

# The Consultant





***DUN-DUN!***

**CHICAGO 5<sup>TH</sup> PRECINCT,  
MAJOR CRIMES UNIT,  
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22**



DO YOU  
KNOW WHY I  
CALLED YOU HERE,  
TRAVIS?

I, UM... I  
MAY HAVE AN  
IDEA, SIR.

Cpt. Mark Hall  
Homicide Division



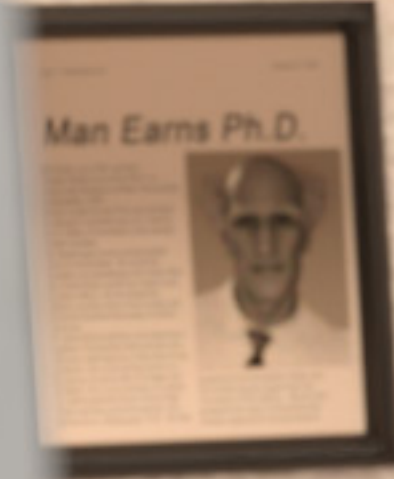


**GOOD!**  
THAT MEANS THERE'S A  
CHANCE YOU HAVEN'T GONE  
COMPLETELY OFF THE  
DEEP END!

Cpt. Mark Hall  
Homicide Division

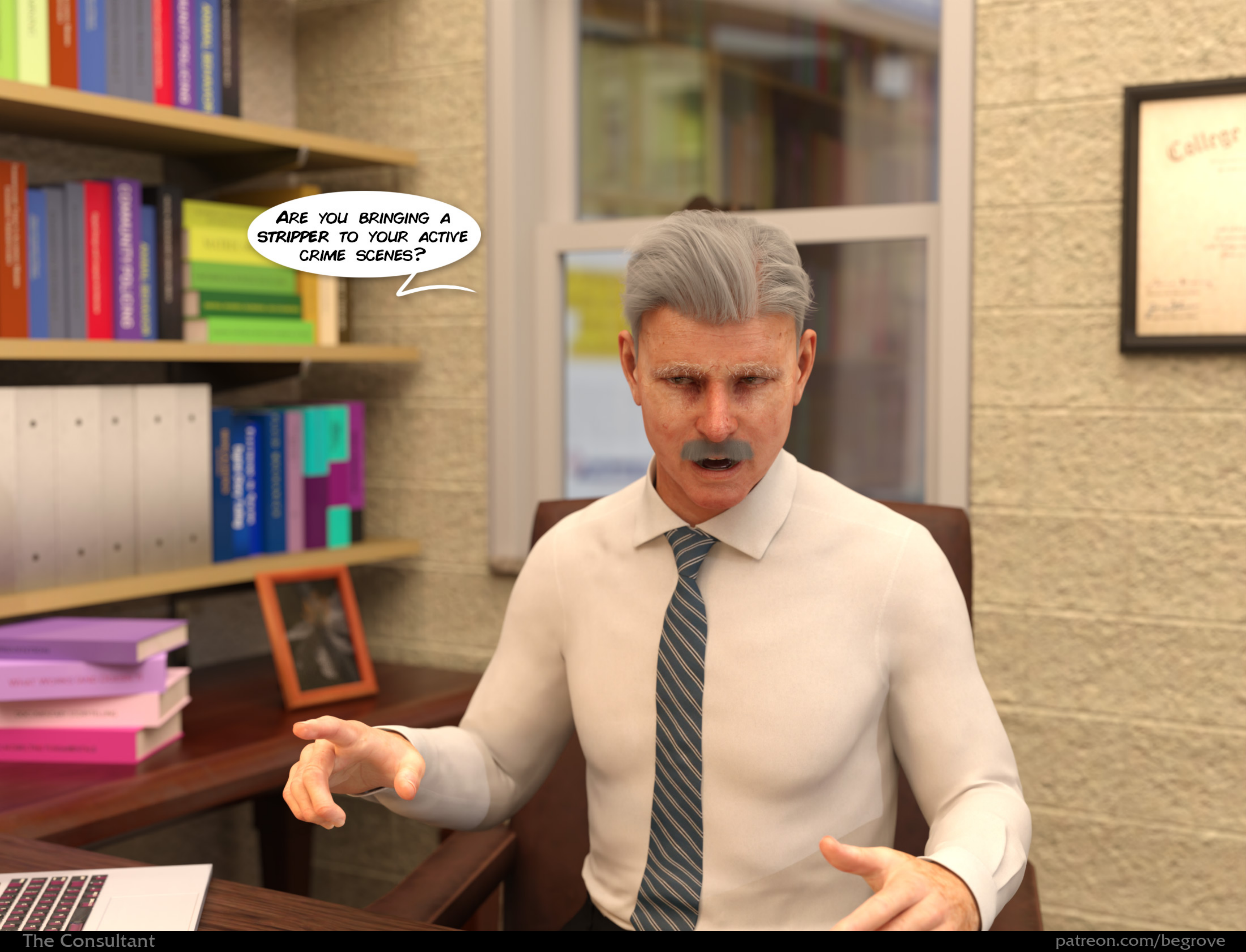


THESE REPORTS I'M GETTING, PLEASE TELL ME STRAIGHT...





ARE YOU BRINGING A STRIPPER TO YOUR ACTIVE CRIME SCENES?





SIR, NO! I MEAN, IT  
MIGHT LOOK THAT WAY  
TO SOME BUT-





SO THESE  
REPORTS OF A NAKED LADY  
STRUTTING AROUND YOUR  
CRIME SCENES ARE  
INCORRECT?





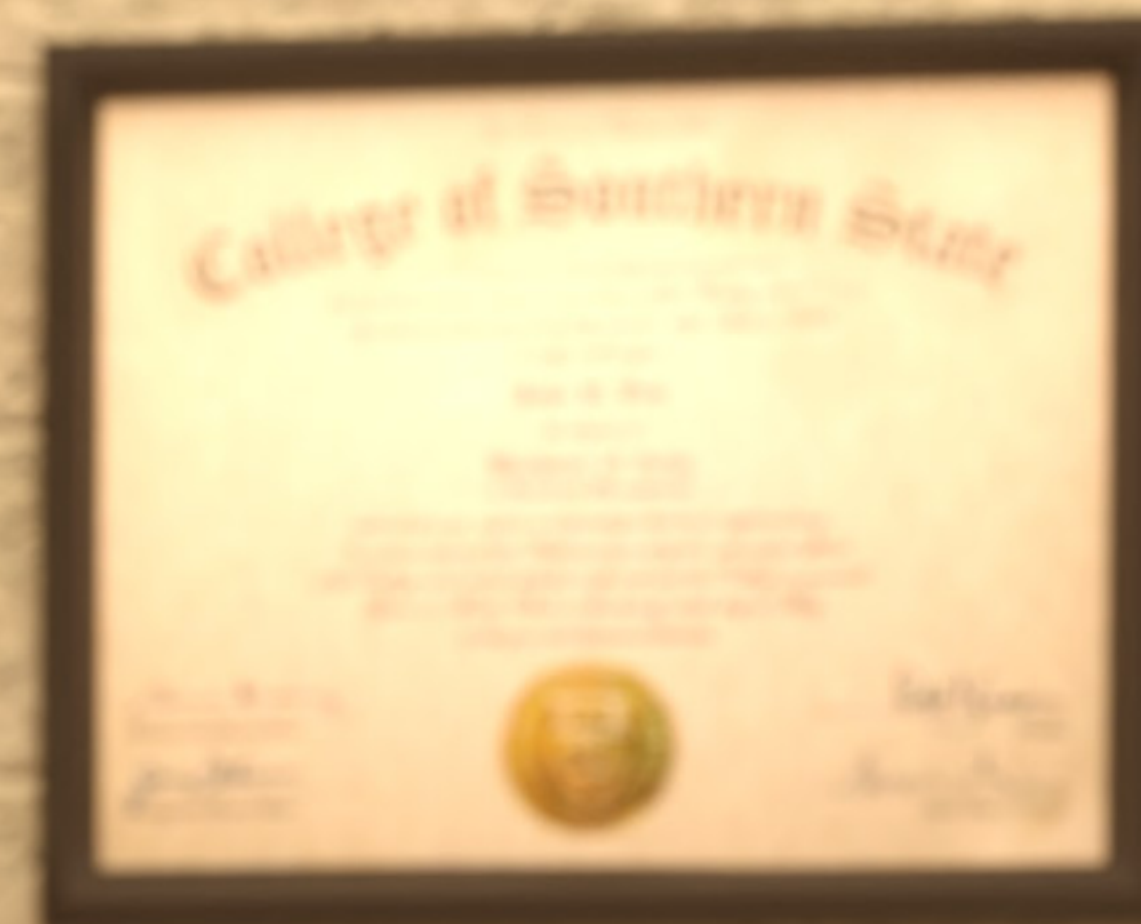
I, WELL... NO  
NOT EXACTLY-





HOY.

A' AIGHT  
TRAVIS, HAND OVER  
YER BADGE.





A man with dark hair, wearing a grey suit jacket, a light-colored shirt, and a dark tie, is sitting in a chair. He has a distressed or defensive expression and his hands are raised in front of him. The background shows an office with a window with blinds, a desk with a lamp, and a bookshelf with various books and framed certificates.

**NO, SIR, SIR!  
SHE'S A DETECTIVE  
CONSULTANT!**



HER METHODS  
ARE, WELL...  
UNORTHODOX...





A man with dark hair, wearing a grey suit jacket, a light-colored shirt, and a dark tie, is shown from the chest up. He has a surprised or excited expression, with his mouth slightly open and his right hand raised in a gesture. The background consists of horizontal blinds. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of his head.

**BUT SHE HAS A...  
A SKILL!**






TRAVIS...

NO, LOOK SEE...




A man with dark hair, wearing a grey suit jacket, a light-colored shirt, and a dark tie, is sitting at a desk. He has a thoughtful expression. In the foreground, a desk lamp with a white shade is lit, casting a warm glow. The background consists of horizontal blinds.

YOU KNOW HOW  
SOME PEOPLE HAVE A GUT  
FEELING THAT OFTEN  
TURNS OUT TO  
BE RIGHT?

THIS LADY HAS  
THAT TO AN INCREDIBLE  
DEGREE. IT'S  
UNCANNY!

BUT THE FEELINGS SHE  
HAS ARE... WELL... NOT  
IN HER "GUT".





TRAVIS, PLEASE DO NOT TELL ME WHAT I THINK YOU'RE ABOUT TO TELL ME.



**SHE FEELS IT IN HER LOINS, OKAY?!**

**SHE JUST... LOVES SOLVING MYSTERIES. LITERALLY!**

**LOOK AT MY CASE TRACK RECORD! IS THERE ANOTHER DETECTIVE WITH MY CLOSURE RATES?**







SHOULDA RETIRED  
YEARS AGO.

DIS IS WHAT  
I GET.





A' AIGHT, LOOK.

THEY'RE DOING A CROSS PRECINCT DETECTIVE TEST DOWNTOWN RIGHT NOW.



YOU GET YER LADY FRIEND  
TO COME ON OYAH AND IMPRESS  
THE EYAH LOYING SHIT OUT OF ME  
AND I'LL CONSIDER NOT FIRING  
YER ASS.





BUT MARK MY WORDS,  
IT AIN'T JUST YA BADGE,  
BUT YA PENSION ON THE  
LINE TOO!

YE... YES, SIR.



***DUN-DUN!***

**CROSS DISTRICT STAGED  
CRIME SCENE, 1212 MAPLE  
VALLEY DR, WEDNESDAY  
FEBRUARY 23**





WELL THIS SEEMS  
PRETTY STRAIGHT  
FORWARD.



TWO DEAD BODIES,  
ONE WEAPON.

YOUR HAIR IS  
TICKLING ME!

SHH! WE'RE  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE DEAD!

YOU WANT TO  
RUIN A GIG WHERE  
WE CAN SLEEP  
ALL DAY?!







LOVER'S  
QUARREL.

SHE PROBABLY  
CAME AT HIM AND GOT  
A GOOD HIT IN, BEFORE  
HE OVERPOWERED  
HER.






BOTH BLEED OUT  
BEFORE THEY CAN  
GET HELP.

OPEN AND  
SHUT.

OH, I  
THINK NOT.





NOT GIVEN THE FACT  
THAT THIS VISAGE HINTS TO  
A MYSTERY THAT MAKES ME  
WANT TO JUMP YOUR BONES  
THIS VERY MINUTE.





TRAVIS, ALWAYS  
A PLEASURE.

I PRESUME  
YOUR FRIEND IS  
FAMILIAR WITH MY...  
PROCESS?





YES, HE'S...  
GOING TO KEEP  
AN OPEN MIND.

FOR NOW.



THEN I SHALL  
BEGIN.

AH GAHD.



THE DRESS  
TOO?!

SHE'S GOIN'  
FULL NAKED!?

P... PLEASE SIR,  
YOU KNOW OF OTHER  
ASSOCIATES WHO DO  
THEIR BEST WORK WHEN  
COMFORTABLE.

IN SWEATPANTS,  
NOT GETTIN' THEIR HOOCH  
OUT AT A CRIME  
SCENE!



AH, NOW MY  
DEAR MYSTERY,  
TALK TO ME!





CLEARLY THIS  
WAS NO CRIME  
OF PASSION.



NOTE THE STAB  
WOUNDS, PERFECTLY  
PLACED IN THE HEART  
FOR BOTH PARTIES.

WAIT, IS THAT  
CHICK NAKED?

SHHH!







SOME MIGHT SAY  
GETTIN' STABBED IN  
THE HEART IS PRETTY  
PERSONAL.









THE JANE DOE DID NOT GET A SINGLE DROP OF BLOOD ON HER HANDS.



SO THE MAKEUP  
GUYS MISSED A BIT,  
THAT DOESN'T  
MEAN...



NO, THAT'S NOT IT...







GIVEN THEIR POSITION COULD IT BE...





YES!





YES, THAT'S IT!





So... so  
**OBVIOUS!**



DID THAT BROAD'S  
TITS JUST GET  
BIGGER?!

IT... HAPPENS  
WHEN SHE GETS...  
UM... AROUSED.

AS I SAID,  
SHE'S REALLY IN  
TUNE WITH HER  
BODY.

I THINK  
THEY CALL IT  
'EMPOWERMENT'.

THAT DON'T  
MEAN SHE 'SPOSED  
TO GET ACTUAL  
SUPERPOWERS!



GENTLEMEN,  
TWO THINGS.

FIRSTLY, ADVISE THE  
TESTING AGENCY THAT  
THEIR FAKE BLOOD SHOULD  
HAVE 30% LESS SALT TO  
GIVE A PROPER OLFACATORY  
VERISIMILITUDE.

SECONDLY, I POSIT  
THAT THIS COUPLE WERE  
DRUGGED ELSEWHERE  
AND MOVED TO THIS  
LOCATION.



WAIT, YER SAYIN'  
THAT THEY WERE BOTH  
MURDERED?!

CORRECT. THE LAB  
REPORTS INDICATED TRACES  
OF FENTANYL, YES?




UH... YES.

WE HADN'T REALLY GOT THAT FAR INTO IT YET.







OKAY, SO A  
COUPLE OF DRUGGIES  
GOT IN OYAH THEIR  
HEADS AND GOT  
ROBBED?



NO, THAT DOESN'T  
FIT EITHER...







PERHAPS IF  
THEY WERE...





YES...





OH YES!





TH-THAT'S IT!



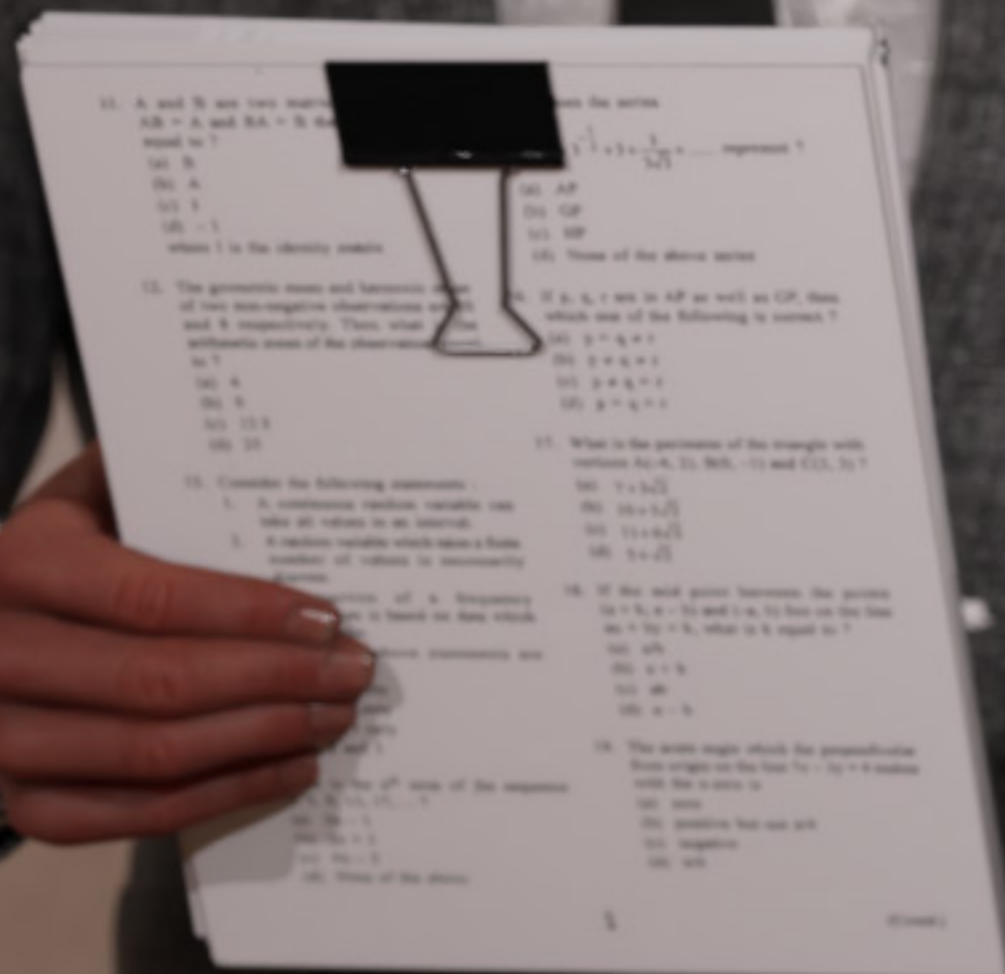
HOW UH...  
HOW BIG CAN  
SHE GET  
ANYWAY?

YOU KNOW  
THAT LAWYER  
TRACEY?

"NEVER LOST A  
CASE CAUSE MY OF  
TITANIC TITS TRACEY?"  
YEAH.

BIGGER THAN  
THAT.

YOWZERS.





A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing large black hoop earrings and purple lipstick, is shown from the chest up. She is looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. The background is a brightly lit hallway with a dark door frame. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

GENTLEMEN, I  
HAVE AN IDEA.



BUT FIRST - SIRI,  
SCHEDULE A MEETING WITH  
MY ON CALL ESCORT THIS  
AFTERNOON.

I'M GOING TO NEED  
SOME RELEASE AFTER  
THIS.

WAIT, WHERE WAS  
SHE KEEPIN' THAT  
PHONE?

YOU REALLY WANT  
TO KNOW?








NOW, FOLLOW ME.







WE HAVE BEEN  
OPERATING UNDER  
THE ASSUMPTION THE  
VICTIMS WERE IN A  
RELATIONSHIP.



I POSIT THAT THEY  
WERE POSED IN SUCH  
A WAY TO MISLEAD  
US FROM THE TRUE  
TRACK.

AND I PRESENT  
TO YOU...







...VICTIM NUMBER THREE.

THE HECK?!

SOMEONE... CALL... MY CHIROPRACTOR...

HUSH NOW. THE DEAD DON'T TALK.



SO WHAT ARE WE THINKING? A DRUG DEAL THAT WENT SOUTH?

NO, THAT'S CLOSER, BUT STILL DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.

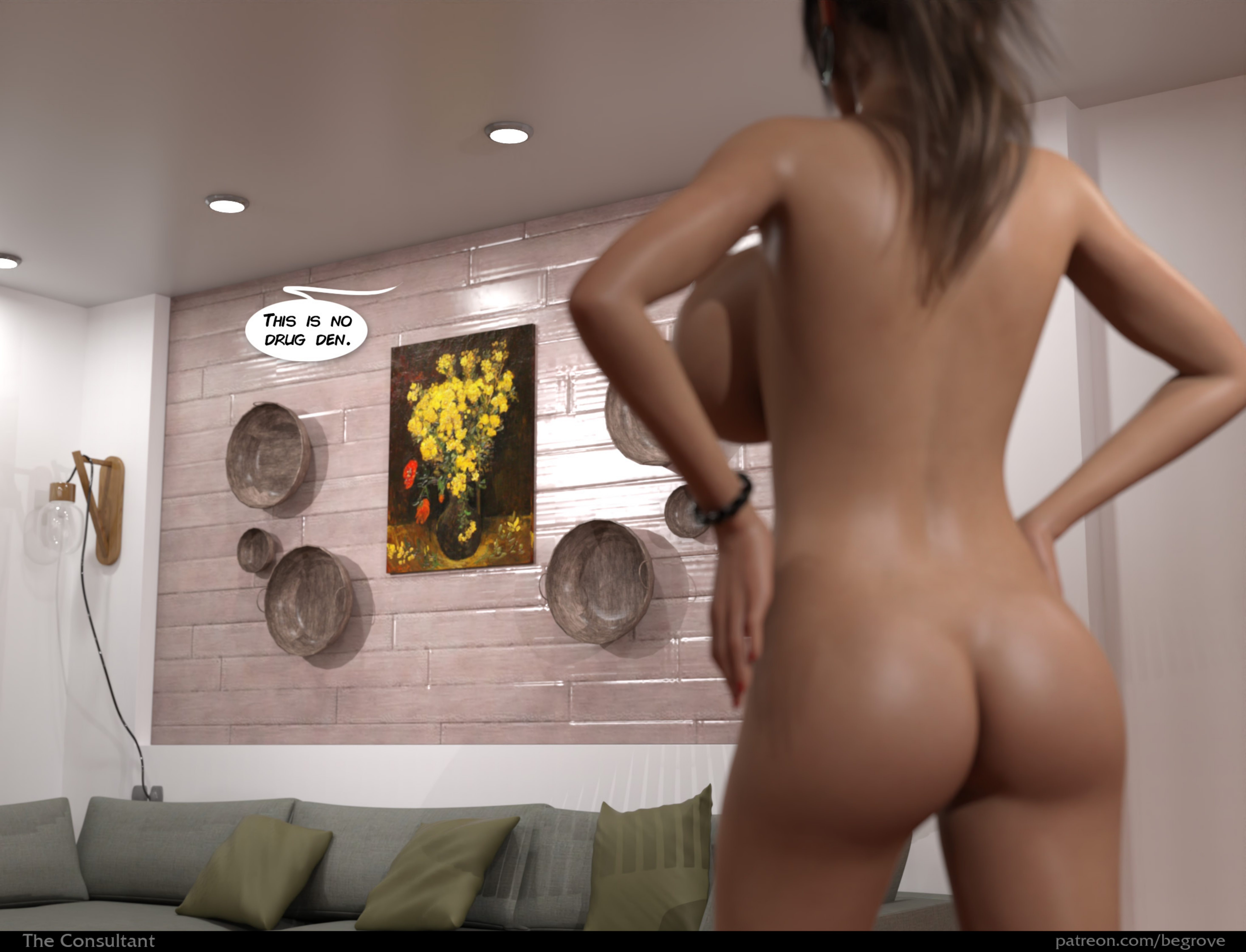
Ow...

**SLAM!**





THIS IS NO  
DRUG DEN.







I WONDER...





YES...





YES!





OH, GOD -  
YES!



OooHHH...

DO YOU EVER  
GET TIRED OF  
THIS, TRAVIS?

NO SIR, I DO  
NOT.



KISS



A 3D rendered woman with large breasts, dark hair, and purple lipstick is pointing her right index finger towards a painting. She is wearing large gold hoop earrings. The scene is set in a room with a white wall, a gold-colored pendant lamp, and several framed pictures on the wall. A speech bubble above her hand contains the text "THAT PAINTING THERE."

THAT PAINTING  
THERE.



IT DOESN'T  
FIT.





THE OTHER  
ART HERE. IT'S  
ALL TRITE OR  
SENTIMENTAL.





I POSIT THAT THIS  
PICTURE NOT A MERE  
REPLICATION OF A  
FAMOUS VAN GOGH  
PAINTING...




**BUT IT IS INDEED  
THE REAL MISSING  
PIECE!**

**IN THAT INSTANCE  
THIS WOULD BE WORTH  
MILLIONS.**





A man with grey hair and a mustache, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and blue striped tie, is looking down at a woman's arm. The woman's arm is visible on the left side of the frame. The background shows a room with bookshelves filled with books. There are two speech bubbles above the man. The first speech bubble contains the text: "WAIT, SO IF THIS WAS AN ILLEGAL ART SALE, HOW DID EVERYONE END UP DEAD?". The second speech bubble contains the text: "SURVEILLANCE REPORT SAYS THAT NO ONE UNUSUAL WAS SEEN LEAVING THE APARTMENT BLOCK IN THE LAST FEW DAYS."

WAIT, SO IF THIS WAS AN ILLEGAL ART SALE, HOW DID EVERYONE END UP DEAD?

SURVEILLANCE REPORT SAYS THAT NO ONE UNUSUAL WAS SEEN LEAVING THE APARTMENT BLOCK IN THE LAST FEW DAYS.



HOW INDEED...







THAT IS THE  
BIGGEST...





THE BIGGEST  
MYSTERY...





OF OH...





OF ALL!



HEY, ARE YOU GUYS NEARLY DONE?

I'VE GOT ANOTHER GROUP...





WHA...

AH GAHD.

OooooOooooOooH!

I... I CAN...





THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE!?



HRUFGH!



Shloomp!





WHAT ARE YOU-

THAT'S ASSAULTING  
AN OFFICER!

HRRRUSHPH!



AU CONTRAIRE!

THIS IS APPREHENDING A SUSPECT!





NOW WHICH OF YOU  
BOYS HAVE A PAIR OF  
HANDCUFFS?

AW, I WASN'T  
DONE...



CLAP!  
CLAP!  
CLAP!







WELL DONE.



NOT ONE DETECTIVE  
ON THE FORCE HAS  
SCORED AS HIGHLY.

PARTICULARLY DISCOVERING  
THAT THE CULPRIT, AFTER HAVING  
MURDERED HIS ASSOCIATES WAS  
DISGUISED AS A COP, WAITING TO  
RETRIEVE THE PAINTING ONCE THE  
SCENE WAS CLEARED.



WAIT,  
WHAT?

YES!



HOW DID YOU FIGURE THE LAST CLUE OUT?

STATE REGULATIONS DICTATE THAT ALL UNIFORMED POLICE HAVE FACIAL HAIR OF NO LONGER THAN TWO INCHES.

THIS MAN'S IS AT LEAST FOUR.

IN ADDITION THE UNIFORM HE WAS USING, WHILE CLEANLY PRESSED, IS FROM NEW YORK, NOT CHICAGO.





A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a black blazer over a white shirt, stands in a room. She is gesturing with her right hand. A large, out-of-focus hand is visible in the foreground on the right. A speech bubble is positioned above her, and a glowing, ribbed lamp is on the left.

BRILLIANT.

YOU CLEARLY HAVE AN...  
EYE... FOR DETAIL.





NOT TO MENTION A  
TASTE FOR SHOES.

THANKS, I LIKE  
YOUR'S TOO.



I'D LOVE TO CATCH UP AFTER THIS TO TALK... WORK.

LET ME FINISH UP HERE AND I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.







I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

SHE'S SOMETHING ELSE, ALRIGHT.



A woman with large breasts and glasses, wearing a black jacket, is shown in a room. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The room has a white wall with several framed pictures, a dark door, and a large, glowing, ribbed pendant lamp. A speech bubble is positioned near her head.

GENTLEMEN, IT HAS  
BEEN A PLEASURE.



YOU CAN SEND MY  
PAYMENT TO THE NORMAL  
ACCOUNT.

NOT A  
PROBLEM.



**ADIOS, AMIGOS!**







SIRI, CANCEL MY ESCORT, I HAVE A... FEELING I WON'T BE NEEDING THEM.

SO BOSS... CAN I KEEP USING HER?





ONLY ON ONE  
CONDITION.

SIR?

ANY TIME YOU  
USE HER FROM NOW  
ON... I'M COMING  
ALONG!

**THE END!**