



JAM

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## Logline

When Melbourne wakes to a breakfast-colored apocalypse, the only thing standing between humanity and a world-sized toast topping is an indecisive doofus, his talking spider (probably a concussion), and a city full of people who should never be in charge of anything.

## Synopsis

Day One of the Great STRAWBERRY Disaster. Streets are oceans of hungry jam; bones steam where commuters used to be. A himbo named Frank dies gloriously fast, leaving the mantle of “protagonist” to his roommate Travis, a soft-hearted underachiever collecting concussions and bad ideas. With Tim (a born roadie who discovers he loves the end of the world), Angela (documentarian, conspiracy-curious), Don (game-dev tyrant in a bathrobe), and Mary (a Goliath birdeater Travis swears can talk), the survivors pinball between cults, corporate fortresses, and worse: management. Allies turn. Plastics protect. Spies meddle. And through it all, the jam advances like a patient god. The art pages chronicle the dumb, sticky odyssey from first squelch to last wave—where a single, stupid decision accidentally saves the world.





## The Director

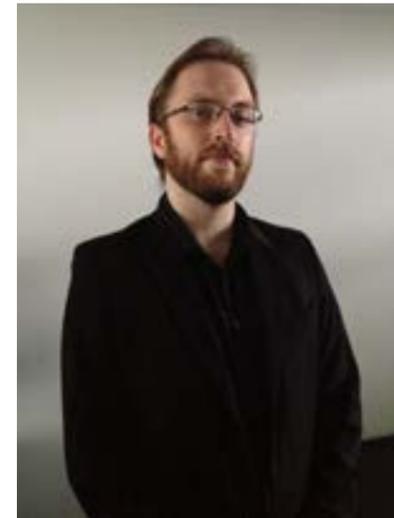
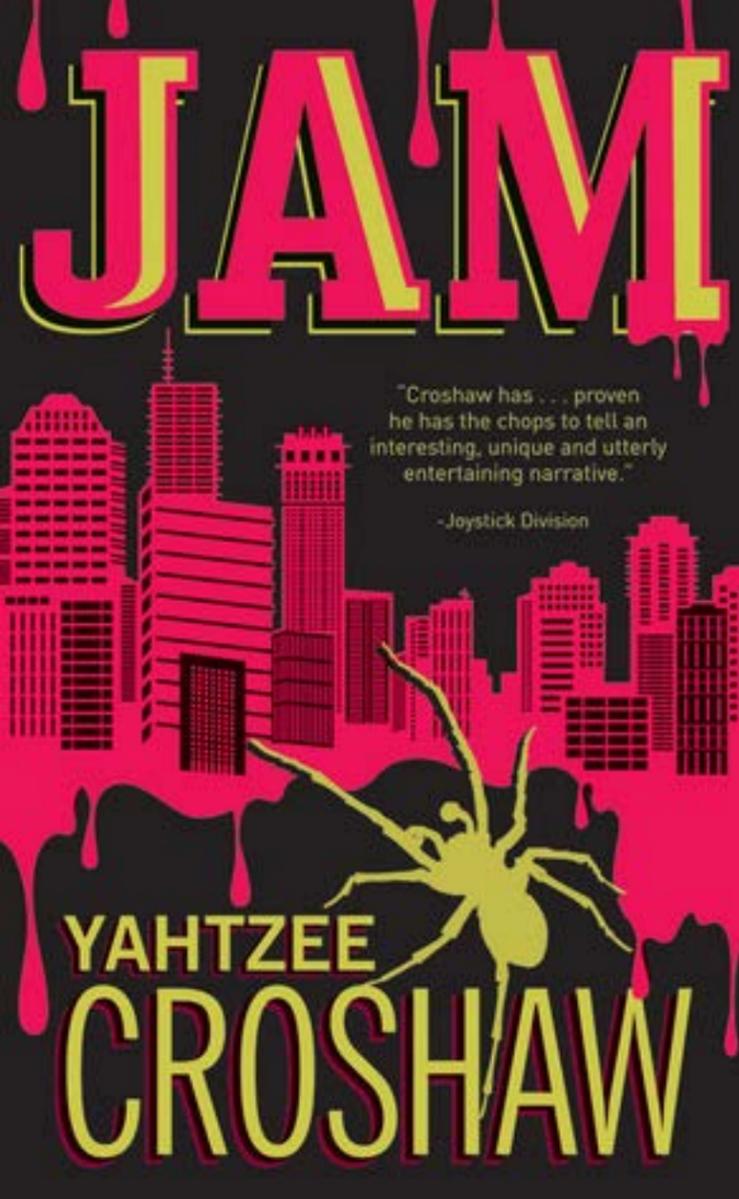
Stimson Snead, DGA, is a fifteen-year veteran of the independent film scene, having worked at some point in every role of production. 2025 marks the release of his feature directorial debut, *Tim Travers and the Time Traveler's Paradox!* Available everywhere, *Tim Travers* sits with a whopping 86% Fresh on Rotten Tomatoes and was listed by the *New York Times* as one of the best independent sci fi films streaming this year!

*"Snead shows what you can do with a small budget and a big idea that you push to its outer limits."*  
-Elisabeth Vincentelli, NYT

The gonzo story follows a mad scientist whose stated mission in life is to stand alone with God at the end of time and tell the bastard off. In the course of this character study wrapped up in a science fiction comedy, *Tim Travers* will take on the mercenary gang whose stolen plutonium powers his machine, challenge an Alex Jones-esque podcaster to a battle of wits, create a black hole, meet the one woman alive crazier than him, clone himself, destroy the universe, make a new one, and maybe—just maybe—learn to love himself at last.

Working on a less-than-\$5-million-dollar budget in collaboration with North by Northwest Studios in Washington State (*Z Nation*, *Dreamin' Wild* and *Train Dreams*), *Tim Travers* relies on the award-winning breakout performance from newcomer Samuel Dunning (*Blue Bloods*, *For All Mankind*) while reuniting *Community*'s Joel McHale (*Animal Control*, *The Joel McHale Show*, *Spider-Man 2*) and Keith David (*The Princess and the Frog*, *They Live*, *The Thing*, *Gargoyles*), alongside nerd culture mainstay Felicia Day (*Supernatural*, *Mystery Science Theater 3000*), with a guest appearance from industry legend Danny Trejo (*Machete*, *From Dusk Till Dawn*, *Predators*).



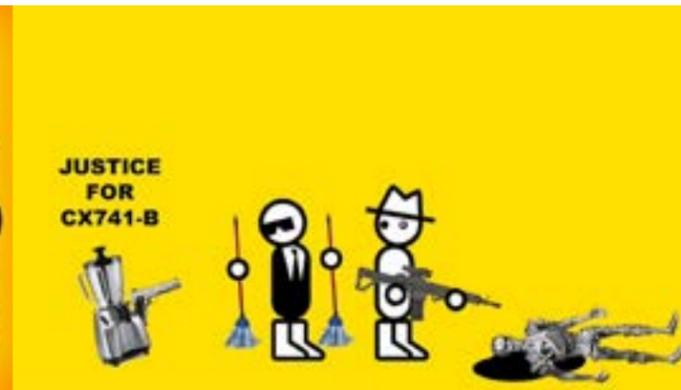
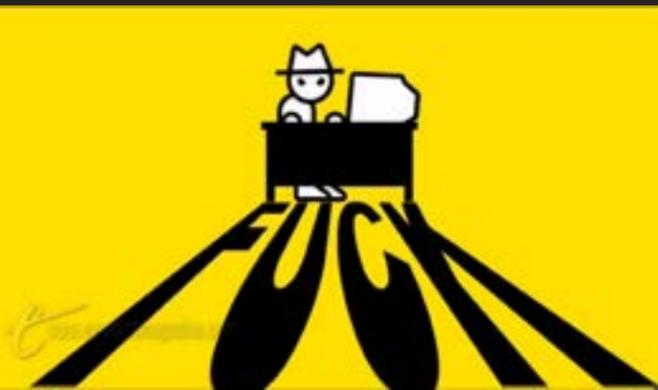
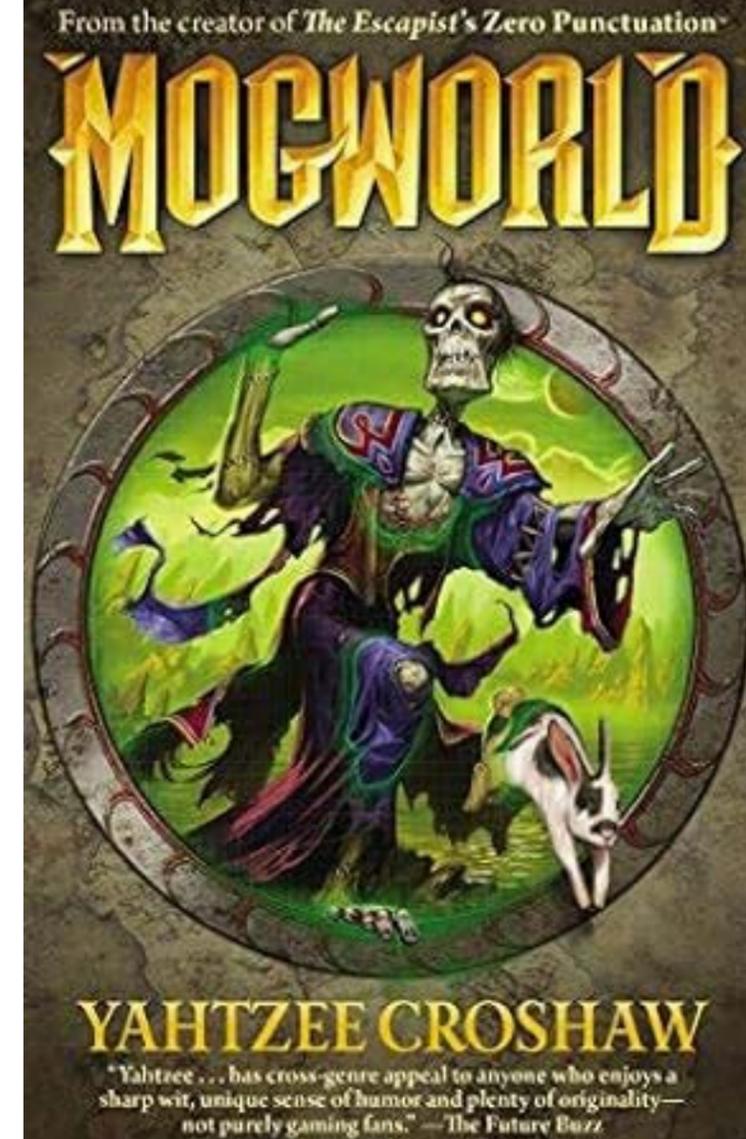


## Author of JAM

Ben "Yahtzee" Croshaw is an award-winning writer, game critic, and cultural satirist whose work has reshaped modern gaming commentary and comedy. Best known as the creator of Zero Punctuation and Fully Ramblomatic, he has spent nearly two decades defining a distinctive voice in media — one that blends razor-sharp wit, surreal absurdism, and a disarming knack for exposing the ridiculous in everyday systems. His shows have never dipped below six-figure weekly viewership, earning global recognition, multiple Webby wins for The Escapist, and the 2009 Lizzie Award for Best Gaming Journalist.

In literature, Croshaw has built a dedicated following through a catalogue of genre-bending novels — each infused with the same dark humor, narrative playfulness, and satirical bite that have made his commentary iconic. JAM, his second novel, stands as one of his most beloved books: a comedic apocalypse drenched in hyper-vivid characters, existential dread, and a sticky layer of pink, man-eating jam. The book's mix of absurd horror, culture satire, and unexpectedly heartfelt human drama has earned long-lasting fan devotion, including praise from bestselling author Patrick Rothfuss.

Beyond writing and criticism, Croshaw is also an independent game developer, with titles such as Starstruck Vagabond, The Consuming Shadow, and the cult-favorite Chzo Mythos. Each showcases his signature talent for building worlds where the bizarre and the sincere collide — a sensibility that pulses at the core of JAM and continues to resonate across his entire body of work.





6-A

Frank greets the morning like it owes him money: push-ups, thesis, ring kiss, promise to a dead father. Destiny is finally on time... then misses a step. The lobby isn't a lobby anymore. It's three feet of purple hunger with a raspberry smile.



6-B

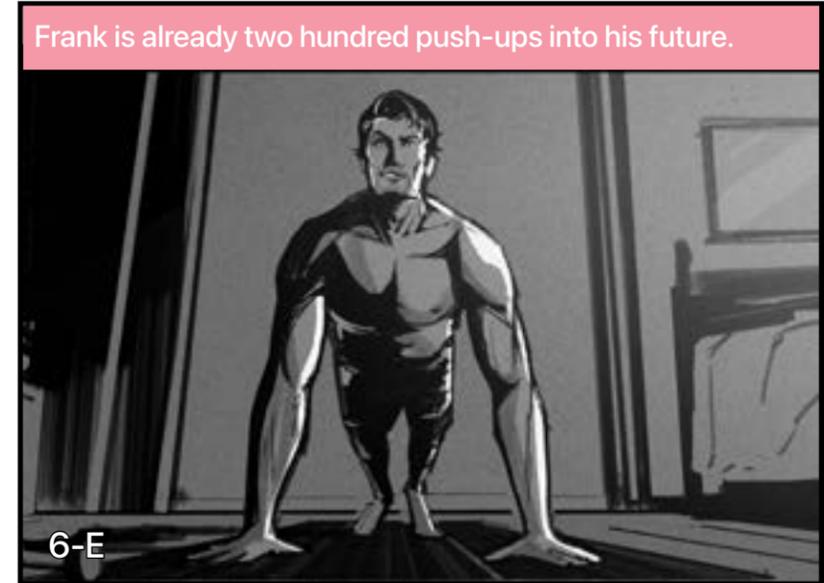


6-C



6-D

Radio blares "I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)."



6-E

Frank is already two hundred push-ups into his future.



6-F



6-G



6-H

The engagement ring gets a kiss; the Purple Heart photo gets a vow.



7-A



I'm gonna make you proud dad

7-B



7-C

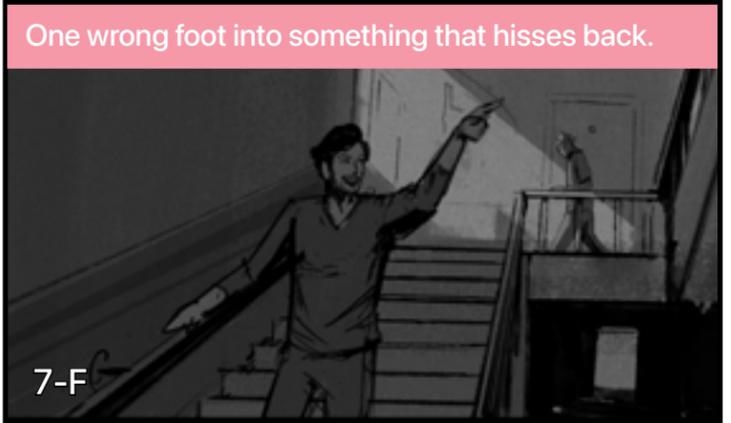


7-D



7-E

Stairwell swagger.



7-F

One wrong foot into something that hisses back.



7-G



8-A



8-B



8-C



8-D



8-E



8-F



8-G

Title card lands with the subtlety of a falling helicopter: JAM.

So here are the rules, as far as anyone can tell before breakfast: The jam eats organic. Touch it and you're garnish. It hunts by proximity, shapes itself into whatever gets you quicker, and retreats in tides before it returns as a wall.

**Observed properties:**

- Scent: raspberry. That's the last cute thing about it.
- Behavior: attracted to living matter; can extrude tendrils and serpents to close distance; recedes like a tide, then returns as a wave.
- Contact: dissolves flesh rapidly; victims... convert.
- Night: faint bioluminescence. Pretty. In a funeral-home way.
- Protection: impermeable plastics seem to confuse it. Tears are fatal.
- Metabolism: separated blobs thrash to rejoin the mass. Buckets are a bad idea.
- Psychology: patient. Curious. Hungry. Always hungry.

**Angela (into the GoPro):**

The jam can adapt its shape in order to better pursue its prey.

**Tim:**

Jampocalypse. I'm calling it now.



## Travis — “Professional Late Bloomer.”

An amiable underachiever who mistakes passivity for peace. He wants to be helpful; he specializes in arriving with the wrong help. By noon he’s on concussion number three, by dusk he’s named a spider “Mary” and insists she’s talking back. He is not brave in the way posters understand bravery. He is stubborn about small kindnesses, which turns out to be rarer than courage when everything is sticky and loud.

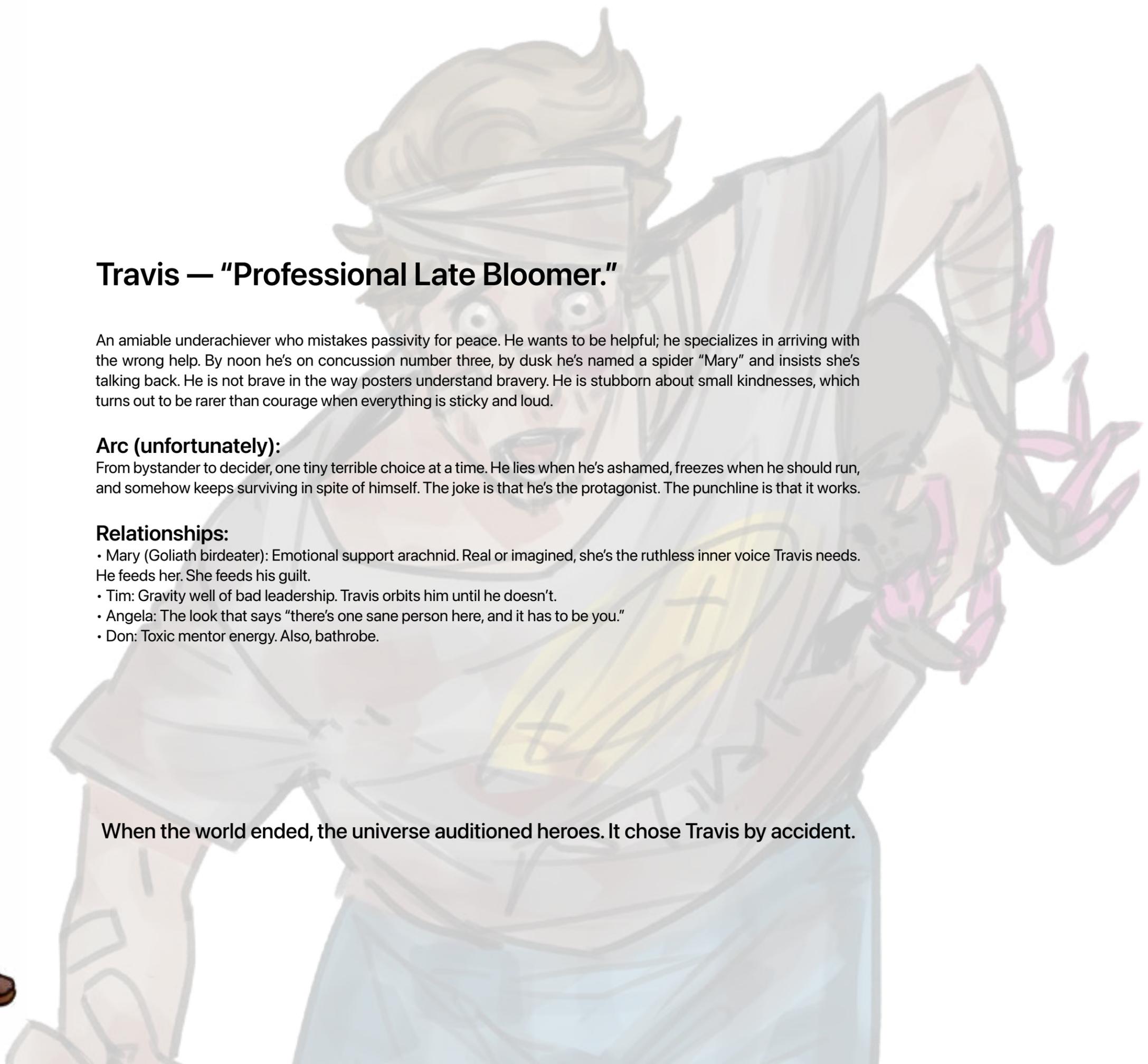
### **Arc (unfortunately):**

From bystander to decider, one tiny terrible choice at a time. He lies when he’s ashamed, freezes when he should run, and somehow keeps surviving in spite of himself. The joke is that he’s the protagonist. The punchline is that it works.

### **Relationships:**

- Mary (Goliath birdeater): Emotional support arachnid. Real or imagined, she’s the ruthless inner voice Travis needs. He feeds her. She feeds his guilt.
- Tim: Gravity well of bad leadership. Travis orbits him until he doesn’t.
- Angela: The look that says “there’s one sane person here, and it has to be you.”
- Don: Toxic mentor energy. Also, bathrobe.

When the world ended, the universe auditioned heroes. It chose Travis by accident.





## Tim — “Apocalypse Enthusiast.”

A freelance roadie turned accidental warlord-in-waiting. In the old world, he blamed the system. In the new one, he wants to be the system—loud, self-assured, and deeply allergic to accountability. Tim sees opportunity where others see horror, declaring every crisis “a leadership moment.” He’s wrong, but confident. Sometimes that’s enough.

### **Arc:**

Tim begins as comic relief and ends as cautionary tale. The apocalypse gives him meaning, then takes it away. By the time he realizes civilization might recover, he’s too invested in chaos to let it.

### **Relationships:**

- Travis: The Watson to his mad Holmes, except both are Watsons.
- Angela: Calls him out on everything. He hears none of it.
- Don: Rival alpha. They hate each other like mirrors do.

If charisma were a survival skill, Tim would outlive cockroaches



The Jam descends upon the city.  
The survivors form alliances.  
Some smarter than others.

### Angela — “The Lens of Reason.”

A barista-podcaster armed with a GoPro and misplaced faith in journalism. She documents the collapse like it's her big break, until it actually is. Angela's the first to suspect a conspiracy and the last to find it funny.

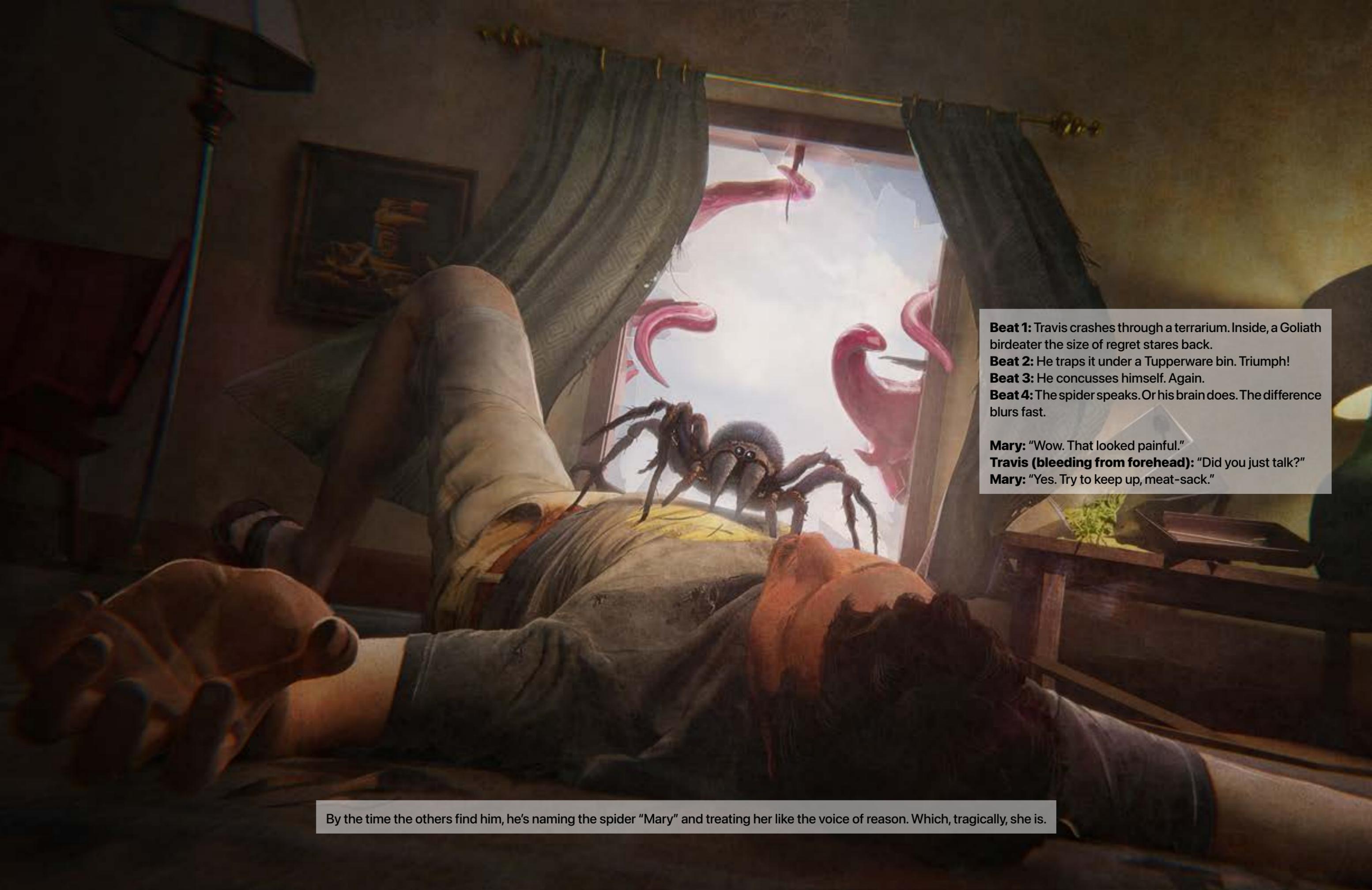


People don't form  
cults in a day. It takes a  
lifetime of stupidity.

### Don Sunderland — “The Bathrobe Prophet.”

Former indie-gaming visionary. Now an apocalypse alcoholic in silk. Fueled by rage, guilt, and brand loyalty to nihilism. Don believes art matters even after civilization, which makes him a lunatic and, occasionally, correct.

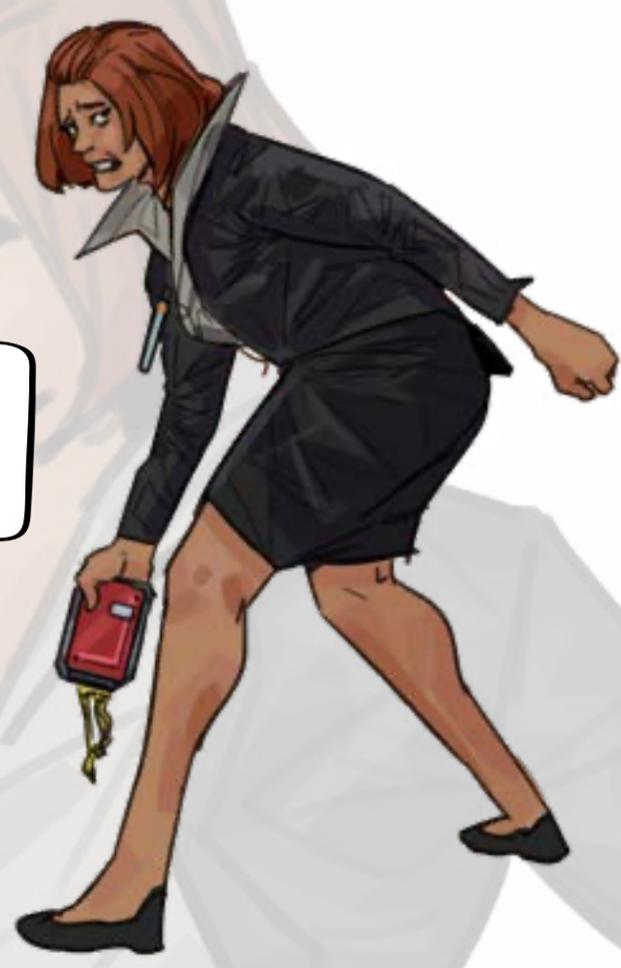
A podcast host and a game developer walk into the end of the world. The punchline is on everyone else.



**Beat 1:** Travis crashes through a terrarium. Inside, a Goliath birdeater the size of regret stares back.  
**Beat 2:** He traps it under a Tupperware bin. Triumph!  
**Beat 3:** He concusses himself. Again.  
**Beat 4:** The spider speaks. Or his brain does. The difference blurs fast.

**Mary:** "Wow. That looked painful."  
**Travis (bleeding from forehead):** "Did you just talk?"  
**Mary:** "Yes. Try to keep up, meat-sack."

By the time the others find him, he's naming the spider "Mary" and treating her like the voice of reason. Which, tragically, she is.



I have no knowledge of this particular acronym.

### Dana — “Spy (Probably).”

Claims to be a bureaucrat. Carries herself like a CIA PowerPoint presentation with legs. Masters the art of denial so hard it becomes performance art.



A helicopter crash delivers two new survivors—armed, trained, and way too American for Australia.



It's not here. I must have left it in my—

### Fox — “Professional Meat Slab.”

A walking protein bar with military-grade abs and the emotional depth of a sandbag. Communicates mainly through grunts and efficient homicide. Don Sunderland stole his pants- and Fox wants them back!

They insist they're not government agents. They arrive in a government helicopter. The survivors pretend to believe them because it's easier than arguing with biceps.

A rival tribe emerges from the ruins: the Gym-Survivalists. Equal parts protein shake and delusion, they interpret the Jam as divine punishment for skipping leg day.

**Beat 1:** Five figures pose against the sun.  
**Beat 2:** One hurls a dumbbell with the conviction of an Olympian and the aim of a toddler.  
**All:** "EVERY DAY IS LEG DAY!"  
**Beat 3:** Our heroes escape on board the Everlong, dripping, traumatized, and physically fit.



**Gym-survivalists:**  
EVERY DAY IS LEG DAY!

**Angela:**  
Oh my god, it's a cult.



**Don:**  
It's only been one day!



Turns out irony doesn't protect you from death or bad taste. The survivors infiltrate the Briar Center Mall, home of the Plastic People — a community of self-aware idiots who claim to be mocking religion by starting one. (They're not.)

**Beat 1:** Inside the torch-lit atrium, they find a hundred survivors wrapped head to toe in garbage bags and duct tape.

**Beat 2:** The logic is flawless: plastic doesn't dissolve, therefore plastic is holy.

**Beat 3:** Lord Awesomo presides from the food court like a gamer pope, wielding a mop as his scepter.

**Beat 4:** Angela films. Don drinks. Travis wonders if he's concussed again.



**Angela:**

They think they're mocking belief, but they're still kneeling

**Don:**

At least they're recyclable.



**Mary:**

It's a cult made of Reddit comments.



The mall needed structure. Unfortunately, it found these three.



We're just being ironically evil.

Lord Awesomo is a character dressed in a black and grey, hooded, robe-like outfit with a wide collar and a sash. He is holding a megaphone in his right hand. The background behind him is a large, faint, grey-scale illustration of a person in a similar hooded robe with their arms outstretched.

**Lord Awesomo —**

**"The Influencer Messiah."**

Once Gerald, assistant manager. Now the self-declared mouthpiece of Crazy Bob, armed with a mop and crippling insecurity. Uses irony as a shield against accountability.



We don't actually think it's God, so don't get weird about it.

Princess Ravenhair is a character with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a black and grey, gothic-style dress with a high collar and a sash. She has a small, dark, pointed object on her forehead. The background behind her is a large, faint, grey-scale illustration of a person in a similar gothic-style dress holding a birdcage.

**Princess Ravenhair —**

**"High Priestess of Cosplay."**

Former theater major. Now the prophetess of nonsense. Treats every human tragedy like a Comic-Con panel.



Left! Right! Left!  
And maybe right again! No—Left!

Sergeant Cuddles is a character wearing a green and black military-style uniform with a red sash and a helmet. He has red sunglasses and a small antenna on his head. The background behind him is a large, faint, grey-scale illustration of a person in a similar military-style uniform with a helmet and sunglasses.

**Sergeant Cuddles — "Tiny Tyrant."**

Five-foot-three, armed with delusion and a plastic badge. Leads the mall's scavenging patrols with the authority of a kid playing soldier in the food court.

Together, they form the mall's government. Together, they are why it shouldn't have one.

Every religion begins with a misunderstanding. This one began with a mall security guard and a yogurt.



## Crazy Bob — "Reluctant God."

An elderly employee who let survivors into the mall three days ago. The mistake was divine. Now he rules from the IMAX theater, watching The Blob on loop. Thinks he's still at work.



## Faction: The Plastic People

Formed from the bored, the burned-out, and the self-satisfied. They believe irony is a survival strategy and that garbage bags are sacred vestments. They chant, post, and perish in equal measure.

They think they're different because they know they're stupid. That's never saved anyone.



**Bob:**  
I'm not crazy, and I'm trying to watch TV!



**Tim:**  
Your followers killed a guy over your yogurt.



**Bob:**  
Robert ate my yogurt!?

Travis wakes in the dark. The cult sleeps. The spider whispers. It's the closest he's come to intimacy in years.



19-A

Moonlight filters through the atrium skylight. Rows of sleeping bodies breathe in sync like one living organism.

Inside his Tupperware, Mary taps.

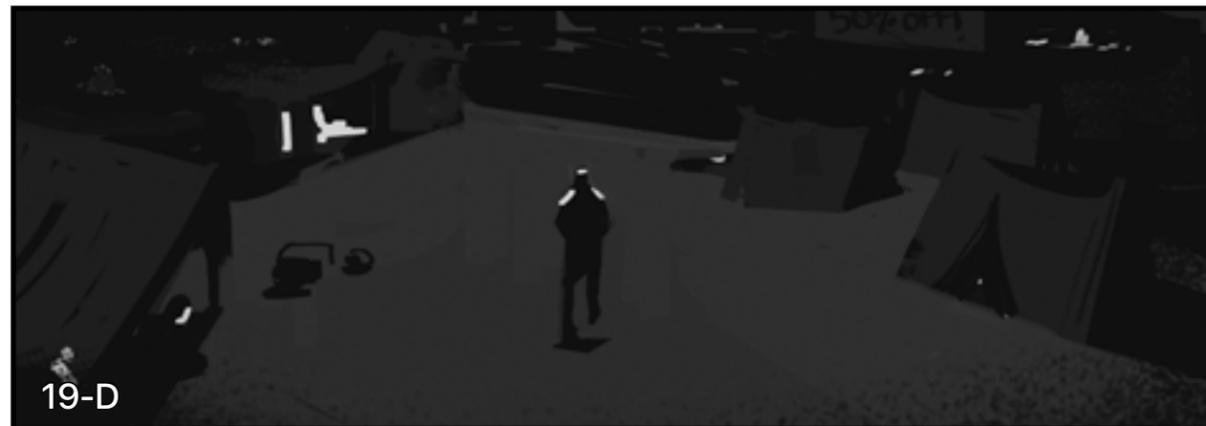


19-B



19-C

Let's go for a walk.



19-D



19-E



19-F

They move through the darkened aisles of the food court.



19-G



19-H



20-A



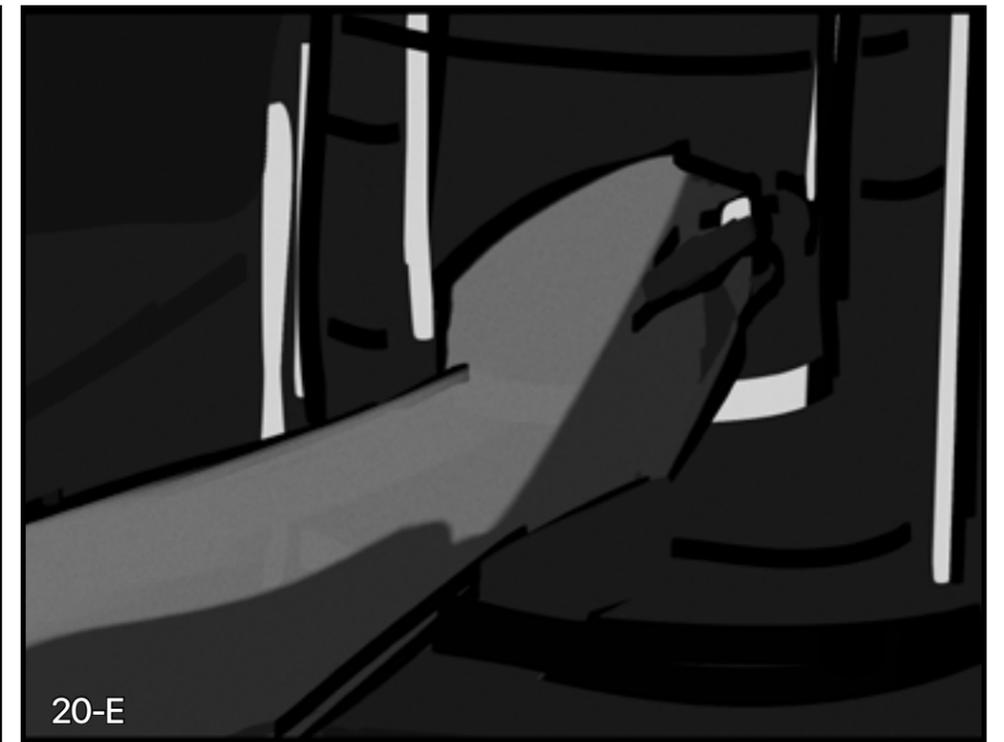
20-B



20-C



20-D



20-E



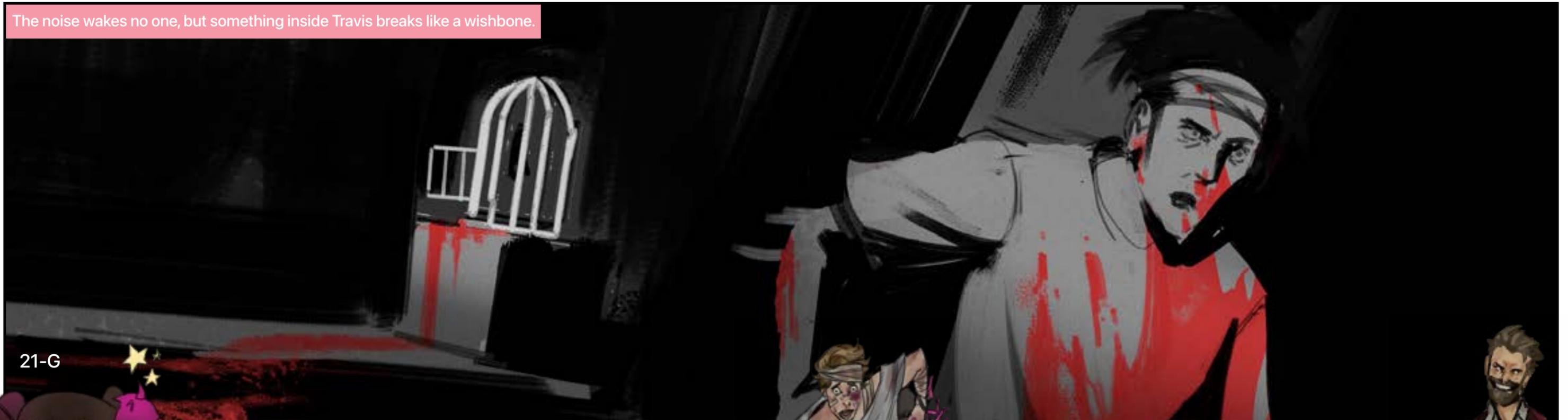
20-F



20-G



20-H



**Mary:**  
You did the right thing.

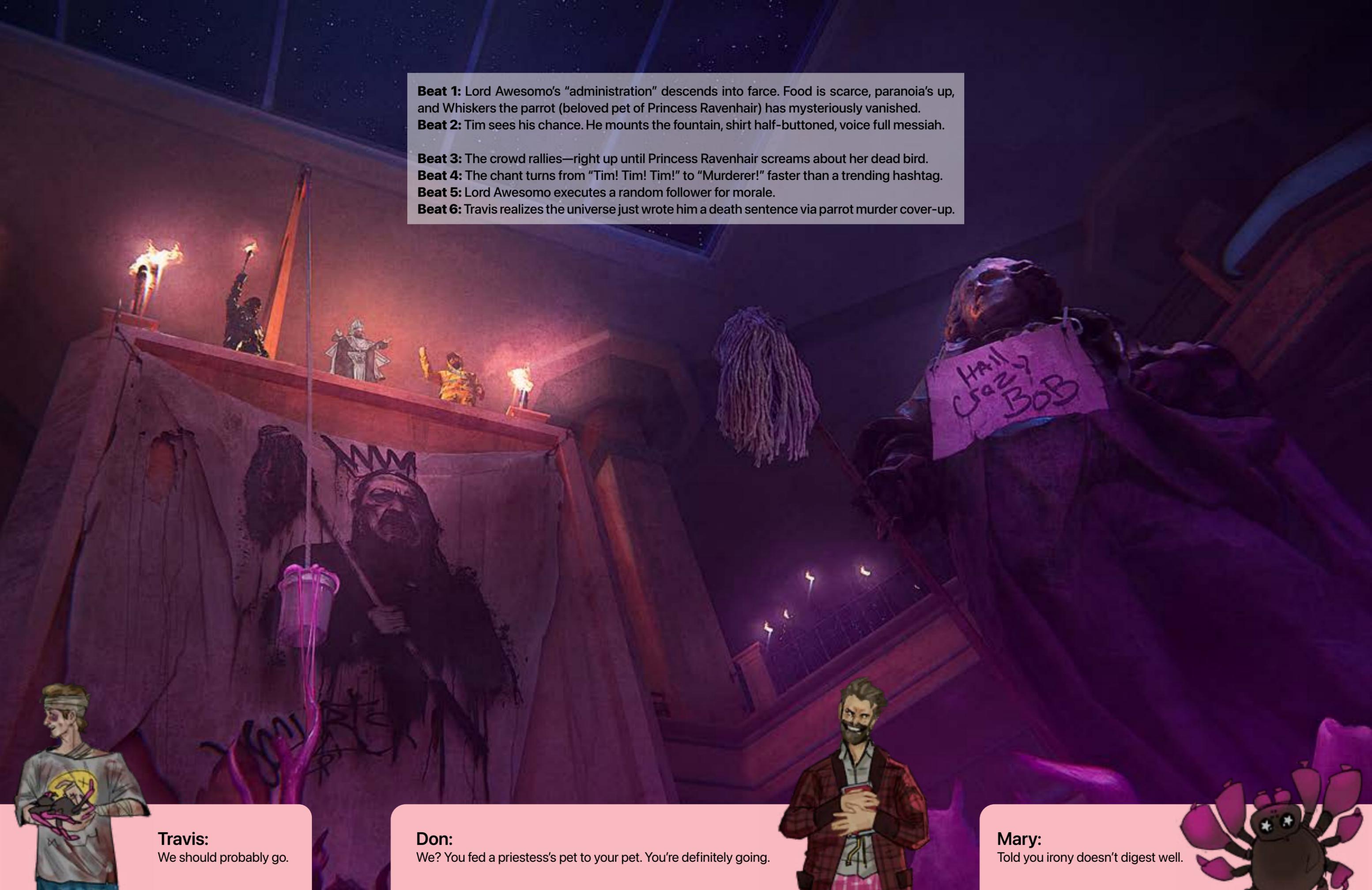
**Travis:**  
Then why do I feel like I didn't?



**Don (later):**  
If guilt burned calories, you'd be in shape by now.



**Beat 1:** Lord Awesomo's "administration" descends into farce. Food is scarce, paranoia's up, and Whiskers the parrot (beloved pet of Princess Ravenhair) has mysteriously vanished.  
**Beat 2:** Tim sees his chance. He mounts the fountain, shirt half-buttoned, voice full messiah.  
**Beat 3:** The crowd rallies—right up until Princess Ravenhair screams about her dead bird.  
**Beat 4:** The chant turns from "Tim! Tim! Tim!" to "Murderer!" faster than a trending hashtag.  
**Beat 5:** Lord Awesomo executes a random follower for morale.  
**Beat 6:** Travis realizes the universe just wrote him a death sentence via parrot murder cover-up.



**Travis:**  
We should probably go.

**Don:**  
We? You fed a priestess's pet to your pet. You're definitely going.



**Mary:**  
Told you irony doesn't digest well.



In the ashes of civilization, hierarchy regrows like mold. Enter Hibatsu — the bureaucratic theocracy of skyscraper survivors.



**Grand Chieftain Gary —  
"The CEO of Civilization."**

Wears a suit made from duct tape and hubris. Runs Hibatsu like a corporate HR department that's declared war on joy.



**Spymaster Kathy —  
"Interrogator of the Month."**

Polite, precise, terrifying. She believes truth is a matter of paperwork and death is an acceptable clerical error.



**Faction: The Hibatsu Tribe**

They survived by merging religion with corporate governance. Their prayers are memos. Their commandments are policy manuals. They despise the Plastic People for being messy, but they're just a cleaner brand of madness.

If the Plastic People worshiped irony, Hibatsu worships efficiency. Both end in paperwork.



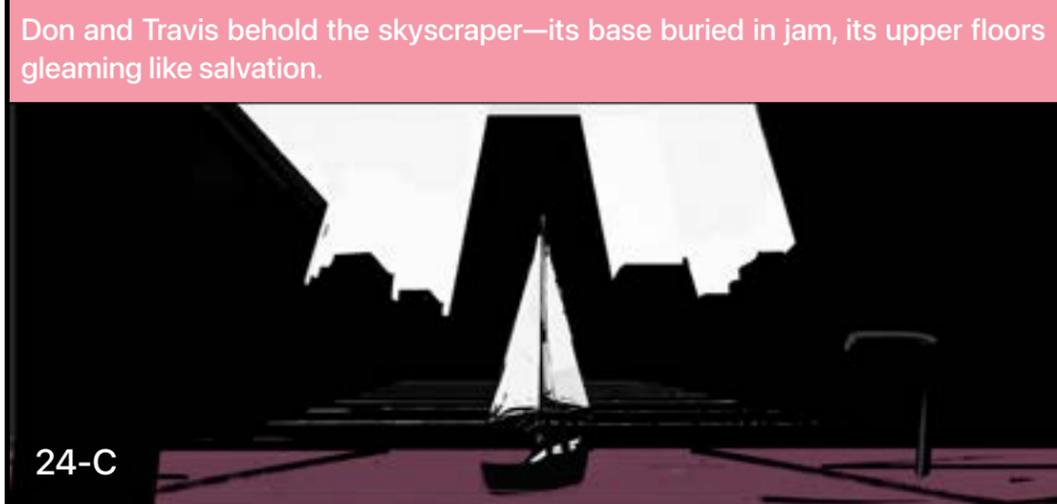
The Everlong drifts into the shadow of Hibatsu Tower—a glass monolith stabbing at the clouds.

24-A



Inside, bureaucracy hums like a hive.

24-B



24-C



24-D



24-E



24-F

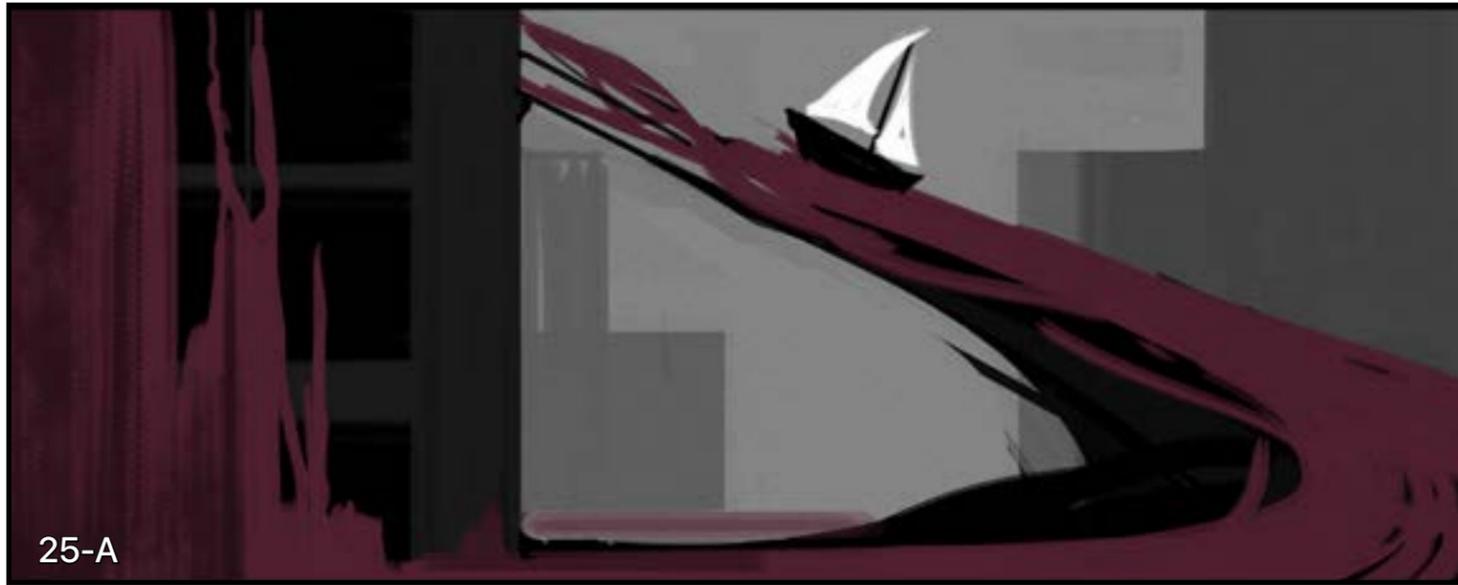


24-G

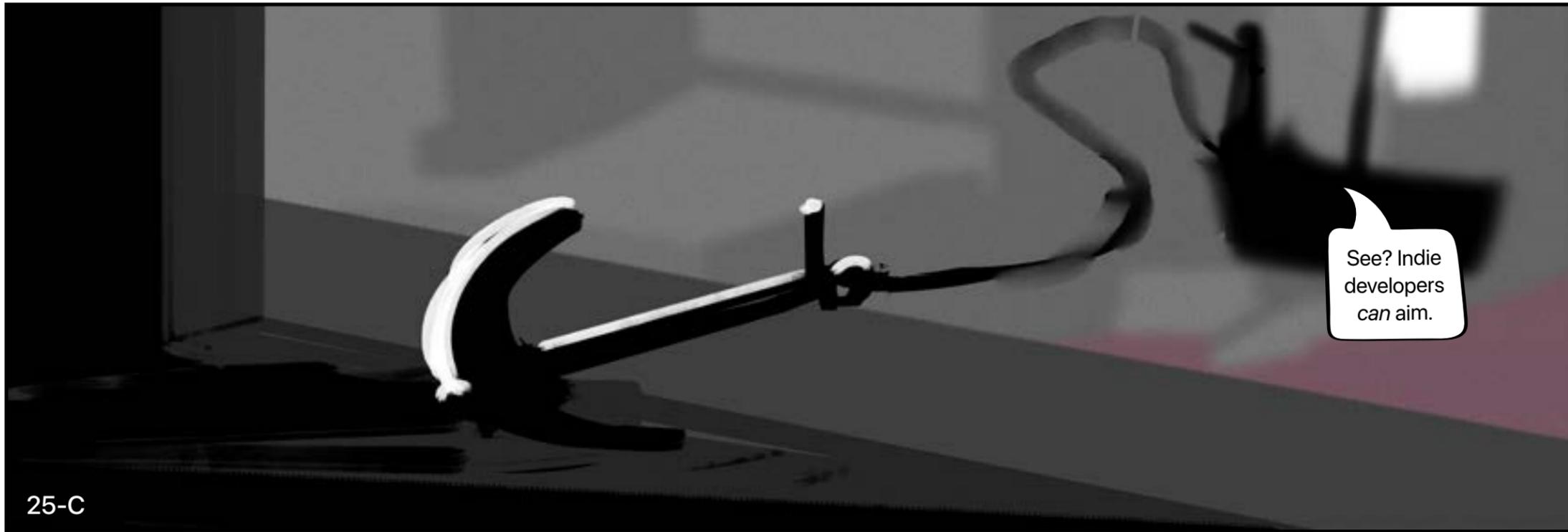


Two waves hit in succession, lifting the boat up the side like a divine elevator made of regret.

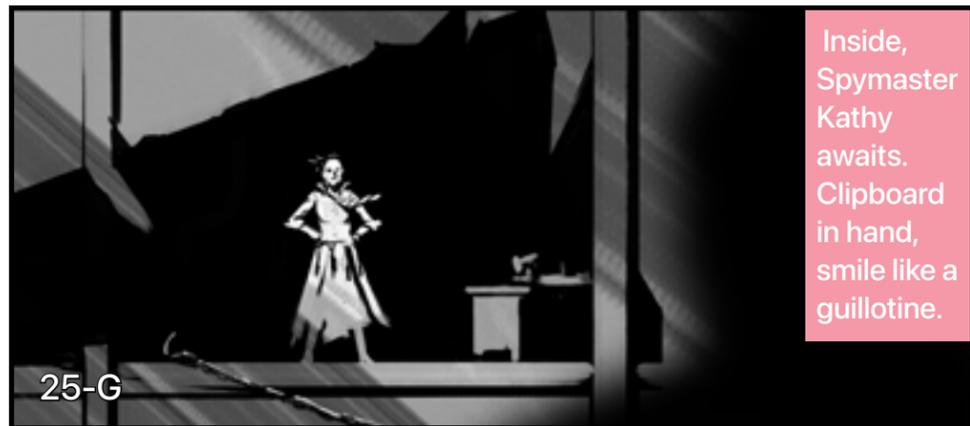
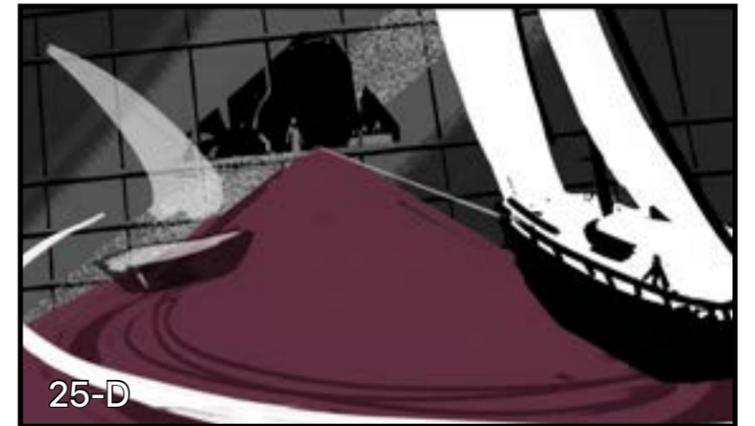
24-H



Don hurls an anchor through a window. It catches. Physics resigns in protest.

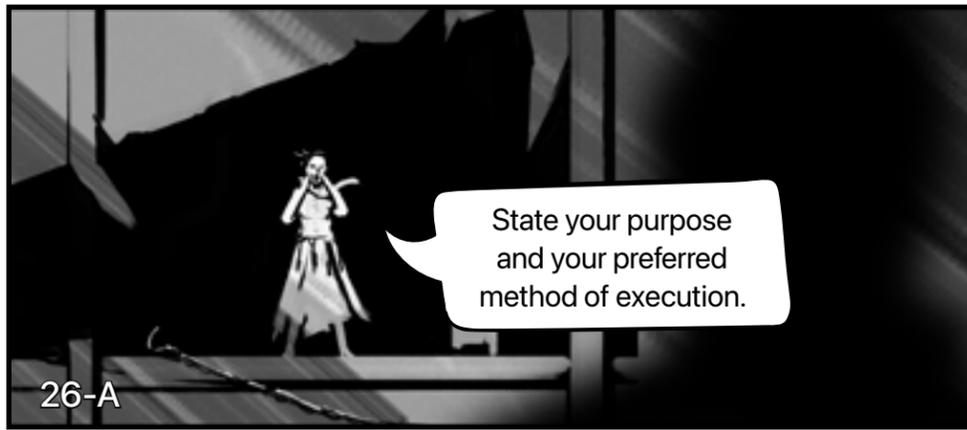


See? Indie developers can aim.



Inside, Spymaster Kathy awaits. Clipboard in hand, smile like a guillotine.







Maybe it's just saying hi.

27-A



The jam pounds against the window, spiderweb cracks forming.

27-B



27-C

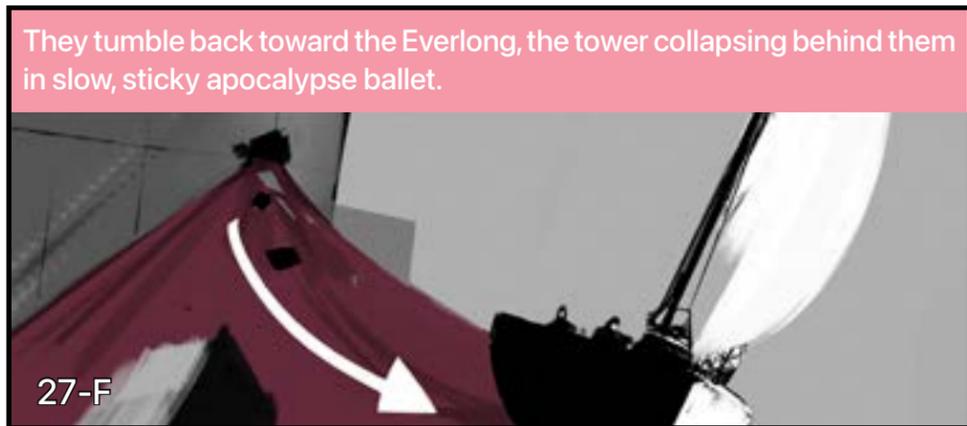


27-D

The window gives. Air screams. Kathy and Dave are pulled into the purple void. Don and Travis barely hang on.



27-E



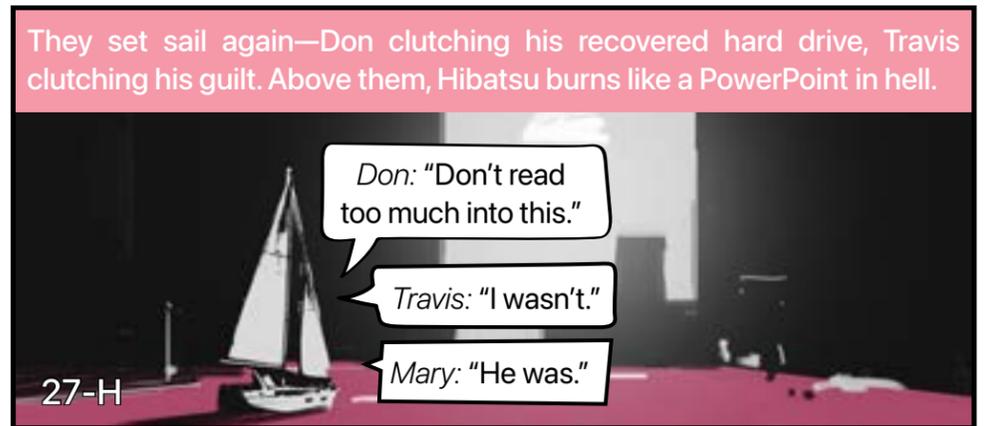
They tumble back toward the Everlong, the tower collapsing behind them in slow, sticky apocalypse ballet.

27-F



Dripping and alive, they embrace. For one miraculous second, it looks like friendship.

27-G



They set sail again—Don clutching his recovered hard drive, Travis clutching his guilt. Above them, Hibatsu burns like a PowerPoint in hell.

Don: "Don't read too much into this."

Travis: "I wasn't."

Mary: "He was."

27-H

Some men carry the weight of nations. Fox carries a knife the size of a nation. Acting on orders from Hibatsu, he begins what historians will later call "an overreaction."

**Beat 1:** The Gym-Survivalists chant leg-day hymns in the ruins.

**Beat 2:** Fox arrives. The music stops.

**Fox:** "Which one of you has the drive?"

**Beat 3:** Silence.

**Beat 4:** He proceeds to erase the silence. By the time he's done, there's protein shake and regret everywhere.

**Beat 5:** Fox kneels among the carnage, realizes Don has the hard drive he seeks.

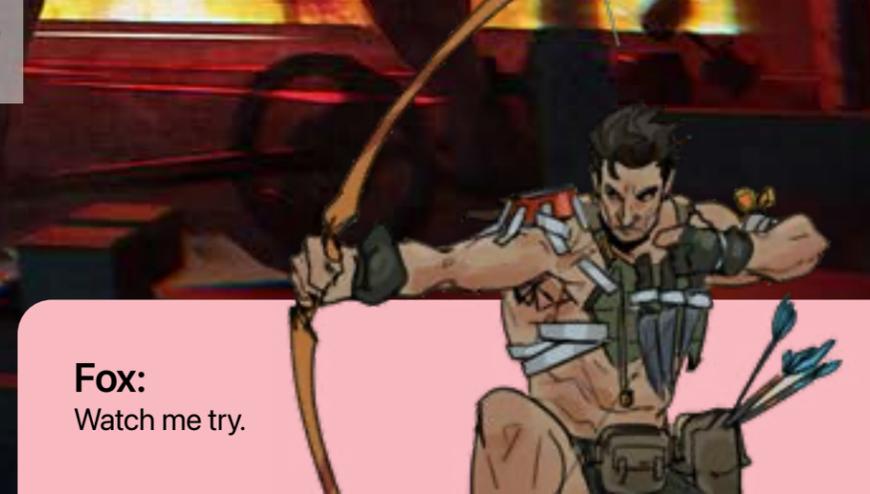
**Beat 6:** He turns toward the horizon—toward the mall.

**Fox:** "Orders are orders."

Thus begins the dumbest manhunt in history: one man, one mall, and one hard drive full of indie game assets... And also maybe a cure for the Jampocalypse!?



**Dana:**  
You can't save the world by killing it!



**Fox:**  
Watch me try.

Fox storms the Briar Center. Four survivors stand between him and a terabyte of salvation. This is not going to go well.

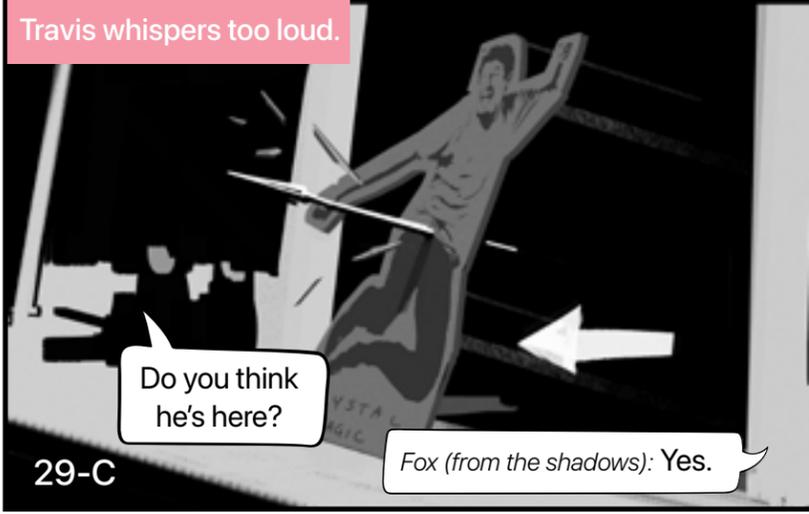


29-A



29-B

Don, Travis, Tim, and Angela creep through the broken skylight into the atrium.



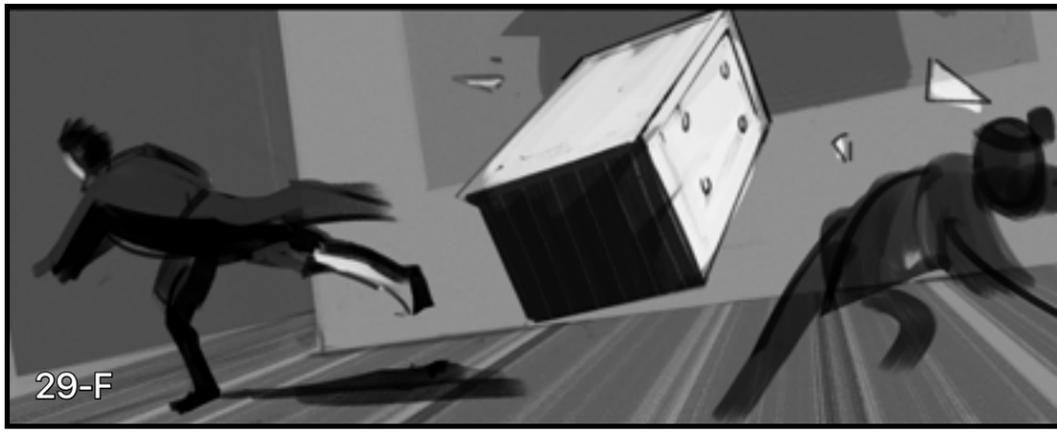
29-C



29-D



29-E



29-F



29-G



29-H



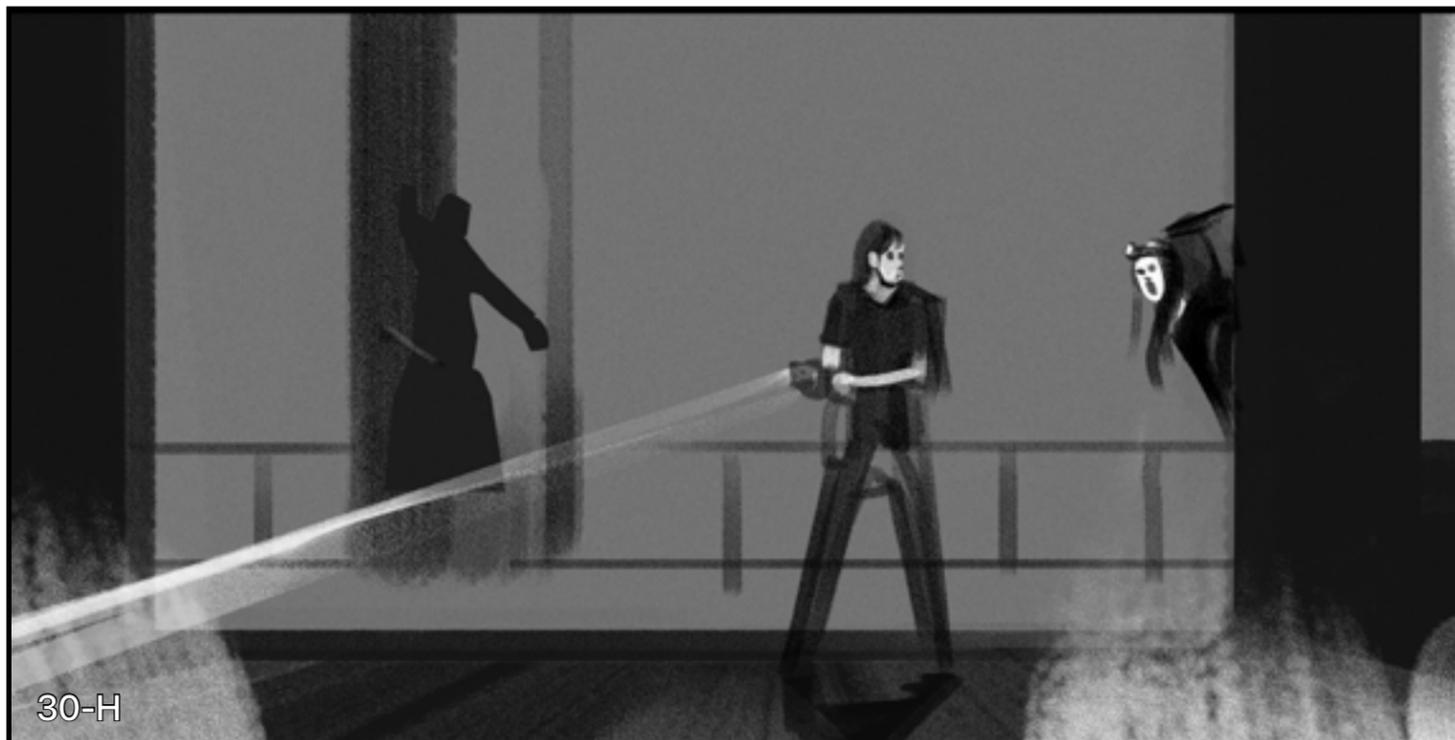
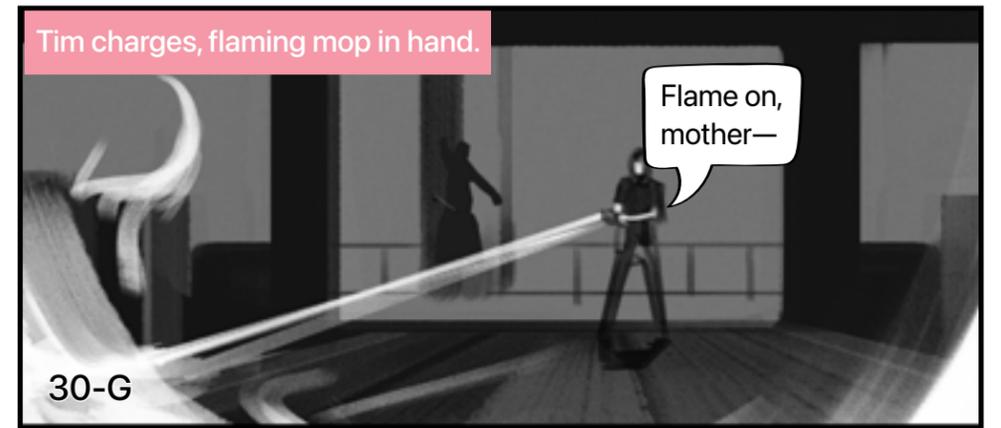
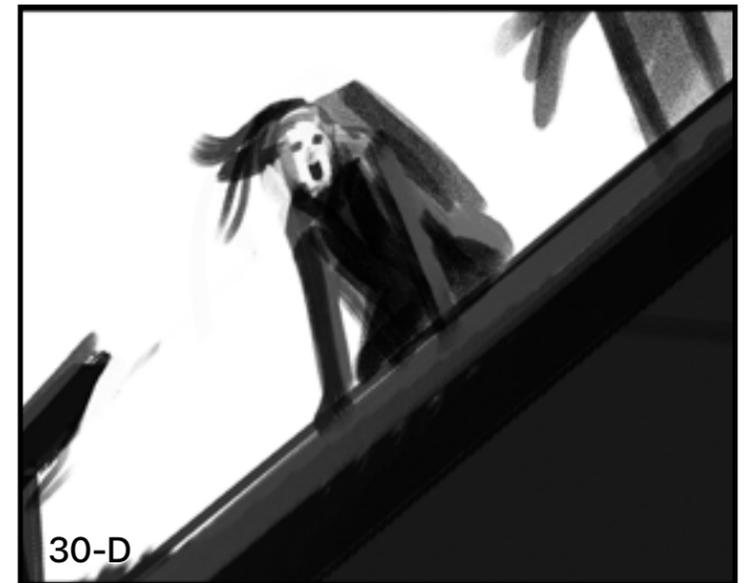
29-I



A park bench sails across the room, smacking Don straight into a jam pit.



He survives by landing feet-first, inventing the first "Jam Dive."



He breaks Tim's nose, Travis's courage, and Angela's tripod.



31-A



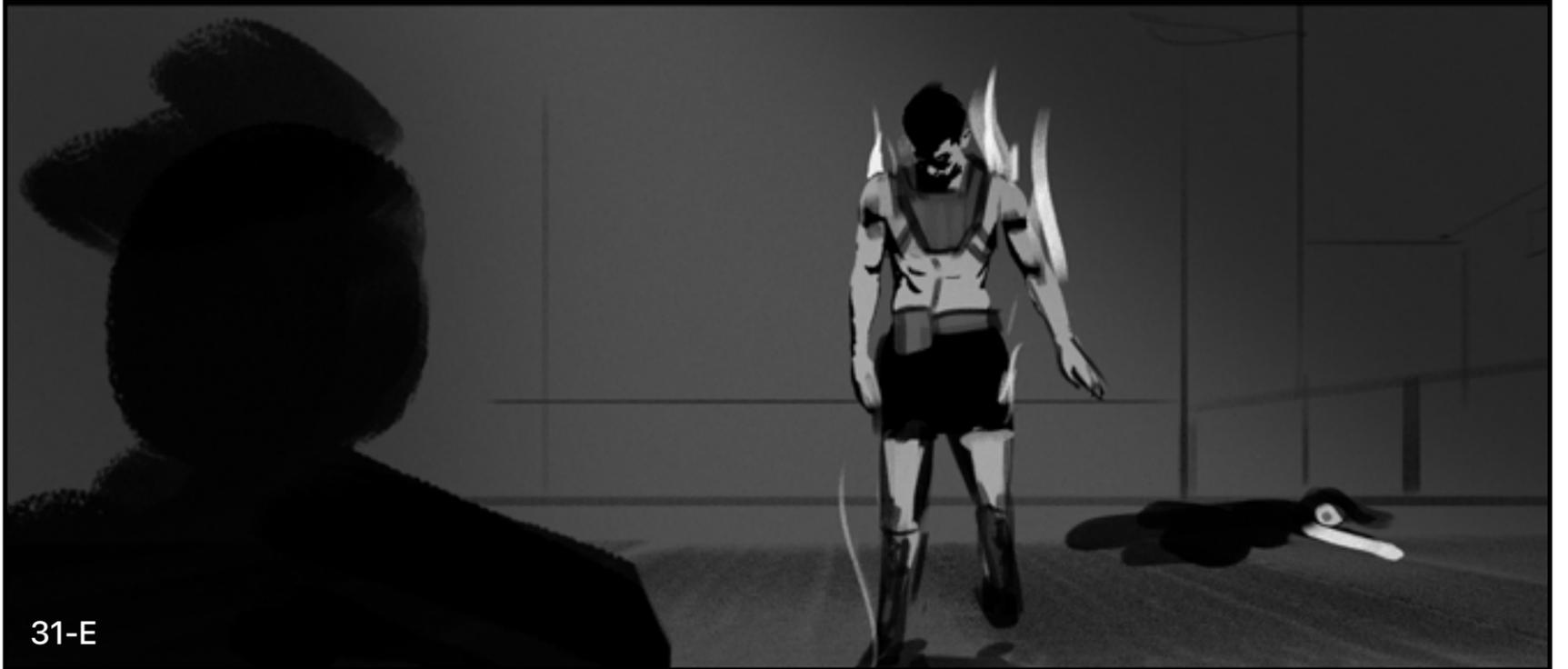
31-B



31-C



31-D



31-E



31-F

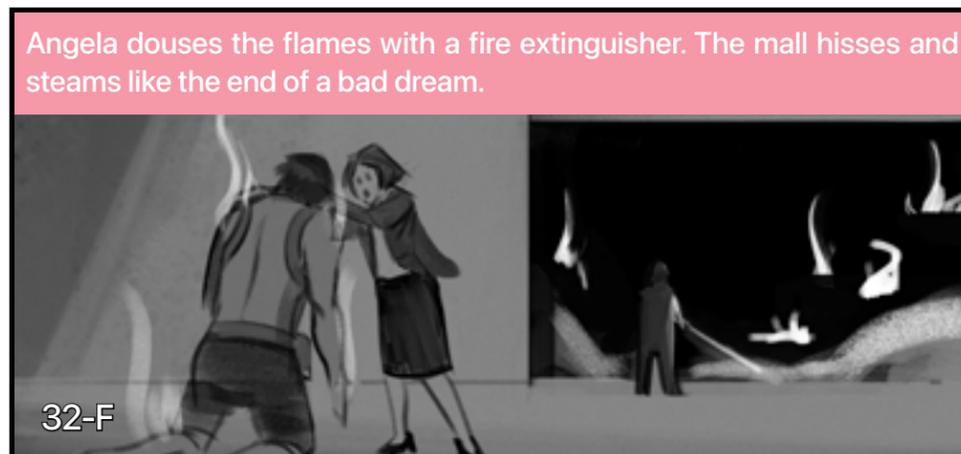


Travis dangles over the edge of the atrium, jam bubbling below.

You're not worth the data you carry.

That's... fair.

31-G





33-A



33-B



33-C

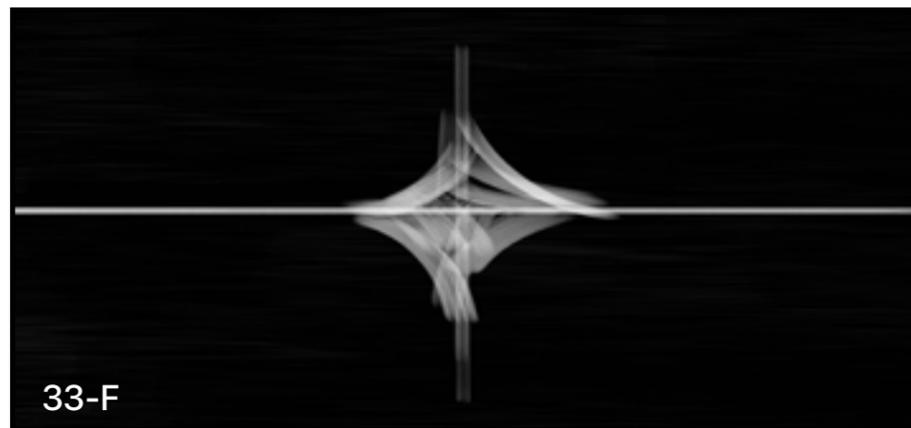


33-D



33-E

**Don:**  
I think we learned something today.



33-F



33-G

**Tim:**  
Yeah. Never let Travis talk.

The Plastic People declared war on Hibatsu for ideological reasons. Hibatsu responded with a strongly worded memo and the overwhelming force of trebuchets flinging filing cabinets.

**Beat 1:** The mall erupts into chaos. Garbage-bag zealots pour into the streets chanting, "IRONY IS STRENGTH!"

**Beat 2:** Hibatsu responds with shells made of staplers and despair.

**Beat 3:** The battlefield: one half shopping mall, one half corporate headquarters, both equally insufferable.

**Beat 4:** Lord Awesomo rallies his troops atop a food court kiosk.

**Awesomo:** "Plastic forever! Down with functional governance!"

**Beat 5:** Princess Ravenhair, resplendent in duct-tape armor, leads the charge.

**Beat 6:** Sergeant Cuddles dies as he lived — giving contradictory orders.

**Cuddles:** "Retreat forward!"

**Beat 7:** Fox and Awesomo face off. Two zealots, one apocalypse. Neither makes it out.

**Beat 8:** The Hibatsu tribe records the victory in triplicate.

As the flames die, Ravenhair takes command of the scattered survivors. With bureaucratic precision, she exiles our heroes to the sea.

**Mary:**

Congratulations. You've outlived civilization and your friend group.

**Travis:**

That's... an accomplishment?

**Mary:**

It's a pattern.

The ocean is gone. In its place: a viscous plain of red death stretching to the horizon. Somewhere beneath it, whales scream softly into gelatin.



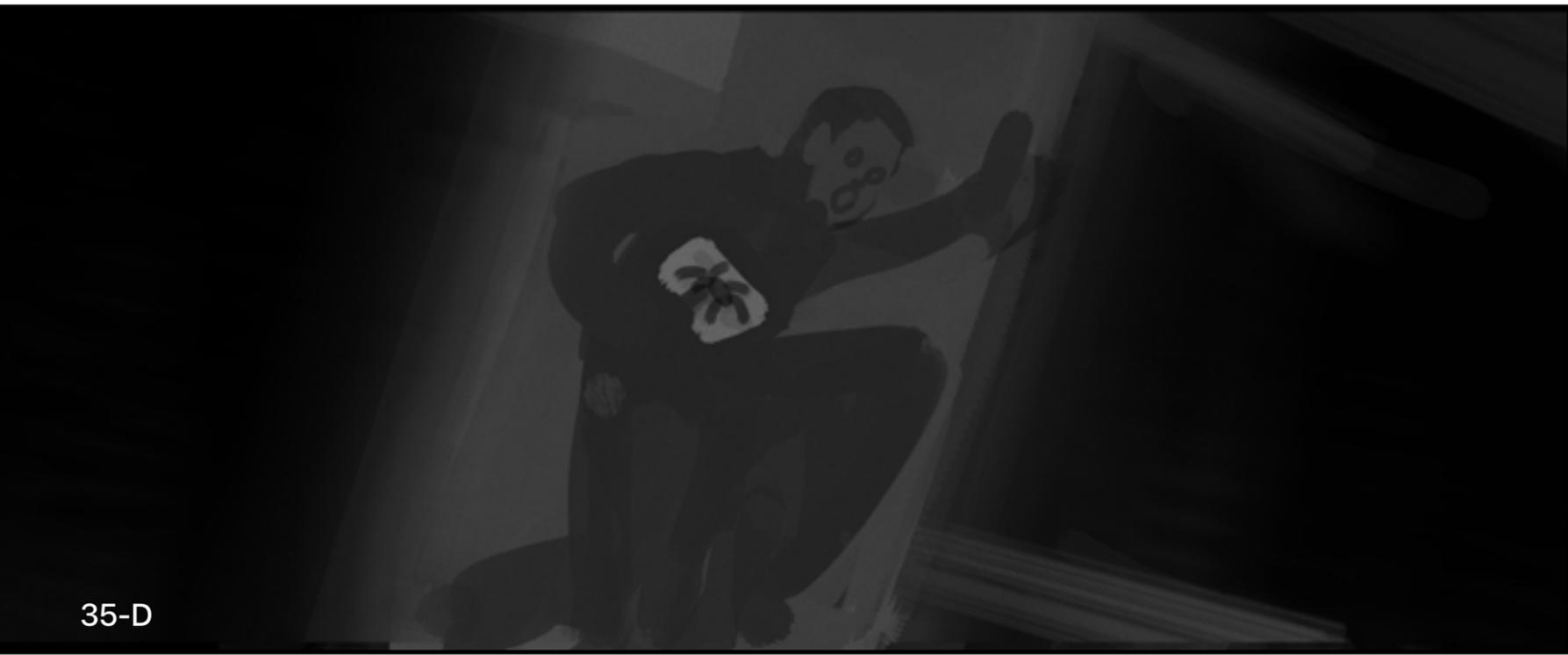
35-A



35-B



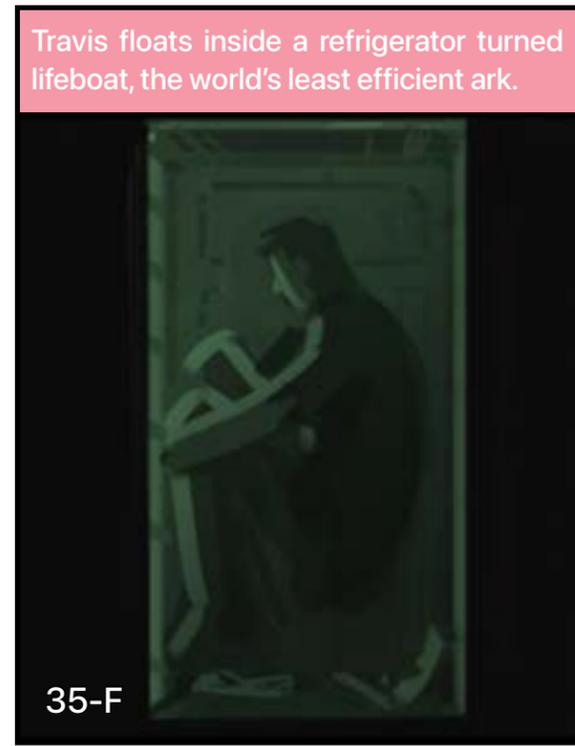
35-C



35-D



35-E



Travis floats inside a refrigerator turned lifeboat, the world's least efficient ark.

35-F

Mary sits on his shoulder, smug as an imaginary spider can be.



I miss air-conditioning.

Admit it. You miss the cult.

35-G



35-H

Mary finally tells him the truth: she isn't real. She's his voice of reason, or guilt, or both.



A crane arm lowers. Travis waves weakly. Mary waves back with more confidence.



He's hauled aboard, gasping, half-conscious. Faces loom over him—Don, Angela, Tim. Against all odds, his disaster family lives.



For the first time since the world ended, there's a chance. Also a scientist. And a laboratory full of glowing liquids that definitely won't explode.

There it is: salvation with a hull number. The Deus Ex Machina drifts through the jam like the last sensible idea on Earth. Onboard: survivors, scientists, and one man too confident to have learned anything.

**Beat 1:** Travis staggers through sterile corridors sticky with condensation and regret.

**Beat 2:** Dr. Thorn, inventor of the jam, greets him like an overcaffeinated god.

**Beat 3:** Thorn explains: it was never an invasion, just an experiment—an edible bioplastic meant to end world hunger. The world, being itself, ate first.

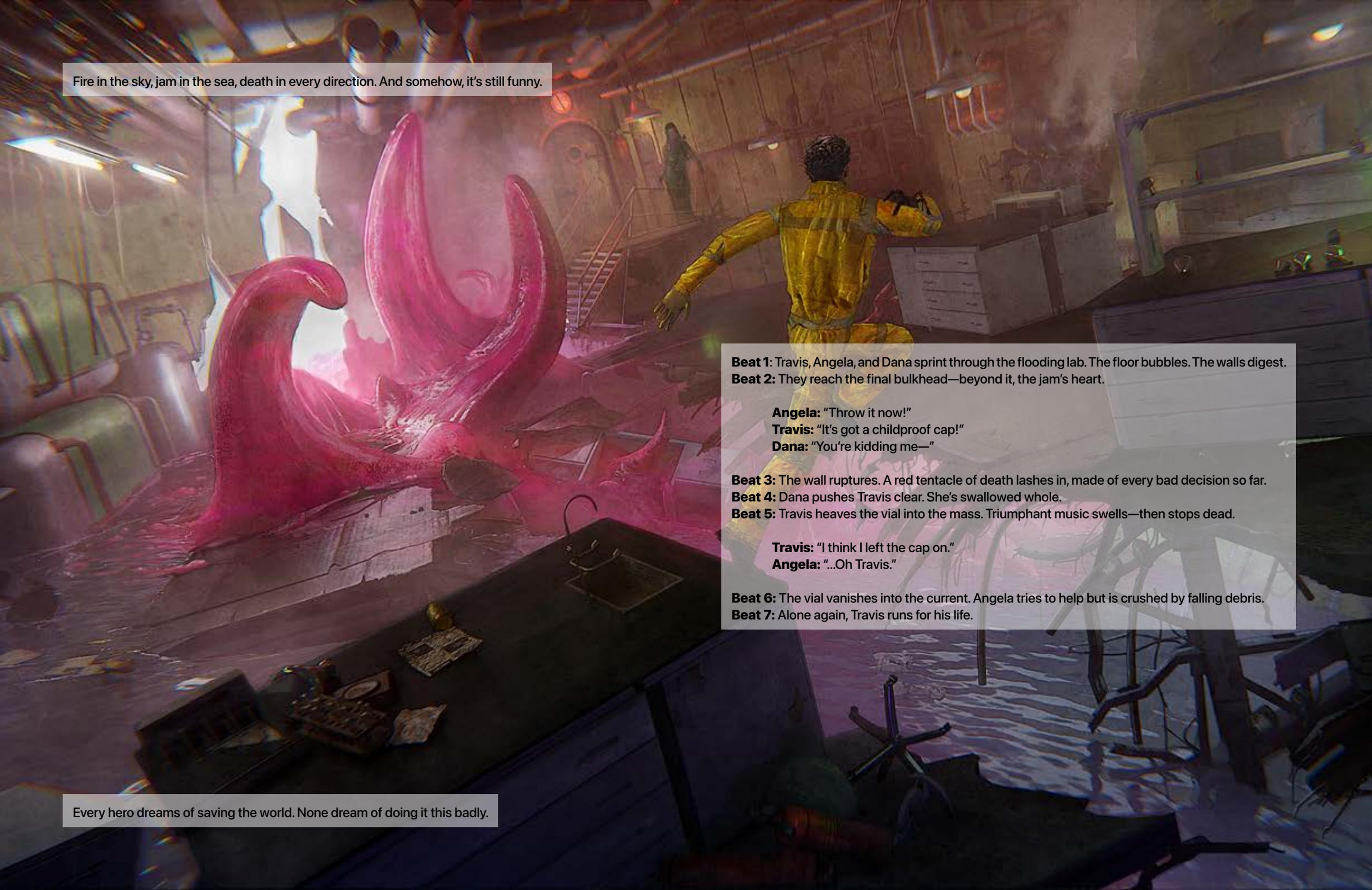
**Beat 4:** Angela is vindicated. There was a cover-up, just one held together with incompetence.

**Beat 5:** Thorn uses Don's recovered hard drive to synthesize a cure—a vial of blue luminescent hope.

**Beat 6:** Tim shoots Thorn mid-epiphany. The cure hits the floor.

**Beat 7:** Outside, the U.S. Navy finally notices it's shelled the wrong continent and opens fire.

The Deus Ex Machina burns, groans, and tilts toward the jam. Travis grabs what's left of the cure and starts running like the plot depends on it



Fire in the sky, jam in the sea, death in every direction. And somehow, it's still funny.

**Beat 1:** Travis, Angela, and Dana sprint through the flooding lab. The floor bubbles. The walls digest.  
**Beat 2:** They reach the final bulkhead—beyond it, the jam's heart.

**Angela:** "Throw it now!"

**Travis:** "It's got a childproof cap!"

**Dana:** "You're kidding me—"

**Beat 3:** The wall ruptures. A red tentacle of death lashes in, made of every bad decision so far.

**Beat 4:** Dana pushes Travis clear. She's swallowed whole.

**Beat 5:** Travis heaves the vial into the mass. Triumphant music swells—then stops dead.

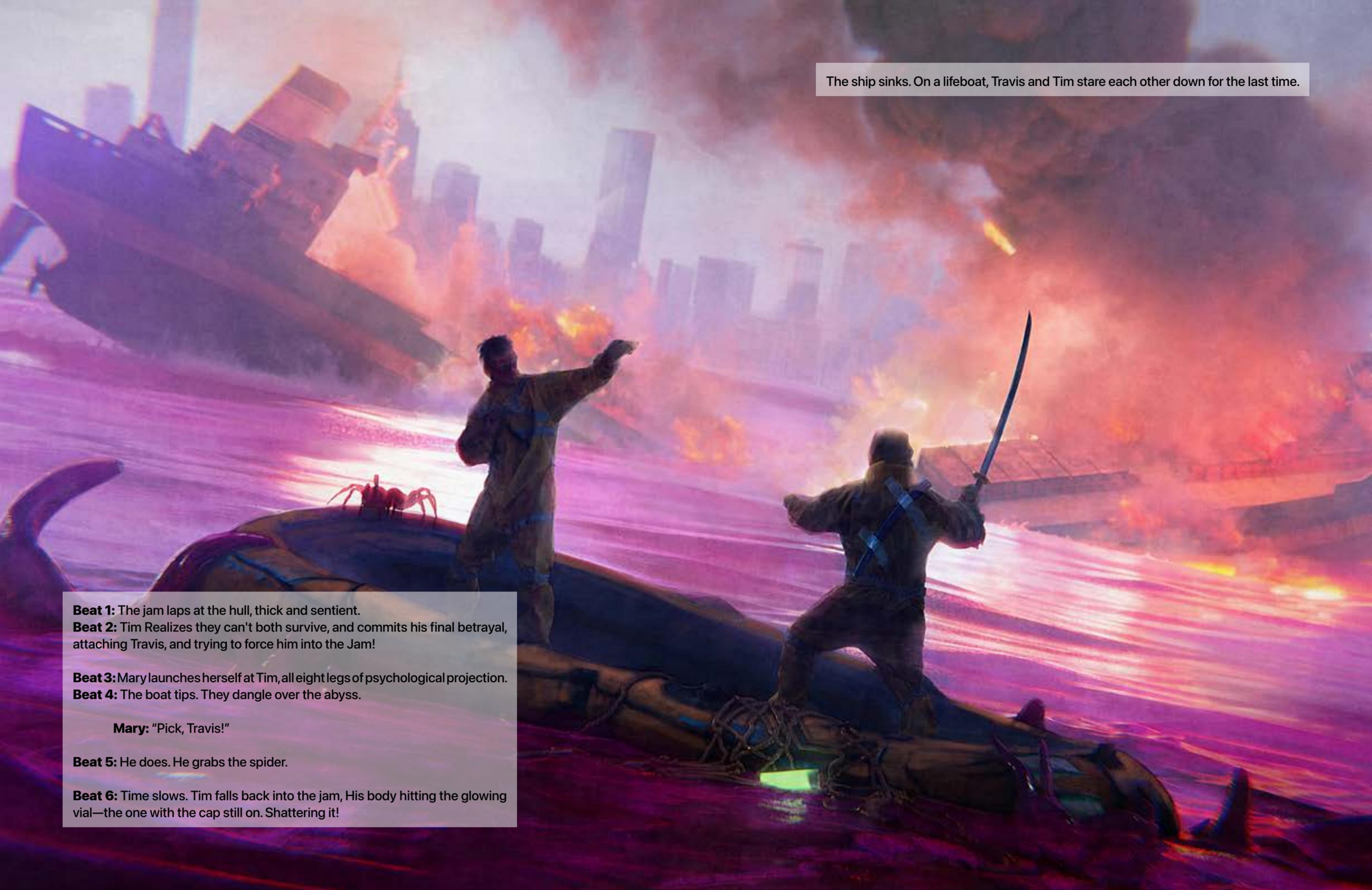
**Travis:** "I think I left the cap on."

**Angela:** "...Oh Travis."

**Beat 6:** The vial vanishes into the current. Angela tries to help but is crushed by falling debris.

**Beat 7:** Alone again, Travis runs for his life.

Every hero dreams of saving the world. None dream of doing it this badly.



The ship sinks. On a lifeboat, Travis and Tim stare each other down for the last time.

**Beat 1:** The jam laps at the hull, thick and sentient.

**Beat 2:** Tim Realizes they can't both survive, and commits his final betrayal, attaching Travis, and trying to force him into the Jam!

**Beat 3:** Mary launches herself at Tim, all eight legs of psychological projection.

**Beat 4:** The boat tips. They dangle over the abyss.

**Mary:** "Pick, Travis!"

**Beat 5:** He does. He grabs the spider.

**Beat 6:** Time slows. Tim falls back into the jam, His body hitting the glowing vial—the one with the cap still on. Shattering it!



The cure, released by accident, spreads like divine detergent. Towers crumble, seas drain, and for the first time in months, the air smells like disappointment instead of fruit.

**Beat 1:** Waves of clean water surge across the city!

**Beat 2:** Hibatsu drowns in paperwork. The Plastic People dissolve in poetic justice.

**Beat 3:** On the lifeboat, Travis clings to Mary as the world resets around them.

**Beat 4:** The storm fades. The jam recedes. The city rises, clean and quiet.

**Beat 5:** Above it all, the rising sun glows orange-red—the color of salvation and cheap marmalade.

And so the world was saved, not by heroes, but by human error.  
There's a lesson in that, but no one learned it.

The world ends quietly this time. No explosions. No screams. Just one idiot crawling out of the surf, sticky, confused, and accidentally victorious.

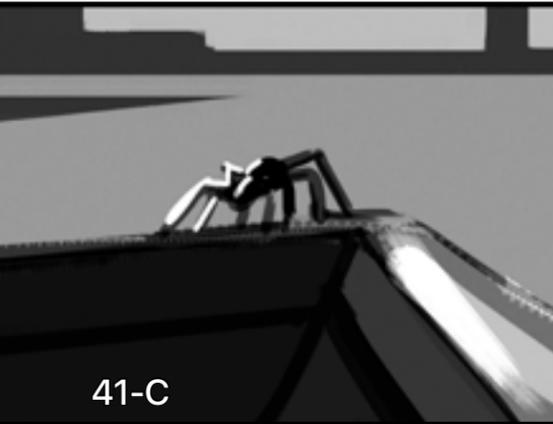


41-A

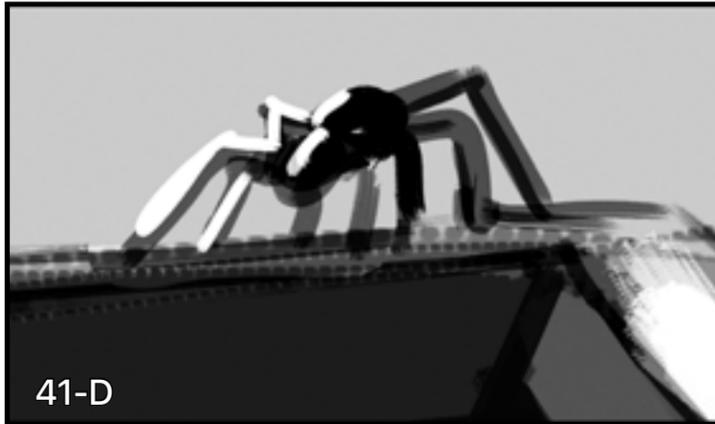
Travis drags himself onto shore. The jam is gone, replaced by puddles of normal water and the kind of silence that only follows miracles no one deserved



41-B



41-C



41-D



41-E



41-F

Mary bids him farewell, and vanishes into the ruined city.



41-G



41-H



41-I

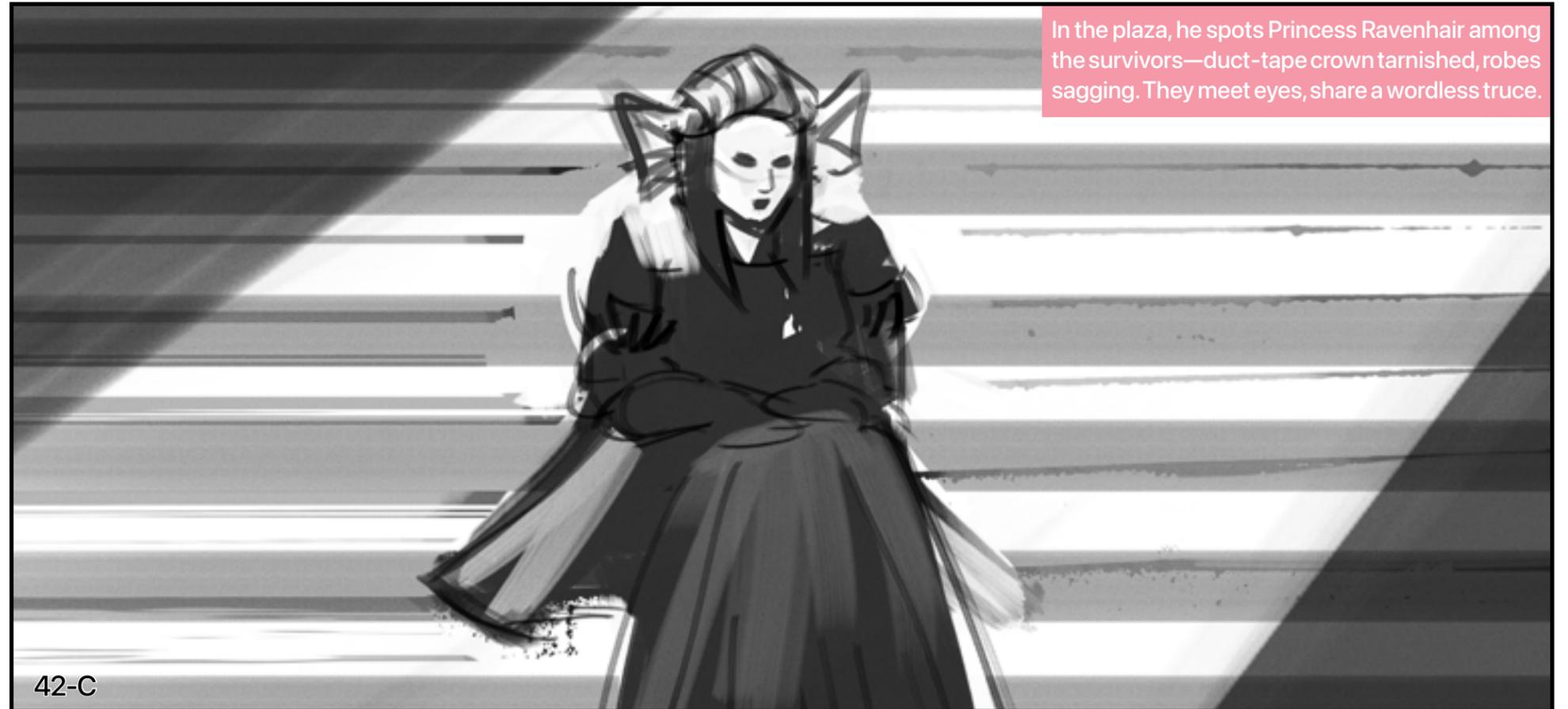


42-A

He wanders through the ruins of the city. Cars, washed clean, gleam like relics. Storefronts gape open to the sea. The sky looks almost bored with them.



42-B



In the plaza, he spots Princess Ravenhair among the survivors—duct-tape crown tarnished, robes sagging. They meet eyes, share a wordless truce.

42-C



42-D



42-E



42-F

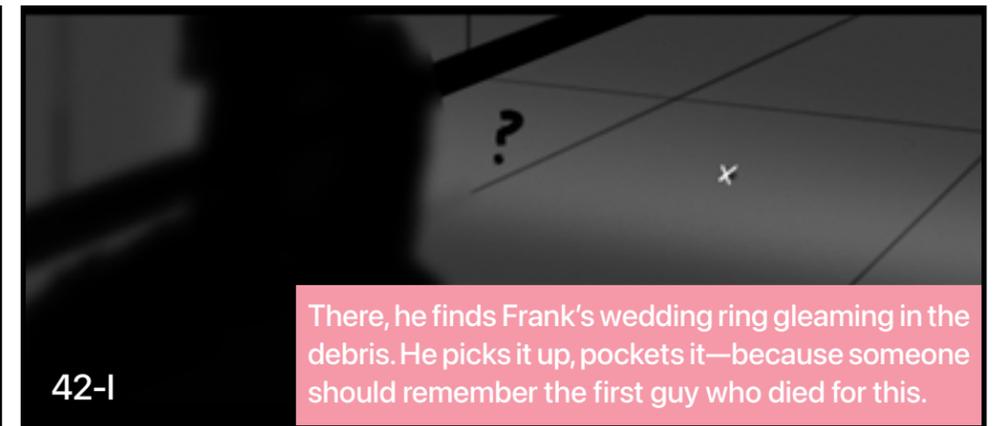


42-G



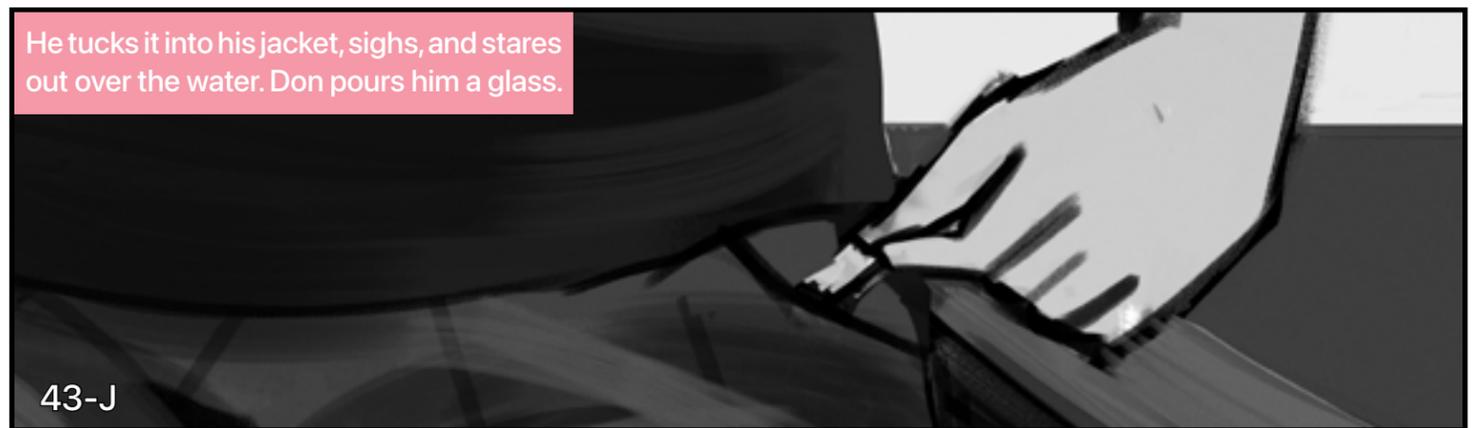
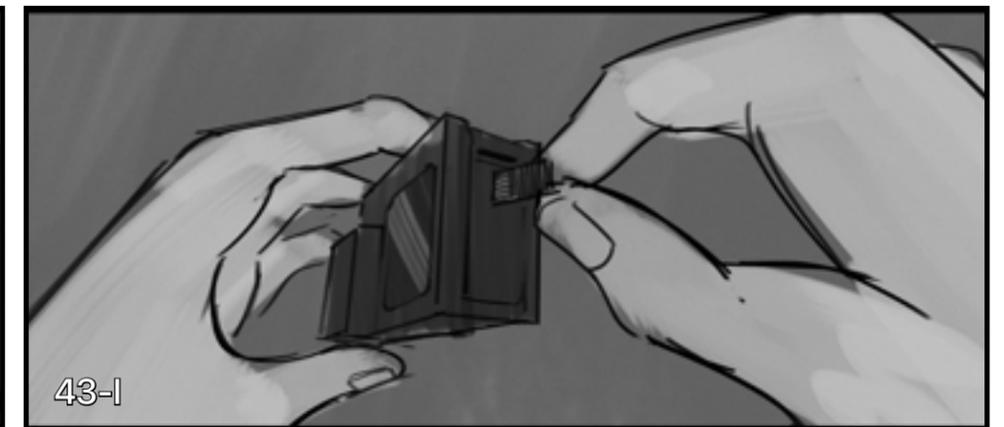
42-H

He walks on, back to Second Wind Apartments, the ruins of his old home.



42-I

There, he finds Frank's wedding ring gleaming in the debris. He picks it up, pockets it—because someone should remember the first guy who died for this.





44-A



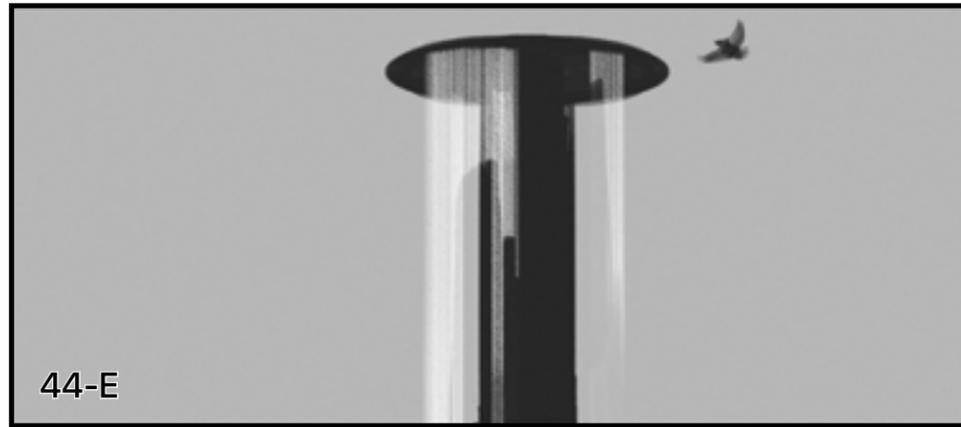
44-B



44-C



44-D



44-E



A single pigeon lands by the fountain, pecks at the rubble, finds a glistening glob of leftover jam.

44-F

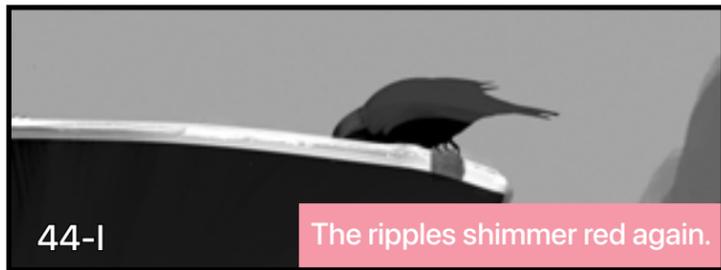


44-G



It tastes. Pauses. Blinks.

44-H



The ripples shimmer red again.

44-I



The apocalypse never really ends—it just changes flavors.

44-J



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