

NINE YEARS AFTER THE FLARE.
1 YEAR AGO.

YOU
FOOLS.

IT ONLY
WORKS IF I'M
ALIVE.

ONCE YOU
KILL ME,
THE CURE
DIES.

THE CURE
TO BURNING IN
SUNLIGHT?

YES, YOUR
GIFT IS
REMARKABLE,
BUT YOU
SEE...

...WE ARE
QUITE FINE
ON OUR
OWN.

WHY WOULD
YOU CHOOSE
THOSE SUITS,
CHOOSE LIVING
UNDERGROUND AND
HIDING FROM THE
SUNLIGHT...

...WHEN THIS
CURE CAN BE
EXTRACTED FROM
MY BLOOD AND
SHARED...

...TO FREE
ALL OF
HUMANITY?

WHY WOULD
YOU FORFEIT
THAT?

CLICK



BECAUSE
THEY DON'T
WANT A
CURE.
DARKNESS IS
PREDICTABLE.
SAFE. STABLE.
A CURE IS
NOT.



HANDS UP,
WALLACE.

WE DON'T
WANT TO HAVE TO
KILL ANYONE
HERE, BUT WE
WILL.



AND WHY
COME ALL
THE WAY OUT
HERE DURING
THE DAY?



ONE MAN'S TRASH
IS ANOTHER WOMAN'S
TREASURE.
THOUGHT I'D
LIKE TO SEE FOR
MYSELF.



YOU'RE SAVED,
MILKSHAKE.

GET
UP.



YOU'RE
MINE
NOW.

PRESENT DAY.

JUST
UP THIS
WAY.

IT'S A
LAB.

IT'S
TRUE.

YOU
MADE THE
CURE.

NO. I DID
NOT. IN FACT,
I'M NOT
EVEN A
SCIENTIST.

WE ALL
REINVENT
OURSELVES
IN THIS
WORLD.

AND I'VE HAD
TO LEARN... TO
UNDERSTAND WHAT
WAS GIVEN TO ME.
AND HOW TO
EXTRACT IT.