

CHAPTER ONE

Great Falls, Montana.
One year ago.

"GET AWAY FROM HER!"

"TOLLIVER!"

YOU'RE AN ABOMINATION!

WITCH!

GET TO THE TRUCK, HARPER.
RUN!

SHE'S A FREAK!

EVIL! SHE'S EVIL!

THWACK

AH!





Sarne, Arkansas.
The present.



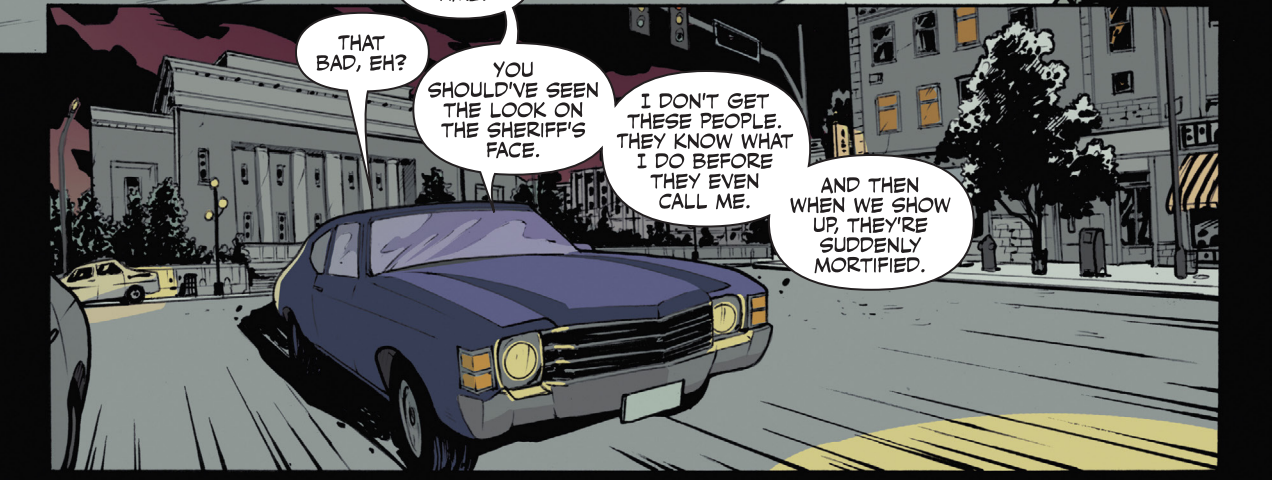
COMING
HERE WAS A
WASTE OF
TIME.

THAT
BAD, EH?

YOU
SHOULD'VE
SEEN
THE LOOK ON
THE SHERIFF'S
FACE.

I DON'T GET
THESE PEOPLE.
THEY KNOW WHAT
I DO BEFORE
THEY EVEN
CALL ME.

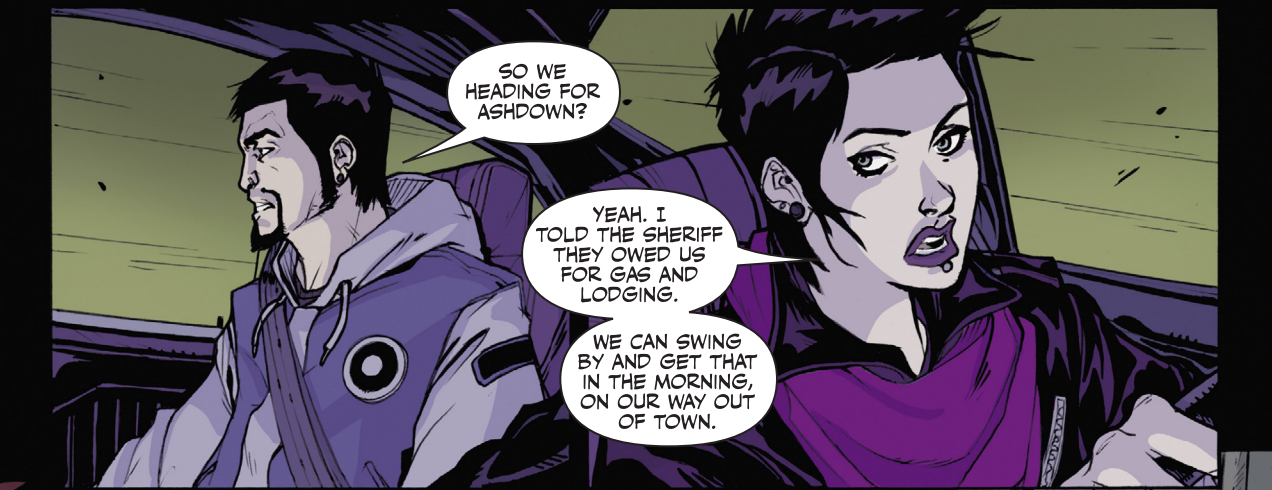
AND THEN
WHEN WE SHOW
UP, THEY'RE
SUDDENLY
MORTIFIED.



SO WE
HEADING FOR
ASHDOWN?

YEAH. I
TOLD THE SHERIFF
THEY OWED US
FOR GAS AND
LODGING.

WE CAN SWING
BY AND GET THAT
IN THE MORNING,
ON OUR WAY OUT
OF TOWN.



HOPEFULLY
THEY'LL PAY
UP.

WE'LL
SEE.

THEY KNOW THE
AGREEMENT.





RECENT?

VERY.



They want to be found, you know.

Especially the ones like this, lying out in some empty field.



Forgotten, abandoned.



IN THE RUINS, OVER THERE.



WANT ME TO GO CHECK?

NO, I'LL CALL SHERIFF BRANSCOM AND THEN WE CAN HEAD BACK TO THE HOTEL.