We're behind Dredd as his lawgiver just sort of hangs in his hand, the other Judges are nowhere to be seen. The smoke clears slightly in front of him and amongst it is a large black horse – emaciated, ancient, black eyed and starved. This looks like something from the apocalypse, from Biblical tales. Behind the horse the smoke clears enough that we can see an ordinary concrete corridor leading deep into the block level beyond. This isn't magic. The horse seems to be here. And it makes no sense whatsoever. Dredd is stunned by this sight. It speaks to him on a level he doesn't understand. Like this horse is his spirit animal. This is the inside of Dredd. This horse is Dredd's DEATH. Dredd's impending mortality. It looks like it doesn't belong in this world.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Small panel. The horse's face, its black eyes staring at us.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Four

Small panel. The ribs showing cleanly through its starved hide. Old scars showing (a callback to Dredd on page one).

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Five

Dredd now, shaken. Sweating. Unnerved. When is Dredd ever unnerved?

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Six

Pullback now for a wide shot as we see Dredd staring at the horse. His hand – without the gun, starts to lift ever-so-slightly, as if he's about to place his hand on the horse's nose to check that it's real.

Page Five (Six Panels)

Panel One

The stairwell, above, even though it's filled with smoke, is suddenly lit up by a BIG explosion and it breaks the spell. Dredd instinctively shields himself.

FX: BOOOOOM!!!

Panel Two

A bloodied, cracked and shattered Judge helmet rolls down the stairs.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Dredd, Lawgiver out in front, primed, runs up the stairwell. His respirator still down. On the stairwell are two bloody, dead bodies of his fellow Judges who just took a belt of grenades. One of which has lost their helmet. Gas still swirling.

NARRATOR: "He feels lightheaded, something physically grates in

his chest and tells him to sit down."

NARRATOR: "He swears at it and tells it to shut up."

Panel Four

Dredd gets to the top of the stairs, trips and falls forward. His legs giving out on him.

NARRATOR: "It doesn't listen."

NARRATOR: "Legs don't listen..."

Panel Five

Dredd is down, trying to get up. Sweat and effort on his face. HUGE effort. He will not stay down. Forcing himself up, shaking on his knuckles. This looks like he has a 40 tonne weight strapped to his back (that's what he feels like).

NARRATOR: "Must be the gas..."

NARRATOR: "Maybe not..."

Panel Six

He gets up onto his knees and gasps for air (even though the respirator is still down) with the effort. The Lawgiver still in his hand. But Dredd's virtually crawling here.

NARRATOR: "The weight of every crime he'd punished pushing

down on his chest."

Page Six (Six Panels)

Panel One

Wide shot now of a wide-open, open plan Block floor with Dredd in front of us, trying to get up from his knees and failing. The windows have been smashed and the wind is blowing in, taking the gas with it. And this is a strange scene. Ahead of Dredd, the other surviving Judge is down on his hands and knees, overcome by the gas in a similar way to Dredd. In front of them are a lot of citizens, all sat compliantly on their knees. This is due to the gas. No one looks panicked or scared, despite the obvious terror of what's going on here. The fact that they are being chosen, one by one, and thrown from this incredibly tall building. This is a scene of compliance. Heads bowed (they don't have the strength to raise their heads or argue, due to the gas). A large industrial pump in the background is pumping the gas out into the air. There is a concrete ceiling above. That'll be needed for when Dredd fires a ricochet bullet in a second.

CASH (o/s): Judges?

CASH (o/s): I'm genuinely impressed you managed to get this far,

considering the fact that your body is effectively dying.

Panel Two

Now we see, to the side of Dredd, is CASH. This guy is a thin, VERY ill-looking, crazily wired citizen in his late 30s. The type who has been ugly and bullied his entire life and is now beset by cancer and is in the last stages of his illness before dying. He has surgically had a load of plastic explosives wired into his torso and they're very visible. This is nasty, low-rent street surgery stuff (he did the surgery himself). He's wearing a see-through full body anti-chemical suit, to protect him from the gas. So none of his skin is touched by the air. And he's got a pile of grenades with masking tape attached to them (as we saw on page two) and explosives sat behind him. This guy is mad as a bag of snakes, has been pushed too far by this city and has snapped due to his illness. He is dying and ANGRY. Mad as hell and not going to take it any more etc. Dredd tries to lift his head to look at him but can't.

CASH: The gas degrades living cells in your body. It took

seven months to create. I started on it the same day I

was diagnosed with cancer.

CASH: I had to make sure your respirators couldn't cope with

it. It enters the body via the pores in the skin, you see.

Panel Three

Cash picks up a grenade with masking tape on it and shows it to Dredd.

CASH: It makes sure that anyone affected by it is incredibly

weak and 100% agreeable to anything I suggest.

CASH: Want proof?

Panel Four

Cash goes to the other Judge and asks him to get to his feet.

CASH: Could you get up please?

Panel Five

He leads the Judge to the smashed in window, the wind blowing in, And he places the grenade with the masking tape onto the Judge's uniform, just as we saw from the falling citizen on page two. Whispering in his ear.

CASH (whispers): I am going to die soon from my disease. It's

unfair but there's nothing I can do about it.

CASH (whispers): Despite my intelligence a higher power has

decided my fate. So I will now decide the fate of

you and everyone here.

Panel Six

In foreground of shot is Dredd, his hand shaking as he tries to lift the lawgiver but he CAN'T. It's coming up a millimetre at a time. And the sweat dripping off his face here, the effort... in the background of the shot we can see Cash inviting the other Judge to jump.

CASH: And your sentence is death.

CASH: Jump.

NARRATOR: "Lift the... Lawgiver... lift the..."

Page Seven (Six Panels)

Panel One

Dredd, with immense effort, fires a ricochet bullet – even though his lawgiver is still pointing at the ground, it ricochets down into the ground and up at an angle.

NARRATOR: "Ricochet..."

FX: BANG!!!

Panel Two

The bullet ricochets off the ceiling, back down to the ground and back up again, JUST missing the shoulder of Cash by millimetres, who is shocked by this. The Judge jumps to his death in the background.

CASH: ... wha...

Panel Three

Cash, furious, shouts down at the sweating, struggling Dredd. Dredd trying to get up but can't even lift his head.

CASH: ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND??

CASH: DO YOU NOT SEE THE AMOUNT OF

EXPLOSIVES I SURGICALLY INSERTED INTO MY BODY? I DID THIS TO STOP YOUR SNIPERS!

CASH: IF MY HEART STOPS? THE BOMBS

GO OFF AND EVERYONE HERE

DIES!

Panel Four

The citizens now, all sat kneeling, compliant. There's women and children here. Old people. All ages. He has power over them. Ranting. Raving.

CASH (o/s): ALL THESE PEOPLE!

CASH (o/s): MEN! WOMEN! CHILDREN! OLD

PEOPLE!

CASH (o/s): THEY WOULD ALL DIE!!

Panel Five

Close-up on Cash, smiling nastily as he turns back towards 'us'. Madness in his eyes.

CASH:

CASH:	They will all die.
CASH:	One by one.
CASH:	But at the time of MY choosing
Panel Six Dredd has got up onto his knees now. The e over to help him to his feet, taking the Lawg doesn't fight this, lets it go. He's next.	
CASH:	Ah. You're trying to stand but your body simply CANNOT obey your will.
CASH:	Because it obeys mine.

Stand, please.

Page Eight (Five Panels)	
Panel One Dredd, like a zombie, stands upon	Cash's instruction. Cash smiles at him.
CASH:	For this one day, at least I decide
Panel Two Cash walks Dredd to the window's down on the monstrous drop below	s edge. We're outside the building here, looking
CASH:	I am the arbiter of death.
Panel Three Cash places one of the grenades on smiling at him.	Dredd's chest. Dredd sweating like crazy. Cash
CASH:	Not fair, is it? But it comes to us all.
CASH:	Accept it.
Panel Four Close-up on Dredd's face now, swe Herculean inner effort showing.	eat pouring from it, inner turmoil showing.
CASH (o/s):	This is just your time
NARRATOR:	"Time"
•	as if of its own volition, his head still bowed and

Dredd's hand suddenly shoots out, as if of its own volition, his head still bowed and tortured with immense effort. And it grips Cash hard around the throat and squeezes. Cash's cockiness changing instantly to shock.

NARRATOR: "... wouldn't beat him."

CASH (small): Ack.

Page Nine (Six Panels)

Panel One

Dredd THROWS Cash out of the window – it takes all his strength of will and an internal scream of effort to do this.

NARRATOR: "He would NOT let it."

CASH: AAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Panel Two

Dredd collapses to the floor with the effort of this right by the window, leaning against it – his helmet dislodging slightly as it impacts with the floor (NOT coming off, we never see Dredd without his helmet). The helmet respirator snapping off with the impact. Weakly, he pulls the grenade/masking tape off his chest.

FX: THUMP!

Panel Three

Close-up on Dredd, sweating, ill, dying, weak as a kitten. He, shaking, drops it the grenade out the window.

DREDD (small, weak): Satellite cover...

DREDD (small, weak): ... Creep's falling....

DREDD (small, weak): ... atomise him...

Panel Four

A Justice Department satellite, up in orbit. Fires a strong, solid blast of lazer fire directly down. Something along these lines http://tinyurl.com/aturush but with the Justice Department badge on the side.

SATELLITE (spiked, untethered): Acknowledged.

Panel Five

Cash, falling, looks up to the sky, WIDE-eyed, amazed and panicked. Above him, the sky starts to light up as that lazer blast is coming down. Like the heavens opening high above and a beam of light coming down to take him.

CASH (small): ... I wanted to decide...

Panel Six

The clouds and heavens open! Cash is COMPLETELY atomised by the satellite lazer blast that fires down from the heavens like the hand of God has simply reached down

and removed him. The radius of this blast is enough to cover, and to destroy, his entire body. Nothing of him left. It takes out the small grenade Dredd dropped too. A speck on the edge of the blast.

Page Ten (Six Panels)

Panel One

Dredd is slumped, unconscious/maybe dead, up against the window, slumped at a strange angle. His helmet slightly dislodged (not off). We can see the shaved back of his head here. This really doesn't look good.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Two

Entirely black panel.

MED-JUDGE (untethered): Dredd?

Panel Three

Dredd's POV as he opens his eyes and finds four white-coloured Med-Judges in big chem. suits looking down at him. The chem. Suits are pure white. Like angels. This is a Med-Judge uniform normally – what they look like inside the white chem. Suit



MED JUDGE 1: Hey! He's alive.

MED JUDGE 2: You're gonna want to stay down for a while 'til we can give you a full...

Panel Four

Wide shot of the room. Dredd sits up. He looks like hell. Adjusts his helmet so it's on properly. He's wearing a small see-through gas mask that the med Judges have places on him. We can see a number of similarly chem.-suited med Judges clearing the room. Citizens being led away with gas-masks on.

MED JUDGE 2 (small): Never mind.

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MED JUDGE 1: We've shut off the gas pumps. Filter

cleaning the air.

DREDD: Yeah. Figured that.

Panel Five

Profile shot. Med Judge 1 gets in close and examines Dredd, curiously.

MED JUDGE 1: You're damn lucky to be alive.

MED JUDGE 2: We need to get you to a speed heal unit

stat! That gas was nasty. Degrades living

tissue.

DREDD: Mean hallucinations too...

Panel Six

The two Med Judges standing over Dredd. Both look at each other with a kind of 'uhhhh...' confused look.

MED JUDGE 1: Uhhh... not especially...

MED JUDGE 2: I guess low level ones, maybe...

MED JUDGE 1: ... possibly...

Page Eleven (Six Panels)

Panel One

Front onto Dredd now. Listening to this. Unreadable but a little unnerved below the surface.

MED JUDGE 2 (o/s): Besides. Your bionic eyes would've

taken care of that.

MED JUDGE 1 (o/s): Good point. No hallucinations for you.

Panel Two

Cut to Dredd walking down the stairwell, towards where he saw the horse earlier. He walks towards the bloody, smashed helmet of the judge we saw earlier. No gas now. No smoke.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Close-up on that cracked, bloody Judge's helmet as Dredd's boot steps over it.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Four

Dredd stands in the exact position he was in earlier, looking down that corridor, where the horse was. Nothing there now. No sign of the horse. Empty corridor.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Five

Close-up on Dredd, pondering this.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Six

Dredd, his back to us, walks down the stairwell, heading back the way he came.

DREDD: Control...

DREDD: Give me all animal ownership records

for BF Skinner Block...

THE END