

DAN SAVAGE HEIGHTS — ONE OF SECTOR ONE'S LUXURIOUS CELEBRITY BLOCKS, AVAILABLE ONLY TO THE SELECT.

SLABWALKERS ARE DISCOURAGED BY BLOCK SECURITY, BUT FOR THOSE WHO SLIP THROUGH THE NET, BUSINESS IS LUCRATIVE...

HEY, SUGAR! WANNA SWING THAT TIGHT ASS THIS WAY?

SCRIPT
AL EWING
ART
PAUL MARSHALL
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

JUDGE DREDD

The Performer PART 1

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BUGGIN' YOU, SWEET THING, BUT JUST A THOUSAND CRED'S IS GONNA MAKE IT ALL GO —

HEY! DIDN'T I SEE YOU ON THE TRI-VID?

YEAH, YOU'RE THAT ATHLETE, AINCHA? HARDY SOMETHIN'?

UH... DIX. HARDY DIX.

SURE, HARDY DIX! THE OLYMPIC SEX CHAMPEEN! AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'!

HELL, YOU WANT TO GIVE ME SOME OF THAT OLYMPIC TREATMENT, YOU CAN RIDE FREE

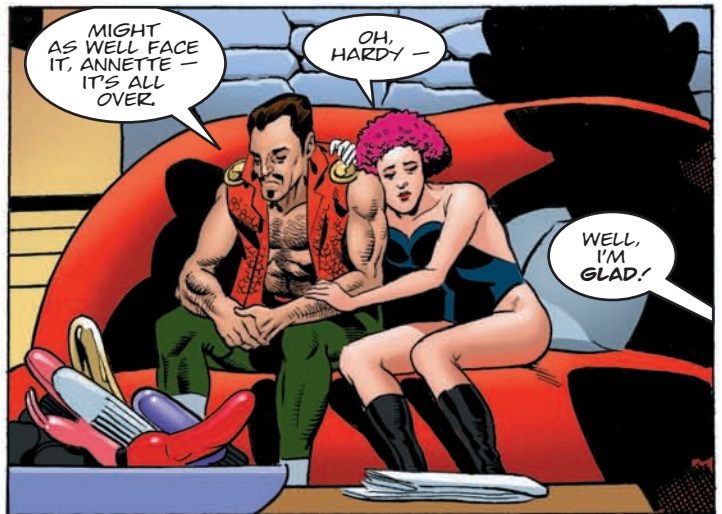
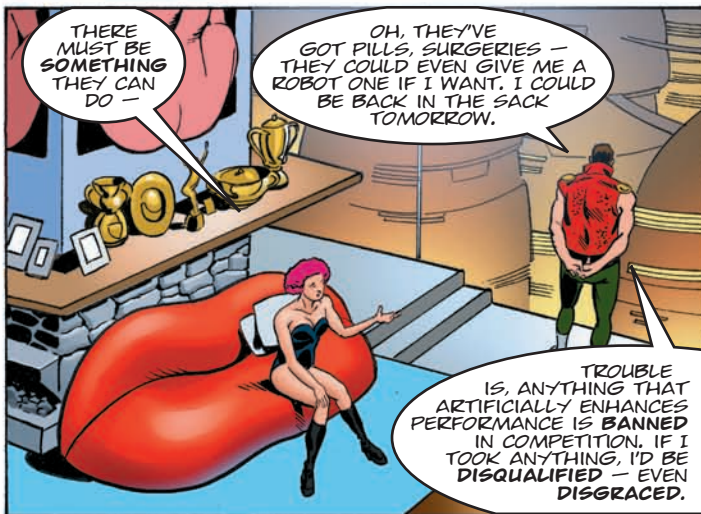
UH, THANKS. REALLY. BUT I... I COULDN'T.

OH SURE, YOU GOT A WIFE AND KID AT HOME, RIGHT?

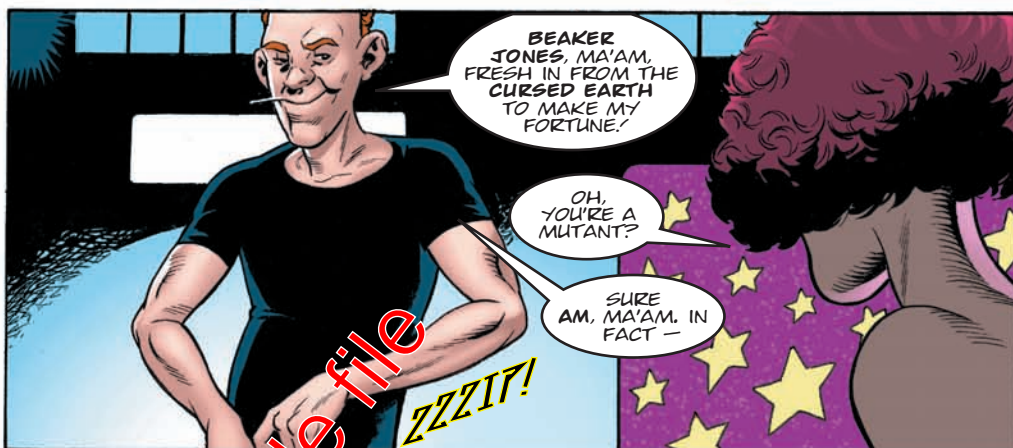
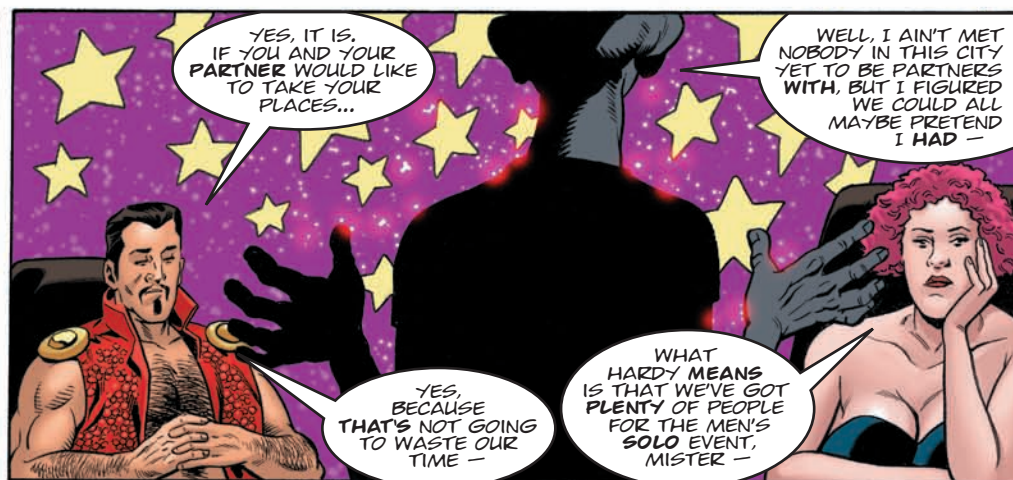
YES, I DO.

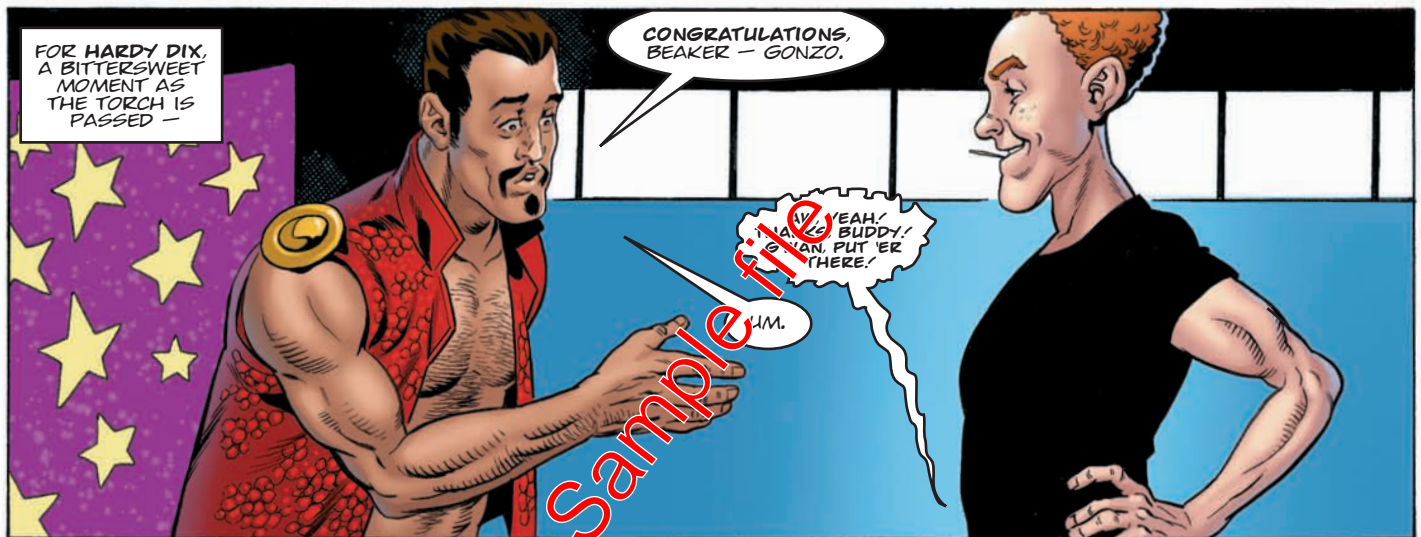
DIAGNOSIS:
CHRONIC
IMPOTENCE

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.











ONE PRESS
CONFERENCE
LATER:

THE MUTIES
ALREADY TOOK
ALL THE JOBS — AND
NOW THEY WANT OUR
WOMEN! ONE A' THEM
LAYIN' HANDS ON
GINA — IT AIN'T
RIGHT!

WE
GOTTA KEEP
THE MEG PURE! WE
GOTTA BURN 'EM
ALL! YA HEAR
ME?

LOUD
AND CLEAR,
CREEP!

EEAAAHHH!



SHOOT — TAKE
OUT THE SNIPERS!
LET THIS IN
THE BUD!



SOON —

THAT
MUTIE KID'S GOT
THEM RILED, ALL RIGHT.
AT THIS RATE WE'LL
HAVE TO LOCK UP EVERY
SPORTS NUT IN THE
CITY —

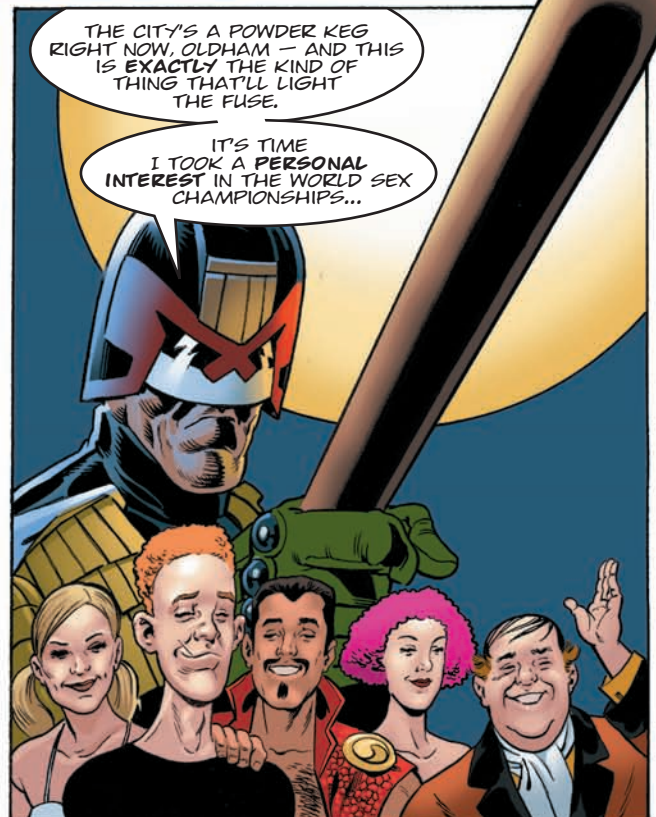
DON'T
COUNT ON IT.
THESE ARE JUST
THE DUMB
ONES.



THE SMART ONES ARE
STAYING HOME, GETTING
READY FOR THE GAMES AND
CLEANING THEIR SNIPER
RIFLES...

COME ON,
YOU REALLY THINK
THERE'S GOING TO BE
AN ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT?

YOU
MEAN JUST THE
ONE?



THE CITY'S A POWDER KEG
RIGHT NOW, OLDHAM — AND THIS
IS EXACTLY THE KIND OF
THING THAT'LL LIGHT
THE FUSE.

IT'S TIME
I TOOK A PERSONAL
INTEREST IN THE WORLD SEX
CHAMPIONSHIPS...

THUH-
THAT'S...

GOV-SPACE
FLIGHT 303,
RUNNING FROM
GANYMEDE TO
THE EPSILON-6
ORBITAL
STATION...

...AKA
THE HORSE WE
RODE IN ON.

NOT TO
MENTION THE
HORSE WE SAILED
AWAY FROM
ABOUT TWENTY
MINUTES AGO.

SCRIPT
AL
EWING
ART+CONCEPT
HENRY
FLINT
LETTERS
SIMON
BOWLAND



ZOMBIE

PART
FOUR

TH-THAT *CAN'T* BE
RIGHT--RUH-RIVERS
DON'T RUN IN SUH-
SUH-CIRCLES--

THEY
DO HERE.

IT'S A
DEATHWORLD,
MR SEFTON.

THERE'S NO
LIMIT TO WHAT
WE CAN
EXPECT.

BUH-BUT
THAT MEANS
WUH-WE'RE ALL
GOING TO DUH-
DUH-DIE--

THIS ISN'T
THE TIME TO
LOSE YOUR
HEAD, MR
SEFTON.

BUH-BUT
WE *ARE*--JUST
AROUND THE NEXT
BUH-BEND--

BUH-BECAUSE
MISTER GUH-GIBSON
WENT AROUND THAT BEND
AND HE *DIED*--

--AND
EVERYONE ON
HIS RAFT DUH-
DUH-DIED--

--AND-AND WE'RE
GUH-GOING ROUND THAT
BEND ANY MUH-MINUTE
NOW AND I DON'T WANT
TO *DIE*, I DUH-DON'T
WANT TO *DIE*,
PLEASE--

