

JUDGE DREDD: THE KILLING ZONE
By Dave Stone

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1. Sewer Tunnel

WE'RE IN A SEWER-TUNNEL: DRIPPING WATER, THE FAINT AND DISTANT ROAR OF PUMPING MACHINERY.

THE SPLASHING OF SOMEBODY WADING THROUGH KNEE-HIGH WATER.

A COMPUTERY BLEEP-SEQUENCE AS A DOOR CONTROL IS ACTIVATED.

DOOR UNIT: (female cast-member, gently spoken, robotised) You are entering Sector Nine sewerage system subsection fourteen. Authorised personnel only. Please state name and ident number for the purposes of voice-verification.

SIKORYAK Waste-disposal Tech Sikoryak, R, personal ident four nine seven slash nine.

A COMPUTERY BLEEP-SEQUENCE ENDS IN AN UNDERSTATED, FART-LIKE LITTLE BLURP TO CONVEY THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG.

DOOR UNIT I'm sorry, your personal ident is not recognised. You are entering Sector Nine sewerage system subsection fourteen. Authorised personnel only. Please state name and ident number for the purposes of voice-verification.

SIKORYAK Drokkit! (then, into his personal comms unit) Resyk Sector Control?

RADIO VOICE (heavily static-treated and garbled) Garble.

SIKORYAK This is Sikoryak - yeah, Richie Sikoryak -

DOOR UNIT I'm sorry, your personal ident is not recognised. You are entering Sector Nine sewerage system subsection fourteen. Authorised personnel only. Please state name and ident number for the purposes of voice-verification.

SIKORYAK (over, angry) Listen, I'm down here in the hole, trying to lock down these output-and-routing glitches of yours, and this drokker of a sec-system won't even let me through the hatch! Open up the subsection fourteen access hatch on Priority Override, yeah?

RADIO VOICE Garble garble garble-garble.

SIKORYAK (great restraint) Yeah, okay ... Waste-disposal Tech Sikoryak, R, ident number four nine seven ...

DOOR UNIT I'm sorry, your personal ident is not recognised. You are entering Sector Nine sewerage system subsection fourteen ...

SIKORYAK Look, just do it now, Control! Okay!?

RADIO VOICE Garble.

THE 'CHUNK!' OF MAGNETIC BOLTS, THE WHINE OF SERVOS AND A SMALL RUSH OF WATER AS THE DOOR OPENS.

DOOR UNIT Access granted to Sector Nine sewerage system subsection fourteen. Have a nice day.

SIKORYAK Yeah. Right.

SOUNDS OF SOMEBODY WADING THROUGH WATER IN A TUNNEL.

SIKORYAK Beats me why there has to be a security system in the first place. I mean, the main sewer line into Resyk? What would anybody be doing down here? What would anybody even want?

RADIO VOICE Garble-garble. Garble garble-garble.

SIKORYAK Yeah, well, there are those. Takes all sorts I suppose. Okay ... let's just see if we can get a handle on what it is that's backing up the johns of three whole -

THE CRASH-SMASH OF SOMETHING POWERFUL MOVING THROUGH THE WATER.

SIKORYAK What the drokk was that!?

RADIO VOICE Garble-garble?

SIKORYAK (worried) Control? I think there might be -

ANOTHER WATERY CRASH-SMASH.

SIKORYAK (oh shit ...) There's something down here.

RADIO VOICE Garble-garble-garble?

THROUGH THE FOLLOWING, WE'LL HEAR THE SOUNDS OF SOME LARGE AND NASTY CREATURE WADING TOWARDS US...

SIKORYAK I d-don't know what it can ... looks like it might be kinda ... human if it - oh my Grud! It's -

THRASHING WATERY STRUGGLE SOUNDS. RATHER BRUTISH CREATURE-SOUNDS AND THE 'CHOMF-CHOMF' NOISES OF IT, UH, FEEDING. SIKORYAK SCREAMS AND GIBBERS FRANTICALLY.

THE RADIO VOICE GARBLE-GARBLES QUESTIONINGLY AND INCREASINGLY DESPERATELY, THIS COMING UP TO DROWN OUT THE FADING SOUNDS OF SIKORYAK'S DEATH, AND THEN FADING TO A BEAT OF SILENCE.

Sc 2 Mega-City News

A BRASH AND THUMPING, BAM-BAM-BAM TYPE NEWS THEME
- IS THERE A SET SIGNATURE FOR THE 'MEGA-CITY NEWS'?
THIS IS EVEN MORE BLATANT AND TACKY.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER -

ENIGMA I'm Enigma Smith, this is Mega-city News. First up, for those of you who even care, the Instant Death Alerts.

IN INAPPROPRIATELY CHEERY POWER-JUNGLE: 'INSTANT DEATH ALERTS!!'

BACKGROUND MUSIC STILL CONTINUES UNDER ...

ENIGMA Ultraviolet filter-shields have completely failed over Sectors three, eleven and nineteen. Optimax fatal exposure, two point five seconds - so remember those sunscreens guys!

A NEWS-STING SOUND CLIP OF SIZZLING BACON.

MUSIC STILL CONTINUES UNDER ...

ENIGMA The Law. Justice Department Control tells us that the current officially-designated no-go Crime Zones are sectors four through seven, nineteen and thirty to thirty-four inclusive. Zero-tolerance-policy has been declared for all of these Sectors - so don't even think of spitting on the pedway!

THE SPIT-AND-DING OF A SPITTOON, HAIL OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE AND A SCREAM.

MUSIC CONTINUES ...

ENIGMA Across the board, mutagenic compounds in the drinking water are now classified as borderline-terminal. Bottled water only, city-wide, and don't forget to check the seals. Today's Unemployment Riots have been scheduled for Sectors seven, eleven, nineteen - what the hell, if your sorry ass happens to be in Sector nineteen, you might as well scrunch down right now and give it a goodbye kiss! Those were this half-hour's Instant Death Alerts.

'INSTANT DEATH ALERTS!!' POWER-JINGLE.

MUSIC CONTINUES ...

ENIGMA On a lighter note, med-techs say the paracholera pandemic in Sector Nine has almost certainly run its course. The problems with the Sector Nine sewer-and-resyk systems that appear to be the source of the problem are being fixed as we speak.

SOUND-BITE OF A TOILET BEING FLUSHED.

ENIGMA Mega-city news says, go to it, you old honey-dippers!

MUSICAL STING: BAM-BAM-BAM!

MUSIC CONTINUES ...

ENIGMA Interplanetary news. Puerto Luminan SecServe – and that’s a registered trademark, apparently - are still demanding the location and repatriation of their so-called Unlicensed Criminal Overlord, Efil Drago San, who it seems is currently at large in the Big Meg. They say, Justice Department authorities should never have allowed him down and in just on the basis of a clean Mega-City record, to then let him vanish without trace. *We* say, you should have dealt with your *own* damn problems, so-called Independent Loonies. Maybe if you’d bought into the Justice System when you had the chance, we might have given you a bit of help!

(PRODUCTION NOTE, FOR THOSE WHO MIGHT CARE: PUERTO LUMINA EXISTS TO THE ‘DREDD WORLD’ LUNA-CIT IN THE SAME WAY THAT PUERTO RICO EXISTS TO THE MAINLAND USA. DOES ANYBODY REALLY FEEL THE NEED FOR MORE THAN THE CONTEXTUAL EXPLANATION GIVEN ABOVE?)

MUSICAL STING: BAM-BAM-BAM!

MUSIC CONTINUES ...

ENIGMA This just in. We now have Justice Department confirmation that a number of bodies found throughout the city, originally thought to be mere random kills, do indeed bear all the signs of having participated in the Killing Zone - the illegal snuff-game that in these last few weeks has taken the Big meg by storm! Stay tuned to Mega-City News for an in-depth report, right after these important messages ...

MUSIC CLIMAXES AND ENDS: BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

A BRIEF ADVERTS-NOW CHIME.

CUTE LI'L KID (cast-member, treated) Mommy ... can I have some Umpty Candy, pweese ..?

MOMMY (cast-member) Yes, of course you can, darling -

MOMMY'S VOICE SUDDENLY MORPHS INTO THAT OF AN
UTTERLY HORRIBLE EXORCIST-LIKE SATAN DEMON.

DEMON - and then the flesh shall slough and burn from your shattered bones
in hell forever! Hahahahahahaha!!

CUTE LI'L KID Eep!

RAVENING-SATAN-DEMON SOUNDS CONTINUE UNDER -

ANNOUNCER (cast-member) Umpty Candy is the very spew from Satan's maw
itself! So look after your body and look out for your soul with Church
of Grud and Jovus-approved new Fundamentalist Fudge!

A CHEERY LITTLE SNATCH OF CHURCH-ORGAN-MUSIC
ADVERTISING STING.

LEGAL-DISCLAIMER VOICE

(male cast-member, speaking very fast) Fundamentalist Fudge and
Umpty Candy are legally registered trademarks of the Otto Sump
Umpty-candy Corporation and rights are reserved on all
commercially-related ephemera and indicia. May contain significant
quantities of strontium, caesium and other transuranic elements.
May cause heart-failure, liver damage, brain-haemorrhage and
death.

BEAT OF SILENCE.

Sc 3 Spaceport Bar

FADE UP.

WE'RE IN THE HUBBUB OF AN ALIEN BAR - GENERAL DRINKING AND SMASHING GLASS SOUNDS, ALIEN GRUNTS AND SHRILLS AND GURGLES ETC.

SOUK-LIKE ALIEN-BAR BACKGROUND MUSIC.

TRAVEN (casual and chatty) You know, this is great. Isn't this great? I mean, you know how the Judges come down on you in the Meg itself if you even *look* like you're thinking of committing a crime. Two size-elevens, no waiting, yeah? But here in the Spaceport Transit Zones it's like anything goes. It's ... (sudden faltering of confidence) ... er, what?

SOLAN (cast-member playing squeaky-helium-but-harsh-voiced alien) The cards, human. Call them.

TRAVEN Oh, uh, yeah - Solan, wasn't it? I was going to call, right? (playing for time) You know, when you think about it, it's sorta weird, this whole thing about alien preconceptions and stuff. I mean, take Nix here ...

THE ROAR-SCREECH OF AN OBVIOUSLY HIDEOUS AND POWERFUL SLIMY KILLING-MACHINE OF AN ALIEN.

TRAVEN ... you'd never *believe* that a sound like that could come out of what is basically a three-foot-tall semi-humanoid wombat. It's the sort of sound I'd imagine *you* making, Solan, what with all those slavering mandible-jaws and the spikes and the blades that can come out of your arms ...

THE 'SHICK-SNICK!' OF SAID ALIEN BLADES EXTENDING.

TRAVEN Er ...

MORE HORRIBLE ALIEN SOUNDS FROM NIX.

SOLAN Yes, Nix, he's stalling. You're stalling, Traven. Call the hand.

TRAVEN So you ... uh ... want me to call the hand?

SOLAN Call the hand.

TRAVEN Oh-kay. I call.

HIDEOUS ALIEN DEATH MACHINE ROAR-SCREECHES.

SOLAN Nix is out. I'm in. What say you, Goron the Prime Viceraptor of the Soul-Reaver Dimensions?

GORON (incredibly camp alien-treated cast-member) Not a sausage, darlings. Chance would be a fine thing.

(POSSIBLY SOME UNDERSTATED POKER-PLAYING TENSION MUSIC AROUND ABOUT THIS POINT.)

SOLAN So It's just you and me, human. Down to you and me. What have you got?

(THE TENSION-MUSIC IS ABRUPTLY CUT.)

TRAVEN I've got Mister Bun the baker, Mrs Bun and all the little Buns.

VARIOUS ALIEN REACTIONS OF ANGER, SURPRISE AND GORON THE VICERAPTOR CAMPLY SAYING 'WELL I NEVER'.

TRAVEN Happy Families. Read em and ... well, read em and eject sulphuric acid out of your eye-ducts, probably. (brisk) Well, I hate to win and run, you know, but there's seven hours of customs-checks ahead of me before I'm back inside the Meg ...

THE SIK-SNIK OF ALIEN BLADES EXTENDING AGAIN.

TRAVEN Er, what?

SOLAN I Don't think so, human. Check his sleeves, Nix.

ALIEN-KILLING-MACHINE SCREECH-ROAR.

THE RRRIP-SOUND OF A PACK OF CARDS SCATTERING.

TRAVEN Oh my Grud! However did all those cards get in there? You know how it goes, guys - you stick things somewhere safe and then you forget all about them ...

SHICK-SNIK OF ALIEN CLAWS - OBVIOUSLY EVEN MORE CLAWS THAN THE LAST FEW TIMES.

TRAVEN I think I'll shut up, now.

SOLAN You come in here, you try to hustle us ... The question is, how do you think you're ever getting out alive?

TRAVEN Well ...

THE CRASH OF SOMETHING COMING THROUGH THE WALL - POSSIBLY HAVING BLASTED A HOLE BEFOREHAND.

THE ALIEN-BAR MUSIC CUTS OFF. GENERAL ALIEN CONFUSION, OVERLAID BY THE SOUNDS OF JUDGE DREDD'S BIKE.

SOLAN What in all the various circles of the Outer Hells ...

A RATHER PROLONGED ROAR-SCREECHING FROM NIX.

TRAVEN Yeah, Nix, you could say that. It's a Judge - and worse than that, it's -

DREDD Carl Alex Traven - you are under arrest for seventeen counts of fraud. One year for each count in the iso-cubes, sentence running consecutively. You're coming with me, creep!

TRAVEN (dispirited) It's Judge Dredd. (nervous attempt at bravado) Hey, uh, Dredd, have you forgotten that this is a Transit Zone? We're in a Transit Zone. I mean, by Interstellar Law, you can't even touch me here ...

DREDD Temporary Extradition Order. This bar is currently under the Jurisdiction of the Mega-city One Justice Department.

A BEAT OF GENERAL ALIEN SHOCK. THEN THE SOUNDS OF A BARFUL OF ALIENS RUNNING AWAY IN TERROR. (WE HEAR SOME OF THE RECOGNISABLE VOICES FROM THE ABOVE SHOUTING THINGS LIKE 'LET ME OUTA HERE!' AND 'WAIT FOR ME, YOU BASTICH!' ETC.)

A BEAT OF SILENCE SAVE FOR SOME QUIETLY SPINNING OBJECT TO CONVEY A HURRIEDLY-VACATED SPACE.

TRAVEN (completely casual) Way to empty an entire bar, Joey. Tell you what, do you think you could be a bit more heavy-handed next time? You know, shoot the lot of them for looking at you in a funny way?

DREDD Better than blowing your Wally Squad cover, Traven.

TRAVEN I prefer the name of Covert Ops, personally.

DREDD Yeah, well. I prefer to call you the Wally Squad. And the next time you call me 'Joey', you're on a disciplinary charge.

FADE.

Sc 4 Mega-City News

BAM-BAM-BAM MEGA-CITY NEWS MUSIC. IT CONTINUES AFTER -

ANOTHER POWER-JINGLE: 'MEGA-CITY NEWS - SPECIAL REPORT!!'

ENIGMA Cross-casts of the Killing Zone have swept the Mega-city download boards over the last few weeks, rocketing it to the city's number-one snuff fix! Cyber-modified warriors are sent into a holographically-shifting maze loaded with traps and deadfalls, there to fight until one and only one remains!

A BRIEF SNATCH OF CHAIN SAW AND A SCREAM - OBVIOUSLY AN OVERPLAYED RADIO-NEWS STING RATHER THAN ACTUAL LIVE FOOTAGE.

MUSIC CONTINUES ...

ENIGMA The games can last anything up to three days, and city-wide betting is intense - there's a lot of money to be made out there, guys, but only if you don't mind breaking the law!

CASH-REGISTER 'KA-CHING!' THEN SOUNDS OF AUTOMATIC JUDGE-GUNFIRE AND AN 'UGH!'

MUSIC CONTINUES ...

ENIGMA So who is behind it? Who is behind this sickening and utterly deplorable slaughter? We don't know. And if *you* know, we urge you to contact your nearest Justice Department sector-house immediately. Anonymity completely uninsured in any aspect whatsoever. In the meantime, if you *still* don't know what we're talking about, press your red interactive button to receive footage from the Killing Zone, as and when we acquire it, just so's you can see how truly sickening and deplorable it really is!

LEGAL-DISCLAIMER VOICE

(the same legal-disclaiming voice as earlier, spoken very fast)
Killing Zone footage is compiled from public-domain sources and is presented purely for the purposes of information. Mega-city News in no way supports, endorses or condones any illegal act as defined in the Laws and Statutes of the Justice Department of Mega-city One.

Sc 5 Killing Zone Broadcast

A BURST OF 'CHANNEL-CHANGING' STATIC.

INSTANTLY, WE'RE IN THE AMBIENCE OF THE KILLING ZONE ITSELF - SOUNDS OF FIGHTING, SNATCHES OF CHAIN SAW, SLICING BLADES, BURSTS OF BLASTER-FIRE, SHOUTS AND SCREAMS OF THE WOUNDED, DEAD AND DYING, ETC, ETC, ETC.

(ALL THIS CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE SCENE AND WILL RECUR, SO IT MIGHT BE AN IDEA TO RECORD QUITE A LONG, LOOPED TRACK. POSSIBLY THERE'S SOME DISTINCTIVE POWER-SPORTS-STYLE MUSIC IN THE MIX.)

THE KILLING-ZONE SOUNDS START OUT LOUD AND INITIALLY SHOCKING, THEN FADE A LITTLE TO RUN UNDER -

COMMENTATOR

(brash and cheerful, booming, slightly robotised) And here comes the Gutblaster! this guy's really made a name for himself over the last two days - let's take a look at his stats.

COMPUTERY BLEEP.

COMMENTATOR

Kill-count of fourteen, seven point bonus for collaborative maiming ... how will Snake Eyes and his mimetic implants deal with ... Yes! Straight through the thorax and - yes! The head's clean off! And may I say ... er ... that's an incredibly inventive use to find for a severed head ...

THE ENTIRE KILLING ZONE SCENE HAS BECOME SLIGHTLY TINNY - OBVIOUSLY A RECORDING BEING PLAYED BACK.

THE CLICK OF THIS RECORDING BEING SWITCHED OFF.

Sc 6 Apartment

WE'RE IN TRAVEN'S APARTMENT - JUST A GENERIC SPACE WITH A FEW FAINTLY BLEEPING COMPUTERY THINGS TO CONVEY THE HI-TECH SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT HE KEEPS THERE.

- TRAVEN That's what we're up against, Dredd. Nasty, but it's not exactly major-league stuff. In terms of actual deaths I mean - more people dry-dive out of any given Hab Block in half an hour. So why is the famous Judge Dredd suddenly assigned to the case?
- DREDD A third of the city is watching this Killing Zone - half a billion people, and you know what they're seeing? They're seeing that the Judges haven't been able to put a stop to it. The Law must be seen to be served.
- TRAVEN (cynical) Whatever the Law happens to be this week. So you're in on this as a propaganda-exercise, is that it?
- DREDD You're coming dangerously close to crossing the line, Traven. What is it with you Wally Squad people? Some of you are no better than the perps ...
- TRAVEN Covert Ops. Yeah, well. Spend your life in the dirt, you're gonna get mucky. Somebody has to do the dirty jobs - keep it off the hands of certain other people, right?
- DREDD I'm warning you, Traven. Don't push me. I can push back harder. Just tell me what you have.
- TRAVEN Not a lot. I've been trolling through the Transit Zones - those are the places you need to be if you wanna get a handle on what's up with the really serious guys, yeah? I've been trying to pick up the traces of a bunch of other people from my Squad. The trails mostly seem to lead to a certain area of Sector Nine - but then its like they drop off the face of the Earth.
- DREDD Not a trace? I thought you people were packed with tracking and recording implants ...
- TRAVEN We're wired seven ways from Sunday. Active, passive and constantly updated - you know how Tech Division works twenty-four-seven to keep on top of the stuff being detected by the bad guys. I mean, it falls over all the time - 'course it falls over - but this wasn't like that. My guys went into Sector Nine, every trace of them just snuffed out.

DREDD (thoughtful) If I'm going after these creeps, I don't like the idea of being cut-off from Control ...

TRAVEN Bang behind you there on that one.

DREDD Seems to me that we need to set up a different kind of trace.

FADE.

Sc 7 Psi Division

A BURNT-OUT PSI-JUDGE MADWOMAN (NOT JANUS) IS STRUGGLING, DESPERATELY, WITH A COUPLE OF GENERALLY FIGHT-GRUNTING JUDGES AS THEY TRY TO RESTRAIN HER.

MADWOMAN (hysterically gibbering cast-member) They sliced my eyes! A tiny arm, hanging out of the pupil of her eye! Razors sliding in my eyes! I can feel them, the meat-worms, crawling in my brains and eating! Holes in my head, tunnels eaten in my head and filled with light ... They buried me! I can't move and I can't *breathe* and they've buried me and I'm still alive ...

JUDGE (castmember, simultaneously) Hold her! Try to hold her down! Ugh! Give her the shot! Where the *drokk* is that med-tech with the straitjacket ..? (etc.)

THE GIBBERING AND STRUGGLING STARTED OUT LOUD AND SHOCKING, BUT IS FADING OUT AS WE MOVE AWAY FROM IT, THROUGH A GENERAL SORTA CORRIDOR AMBIENCE.

FAINT ADMINISTRATIVE TANNOY-VOICES. 'PSI-JUDGE WHOEVER REPORT TO WHEREVER' AND THE LIKE - WE CAN'T MAKE OUT MUCH OF THE ACTUAL WORDS. THE IMPRESSION IS A BIT LIKE BEING IN A HOSPITAL.

DREDD Another burnt-out Psi-Judge ifor the Kook Kubes. Seems like the *whole* of Psi Division's turning into more and more of a madhouse, sometimes. They should do something about it, pull themselves together - they're Judges, for Grud's sake!

TRAVEN Yeah, well, you *would* think that. It's inbuilt. You're a hardline street Judge, Dredd. Some things just simply don't occur to you.

DREDD Oh yeah? Like what?

TRAVEN You, Dredd, you were born to be a Judge and engineered for it. Then you went through the years of training that winnowed out the unfit. You're perfectly adapted to the life. You never give it a second thought.

DREDD (knowing slightly better, concealing this almost perfectly) If you say so, Traven. So?

TRAVEN So psionic talents are incredibly rare, right? One in several million with a whiff of them at best. So when the Justice Department detects one, however unstable he or she is, it grabs them with both impact-gauntlets and it doesn't let go ...

DREDD I know that, Traven. Believe you me, I know. Psis are damaged goods. Unsuitable as Judges from the start - that's why we give them more latitude than normal Judges.

TRAVEN More than that - you really don't get it, do you? It's like a blind spot. Know what happens if a Psi refuses to join up?

DREDD Of course. Corrective surgery to prevent their powers going out of control, damaging themselves and others.

TRAVEN Yeah, right. If by 'corrective surgery' you mean a total prefrontal lobotomy. A lot of Psis are basically forced into a life that's wrong for them - and they hate it. They can't rebel overtly, so their rebellion tends to come out in oblique and unconscious ways. Falling apart spectacularly at the worst possible moment, going catatonic at the drop of a tin-foil-plated hat ... I mean, think about some of the *female* Psi-Judges. Your basic Judge, he's basically celibate, right?

DREDD (stiffly) We serve the Law. Human weaknesses cloud the judgement. A Judge should be above such things.

TRAVEN I always thought it was to prevent a hereditary dictatorship, myself. People with the power passing it on to their kids. Whatever - no jollies for Judges, on pain of being packed off to the penal colony on Titan. Now think how some of the *Psis* act -

DREDD What? What are you talking about ..?

TRAVEN I mean, black duropolymer and micromesh - who doesn't look good in that? But think how some of the Psi girls tend to sorta *accentuate* all that. Uniforms a strategic half-a-size too small, little bit of trouble keeping the zipper all the way up ...

DREDD I don't know what you mean ...

TRAVEN No, you probably don't. Take it from me, though - it's a bad day for a Psi when she can't have some poor average plod of a Street Judge grinding his teeth together, clenching his knuckles white and seriously questioning his vocation. It's not about sex, not as such, it's more to do with rebelling and retaliating against a system they basically hate. Most of them don't even know they're doing it ...

DREDD (abrupt) We're here.

TRAVEN Do what?

WE BECOME AWARE OF THE FAINT THUMP-THUMP-THUMP OF PUNK MUSIC AS PLAYED FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF A DOOR.

DREDD This is the bunk-room of the Psi we're here to see. Psi Judge Janus.

TRAVEN Janus?

DREDD Janus. And what you said about Psi-Judges rebelling unconsciously?

TRAVEN Yeah?

DREDD Well, you're gonna find that with Janus, there's nothing *unconscious* about it.

Sc 8 Control Room

THE SLIGHTLY TINNY-SOUNDING VIOLENCE OF THE KILLING ZONE - OBVIOUSLY BEING RELAYED BY A WALLSCREEN-MONITOR OR SOME SUCH. THE EXCITED VOICE OF THE COMMENTATOR IS NOTICEABLE, BUT THE ACTUAL WORDS ARE INDISTINGUISHABLE.

OVER THIS, THE GENERAL SOUNDS OF A CONTROL ROOM - COMPUTERY CONSOLES, ETC.

EFIL DRAGO SAN IS HERE. IN THIS AND EVERY OTHER APPEARANCE, HIS BREATHING IS NOTICEABLE, SLIGHTLY LABOURED AND SOMEWHAT GLUTINOUS.

HIS VOICE, WHEN HE SPEAKS, IS A SORT OF CROSS BETWEEN GRYPPE-THYNNE OUT OF THE GOONS AND A TOAD ...

DRAGO SAN Ah ... the rich, thick panoply that is life. And extremely spectacular bloody death, indeed. Tell me, Computer, what are our figures like at the moment?

(THE COMPUTER IS THE SAME ROBOTISED VOICE AS THE 'COMMENTATOR' WE MET EARLIER - BUT SLIGHTLY LESS BRASH AND MORE BUSINESSLIKE. WE'LL TAG IT AS 'COMPUTER' TO MAKE THE DISTINCTION CLEAR - BUT REMEMBER IT'S BASICALLY THE SAME CHARACTER.)

COMPUTER Gambling revenues remain constant, extrapolated viewing figures are slightly down. That always happens towards the end of a cycle.

DRAGO SAN Ah, yes, the Little Old Lady Factor.

COMPUTER Pardon?

DRAGO SAN People tend to pick favourites. The little-old-lady demographic in particular. The old biddies pick a fighter to follow, and when he dies they simply tune out. That isn't offset by an actual sense of *occasion* when the cycle ends - the last fighter standing, in the Killing Zone, is just the last one left alive. And then we shoot him. I should tweak things a little, possibly.

COMPUTER Make the end of the cycle an occasion? Have the last survivor actually *winning* something?

DRAGO SAN I was thinking more along the lines of something to wipe out the whole little-old-lady demographic entirely. Much more fun. In any

case - when this current cycle of the Killing Zone ends, when will we be ready to initiate the new?

COMPUTER Almost immediately. The new crop of fighters are implanted and prepped and ready to go. We had some pretty good material to work with, this time - thanks to that windfall we had, courtesy of the Justice Department.

DRAGO SAN One can always rely on the Judges. And speaking of which - how are their investigations proceeding now? Any new offensive that might be of concern?

COMPUTER It's all over the Mega-City newscasts. You really should keep up with the news ...

DRAGO SAN I never watch the news, computer. I prefer to make it. So what are the Mega-City newscasts saying?

COMPUTER That Judge Dredd has been assigned to the case. Arrests, detentions and all kind of Judicial mayhem are expected momentarily.

DRAGO SAN The notorious Judge Dredd? Hmm. That opens up some distinct possibilities ... (decisive) Computer?

COMPUTER Yes, Mister Drago?

DRAGO SAN Hold back on starting a new cycle when the current one ends. I have in mind the setting up of a Very Special Event.

FADE.

Sc 9 Janus' Room

A BLAST OF HARSH AND GRATING PUNK/THRASH MUSIC OF THE SORT THAT GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF A BAND WHO LIKE TO EAT DEAD BABIES.

DREDD (shouting to be heard) Turn it off! Turn it off now!

JANUS (shouting) What?

DREDD (shouting) Turn the music off, Janus!

JANUS Whatever.

THE MUSIC IS ABRUPTLY CUT.

THERE'S SOME SUBTLE BUT DISTINCTIVE AMBIENCE TO THE ROOM - MAYBE THE SOUND OF AN AIR-DUCT OR SOMETHING - SO WE CAN RECOGNISE IT WHEN WE FLASH BACK TO IT LATER.

JANUS What the drokk do *you* want, Dredd? You know I'm on sick-leave. I'm still trying to put my head together after the time you got my brains nearly turned to mush.

DREDD And the music helps, does it?

JANUS Doesn't hurt. What do you want?

DREDD I need a favour. This is Traven, Wally Squad.

TRAVEN (pointed) Covert Ops.

JANUS Covert Ops, right? Hi. You're out of favours, Dredd. Love to help and all, but there's this spot on my ass that needs a really big sappy kiss. What do I get out of it?

DREDD The sense of achievement in doing your duty. The satisfaction of a job well done.

JANUS Really? Lucky me. Oh, what the drokk. What do you need?

DREDD I need you to set up a mental link. Can you get a lock on both me and Traven, here?

JANUS A three-way, eh? I never knew you swung that way ...

DREDD Just do it will you, Janus?

JANUS All right I will.

A BRIEF PAUSE.

TRAVEN So what's supposed to happen? I don't feel anything happening -

JANUS (disembodied voice) What did you expect? A glittery shower of pixie-dust or something?

TRAVEN Aak!

JANUS (disembodied) My Grud, Dredd, will you look at the state of your mind? I'm surprised you can get out of the sleep-machine in the morning ...

DREDD Less of the backchat, Janus. Have you got a lock?

JANUS (normal voice) Yeah, I've got a lock. I can track the both of you. Look out of the holes that are your eyes.

TRAVEN So we're set, yes? We can go into the pipeline ...

Sc 10 Killing Zone Broadcast

A BURST OF CHANNEL-CHANGE STATIC.

WE'RE SUDDENLY IN THE KILLING ZONE BROADCAST AGAIN.
POWER-MUSIC THEME.

THE OVERT SOUNDS ARE SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FROM
BEFORE, IN THAT THERE ARE ONLY TWO ACTUAL FIGHTERS
NOW.

THE MEATY SMACK-SMACK-SMACK OF SOMETHING HEAVY
HITTING FLESH REPEATEDLY AND VERY FAST.

COMMENTATOR

This looks like the end, folks! There's no way that Sliceman is getting up from that smacking from Hammerhead! It looks like we have a -

THE NOTICEABLE SHICK-SNICK OF BLADES ...

COMMENTATOR

Hello, what's this ..?

THE RAPID 'CLUNCH-CLUNCH!' AND SCYTHING OF BLADES, A
CYBER-MODIFIED SCREAM AND GURGLE AND THE SOUNDS
OF A METAL-AND-FLESH BODY COLLAPSING.

THE SLIGHTLY PATHETIC SOUND OF SOMEBODY SAYING
'GLURK' AND EXPIRING.

COMMENTATOR

This is amazing, sports-fans! With the last of his strength, Sliceman was able to trigger his trademark power-blades and reduce Hammerhead to a bloody pulp! We end this cycle of the killing Zone with a simultaneous double-kill!

SPORTS-SHOW PROMO MUSIC COMES UP AND CONTINUES
THROUGH -

COMMENTATOR

Well, there's nothing left to do but clear the bodies away and prepare for an all-new cycle of the Zone - and do we have something special lined up for you! Do we? Yes we do. Bookmark your download-boards and prepare yourself for what is gonna truly be the Killing Zone event of a lifetime!

FADE.

Sc 11 Sewer Tunnels

WE'RE IN THE SEWERS.

SOUNDS OF TWO PEOPLE WADING THROUGH WATER.

DREDD When you said 'pipeline', Traven, I thought you meant it figuratively. What the drokk are we doing down in the Sector Nine sewers?

TRAVEN Following my best lead. One of my guys - girl by the name of Delbane - thought that down here was a good place to look.

DREDD You trust this Delbane's instincts?

TRAVEN Like my own. We were ... we worked closely together on this.

DREDD What was that you were saying about Judges and the Titan penal colony a while back, Traven?

TRAVEN (hurriedly) Good Judge, Delbane. Everything completely and utterly by the book and a fine example to us all. (back to normal) Anyhow. She told me she was gonna make a small trip down here, and that was just before she -

COMPUTERY BLEEP OF A DOOR-CONTROL UNIT.

DOOR (same as earlier) You are entering Sector Nine sewerage system subsection fourteen. Authorised personnel only. Please state name and ident number for the purposes of voice-verification.

DREDD Justice Department Override. Judge Dredd.

DOOR UNIT I'm sorry, your personal ident is not recognised. You are entering Sector Nine sewerage system subsection fourteen. Authorised personnel only. Please state name and ident number for the purposes of voice-verification.

DREDD (to gun) Hi-ex.

THE SHOT AND DETONATION OF AN EXPLOSIVE SLUG. AN ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION.

DOOR UNIT Graak! - bzzzzt -

MAGNETIC BOLTS AND A HATCH OPENING INTO ANOTHER SEWER-TUNNEL

TRAVEN Turned out useful for something then, Dredd.

WADING THROUGH TUNNELS.

THERE'S THE FAINT BUT NOTICEABLE SOUND OF DISTANT PUMPING-MACHINERY OF THE SORT THAT OCCURRED RIGHT AT THE START.

DREDD Sounds like we're near to the Sector Nine resyk plant. Could it be as simple as that - heavy machinery interfering with your people's tracer implants?

TRAVEN No ... the stuff works on a completely other level. I mean, even if something happened like my guys were vaporised instantly, implants and all, we'd have been able to work out what had happened by the final signal. The tracers just cutting out would take - I don't know - some kind of energy-pulse. Some sort of shielding that Tech Division hasn't found a way to counter. Heavy-duty stuff.

DREDD So we're dealing with something heavy. If we find anything down here, you hang back and let me deal with it.

TRAVEN Oh yeah? Listen, Dredd, this is *my* case. Far as I'm concerned. You're just here to provide a bit of extra firepower, as and when.

DREDD Oh yeah? Well let me tell you -

JANUS (disembodied-voice) Hey, guys?

TRAVEN Aak!

A SMALL SPLASH AS HE STUMBLES A BIT.

JANUS (disembodied) You've really gotta get used to the idea of somebody being inside you, Traven.

TRAVEN Chance would be a fine thing.

JANUS (disembodied) Look, guys, I don't wanna break up all this bonding-by-antagonisation stuff, but I'm picking up some other minds sort of clustering about you. There's people down there with you.

DREDD People?

JANUS (disembodied) Well ... I say *people*, but I get this kinda impression of creatures who might evolve into people, or might be people again if they devolved back. It's like a -

THE CRASH-SMASH OF CREATURES PLOUGHING THROUGH WATER. THIS CONTINUES UNDER -

DREDD Don't worry about it, Janus! I think we can already see!

THE BRUTISH GRUNT-GRUNTS OF A NUMBER OF CREATURES MINGLES WITH THEIR CRASH-SMASHING. CONTINUES UNDER...

TRAVEN My Grud. It's like they're Morlocks!

DREDD Morlocks?

TRAVEN Literary reference. You wouldn't get it.

THE ADVANCING 'MORLOCKS' ARE NOW QUITE OBVIOUSLY ALMOST ON TOP OF OUR HEROES ...

DREDD (to gun) Rapid-fire.

DREDD'S LAWGIVER, APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, RAPID-FIRES. SEVERAL BRUTISH-SOUNDING MORLOCKS GO DOWN WITH GRUNTS OF AGONY AND SPLASHES.

DREDD (grim satisfaction) I don't have the time to read much, Traven. I just know that the best words you can ever have are The End.

IN THE BACKGROUND, THE GENERAL HUBBUB AND SPLASHING OF MORLOCKS BUILDS, POSSIBLY WITH SOME UNDERSTATED TENSION-MUSIC TO CONVEY THEIR INCREASING NUMBERS ...

TRAVEN Uh, Dredd ...

THE CRASH-SMASHING AND GRUNTING OF MORLOCK-CREATURES COMING FOR US.

TRAVEN I think that was just the first wave!

A FULL-SCALE FIGHT: MUSICAL ACCENTUATION BECOMES A POWER-THEME, SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE, DREDD AND TRAVEN AND BRUTAL MORLOCK GRUNTING AND 'URGHS!'. WATER-SPLASHES, SNATCHES OF GUNFIRE. THIS GENERALLY CONTINUES UNDER ...

DREDD Ricochet!

DREDD'S GUN FIRES – AND THEN THERE'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF ZIP-SPLUNCHES AND 'UGHS!' OF MORLOCKS DYING AND COLLAPSING WITH APPROPRIATE SPLASHES.

THE OVERWHELMING MASS OF SURVIVING MORLOCKS CONTINUES TO GIBBER AND HOWL ...

TRAVEN (wisecrack moment) Very impressive. How many settings you actually got on that thing?

DREDD One for every kinda creep. And them some.

JANUS (disembodied) Dredd! Traven! There's a bunch of them working around behind you!

A NUMBER OF DISTINCT MORLOCK-SOUNDS ROAR OVER THE GENERAL FIGHT.

DREDD Drokk!

DREDD'S SINGLE-SHOTS TAKE THEM DOWN – REMEMBER THAT THIS IS JUST A SLIGHTLY LOUDER BAM-BAM PUNCTUATION IN WHAT IS ALREADY QUITE A LOUD AND DESPERATE FIGHT.

DREDD Thanks, Janus ...

JANUS (disembodied) Don't mention. I'm just – oh my Grud, it ...

THE VOLUME AND TEXTURE-COMPLEXITY OF THE MORLOCKS COME UP IN THE MIX TO CONVEY A SENSE THAT THEY'RE ON THE POINT OF OVERWHELMING US AGAIN ...

TRAVEN Grud! There's just too many of them! I can get ... oh my ...

DREDD Keep it together, Traven! Just try to hang on!

GUN GOES BAM BAM BAM! VARIOUS MORLOCKS GO DOWN!

THERE'S STILL TOO MANY OF THEM ...

DREDD If we can beat them back, we cab back off and -

THROUGH THE CHAOS OF THE FIGHT WE HEAR THE SPLASH AND DETONATION OF A GAS-GRENADE AND A HISSING SOUND.

TRAVEN What? What's the -

DREDD Gas! It's stumm-gas! Justice Department issue! How in Grud's name would these things get hold of ...

THE FIGHT-SEQUENCE DEVOLVES INTO A KINDA WE'RE-GOING-DREAM-CRAZY MUSICAL RIP – THE BACKGROUND MUSIC OF IT COMING UP TO A STING.

Sc 12 Janus' Room

THE FAINT BUT DISTINCTIVE AMBIENCE OF JANUS' ROOM.

JANUS Drokkit! Oh Jovus drokk, they pulled them down and ...

FRANTIC TOUCH-TONE DIALLING AND COMPUTERY BLEEPING OF A COMMS UNIT.

JANUS Come on ... come on ...

COMMS UNIT CONNECTS. TINNY GARBLE-GARBLE OF SOMEBODY ON THE OTHER END.

JANUS Control! Janus. Psi-Division. I need a crash-squad, and I need it now!

CUT TO -

Sc 13 Cell

A WOOLY, SEMI-MUSICAL LINK-SEQUENCE. PEOPLE SHRIEKING AND BABBLING IN THE DREAM-DARK.

THERE'S A VOICE THAT'S TRYING TO SHOUT THROUGH IT. AS THE DREAM-MUSIC FADES, THE VOICE COMES UP -

JANUS (disembodied) Dredd? Traven? Are you alive in there? Are you there!?

DREDD Seems so.

AMBIENCE SAY WE'RE IN A GENERIC CELL.

DRAGO SAN IS, ALSO. WE VERY FAINTLY HEAR HIS LABOURED BREATHING NOW SO WHEN HE SPEAKS IT SEEMS NATURAL FOR HIM TO BE HERE.

AT THE MOMENT WE'RE SORT OF COMING OUT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, SO THERE'S A KIND OF MUSHINESS TO THE OVERALL SOUND.

JANUS (disembodied) Thank Grud for that. I thought I'd lost the two of you. You must have been out flat. Don't worry, guys, help is on the way.

DREDD Can't come soon enough for me. Snap out of it, Traven!

TRAVEN (recovering consciousness) Uhn ... wha ... where are we? What's happening?

DRAGO SAN Two very good questions indeed, Judge Traven - though don't you find them a trifle clichéd?

DRAGO'S VOICE HAS SNAPPED US BACK TO REALITY - SOUNDS ARE CLEARER AND MORE SHARP NOW.

TRAVEN Well, I just wanted to know where I was and what was happening.

DRAGO SAN Indeed. Though if you expect me to say something like 'Aha! Now I have you at my mercy I shall reveal my plans in all their fiendish and dastardly detail!' then you're going to be sorely disappointed. On the other hand, it will be some small while before the anaesthetic shots wear off, so we might as well pass the time. Allow me to introduce myself. Efil Drago San.

TRAVEN The Puerto Lumina Overlord ...

DRAGO SAN The very same.

DREDD You don't sound Puerto Luminan ...

DRAGO SAN Yes, well, as it so happens I acquired my English language skills from old Brit-Cit comedy data-wafers as a child. (ironically Tony Hancock) Innit marvellous.

DREDD IS GENERALLY GRUNTING AND STRAINING AGAINST HIS BONDS.

DRAGO SAN I wouldn't overexert myself, if I were you, Dredd. Those manacles are polycarbon and quite impervious to physical force. The spectre of multiple hernia looms.

DREDD Those ... creatures who attacked us. What were they?

DRAGO SAN One of the, ah, hidden delights of your fair Mega-city. You're quite aware, of course, that the old city of New York was roofed-over to provide the Mega-city foundations? Even the sewerage systems are, in effect, a tangle of pipes hanging from the ceiling of a cavern. Plenty of room for an addition like the complex were are currently inside ...

DREDD The Killing Zone, right?

DRAGO SAN The Killing - as you so rightly say - Zone. And the proximity to the sewer and recycling systems is quite fortuitous in the disposal of the bodies - they turn up everywhere, in the end - except when they cause an unfortunate blockage. Be that as it may, I was talking of the city underground. Things live and breed down there, forgotten in the dark. They can be utilised. They're quite remarkably loyal, in fact - given the proper training ...

DREDD Enough of this, Drago San! What do you want for us?

DRAGO SAN Want ..? Dear me, Dredd, I don't want anything from you. You gave nothing I particularly need. In fact, I rather think I'll let you go. Of course, the route *out* might pose a bit of a problem ...

Sc 14 Mega-City News

BAM-BAM-BAM MEGA-CITY NEWS MUSIC.

ENIGMA I'm Enigma Smith, this is Mega-city News.

POWER-JINGLE: 'NEWSFLASH!'

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER ...

ENIGMA This just in! Something is happening with the Killing Zone - something big! In view of this, Mega-city News will now go directly to the Killing Zone live feed. With me in the studio is snuff-sport expert Charlie Slorley, just released from the iso-cubes after serving two years for Criminal Voyeurism ...

SLORLEY (cast-member doing an E.L. Whistey) Hallo.

ENIGMA ... and we'll be following events as and when they happen ...

LEGAL-DISCLAIMER VOICE

(same as earlier) Killing Zone footage is compiled from public-domain sources and is present purely for the purposes of information. Mega-city News in no way supports, endorses or condones any illegal act as defined in the Laws and Statutes of the Justice Department of Mega-city One.

Sc 15 Killing Zone Broadcast

THE KILLING ZONE BROADCAST – WITH AN OVERLAID MEDIA-COMMENTARY BY ENIGMA SMITH AND SLORLEY.

AN EXCITINGLY-PUMPING THEME TRACK RUNS UNDER ...

COMMENTATOR

And welcome to this very special Killing Zone event! Now you'll know, sports fans, that in the usual course of things contestants are extensively cyber-modified, their brains rewired to bring out the old killer instinct and jack up their reflexes ... these guys would shred an ordinary human in seconds! But this is no ordinary man! Viewers and sports-fans, here he comes now - it's Judge Dredd! And some other guy.

SOUNDS OF KILLING-MACHINE FIGHTERS AND THE GRUNTS ETC OF DREDD AND TRAVEN AS THEY TRY TO DUCK AROUND AND SURVIVE.

DREDD (broadcast-tinny) They're coming too fast! You need some kind of edge. Take my boot-knife, Traven!

TRAVEN (broadcast-tinny) Look, I don't like using weapons, Dredd, that's not the way I work ...

THE ROAR OF A PARTICULAR FIGHTER.

DREDD (broadcast-tinny) Rapid-fire!

RAPID-FIRE GUNFIRE AND THE CRASH OF THE FIGHTER GOING DOWN.

THE VARIOUS SOUNDS OF THE BROADCAST SHOW CONTINUE UNDER ...

ENIGMA (media-commentary) That's interesting. They've let Dredd keep his gun. What do you make of that, Charlie?

SLORLEY (media-commentary) Possibly it's a sporting gesture, even up the odds a little. He'll ... last longer this way.

ENIGMA And just who is that guy with him? Do we have any info on the guy, Charlie?

SLORLEY Not at all. Far as I can tell, he's just some guy ...

KILLING ZONE BROADCAST-SOUNDS COME UP AGAIN IN THE MIX.

TRAVEN (broadcast-tinny) ... I'm just saying, what actual use is a boot-knife gonna be against a seven-foot-tall cyborg in full arachno-armour ..?

DREDD (broadcast-tinny) Just take the drokking knife okay!?!

TRAVEN (broadcast-tinny, comedy-disgruntled) All right I will.

SJORLEY (media commentary) Some guy with a knife, apparently.

FADE.

Sc 16 Killing Zone Situ

AMBIENCE SAYS WE'RE IN THE KILLING ZONE ITSELF, AS OPPOSED TO THE BROADCAST.

DREDD AND TRAVEN ARE EXHAUSTED, DESPERATE AND BREATHING RAGGEDLY FROM THE EXERTIONS.

TRAVEN I ... think we got away from the pack of them for the moment ...

SOUND OF DREDD COCKING HIS GUN.

DREDD You're doing better than I thought you would, Traven. You're dodging well. Probably all that sneaking around you do in the Wally Squad.

TRAVEN Covert Ops. Yeah ... uh ... it's a bit weird, come to think of it. I thought these things would just slice us up and stomp us flat ...

DREDD Difference in basic objectives. These fighters are wired for the kill - forget the defense and just go for the kill. We're just trying to survive. We're doing things they can't anticipate on a fundamental level - their combat operating-systems can't cope.

TRAVEN Yeah, well, you've got the actual combat experience. I bow to your judgement.

DREDD What *is* it with you? No combat-training, you don't carry weapons ...

TRAVEN It's simple. The people I usually deal with would spot things like that a mile off. I'd last about two seconds. In the end it's better to rely on my -

THERE IS THE WHINE OF SOMETHING SMALL HOVERING NEARBY.

TRAVEN Oh drokk, it's one of those little interviewing-drones.

DRONE (the Commentator's voice, slightly tinny) So, Judge Dredd, do you have a message for our viewers on the current state of play?

DREDD I gotta message for you. (to gun) Hi-ex.

TRAVEN No! Save your ammo! Our only hope is to hold out until help arrives!

DREDD Where the drokk is Janus, anyway?

JANUS (disembodied) Hey, I'm there with you in spirit, guys - but I'm having a few real-life problems ...

TRAVEN Terrific.

A CYBER-MODIFIED FIGHTER ADVANCES. THERE IS A SCREECHING NOTE TO ITS MONSTER-ROAR THAT SUGGESTS IT MIGHT ORIGINALLY HAVE BEEN FEMALE.

DREDD Here comes another one. get ready to - Traven? Traven! What's up with you?

TRAVEN Oh my Grud ... I can't ... It's Delbane, Dredd. it's Delbane!

Sc 17 Pedway

WE'RE JUST GENERALLY OUT ON THE MEGA-CITY STREET.
OR PEDWAY, IF YOU LIKE. (IS THERE A STOCK STREET-
AMBIENCE TRACK?)

JANUS (furious) Listen to me, Carter! I've got the location! I know where Dredd is! You're gonna take your Unit in now!

CARTER (jobsworth little shit) Not until I receive confirmed orders from Justice Department Control.

JANUS Now listen here you jumped up piece of stomm!

CARTER You Psi-Judges are all the same. Prancing around in your tight ... you're not fit to lick the boots of a *real* Judge!

JANUS (to self) Now here is a man, I feel, with certain issues. Oh, what the drokk. (small grunt of mental effort, then commanding tones) You are under my command. You will do precisely what I say.

CARTER (mind-controlled) I am under your command. I will do precisely what you say.

JANUS All right! Now we're actually *getting* somewhere ...

Sc 18 Killing Zone Situ

WE'RE BACK IN THE KILLING ZONE AGAIN, THE CYBER-MODIFIED DELBANE-MONSTER STILL ADVANCING ...

TRAVEN Oh Grud ... it's Delbane, Dredd! I can't ...

HI-EX SLUG AND DETONATION. THE CREATURE SCREAMS, DIES AND COLLAPSES.

DREDD (urgent) There was nothing left of her, Traven - nothing left of the woman you knew! Besides, she was a Judge! She knew the risks, she knew her duty! Come on! We have to keep moving!

Sc 19 Killing Zone Broadcast/Control Room

THE KILLING ZONE BROADCAST SHOW AGAIN - PUMPING SOUNDTRACK AND COMMENTATOR.

COMMENTATOR

Yes! Dredd's taken out all number of the second-string fighters, but how is he gonna deal when he comes up against his first Big Boss?...

THE SHOW AND (INDECIPHERABLY-RAVING) VOICE OF THE COMMENTATOR CONTINUES UNDER ...

ENIGMA (media-commentary) So what do you think about that, Charlie? Bit of a personal moment there for the other guy and Dredd just takes the problem out ...

SLORLEY (media-commentary) Well, that's the thing you have to remember about Judge Dredd, Enigma. People do these things, all kinds of things - and then Judge Dredd comes along and shoots them. That's what he does. That's why we love him ...

THE ABOVE SUDDENLY BECOMES MERE BACKGROUND TO A BLEEP-BLEEP-BLEEP COMPUTERY ALERT.

WE'RE IN THE CONTROL ROOM AMBIENCE WE ENCOUNTERED EARLIER. DRAGO SAN AND HIS LABOURED BREATHING ARE HERE.

COMPUTER (the Commentator, remember, but more businesslike) Hey, Mister Drago?

DRAGO SAN Yes. computer?

COMPUTER This is important, Mister Drago ...

THE KILLING ZONE SHOW SOUNDS ARE SHUT OFF, IN THE SAME WAY AS A TV SHOW MIGHT BE - LEAVING US WITH JUST THE CONTROL-ROOM AMBIENCE.

DRAGO SAN (pointedly) Yes, computer?

COMPUTER You know how I've got this whole state-of-the-art shielding going on, so we don't need actual defences because nobody could ever find us in the first place?

DRAGO SAN (I'm arch and suave and I know what's coming) Yes, computer?

COMPUTER Well, somebody's found us.

Sc 20 Killing Zone Situ

WE'RE IN THE KILLING ZONE ITSELF AGAIN. HARD AND HARSH-BREATHING DREDD AND TRAVEN.

SOUNDS OF KILLING-MACHINE FIGHTERS NEARBY.

TRAVEN We're gonna die here, yeah? We're really gonna die ...

DREDD Yeah, well let's just see if we can't take out as many as we can with -

JANUS (disembodied, suddenly)Hey, Dredd! Hey, Traven!

TRAVEN Aak! You have got to stop doing that, Janus!

JANUS (disembodied) I'm not even gonna say a word. We're here now. We're coming to get you!

Sc 21 Sewer Tunnels

WE'RE IN THE SEWERS. SOUNDS OF VARIOUS PEOPLE CRASH-SMASHING THROUGH THEM.

A GENERAL RADIO GARBLE-GARBLING OF TROOPS KEEPING IN CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER BY WAY OF THEIR COMMS UNITS.

JANUS: We're getting close, Carter ...we're coming up on it ...

CARTER (mind-controlled) Yes. We are coming up on it.

THE GENERAL SOUNDS OF MORLOCKS IN THE DARK COMES UP SO'S WE AND JANUS NOTICE. IT CONTINUES UNDER ...

JANUS I think we've got some company. Deploy you men, cover formation.

CARTER (mind-controlled) I will deploy my men. (shouting an order) Cover formation!

JUDGE SQUAD SPLASHING AND GARBLE-GARBLING, SOUNDS OF WEAPONS BEING COCKED.

SUDDENLY, OVER, THE CRASH-SMASHING AND HOWLING OF SOME PARTICULAR MORLOCKS ATTACKING.

JANUS And not a moment too soon! Take them down, Carter!

CARTER (mind-controlled) I will take them down. (shouting order) Take them down! Standard track-and-pop!

GARBLE-GARBLE JUDGES, RAPID-FIRE AND THE SCREAMS AND SPLASHING DEATHS OF MORLOCK-THINGS.

THE BATTLE ESCALATES AND CONTINUES UNDER ...

JANUS There's just too many of them!

CARTER (mind-controlled) Yes. There are just too many of them.

JANUS Looks like the only way is straight through the wall. Have a couple of your people set some detonation-charges.

CARTER (mind-controlled) Yes. (ordering) A couple of my people! Set up detonation-charges!

RADIO VOICE Garble-garble-garble?

JANUS Whaddya mean 'who'!? I don't care who! You two – just set up the charges!

RADIO VOICE Garble-garble.

MAGLOCK CLUNKS AND SWITCH-CLICKS AND BLEEP-BLEEP-BLEEPING OF CHARGES BEING STUCK AGAINST A WALL AND ACTIVATED.

CRUMP-THUMP DETONATION AND RUBBLE AND RUSHING WATER OF A SEWER-WALL BEING BLOWN OPEN.

GENERAL BATTLE SOUNDS CONTINUE ...

JANUS Good guys! I'm going in - I'm going in ahead. You stay here, Carter, and keep these Under-city creatures back. You get me?

CARTER (mind-controlled) I must stay here and keep these Under-city creatures back.

JANUS Good boy.

JANUS CLAMBERING OFF THROUGH RUBBLE. THIS AND THE BATTLE SOUNDS FADE OUT TO -

Sc 22 Killing Zone Situ

WE'RE BACK IN THE KILLING ZONE ITSELF, WITH THE DESPERATE DREDD AND TRAVEN.

OVER THE KILLING ZONE AMBIENCE, THE SOUND OF A DISTANT EXPLOSION. EMERGENCY-ALERT KLAXON STUFF STARTS UP.

TRAVEN Hey, Dredd! Do you see that?

THE 'BZZZT' SOUND OF SOMETHING OR OTHER MALFUNCTIONING.

DREDD I see it.

TRAVEN Somethings's happened. Something's disrupting the Killing Zone systems. Looks like some of the holographic camouflage is failing. Does that look like what I think it does?

DREDD Yeah. It looks like a maintenance-hatch.

TRAVEN You know, I think that if there ever was a time to waste some ammo, this might be it ...

DREDD You're right. (to gun) Hi-ex.

THE GUNFIRE AND DETONATION OF A MAINTENANCE-HATCH BEING BLOWN OPEN.

Sc 23 Maintenance Corridors

APPROPRIATELY EXCITING BACKGROUND MUSIC FOR A CHASE THROUGH THE CORRIDORS.

GENERAL MAINTENANCE-CORRIDORY AMBIANCE. DISTANT KLAXONS AND COMPU-VOICES (MALE AND FEMALE) SAYING THINGS LIKE 'ALERT' AND 'SECURITY BREACH', RUMBLINGS AND AIR-DUCT SOUNDS THAT SHIFT IN PITCH AND VOLUME AS WE MOVE THROUGH ALL THIS.

DREDD AND TRAVEN ARE RUNNING, BREATHING HARD. POSSIBLY THEY SLOW DOWN TO A TROT OR SOMETHING TO HAVE THIS CONVERSATION – WHATEVER WORKS BEST FOR THE READING ...

- TRAVEN There's always a maintenance infrastructure. Lucky us.
- DREDD They need some way to move the bodies around – the living and the dead.
- TRAVEN Yeah. So the way I look at it, we've got three possibilities. There must be someplace where they get rid of the bodies in the end ...
- DREDD No use going there. Nothing we could do that would be of use.
- TRAVEN Right.
- DREDD They must have some ... facility for modifying the citizens they abduct ...
- TRAVEN I've just had a vision. It's like this huge psychic vision. Do you wanna hear about my vision?
- DREDD Tell me about your vision.
- TRAVEN I have a vision of us bursting into this facility of yours and finding a whole bunch of half-human monstrosities being busily fitted with blades and blasters and individual chainsaws. And right at that exact point somebody decides it'll be a hell of a laugh to activate the lot of them and set 'em on us. In a totally enclosed space.
- DREDD Let's file that under 'Plan B', Traven.
- TRAVEN My thoughts exactly. So the third possibility is that we – hey, look out!

THE ROAR OF A MORLOCK-CREATURE TAKING US BY SURPRISE.

TRAVEN GRUNTS WITH EFFORT. THERE'S THE SOUND OF A KNIFE WHIPPING THROUGH THE AIR TO BURY ITSELF IN FLESH. THE MORLOCK GURGLES AND COLLAPSES.

TRAVEN (casual interest) Sneaky. Look at the way this one's been ... modified. Those morlock-things outside were more like guard dogs, animals. I suppose this one's fitted up to be more like a security guard ...

THE 'CLUNCH' OF TRAVEN PULLING THE KNIFE FREE,

TRAVEN Hardly an improvement, cognition-wise, I'll admit.

DREDD That was a good throw, Traven. Clean to the neck. I thought you said you didn't have weapons-training.

TRAVEN I just said I didn't like using weapons. I didn't say I couldn't. Now, like I was saying: the third possibility is we find Drago San's ass and just start kicking ...

DREDD Gets my vote. He'll have some kind of control-centre. Creeps like that always do.

TRAVEN Yeah, well, the old ones are always the best.

DREDD That's why they've lasted. (raises voice) Janus? Are you still here with us? Janus?

JANUS (disembodied, out of breath) I'm still here. I'm a bit ... busy at the – Die! Die you motherdrokking piece of stomm! Why won't you die!?! You gotta – oh, you have. Yay, boys! (more reasonable tones) Sorry about that, Dredd. There's things down here with us, you know?

DREDD I think we've met some. Listen, Janus, there's gotta be some kind of control centre around here. Can you locate it for us?

JANUS (disembodied) Yeah, right. I can look at a hole and tell you exactly where it leads. Have you the first *idea* of how psi-talent really works, Dredd?

DREDD Don't you take that tone with me, Janus ...

JANUS (disembodied) I can drokk off now. I can just drokk off and leave you totally in the stomm. As it happens, Dredd, I might be able to do something. I'm picking up a kinda *neurotechure* – whatever the system controlling the place is, it's complex enough to be almost

sentient. I can feel the connections of it running through the complex. I think I can give you a fix on the core. I'll see you there ...

RUNNING-THROUGH-CORRIDORS MUSIC COMES UP,
POSSIBLY WITH SOUNDS OF DREDD AND TRAVEN RUNNING
THROUGH THE CORRIDOR-AMBIANCE.

OVER THIS, THE DISEMBODIED VOICE OF JANUS:

JANUS (disembodied) ...now, you'll need to be heading to your left – no, not that sharply! You'll be heading off of a complete tangent! Is there a way to go forward for a bit before you turn? Well, back up a bit and see if you can't – hang on. There's a couple of those creatures. They're right on top of you. Hang back and wait for them to go by. Oh-kay, they've gone. Backtrack a bit and try to find some crossover conduit, and that should take you to a major thoroughfare. Just follow that right down. I'm coming in on the oblique and we should meet up at an access hatch ...

JANUS (speaking normally) And here we are. Am I not just absolutely kick-ass brilliant or what?

Sc 24 Control Room

THE 'CHOFF' OF A HATCH OPENING.

WE'RE IN DRAGO SAN'S CONTROL ROOM - SAME AMBIENCE AS WE'VE ENCOUNTERED EARLIER. DRAGO'S LABOURED BREATHING, THE COMPUTERY SOUNDS ETC.

FAINT AND WALLSCREEN-TINNY BACKGROUND SOUNDS OF THE KILLING ZONE BROADCAST ITSELF – SUCH AS IT IS AFTER PREVIOUS EVENTS: GENERALLY IDENTIFIABLE, MUSICAL POWER-THEME, EXCITED BABBLE-BABBLE COMMENTATOR-TONES, ETC. WE JUST NEED TO FIX THE IDEA THAT THE *BROADCAST* IS STILL GOING ON, EVEN IF IT'S JUST REPLAYING OLD HIGHLIGHTS AND THE LIKE.

GENERAL SOUNDS OF DREDD, TRAVEN AND JANUS BURSTING IN AND BREATHING HARD FROM THEIR RUN.

- JANUS (out of breath) So how you doing, Dredd? Traven? Drokk me - I sorta felt how you were both getting battered about, but I didn't realise how bad it really was ...
- DREDD Don't worry about it, Janus.
- TRAVEN Oh, really? I'm in actually quite a lot of pain, here. Ow. Ow. Ow ...
- DREDD Can it! We have to see what we can -
- DRAGO SAN (suavely breaking in) Oh dear ... it seems that the erstwhile heroes have come at last to beard me in my lair, as I believe the saying goes. If I had a beard, of course. Which I surely don't.
- TRAVEN Drago San ..?
- DREDD Drago San! This is the Law! You are under arrest for -
- DRAGO SAN Oh, come now, Dredd. Really. I was under the impression that you were having one of your *on* days. Of course, I'm the fine one to talk. You'll remember that I told you how I held no truck whatsoever with the wearisome and clichéd business of villainy?
- DREDD Uh, yes ...
- DRAGO SAN Well, I lied. As you can plainly see, I am now strapped into an apparatus that can quite obviously convert itself into a variety of escape-capsule, and - well, never mind, you'll find out for yourselves momentarily, believe you me. For the moment, though - goodbye!

THE 'CHUNK!' AND CLICKING AND WHIRRING OF VARIOUS ESCAPE-CAPSULE PANELS ENCAPSULATING THE VILLAINOUS DRAGO SAN - THEN THE DENOTATIVE 'CHOFF!' OF THE ESCAPE-CAPSULE EJECTING.

TRAVEN My Grud! he went straight through the floor ...

DREDD Down into the Under-city. Drokk! We'll have to call in an Undercity trawl-squad to haul him in. He won't get away. Right now, my mission is to end the Killing Zone broadcasts ...

THE KILLING ZONE BROADCAST-SOUNDS COME UP A BIT IN THE MIX. POWER-THEME AND SO FORTH AND WE CAN HEAR WHAT THE COMMENTATOR-VOICE IS ACTUALLY SAYING ...

COMMENTATOR

... and while we solve our current technical problems, let's have another replay of that spectacular Sliceman/Hammerhead double kill ...

DREDD This unit here – routing-unit for the broadcast itself?

JANUS Seems like it ...

DREDD So let's just kill it.

HEAVY-HANDED KEYBOARD-PUNCHING BY DREDD. SWITCHING SOUNDS. SOUNDS OF VARIOUS BITS OF COMPUTERY MACHINERY RUNNING DOWN.

THE KILLING ZONE BROADCAST SHUTS DOWN IN THE MANNER OF POWER BEING YANKED FROM A TAPE-PLAYER.

COMPUTER (distinct from 'Commentator') Killing Zone broadcast terminated.

DREDD (satisfaction) Problem solved. Sort of an anti-climax, I suppose – but that's fine by me. Now all we need to do is -

A GENERAL SORTA SELF-DESTRUCT BLEEP-ALERT STARTS UP.

TRAVEN Uh, Dredd...

DREDD Uh ...

COMPUTER (self-destruct-booming) Self-destruct sequence initiated. Counting down with a three-minute window to abort, Mister Drago, on your say-so. Just you let me know, yes? Two fifty-nine. Two fifty-eight. Two fifty-seven. Two fifty-six ...

COUNTDOWN AND BLEEP-ALERTS CONTINUE UNDER THE FOLLOWING ...

JANUS Hey guys? Look at this! Look at *these* readouts – Drago San! He's rigged this entire *place* to blow!

TRAVEN Looks like he's adding insult to injury, evil villainous cliché-wise.

DREDD What is it, Janus? Is it a bomb?

COMPUTERY-TYPING SOUNDS.

JANUS It's not a bomb. We're right next to the Sector Nine sewerage resyk-plant, remember? This computer's linked into the control-systems and it's screwing them up. Massive loss of containment. The blast is gonna take out this entire complex and probably half the Sector above it!

DREDD What? Kill them all?

JANUS Or at least make them wish they didn't have the, uh, soft option.

DREDD We have to stop this ...

TRAVEN Yeah, right. Utterly insightful and pertinent summing-up of the situation, Dredd - but how in Grud's name are we gonna *do* it ..?

Sc 25 Sewer Tunnels

WE'RE BACK IN THE SEWER-TUNNELS, WITH JUDGES
BLASTING AWAY AT AND FIGHTING A HOARD OF RAVENING
MORLOCK-CREATURES.

CARTER (mind-controlled) I must stay and keep these under-city creatures
back ... I must stay and keep these under-city creatures back ... I
must stay and -

THE DISCHARGE-SOUND OF DRAGO SAN'S ESCAPE-CAPSULE
DROPPING DOWN SOMEWHERE NEARBY.

CARTER I must stay and keep these ... (sudden returning to his own mind)
What? What's happening? What am I - oh my Grud! It's - aaarg!

RAVENING SOUNDS OF A MORLOCK-CREATURE GOBBLING
CARTER UP.

Sc 26 Control Room

WE'RE BACK IN DRAGO SAN'S EVIL CONTROL ROOM AGAIN.

THE COMPUTER-VOICE COUNTDOWN IS STILL GOING ON -
WHAT THE HELL, SOMEBODY WORK OUT WHERE IT SHOULD
BE BY NOW.

VARIOUS TENSION-BUILDING SYSTEM -MACHINE SOUNDS TO
SUGGEST THAT THINGS ARE BUILDING UP ...

JANUS Drok it, I think I just lost Carter, (not exactly concerned)
Butterfingers. So how we going to avoid having our insides spread
over quite a large area, then?

TRAVEN I might have an idea about that ...

DREDD Oh yeah?

TRAVEN Yeah. Back in the Killing Zone, when it was doing that drokking
Commentator-act, It sounded almost alive ... Janus, you said you
were picking up its architecture of something?

JANUS Neurotechture, yeah.

TRAVEN You said it was all-but sentient. Is there a way you can do your mind-
link thing with it? Link with it and work on its mind?

JANUS You what!?

DREDD A psi-link with a computer-system, Traven? Don't be ridiculous!

TRAVEN Yeah, well, I can see how the idea might be worrying to you, Dredd.
If the Psis found a way of monkeying with the mega-city systems,
how would you ever stop them? How would you even know? The
question is, Janus, here and now, can you do it?

JANUS You don't know what you're asking! We're talking whole different
energy levels, blasting through my brain! That would turn it into -

TRAVEN Just the same consistency of what we're gonna turn into in -

COMPUTER Thirty-four. Thirty-three. Thirty-two ...

TRAVEN - half a minute if you don't!

JANUS There is that. Ahh ... drokk it. What the hell. Stand back a little.
There might be a few sparks ...

ZAP-CRACKLE SOUNDS OF COMPUTERY SCI-FI ENERGY APPROPRIATE TO SOMEBODY DOING A SCI-FI THING TO A COMPUTER WITH THEIR MIND.

JANUS Aaargh!

COMPUTER Twenty-four. Twenty-three. Twenty ... hey, Mister Drago? What are you doing to me? I don't *like* what you're - graah! Aak! Agh! Uh ...

JANUS (teeth-gritted agony) Dredd! Do it!

DREDD What?

COMPUTER Her eye! There was a tiny arm hanging out of the pupil of her left eye! Razors sliding! The witch is in my mind, her razor-claws slicing through my ...

(NOTE THAT THIS IS STRONGLY REMINISCENT OF THE 'MADMAN' WE ENCOUNTERED BACK IN THE PSI-DIVISION SEQUENCE – FOR WHATEVER THAT'S WORTH.)

JANUS (teeth-gritted etc.) I think I've done it! I've changed the core routines! Take it out, Dredd! Take it out now before it can reset itself!

TRAVEN Time to waste a little bit more ammo, Dredd ...

DREDD Yeah. I guess so. (to gun) Hi-ex.

A *REALLY* IMPRESSIVE SHOT AND DETONATION AND BIG ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION AS A COMPUTER IS SHOT WITH A HI-EX ROUND.

CUT TO -

Sc 27 Sector Nine Resyk

AN SOUND-EFFECTS SEQUENCE. BASICALLY, WE'RE IN THE THROBBING AND PUMP-CHURNING CHAMBER OF THE SECTOR 9 SEWERAGE RESYK-PLANT.

KLAXONS AND TERMINAL ALERTS ARE GOING OFF. THE MACHINERY IS ROARING OUT OF CONTROL. POSSIBLY THE VOICES OF VARIOUS SEWERAGE-TECHS CRYING OUT IN ALARM

ALERT-VOICE (the gentle-spoken, female voice that was the annoying Door Unit at the start) Alert ... alert ... core-containment has been compromised ... containment dump imminent ... alert ... alert ... containment-dump imminent ...

Sc 28 Control Room

BACK IN THE EVIL CONTROL ROOM.

A CRACKLE OF SPARKS SOUNDS OF VARIOUS SUSPENSEFUL BITS OF MACHINERY POWERING DOWN - THINGS MIGHT JUST TURN OUT TO BE ALL RIGHT IN THE END ...

COMPUTER (dying) Graaah ... huh ... grag ... bluk ...

JANUS (wasted) Oh Jovus ... Jovus and the Lord Grud Almighty ... don't you ever try to put me through something like that ever again, Dredd ...

DREDD You did it? You stopped the detonation?

JANUS Sort of. The thing was too deep inside the Resyk systems. I tried to keep it contained, but in the end I had to try and force the force of the blast laterally ...

THERE IS AN OMINOUS AND DISTANT RUMBLING.

TRAVEN Hey, guys? Did you hear that? What was that?

Sc 29 Mega-City News

BAM-BAM-BAM MEGA-CITY NEWS MUSIC. 'NEWSFLASH!'

ENIGMA This just in. sector Nine sewer-resyk has reported massive loss of containment. Don't worry, though, guys - the main force of the, uh, flow has been diverted out towards the City Wall ...

Sc 30 Undercity

WE'RE IN THE BIG, DARK CAVERN OF THE UNDER-CITY.
SOUNDS OF THE NEARBY RESYK PUMPING THINGS
THROUGH PIPES.

THE HOVERING SOUND OF AN IMPELLER-DRIVEN ESCAPE
CAPSULE APPROACHES - AND THEN WE'RE INSIDE IT,
LISTENING SO INAPPROPRIATELY-CHEERFUL ELEVATOR
MUSIC.

LABOURED BREATHING OF EFIL DRAGO SAN.

DRAGO SAN (to self) Ah, well, time to tie the spotted hankie to the pole again I suppose. I must admit, the joys of mega-City One were beginning to pall. (to nav-unit) Autopilot? Where precisely are we, now, if you would be so kind?

PILOT (female, robotised) Transponder-beacons report location as Old New York Undercity, vicinity of Sector Nine. Extreme biohazard warning. Do not attempt to leave the craft. The Justice Department of Mega-city One has designated this entire location as a no-go zone. Would you like me to place a distress call and confession to the Mega-city Justice Department?

DRAGO SAN On the whole, no. I don't believe that would be appropriate. Lay in a course for -

A MIGHTY RUMBLING AND A 'SHOOOM!', FROM OUTSIDE, OF AN EMERGENCY-DISCHARGE OF STUFF THROUGH A PIPE. THE EFFECT IS BASICALLY OF SOME MASSIVE DETONATION AS HEARD FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.

DRAGO SAN My word! That was quite impressive, even though I say so myself! Autopilot? Patch into the nearest Mega-city News affiliate, would you? Search for mentions of a devastating explosion in the Sector Nine recycling plant, sector Iain to, uh, waste, massive loss of life ...

COMPUTERY SEARCH-BLEEPS.

PILOT Searching ... no precise match. Nearest available match concerns an emergency core-dump. Negligible death-count is anticipated.

DRAGO SAN (suavely disappointed) Oh dear. And I was so hoping for a massive loss of life. Ah well, one can't have everything. As I was saying, autopilot, plot a course for the area of the nearest Spaceport Transit Zone, and keep your sensors open for an exit hatch. While you're

about it, search the Transit databases for upcoming deep-space launches. I gather that there are fast opportunities to be had, out amongst the stars ...

THE ESCAPE POD FLOATS OFF THROUGH THE UNDERCITY CAVERN ON ITS IMPELLERS.

DRAGO SAN (fading) Maybe I can start a small interplanetary war ...

Sc 31 Sewer Tunnels

WE'RE IN THE SEWER-TUNNELS AGAIN. THE CHURNING OF OVERLOADED RESYK-MACHINERY NEARBY AND A COMING RUMBLE LIKE A TIDAL-WAVE ...

THE STUMBLE-SMASHING OF OUR HEROES, DREDD, TRAVEN AND JANUS, AS THEY DESPERATELY TRY TO RUN AHEAD OF THE ONCOMING WAVE ...

DREDD We can make it! We made it out of the complex, into the sewers! We can keep ahead and make it! Come on, Janus, pick up those feet!

JANUS Drok you, Dredd! I can't even feel my feet! Have you ever had one of those seriously puke-your-guts out hangovers?

DREDD What!?

TRAVEN I reckon you're asking the seriously wrong guy, Janus. Pack you off for a prefrontal lobotomy for even knowing *what* it's like to have a bottle in front of you!

THE APPROACHING WAVE IS GETTING LOUDER ...

JANUS Yeah, well big drokking deal! Every nerve in my drokking body's fried, I can't feel my limbs and the bastich is telling me to –

DREDD Just can it, Janus! There's a hatch coming up! We can get to the hatch and –

TRAVEN (delayed drop) Famous last words.

THE 'WAVE' IS HERE AND SMASHES OVER US ...

DREDD Aaagh!

JANUS Oh, shiiiiiiiiiii ...

TRAVEN (wisecrack moment) Talk about the drokking obviaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
...

THE SMASH-CRASH ROAR OF THE 'WAVE' DOPPLERING DOWN THE PIPE, MIXED WITH ALL THREE OF OUR HEROES BASICALLY GOING 'YAAAAAH!'

FADE.

Sc 32 Mega-City News

MEGA-CITY NEWS MUSIC.

POWER-JUNGLE: 'NEWS UPDATE!!'

ENIGMA I'm Enigma Smith. This is Mega-city News. We now go live to our Eye in the Sky ...

NEWS-CHOPPER ROTOR SOUNDS, OVER WHICH –

REPORTER (cast-member, static-treated) Yes, Enigma, it's true! The Sector Nine resyk core-dump has ejected human bodies from the City Wall outlet-vents! Only the next seconds will tell of they're alive or dead! Our pattern-recognition sensors can confirm, however, that included amongst the bodies is none other than Judge Dredd! And some other guys ...

Sc 33 Cursed Earth

GUSHING WATERFALL SOUNDS AND THE APPROACHING 'YAAAHS!' OF OUR THREE HEROES. THIS GOES ON FOR ONE HELL OF FALL – ENDING WITH AN IMPRESSIVE AND EXTENSIVE 'SPLAAT!'

AMBIANCE SAY WE'RE IN A WIND-WHISTLING WASTELAND. DISTANT HOWLS AND SCUTTLES – THERE ARE THINGS LIVING OUT HERE.

SOUNDS OF OUR HEROES STRUGGLING UP FROM – WELL, YOU KNOW ...

DREDD Graaah! Janus? Traven?

TRAVEN Aak! Blug Grek! I ... I think I'm more or less okay ...Just another day in the stomm-storm that is Mega-city life.

DREDD Janus?

JANUS Oh drokk ... oh Jovus Drokk, it – whaaaark!

TRAVEN Fortunate we landed in something soft. All things considered.

SOUNDS OF DREDD, JANUS AND TRAVEN GETTING GROGGILY TO THEIR FEET AND GROANING.

DREDD Is everyone all right?

TRAVEN Did I mention that I was actually in a lot of pain? Ow.

DREDD You mentioned. Janus?

JANUS I'm okay. The wave-front must have protected us from the main force of the blast and we ... uh, where are we exactly?

DREDD Outside. The Cursed Earth. Thank Grud it's night, or we'd be frying in the U.V. Even this close to the City Wall guns, though, it's gonna be a long trek to find an access gate. We're gonna attract the attention of mutie bands ...

OMINOUS-SOUNDING HOWLING. THE SCRABBLING OF THINGS IN THE DARK IS GETTING CLOSER. THEY SOUND A BIT FAMILIAR ...

TRAVEN Hey, Dredd? I don't wanna worry you or anything – but it looks like the Cursed Earth mutant bands are gonna have to wait their turn. A

whole bunch of Drago San's Morlock-things got washed out with us
– and it looks like they're regrouping!

THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF VARIOUS MORLOCK-CREATURES
ADVANCING ...

JANUS Morlocks?

TRAVEN HG Wells. The Time Machine.

JANUS I've read it. Damn good book. Good name for them, too ... you really
oughta read it, Dredd.

DREDD Oh yeah? Well, I'll put it on my list of things to do when things aren't
coming at me to tear my guts out – like in about twenty years. Let's
just do it. (to gun) Rapid-fire.

SOUND OF THE GUN SWITCHING ITS SETTINGS.

POSSIBLY A BRIEF BURST OF GUNFIRE ... DEVOLVING INTO
THE 'JUDGE' DREDD END THEME, WHICH I'M ASSUMING IS
APPROPRIATELY EXCITING AND FAST...

THE END