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The DARKNESS



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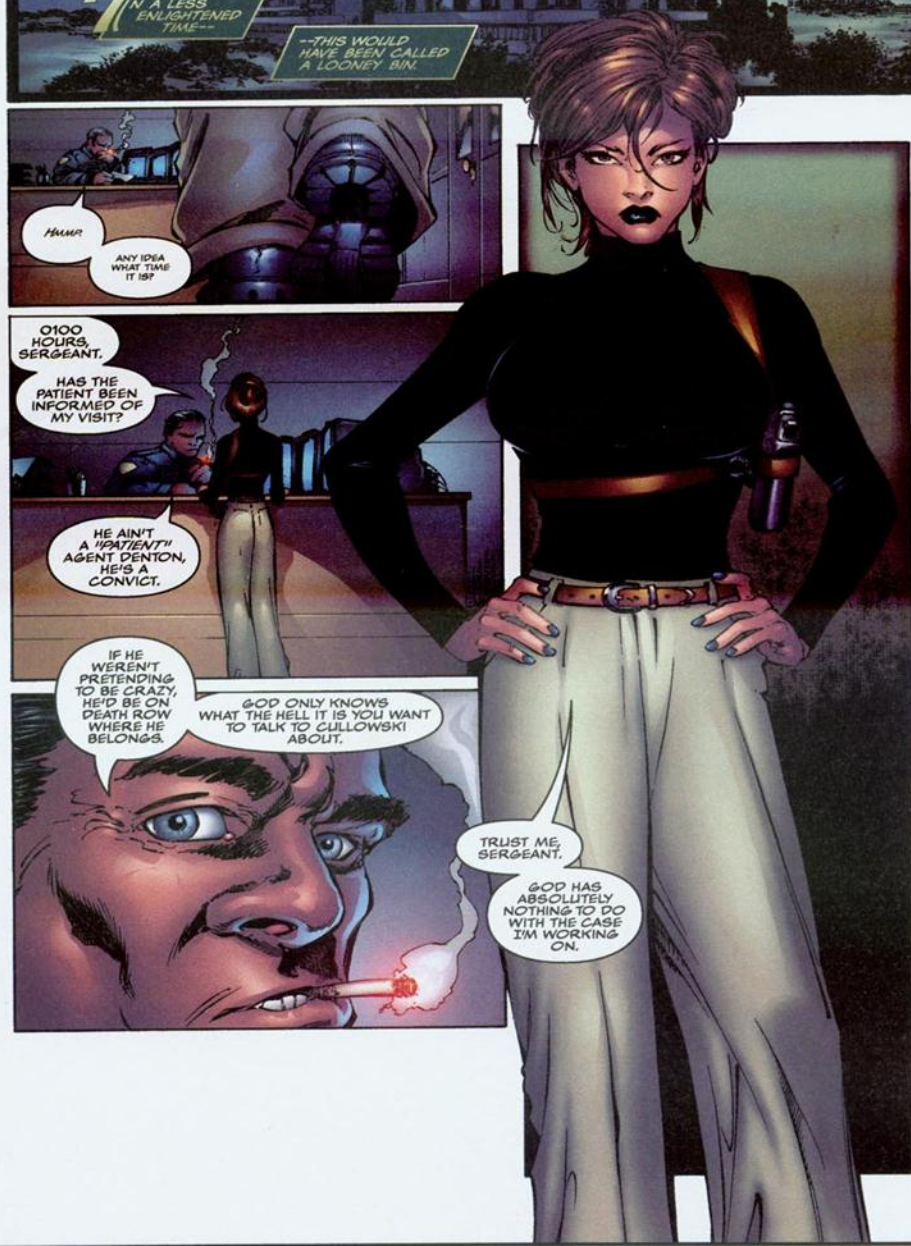
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FOR **image**
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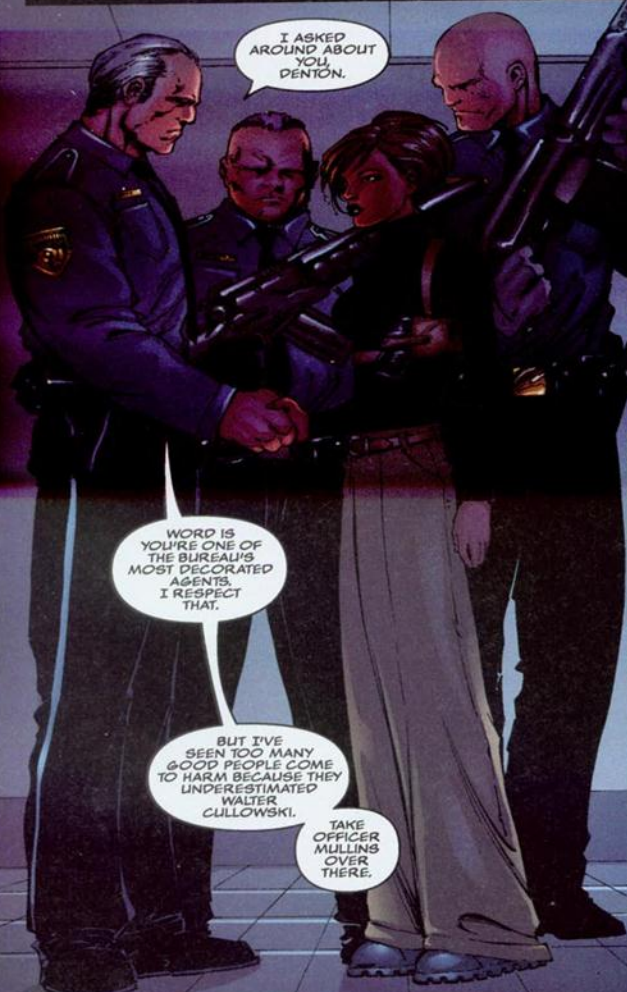




YOU CAN
TELL YOUR MEN
TO STEP DOWN.
I'M QUITE
CAPABLE OF---

--OF HAVING
ALL YOUR REMAINS
MAILED HOME IN
A VERY SMALL
ENVELOPE.

HEH HEH.



I ASKED
AROUND ABOUT
YOU,
DENTON.

WORD IS
YOU'RE ONE OF
THE BUREAU'S
MOST DECORATED
AGENTS.
I RESPECT
THAT.

BUT I'VE
SEEN TOO MANY
GOOD PEOPLE COME
TO HARM BECAUSE THEY
UNDERESTIMATED
WALTER
CULLOWSKI.

TAKE
OFFICER
MULLINS
OVER
THERE.



CUTE.

WHAT YOU
SAY?

WHY DIDN'T
YOU HAVE IT
REATTACHED TO
THE POOR
GUY?



"REATTACHED?"
HEH HEH!

BECAUSE
THAT WAS ALL
THAT WAS LEFT
OF OFFICER
MULLINS.

POINT
TAKEN,
SERGEANT.





MISTER CULLOWSKI?

I'M
FEDERAL
AGENT CARLA
DENTON.

I'VE COME
TO ASK YOU FOR
YOUR ASSISTANCE
ON A CASE THAT
HAS A PERSONAL
SIGNIFICANCE
TO ME.

MAY I
ASK YOU A
FEW
QUESTIONS?



MISTER
CULLOWSKI?

GIRL?



LOOKS LIKE
YER BOYFRIEND
DON'T WANNA
TALK.

MAYBE IF
YOU PROMISED
HIM A FLASH
OF YOUR--

GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE, SOME
DECORUM.

I'M SORRY
AGENT DENTON.
IT DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE YOU'RE GOING
TO GET ANYWHERE
TONIGHT. PERHAPS
YOU'D CARE TO
JOIN ME IN MY
OFFICE AND
WE CAN--



TKU
SARD
TCH
TSTSL.



PIRUH
SINT.





SAVE ME
ONE REASON
WHY I DON'T
DRY-CUR YOU
RIGHT
NOW?
Slurp!

INTRIGUING
BUT EVEN IF
I BELIEVED
THAT--

--WHY WOULD
YOU DO THAT...
FOR ME?

LET'S START
WITH THE FACT
THAT YOU'RE A
MICROBUB. YOU
SUSTAIN YOUR
LIFE ENERGY
THROUGH VIOLENT
SEX ACTS--

--WHICH IS
WHY IT WAS EASY
FOR THE AUTHORITIES
TO MISTAKE YOU TO
BE A SERIAL SEX
OFFENDER.

IF YOU LET
ME LIVE, YOU WON'T
HAVE TO CONSTANTLY
SEEK OUT NEW
PARTNERS.

AND
WHY IS
THAT?

BECAUSE
I CAN TAKE
ANYTHING YOU
CAN GIVE... AND
GIVE IT BACK
EVEN
HARDER.

BECAUSE
IN EXCHANGE
FOR ME KEEPING
YOU WELL FEED,
YOU'RE GOING TO
DO SOMETHING
FOR ME.

YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL
JACKIE
ESTACADO!

I WANT
YOU TO KILL...
**THE
DARKNESS.**

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the waist up, leaning against a balcony railing. She is wearing a light-colored, spaghetti-strap top and a matching skirt or shorts with a ruffled waistband. She is looking down and to her left. The background shows a city skyline at night, with a large building featuring arched windows and a clock tower visible. The scene is lit with a mix of blue and red light, creating a dramatic atmosphere.

NEW YORK
CITY.

A BROWNSTONE
ON THE UPPER
EAST SIDE.

HER NAME
IS DR. KIM FANG.

EVERY EVENING FOR
THE PAST THREE YEARS
SHE HAS WOKEN UP IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT--

--COME OUT
HERE TO HER
BALCONY--

--AND SILENTLY
PRAY TO GOD THAT
IN THE MORNING
SHE'LL WAKE UP DEAD.

APPARENTLY
GOD HAS MORE
IMPORTANT THINGS
ON HIS MIND.



KIM, KIM,
KIM...WHAT AM
I GOING TO
DO WITH
MYSELF?

EVERY
NIGHT IT'S
A NEW FACE
IN MY
BED.

FACES
IN MY
BED.



OKAY,
IN MY BED
AND ON MY
FLOOR.

AND
WHY?

IT'S NOT
LIKE ANY OF THESE
WOMEN--OR MEN
FOR THAT MATTER--
MAKE ME FEEL ANY
BETTER ABOUT
MYSELF.

TO BE
HONEST...
IT FEELS LIKE
IT'S BEEN AN
ENTIRE LIFE
TIME...

...SINCE
I'VE FELT
ANYTHING
AT ALL.



FACE IT,
GIRL--YOU
DEFINITELY HAVE
TO GET BACK
INTO
THERAPY.





THERE
IT IS!
THERE IT
IS!

SURE
DAT'S THE
RIGHT
ADDRESS?

DUH!



♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪



CAN YA...
RRRREACH?

JUST
A LIL'
HIGHER...



**DING
DONG!**

?!



UNFRIKKIN'
BELIEVABLE!

I HAVE A
FRIKKIN' BEDROOM
FULL OF HOUSEGUESTS,
AND NOT ONE OF THEM
WILL GET OFF THEIR
LAZY ASSES AND
ANSWER THE
DOOR?!



I SERIOUSLY
NEED TO START
HANGING OUT
WITH A HIGHER
CLASS OF
SLUT!



**DING
DONG!**

THIS
HAD BETTER
BE
IMPORTANT
OR--



--THERE'S
GOING...
TO BE--

--HELL
TO PAY?



PLEASE,
DOC--
IT'S THE
BOSS!

HE'S BEEN
SHOT UP REAL
BAD. YOU
GOTTA HELP
HIM, DOC--
PLEASE!

S-SAY
"PLEASE"!

PRETTY
PLEASE!

I DID
SAY PLEASE,
YOU
MORON.

S-SAY IT
AGAIN.

PRETTY
PLEASE WIT'
SUGAR ON
IT?

PRETTY
PLEASE WIT'
SUGAR AND
AMNIOTIC
FLUID ON
IT?

PRETTY PLEASE
OR WE'LL KILL YOU
A THOUSAND
TIMES?



C'MON, DOC--THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!

I'LL BOIL THE HOT WATER!

I'LL BOIL MY HEAD!

ISN'T THAT... JACKIE ESTACADO?

I'LL LANCE MY BOIL!

YEAH, THE BOSS. THAT'S WHAT WE SAID!

NOT VERY BRIGHT FOR A DOCTOR.

WE CAN'T TAKE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL--

--ON ACCOUNT OF THOSE STRICT 'NO DEMON ZONES'!

DAMN THAT GIULIANI!



LIAM... SURE. LIAM... PUT HIM ON THE BED, BUT BEWARE OF--

THE HOUSE-GUESTS?!

THEY ARE OUTTHERE!

THINK THEY'LL FIT IN THE FEO-EX BOX?

SURE! IF WE BREAK 'EM INTO SMALLER PARTS!



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THOSE--

QUIT WASTIN' TIME, DOC, AND GO GET YOUR STETHOSCOPE OR SOMETHING!

I'LL STAY HERE AND ROLL BANDAGES!

THWIP!

BUT
NOT *TOO*
SORRY.

WYHQA

MOMMA
WAS
WRONG...

ARE THEY REAL?

WHAT IS
REAL? WHO
ARE YOU TO
JUDGE?

...THERE
IS A
GOD!

THE TOWEL

GIVE ME
BACK THE
FRIKKIN'
TOWEL.

[illegible]

OOFTA!

JENNIFER
LOVE HEWITT'S
GOT NOTHIN'
ON THIS
GIRL!

HEY!
I WAS
USIN'
THAT!

DOCTOR
OR NOT, THERE'S
NO WAY I'M LIFTING
A FINGER TO HELP--
UNTIL YOU TELL ME
WHAT THE HELL IS
GOING ON
HERE!

IT'S SIMPLE
LADY JACK'S ESTACADO
WAS AT A RESTAURANT JUST
BEFORE SUNSET WHEN HE
WAS SHOT AND SINCE THE
DARKNESS CAN'T PROTECT HIM
DURING THE SUNLIGHT THERE
IS NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT
HIS WOUNDS EXCEPT COME
BEG YOU TO HELP HIM
OUT FOR OLD TIMES
SAKE!

"OLD
TIMES
SAKE!"

YEAH,
REMEMBER
WHEN YOUSE
WAS JUST A
STRUGGLING
MED
STUDENT?

YOU WERE
INTO UNCLE
FRANKIE FOR
SOME MAJOR
SCRATCH.

IT WAS
JACKIE'S
JOB TO
COLLECT.

YOU
SUGGESTED
THERE MIGHT
BE AN
"ALTERNATIVE
PAYMENT
PLAN..."

"THE BOSS
SAYS IT WAS
WORTH EVERY
CENT, AND IT
WAS A LOT
OF CENTS."

SO WHEN
THE BOSS WAS HURT,
WE FIGURED HE COULD
TRUST YOU BECAUSE
HE IS YOUR
FRIEND!

"FRIEND!"?

FRIEND?!



THE GUY
FORCED ME
TO HAVE SEX WITH
HIM IN EXCHANGE
FOR THE MONEY
I OWED HIS
UNCLE, YOU MORONS!

IT WAS
THE SINGLE
MOST
HUMILIATING
EXPER--

?!

SHE
LIKES
ME!

MMMRPP
HMMMM
FRMMMM
HMP?!

NOW,
LISSESTEN...
DOCTOR.

OF
COURSESSSE
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO HELP...IF YOU
DON'T WANT
TO.

BUT
JUSTSSSET
OUT OF
CURIOSSSSITY...

...HOW
MANY BLIND
SSSSSURGEONSSS
ARE THERE IN THE
WORLD?

NONE?

THAT
WOULD BE
MY GUESSSSS
TOO.







IT'S
FOR
YOU.

YEEE--HAW!

"FRIENDS AND
FAMILY" MY ASS!

♪
REACH OUT,
REACH OUT AND
MUNCH
SOMEONE! ♪

OH--

MY--

GOD!

LET ME
GUESS--

--YOU
PEOPLE AREN'T
WITH THE
TOURIST
BOARD?

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ABOUT A
BIGOT!

MOM!

WHERE?
WHERE?
I'LL TAKE A
BITE OUT OF
HER TOO!

SLURRP!

YEAH...
THEY TASTE
LIKE
CHICKEN!

NOW
SERVING
#17!
#17!

SEE?
THIS IS EXACTLY
WHY I HATE THESE
BIG COMMUNAL
MAULS! WE'LL BE
LUCKY IF THERE
ARE ANY
LEFTOVERS!

THIS AIN'T
ABOUT A SNACK,
TUBS...IT'S ABOUT
THE BOSS!

HE
SPECIFICALLY
REQUESTED WENDERS,
SAID HE WAS THE ONLY
HUMAN HE COULD
TRUST.



JACKIE
SAID THAT...
ABOUT
ME?



THAT IS
SOOOO
SWEET.

48 HOURS
LATER...

LISTEN,
I'VE DONE
EVERYTHING
I CAN...AND USED
UP THE LAST OF
MY SICK DAYS
AT THE
HOSPITAL.

THERE'S NO
MEDICAL REASON I CAN
THINK OF THAT HE SHOULD
STILL BE
UNCONSCIOUS.

AS NEAR
AS I CAN TELL,
THE OPERATION
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN A
SUCCESS.

NO ONE
IS DOUBTING
YOUR SKILLS
AS A SURGEON,
DR. YU.

BUT YOU
HAVE TO TAKE INTO
ACCOUNT THAT
JACKIE HERE IS
NOT YOUR TYPICAL
PATIENT.



WE HAVEN'T
EVEN BEEN ABLE
TO DISCERN WHETHER
THIS WAS A STRAIGHT
ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT BECAUSE OF
HIS TIES TO
"ORGANIZED
CRIME"...

OR IF THIS
HAD SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THE FACT
THAT ON HIS TWENTY
FIRST BIRTHDAY, JACKIE
ESTACADO ASSUMED
HIS BIRTHRIGHT AS
THE WIELDER OF THE
ANCIENT POWER OF
ANNIHILATION, THE
DARKNESS?

PHHHT.
I CAN TELL
YOU THIS, THAT
MAN WAS A SCUM
LONG BEFORE HIS
TWENTY FIRST
BIRTHDAY.

SMART
LADY.

AHA!

I
KNEW
IT!

KNEW

IT!

YOU'RE
ALIVE!





WENDERS.

WHO'S
THE
BABE?

"WHO'S
THE
BABE!"?

I DON'T
FRIKKIN'
BELIEVE
YOU!

YOU
DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHO
I AM, DO
YOU?

YOU'RE AN EVEN
SCUMMIER SCUM
THAN EVEN I EVER
IMAGINED!



WHAT THE
HELL KIND OF
BUG CRAWLED
UP HER ASS
AND DIED?



I'M SURE.
I DON'T KNOW,
SIR. AS BEST I'VE
BEEN ABLE TO
DISCERN, THE TWO
OF YOU HAVE
SOMETHING OF
A HISTORY.

DAMNED
IF I
KNOW.

PHONE.

HERE.

THANKS.



A comic book panel featuring a man with long, dark hair tied back, wearing a black suit jacket over a red collared shirt. He is looking down at a lit cigarette in his right hand. A trail of smoke rises from the cigarette. In the bottom left corner, a hand is shown holding a rotary telephone. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a framed picture on the right.

NOBODY
IMPORTANT,
UNCLE
FRANKIE.

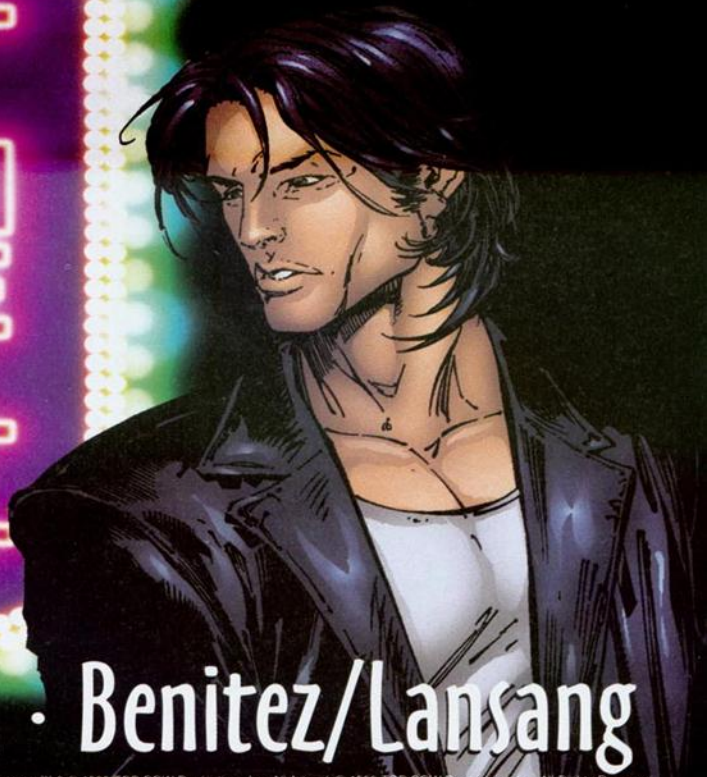
NOBODY
AT ALL.

NOT EVEN
CLOSE TO...

THE END.

The DARKNESS

Will Jackie
beat the #24
odds
and
make it out
of Vegas
alive?



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