

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.



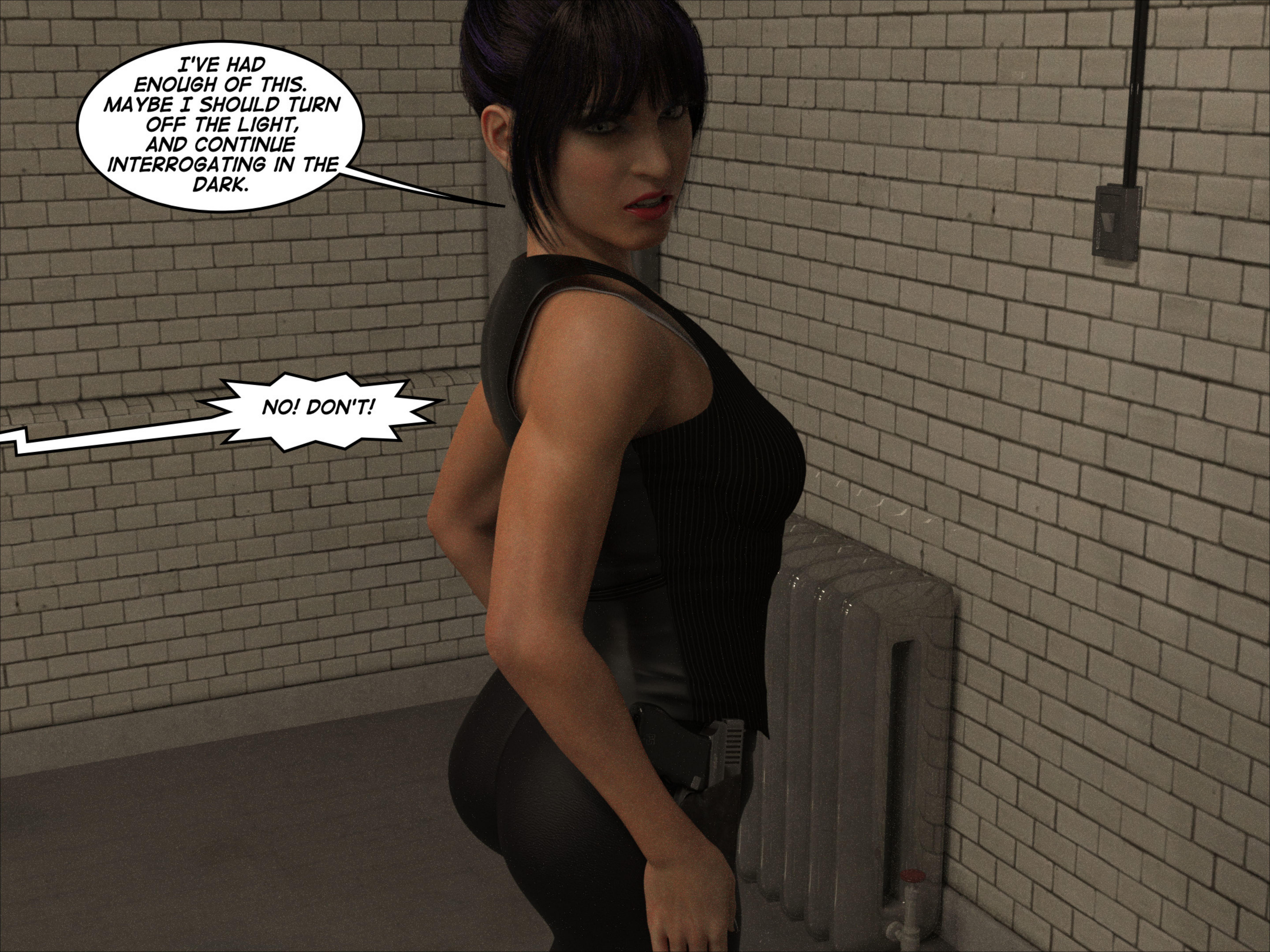
SO, YOU CLAIM
TO HAVE SOME
LIGHTING BASED
SCHIZOPHRENIA?

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

A close-up, high-angle shot of a man's face. 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 slightly 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 room with light-colored brick walls. To her right, there is a grey radiator and a black electrical outlet on the wall. The floor is dark and reflective.

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.

A close-up, high-contrast image of a person's face and upper torso. The person has short, dark hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight, unsettling smile. Their eyes are a bright, glowing red color. They are wearing a black, mesh-like collar that wraps around their neck. The background is a dark, textured brick wall. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the person's face, containing the text "FANCY MAKING YOUR ACQUAINTANCE." in a stylized, white font.

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, stands in a prison cell. He is looking towards a person whose back is to the camera. The person is holding a large, dark, rectangular object, possibly a piece of equipment or a bag. The cell has brick walls, a barred window, and a desk with a lamp. A speech bubble is visible in the upper right corner.

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
TUMBLED 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. He has a serious expression and his hands are clasped in front of him. To his right, a desk lamp with a white shade is positioned. In the foreground, a hand is visible, holding a black pen and writing on a piece of paper. The background is a grey brick wall.

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.



I THINK
I CAN HANDLE
THIS.
I'VE DEALT WITH
WORSE
SUSPECTS.

ALRIGHT,
LADY!
COME OUT!
I GOT SOME
QUESTIONS
FOR YOU!

FLICK



FANCY TOY YOU
GOT THERE,
LIEUTENANT.
DOES IT GIVE YOU
CONFIDENCE?

GRAB

A woman with short, messy blonde hair and glowing red eyes is holding a black handgun. She is looking directly at the viewer with a slight, menacing smile. She is wearing a black, form-fitting, mesh-like top. The background is a dark, textured wall, possibly brick, with some faint, glowing lines. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her face and hair, and deep shadows elsewhere. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text in a stylized, bold font.

SHALL I
ALLOW YOU TO
POINT IT AT ME IN
A WAY IT'S
MEANT TO BE
USED?

DOES
POINTING IT IN A
THREATENING MANNER
MAKE YOU FEEL
CONTROL?
IS ASSERTION OF
DOMINANCE WHAT
YOU SEEK?



NO. NO, OF
COURSE NOT.
I'LL SHOOT IF I
HAVE TO,
MIND YOU.

I GOT SOME
QUESTIONS YOU
NEED TO ANSWER.
DO THAT, OR I'LL
TURN THE LIGHTS
BACK ON.



THERE
YOU GO AGAIN.
TRYING TO FIND
AN ANGLE TO
THREATEN ME.
ALRIGHT, LET'S
PLAY YOUR
GAME.

SUPPOSEDLY,
IF I WOULD USE MY
SUPERIOR SPEED TO
RESTRAIN YOU IN A
POSITION YOU CAN'T
REACH THAT SWITCH
FROM.
WHAT WOULD YOU
DO?

TWIST



YOU WOULD
FALTER, WOULDN'T
YOU, DARLING?
YOU AND ME BEING
DIFFERENT WHEN THE
LIGHTS GO OUT IS A
THING WE SHARE.

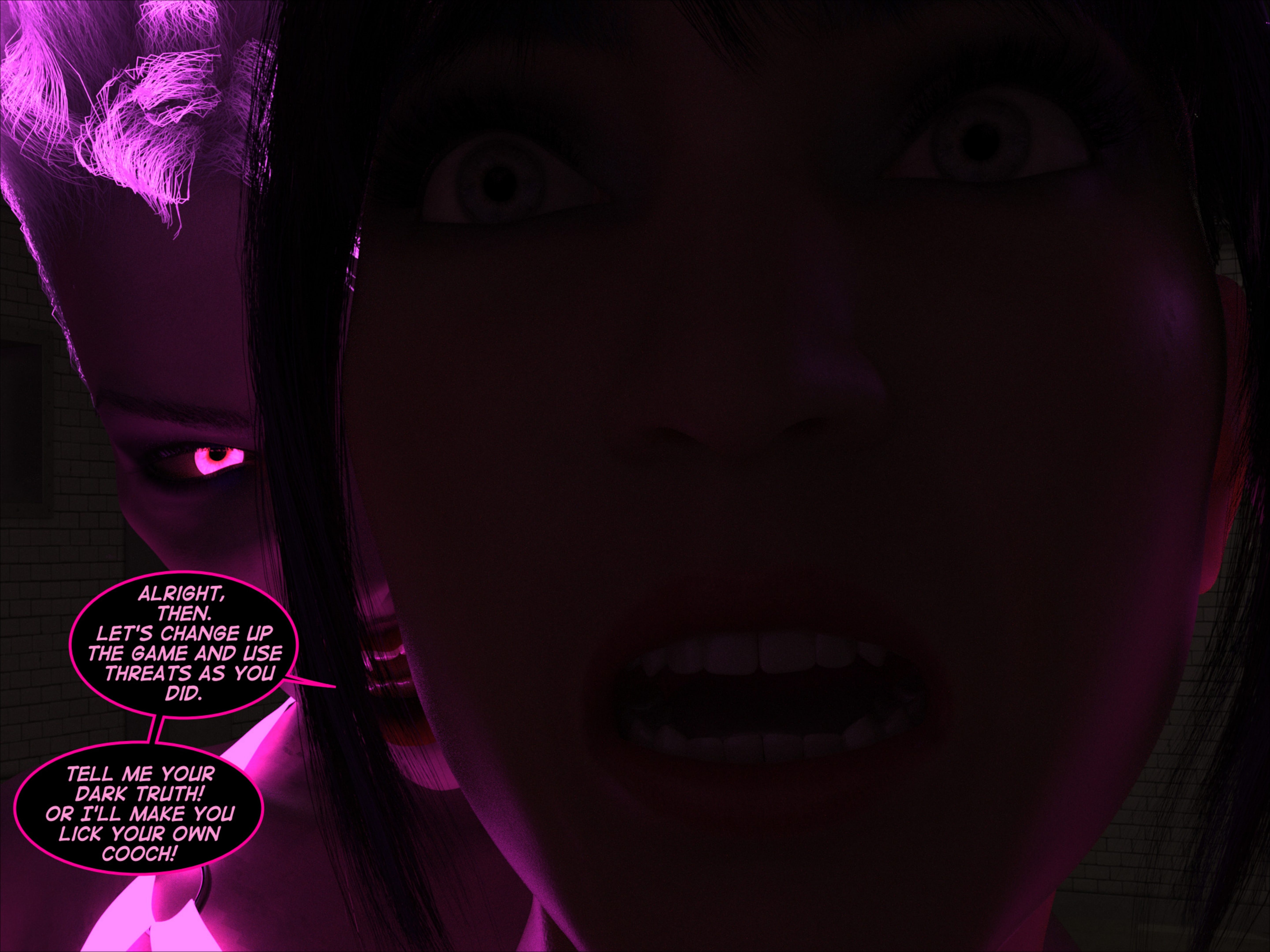
BEING RESTRAINED GIVES
YOU JOY, DOESN'T IT?
YOU SMELL OF SUBMISSION.
YOU'VE ASKED FOLKS TO DO
THIS TO YOU, HAVEN'T YOU?



NO! NEVER!
I... GULP... I
WOULDN'T WANT TO...
I COULDN'T IMAGINE...
I...



LIAR!



ALRIGHT,
THEN.
LET'S CHANGE UP
THE GAME AND USE
THREATS AS YOU
DID.

TELL ME YOUR
DARK TRUTH!
OR I'LL MAKE YOU
LICK YOUR OWN
COOCH!