

# ROGUE

# TROOPER

ONE-SHOT  
SPECIAL EDITION



# ROGUE TROOPER

SCRIPT

**GERRY FINLEY-DAY  
GUY ADAMS**

ART

**DAVE GIBBONS  
DARREN DOUGLAS  
LEE CARTER**

LETTERS

**SIMON BOWLAND  
DAVE GIBBONS**

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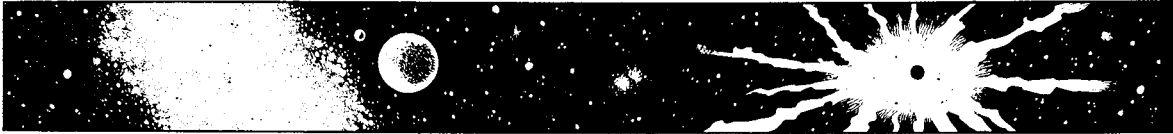


# **ROGUE TROOPER**

**SCRIPT  
GERRY FINLEY-DAY**

**ART  
DAVE GIBBONS**

**LETTERS  
DAVE GIBBONS**



THE PLANET  
NU EARTH.



NU EARTH-- JUST ANOTHER  
BATTLE-GROUND IN A GALAXY-  
WIDE WAR... ITS ATMOSPHERE  
POISONED BY CHEMICAL WEAPONS.



NU EARTH-- A HELLISH SETTING FOR  
NUMBERLESS TALES OF HEROISM AND  
DESPAIR... **THIS** IS THE STORY OF A  
FIGHTING LEGEND, THE **G.I.** KNOWN AS...



# ROGUE TROOPER

REMEMBER  
YOUR **TRAINING**,  
MEN-- KEEP YOUR SUIT-  
PATCHES HANDY AND USE  
THE CHEM-CLOUDS  
FOR COVER WHEN-  
EVER YOU CAN.

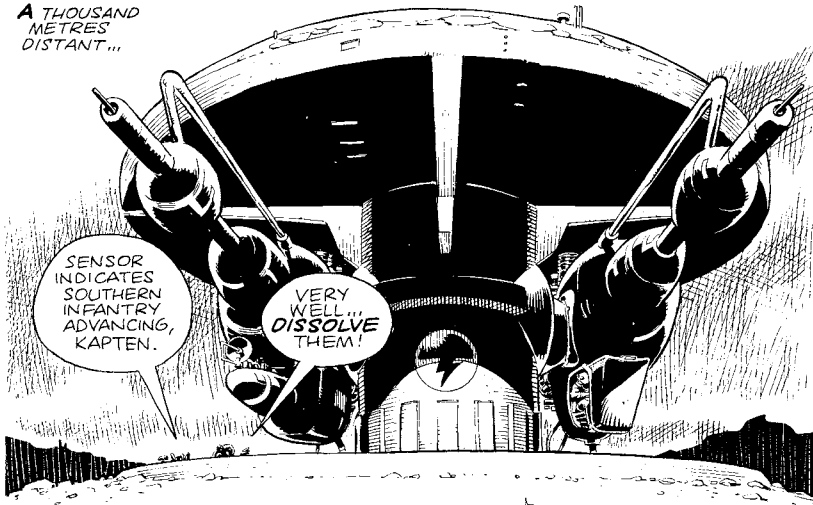
NOW, LET'S  
RIP THOSE  
NORT KILLERS!  
**FORWARD!**



2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
GERRY FINLEY-DAY  
ART ROBOT  
DAVE GIBBONS  
LETTERING ROBOT  
DAVE GIBBONS  
COMPU-73e



A THOUSAND METRES DISTANT...



SENSOR INDICATES SOUTHERN INFANTRY ADVANCING, KAPTEN.

VERY WELL... DISSOLVE THEM!

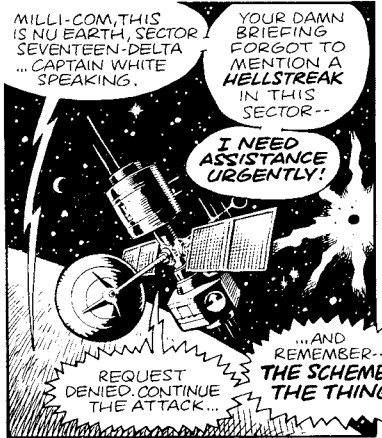


SWEET MERCY, NO! THEY'VE GOT A HELLSTREAK UP THERE!

C-CAPTAIN...WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED!



FALL BACK! SIGNALLER, GET ME MILLI-COM ON THE SPACE-LINK NOW!



MILLI-COM, THIS IS NU EARTH, SECTOR SEVENTEEN-DELTA... CAPTAIN WHITE SPEAKING.

YOUR DAMN BRIEFING FORGOT TO MENTION A HELLSTREAK IN THIS SECTOR--

I NEED ASSISTANCE URGENTLY!

REQUEST DENIED. CONTINUE THE ATTACK...

...AND REMEMBER-- THE SCHEME'S THE THING!

BUT OTHER EARS ARE LISTENING...

HEAR THAT, ROGUE? SOME SOUTHERS HAVE GOT THEMSELVES INTO A MELT-UP JUST NEAR US.

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, ROGUE. WE'VE GOT OUR OWN BUSINESS, REMEMBER?

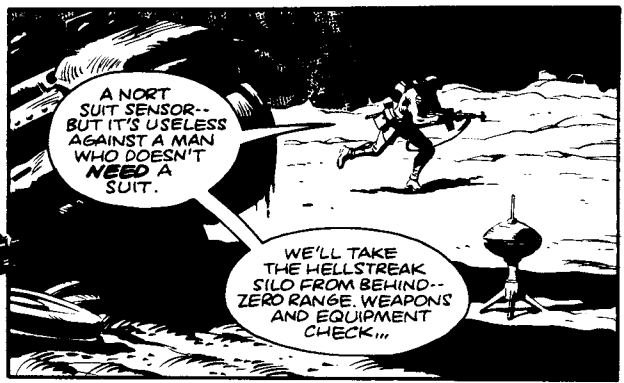
YEAH, LEAVE 'EM, ROGUE!





NO! THAT HELLSTREAK CREW COULD BE OF USE TO US...

WE'RE GOING IN!



A NORT SUIT SENSOR-- BUT IT'S USELESS AGAINST A MAN WHO DOESN'T NEED A SUIT.

WE'LL TAKE THE HELLSTREAK SILO FROM BEHIND-- ZERO RANGE. WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT CHECK...



GUNNAR?

RIFLE'S READY, ROGUE



HELM?

SAME UP HERE, ROGUE.



BAGMAN?

CHECK, ROGUE. LET'S RIP 'EM!



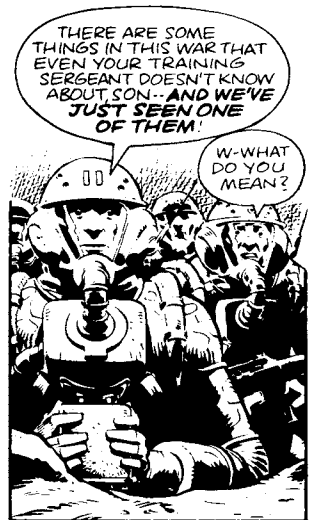
WHAT THE--? LOOKS LIKE A G.I. OUT THERE... HE'S GOING TO ATTACK THE HELLSTREAK!

G.I. CAPTAIN?



GENETIC INFANTRYMAN-- ONE OF AN ELITE SQUAD BIOLOGICALLY ENGINEERED TO OPERATE UNHINDERED ON NU EARTH.

A GENE TROOPER? SOMEONE WHO CAN BREATHE THIS POISON? BUT MY TRAINING SERGEANT SAID THEY WERE ALL WIPED OUT IN THE QUARTZ MASSACRE!



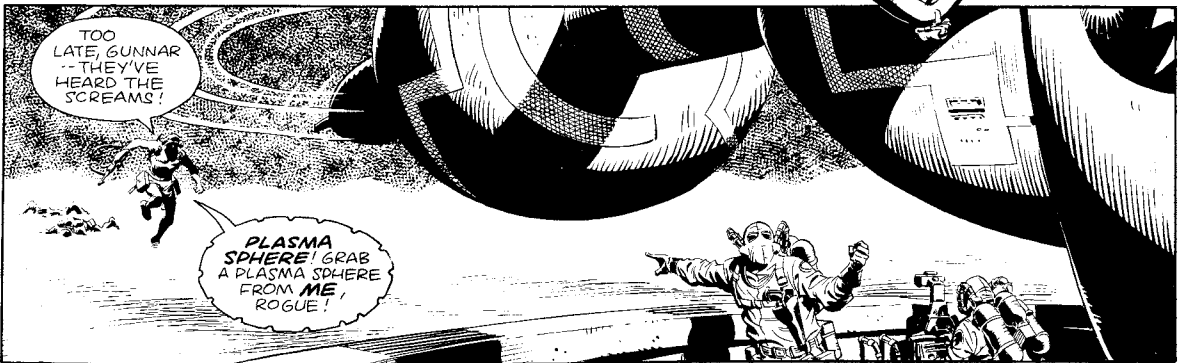
THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN THIS WAR THAT EVEN YOUR TRAINING SERGEANT DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT, SON-- AND WE'VE JUST SEEN ONE OF THEM!

W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?





**HE'S GONE ROGUE!**





NO TIME, BAGMAN--  
GOT TO DO THIS MYSELF  
...GET INSIDE THE  
SILO!

**FIRE!**



**DIE!**

NAIN, FOOL! DON'T  
SHOOT IN HERE  
--USE YOUR  
VIBRO-  
DAGS!



ROGUE!  
WHERE  
ARE YOU,  
DAMMIT?

JUST  
ONE  
CHANCE!



**MY MASK--!**



ROGUE SNATCHED  
UP HIS  
FALLEN  
GUN  
AND...

BEHIND  
YOU, ROGUE  
-- THE  
KAPTEN!





AS THE SCREAMS SUBSIDE...

PITY-- WE WANTED ONE ALIVE.

YEAH-- HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN.

THOUSE SOUTHERS ARE MOVING UP, ROGUE.



THAT G.I. SURE MADE A MESS OF THEM.

BUT I HEARD MORE THAN ONE VOICE, SARGE. WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

THOSE WERE HIS 'DOG-CHIPS' TALKING-- HIS DEAD BUDDIES!



D-DEAD BUDDIES?

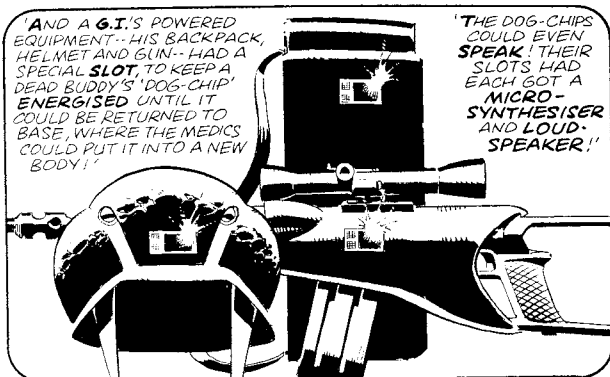
THAT'S RIGHT, KID. WHEN THE G.I.S WERE BIO-ENGINEERED, MILLI-COM CAME UP WITH A WAY OF PROTECTING THEM --EVEN AFTER A FATAL WOUND!

THEY COULD BUILD A NEW BODY ANYTIME, BUT A BRAIN WITH THE TRAINING OF A G.I. WAS TOO VALUABLE TO LOSE.



'SO EACH G.I. HAD A MICRO-CIRCUIT CHIP IMPLANTED IN HIS BRAIN. IF HE WERE TO TAKE A FATAL WOUND HIS BRAIN-PATTERNS WOULD AUTOMATICALLY BE RECORDED ON THE CHIP AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH...'

'...PRESERVING HIS BRAIN EVEN THOUGH HIS BODY HAD CEASED TO FUNCTION!'



THE DOG-CHIPS COULD EVEN SPEAK! THEIR SLOTS HAD EACH GOT A MICRO-SYNTHESISER AND LOUD-SPEAKER!







**ROGUE TROOPER**  
**DREGS OF WAR**

**SCRIPT**  
**GUY ADAMS**

**ART**  
**DARREN DOUGLAS**

**LETTERS**  
**SIMON BOWLAND**



NO ONE WANTS TO DIE.



THOUGH SOMETIMES, IN WAR, THE ALTERNATIVE IS AS HARD TO BEAR.



IN DEATH THERE SHOULD AT LEAST BE PEACE.



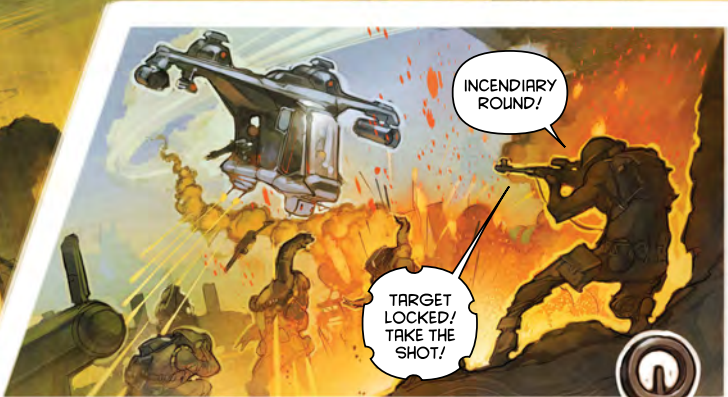
BUT FOR SOME OF US...







...DEATH IS NOT THE END.



INCENDIARY ROUND!

TARGET LOCKED!  
TAKE THE SHOT!







UHHH...



HE'S BEYOND HELP, ROGUE. LEAVE HIM.

2

YOU'RE ALL HEART, GUNNAR.

1



THE G.I... ALWAYS WONDERED IF I'D...

YOU S-SHOULD GET MOVING. THIS SECTOR ISN'T SAFE.

WHERE IS?

NO...BUT HERE... WE'VE H-HEARD REPORTS...THERE ARE...THINGS...



HE'S GONE.

"REPORTS"...? "

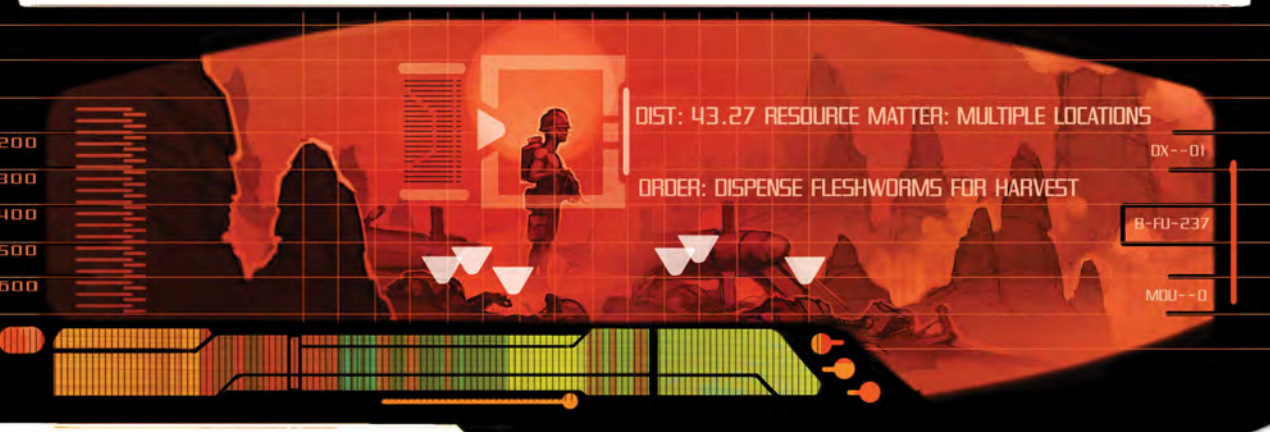
DON'T GET DISTRACTED. WE ALREADY HAVE OUR MISSION.



I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE WALKING INTO.

HELL. LIKE ALWAYS.

1



DIST: 43.27 RESOURCE MATTER: MULTIPLE LOCATIONS

DX--01

ORDER: DISPENSE FLESHWORMS FOR HARVEST

B-FU-237

MOU--0





1

HARVESTING  
THE DEAD. NEVER  
SITS RIGHT.

SUPPLIES ARE  
AT AN ALL-TIME  
LOW. I'LL TAKE  
ANYTHING WE  
CAN FIND.

3



DAMN--!

THEY'RE  
EVERYWHERE!

1

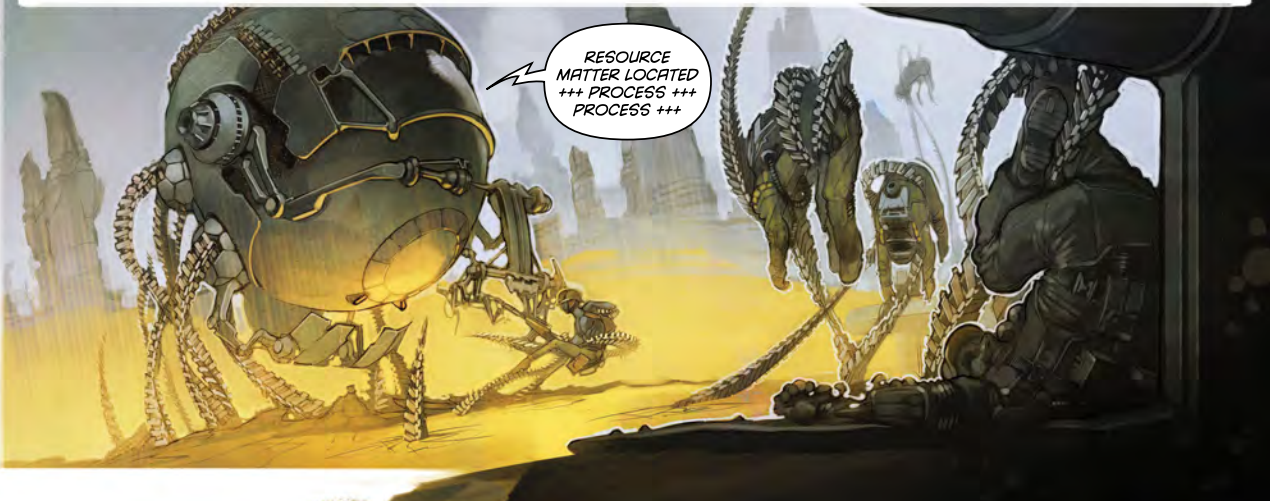


BUT WHAT  
ARE THEY?  
I NEED A  
TARGET!

2



RESOURCE  
MATTER LOCATED  
+++ PROCESS +++  
PROCESS +++





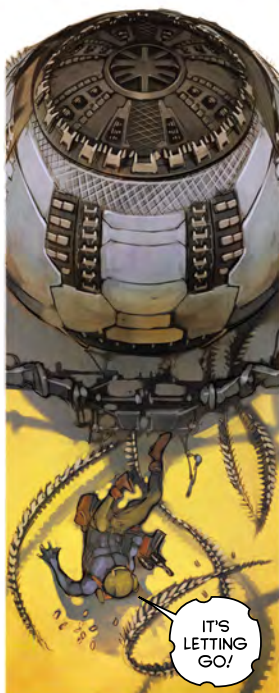


PROCESS THIS!



ROGUE MATTER +++  
ROGUE MATTER +++  
INCOMPATIBLE FOR  
PROCESSING +++

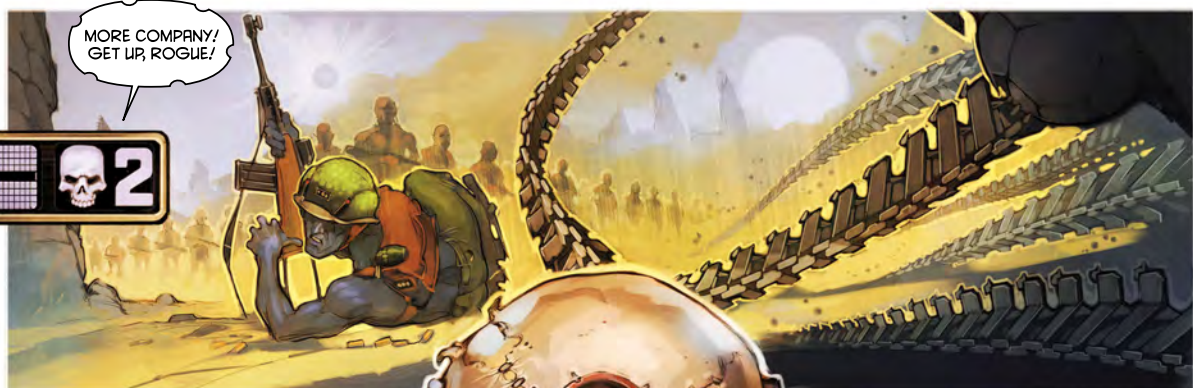
ANTI-  
VELOCITY  
SHIELD!



IT'S  
LETTING  
GO!



\*ROGUE  
MATTER\* YOU  
GOT *THAT*  
RIGHT!



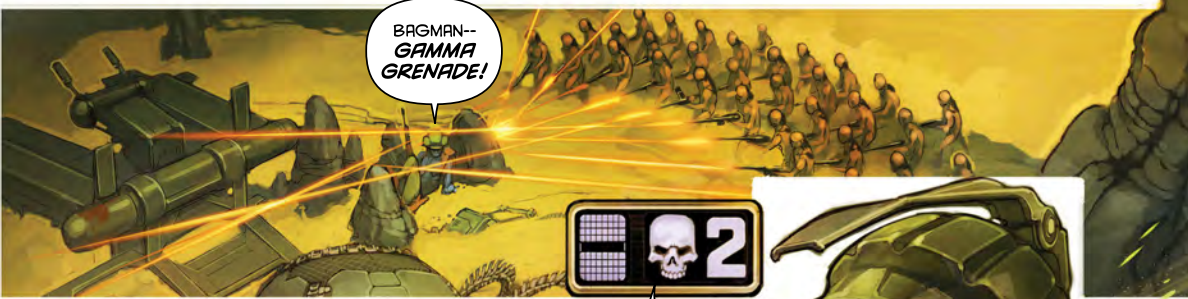
MORE COMPANY!  
GET UP, ROGUE!











BAGMAN--  
GAMMA  
GRENADE!



YEAH! I'D LIKE TO  
SEE THEM KEEP WALKING  
ONCE THEIR LEGS ARE  
NOTHING BUT DUST!



+++ PROCESS COMPLETE  
+++ PROCESS COMPLETE  
+++ REINFORCEMENT  
DRONES ENGAGE +++

+++ ERADICATE  
ROGUE  
MATTER +++

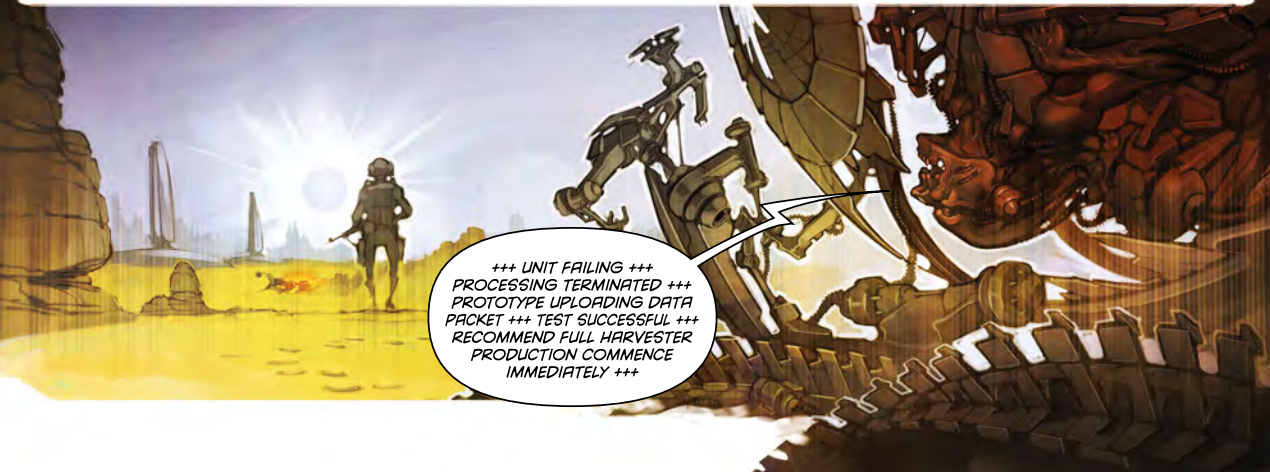


ANOTHER  
GRENADE!

WE'RE OUT!  
I TOLD YOU  
MY SUPPLIES  
WERE LOW!











**ROGUE TROOPER**  
**THE FEAST**

**SCRIPT**  
**GUY ADAMS**

**ART**  
**LEE CARTER**

**LETTERS**  
**SIMON BOWLAND**





SO...YOU  
THINK HE DIED  
PEACEFULLY?



WOUNDS  
LOOK SELF-  
INFLECTED.  
GAS  
ATTACK?

IF IT WAS IT'S  
DISSIPATED. AIR'S THE  
USUAL LETHAL SOUP  
BUT I'M NOT PICKING  
UP ANYTHING NEW.



DEAD  
AND  
PROUD.



WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING, ROGUE?  
IF WE STOPPED TO  
DEAL WITH EVERY  
CORPSE WE FOUND  
WE'D NEVER GET  
ANYWHERE--

JUST LYING  
HIM STRAIGHT.  
A COUPLE OF  
SECONDS FOR  
SOME DIGNITY.



ROGUE?  
YOU OK?

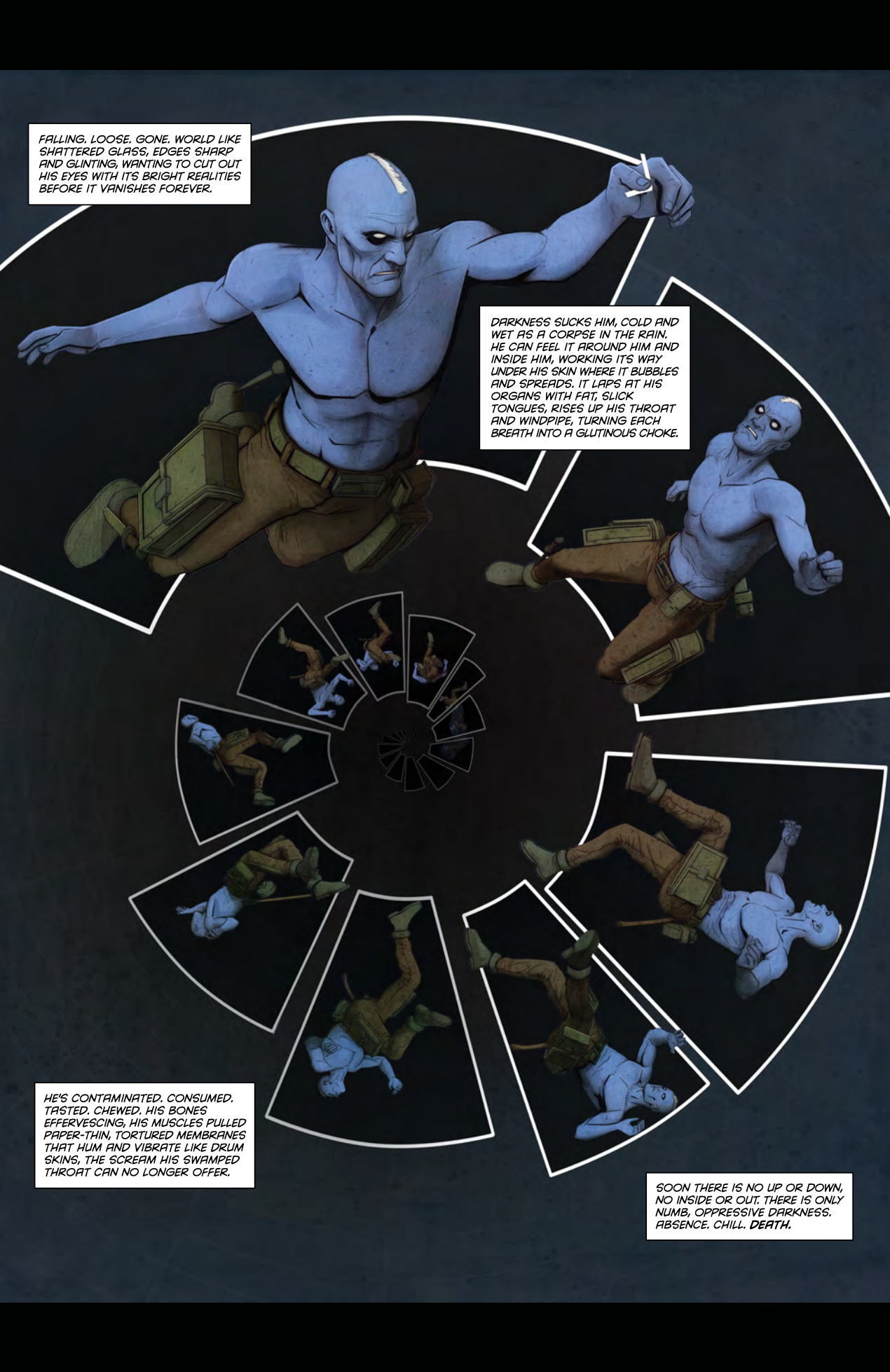
I  
DON'T KNOW...  
EXHAUSTED...

HIT ME  
IN A WAVE...  
CAN'T...



**ROGUE!**





FALLING. LOOSE. GONE. WORLD LIKE SHATTERED GLASS, EDGES SHARP AND GLINTING, WANTING TO CUT OUT HIS EYES WITH ITS BRIGHT REALITIES BEFORE IT VANISHES FOREVER.

DARKNESS SUCKS HIM, COLD AND WET AS A CORPSE IN THE RAIN. HE CAN FEEL IT AROUND HIM AND INSIDE HIM, WORKING ITS WAY UNDER HIS SKIN WHERE IT BUBBLES AND SPREADS. IT LAPS AT HIS ORGANS WITH FAT, SLICK TONGUES, RISES UP HIS THROAT AND WINDPIPE, TURNING EACH BREATH INTO A GLUTINOUS CHOKE.

HE'S CONTAMINATED. CONSUMED. TASTED. CHEWED. HIS BONES EFFERVESCING, HIS MUSCLES PULLED PAPER-THIN, TORTURED MEMBRANES THAT HUM AND VIBRATE LIKE DRUM SKINS, THE SCREAM HIS SWAMPED THROAT CAN NO LONGER OFFER.

SOON THERE IS NO UP OR DOWN, NO INSIDE OR OUT. THERE IS ONLY NUMB, OPPRESSIVE DARKNESS. ABSENCE. CHILL. DEATH.



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

FINALLY, THERE IS SOLID GROUND TO FALL ON TO, THE DARKNESS SLOWLY LEAVING HIS BODY. HE FEELS EMPTY WITHOUT IT, HOLLOWED OUT AND RUINED.



RUNNING SCAN.

HE CAN HEAR SOUNDS. CHATTERING. SOMETHING HEAVY DRAGGING ITSELF ACROSS A DIRT FLOOR. VOICES TALKING ABOUT HIM.



HE WONDERS IF THEY'RE DREAMS, OR MAYBE GHOSTS.



HIS HANDS... HE TOUCHED THE DEAD MAN. CONTACT POISON.

GOT TO PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER. THINK LIKE A SOLDIER. THE PARALYSING SENSATION THAT'S HOLDING HIM BACK IS THE BEST WEAPON AN ENEMY CAN HAVE: FEAR. IT'S NOT A SENSATION HE'S EXPERIENCED OFTEN ENOUGH TO IMMEDIATELY RECOGNISE.



I KNEW HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT WELL ALONE. I TOLD HIM!

HE CAN FEEL THINGS IN THE DARKNESS AROUND HIM, THE AIR SHIFTING IN THE WAKE OF GIANTS UNSEEN.



YOU'RE NOT HELPING, GUNNAR.

THE VOICES CONTINUE, RATTLING AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. THEN ANOTHER, LOUDER, MORE REAL--



COME.

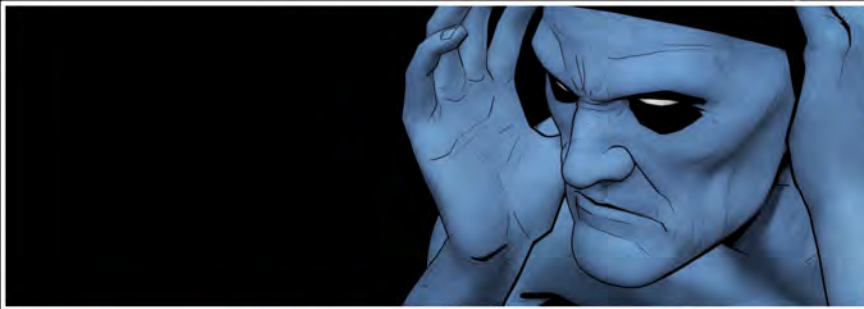




THAT'S IT, BRING YOUR FRIENDS. THE IDEALIST DESERTER AND HIS FRIENDLY, BUZZING GHOSTS.

3

HIS LIFE-SIGNS ARE DROPPING LIKE A STONE.



2

SO DO SOMETHING!



THEIR GRAVEYARD CHATTER KEEPS YOU COMPANY ON THE BATTLEFIELD, DOESN'T IT? THE THREE FRIENDS YOU DIDN'T QUITE LOSE.

3

I'M TRYING...



THE RATTLE OF THEIR EMPTY BONES MAKES IT FEEL LIKE YOU'RE NOT ALONE AS YOU WADE THROUGH MY GARDEN OF BARBED WIRE AND ROT.

1

HE'S... HE'S DYING, ISN'T HE?



THIS WAY. THAT'S RIGHT. COME AND SEE ME. LET'S TALK FACE TO FACE.

2

HE CAN'T DIE! IF HE CLOCKS OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO US?





TRUST YOU TO THINK ABOUT YOURSELF FIRST...



WELCOME! PULL UP A CHAIR. I'LL GET TO YOU IN A MINUTE.



LIKE YOU WEREN'T THINKING IT! WITHOUT *ROGUE* WE'RE JUST RUST WAITING TO HAPPEN.



IS...IS THAT YOU, KAPTEN? SHELL-FIRE, BRIGHT LIGHT, CAN'T SEE...IT'LL CLEAR IN A MINUTE. KAPTEN?



SHUT UP, YOU TWO, I'M TRYING TO THINK...



DO IGNORE THE LARDER, TROOPER. IT GETS CHATTY WHILE IT WAITS FOR MY ATTENTION.



CAN YOU BOOST HIS *AUTO-IMMUNE SYSTEM*?



NEARLY DONE. SOON BE YOUR TURN.



INJECTING NOW...



DON'T BE SILLY, YOU CAN'T KILL ME. THOSE FINGERS AREN'T EVEN LOADED.





THIS IS ALL ME. EVERY PIT, EVERY TRENCH, EVERY BLOSSOMING CORPSE FLOWER, RIBCAGES CULTIVATING WEEDS, PLANTING LEAFY KISSES ON WET, EXPOSED BONE.

Grid icon, skull icon, and the number 2.

HE'S BURNING UP! MUSCLES CRAMPING--



I AM THE LASER FIRE THAT SCALDS, THE BULLET IN YOUR BACK, THE KNIFE IN YOUR RIBS, THE GAS THAT BURNS IN YOUR THROAT.

I'M THE GOD OF WAR, THE VIRUS THAT THRIVES, AND MY HUNGER NEVER, EVER ENDS.

Grid icon, skull icon, and the number 3.

I GAVE HIM MORE THAN THE RECOMMENDED DOSE. A LOT MORE...



A NEW DELICACY! WHAT WILL YOU TASTE LIKE, I WONDER? DELICIOUS, I'M SURE. I ALWAYS DID LIKE MY STEAK BLUE.

Grid icon, skull icon, and the number 1.

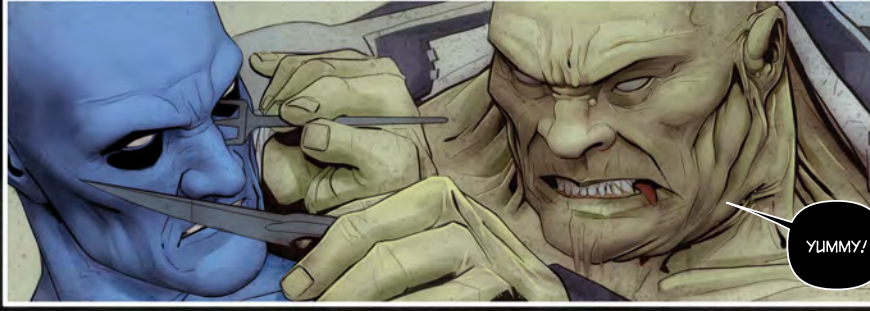
YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM!



ALL ABOARD! ROOM FOR ONE MORE ON TOP!

Grid icon, skull icon, and the number 3.

OR SAVED HIM. ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

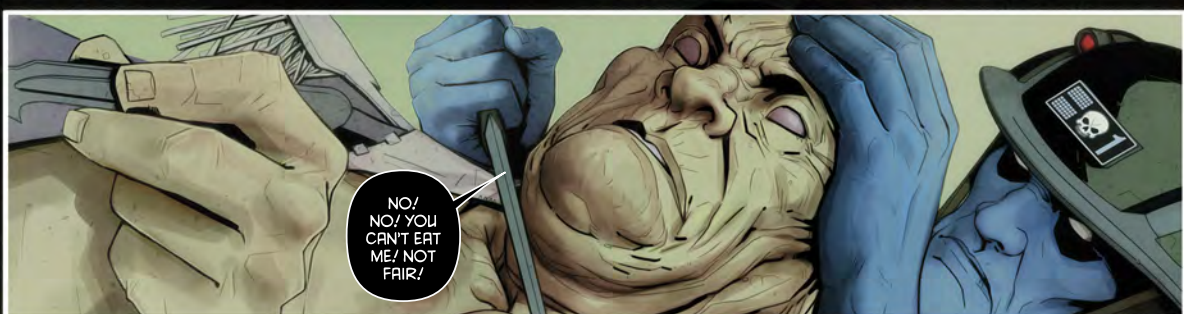


YUMMY!

Grid icon, skull icon, and the number 2.

CAN'T YOU STOP HIM SCREAMING? HE'S FRYING MY SENSORS...









HNNN!



ROGUE!  
I KNEW  
YOU'D PULL  
THROUGH.

SHUT  
UP, BOTH OF  
YOU. GIVE HIM  
A MINUTE.

OF COURSE  
YOU DID.



YUMMY.



YUMMY?

NOTHING.  
HALLUCINATION.  
FORGET IT.



LET'S GO.





**ROGUE TROOPER**  
**THE DEATH OF A DEMON**

**SCRIPT**  
**GUY ADAMS**


**ART**  
**DARREN DOUGLAS**

**LETTERS**  
**SIMON BOWLAND**



SENTRY  
PATROL...  
DON'T YOU  
JUST HATE IT?

NOT WHEN  
I HAVE SUCH  
CHEERFUL  
COMPANY.



WELL, WHAT DO YOU  
EXPECT, MARCHING  
THE PERIMETER FOR  
TWO HOURS. MAKES  
YOU SICK. YOU KNOW  
WHAT WE'RE FOR?

IT'S NOT  
COMPLICATED.  
WE'RE KEEPING  
'EM PEELED FOR  
NORTS.



ANY NORT AMBUSH WORTH  
THEIR STRIPES IS WATCHING  
US ALREADY. WE'RE THE  
*EARLY WARNING SYSTEM*,  
THAT'S ALL.

SARGE JUST HOPES  
WE SCREAM LOUD  
ENOUGH WHEN WE'RE  
SHOT TO ALERT THE  
REST OF THE CAMP.

WAIT,  
WHAT'S  
THAT...?



I WOULDN'T  
TOUCH IT IF I WERE  
YOU. WHATEVER IT IS.  
PROBABLY BLOW  
YOUR HANDS OFF.



IT'S A  
CAMERA.

WATCH  
ME.





HE...HE CAME OUT OF THE FOG. THEY WARN YOU ABOUT HIM, THOSE THAT HAVE SEEN HIM AND LIVED. THOSE FEW.

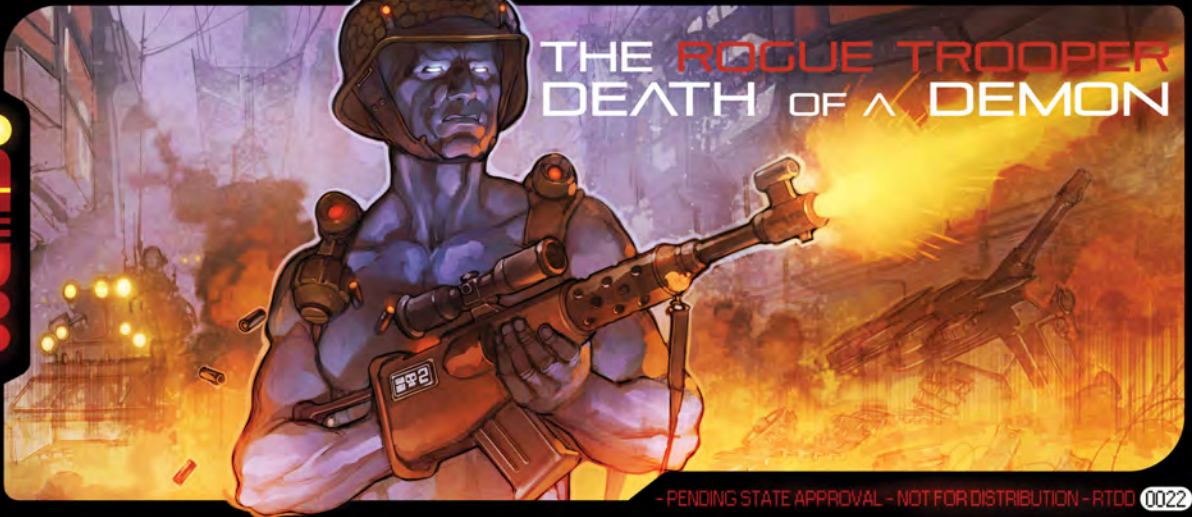
HIS EYES... BLANK, NO IRISES, NO PUPILS...JUST WHITE...EMPTY...LIKE THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE. NO SOUL.

HIS SKIN...RAIN SLIDES OFF IT, AS IF IT'S WAXY. SO ALIEN. INHUMAN. MONSTROUS.

HE'S... HE'S...

SC. 1. INT. BARRACKS

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0042



THE ROGUE TROOPER  
DEATH OF A DEMON

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0022



THE GENETIC INFANTRYMAN--A PRODUCT OF TWISTED, IMMORAL EXPERIMENTS. A MONSTER. A HEARTLESS ABOMINATION THAT PROVES THE DARK SOUL OF THE ENEMY OUR NOBLE TROOPS FACE.

SC.3 EXT. NU EARTH

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0032



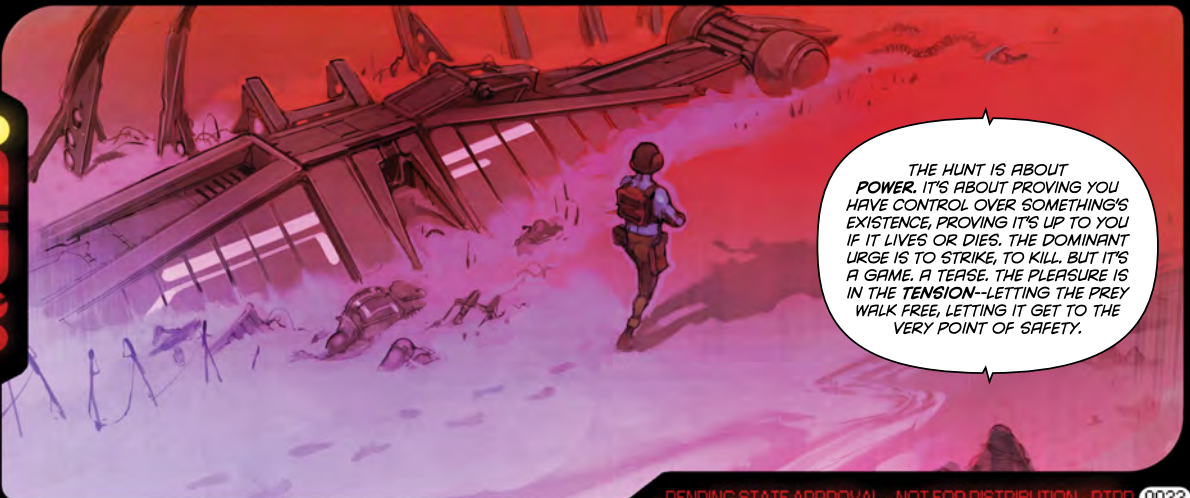


A HEARTLESS  
ABOMINATION THAT  
DIES TODAY...

BEFORE THE WAR, MY  
REPUTATION AS A HUNTER  
WAS UNRIVALLED, MY KILLS  
BEYOND COUNT. THIS BEATS  
THEM ALL. THIS IS THE DAY  
THAT I BAG THE MOST  
LETHAL ANIMAL I HAVE EVER  
HAD IN MY SIGHTS.

COMMANDANT SHLITZ - SNIPER AND WAR HERO

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0065



THE HUNT IS ABOUT  
POWER. IT'S ABOUT PROVING YOU  
HAVE CONTROL OVER SOMETHING'S  
EXISTENCE, PROVING IT'S UP TO YOU  
IF IT LIVES OR DIES. THE DOMINANT  
URGE IS TO STRIKE, TO KILL, BUT IT'S  
A GAME. A TEASE, THE PLEASURE IS  
IN THE TENSION—LETTING THE PREY  
WALK FREE, LETTING IT GET TO THE  
VERY POINT OF SAFETY.

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AND THEN  
SNATCHING  
THAT SAFETY  
AWAY.

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- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0032





NO. YOUR KILLING IS DONE.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDD 0065



YOU'VE HAUNTED THESE BATTLEFIELDS FOR TOO LONG, STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIERS. GOOD MEN. MEN YOU TORTURED, SLAUGHTERED, DEBASED...

YOU DON'T DESERVE A QUICK DEATH. YOU SHOULD SUFFER, JUST AS THEY SUFFERED. BUT WE'RE BETTER THAN YOU.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDD 0052



WE'RE NOT MONSTERS.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDD 0032






IT'S DONE!  
YOU KILLED HIM! THE  
DEMON INFANTRYMEN  
IS GONE!

YES.  
YES, HE'S  
GONE.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0065




IT LEAVES YOU FEELING  
EMPTY, THE KILL. BUT IT'S A  
GREAT THING WE ACHIEVED TODAY  
AND I'M PROUD. I'M PROUD THAT  
OUR MEN CAN ONCE MORE MARCH  
THESE DAMNED, BARREN WASTES  
SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE  
ABOMINATION HAS GONE. THEY  
CAN FIGHT ON WITH HONOUR, WITH  
THE BRAVERY THEY HOLD IN  
THEIR HEARTS.

I CANNOT BRING  
BACK THEIR COMRADES  
BUT I COULD AT LEAST  
AVENGE THEM. THIS IS  
THE TURNING POINT...

COMMANDANT SHLITZ - THE MAN WHO KILLED THE DEMON

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0052



...FROM THIS DAY  
FORWARD, OUR  
FORCES CAN FIGHT  
WITH RENEWED--

OH...

KEEP FILMING  
OR I'LL PUT  
A BULLET IN  
YOUR BACK.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0342





KEEP MOVING, ALL OF YOU...

THAT INCLUDES YOU, HANDSOME. **MOVE!**

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OF ALL THE WEAPONS OF WAR, A CAMERA'S THE BEST, THE MOST POWERFUL.

BOMBS? GAS? THEY'VE GOT NOTHING ON PROPAGANDA. ON IDEAS.

WHO...?

TURN AROUND.

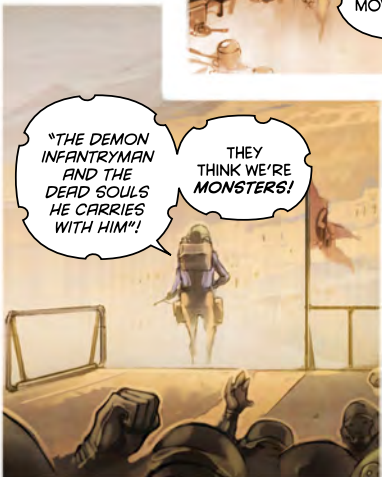
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TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!

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**THE END**



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