


COIL



The Other Side of Tomorrow

by ANGELA GUYTON
and JASON CHESTNUT




I MUST BE DEAD
BECAUSE I CAN'T
FEEL A THING.

I COULD BE DREAMING,
BUT I CAN'T MAKE
MYSELF WAKE UP.

NUMBNESS...
NO, MORE LIKE
PINS AND NEEDLES.

IT FEELS LIKE MY ARMS
HAVE NEVER BEEN USED...


WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO ME?



WHAT DID I DO
LAST NIGHT?


WHERE THE
HELL AM I?

IS THIS WHAT **AMNESIA**
FEELS LIKE?



NO, NOT AMNESIA-
JUST DISORIENTED.

I DON'T RECOGNIZE
THIS PLACE, BUT I
KNOW WHO I AM.




I KNOW MY NAME IS
WILLIAM, WILLIAM SLATER.
I WORK FOR THE
GOVERNMENT.

AT LEAST I USED TO...
I WAS TRANSFERRED... NO,
RECRUITED. WHAT WAS THE
NAME OF THAT PROGRAM?

BIO-SOMETHING

WAS I EXPERIMENTED ON?
WHY WOULD THEY JUST
DUMP ME HERE?

I JUST NEED TO CLEAR MY
HEAD, NEED A SHOWER AND
A HOT CUP OF COFFEE.



OH MY
GOD.



WHO
THE HELL?
THIS IS **NOT**
MY FACE!

WHAT DID THEY DO TO
ME? THEY CHANGED
MY FACE?

WHY ISN'T MY FACE
WRAPPED UP OR SORE?
WAS I OUT FOR
THAT LONG?

NO, WAIT... THESE AREN'T
MY HANDS... **CHRIST**, THIS
ISN'T EVEN MY BODY!!

HOW DID THIS
HAPPEN?!

REMEMBER DAMMIT
REMEMBER!!!

BILLY...
OH, BILLY...
WAKE UP,
BOY.

W-WHO...
WHO'S THERE?

AREN'T YOU
GOOD FO' ANYTHING
BOY? THAT'S **MY** BODY
YOU'S TRESPASSIN'
IN! DON'T YOU
REMEMBER?

YOU WERE GONNA
PLAY ME LIKE A PUPPET
TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!
I KNOW IT AND YOU KNOW
IT, BECAUSE WE BOTH IN
THE SAME BRAIN **AND**
THE SAME BODY!

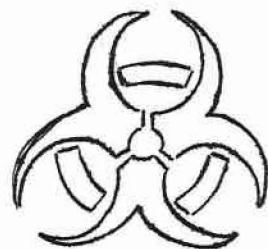
WHO...
MY GOD...I'M
STARTING TO...
DEAR GOD...

JUST WHEN YOU GET
TO HELL, THE DEVIL
IS THERE TO GREET YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT
BOY. I KNOW WHAT
THOSE BOSSES OF
YOURS HAD PLANNED.

YOU WERE GONNA
JUMP INTO MY BODY WITH
ALL YOUR TECHNO-BULLSHIT
AND USE ME TO DO SOME
DIRTY DEED. WHO'S
GONNA CARE
ANYWAY?

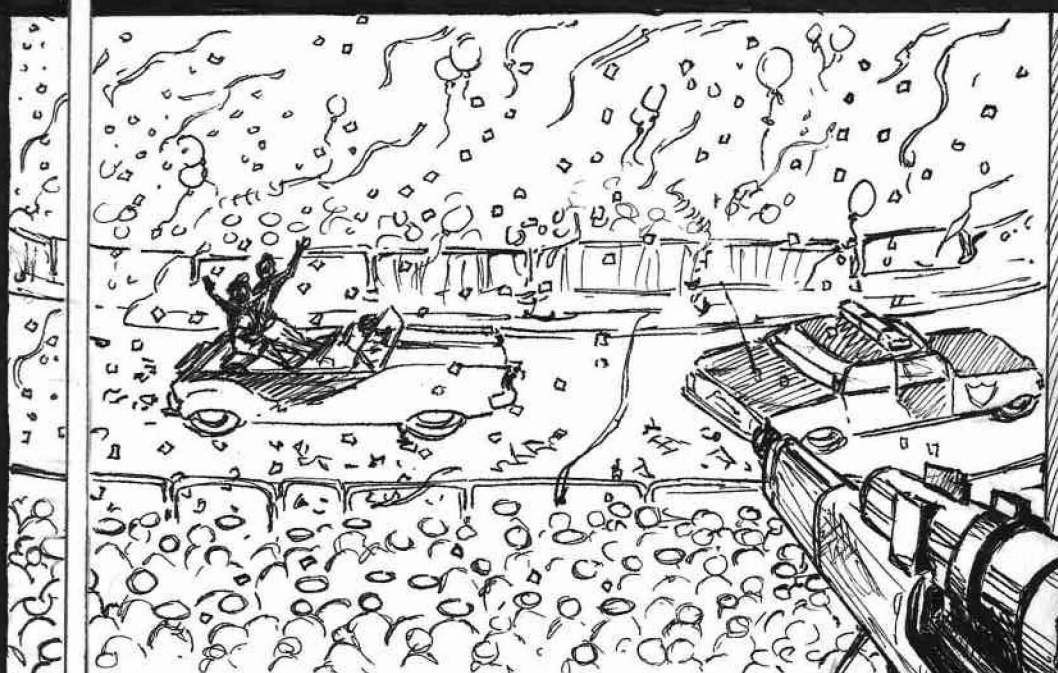
THE BI-OPS PROGRAM.
I REMEMBER NOW.
I WAS RECRUITED TO
BE A "JUMPER".



I'M
ALREADY A
CONVICTED
KILLER OF
MEN...

BIOLOGICAL INTEGRATED
OPERATIONAL POSSESSION
SYSTEM. WE USE A HIGHLY
ADVANCED MENTAL UPLINK
SYSTEM TO "INVADE"
OTHER PEOPLE'S MINDS...

...AND USE THEIR BODIES
FOR THINGS WE DON'T
WANT TO GET CAUGHT
FOR...



... ASSASSINATIONS,
KIDNAPPINGS...



AND THIS SOUNDS LIKE A NOBLE ENDEVOUR TO YOU?

WE WERE QUELLING DISPUTES OVERSEAS, TAKING OUT OVER-ZEALOUS FOREIGN LEADERS, SNAPPING THE SPINE OF TERRORIST ORGANIZATIONS.



WE WEREN'T KILLING INNOCENT PEOPLE OR KIDNAPPING CHILDREN.

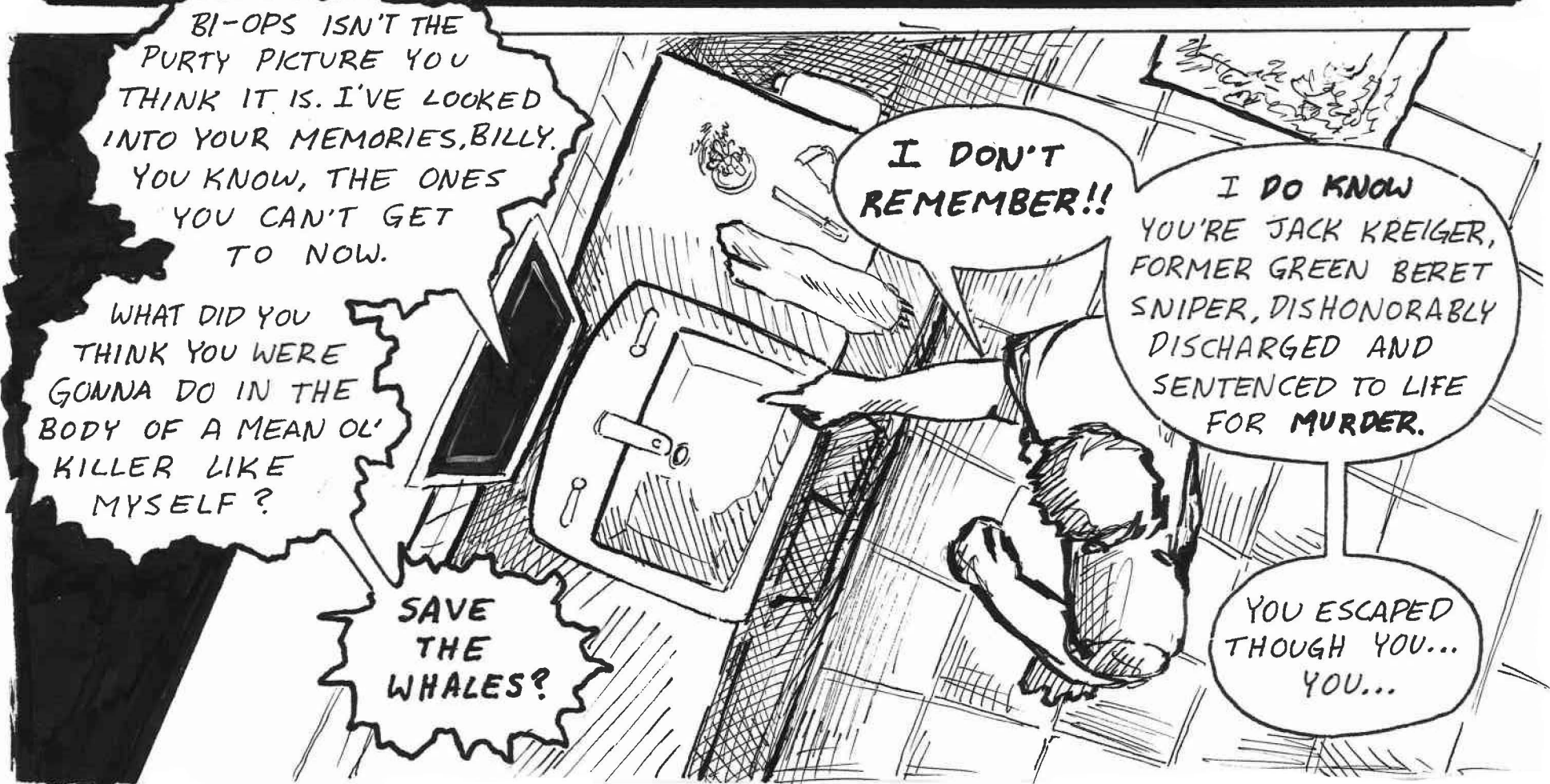


OH, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT BILLY-BOY?

YES. THAT'S WHAT I WAS TOLD IN TRAINING.

COME ON NOW BILLY—YOU KNOW MORE THAN THAT. I KNOW YOU DO. WE'RE SHARING THE SAME BRAIN, AFTERALL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.



BI-OPS ISN'T THE PURTY PICTURE YOU THINK IT IS. I'VE LOOKED INTO YOUR MEMORIES, BILLY. YOU KNOW, THE ONES YOU CAN'T GET TO NOW.

WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GONNA DO IN THE BODY OF A MEAN OL' KILLER LIKE MYSELF?

SAVE THE WHALES?

I DON'T REMEMBER!!

I DO KNOW YOU'RE JACK KREIGER, FORMER GREEN BERET SNIPER, DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED AND SENTENCED TO LIFE FOR MURDER.

YOU ESCAPED THOUGH YOU... YOU...



GO ON BOY,
SPILL IT.

YOU... KILLED OVER
TWENTY-SEVEN
INNOCENT PEOPLE...

...AND NOT JUST
WITH A HIGH
POWERED RIFLE—
UP CLOSE...

...IN A VARIETY.



THERE MUST
BE A REASON
FOR THIS.

SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT.

I SHOULD BE
IN CONTROL. I
SHOULD BE ABLE
TO JUMP BACK
AT ANY TIME.

YOU SHOULD
NOT BE AWARE
OF ME. YOU
SHOULD BE...




I'VE
GOTTA GET
OUT OF
HERE.

DREAMING?!
MY MIND REPRESSED
TO THE CORNER OF
MY SKULL SO YOU CAN
WALK AROUND AND
PRETEND TO
BE ME?

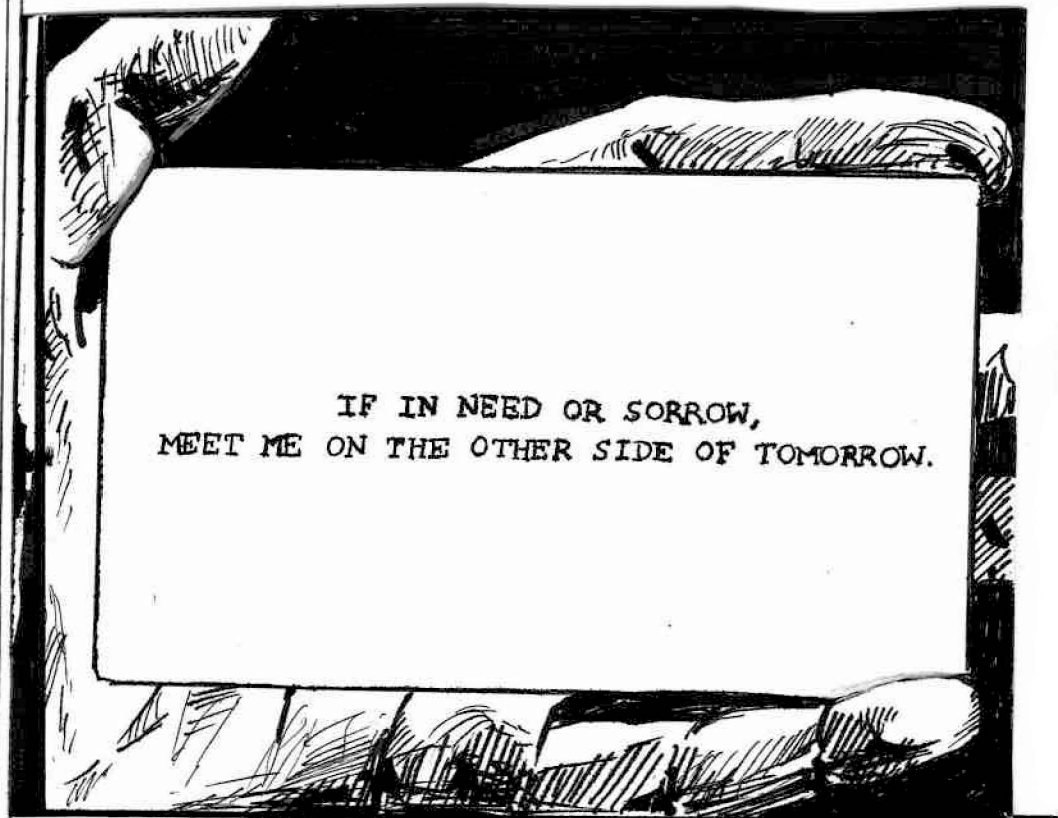
WELL,
I'M
AFRAID THAT
AIN'T GONNA
HAPPEN!






WHAT'S
THIS?

Ent
H...
W...



IF IN NEED OR SORROW,
MEET ME ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW.



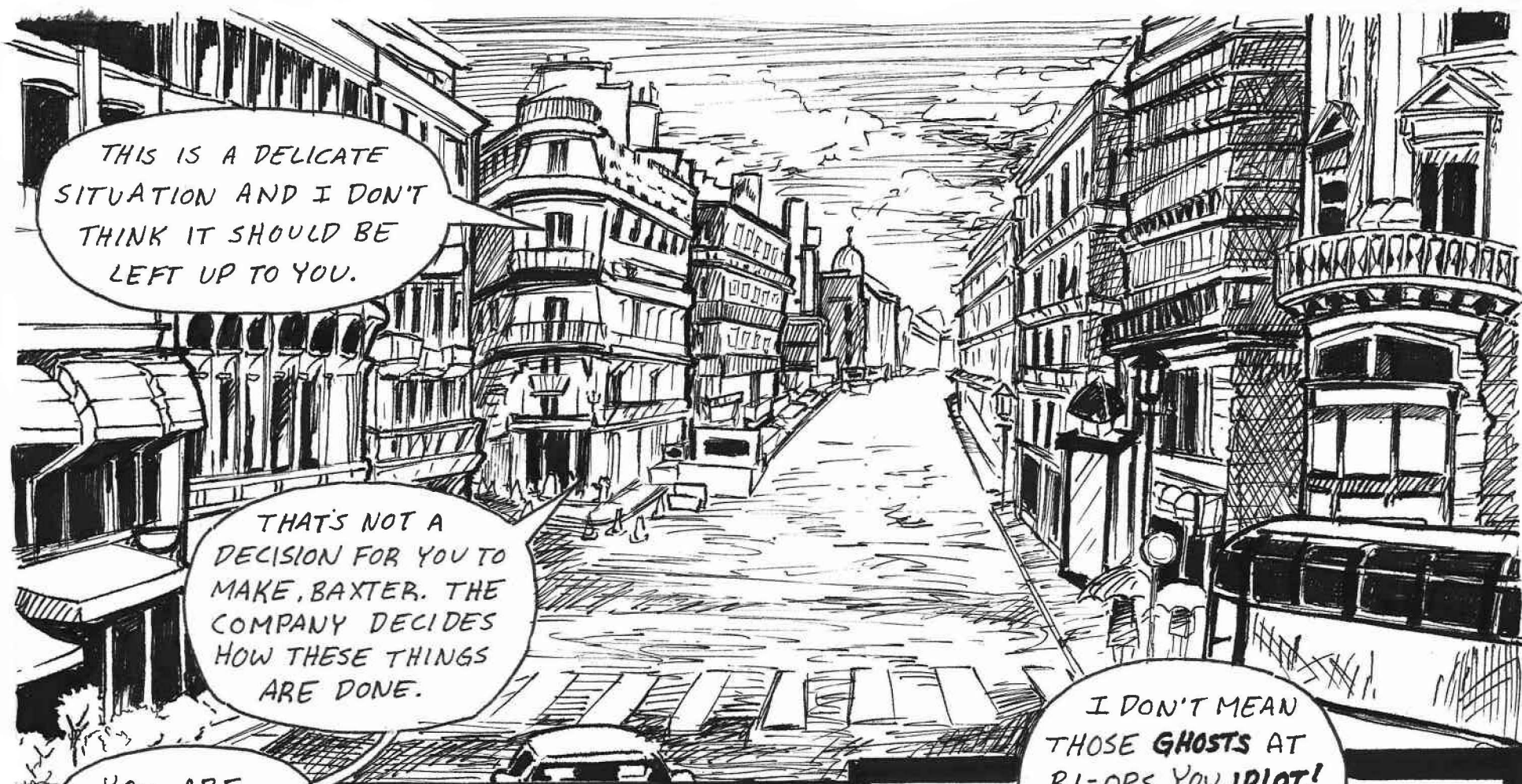
WHAT DO YOU
SEE WHEN YOU LOOK
INTO MY MIND?



OH CHRIST...
NO--STOP...



T'HOUGHT SO.



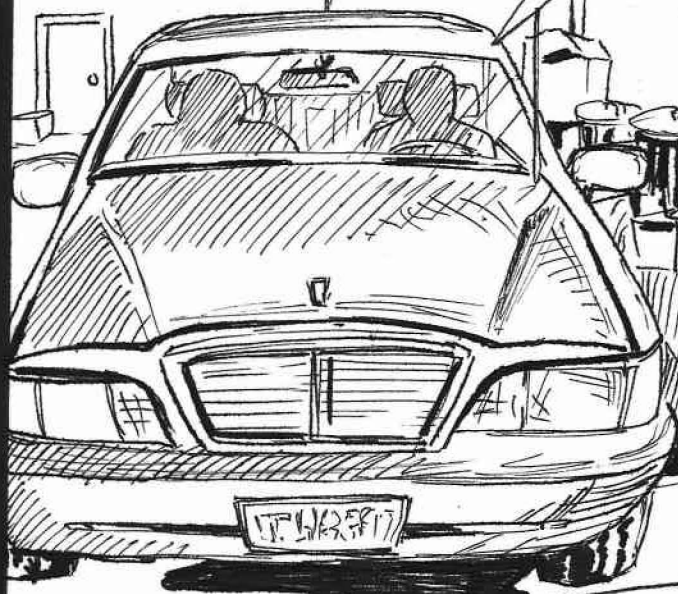
THIS IS A DELICATE SITUATION AND I DON'T THINK IT SHOULD BE LEFT UP TO YOU.

THAT'S NOT A DECISION FOR YOU TO MAKE, BAXTER. THE COMPANY DECIDES HOW THESE THINGS ARE DONE.

YOU ARE JUST HERE FOR TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE.

WE DON'T WORK FOR THE COMPANY, HORACE, WE...

DEAD END



IF EVERYTHING GOES TO PLAN, WE'LL HAVE SLATER AND THE KEY BY THE END OF THE DAY.




BUT, WHAT IF THE BI-OPS PEOPLE GET TO HIM FIRST?



I DON'T MEAN THOSE **GHOSTS** AT BI-OPS, YOU **IDIOT!** I MEAN THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!

OK, OK, **SORRY.** AREN'T WE TOUCHY?





THEY WON'T.
THEY KNOW AS WELL AS
WE DO HOW DELICATE
THIS SITUATION IS.

OR RATHER,
"STATES" OF MIND. AS A
RESULT OF THE ACCIDENT
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT
KIND OF POSSIBILITIES WE
ARE LOOKING AT HERE.

HE COULD
BE COMPLETELY
INSANE OR...

WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT INORDINATE
AMOUNTS OF STRESS WILL
DO TO HIS CURRENT
STATE OF MIND.

GOD-LIKE.

WITH A PERSONALITY
AS STRONG AS KREIGER'S
IT MAY ONLY BE A MATTER
OF TIME BEFORE HE TAKES
OVER AND REPRESSES
SLATER.

YEAH, I
READ THE LIST OF
THEORIES. HE COULD
ALSO BE SPLIT DOWN
THE MIDDLE.

IN WHICH CASE
WE MAY NEVER GET
TO THE KEY.

WAIT, I
THINK I SEE
HIM COMING
OUT.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT. LET'S JUST
WAIT AND ASSESS THE
SITUATION BEFORE
MAKING ANY JUDGEMENT
CALLS.



I DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE THE
STREET, BUT IT
DIDN'T SURPRISE
ME.

I WAS LEFT,
ONCE AGAIN,
WITH MY ONLY
CLUE.

I HAD TO FIGURE OUT
WHAT THIS CRYPTIC
MESSAGE MEANT.

I WAS PRAYING
THE ANSWER WOULD
FALL RIGHT INTO
MY LAP.



WHOA,
SLOW DOWN.



SORRY, MISTER.
EXCUSE ME.

ITS OK.



ARE YOU
LOST
MISTER?



THAT'S A GOOD SIGN. IF KREIGER WERE IN CONTROL, HE WOULDN'T GIVE THE KID THE TIME OF DAY.





YEAH,
MY MOM DIED
WHEN I WAS
REAL YOUNG
TOO.

SORRY
MISTER....
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING
AGAIN?



UHM...
TO
THE...

...OTHER
SIDE OF...



... TOMORROW.



HUH?

UH, NOTHING
KID. YOU GO
AHEAD AND RUN
ALONG NOW.
THANKS.

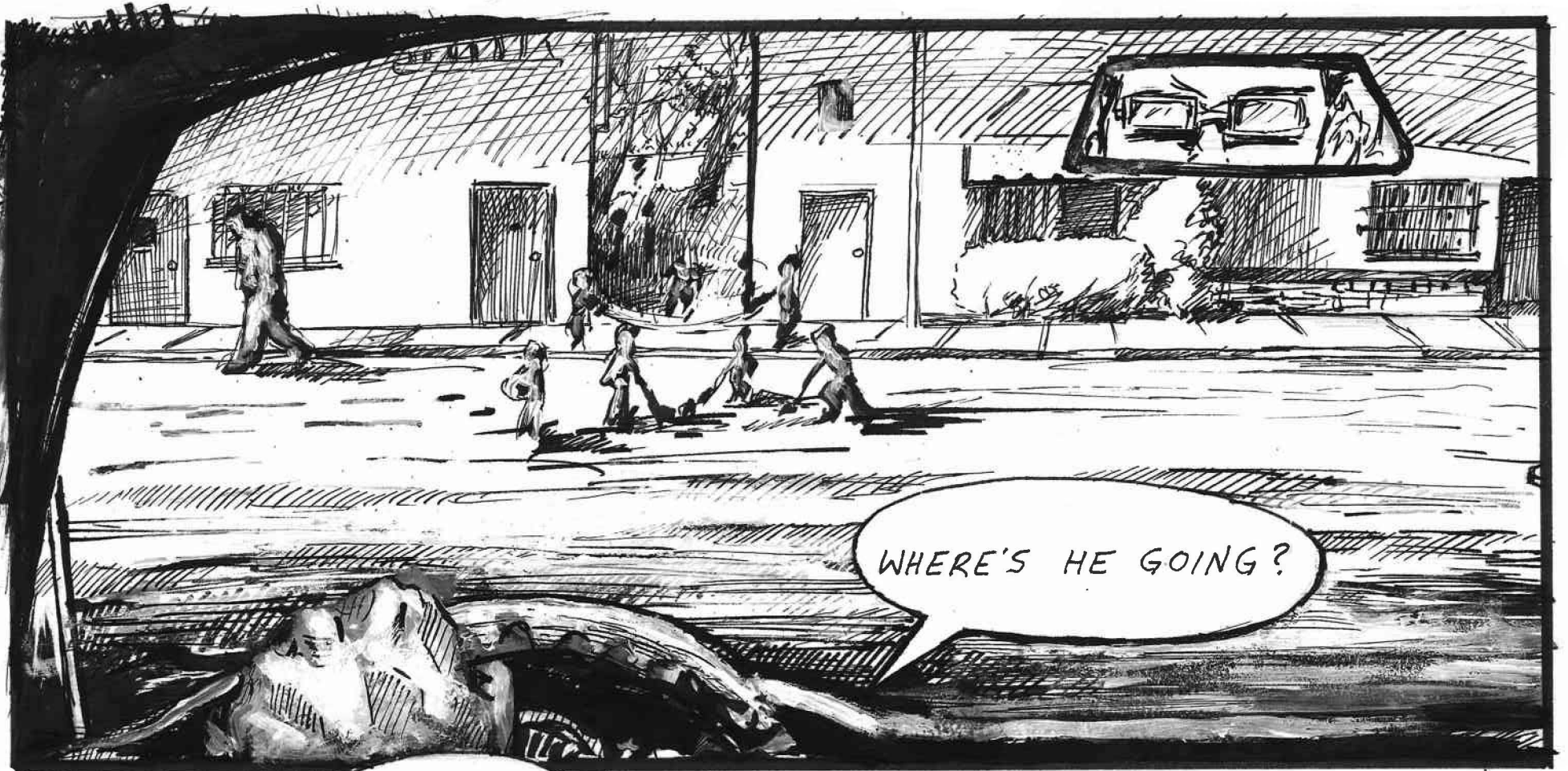


OK, MISTER.
HOPE YOU FIND
WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR.



AND AT THE GATES OF HELL
I FIND A GLIMMER OF HOPE
IN THE EYES OF A CHILD...

MAYBE ITS NOT TOO
LATE TO HAVE FAITH.



WHERE'S HE GOING?



READY TO
GET YOUR
HANDS DIRTY?

STRAP IN-WE
DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE'RE DEALING
WITH HERE.

I BEGAN TO FEEL THE
FLOOD OF QUESTIONS BUBBLE
TO THE SURFACE OF MY
CROWDED MIND.

HOW IS THIS
PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE?

IS THIS REALLY
HAPPENING?

AM I JUST A PRODUCT OF
JACK KREIGER'S FRACTURED
PSYCHE? OR IS HE A
PRODUCT OF MINE?

I FEEL CRAZY.

NO
TRESP

HOW LONG HAD I BEEN
IN **THIS** BODY BEFORE
LOSING CONNECTION
TO MY **REAL** BODY?

HOW LONG CAN ONE BRAIN
HOLD **TWO** MINDS?

WHAT IF BOTH MINDS
MELD INTO ONE?

WILL I **LOSE**
MYSELF?

WILL I EVER BE ABLE
TO GET BACK INTO
MY OWN BODY?

HOW ABOUT
MY SOUL?

DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS
I GO, TO SEARCH FOR
THE ANSWERS.



WHAT IS
THIS PLACE?

THE OTHER SIDE
OF TOMORROW,
BILLY SLATER.



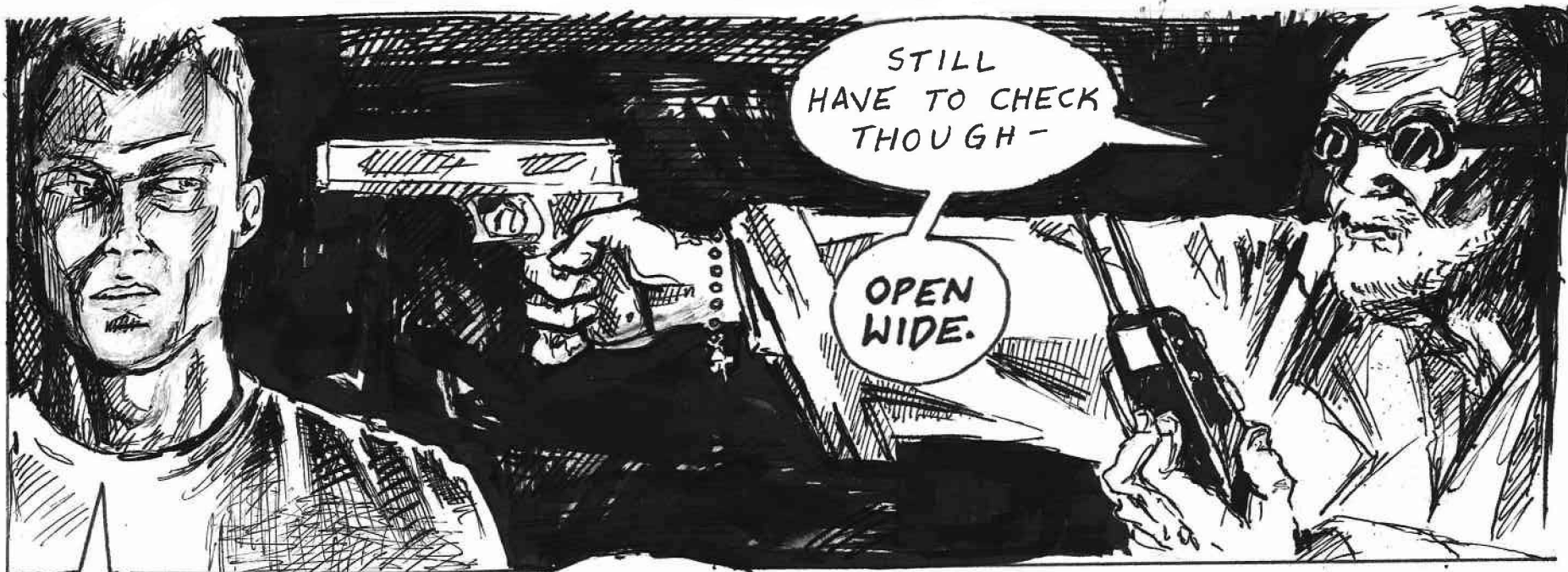
CLICK

WHO
ARE YOU?

HOW DO
YOU KNOW
MY NAME?



SO IT IS
TRUE...



STILL
HAVE TO CHECK
THOUGH -

OPEN
WIDE.



WHAT?

I SAID
OPEN YOUR
MOUTH
NOW!

UMMM...
OKAY, YOU'RE
SLATER...FOR
NOW.

WHO
THE HELL
ARE YOU?

AND WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
"FOR NOW"?

I'M HANK
BARLOWE...

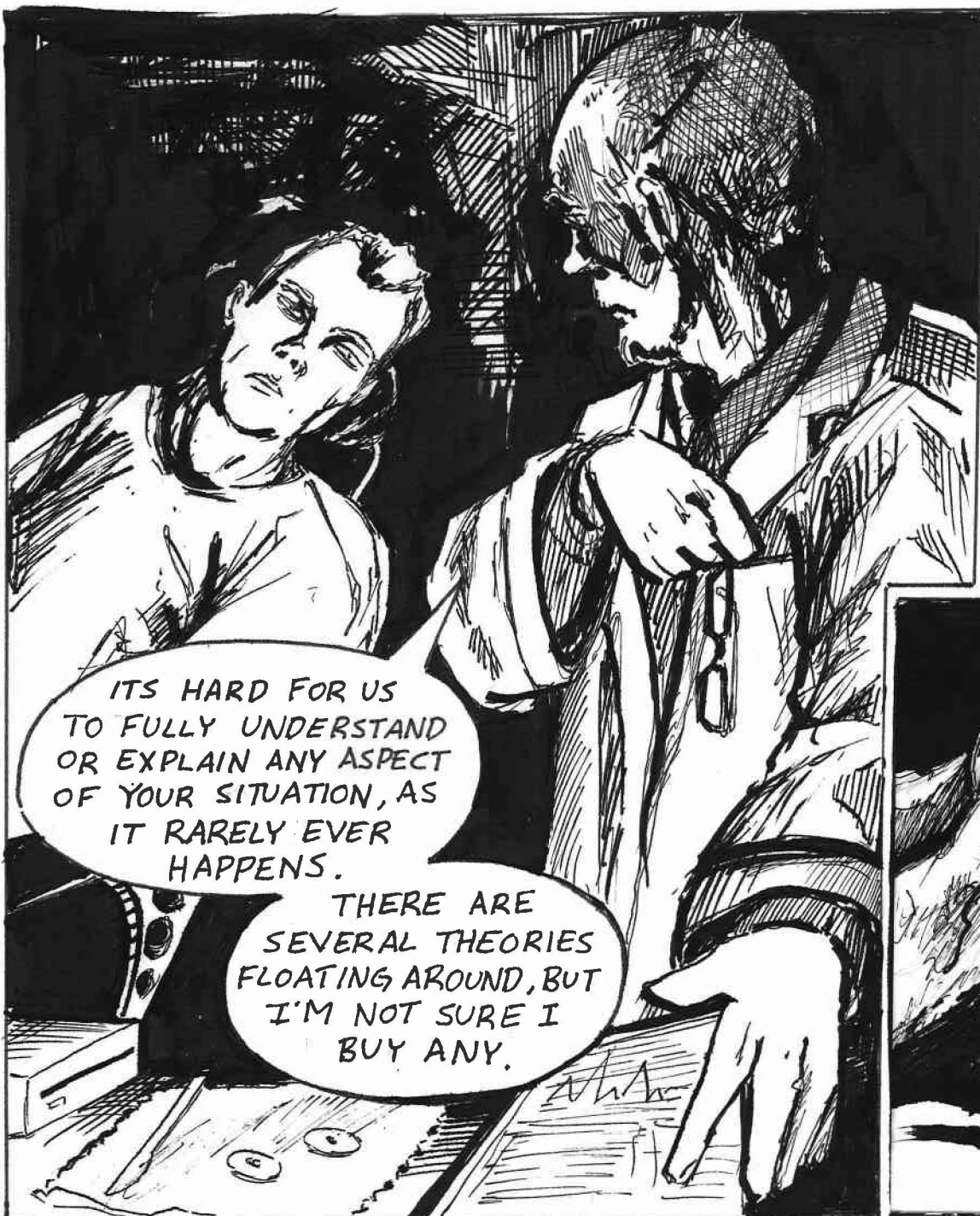
...AND YOU
REALLY DON'T
REMEMBER
ANYTHING,
DO YOU?



UH...

NOT
EXACTLY.





ITS HARD FOR US TO FULLY UNDERSTAND OR EXPLAIN ANY ASPECT OF YOUR SITUATION, AS IT RARELY EVER HAPPENS.

THERE ARE SEVERAL THEORIES FLOATING AROUND, BUT I'M NOT SURE I BUY ANY.

OK, START FROM THE BEGINNING.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



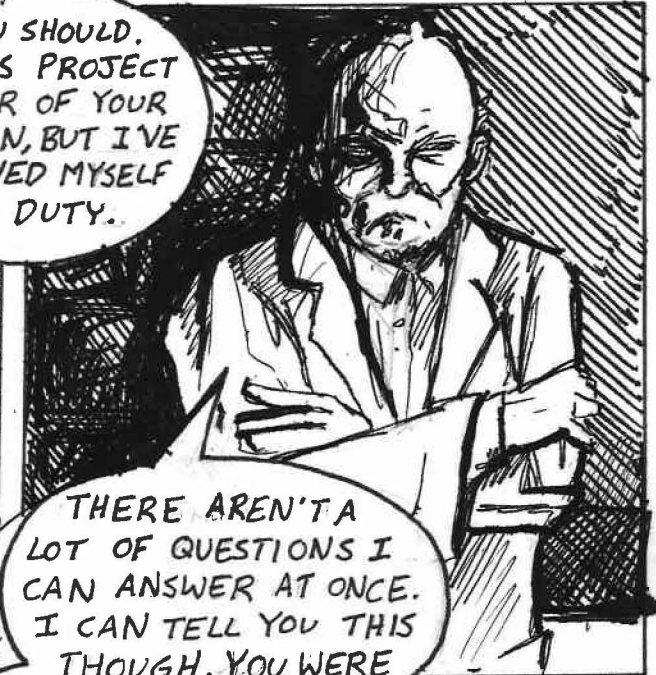
RELAX, ITS A SYNAPTIC BUFFER. BRAINWAVES WORK ON DIFFERENT FREQUENCIES—THIS WILL PUT UP A WALL BETWEEN YOU AND KREIGER.



YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT ME AND I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT YOU.

WHY?

YOU SHOULD. I WAS PROJECT LEADER OF YOUR DIVISION, BUT I'VE RELIEVED MYSELF OF DUTY.



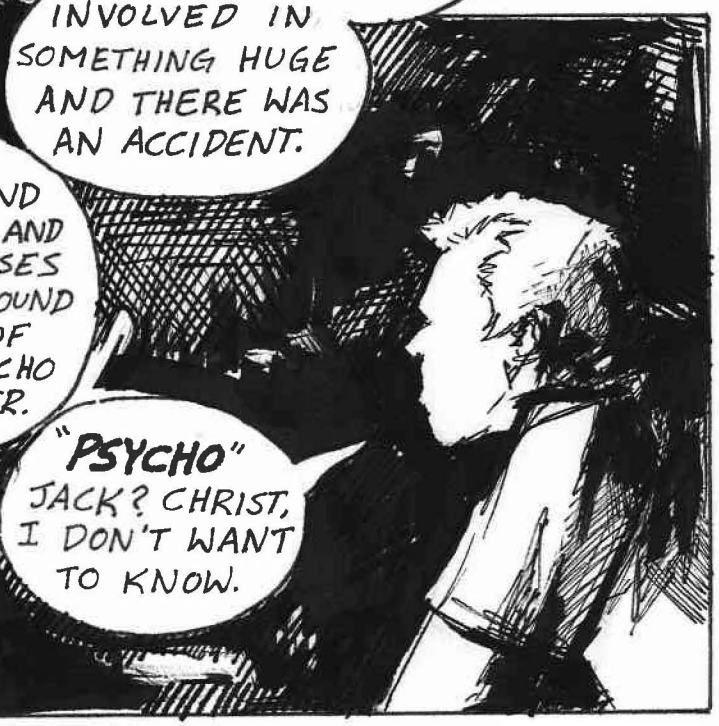
THERE AREN'T A LOT OF QUESTIONS I CAN ANSWER AT ONCE. I CAN TELL YOU THIS THOUGH. YOU WERE INVOLVED IN

SOMETHING HUGE AND THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT.



YOU WERE DISCONNECTED AND YOUR MEMORIES AND THOUGHT PROCESSES ARE ROLLING AROUND IN THE SKULL OF YOUR HOST, PSYCHO JACK KREIGER.

TRUST ME, YOU DO KNOW AND, IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, YOU WILL KNOW FIRST HAND.



"PSYCHO" JACK? CHRIST, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

WELL, LIKE
I SAID, BRAINWAVES
WORK ON A SET OF
FREQUENCIES...

THE BI-OPS
ORGANIZATION FOUND
A WAY TO INTERRUPT,
OR RATHER, OVERRIDE
THOSE FREQUENCIES, TO
TAKE OVER THE MINDS
OF OTHERS.

BI-OPS
AGENTS - LIKE YOU -
REMOTE CONTROL
OTHER PEOPLE WITH
YOUR OWN MIND
IN A
SOPHISTICATED
HARNESS THAT TRANSMITS
CONCENTRATIONS OF
PSYCHIC ENERGY...

...WE
CALL IT A
CRADLE.

I THINK
I FOLLOW.

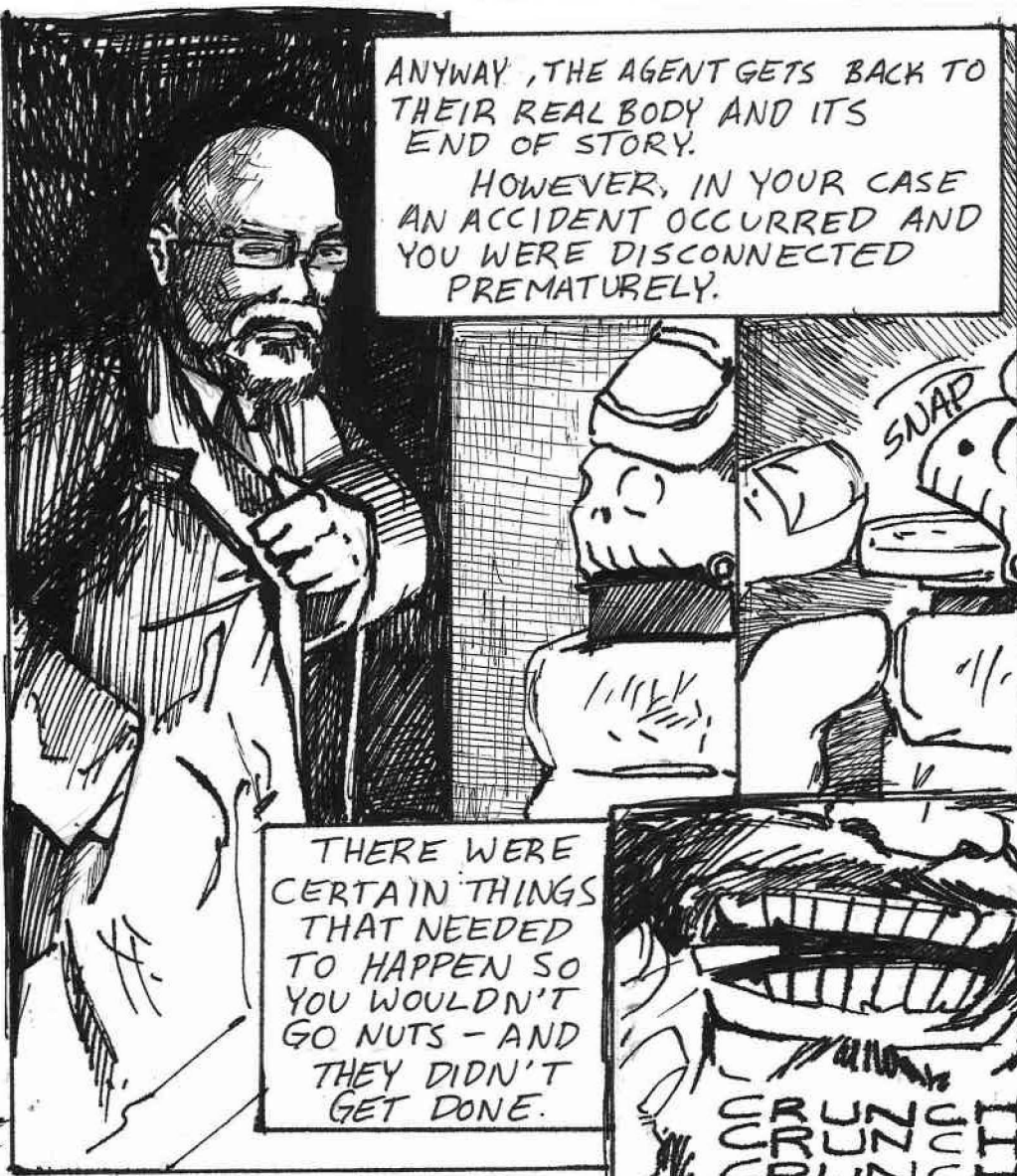
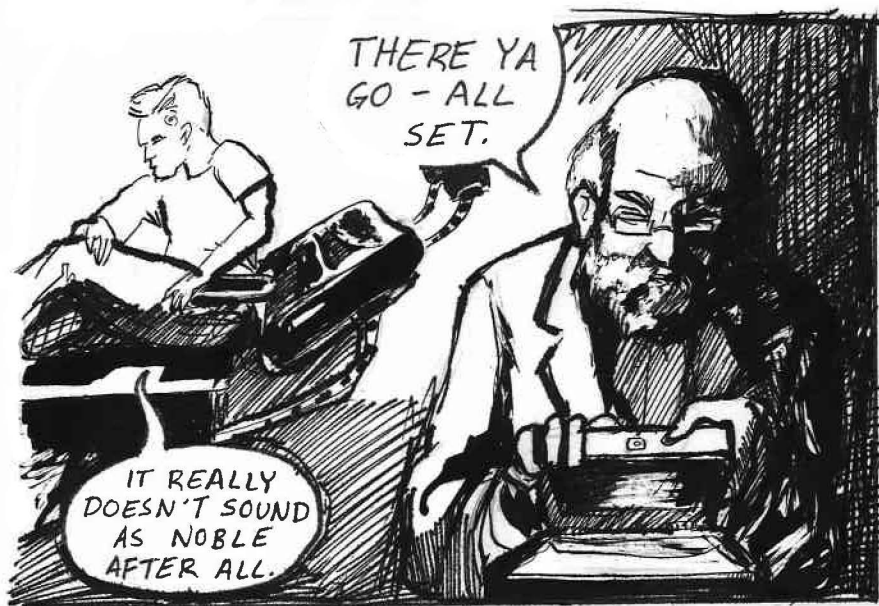
WELL, WHEN A
BI-OPS AGENT TAKES OVER
A BODY, THE MIND OF THE
PERSON THEY ARE POSSESSING
GETS REPPRESSED INTO A
DREAM-LIKE STATE.

THEY
NEVER KNOW
WHAT IS
HAPPENING TO
THEM.

THEN,

WHEN
THE AGENT
DISCONNECTS

THE PERSON
GETS CONTROL BACK
AND CAN PLEAD INSANITY
TO WHATEVER WE
MADE THEM DO.



IT COULD
BE THAT YOUR
PERSONALITY WAS
DOWNLOADED
INTO KREIGER'S
BRAIN

LEAVING
YOUR BODY RUNNING
ON ONLY VITALS BACK
AT THE LAB —

SORT
OF LIKE AN
EMPTY
SHELL.

MY BODY?!

MY REAL
BODY?!
HOW CAN I
GET BACK
INTO IT?

NOT SURE ABOUT
THAT ONE... NOT SURE
IF YOU CAN. I DON'T
KNOW HOW LONG YOU
AND KREIGER HAVE
BEEN SHARING THE
SAME SPACE —

—HOW MUCH
YOU HAVE
MIXED
TOGETHER.

IF MY
THEORY IS CORRECT,
IF WE COULD GET YOU
BACK INTO YOUR REAL
BODY, IT MIGHT BE LIKE
RIPPING THE PRICE TAG
OFF THE COVER OF A
BOOK. YOU MIGHT GET
ALL OF YOU...

...OR YOU
MIGHT GET
SOME OF PSYCHO
JACK WITH
YOU.

GREAT.

THERE
ARE SOME
THINGS SCIENCE
CAN'T EXPLAIN.
I'M AFRAID.

ALSO, I
SUGGEST YOU
HIDE THOSE
BUFFERS.

THE B-I-O-P-S
PEOPLE ARE
HAVING TROUBLE
LOCATING YOU
BECAUSE OF THE
ACCIDENT, BUT THEY
WILL CATCH UP.

THERE
WILL BE
OTHERS THAT
WANT YOU
TOO.

HERE—
I CAN SPARE
YOU THIS.

OTHERS?



YES
INDEED.

THERE'S
SOMETHING THAT
BILLY SLATER KNOWS
THAT NOT ONLY BI-OPS
WANTS, BUT THE REST
OF THE WORLD AS
WELL. BI-OPS IS JUST
IN THE LEAD.

THEY HAVE
THEIR HANDS
IN ALL SORTS OF
TECHNOLOGY.

WHAT
IS IT THAT
I KNOW?

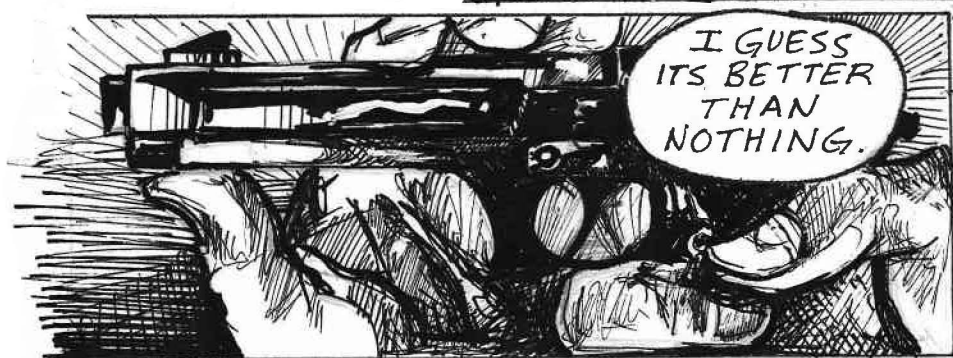


REMEMBER-
THE BUFFER ONLY
WORKS AS LONG AS
THE DISKS ARE
ACTIVE.



ITS NOT A
GUARANTEE YOU
WON'T HAVE TO DEAL
WITH KREIGER EITHER.
A GREAT DEAL OF
STRESS COULD GIVE
HIM A WINDOW.

ALSO,
I CAN'T
GUARANTEE
YOUR DREAMS
WILL BE
PLEASANT.



I GUESS
ITS BETTER
THAN
NOTHING.



YOU'D
BETTER GO
NOW. THEY
ARE VERY
CLOSE.

WHAT?
I DON'T
HEAR
ANYTHING



YOU CAN
GET OUT THIS
WAY. I'LL COVER
IT BACK UP
ONCE YOU'RE
IN.

I HEARD
THAT.



WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME-- I'LL SEE
YOU IN A
FEW DAYS.



SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT
THIS PATH WOULD LEAD
ME TO GLADEVIEW...

...SOONER OR LATER.

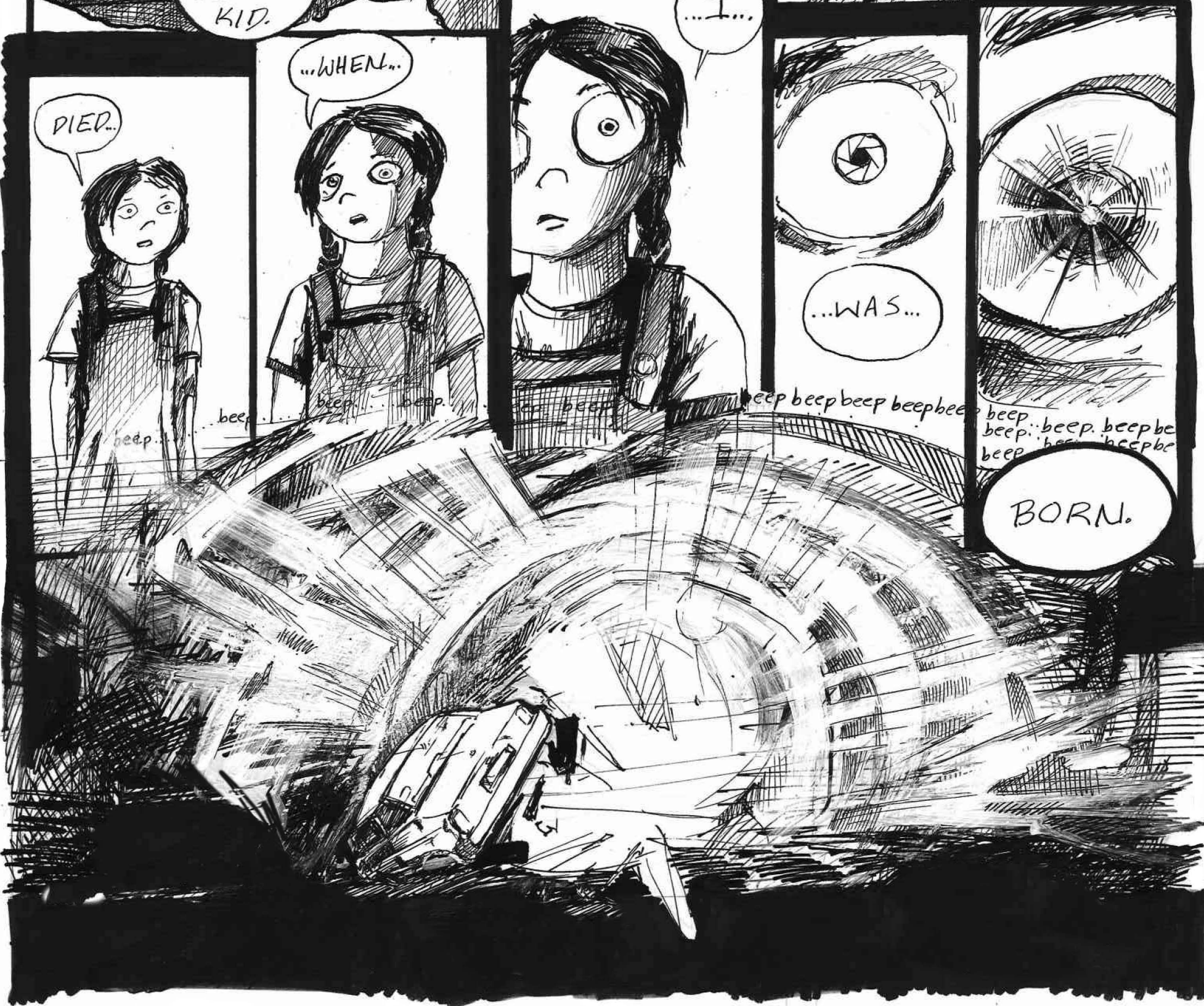
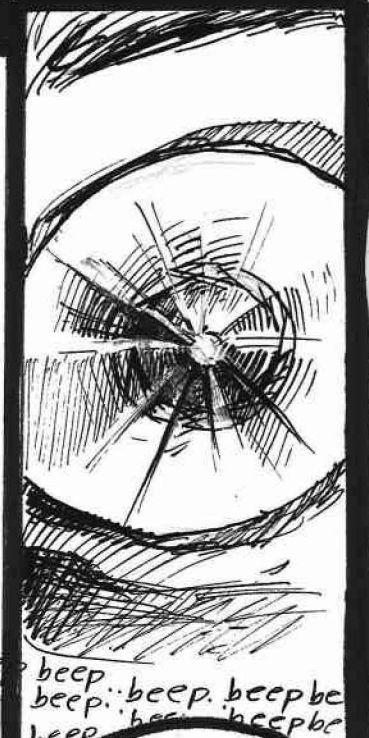


WELL, NO ONE'S LEFT THE BUILDING. I'M SWINGING BACK AROUND.



NO, MY MOMMY'S DEAD...

HUH?



CHRIST-

BAXTER,
DO YOU
COPY?!!

BAXTER,
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?!

IN THE END

FAITH AND HOPE

ARE JUST WAYS
OF COMFORTING
OURSELVES

BEFORE DEATH..



