

POLICE PRECINCT
NEON CITY WEST.
INTERROGATION OF
SUBJECT VINCE
GRAFFER.
MURDER SUSPECT
CASE AX-92.
LIEUTENANT FAITH
MARLOW PRESIDING.

WHEN THE
LIGHTS
GO OUT





MISTER
GRAFFER, LET ME
REITERATE.
WE FOUND YOU AT
THE SCENE OF THE
CRIME.

THERE'S NO
EVIDENCE TOWARDS
YOUR INVOLVEMENT YET.
BUT YOUR PRESENCE IN
EMILY SPENCER'S HOME AS
A COMPLETE STRANGER TO
HER DOES RAISE SOME
EYEBROWS.

PLEASE STATE
AGAIN WHY YOU
WERE THERE.

A man with short dark hair and a serious expression is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a bright yellow jumpsuit over a white ribbed tank top. His hands are cuffed in front of him with metal handcuffs. He is looking down at his hands. The background is a grey brick wall with a radiator and pipes visible on the left.

LIKE I SAID
BEFORE,
LIEUTENANT.
IT WASN'T ME
WHO WENT
THERE.

WHEN TOTAL
DARKNESS FALLS
AROUND ME,
I BECOME A FULLY
DIFFERENT
PERSON.

IT'S WHY I MOVED
TO NEON CITY IN THE
FIRST PLACE.
LOTS OF LIGHT EVERYWHERE,
TWENTY FOUR SEVEN.
IT KEPT HER IN CHECK,
FOR THE MOST PART.



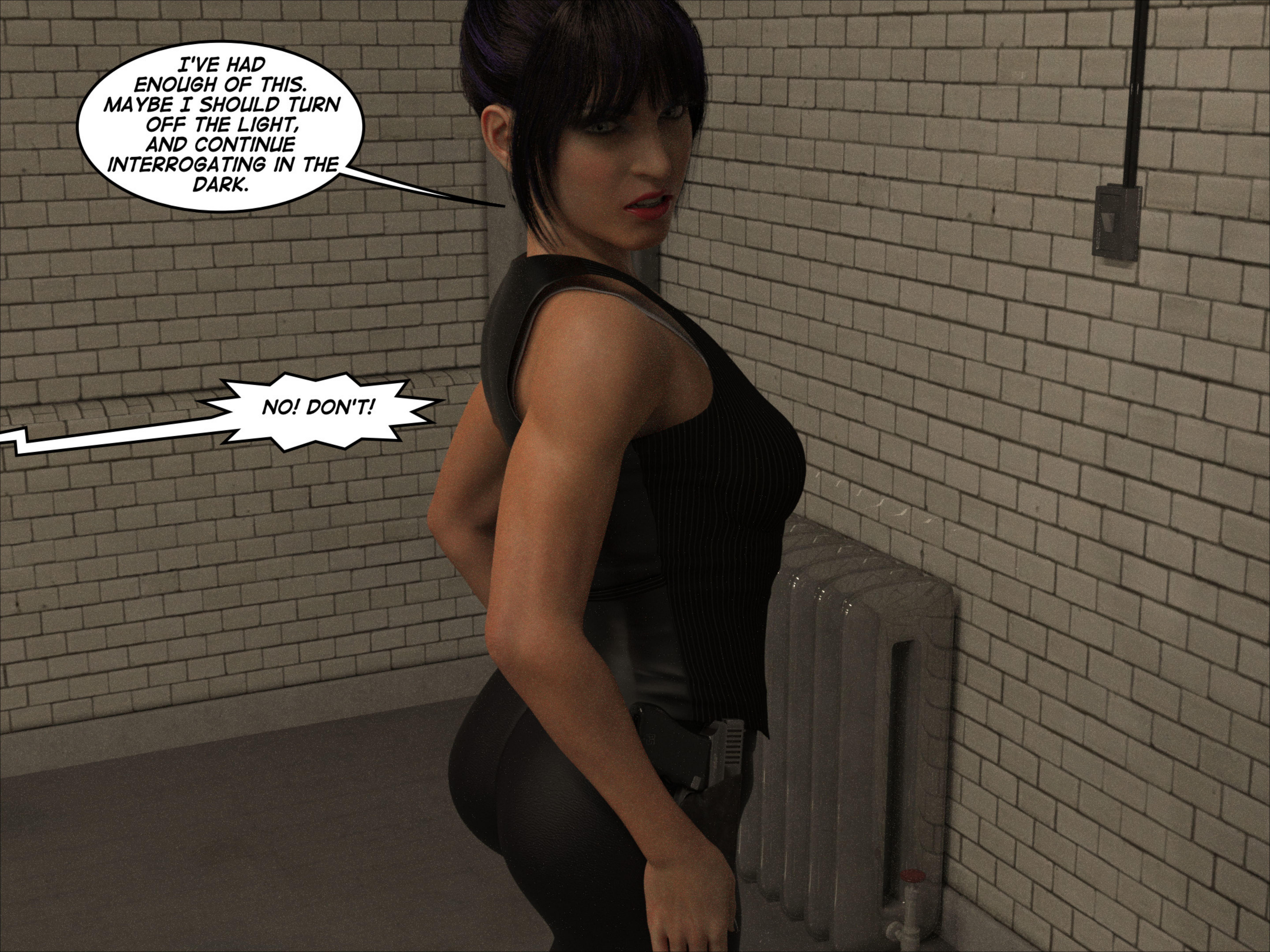
SO, YOU CLAIM
TO HAVE SOME
LIGHTING BASED
SCHIZOPHRENIA?

THAT'S
THE MOST
BULLSHIT I'VE
EVER HEARD.

A close-up, high-angle shot of a man's face, looking slightly downwards. He has dark hair with some grey at the temples and light-colored eyes. He is wearing an orange jacket over a white shirt. The background is a grey brick wall. Two speech bubbles are positioned to the left of his face. The first bubble contains the text "IT'S NOT A MENTAL DISABILITY, NO. IT'S MUCH WORSE THAN THAT." and the second bubble, which is larger and positioned below the first, contains the text "WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT, I ACTUALLY BECOME SOMEONE DIFFERENT. IN EVERY WAY. AND SHE IS SCARY."

IT'S NOT A
MENTAL
DISABILITY, NO.
IT'S MUCH WORSE
THAN THAT.

WHEN THE
LIGHTS GO OUT,
I ACTUALLY BECOME
SOMEONE DIFFERENT.
IN EVERY WAY.
AND SHE IS SCARY.

A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a black ribbed tank top and black pants, is shown from the waist up. She is looking back over her right shoulder towards the viewer. She has a serious expression. A handgun is visible in a holster on her right hip. The background is a wall made of light-colored bricks. To her right, there is a grey radiator and a black electrical outlet on the wall. The lighting is somewhat dim, creating a moody atmosphere.

I'VE HAD
ENOUGH OF THIS.
MAYBE I SHOULD TURN
OFF THE LIGHT,
AND CONTINUE
INTERROGATING IN THE
DARK.

NO! DON'T!

Flick





GREETINGS,
LIEUTENANT.

FANCY MAKING
YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE.





WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT?

Flick

BLINK

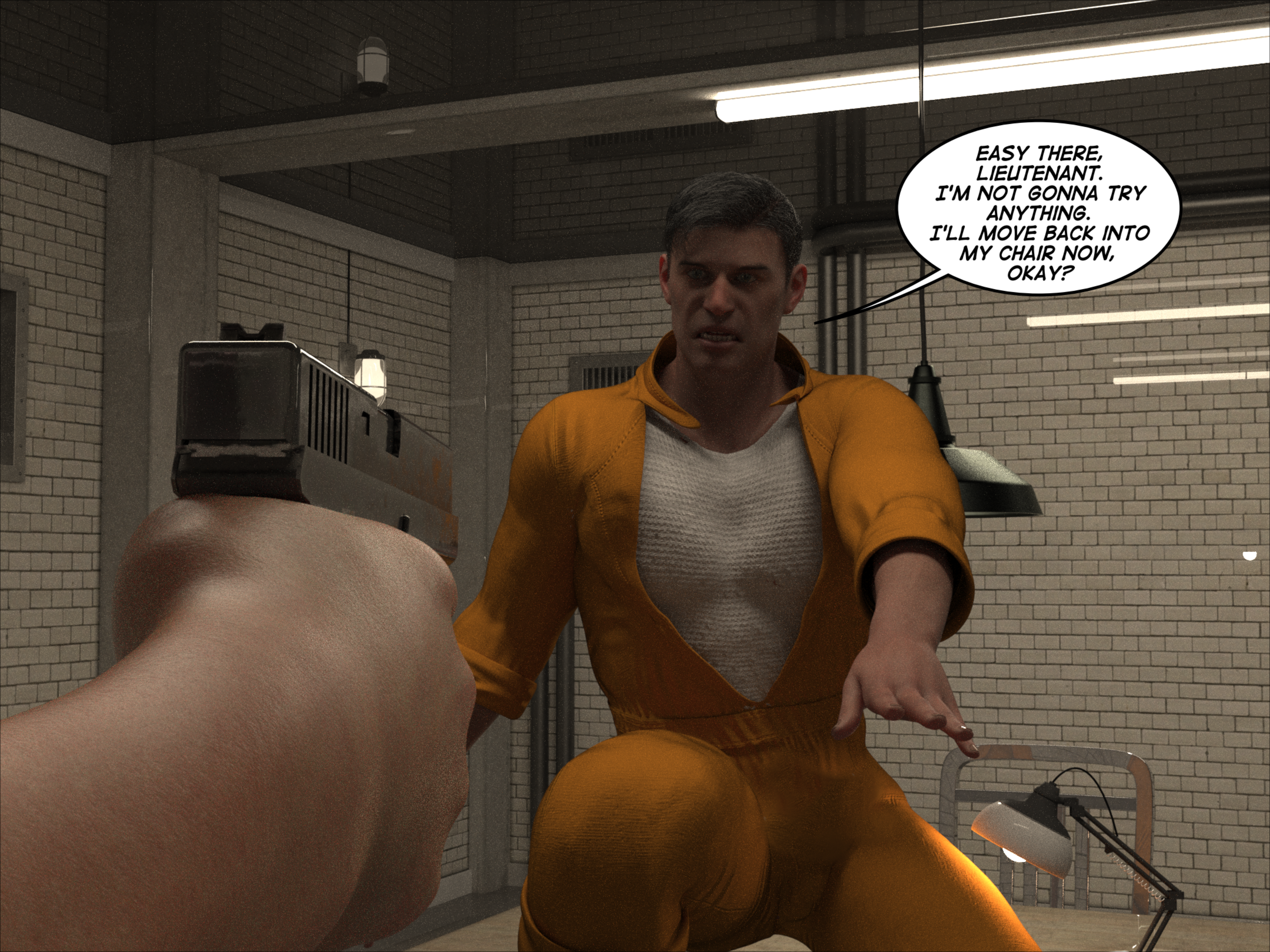




I TOLD YOU,
LIEUTENANT.
SHE IS SCARY.



**STOP RIGHT
THERE!
DON'T YOU DARE
TRY ANYTHING!**

A man with short dark hair, wearing a yellow jumpsuit over a white mesh shirt, is being threatened. A large, dark-skinned hand holds a handgun pointed at him from the left. The man has a tense expression and is gesturing with his right hand. The setting is a room with grey brick walls and fluorescent lights. A desk lamp is visible in the lower right.

EASY THERE,
LIEUTENANT.
I'M NOT GONNA TRY
ANYTHING.
I'LL MOVE BACK INTO
MY CHAIR NOW,
OKAY?



**SLOWLY!
AND KEEP YOUR
HANDS WHERE I
CAN SEE THEM!**



WHO IS
SHE?
WHAT IS SHE?
HOW DID THIS COME
TO PASS?
DETAILS!



I DON'T KNOW.
I WAS TRAVELING SOME
REMOTE LOCATION.
A DERELICT MOUNTAIN
RANGE WITH SOME RUINED
RELIC BUILDINGS.

I TRIPPED AND
TUMBLLED DOWN INTO A RAVINE,
BADLY INJURING MYSELF.
I THOUGHT FOR SURE I WAS A GONER.
AS NIGHT FELL, SHE CAME TO ME, AND
SAID SHE'D SAVE ME IF I CARRIED
HER WITH ME.

A man with short dark hair, wearing a yellow jacket over a white shirt, sits at a light-colored wooden desk. His hands are clasped together on the desk. In the foreground, a woman's hand is visible, holding a black pen and writing on a piece of paper. The background is a grey brick wall. A desk lamp with a white shade is positioned to the right of the man. Three speech bubbles contain text from the man.

I WAS DESPERATE
NOT TO DIE.
SO I DIDN'T REALLY ASK ANY
QUESTIONS.
IN HINDSIGHT, MAYBE I
SHOULD'VE.

NOW, I'M
LITERALLY CARRYING
HER AROUND WITH ME.
AND EVERY TIME DARKNESS
SURROUNDS ME, I GET
PUSHED ASIDE AND SHE
DOES WHATEVER IT IS
SHE DOES.

I'VE TRIED TO
FIGURE OUT WHAT HER
AGENDA IS.
AND THOUGH SHE SEEMS VERY
CAPABLE OF VIOLENCE, I'VE NEVER
HEARD ANY MURDER MYSTERIES IN
WHATEVER REGION I WAS IN DURING
THE DARK HOURS.
I DON'T BELIEVE SHE HARMED
MISS SPENCER.



SUPPOSING
THAT'S TRUE,
DO YOU RECKON SHE
KNOWS WHAT
HAPPENED TO EMILY
SPENCER?

A close-up shot of a man with short dark hair and light blue eyes, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a bright yellow jacket over a white t-shirt. His hands are clasped together in front of him. The background is a grey brick wall. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner of the frame.

IT'S
POSSIBLE, YEAH.
BUT I WOULD
STRONGLY ADVISE YOU
TO NOT TRY AND
INTERROGATE
HER.