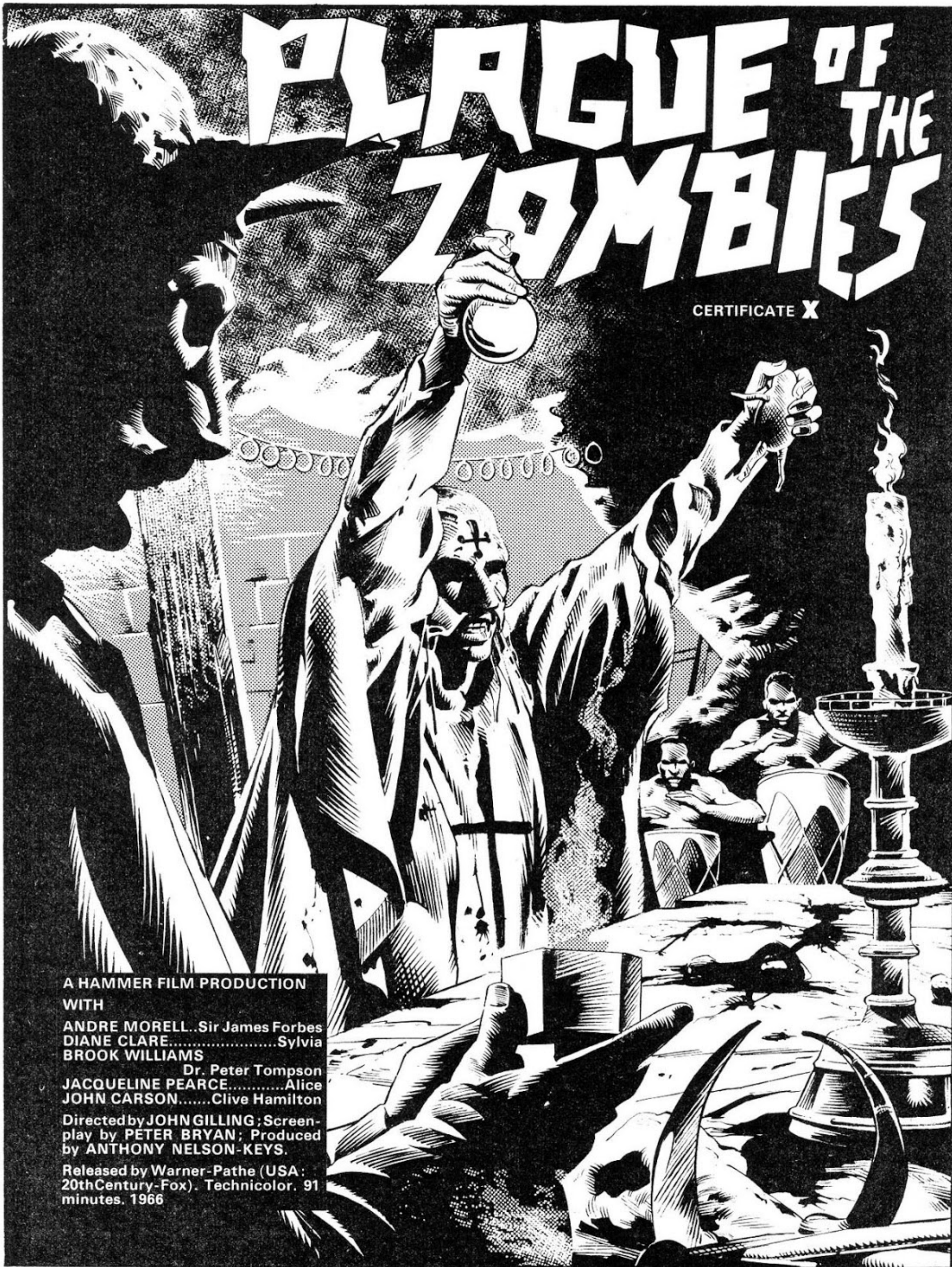


PLAQUE OF THE ZOMBIES

CERTIFICATE X



A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

WITH

ANDRE MORELL... Sir James Forbes
DIANE CLARE..... Sylvia
BROOK WILLIAMS

Dr. Peter Tompson
JACQUELINE PEARCE..... Alice
JOHN CARSON..... Clive Hamilton

Directed by JOHN GILLING; Screen-
play by PETER BRYAN; Produced
by ANTHONY NELSON-KEYS.

Released by Warner-Pathe (USA :
20th Century-Fox). Technicolor. 91
minutes. 1966

Script by Steve Moore.

Artwork by Trevor Goring & Brian Bolland





BUT THE FIRST THING THEY SEE IS MORE ILL-OMENED THAN A MEETING WITH FRIENDS...

A FUNERAL! WAS PETER JUST RAVING IN HIS LETTER... OR IS THERE REALLY SOME KIND OF SICKNESS HERE?



SICKNESS OR NO, THERE IS DEVILMENT HERE TODAY... AS THE HUNTERS RETURN, FURIOUS...

TRICKED, HEY? WELL I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO AS WELL! HYAAH! OFF WITH YOU!

NO, SIR! DON'T... WHOAH! WHOAH!

LOOK OUT!



AND IN THE CHAOS THAT FOLLOWS...



FOR MARTINUS, THE DEAD MAN'S BROTHER, RAGE REPLACES GRIEF, BUT...

NO, MY SON! LET THEM GO! THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT THEM!



THEN, AS SOMETHING APPROACHING NORMALITY RETURNS...

I'M DREADFULLY SORRY ABOUT THIS! MY DAUGHTER AND I ARE HERE TO SEE DR. TOMPSON... BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO...

IF YOU CAN HELP TOMPSON FIND OUT WHAT'S CAUSING ALL THESE DEATHS... BUT NO, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE. TOMPSON'S HOUSE IS OVER THERE...



A FEW PAGES BRING A REUNION WITH ALICE, SYLVIA'S OLDEST FRIEND, NOW MARRIED TO PETER TOMPSON, ONCE SIR JAMES'S STAR PUPIL...

SIR JAMES! SYLVIA! I WASN'T EXPECTING... YOU'D BETTER COME IN! PETER'S NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT...

HOW ARE YOU KEEPING, ALICE?



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR WRIST, ALICE? IS IT ALRIGHT?

IT'S NOTHING, SIR JAMES... AND PETER IS A DOCTOR! HE SHOULD BE BACK SOON...

THE PLACE IS IN SUCH A MESS! IT'S NOT LIKE ALICE TO LET THINGS GO DOWN HILL THIS FAR...

PETER TOMPSON RETURNS AT LAST, AND, AFTER THE LADIES WITHDRAW...



THE LOCALS DON'T LIKE MODERN MEDICINE! THEY PREFER TO THINK OF IT AS MARSH FEVER, AND THEY WON'T LET ME CARRY OUT POST MORTEMS! "IT'S NO GOOD CUTTING 'EM UP WHEN THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD", THEY SAY...



THE CORONER IS THE LOCAL SQUIRE, HAMILTON, AND HE DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANYTHING. THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE GOING TO GET A BODY TO WORK ON...



YOU SAW THEM BURYING ANOTHER ONE TODAY, SIR JAMES. THAT'S AT LEAST TWELVE WHILE I'VE BEEN HERE! AND I CAN'T FIND THE CAUSE... I CAN'T EVEN SHOW YOU ANY WORTHWHILE REPORTS...

WHAT? THAT'S ABSURD! WHAT ABOUT THE CORONER?

PERHAPS THERE IS... WE CAN ALWAYS DIG ONE UP! THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS BURIED TODAY, FOR INSTANCE!

FOR A MOMENT, TOMPSON RECOILS IN HORROR AT THE IDEA... BUT THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO BE DONE. AND LATER, IN THE GRAVEYARD...



THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG... THE EARTH HASN'T HAD TIME TO GET PACKED DOWN YET...

BUT IF WE'RE DISCOVERED...

SOON...

NOW, ONE OR TWO SCREWS, AND...

I CAN EXPLAIN, SERGEANT! WE ARE BOTH DOCTORS, AND...

THE BODY! IT'S GONE! THERE'S NOTHING HERE!

YOU MEAN THE COFFIN'S EMPTY? BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I SAW HIM PUT DOWN THERE THIS AFTERNOON!

THE ONLY THING TO DO IS FILL IN THE GRAVE, AND HUSH THINGS UP... FOR A WHILE AT LEAST! THIS VILLAGE HAS ENOUGH TROUBLES ALREADY!



AND YOU'LL BE IN DEEP TROUBLE! KINDLY STEP UP HERE, SIR!

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE, SIR THIS IS BODY-SNATCHING, AND...

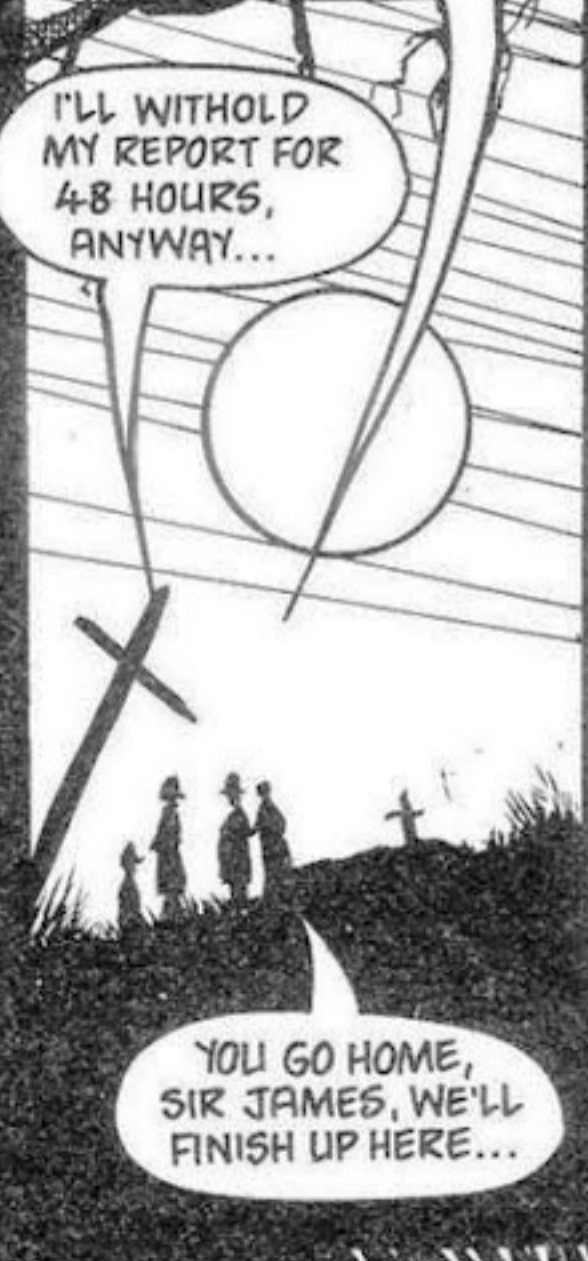


MY GOD!

AND I, SERGEANT, BUT HE'S GONE ALRIGHT... AND WITH HIM YOUR BODY-SNATCHING CHARGE HAS GONE TOO...



I'LL WITHHOLD MY REPORT FOR 48 HOURS, ANYWAY...



YOU GO HOME, SIR JAMES, WE'LL FINISH UP HERE...

RIP
EVOR GO
34-1892



BUT, AT THE SAME TIME...

IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY, BUT... HOLD ON, THAT'S ALICE DOWN THERE! WHERE CAN SHE BE GOING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?



I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON! I MUST HURRY BEFORE SHE GETS TOO FAR AHEAD!



BUT BY THE TIME SYLVIA GETS OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE, THERE IS NO ONE TO BE SEEN...

ALICE...?



OTHERS ARE ABROAD THIS NIGHT, THOUGH... MARTINUS, THE DEAD MAN'S BROTHER, DROWNING HIS SORROW IN WINE AND DARKNESS...

YOU... IT WAS YOUR COACH... IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE... YOU'RE TO BLAME...

NO! KEEP AWAY!

INTO MORE DANGER... MORE FEAR...



FEAR ADDS WINGS TO SYLVIA'S FEET, SENDING HER FLEEING BLINDLY AWAY FROM DANGER...



HA! IT'S THE WENCH WHO SPOILED OUR SPORT EARLIER! WE'VE A DEBT TO SETTLE, GIRL, AND A HUNTER MUST HAVE HIS PREY!



THEN, A NIGHTMARE RIDE THAT SEEMS TO LAST FOR ETERNITY...

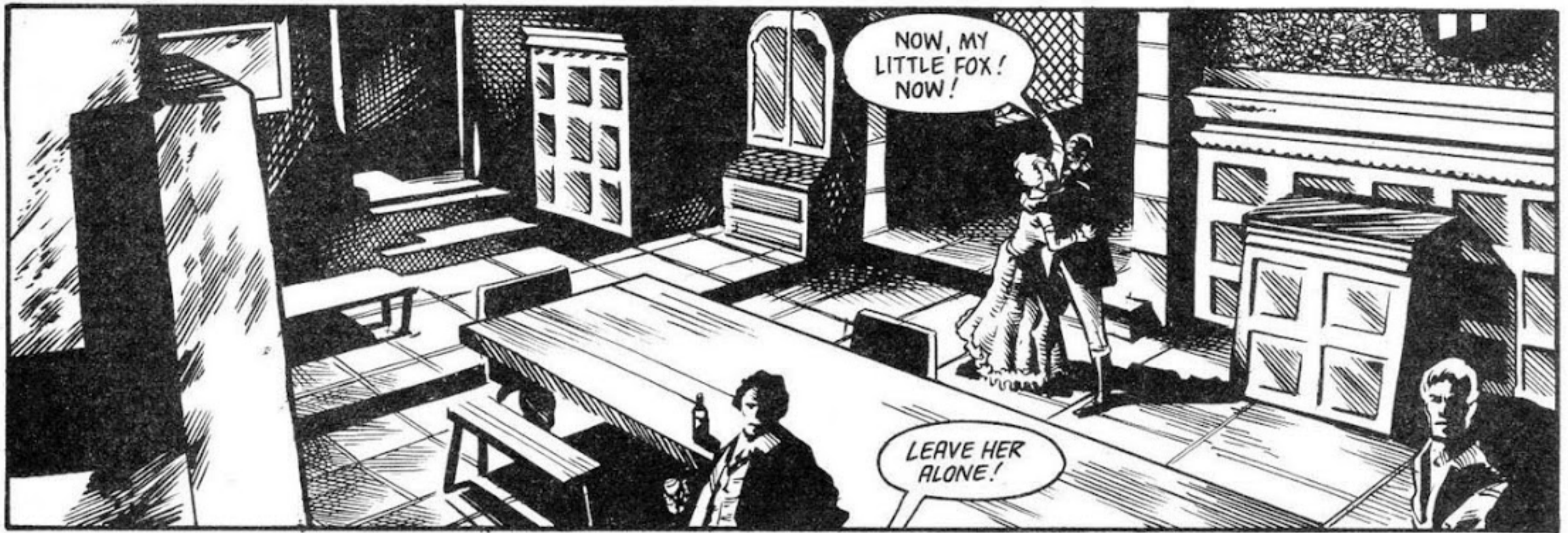
NO! LET ME GO!



ENDING AT AN IMPOSING LOCAL MANSION...



NO USE STRUGGLING! YOU'LL NOT GET AWAY UNTIL I'M READY TO LET YOU GO!



NOW, MY LITTLE FOX! NOW!

LEAVE HER ALONE!



I SAID LEAVE HER ALONE! YOU'LL NOT ACT LIKE FILTHY BRUTES IN MY HOUSE!

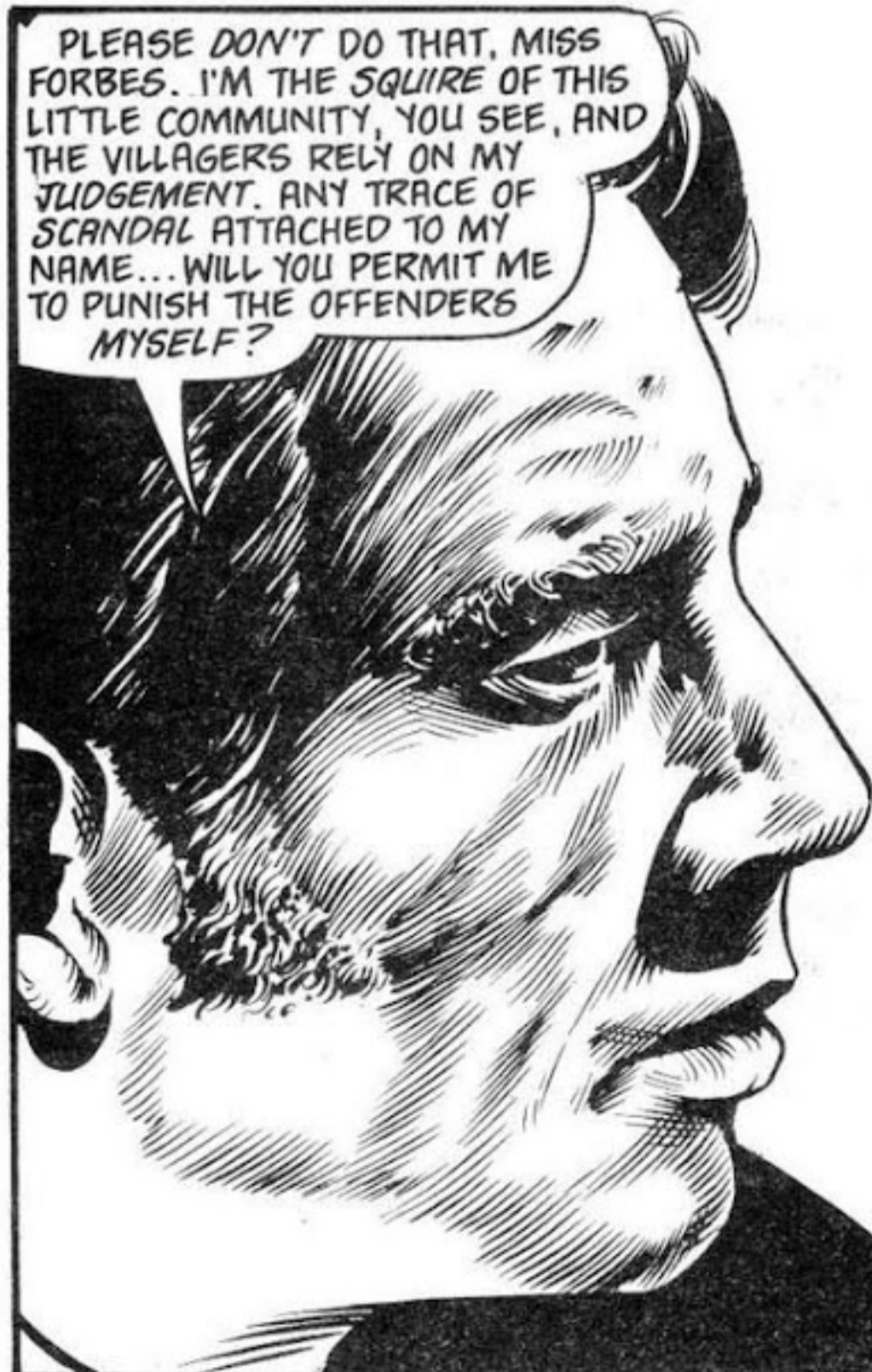


GET OUT OF HERE! ALL OF YOU! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!



I MUST APOLOGISE, MISS FORBES, I KNEW NOTHING OF THIS! PLEASE FORGIVE ME. PERHAPS I CAN HAVE MY CARRIAGE TAKE YOU HOME? I AM CLIVE HAMILTON!

NO THANK YOU... I SHALL WALK... STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE STATION!



PLEASE DON'T DO THAT, MISS FORBES. I'M THE SQUIRE OF THIS LITTLE COMMUNITY, YOU SEE, AND THE VILLAGERS RELY ON MY JUDGEMENT. ANY TRACE OF SCANDAL ATTACHED TO MY NAME... WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO PUNISH THE OFFENDERS MYSELF?



VERY WELL... I'LL SAY NOTHING... THIS TIME! BUT NOW I'M GOING HOME... ON FOOT!

THANK YOU, MISS FORBES! AND IF I CAN'T PERSUADE YOU TO TAKE MY CARRIAGE, PLEASE STICK TO THE PATH! THERE ARE OLD TIN MINES... AND THE GROUND IS LIKELY TO SUBSIDE...



AND SO SYLVIA DEPARTS... BUT THE NIGHT'S ADVENTURES ARE NOT YET OVER...

WHO'S THAT UP BY THE MINEHEAD? AND ALICE... I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HER! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ALICE?



RELEASED BY IT'S HIDEOUS BEARER, WHO TURNS TO LEAVE, THE LIFELESS BODY ROLLS ONCE ON THE GROUND, AND IS STILL...

ALICE!
IT CAN'T BE...
NOT... DEAD!

WHILE SYLVIA, LOST IN GRIEF, DOES NOT EVEN NOTICE THE UNDEAD HORROR AS IT SHAMBLES SILENTLY AWAY...

DAZED BEYOND THOUGHT, SYLVIA HAS NO IDEA HOW SHE RETURNS TO THE TOMPSON'S HOUSE... AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, ANOTHER WEARY MAN COMES BACK...

IT'S DONE...
EVERYTHING COVERED
UP AND JUST AS IT
WAS BEFORE...

HERE, PETER!
DRINK THIS... I'M
AFRAID I HAVE
SOME SHOCKING
NEWS!

... IT'S ABOUT
ALICE... I'M AFRAID
SHE'S DEAD!

OH, GOD, NO! NOT
AFTER ALL THE OTHERS!
NOT HER...! IT'S
NOT TRUE!

I'M AFRAID IT IS...
SYLVIA FOUND HER...
NEAR THE OLD MINE!
WE WERE JUST GOING
TO GET THE POLICE
AGAIN...

AND SO...

IT WAS OVER
THERE, SERGEANT,
UP NEAR THE
MINE...

HOLD ON,
SARGE! THERE'S
SOMETHING
HERE...!

IT'S MARTINUS!
OUT COLD AND
STINKING OF
DRINK!

AND THERE'S THE
BODY! SHE'S DEAD
ALL RIGHT!

COME ON,
MARTINUS, WAKE
UP! LET'S HAVE A
WORD WITH YOU!

I SWEAR TO YOU,
SERGEANT! I'VE GOT NOTHING
TO DO WITH THIS! I DIDN'T
EVEN SEE HER TONIGHT...

MAYBE YOU DIDN'T...
OR MAYBE YOU DID! EITHER
WAY, YOU'RE COMING DOWN
TO THE STATION!



AND SO ALICE TOMPSON RETURNED TO HER HOUSE... FOR THE LAST TIME. AND IN HER HUSBAND'S SURGERY...



VERY CURIOUS! THIS ISN'T HUMAN BLOOD... IT'S ANIMALS! SHE HASN'T BEEN MURDERED!

NO... SHE DIED THE SAME WAY AS ALL THE OTHERS... AND I LET HER DIE! I DIDN'T LOOK AFTER HER...



DON'T BE A FOOL, PETER! IF YOU COULDN'T SAVE THEM, YOU COULDN'T SAVE HER... BUT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SAVE OTHERS...

BUT SHE'S MY WIFE... AND SHE'S ONLY JUST DEAD... BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S GOT TO BE DONE...

THANK YOU... I KNOW THIS IS PAINFUL, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE...

WE NEED MORE INFORMATION. PETER, I'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY...



BUT, AFTER MANY HOURS OF PATIENT WORK...

NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NO CLUE AS TO WHY SHE DIED AT ALL! THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH HER WAS THAT CUT ON HER WRIST...



THERE IS NOTHING MORE FOR PETER TO DO BUT MAKE THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS. SIR JAMES, MEANWHILE, RETURNS TO THE POLICE STATION...

I TOLD YOU... I DIDN'T TOUCH HER! I FAINTED WHEN I SAW HIM! MY OWN DEAD BROTHER... WALKING ABOUT ON THE MOORS! ALL GREY AND STARING, HE WAS!



YOUR BROTHER? ARE YOU SURE, MAN? THE ONE IN THE COFFIN?



AND WHEN SYLVIA AWAKENS FROM A LONG, EXHAUSTED SLEEP...

ARE YOU SURE? IT WAS THE ONE IN THE COFFIN... THE DEAD MAN?

YES, FATHER, I'M SURE! I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT, BUT... IT WAS HIM!



LATER, AFTER THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE, PETER AND SIR JAMES JOIN THE SERGEANT ON A SHORT EXPEDITION...

THE MINE'S CLOSED DOWN NOW, SIR, THOUGH IT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE A VERY RICH VEIN OF TIN! BUT THERE WERE MANY ACCIDENTS... THE OLD SQUIRE HAD TO CLOSE IT DOWN. THE YOUNG SQUIRE HASN'T BOTHERED TO OPEN IT UP AGAIN...



DON'T KNOW WHERE THE SQUIRE GETS HIS MONEY FROM. HE INHERITED A LOT OF DEBTS. BUT A FEW MONTHS LATER HE WAS ENTERTAINING, AND SPENDING MONEY LIKE WATER! CERTAINLY NOT FROM THE MINE!

HMM! AND NOW I SUPPOSE THE VILLAGERS SAY THE MINE'S HAUNTED?



WHY, YES, SIR! THEY DO SAY THAT! FANCY YOU KNOWING...

THERE'S FRESH OIL ON THIS CHAIN! EVEN IF THE LOCALS WON'T GO DOWN HERE, SOMEBODY DOES!

Plague Of The Zombies

Part Two:

'THE SACRIFICE'

MEANWHILE...

MAY I COME IN, MISS FORBES? I FELT IT MY DUTY TO COME AND OFFER MY CONDOLENCES ON THE DEATH OF YOUR FRIEND...

A SHERRY, MR HAMILTON?

THANK YOU, I CAN'T STAY LONG...

I MUST HAVE CAUGHT YOU WITH MY RING! HERE, LET ME BANDAGE IT FOR YOU... AND THEN I MUST BE OFF...

GOOD LORD, HOW CLUMSY OF ME! I DO BEG YOUR PARDON!

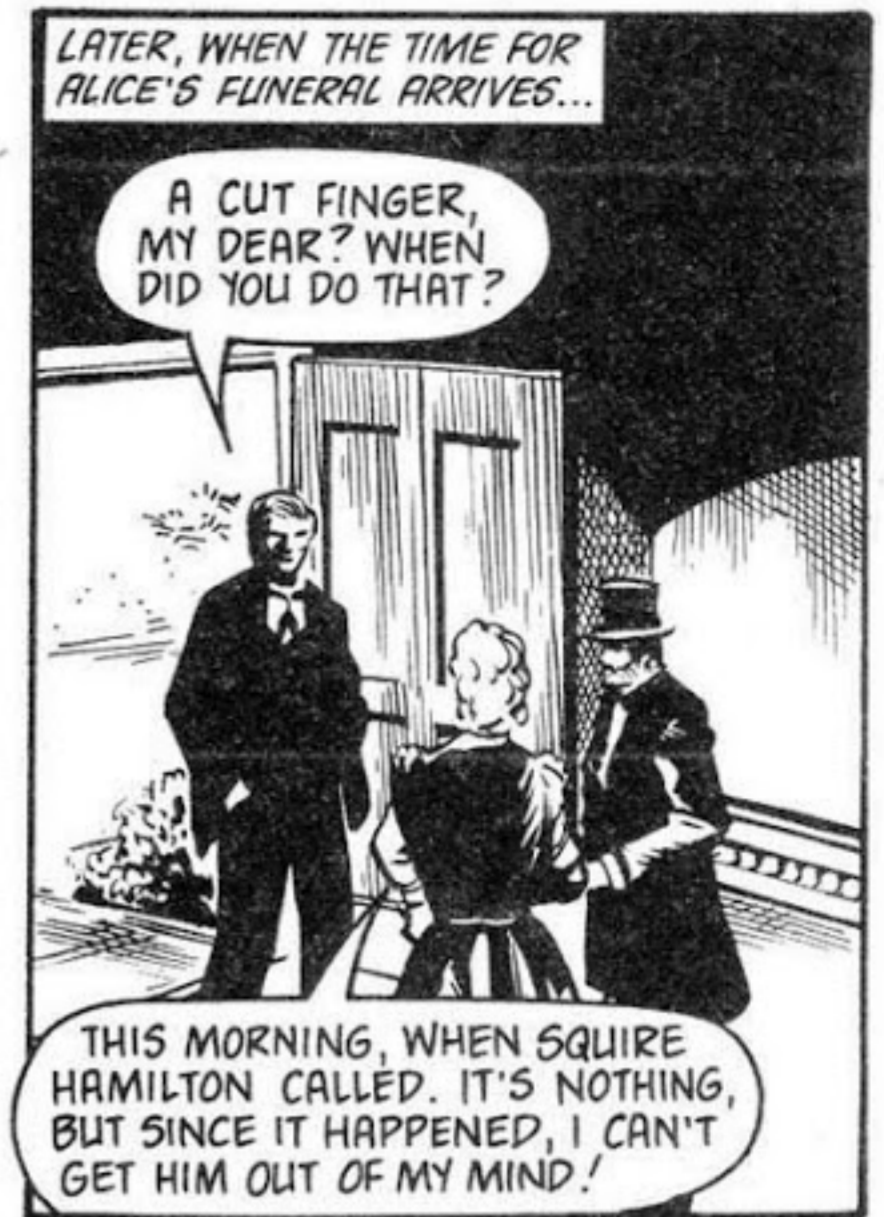
BUT... ALL RIGHT... DR. TOMPSON WON'T BE LONG... HE'S OUT WITH MY FATHER...



LATER, WHEN THE TIME FOR ALICE'S FUNERAL ARRIVES...

A CUT FINGER, MY DEAR? WHEN DID YOU DO THAT?

THIS MORNING, WHEN SQUIRE HAMILTON CALLED. IT'S NOTHING, BUT SINCE IT HAPPENED, I CAN'T GET HIM OUT OF MY MIND!



AND, AT THE CHURCHYARD...

MY FINGER'S BLEEDING AGAIN... AND... HAMILTON... HE... HE...

MAN THAT IS BORN OF WOMAN HATH BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE...



AS THE SERVICE DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

PETER... I-I'M FEELING RATHER FAINT... TAKE ME HOME...

A WORD WITH YOU, VICAR, IF I MAY... IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

IT IS MANY HOURS BEFORE SIR JAMES RETURNS AFTER HIS CONSULTATION WITH THE PRIEST...

WE'VE GOT THE ANSWER, PETER! IT'S TERRIBLE! YOU'VE HEARD OF VOODOO? SOMEONE IS PRACTISING IT IN THIS VILLAGE...

RAISING THE DEAD? BUT THAT MEANS... ALICE!

BUT, AS THE HOURS DRAG BY...

GO HOME, VICAR! YOU'VE A FEW TOO MANY YEARS UNDER YOUR BELT FOR STAYING UP ALL NIGHT...


THE OLD CLERGYMAN SHUFFLES SLEEPILY AWAY. TWO MINUTES PASS...

AAAAH! WHAT IN...

LISTEN! THAT'S THE VICAR'S VOICE! HE MUST BE IN TROUBLE! COME ON!

...USING IT TO RAISE THE DEAD... BUT AS HIDEOUS THINGS NEITHER DEAD NOR ALIVE... ZOMBIES!

PRECISELY... WE INTEND TO WATCH THE GRAVE TONIGHT. I ASSUME YOU WANT TO BE WITH US? WE'RE LEAVING NOW!





SOME RUFFIAN LEAPT OUT AT ME! SO QUICK I DIDN'T SEE HIM! THEN HE WAS GONE AGAIN! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

I CAN... IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF DIVERSION...

ALICE...!



AND IN THOSE FEW BRIEF MOMENTS...

SOMEONE'S OPENED THE GRAVE!



BUT IT IS TOO LATE... ALICE IS NO LONGER DEAD...



NO LONGER ALIVE EITHER... BUT MOVING... **MURDEROUSLY...**

GET AWAY, PETER! THAT ISN'T ALICE ANY MORE! IT'S A... ZOMBIE!

NO, ALICE! KEEP BACK!



A WHIRLING HISS... A METALLIC FLASH IN THE MOONLIGHT... A DULL THUD... FOLLOWED BY A BUBBLING OF CRIMSON LIQUID...

FORGIVE ME... BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE!



IT IS TOO MUCH FOR PETER TOMPSON... TO SEE HIS WIFE DIE, AND THEN BE KILLED AGAIN... HIS HEAD SPINS, HIS VISION BLURS... AND THE WORLD GOES MAD...

AND BEFORE HIS EYES, THE MADNESS GROWS, LIKE A FERTILE FIELD, THE ENTIRE CHURCHYARD SUDDENLY THRUSTS UP ITS HIDEOUS CROP... AND THE LIVING DEAD BURST FORTH...



WITH A HIDEOUS RUSTLE OF DRIED SKIN AND DECAYING SHROUDS, THEY SHAMBLE SLOWLY FORWARD... EAGER TO HAVE ANOTHER OF THE LIVING JOIN THEM IN DEATH...



AAAAAGH!
NO! NO...!

BUT THEN, IN AN INSTANT, THERE IS NOTHING!

WAKE UP, PETER!
YOU'RE HAVING A NIGHTMARE... IT'S JUST A DREAM!



WHAT? ALL OF IT? ALICE?

NO, THAT PART WAS TRUE, I'M AFRAID, BUT SHE'S BEEN EXORCISED AND REBURIED...



BUT I DREAMED... THEY WERE ALL ZOMBIES! EVERY GRAVE IN THE CHURCHYARD WAS EMPTY...

AND THE DREAM TURNS OUT TO BE ONLY TOO PROPHETIC...

NOTHING IN ANY OF THEM! WHERE HAVE THEY ALL GONE?



SARGE! MARTINUS... HE'S ESCAPED! HE CUT HIMSELF WHEN HAMILTON VISITED, AND TORE HIS WAY OUT WITH HIS BARE HANDS!

GOOD LORD! IT ALL FITS... THE ZOMBIES... HAMILTON... THE CUTS!



GO BACK TO THE HOUSE! KEEP SYLVIA THERE, I'M GOING TO SEE HAMILTON!

THE SUN IS SETTING AS SIR JAMES HURRIES TOWARD A FATEFUL MEETING...

HAMILTON'S MINING THE TIN SECRETLY AND GETTING IT FREE... YOU DON'T PAY WAGES TO ZOMBIES!

BUT HE'S GETTING GREEDY, AND KILLING EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE SO THEY CAN WORK FOR HIM!



DESPERATE NOW, SIR JAMES FINDS HE HAS A NEW TALENT... HOUSEBREAKING!



HE'S DRUGGING THEM... SOME UNTRACEABLE VENOM GIVEN WHEN HE CUTS THE VICTIM! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE SYLVIA SUCCUMBS...

AND INSIDE...



THERE'S HAMILTON... AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S JUST ABOUT TO START HIS OBSCURE RITUAL!

THEN, FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES, THERE IS SILENCE. SUMMONING HIS COURAGE, SIR JAMES ENTERS THE ROOM...



GONE! AND THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS ROOM! BUT THERE'S PROOF, I NEED THOSE HORRIBLE VOODOO DOLLS ON THE TABLE!

UNAWARE OF THE INTRUDER, HAMILTON MAKES HIS WAY TO THE MINE... A MINE PACKED WITH VICTIMS PETER TOMPSON FAILED TO SAVE...



THE TIME IS HERE... THE POWER RISES! ONCE AGAIN THE OLD GODS COME TO MY AID...



AND SO IT BEGINS... BUT...

KADA NOSTRA... KADA ESTRA...

WHERE'S DENVER? HE SHOULD BE HERE HELPING ME!

DENVER, HOWEVER, HAS RETURNED ALONG THE SECRET PASSAGE FROM THE MINE TO THE HOUSE... AND FINDS...



YOU! SO YOU'VE FOUND OUT! BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!

BY THE...!



AUTOMATICALLY, SIR JAMES MAKES A GRAB FOR THE MAN'S WRIST...

BUT IS IT LUCK OR DIVINE GUIDANCE...

THAT ENABLES SIR JAMES TO DRIVE THE BLADE INTENDED FOR HIM BACK INTO ITS OWN MASTER...

DYING, DENVER LURCHES, COLLAPSES... AND THE CLEANSING FLAMES LEAP OUT TO ENGLUF HIS BODY...

BUT THE SECRET PANEL HAS ALREADY SLID SHUT... AND THE FLAMES SPREAD RAPIDLY...

LIUGH! BUT I MUST GET OUT OF HERE... STOP HAMILTON BEFORE HE CAN GET TO... SYLVIA...

CAN'T GET DOWN THIS WAY... I'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR THE MINE...

AAAUUUGH!



BUT ANOTHER IS ALSO APPROACHING THE MINE. SYLVIA, HAVING SLIPPED AWAY FROM PETER'S WEARY GUARDIANSHIP...

KADA NOSTRA... KADA ESTRA...



A GUARDIANSHIP PETER TAKES UP AGAIN... BUT JUST TOO LATE...

SYLVIA! COME BACK! DON'T...

DAMN! THE LIFT CAGE'S ALREADY GOING DOWN!



AND BELOW...

BRING HER QUICKLY... BEFORE THE TRANCE WEARS OFF...

NOW THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE! I GIVE YOU LIFE, DARK GODS!

THEN...



NO!



IT'S NOISE MASKED BY THE DRUMMING, THE LIFT HAS RISEN... THEN DROPPED AGAIN... BRINGING A RESCUER...



GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER, YOU FILTHY BRUTES!

YET AGAINST THESE ODDS, WHAT CAN ONE MAN ALONE DO? UNLESS HE IS NOT QUITE ALONE...

UNLESS HE HAS AN ALLY IN FIRE... FOR WHAT HAPPENS TO THE VOODOO DOLLS ALSO HAPPENS TO THE ZOMBIES THEY REPRESENT...



AND NOW THE DOLLS ARE BURNING!



SYLVIA! QUICKLY... I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE! THE FIRE SHOULD KEEP THEM BUSY...

BACK! DRIVE THEM BACK!

WHAT? I... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THEN, AS HAMILTON REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING...

BUT THEN THE LIFT DOOR SLIDES OPEN ONCE MORE AND...

IN AN INSTANT, THE LIFT IS RISING ONCE MORE. BUT IN THAT INSTANT THEY CATCH ONE LAST GLIMPSE OF HAMILTON...

AND OF HIS TERRIBLE END...

WHILE ABOVE, THREE SURVIVORS MOVE SWIFTLY AWAY FROM THE BRIGHT HEAT OF THE FLAMES... INTO THE COOL DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT...



YOU! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! I'LL KILL YOU!

QUICKLY, BOTH OF YOU! HERE!

NO! GET BACK ALL OF YOU! GET BACK!

WHA...? SIR JAMES!

AAAAUUUGGGH!

IT'S OVER! THE LINGERERS ARE DEAD AT LAST! THE PLAGUE IS NO MORE!

THE END.