











WOW... TURNS OUT VAL'S
ACTUALLY PRETTY GOOD AT THIS.
AND HER BODY'S SHAPING UP NICELY,
WELL.... *HIS* BODY.

A comic book panel set in a bright yoga studio with large windows overlooking a park and a lake. Two women are on the floor in a cobra-like yoga pose. The woman on the left has brown hair and is wearing a tan long-sleeved top and black leggings. The woman on the right has blonde hair and is wearing a grey long-sleeved top and dark purple leggings. Three speech bubbles contain their conversation.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE THIS GOOD.

YEAH WELL, KATHY'S OBSESSED
WITH YOGA. SHE GOES THREE TIMES
EVERY WEEK.

AND SINCE SHE WANTED
SOMEONE TO TAG ALONG...
I ENDED UP JOINING.



NOT SURPRISED. THE GUY'S
A TOTAL PERVERT. CAN'T KEEP
HIS EYES TO HIMSELF.

AWW... YOU'RE
SUCH A GOOD HUSBAND,
AREN'T YOU?

DAMON WANTED TO JOIN ONCE,
BUT HE SPENT THE WHOLE CLASS
STARING AT WOMEN'S BUTTS.



OH YEAH? DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE ANY DIFFERENT. HAHHAH!



WHAT? NO! I LIKE IT BECAUSE IT
KEEPS ME FLEXIBLE. IF IT MAKES ME
HEALTHIER, WHY NOT?



UH-HUH...
RIGHT. HEALTHIER.

WELL... LET'S JUST SAY
IF THERE'S ANY SCENERY,
IT'S A NICE BONUS.



A person is shown from the back, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt and dark leggings. The shirt has a ruffled hem. The person is standing on a wooden deck or balcony, with a blue sky and green trees visible in the background. A speech bubble is positioned near the person's waist, containing the text "...OH, COME ON! SERIOUSLY? NOT NOW!".

*...OH, COME ON!
SERIOUSLY? NOT NOW!*

Paloma Noire







A man and a woman are sitting at a small table in a nightclub. The woman, on the left, is wearing a black dress and looking at the man. The man, on the right, is wearing a pinstripe suit and holding a glass of amber liquid. They are in front of a wall with large, square, brown tiles and vertical neon light strips. The scene is dimly lit with a warm, orange glow from the lights.

I ALREADY TOLD
THE POLICE EVERYTHING!

I'M NOT THE POLICE.

SOMETIMES PEOPLE REMEMBER
THINGS DIFFERENTLY WHEN THEY'RE NOT
BEING QUESTIONED BY A BADGE.



I WAS BUSY SERVING DRINKS.

ONLY ONCE.

I... DON'T REMEMBER.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT
HAPPENED THAT NIGHT?

DID YOU SEE THE VICTIM?

DID SHE ARGUE WITH ANYONE?

A man with dark, wavy hair and a mustache is sitting on a dark, tufted leather couch. He is wearing a dark pinstripe suit jacket over a dark button-down shirt. He is looking slightly to his left with a serious expression. The background is a wall of dark, square tiles. To the left of the man, there is a vertical red light strip that illuminates the wall and the couch. A red pillow is visible on the couch to the left of the man.

NO...

DID YOU NOTICE ANYONE SUSPICIOUS?



PEOPLE AROUND HERE
KNOW BETTER THAN TO STICK
THEIR NOSES INTO TROUBLE.

TROUBLE?



FORGET IT.

GOOD LUCK, MR. LAWYER.



LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE HERE
REMEMBERS THE EXACT SAME THING.

...WHICH IS APPARENTLY NOTHING.

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE ASKING
THE WRONG PEOPLE. NOBODY HERE
WOULD TELL YOU A DAMN THING.

ENLIGHTEN ME.



WELL, MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T
INTERVIEWED EVERYONE YET.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU HAVEN'T INTERVIEWED
THE OWNER OF THIS BAR.

A man with dark, wavy hair and a mustache, wearing a dark pinstripe suit jacket over a light-colored button-down shirt, is looking towards a woman. The woman is seen from the back, with long dark hair and wearing a dark top. They are in a room with a wall of large, dark, textured tiles. A tufted sofa with a pink cushion is visible behind them.

I ALREADY DID.
GOT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

WELL... MAYBE YOU INTERVIEWED
THE WRONG OWNER. THIS PLACE WAS
SOLD A FEW DAYS AGO.

WHAT?!



MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY
TALKING TO THE PREVIOUS OWNER.

WHO IS IT?
TELL ME!



EVERYTHING COMES
WITH A PRICE, HANDSOME.

FINE. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NOW THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION.



I THINK...
A KISS OUGHT TO DO IT.

YOU'RE JOKING.

NO, I'M NOT. I'D BE
HAPPY TO TELL YOU, AS SOON
AS I GET THAT KISS.

LUCKY FOR YOU,
I AIN'T GREEDY~



I'M ASKING FOR YOUR HELP
TO UNCOVER THE TRUTH BEHIND
A YOUNG WOMAN'S MURDER,

...AND YOUR PRICE IS A KISS?
NOBODY'S THAT SHAMELESS.



WELL, SUIT YOURSELF.

GUESS YOU'LL BE GOING HOME
EMPTY-HANDED AGAIN, HANDSOME.