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SEIFERT
MENTON³

THE FLY

OUTBREAK



THE FLY

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Years ago, a scientist had a horrific accident when he tried to use his newly invented teleportation device and became a human-fly hybrid. His almost-human son has continued the search for a cure, but those efforts may have led to something much, much worse than the original tragedy...

"Quarantine"

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QUARANTINE, DAY 8



Martin!

Oh, thank god! I've been so—

—What's going on?

I'm okay, Beth.

I just wanted you to know that—

They—the Army people! They said you had to be quarantined! But—

—But they wouldn't say why! And they wouldn't let me talk to you!

I know. I'm sorry, Beth. It's all quite—

Martin.

What. Is Going. On?



"Beth, that last DNA transfer I gave Bartok. It didn't fix his fruit-fly genes—



"—It made the syndrome worse.



"And... some of us were exposed. To his blood."



...Oh no. Oh, god. You're—

—are you going to...

...Again?

We don't know I'm—if anyone's infected. Or if Bartok's disease was even—

—Oop! Gotta go!



Martin?

You're kidding me...

Major Vurvin.
Dr. Mayweather.
I told you—

—if I'm going
to develop a *cure*
for the transgenic
infection, I need
complete focus.

No *interruptions*.

Zero
visitors.

Mind that
tone, Brundle.
You're only
working here *on*
our say-so.

And, if I *need*
to *remind* you...
This *multimillion-*
dollar operation?
Is all because of
your screw-up.

If it were
up to *me*, you
wouldn't even be
allowed out of
your *room*.

Major Vurvin.
Please. Your
objections *have*
been noted.

Martin. I *do*
apologize for
interrupting.

I just wanted to
make sure there
wasn't anything
else you *need*.

I *need* to
be left alone—
authentically!—
if I'm going to be
able to *actually*
do my work.

Again, my
apologies for
the intrusion.

Godspeed,
Martin.



Beth? I'm sorry. About *hanging up* on you.

I'm not actually *allowed* to contact anybody. This is all *classified*.

But they gave me the *Telepods*. To find a *real* cure. So I had a *computer*.

...and you being *you*, hacked it.

Where *are* you?

"North Brother Island. In the East River. Apparently, with the whole *Ebola* thing, the government reopened the *old quarantine* hospital here.

"Ironic. This is where *Mary Mallon* spent her last decades..."

"You and your *Typhoid Mary* complex..."

"What about the cure? Any *progress* yet?"



What cure?

Martin...

We *know* the "cure."

Swapping *insect genes* for *normal human genes* from a "donor," inflicting the disease on someone else. *A blood sacrifice.*

I'll *never* do that again.

But... you always said you were *so close*. To a *real* cure.

I thought so.

Look where my *hubris* has gotten everyone.

We'll probably be fine, anyway. The *insect transgenes* probably can't even spread through *horizontal transfer*, person-to-person.

All this time...

...All this time, you were probably *right*.



QUARANTINE, DAY 9

— **[REDACTED]** *travesty* they're letting him in here with us *normal*—

—“Beezlebrundle”—



I thought you weren't speaking to the leper.

Same as everyone else.



Um. Sorry. It's... a lot to process.

My boss of two years? Secretly *half fruit fly*. My life? Actually a *science-fiction* story.

Surprise!



I'm not *half fruit fly*. I'm—well... I inherited *insect transgenes*. From my father. Lab accident. And then I was completely human... for a while. And now?

Well, we'll see, won't we?

You were... *completely human* because you gave Mr. Bartok your fly genes.

Right? *That's* how he got to be the way he was?

Then I spent every day since trying to cure him.

You could've told me.

"I have buggie genes."

Jerk.

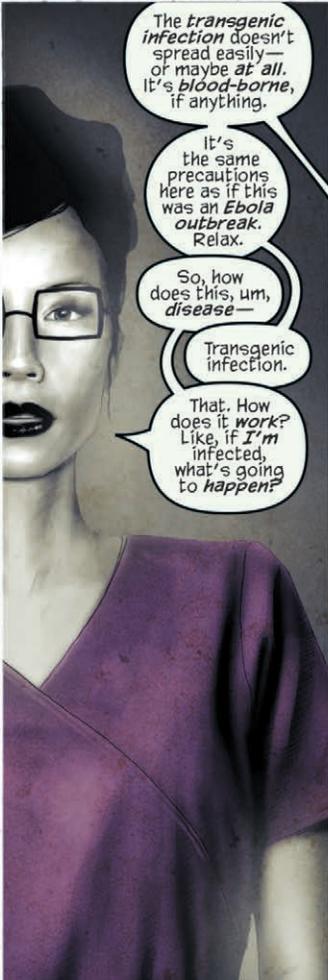


—All his **fault.**
I don't even get to *talk* to my kids—

—Should've *seen it.* Like he'd taken a *shower* in that thing's blood. *No way* he's not infected—



I *still* can't believe they locked us up in here. *Together!* What if one of us *does* have the disease? What if they *infect us all?*



The *transgenic infection* doesn't spread easily— or maybe *at all.* It's *blood-borne,* if anything.

It's the same precautions here as if this was an *Ebola outbreak.* Relax.

So, how does this, um, *disease*—

Transgenic infection.

That. How does it *work?* Like, if *I'm* infected, what's going to *happen?*



It progressed very *differently* for me, my father, and Bartok. But we were infected in *different ways.*

Mayweather thinks it'll probably be closer to my *father's* presentation of signs...



...A more subtle "Stage One." *Very blatant* "Stage Two."

Okay. How would "Stage One" *start?*

Hairs.

"Hairs"?