

CURSE

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MORECI • DANIEL • ROSSMO • LORIMER

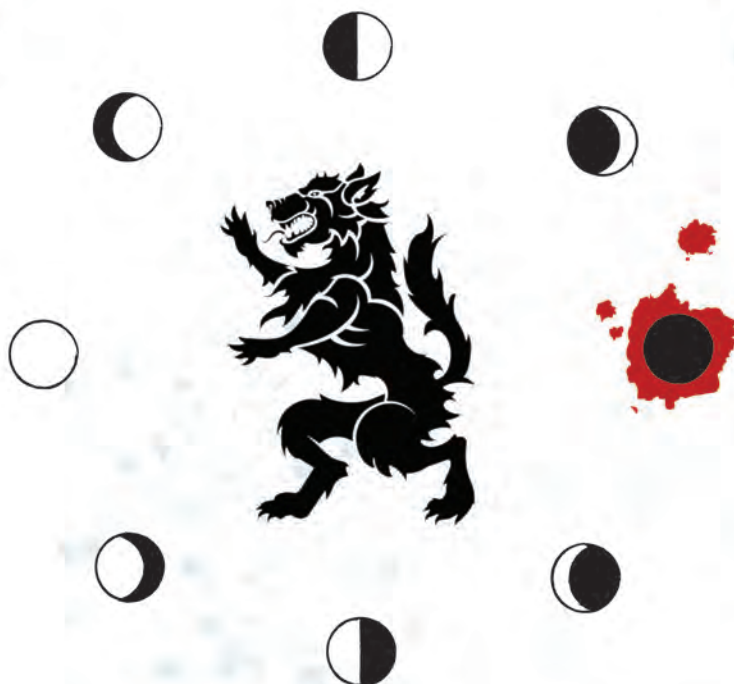


BOOM! 2
STUDIOS OF 4

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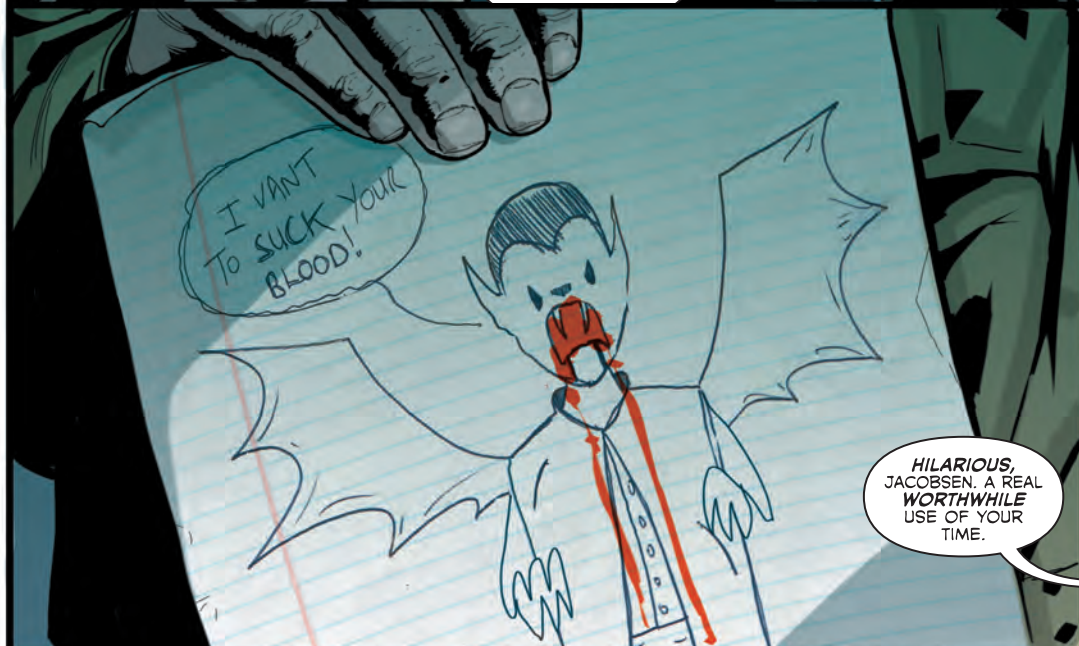
BOOM!
STUDIOS
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EXCUSE ME, SHERIFF?

I KNOW YOU HAVE SOME DOUBTS AS TO WHETHER OUR KILLER IS EVEN *HUMAN*, SO I HAD BILLY DO A *SKETCH* OF WHAT THE POTENTIAL MURDERER MIGHT LOOK LIKE.



I WANT TO SUCK YOUR BLOOD!

HILARIOUS, JACOBSEN. A REAL WORTHWHILE USE OF YOUR TIME.



OH, COME ON, SHERIFF. IT'S JUST A JOKE. I'M MESSING WITH YOU, TRYING TO GET YOU TO TAKE IT EAS--

SHERIFF! WE GOT SOMETHING!



ANOTHER BODY.

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE EXCITED ABOUT.

IT IS. BECAUSE THIS TIME, WE HAVE AN ACTUAL **CRIME SCENE**. WITH **CLUES**.



WHAT? **WHERE?** WHAT KIND OF CLUES?

THERE'S WHAT APPEARS TO BE A **CAR CRASH**, DEBRIS FROM A VEHICLE. WE'RE WORKING ON DETERMINING THE MAKE AND THE MODEL.

ALSO, FOOTPRINTS. **HUMAN** FOOTPRINTS. ALL AROUND THE **BODY** AND IN THE **WOODS**.

ALL RIGHT, JACOBSEN, YOU COME WITH ME TO THE SCENE. MEYHILKOV, GO FIND **LES PHILLIPS**. I WANT HIM SITTING IN THAT INTERROGATION ROOM BY THE TIME I GET BACK.



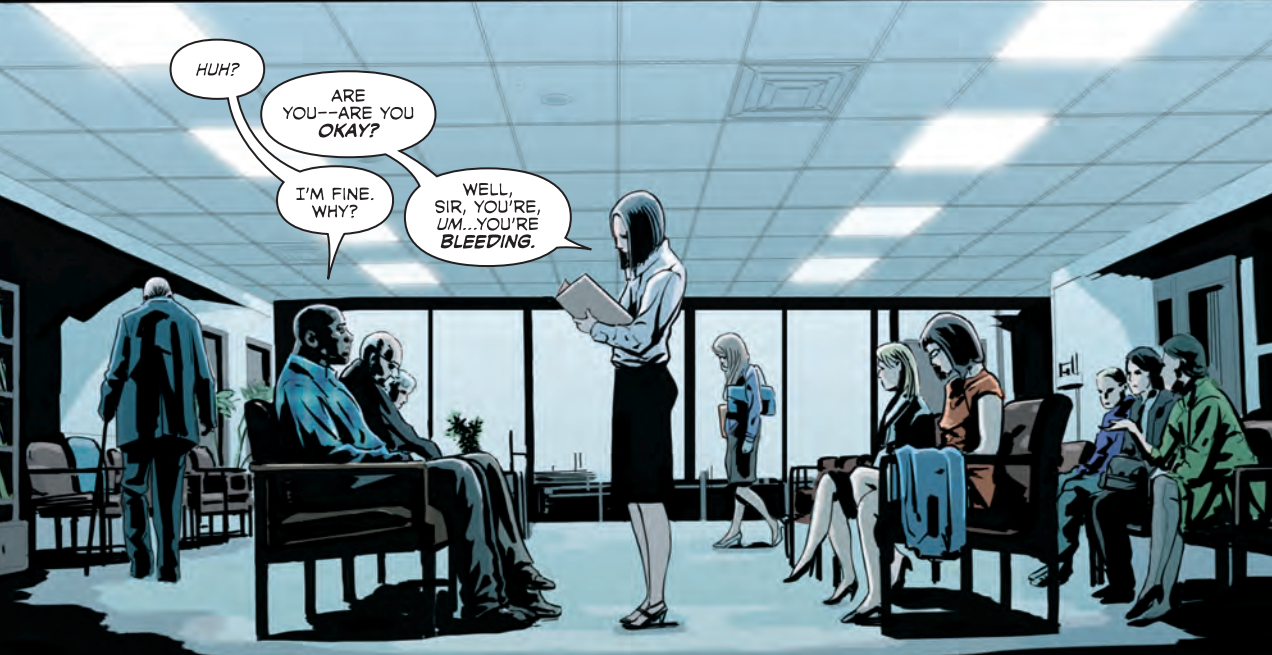
LESTER PHILLIPS? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH **HIM**?

I WANT TO TALK WITH HIM, DEPUTY.

IT'S CALLED **POLICE WORK**. SOMETHING YOU MIGHT WANT TO START THINKING ABOUT IF YOU DO END UP WINNING THE ELECTION AND TAKING MY **BADGE**.

"MR. GRIFFIN?"

MR.
GRIFFIN?



HUH?

ARE
YOU--ARE YOU
OKAY?

I'M FINE.
WHY?

WELL,
SIR, YOU'RE,
UM...YOU'RE
BLEEDING.



OH, *THIS*? THIS IS,
UH...WELL...



"IT'S AN OLD
WAR WOUND!"



DON'T YOU KNOW WHO
THIS *IS*, YOUNG LADY? THIS
IS **LANEY GRIFFIN!** HIS
DEFENSE TOOK THIS TOWN'S
HIGH SCHOOL STRAIGHT TO
ITS ONE AND ONLY **STATE
CHAMPIONSHIP.** DID THE
SAME THING FOR HIS BIG
TIME COLLEGE.

HEY, YOU
GOT THE **RING**
ON YOU? LET'S
SEE THAT BAD
BOY.



I...I HAVE IT
AT **HOME.** IN
STORAGE.



HEY, IS THE
DOCTOR READY
FOR ME? I KINDA...
WE'VE GOT AN
IMPORTANT TALK
TODAY.





THERE IS ONE *FINAL* TREATMENT WE CAN ATTEMPT, BUT...



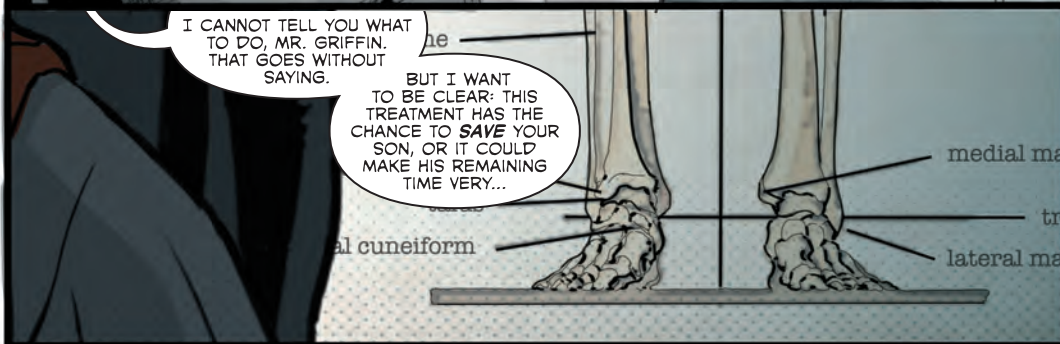
IT'S EXPERIMENTAL.



MR. GRIFFIN, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THIS TREATMENT IS... *CHALLENGING* FOR THE PATIENT.



AND THERE'S NO *GUARANTEE* OF SUCCESS. IT'S AN OUTSIDE CHANCE, IN FACT.



I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT TO DO, MR. GRIFFIN. THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.

BUT I WANT TO BE CLEAR: THIS TREATMENT HAS THE CHANCE TO *SAVE* YOUR SON, OR IT COULD MAKE HIS REMAINING TIME VERY...

al cuneiform

medial ma

tr

lateral ma



"...UNPLEASANT."

AAAAAGGGGH!!

LANEY...
I'M STUCK!
HELP!



GAAAH...
IT HURTS!

LISTEN,
I HAVE TO GO
FOR HELP.

LANEY,
NO, NO--

EVELYN,
IT'S OKAY. IT'S
GOING TO BE *OKAY*.
BUT I CAN'T GET YOU
OUT OF HERE ALONE.
WE *NEED* HELP.



WE'RE SO
FAR OUT, WE'RE
SO *FAR*...LANEY, WE
SHOULD HAVE STARTED
HEADING BACK AN *HOUR*
AGO. IT'S GOING TO BE
DARK SOON, AND--



YOU'LL BE FINE, I *PROMISE*.
I'LL GO HARD, FIND SOMEONE
ON A PATH AND SEND THEM
TO GET *NORA*.

YOU JUST
HAVE TO STAY
HERE FOR A LITTLE
BIT AND REMAIN
CALM.



I'LL SEE
YOU SOON.



HOLD
ON, HOLD ON...
JUST *TRY* TO
RELAX. LET ME
THINK.

...IT WON'T
GIVE. I CAN'T--I
THINK...MY LEG IS
BROKEN.



"I LOVE YOU."



I SEE YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR **LAW AND ORDER**. **GREAT** QUESTION TO LEAD WITH, REALLY KEEPING ME ON MY TOES.

WHERE WAS I LAST NIGHT? **CHINA**. WHY DO YOU ASK?

MR. PHILLIPS--

PLEASE, CALL ME **LES**, EVERYONE DOES...



AND BESIDES, WE'RE **OLD FRIENDS**, AFTER ALL.



MR. PHILLIPS, YOU'RE A **DRIFTER**. YOUR RESIDENCES RANGE FROM SHORT-TERM APARTMENTS, MOTELS, AND WHATEVER FRIEND IS WILLING TO PUT UP WITH YOU FOR A FEW NIGHTS.

ONE SUCH FRIEND IS **ROSS THOMAS**--YOU OFTEN STAY AT HIS CABIN OFF THE TRAILHEAD NEAR DERRY WOOD.

WERE YOU THERE LAST NIGHT?

I WAS NOT.

WILL HE CORROBORATE THIS?



YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ASK **HIM**, NOW, WON'T YOU?

WHAT'S THIS ALL **ABOUT**--WAIT, YOU PUTTING ME ON FOR ONE OF THOSE **MURDERS** THAT'VE BEEN HAPPENING?





WE DON'T
COMMENT
ON ONGOING
INVESTIGATIONS.

YOU WON'T COMMENT,
BUT YOU *WILL* BRING
ME DOWN HERE AND
ASSOCIATE *ME* WITH
THESE...*HEINOUS*
ACTS.

I'VE HEARD
ABOUT THE VICTIMS,
HOW THEIR BODIES
ARE...WELL, I SUPPOSE
EVEN THE WORD
PLAYED IS PUTTING
IT *MILDLY*.



I GUESS I'M JUST
HAVING *DÉJÀ VU*
ALL OVER AGAIN.
YOU *FOLLOW*,
SHERIFF?

A DISMEMBERED
BODY, LITTLE OL' ME
SITTING HERE AS YOUR
PRIME--WELL, *ONE* OF
YOUR PRIME SUSPECTS.
AND HOW'D IT TURN
OUT THEN? WHAT
HAPPENED?



NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE
TO SEND EITHER
ONE OF YOU
TO TRIAL.



NO!
INNOCENT!
IT'S NOT THAT THERE
WASN'T ENOUGH
EVIDENCE.

I WAS
INNOCENT!

ME!



SUCH
A *SHAME*,
THAT WHOLE
INCIDENT...





YOUR KID
SISTER, BRUTALLY
MURDERED, PROBABLY
BY HER OWN HUSBAND--
THE BROTHER-IN-LAW YOU
SEE NEARLY EVERY
SINGLE **DAY**.

NOTHIN'
LEFT BUT SOME
ENTRAILS, NOT
EVEN ENOUGH TO
HAVE A **PROPER**
FUNERAL--

GAAHH!



WHOA.

WHOA.

WHOA!

ONE DAY,
LES, **ONE DAY**
I'M GOING TO GIVE
YOU EVERYTHING
YOU **DESERVE**.
AND WHEN THAT
HAPPENS--

HE'S NOT
WORTH IT,
SHERIFF!

ALL HE'S
TRYING TO DO
IS THROW YOU **OFF**,
GET YOU TO MAKE A
MISTAKE SO HE CAN
SHOUT ABOUT IT IN THE
PAPER. BLOW YOUR
ELECTION.

AND I'M
JUST GETTING
WARMED
UP...





BEEN
SEVEN DAYS,
YOU NEED TO
EAT.

MERCI,
BUT I DON'T
REQUIRE
FOOD.

I NEED
ONLY TO
FEED ONCE A
MONTH...



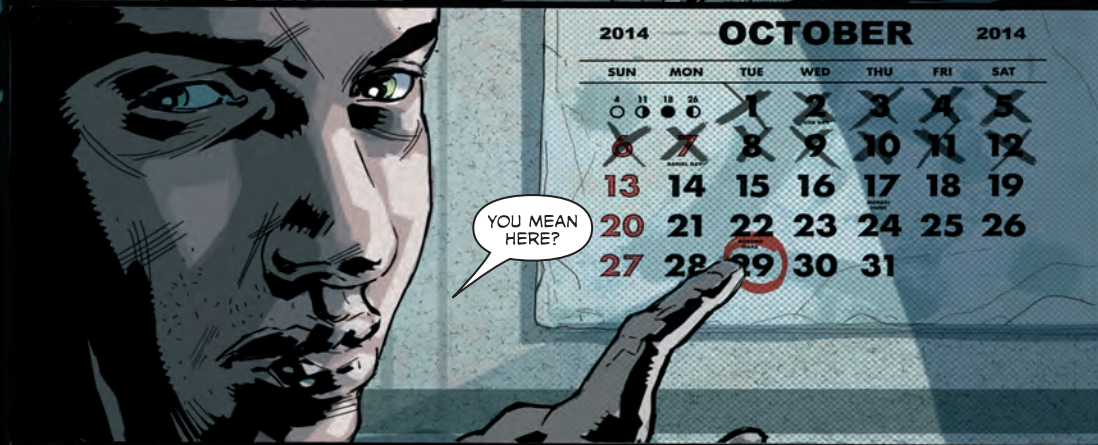
TAINTED. MEDICINAL.
YOU'VE SPIKED
IT.

MAYBE YOU'RE JUST
DEHYDRATED--OR
DOES YOUR BODY NOT
NEED *WATER*,
EITHER?

HAAAAA!

YOU HAVE
NO CLUE WHAT
YOU'RE DEALING
WITH. YOU CAN FEED
ME ELEPHANT
TRANQUILIZER IF
YOU WANT--

IT WON'T
MATTER WHEN
THE WOLF
RETURNS.



2014 **OCTOBER** 2014

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1 HOLIDAY	2 HOLIDAY	3 HOLIDAY	4 HOLIDAY	5 HOLIDAY	6 HOLIDAY	7 HOLIDAY
8 HOLIDAY	9 HOLIDAY	10 HOLIDAY	11 HOLIDAY	12 HOLIDAY	13 HOLIDAY	14 HOLIDAY
15 HOLIDAY	16 HOLIDAY	17 HOLIDAY	18 HOLIDAY	19 HOLIDAY	20 HOLIDAY	21 HOLIDAY
22 HOLIDAY	23 HOLIDAY	24 HOLIDAY	25 HOLIDAY	26 HOLIDAY	27 HOLIDAY	28 HOLIDAY
29 HOLIDAY	30 HOLIDAY	31 HOLIDAY				

YOU MEAN
HERE?

COUNTING
DAYS... TRY
91,136.

THAT'S
HOW MANY, BY
MY COUNT, SINCE
THE WOLF FIRST
ARRIVED...



"I WAS STATIONED AT FORT FRONTENAC SERVING WITH 110 OF MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN IN THE FRENCH-INDIAN WAR. BRAVE MEN, THE LIKES OF WHICH YOU COULD HARDLY COMPREHEND.

"WE WERE OVERWHELMED BY A BRITISH FORCE 3000 STRONG. SURVIVORS, THE FEW OF US THAT ENDURED THE ONSLAUGHT, WERE DISBANDED, PARSED OUT INTO SMALL BANDS SEPARATED BY WEEKS OF TIME AND MILES OF WILDERNESS.



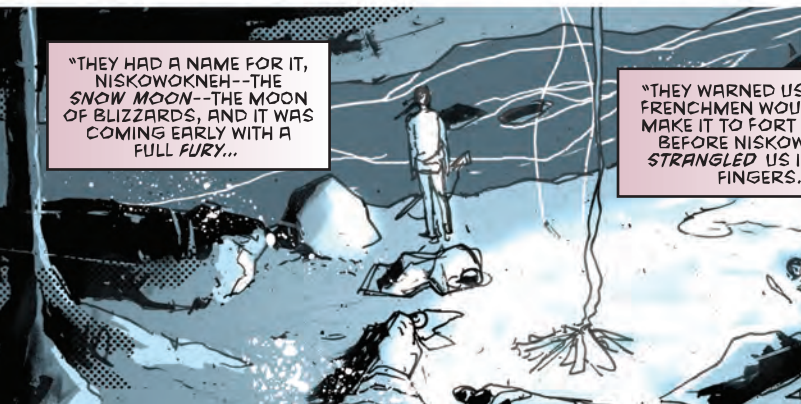
"WE COULD NOT VENTURE EAST TO OUR CLOSEST FORTIFICATION, LEST WE RISK ENGAGING MORE BRITISH TROOPS. OUR SCOUTS SOUGHT TO LEAD US SAFELY TO FORT NIAGARA ALONG THE WESTERN BANKS OF ONTARIO LAKE.



"WE HAD NO PROVISIONS SAVE FOR THE TWO IROQUOIS...



"FOR ALL THEIR RESOURCEFULNESS, NOT EVEN THE IROQUOIS WERE PREPARED FOR THE DEADLY WINTER OF 1758.



"THEY HAD A NAME FOR IT, NISKOWOKNEH--THE SNOW MOON--THE MOON OF BLIZZARDS, AND IT WAS COMING EARLY WITH A FULL FURY...

"THEY WARNED US THAT WE FRENCHMEN WOULD NEVER MAKE IT TO FORT NIAGARA BEFORE NISKOWOKNEH STRANGLED US IN ITS ICY FINGERS."





"BUT SOMETHING ELSE FAR MORE RUTHLESS AND CUNNING WAS HUNTING US. IT DROVE US FURTHER FROM THE BANKS OF THE LAKE, LEAVING US TO WANDER THE WILDERNESS, LEADING US TO OUR DEATHS."



"AS SUDDENLY AS IT APPEARED, WHATEVER IT WAS VANISHED. IT RETURNED WEEKS LATER--A RAVENOUS PREDATOR HELL-BENT ON FINISHING US OFF."



"FIRST DANIAU."



"THEN LAVOIE."



"AND FINALLY, BLANCHETT."



"HIS SCREAMS CHASED
ME THROUGH THE WOODS
AS I FLED.



"I'VE HEARD THOSE SAME
SCREAMS COUNTLESS
TIMES SINCE.



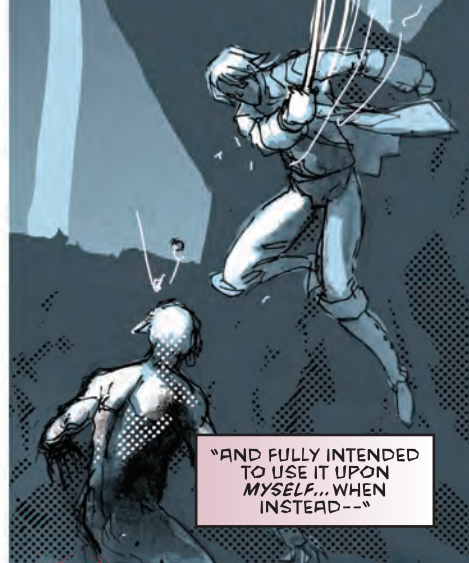
"IN THE SLAUGHTER, I MANAGED
SHELTER IN A TREE, GAINING
HIGH GROUND AND A
VANTAGE POINT."



"EVERY OFFICER IN THE
FRENCH ARMY WAS ISSUED A
SWORD OF PURE SILVER, A
SHOW OF RANK.



"NOT EXACTLY THE
MOST LETHAL WEAPON,
BUT I HAD HONED THAT
BLADE...

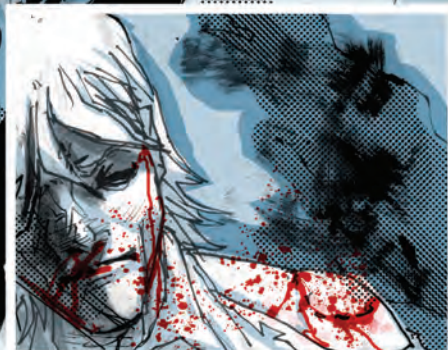


"AND FULLY INTENDED
TO USE IT UPON
MYSELF... WHEN
INSTEAD--"





"IT WOULD BE 30 DAYS UNTIL I
LEARNED I HAD BEEN CURSED
BY THE SAME FATE AS MY
ATTACKER.



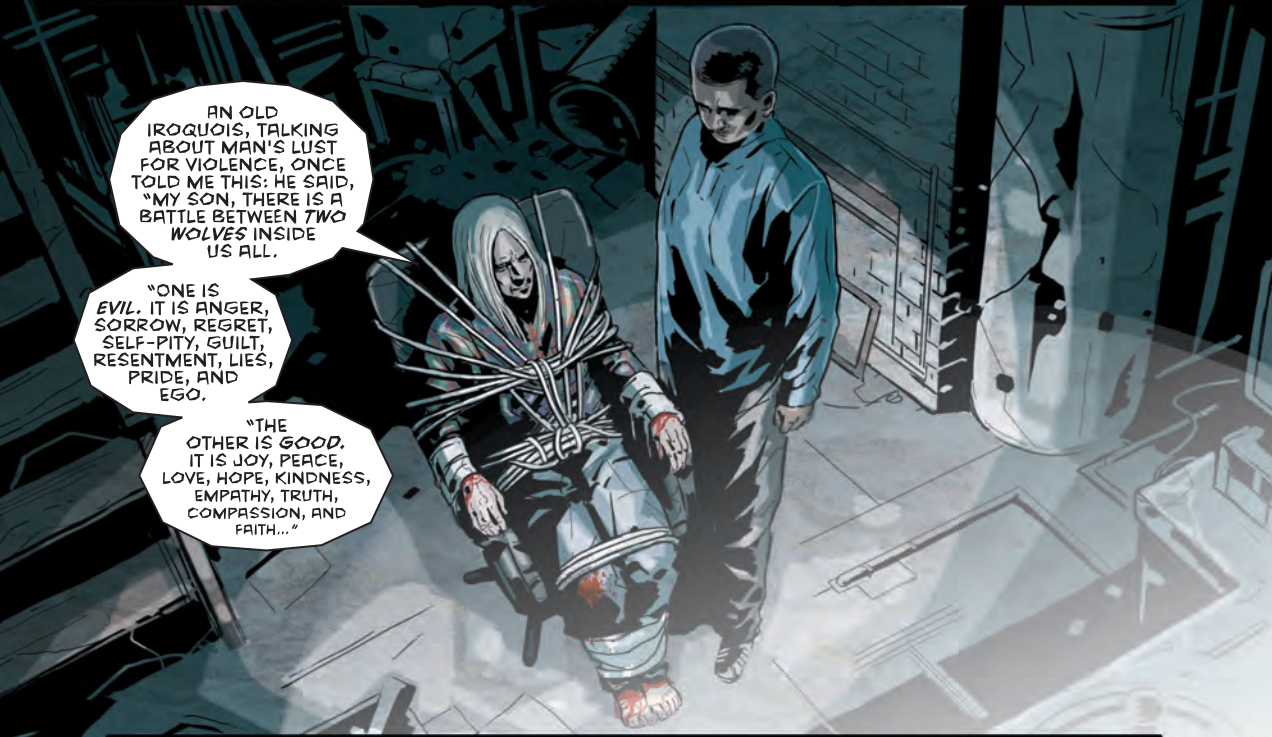
"AND I'VE BEEN COUNTING
THE DAYS EVER SINCE. ALL
91,136 OF THEM."



THAT
MAKES YOU,
WHAT? OVER
256 YEARS
OLD?!

IF I'M GOING
TO BELIEVE THAT,
THEN **TELL** ME, ANTON:
THROUGH ALL THAT TIME,
KNOWING WHAT YOU'RE
CAPABLE OF, YOU
DID **NOTHING** TO
PREVENT IT?

NOTHING TO
STOP IT?



AN OLD
IROQUOIS, TALKING
ABOUT MAN'S LUST
FOR VIOLENCE, ONCE
TOLD ME THIS: HE SAID,
"MY SON, THERE IS A
BATTLE BETWEEN TWO
WOLVES INSIDE
US ALL.

"ONE IS
EVIL. IT IS ANGER,
SORROW, REGRET,
SELF-PITY, GUILT,
RESENTMENT, LIES,
PRIDE, AND
EGO.

"THE
OTHER IS **GOOD**.
IT IS JOY, PEACE,
LOVE, HOPE, KINDNESS,
EMPATHY, TRUTH,
COMPASSION, AND
FAITH..."



ANTON?
WHICH ONE
WINS,
ANTON?



CELUI
QUE TU
NOURRIS.





USED
TO KEEP
LIVESTOCK
DOWN THERE.



MY OLD MAN.
WE USED TO HAVE A
FARMHOUSE LIKE THIS,
BACK WHEN I WAS A KID.
'CEPT BACK THEN, FARMS
WERE FARMS AROUND
HERE. YOU **WORKED** 'EM.
THEY WEREN'T JUST PLOTS
OF LAND CUT UP AND
SOLD OFF.

ANYWAY, HE'D
PUT CHICKENS DOWN
THERE, ROOSTERS, SHEEP.
HALF-STARVE 'EM. LET 'EM
GET REAL SCARED AND
ORNERY, SEE WHAT THEY'D
DO. NO REAL REASON **WHY**,
JUST BECAUSE HE WAS
DRUNK, AND **MEAN**
AS **HELL**.



LESTER, I'M GOING TO
GIVE YOU TO THE COUNT
OF **THREE** TO GET
THE HELL **OFF** MY
PROPERTY.

ONE.

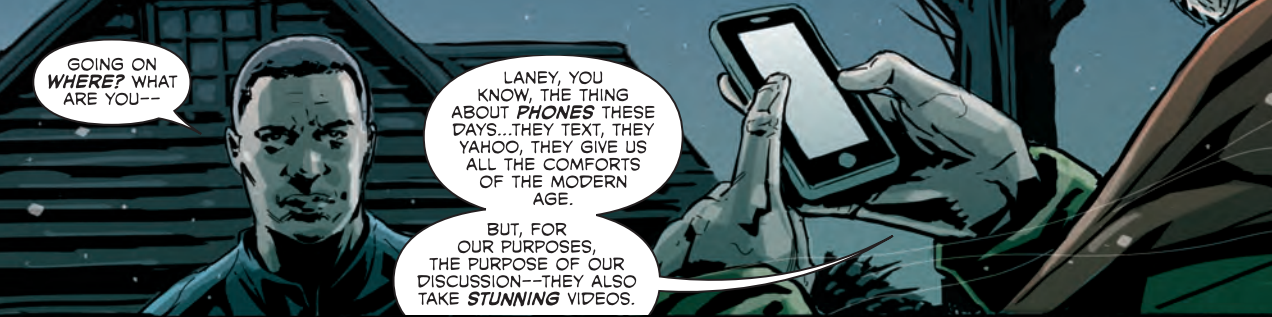


TWO.



THOUGHT
SO.

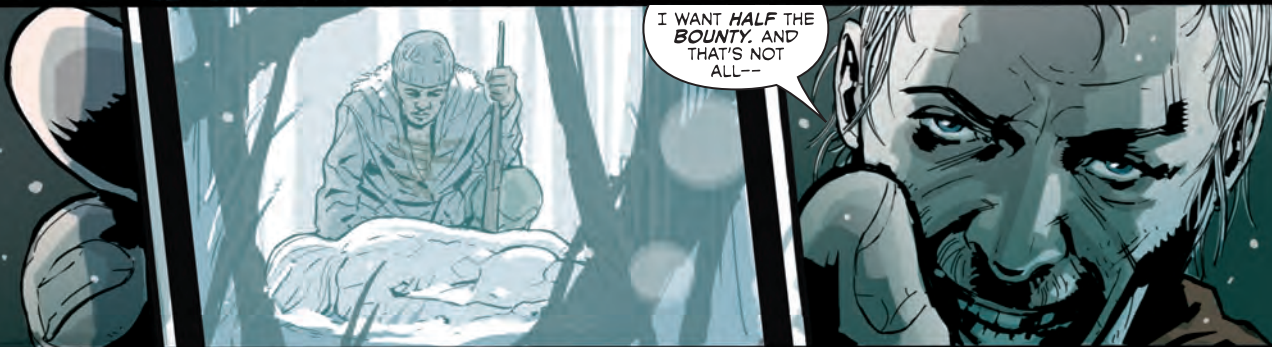
I'D IMAGINE
YOU WOULDN'T
WANT A **RUCKUS** IN
YOUR OWN BACKYARD,
CONSIDERING WHAT
YOU'VE GOT GOIN'
ON, DOWN
THERE.



GOING ON
WHERE? WHAT
ARE YOU--

LANEY, YOU
KNOW, THE THING
ABOUT **PHONES** THESE
DAYS...THEY TEXT, THEY
YAHOO, THEY GIVE US
ALL THE COMFORTS
OF THE MODERN
AGE.

BUT, FOR
OUR PURPOSES,
THE PURPOSE OF OUR
DISCUSSION--THEY ALSO
TAKE **STUNNING** VIDEOS.



I WANT **HALF** THE
BOUNTY. AND
THAT'S NOT
ALL--



TELL ME, LESTER,
WHAT'S STOPPING
ME FROM **SNAPPING**
THIS PHONE--AND
YOUR NECK?

THUMB DRIVE.
YOU THINK THIS
DUMB HILLBILLY
DIDN'T MAKE A
COPY?

NOW, I'M TAKING **HALF**.
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WHEN
WE TAKE THIS TO THE SHERIFF
AND THE PAPERS AND **GOOD
MORNING AMERICA**, I'M
THE ONE WHO CAPTURED
THIS THING. I'M THE
HERO.

I'M
DONE BEING
THE VILLAGE
IDIOT.

WE
AGREED?



AGREED.

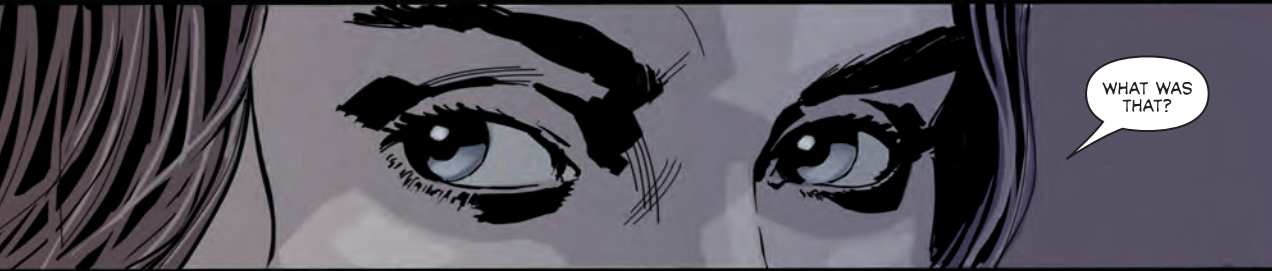
GOOD.
BECAUSE I TELL
YOU, LANEY, THEY PIN
THESE MURDERS
ON **YOU**...

"BOY, THERE'S NO TELLING
WHAT OTHER MURDERS
YOU'LL BE TIED TO."



'NIGHT,
HARPER.

IT'LL BE
A GOOD NIGHT
WHEN YOU CATCH THIS
KILLER, SHERIFF. I'VE
ALWAYS **HATED**
WISKY.



WHAT WAS
THAT?



YOU HAVEN'T **SEEN** IT
YET? WHAT KIND OF
CRIME SCENE DOES
JACOBSEN RUN...AND
HE WANTS **YOUR**
JOB?

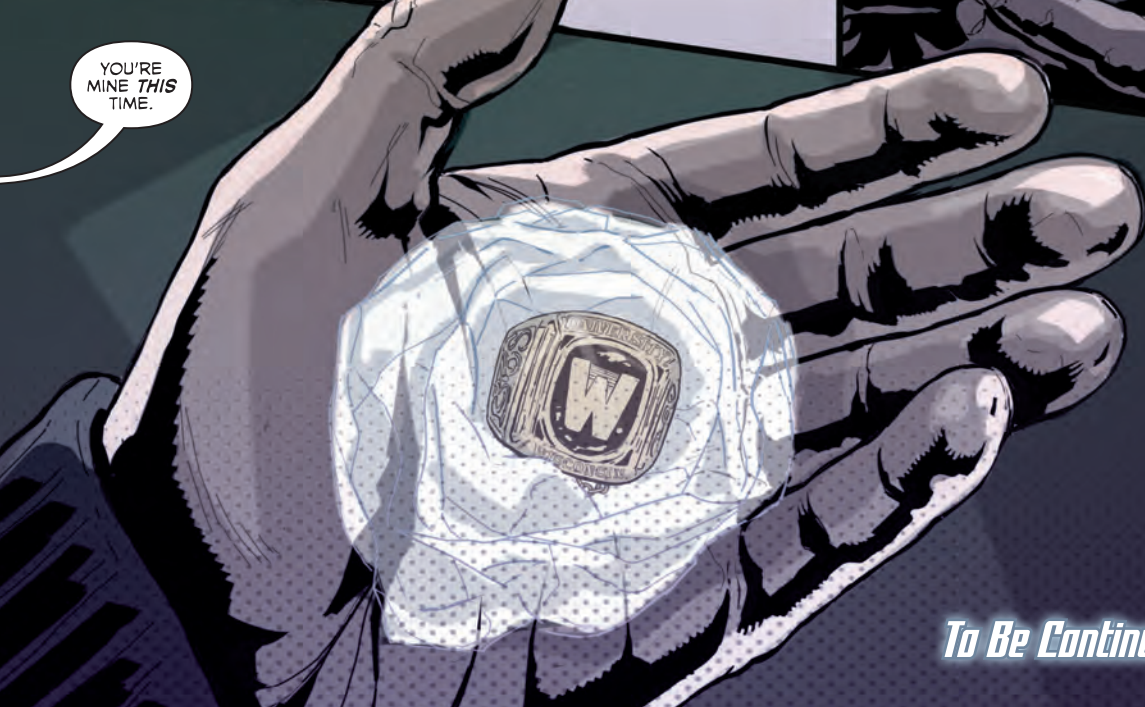


MY ASSUMPTION RIGHT NOW
IS THAT THE KILLER WENT TO
WISKY. HERE, I HAVEN'T
BROUGHT THIS DOWN TO
EVIDENCE YET.

NOT A
BAD PIECE OF
HARDWARE. THEY
WON THE NATIONAL
TITLE IN WHAT,
'99?



LANEY...



YOU'RE
MINE **THIS**
TIME.

To Be Continued...