



LEFT  
4  
DEAD

THE  
SACRIFICE  
PART TWO

VALVE



MILLHAVEN.  
2 DAYS AGO.

I'LL WANT TO  
KNOW WHO I  
CAN *TRUST*.

YOU UNDERSTAND  
ME, SON?

YES SIR,  
LT. MORA.

...AND WHEN  
THAT *HAPPENS*,  
SERGEANT  
DOWNEY...

--*IF* THAT  
HAPPENS--

I'M NOT SAYING  
IT *WILL*, MIND.

I'M JUST  
LOOKING AT  
THE FACTS.

WE HAVE NOT  
HEARD FROM  
COMMAND IN  
*SIX DAYS*.

THAT IS A  
FACT.

WE HAVE NOT  
HEARD FROM  
ANY SURVIVORS  
IN TEN.

AND  
*THAT* IS  
A FACT.

EVEN THOSE  
BLEEDING HEARTS AT  
CEDA STOPPED  
CALLING TO LECTURE  
US ON HOW TO TREAT  
THE PRISONERS.

NOT THAT I AM  
COMPLAINING  
ABOUT *THAT*.

YOU THINK  
COMMAND'S  
ABANDONED  
US, SIR.


NO I DO  
NOT.

WHAT I *THINK*,  
SERGEANT, IS IF  
COMMAND *COULD* HAVE  
CALLED, THEY *WOULD*  
HAVE CALLED.

I THINK IT IS  
SAFE TO ASSUME  
WE ARE *ON OUR*  
*OWN*.

AND I THINK  
EVERLY IS OUT  
OF HIS *GODDAMN*  
*MIND* KEEPING  
US HERE.



A man in a military uniform, likely a captain, is pointing at a large map on a wall. He has a stern expression. In the foreground, another man with orange hair is looking at the map. The map shows various locations, including "LAWRENCE", "WESTMO", "GREENE", and "FAYETTE".

ONE BAD  
GAS MASK.


THAT IS *ALL*  
IT WILL TAKE TO  
PUT US IN THE  
GROUND.

FAR AS I'M  
CONCERNED,  
CAPTAIN, WE  
OUGHTA PUT  
'EM ON THE  
*FRONTLINES*.

LET *THEM*  
FIGHT THESE  
FREAKS.

LET THEM GO,  
IS WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING.


ARM THEM. SO THEY  
CAN ESCAPE. KILL *MORE*  
INNOCENT PEOPLE.

A man in a military uniform, likely a captain, is pointing at a large map on a wall. He has a stern expression. In the foreground, another man with orange hair is looking at the map. The map shows various locations, including "LAWRENCE", "WESTMO", "GREENE", and "FAYETTE".

THAT IS  
UNACCEPTABLE  
TO ME.


THIS OUTPOST  
CAN NO LONGER  
*AFFORD* TO TREAT  
THESE PRISONERS  
AS FELLOW  
CITIZENS.

THEIR VERY  
EXISTENCE IS AN ACT  
OF *AGGRESSION*.

A man in a military uniform, likely a captain, is pointing at a large map on a wall. He has a stern expression. In the foreground, another man with orange hair is looking at the map. The map shows various locations, including "LAWRENCE", "WESTMO", "GREENE", and "FAYETTE".

WE ARE AT *WAR* FOR THE  
CONTINUED GODDAMN SURVIVAL  
OF THE HUMAN RACE. AND THEY  
ARE ON THE WRONG *SIDE* OF  
THAT WAR.

IF IT WAS UP TO  
ME I'D DESTROY  
EVERY LAST ONE  
OF THEM.

A man in a military uniform, likely a captain, is pointing at a large map on a wall. He has a stern expression. In the foreground, another man with orange hair is looking at the map. The map shows various locations, including "LAWRENCE", "WESTMO", "GREENE", and "FAYETTE".

JESUS CHRIST,  
LIEUTENANT! WE  
GOT *SURVIVORS*  
OUT THERE!





TELL ECHO  
BASE WE'LL  
TAKE THE RUN.

WE READ YOU LOUD  
AND CLEAR, SURVIVORS.  
WE ARE PREPPING AN  
EXTRACTION TEAM.

PREPARE  
YOURSELVES AND  
RADIO BACK WHEN  
READY.

MORE  
SURVIVORS.  
LIEUTENANT...

...WHAT IF  
EVERLY-- HELL.  
WHAT IF IT *IS*  
GETTING  
BETTER OUT--

TANGO  
MIKES?

GOTTA BE. THEY'D'VE  
BEEN OUT THERE  
FOR... JESUS.  
TWO *WEEKS* NOW.

GET ME A  
VEHICLE READY.

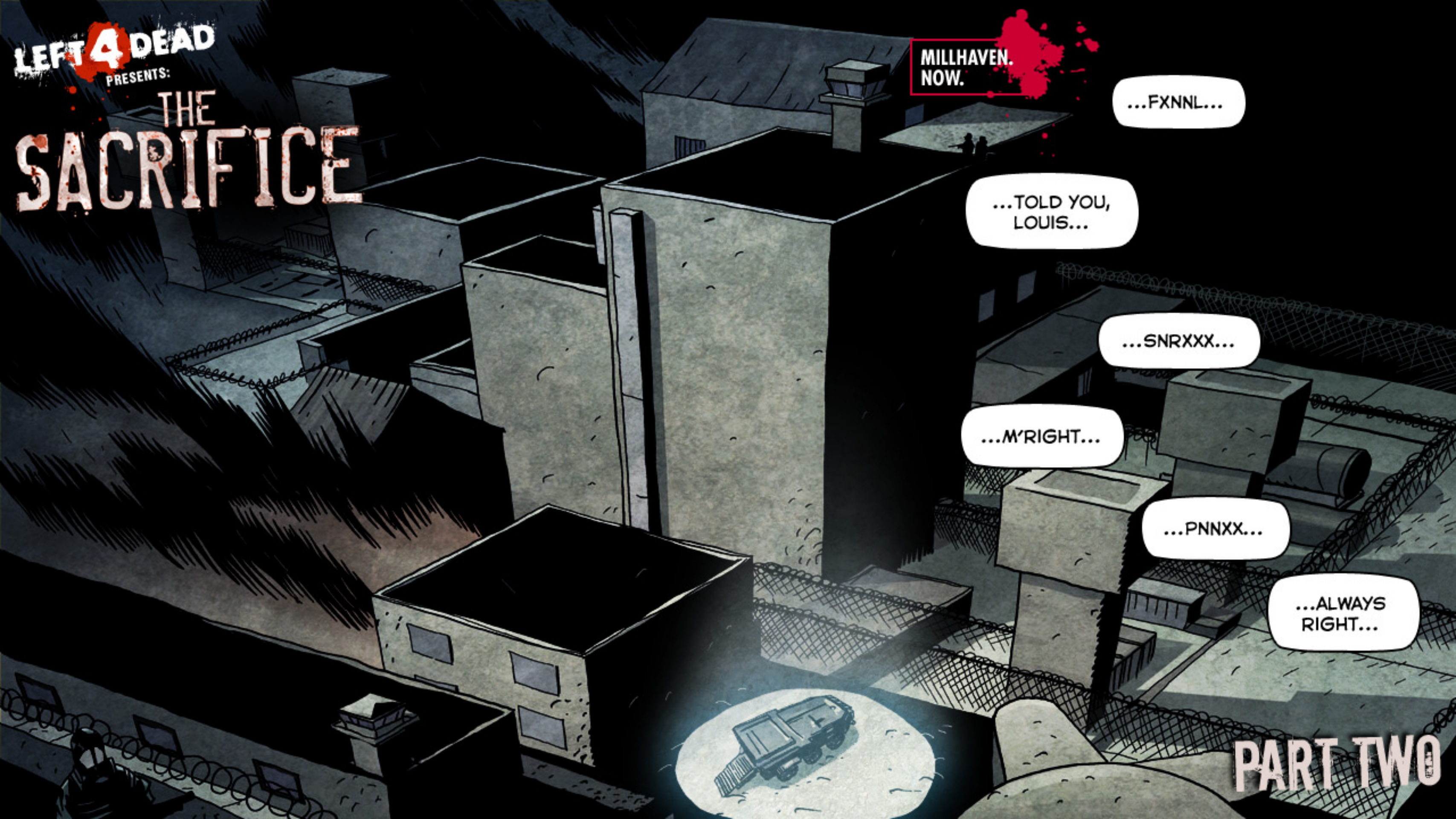
I'M DRIVING OUT  
TO THE FARMHOUSE  
EXTRACTION POINT  
MYSELF.

YES SIR.

WE'VE BEEN  
OPERATING  
IN THE DARK  
TOO LONG.

TIME WE FOUND  
OUT *EXACTLY*  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON OUT THERE.





LEFT 4 DEAD  
PRESENTS:  
THE  
SACRIFICE

MILLHAVEN.  
NOW.

...FXNNL...

...TOLD YOU,  
LOUIS...

...SNRXXX...

...M'RIGHT...

...PNNXX...

...ALWAYS  
RIGHT...




PART TWO






GRFGH...



G'DD'MMIT...



...HATE  
FALLING...



NNGH!



OW.

AW, FER...  
DID I GET HIT  
WITH A GUN  
BUTT AGAIN?

YUP.

IT WAS THOSE  
GUYS I TOLD TO  
CAVITY SEARCH  
EACH OTHER,  
WASN'T IT.

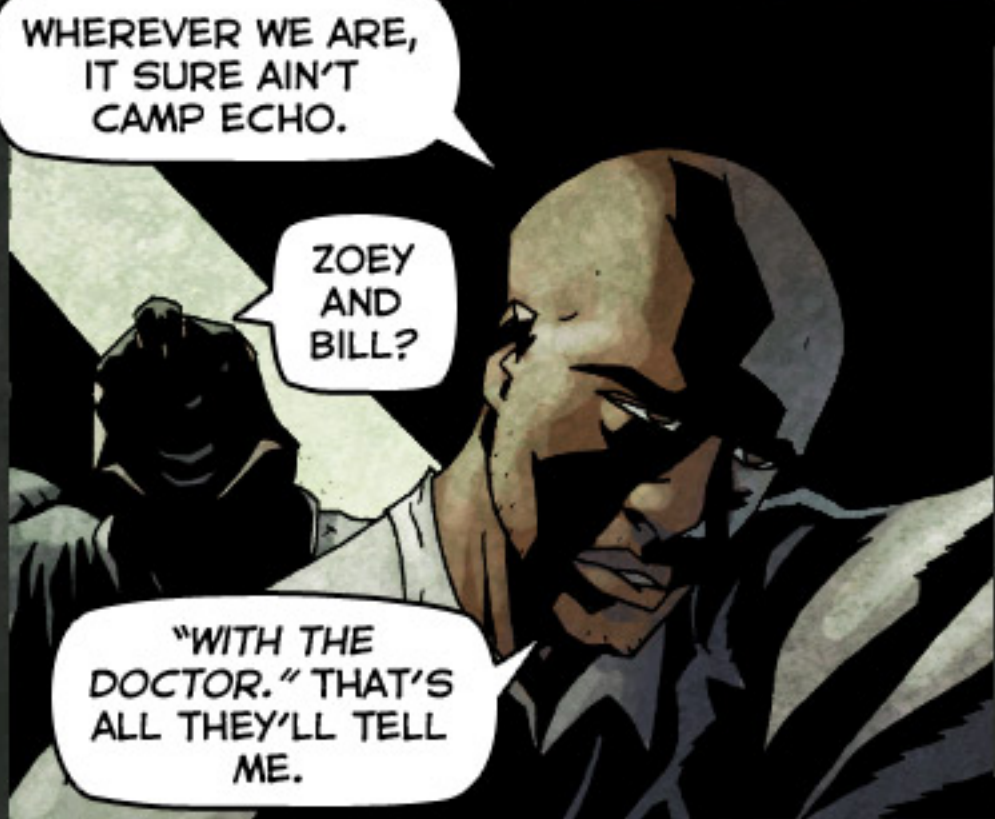
THAT'D  
BE THEM.

YEAH, THAT  
MAKES  
SENSE.

THE HELL  
ARE WE?







WHEREVER WE ARE,  
IT SURE AIN'T  
CAMP ECHO.

ZOEY  
AND  
BILL?

"WITH THE  
DOCTOR." THAT'S  
ALL THEY'LL TELL  
ME.



SO. I WAS  
*RIGHT*.  
WE'RE  
SCREWED.

WELL, NOW I  
WOULDN'T  
SAY...

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT  
YOU WOULDN'T SAY.  
THAT'S WHY I'M  
SAYING IT.




AND  
DREAMING  
ABOUT IT.

YOU'VE BEEN  
MUMBLING "I  
TOLD YOU SO,  
LOUIS" FOR AN  
HOUR NOW.

HEH. YEAH.  
IT WAS A  
GOOD  
DREAM.

THEN YOU  
STARTED  
YELLING ABOUT  
FALLING.



OH, THAT. WE  
WERE BOTH  
FALLING WHILE  
I WAS TELLIN'  
YOU OFF.

FRANCIS...

I WAS PRETTY  
BRAVE ABOUT IT.  
YOU WERE REALLY  
SCARED, THOUGH.

FRANCIS. MAN,  
I THINK WE ARE  
IN A LOT OF  
TROUBLE HERE.



ALRIGHT,  
LEMME  
HANDLE  
THIS.

UM. WAIT.  
WHAT?

FOLLOW  
MY LEAD.  
I GOT A  
PLAN.

NO. FRANCIS.  
NO. LET'S TALK  
ABOUT--









WHAT?  
NO.

OKAY, FINE,  
YES.  
SO WHAT?

JUST A  
HUNCH, SIR.  
AND YES--  
I'M A LITTLE  
SHORT.

ALL THE  
WOMEN IN MY  
FAMILY ARE.



OHhh.  
YOU'RE A...

SOLDIER. YES, SIR.  
LET ME HELP YOU  
OUT HERE.

YOU'RE IN A  
HERMETICALLY SEALED  
STERILE ROOM WITH AN  
INDEPENDENT VENTILATION  
SYSTEM.



THE ONLY WAY  
WE'RE COMING IN  
THERE IS IF YOU ARE  
DEAD OR ON FIRE.

THE DOCTOR'S  
*WITH YOUR*  
*FRIENDS.* HE'LL BE  
HERE IN A *MINUTE.*

NOW SIT  
DOWN AND  
*STAY QUIET.*

*SIR.*





THAT WAS YOUR PLAN.

THAT WAS THE FIRST *PART* OF MY PLAN.

YEAH, LET'S *RECAP* SOME OF YOUR PLANS SO FAR.

"GO HELP THAT CRYING GIRL, LOUIS. SHE LOOKS SAD."



"LET'S FIND THE ARMY. THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO."

"WE'RE LOCKED IN A TINY ROOM. I'LL PISS OFF THE GUYS WITH GUNS SO THEY'LL SHOOT LOUIS."

ALL GOOD PLANS. WHAT'S YER POINT?



HEY!

COME HERE A SECOND.

WHO, ME?

NO.

THE SMART ONE.



I STILL THINK HE MEANS ME.

UH HUH. LET ME GO CHECK IT OUT ANYWAY.

TEN BUCKS SAYS HE JUST WANTS TO SHOOT YA.

HOPE NOT.



I COULDA STAYED *SITTING* FOR THAT.

YEAH? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JEFF, WHAT THE HELL?

I NEED TO KNOW THIS.





YOU'VE BEEN OUT THERE FOR TWO WEEKS, RIGHT?

HAVE THE WHISKEY DELTAS BEEN... *CHANGING*?

WHISKEY DELTAS?

WALKING DEAD. ARE THEY... YOU KNOW, *MUTATING*?

ARE YOU KIDDING? JUST HOW LONG YOU GUYS BEEN COOPED UP HERE?

SO THEY *AREN'T*.

WAIT A MINUTE. YOU GUYS'VE NEVER SEEN A *BOOMER*?

THAT'S NOT WHAT IT FELT LIKE. BUT YEAH.

A "BOOMER".

BIG FATASSED ZOMBIES THAT *BARF* ON YOU.

GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE.



OH, I AIN'T EVEN *GOT* TO THE SCREWED UP PART YET.

SEE, THE BARF ATTRACTS *OTHER* ZOMBIES. IT'S LIKE... I DUNNO, CAT NIP OR SOMETHING.

JESUS.

BUT THEY'RE NOT EVEN THE *WORST* ONES.





THERE'S THIS  
THING CALLED A  
*HUNTER*.

THEY'LL LEAP A  
HUNDRED FEET OFF  
A BUILDING, RIGHT  
ON TOP OF YOU.

RIP YOUR  
GUTS OUT  
WITH THEIR  
*CLAWS*.

HOLY  
SHIT...

THEN YOU  
GOT THE  
*TANKS*.

THE ZOMBIES  
HAVE *TANKS*?

DON'T NEED 'EM.  
THESE THINGS'RE  
THIRTY FEET TALL.  
ARMS LIKE *TREE*  
*TRUNKS*.

THEY'LL PICK A  
CAR UP JUST TO  
*BEAT YOU TO*  
*DEATH* WITH IT.

ALSO: *VAMPIRES*.  
RIGHT, BUDDY?

OH, MAN,  
ARE THEY  
THE WORST.

FRANCIS...

TURNIN' INTO  
BATS. LIVIN' IN  
CASTLES.

FRANCIS. FOR  
THE LAST TIME.  
THERE ARE NO  
VAMPIRES.

WE SAW 'EM WHEN  
YOU WERE GONE.  
YOU MISSED 'EM.

WHEN WAS  
I GONE?

THAT, UH...  
YOU KNOW,  
THAT TIME.


SHUT  
UP.

LT. MORA WAS  
TELLING US ABOUT...  
SOMETHING CALLED  
A *SMOKER*?

YEAH,  
WHAT'S  
THAT ONE  
DO?

"...CAPTURES  
VICTIMS WITH ITS  
LONG, ROPE-LIKE  
TONGUE."






LT. MORA, YOUR  
GIFT FOR FICTION  
AMAZES ME.

IT GOES ON. *GIANT*  
WHISKEY DELTAS.  
*EXPLODING*  
WHISKEY DELTAS.

I'M ESPECIALLY FOND  
OF THIS NEXT ONE:  
"WHISKEY DELTAS  
CAPABLE OF JUMPING  
TO HEIGHTS OF *THIRTY*  
FEET OR MORE."



THE WALLS OF THIS  
COMPOUND ARE *TWENTY*  
FEET, LT. MORA.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW  
ANY BETTER, I WOULD  
SAY YOUR REPORT WAS  
*TAILOR MADE* TO FOSTER  
DISSENTION IN MY RANKS.

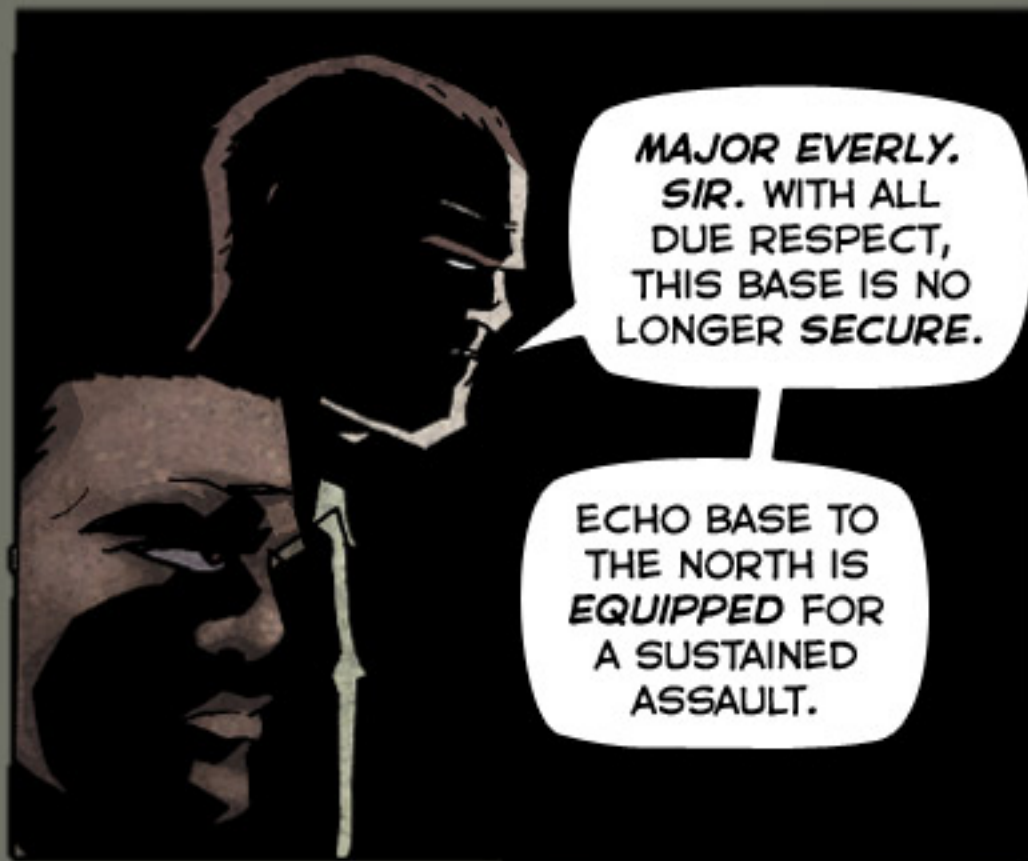


I DROVE OUT TO  
THE FARMHOUSE  
MYSELF, SIR. *THIS*  
*IS WHAT I SAW.*

I'LL JUST  
BET YOU  
*DID.*

WE HAVE OUR  
*ORDERS*, LT. MORA,  
WHETHER YOU LIKE  
THEM OR NOT.  
SEARCH AND  
RESCUE. SIT TIGHT  
AND *WAIT.*





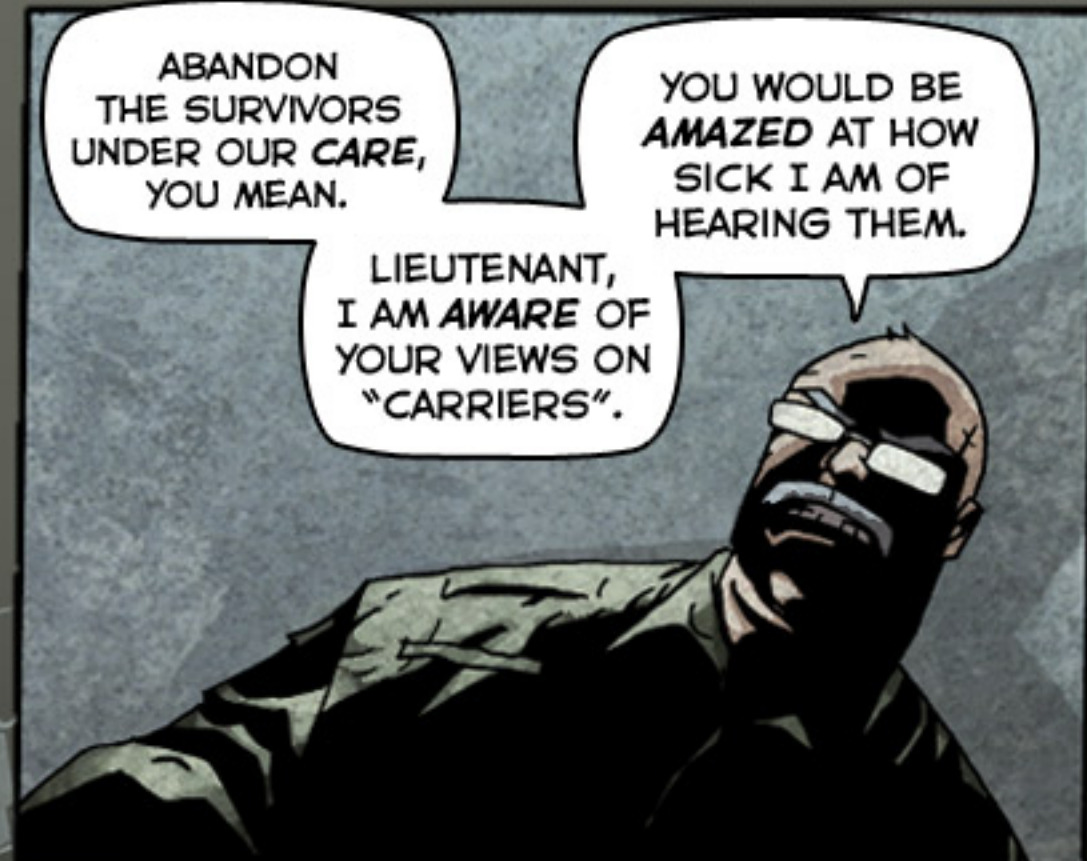
MAJOR EVERLY.  
SIR. WITH ALL  
DUE RESPECT,  
THIS BASE IS NO  
LONGER *SECURE*.

ECHO BASE TO  
THE NORTH IS  
*EQUIPPED* FOR  
A SUSTAINED  
ASSAULT.



WE, SIR,  
*ARE NOT*.

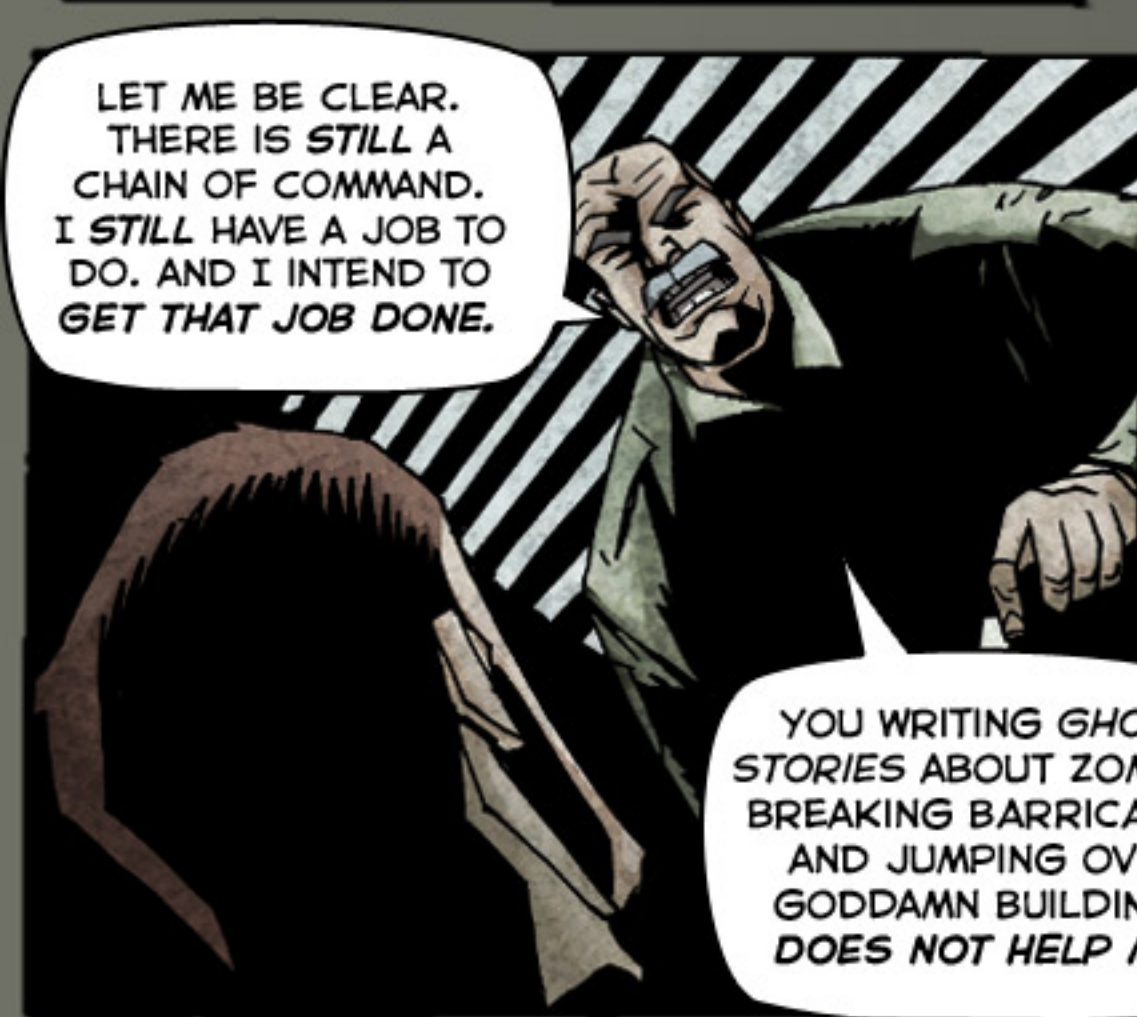
WE SHOULD CUT  
THE CARRIERS  
LOOSE AND--



ABANDON  
THE SURVIVORS  
UNDER OUR *CARE*,  
YOU MEAN.

YOU WOULD BE  
*AMAZED* AT HOW  
SICK I AM OF  
HEARING THEM.

LIEUTENANT,  
I AM *AWARE* OF  
YOUR VIEWS ON  
"CARRIERS".

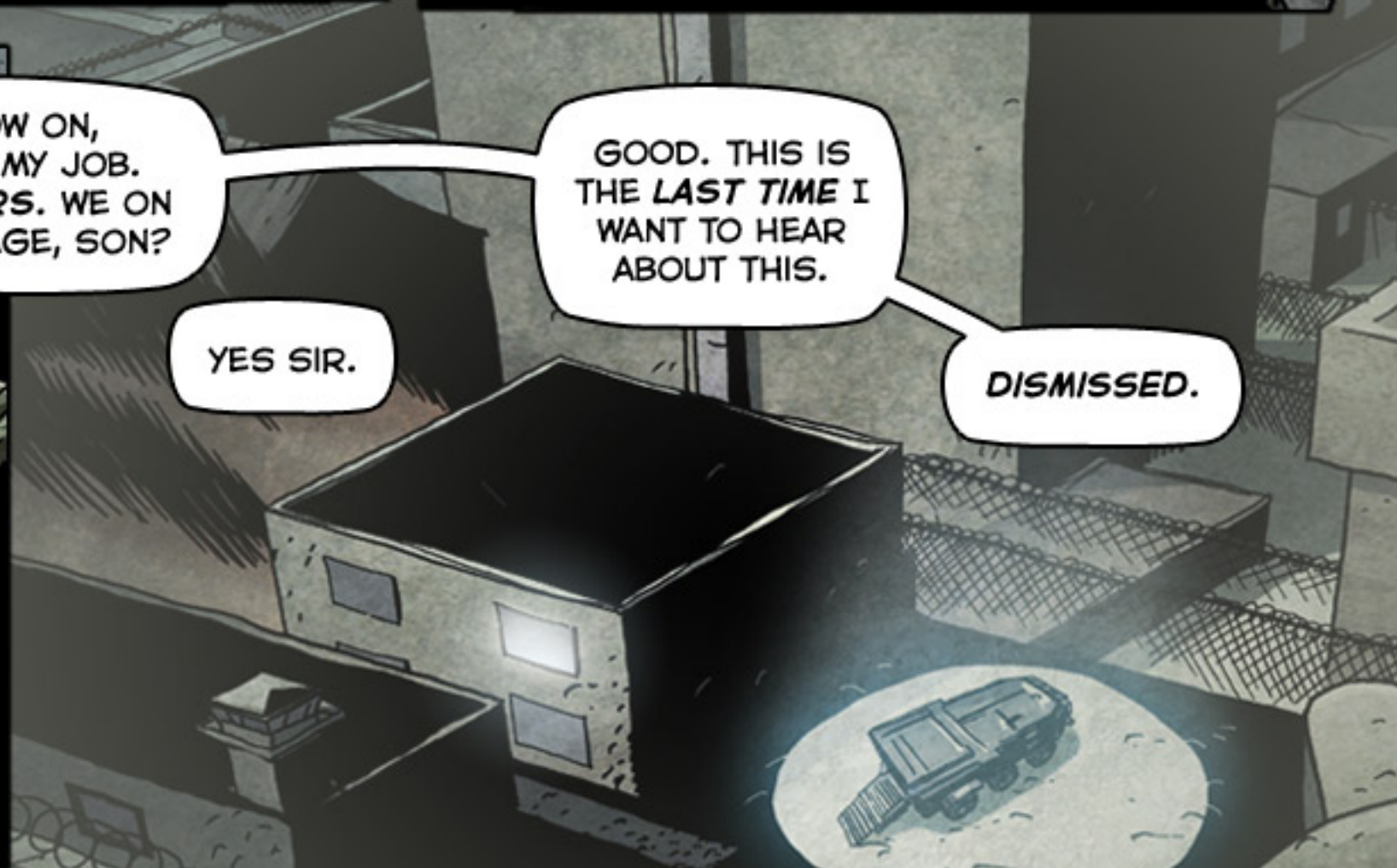


LET ME BE CLEAR.  
THERE IS *STILL* A  
CHAIN OF COMMAND.  
I *STILL* HAVE A JOB TO  
DO. AND I INTEND TO  
*GET THAT JOB DONE*.

YOU WRITING *GHOST*  
STORIES ABOUT ZOMBIES  
BREAKING BARRICADES  
AND JUMPING OVER  
GODDAMN BUILDINGS  
*DOES NOT HELP ME!*



FROM NOW ON,  
LET *ME* DO MY JOB.  
YOU DO *YOURS*. WE ON  
THE SAME PAGE, SON?



YES SIR.

GOOD. THIS IS  
THE *LAST TIME* I  
WANT TO HEAR  
ABOUT THIS.

*DISMISSED.*



"CHAIN OF COMMAND."  
WE HAVEN'T *HEARD* FROM  
COMMAND IN NINE DAYS.

THIS IS A SICK JOKE.  
WE ARE ON OUR *OWN*  
OUT HERE.

RETREATING FROM  
THIS BASE IS NOT A  
DEFEAT. LOSING MEN  
DEFENDING IT *IS*.

WHAT  
SHOULD  
WE DO,  
SIR?



ROUND UP PENA,  
BROOKS AND DAVIS.  
MY QUARTERS. 1400.

I HAVE ONE DUTY:  
TO THE MEN WHO'VE  
PUT THEIR LIVES IN  
MY CARE.



I AM *NOT* GOING  
TO SACRIFICE  
MY PLATOON.

NOT FOR  
EVERLY.





"NOT FOR CARRIERS."

SPIT,  
PLEASE.

YOU'RE  
KIDDING.

SHE  
GIVIN' YOU  
TROUBLE,  
DOC?

WE'RE FINE,  
RIVERA.

MISS...  
PLEASE.

FOR THE  
LAST TIME,  
I AM **NOT**  
**INFECTED.**

WE WALKED,  
ON **FOOT**, OUT OF  
PHILADELPHIA, AND  
**BELIEVE ME**, WE  
SAW EVERY ZOMBIE  
ALONG THE WAY.

I'VE BEEN **BITTEN**.  
**SCRATCHED**. **BLEM**.  
ON. **PUKED** ON.

I'M **FINE**. WE'RE  
FINE. WE'RE  
**IMMUNE**, DOCTOR.

WE JUST  
WANT TO GET  
TO THE SAFE  
ZONE. OKAY?

ALRIGHT, **ENOUGH**.

YOU. SPIT IN THE DISH.

DUDE.  
SERIOUSLY?  
YOU'RE GONNA  
**SHOOT ME** IF  
I DON'T--

**SPIT IN  
THE DISH!**

**THERE.**

IS AMERICA  
SAFE NOW?  
CAN WE GO  
TO ECHO  
BASE?







# WHOK



ALRIGHT,  
ENOUGH  
BULLSHIT!

WHERE  
ARE WE?

WHY ARE  
YOU KEEPING  
US HERE?

TALK!



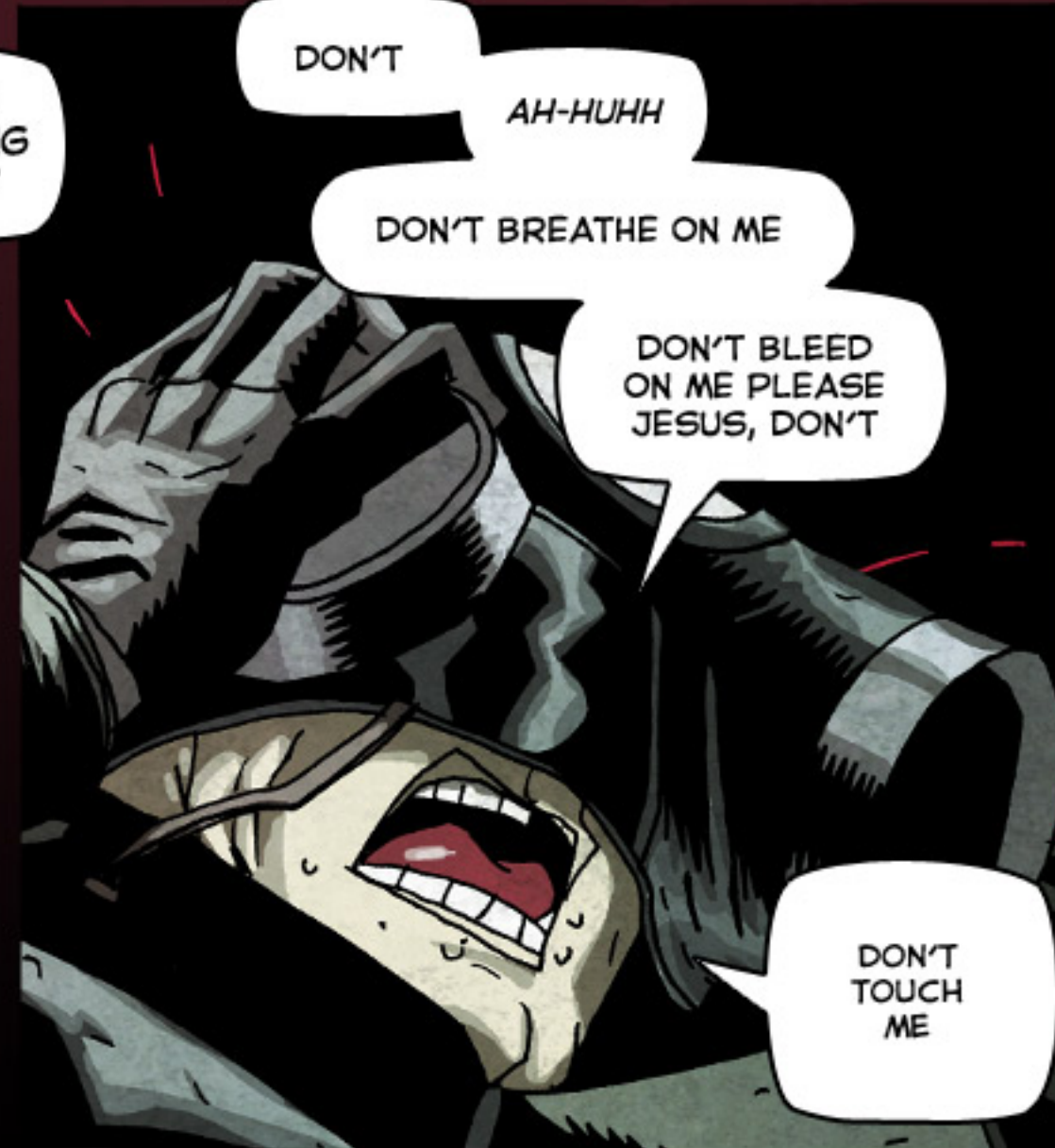
DON'T

AH-HUHH

DON'T BREATHE ON ME

DON'T BLEED  
ON ME PLEASE  
JESUS, DON'T

DON'T  
TOUCH  
ME







I DON'T...

I ONLY  
HIT HIM.

YOU MIGHT HAVE  
KILLED HIM.

RIVERA'S  
DOWN!

**THUNK**



DROP YOUR  
WEAPONS!

WE--

WE'RE FINE,  
WE'RE FINE!

GET HIM  
OUT OF  
HERE!



ALRIGHT.  
OKAY. SO...

YOU'RE  
CARRIERS.  
BOTH OF YOU.

YOU DON'T SHOW  
ANY SYMPTOMS  
OF THE VIRUS.

BUT YOU'RE  
STILL  
INFECTED.





I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN TRANSMITTING IT ALL OVER PHILADELPHIA.



SO *THAT'S* WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.

YOU DIDN'T *RESCUE* US.

OH MY GOD.

YOU'RE HERDING US ALL UP.



YES.

AND BEFORE YOU GET INDIGNANT, I'D REMIND YOU THE ARMY *HAD* OTHER OPTIONS.

THIS WAS THE *HUMANE* ONE.

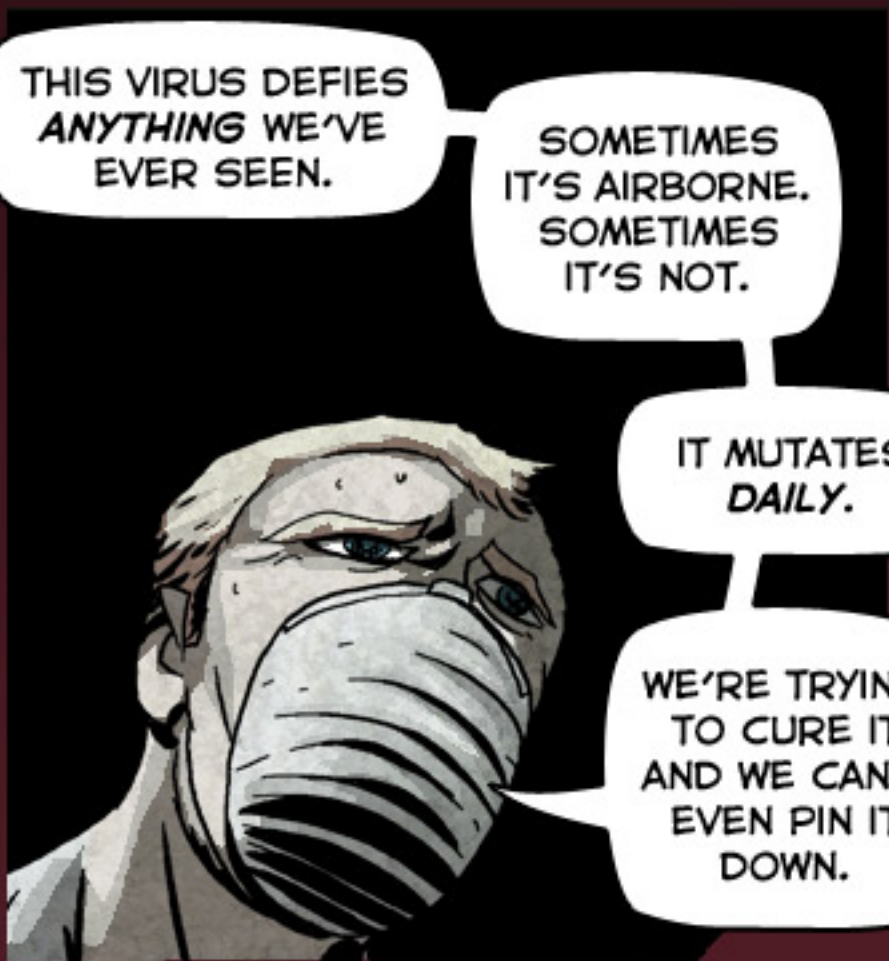


BUT.. YOU'RE A DOCTOR.

HAVE YOU BEEN... IS THERE A...

CURE?

WE'RE TRYING.



THIS VIRUS DEFIES *ANYTHING* WE'VE EVER SEEN.

SOMETIMES IT'S AIRBORNE. SOMETIMES IT'S NOT.

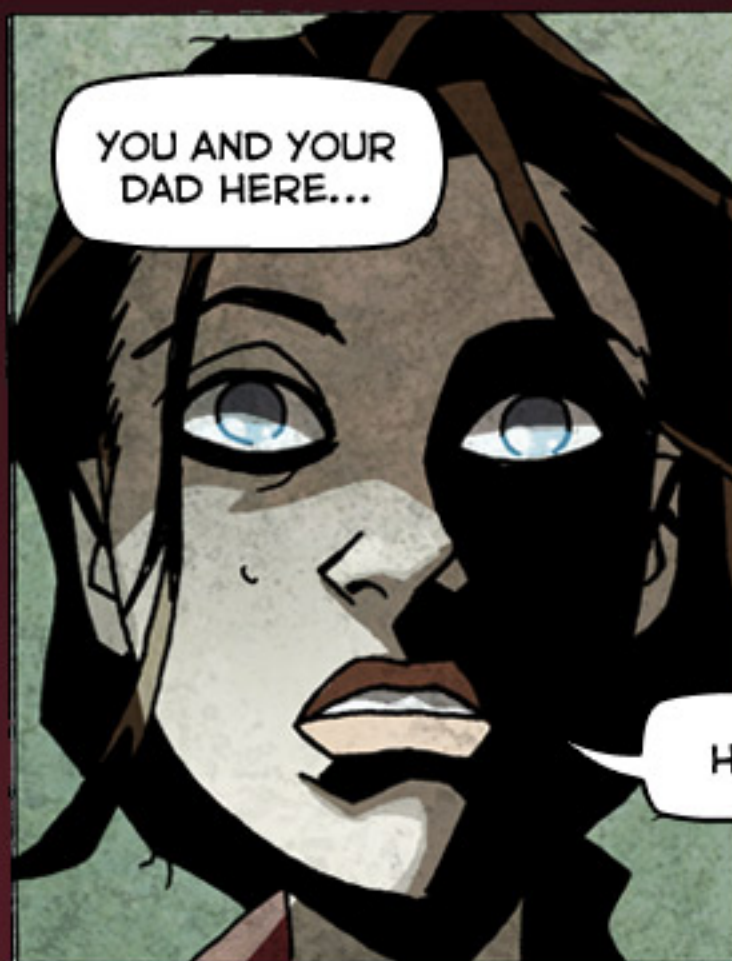
IT MUTATES *DAILY*.

WE'RE TRYING TO CURE IT AND WE CAN'T EVEN PIN IT DOWN.



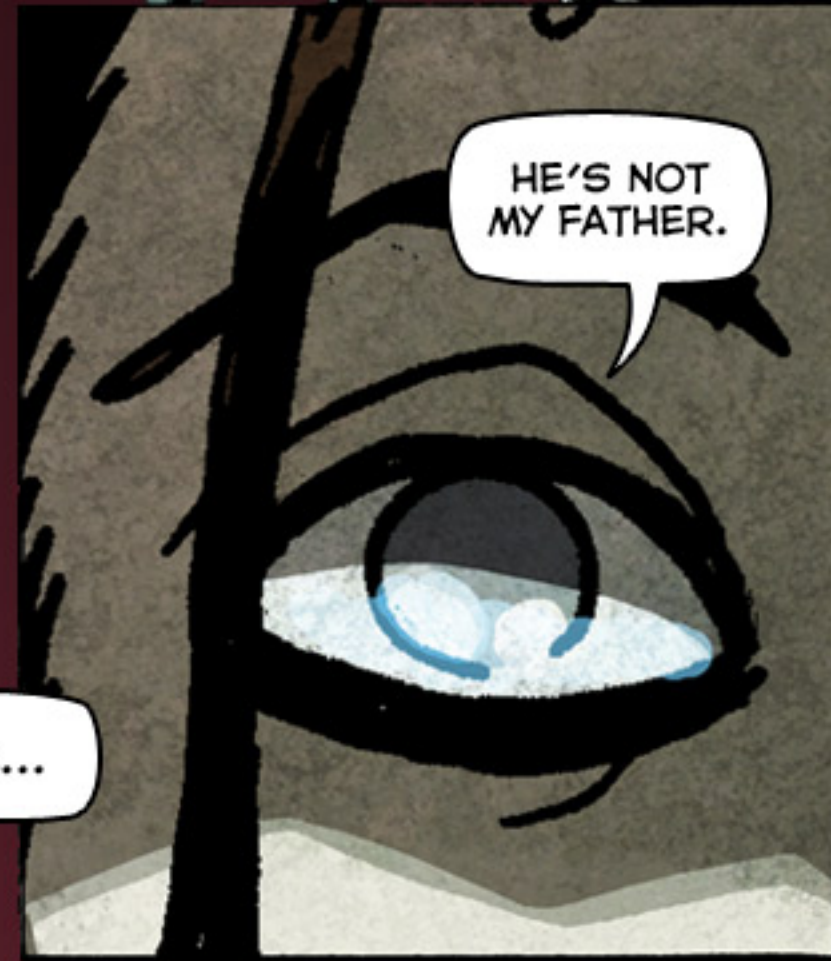
AS FOR CARRIERS...

ALL WE KNOW SO FAR IS THE CARRIER GENE RUNS ON THE FATHER'S SIDE.



YOU AND YOUR DAD HERE...

HE...



HE'S NOT MY FATHER.



PHILADELPHIA.  
2 DAYS AFTER  
FIRST INFECTION.

I LET HER LIVE  
WITH YOU FOR  
A SEMESTER,  
WADE.

A SEMESTER AND  
SHE'S DROPPING OUT.

HEY! I  
WORK,  
ALRIGHT?

SOME OF US  
CAN'T LIE  
AROUND THE  
HOUSE ALL DAY.

"HOUSE".  
WADE, YOU  
RENT AN  
APARTMENT.

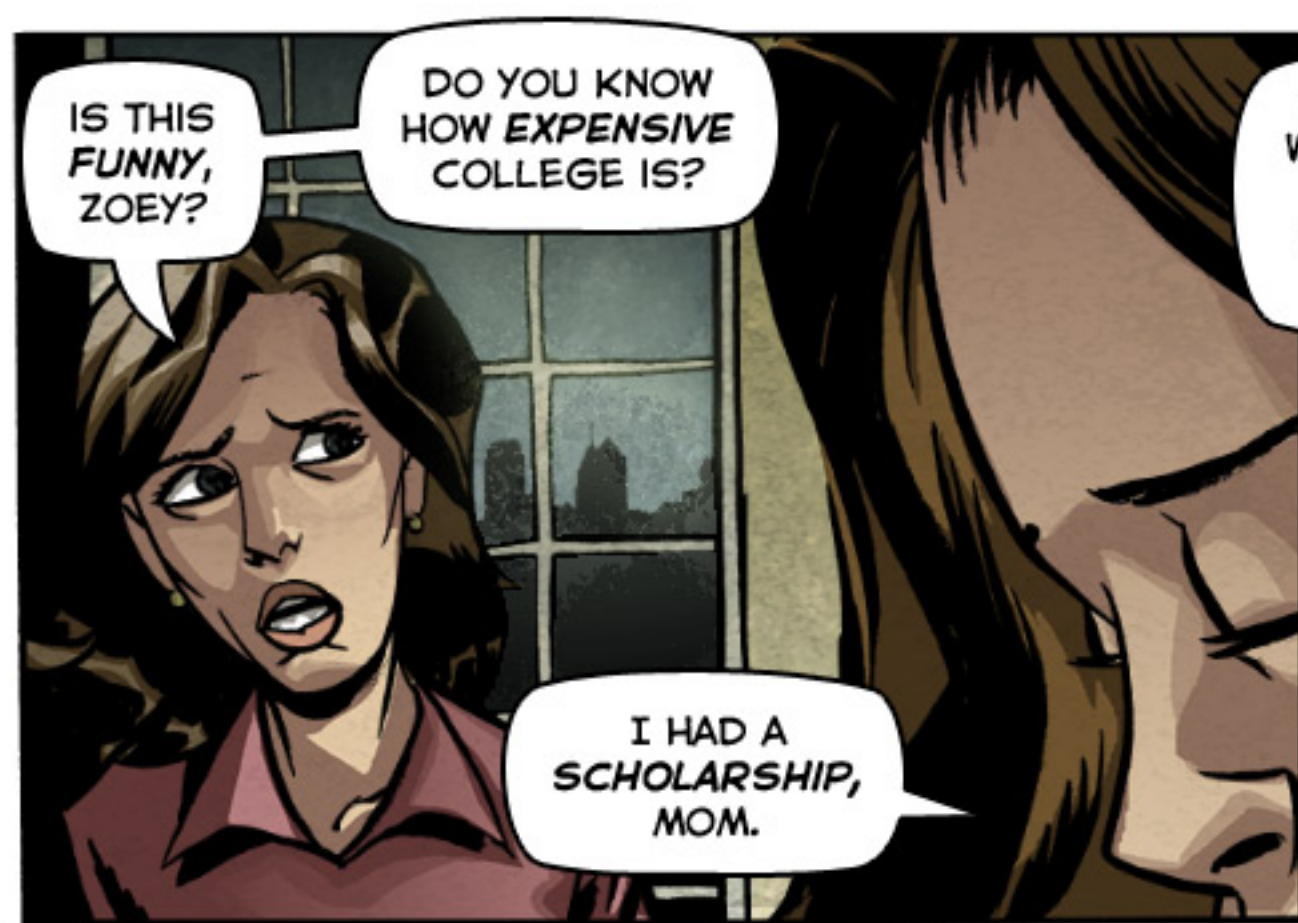
OH, THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
CAROLYN. YOU  
AND KEVIN LIVE  
IN MY HOUSE.

HOW.  
DARE.  
YOU.

OHhhh,  
YEAH.

NOW IT'S ALL  
COMING BACK  
TO ME.

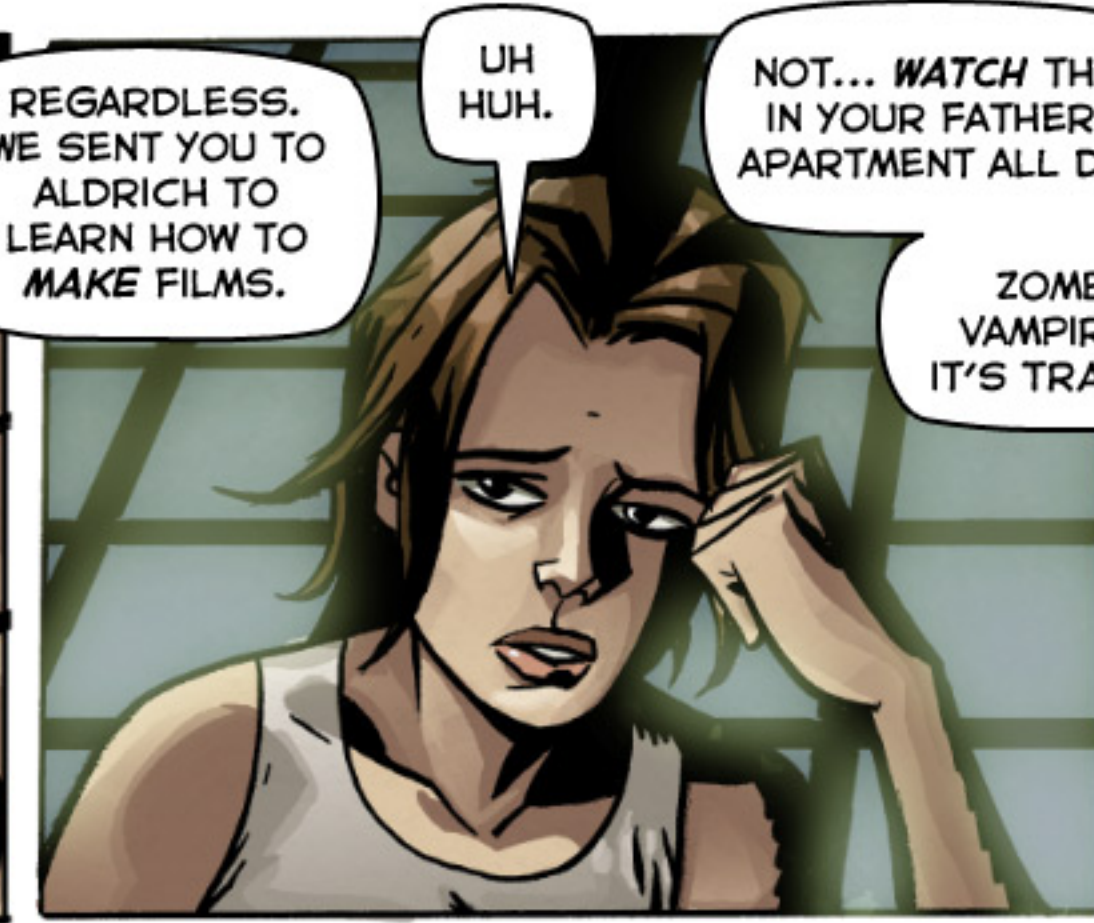




IS THIS FUNNY, ZOEY?

DO YOU KNOW HOW *EXPENSIVE* COLLEGE IS?

I HAD A *SCHOLARSHIP*, MOM.

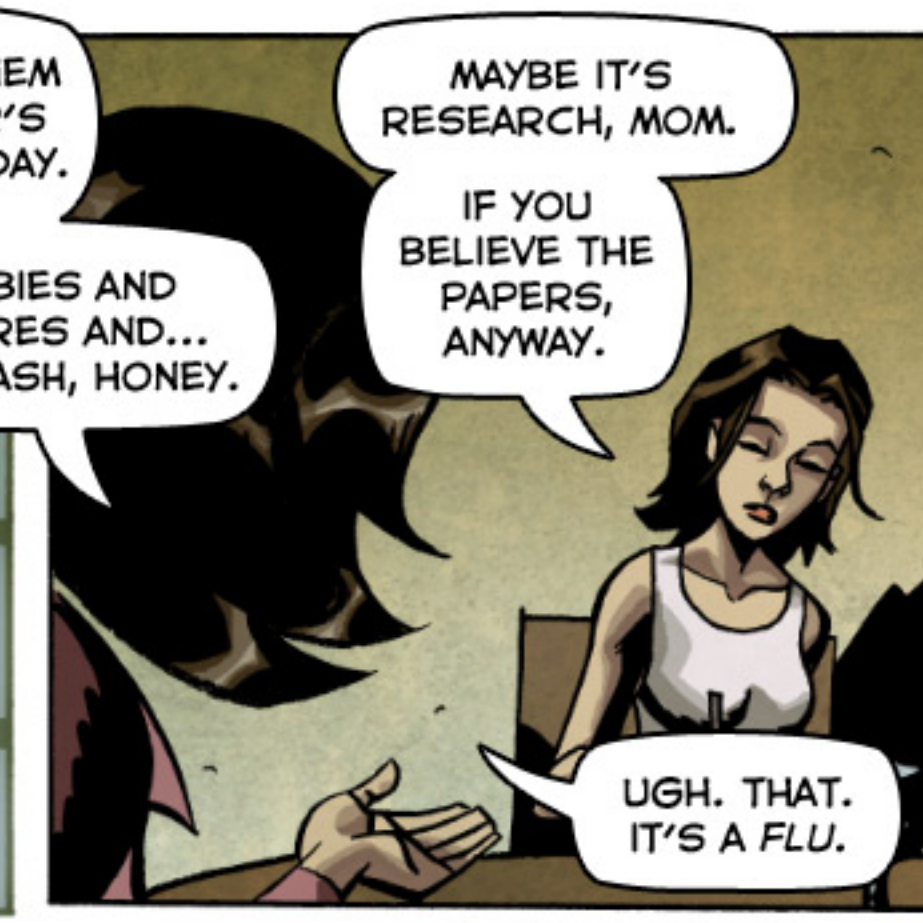


REGARDLESS. WE SENT YOU TO ALDRICH TO LEARN HOW TO *MAKE* FILMS.

UH HUH.

NOT... *WATCH* THEM IN YOUR FATHER'S APARTMENT ALL DAY.

ZOMBIES AND VAMPIRES AND... IT'S TRASH, HONEY.



MAYBE IT'S RESEARCH, MOM.

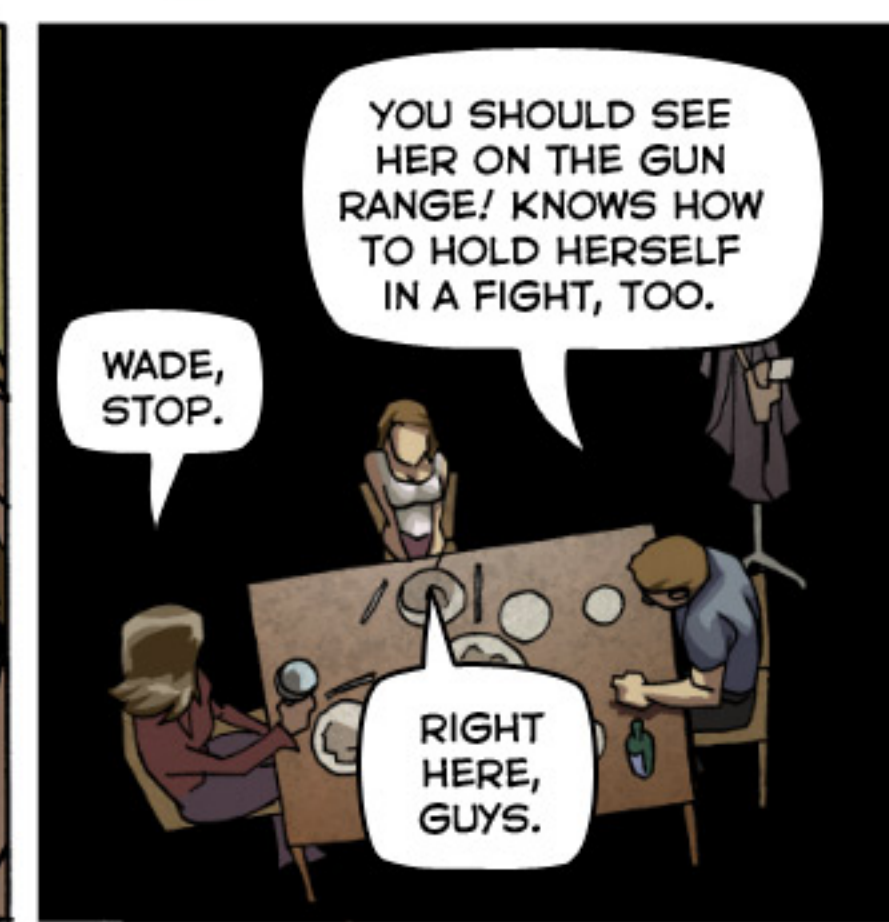
IF YOU BELIEVE THE PAPERS, ANYWAY.

UGH. THAT. IT'S A *FLU*.



WELL, FILM DEGREE WAS A GAMBLE. WE KNEW THAT GOIN' IN.

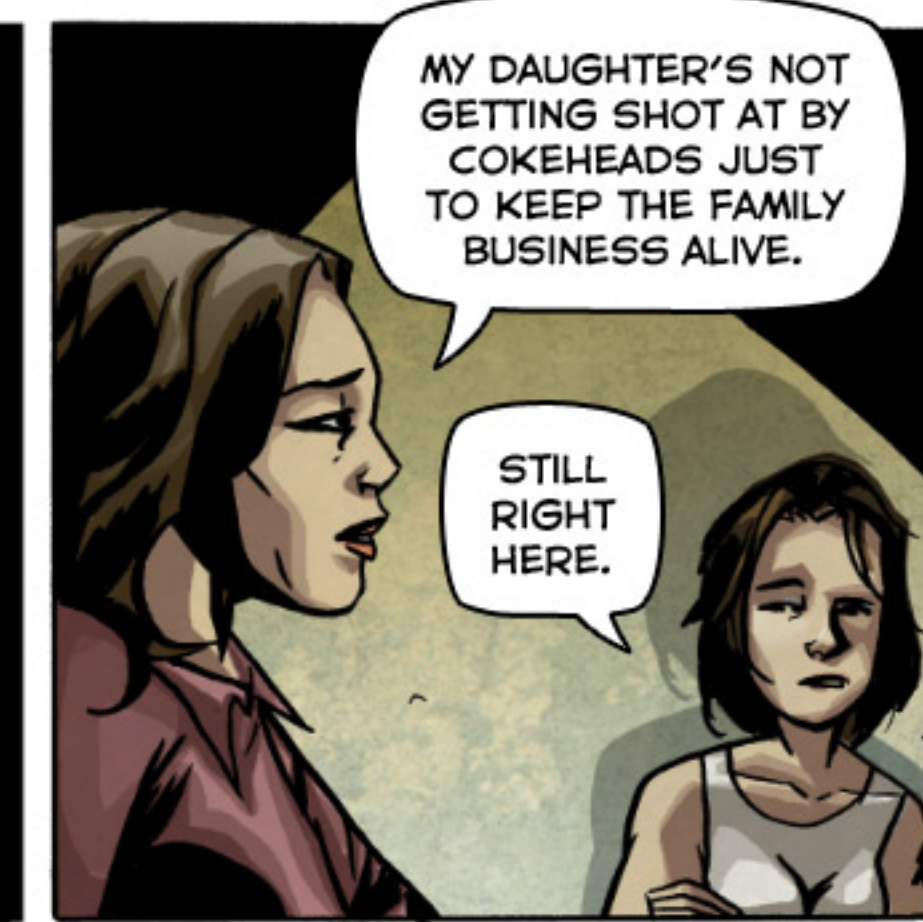
NOW SHE CAN JOIN THE FORCE LIKE HER OLD MAN.



YOU SHOULD SEE HER ON THE GUN RANGE! KNOWS HOW TO HOLD HERSELF IN A FIGHT, TOO.

WADE, STOP.

RIGHT HERE, GUYS.



MY DAUGHTER'S NOT GETTING SHOT AT BY COKEHEADS JUST TO KEEP THE FAMILY BUSINESS ALIVE.

STILL RIGHT HERE.





YOU JUST  
NEED TO  
APPLY  
YOUR...

...SELF.



WADE.

WADE, THERE'S  
A CRAZY HOMELESS  
MAN IN YOUR LIVING  
ROOM.

STAY AWAY  
FROM HIM,  
CAROLYN.

HE'S GOT  
THAT...  
THAT FLU.

HEY. PAL?  
YOU'VE  
GOTTA GO.



JESUS! WADE!  
DO SOMETHING!

MOM, GET  
BACK!

MOM,  
COME ON!

ALRIGHT,  
THAT'S IT.  
LAST  
CHANCE,  
PAL!

YOU HEAR ME?  
I AM COUNTING  
TO THREE!

ONE!

TWO!

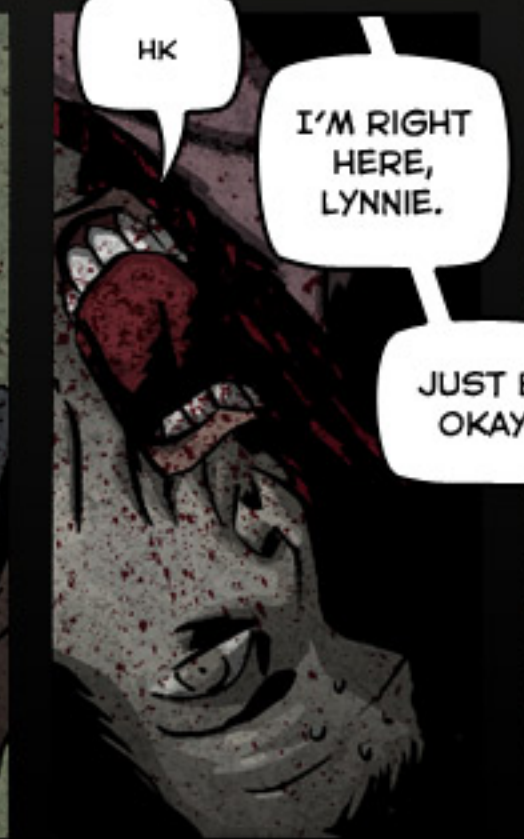
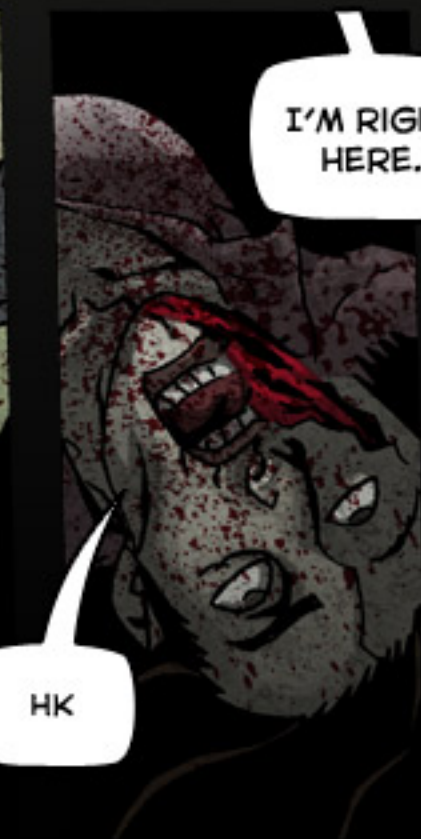




MOM.











AAAAAGHHH!



DAD!



HELP



HELP  
ME...



MOM?

PLEASE.

PLEASE DON'T  
DO THIS...



DON'T...

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA





BLAM



LYNNIE...

DAD, YOU'RE GOING INTO SHOCK.

HOLD ON. I NEED TO STOP THE BLEEDING.



I'LL GO GET THE FIRST AID KIT AND--

NN!

REMEMBER THOSE ZOMBIE MOVIES I USED TO SNEAK YOU INTO WHEN YOU WERE A KID, ZOEY?



HEH. I REMEMBER HOW MAD MOM GOT WHEN SHE FOUND OUT.

YOU REMEMBER THE PART IN ALL OF 'EM WHEN THEY HAD TO SHOOT THE ONE GUY BEFORE HE TURNED?



HEH. \*SNIFF\* YEAH.

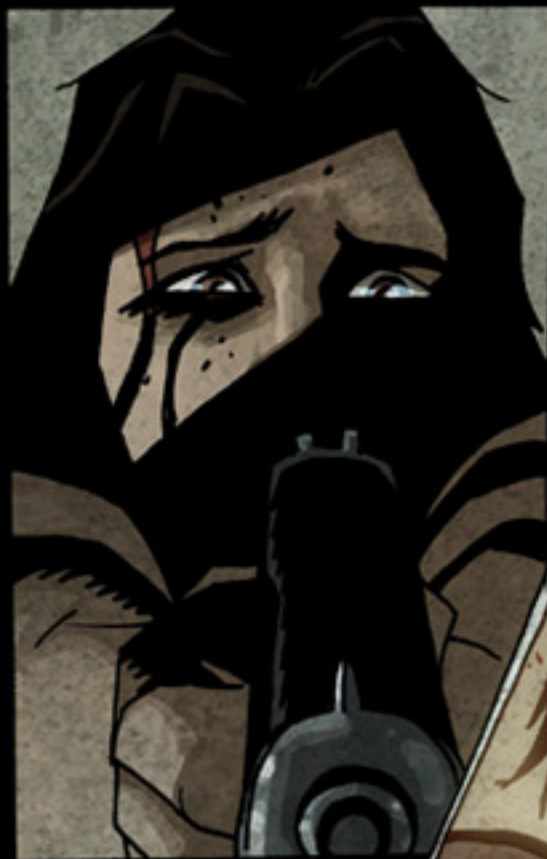
WE ALWAYS MADE FUN OF THAT PART.



I LOVE YOU, ZOEY.



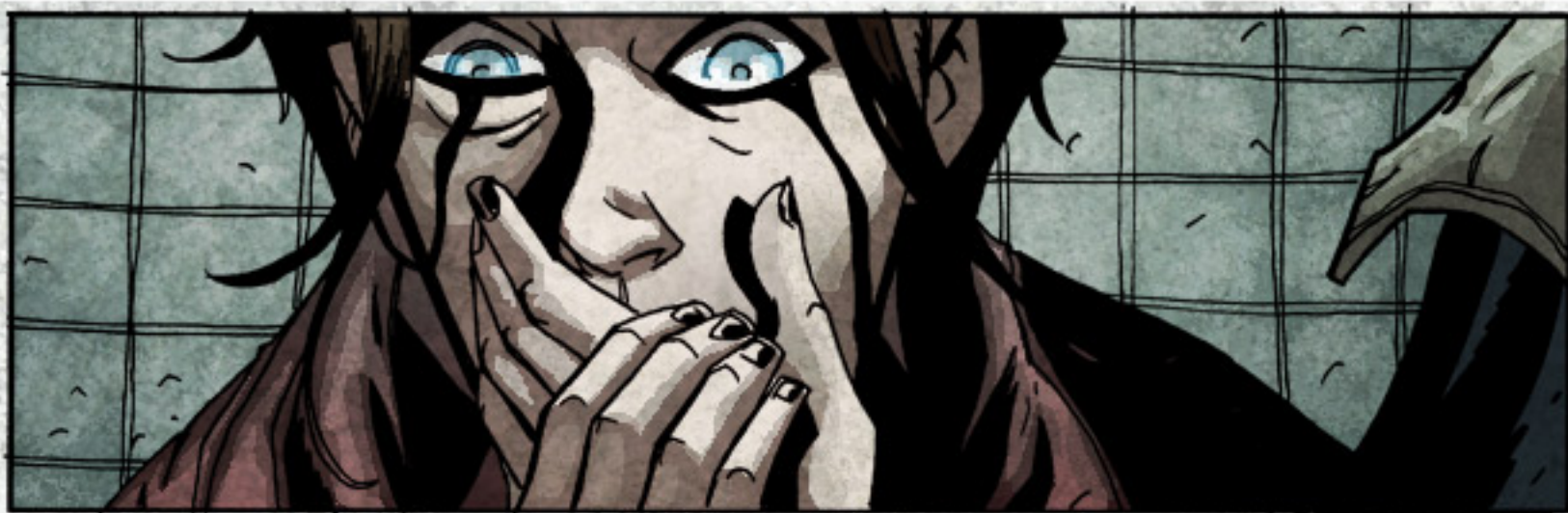
I LOVE YOU, DAD.



**BLAM**







THEY HAVEN'T  
KILLED YOU YET  
BECAUSE OF ME.

THEY HAVEN'T KILLED  
ME YET BECAUSE THEY  
WANT THEIR CURE.

IT HASN'T  
OCCURRED TO  
THEM YET THAT  
THERE MIGHT  
NOT *BE* ONE.

THAT *WE* MIGHT BE  
THE ONLY FUTURE  
THEY'VE GOT.

CARRIERS.

I...

I WANT YOU TO  
HELP ME ESCAPE.

IT'S ALREADY  
NOT SAFE HERE.  
SOME OF THE  
SOLDIERS...

THEY'LL KEEP  
US ALIVE AS  
LONG AS THEY  
THINK I CAN  
STOP THIS.

WHEN THEY  
FIGURE OUT  
I CAN'T...







THEY'RE GOING  
TO PUT US  
AGAINST A WALL  
AND SHOOT US.

DAMN IT. WE  
MIGHT BE TOO  
LATE.

**MORA.**

MORA'S  
COMING.



YOU'RE WORRIED  
ABOUT **SOLDIERS**  
COMING TO KILL US?

INFECTED ARE  
ATTRACTED TO  
*NOISE*, DOC.

WHATEVER DUMBASS  
IS IN CHARGE HERE, HE  
JUST CALLED *EVERY*  
*ZOMBIE IN A HUNDRED*  
*MILE RADIUS.*

DOCTOR, WE NEED  
TO GET *OUT* OF  
HERE. *NOW*.

AND WE'RE  
GOING TO  
NEED *GUNS*.







I'VE SOUNDED  
THE CALL FOR  
EVACUATION,  
MAJOR.

YOU ARE RELIEVED  
OF COMMAND.









ALRIGHT. NO  
MORE JOKING  
AROUND.

YOU NEED TO LET  
US OUT OF HERE,  
OR YOU'RE BOTH  
GOING TO *DIE*.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

NOISE.  
THEY'RE  
ATTRACTED  
TO *NOISE*.

WE'VE GOT ABOUT  
TWENTY SECONDS  
TO GET **ARMED**  
AND GET **OUTTA**  
HERE BEFORE--

**AAAAAAAAUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAUGGGGGGGGGUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHH...**

OHHH, SHIT.







UUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH...



DON'T SHOOT  
DON'T SHOOT  
THAT'S A WITCH!

ARE YOU  
INSANE?



SHE'LL WALK RIGHT  
PAST YOU! LOWER YOUR  
GUNS, GET FLAT UP  
AGAINST THE WALL!

MAN, I *KNOW*  
WHAT A WITCH IS  
AND THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE BAD ADVICE.



JESUS,  
*THINK*  
ABOUT IT!

WHY WOULD  
I *LIE* TO YOU  
ABOUT THIS?

YOU TWO ARE  
OUR ONLY  
CHANCE TO GET  
OUT OF HERE!

*PLEASE.*























**PART THREE**  
COMING SEPT 28