

CRAWLEY'S WORDS ECHO THROUGH MY HEAD AS I MAKE MY WAY THROUGH THE MURKY NIGHT.

I USED TO THINK CRAWLEY WAS CRAZY, BUT NOW... NOW I WONDER WHAT CRAZY REALLY MEANS.

I HAVE TO BELIEVE IN WHAT I'M DOING. THIS IS ALL I HAVE... THIS MOMENT. THE WIND IN MY FACE. THAT FEELS REAL.



REAL ENOUGH, ANYWAY.

I MAKE IT TO THE ROOF OF THE SHELTER BY ELEVEN THIRTY AND PRAY I'M NOT ALREADY TOO LATE.



**AAAAARGH!!!**



MARLENE?!

MOON KNIGHT!  
BE CAREFUL! HE--  
HE'S INSANE!

QUIET!



LET HER GO  
AND FACE ME,  
YOU GHOUL.



YOU'RE THE  
ONE I'VE WANTED  
ALL ALONG, MOON  
KNIGHT. ALL OF THOSE  
DEATHS WERE AN  
INVITATION TO  
THIS DEADLY  
DANCE.



"DEADLY  
DANCE"? REALLY?  
IS THAT THE BEST  
YOU CAN COME  
UP WITH?



CUT!



LOOK, I'M SORRY, BUT THIS DIALOGUE STINKS.

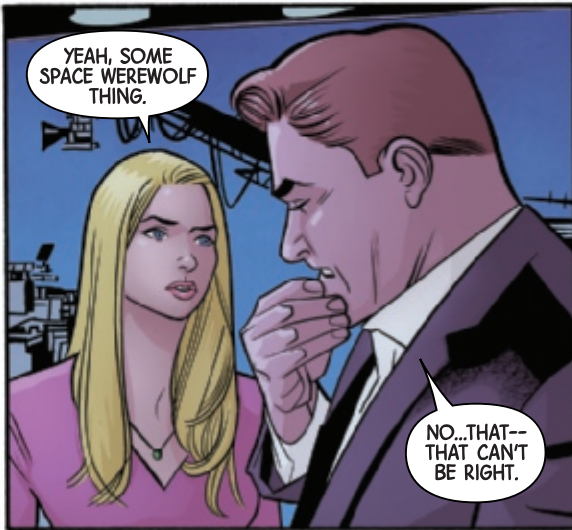
CAN WE JUST KEEP SHOOTING, PLEASE?

AND I DON'T GET THE PLOT. WHY IS MARLENE HERE ON THE ROOF? AND CRAWLEY JUST HAPPENED TO KNOW WHERE THE BAD GUY IS? SEEMS A BIT THIN.



STEVEN, WHAT'S WRONG? DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING? IT WAS PROBABLY THE SOUNDSTAGE NEXT DOOR. THEY'RE FILMING SOME SCI-FI THING OVER THERE.

SCI-FI?



YEAH, SOME SPACE WEREWOLF THING.

NO...THAT-- THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT.