

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>**

NO DIALOGUE

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

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.

NARRATOR: “Not normally this hard. Lungs are a failing chemical fire. Wants to lie down. 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.

NO DIALOGUE

NO DIALOGUE

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."

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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: 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 effort staggering from him. Cash has come over to help him to his feet, taking the Lawgiver from out of Dredd's hand. Dredd 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.
CASH: 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 edge. We're outside the building here, looking down on the monstrous drop below.

CASH: I am the arbiter of death.

Panel Three

Cash places one of the grenades on Dredd's chest. Dredd sweating like crazy. Cash smiling at him.

CASH: Not fair, is it? But it comes to us all.

CASH: Accept it.

Panel Four

Close-up on Dredd's face now, sweat pouring from it, inner turmoil showing. Herculean inner effort showing.

CASH (o/s): This is just your time...

NARRATOR: "Time..."

Panel Five

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.

NO DIALOGUE

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.

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