



FUCK... DOES ANYBODY
ACTUALLY REMEMBER LAST NIGHT?



I REMEMBER WHEN I WOKE UP,
THERE WAS A GIRL LYING ON THE SOFA.

THE VICTIM?

MAYBE... I THOUGHT
SHE WAS JUST HIGH LIKE US.

A man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing a black tank top, is shown from the chest up. He has extensive tattoos on both arms, including a large eagle on his right arm and a detailed design on his left. He is looking slightly to his left with a serious expression. The background is a wall covered in red line-art sketches of various items, including a glass of beer, a coffee cup, a lemon, a coffee grinder, and a slice of pizza. A piece of gym equipment is visible on the left side of the frame.

WE ALL KNOW WE'VE
DONE BAD SHIT BEFORE.

BUT THIS? THIS AIN'T US.
SO CRYING ABOUT IT WON'T HELP.

A digital illustration of three people sitting at a dark grey square table in a room with a checkered floor and a wall covered in red line-art sketches of food and drink. On the table are plates of french fries, a burger, and other food items. The person on the left is a man with dark curly hair and a beard, wearing a grey button-down shirt and olive green shorts, sitting on a black chair and looking down at his hands. The person in the middle is a man with a beard and tattoos, wearing a black tank top, sitting on a black chair and looking towards the person on the right. The person on the right is a woman with dark hair, wearing a black t-shirt and black pants, sitting on a black chair and looking down at her hands. A speech bubble from the person on the right contains the text: "ALRIGHT... LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, AT LEAST WE DIDN'T DIE LAST NIGHT."

ALRIGHT... LOOK AT IT THIS WAY,
AT LEAST WE DIDN'T DIE LAST NIGHT.

A man with dark, slightly messy hair and a black t-shirt is sitting at a table. He has a stressed or angry expression on his face, with furrowed brows and a slightly open mouth. He is leaning forward, with his arms resting on the table. In front of him are two large, golden-brown bread rolls, one of which is topped with red sauce and green herbs. A clear glass containing a red liquid is also on the table. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SERIOUSLY?
THAT'S YOUR PEP TALK?

WE'VE GOT FOUR MONTHS UNTIL TRIAL.
IF WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING, WE'RE SPENDING
THE REST OF OUR LIVES IN JAIL.

A comic book style illustration of two men in a cafe. The man on the left is seated, has a beard, and is wearing a black tank top that shows off his extensive tattoos. The man on the right is leaning over the counter, looking at the first man. The background wall is decorated with red line-art sketches of coffee-related items like a milkshake, coffee beans, and a grinder. On the table in the foreground, there is a stack of bread and some other food items.

HEY, NONE OF US WANTED THIS.

REALLY? THEN WHY THE HELL
ARE THE COPS SAYING YOU KILLED HER?!

YOU KNOW I PASSED OUT LAST NIGHT.
AND YOU STILL BELIEVE THAT FUCKING COP?!

A man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing a black tank top, is seated at a wooden table. He has extensive, intricate tattoos on both of his arms. The background is a wall covered in red line-art sketches of various items, including coffee cups, lemons, and mechanical parts. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing three lines of text, and one on the right containing two lines of text.

LOOK, LAST NIGHT WAS MESSED UP.
I DON'T REMEMBER SHIT, WE DON'T REMEMBER SHIT.
BUT ONE THING'S CLEAR... WE DIDN'T DO IT.

SO NOW, WE FIND PROOF.
NO MATTER WHAT.



HECTOR'S RIGHT. WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT DOESN'T MATTER.
LET'S FOCUS ON THE CRIME SCENE.



THAT'S USELESS. YOU THINK
THE POLICE... OR THE REAL CULPRIT,
DIDN'T MESS WITH THE SCENE?

IF SOMEONE FRAMED US,
THEN THE CRIME SCENE'S ALREADY
DIRTY.



NOT IF YOU DIG DEEPER.

...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I KNOW SOMEONE.
SOMEONE WHO CAN DO THINGS...
NORMAL PEOPLE CAN'T.



I'LL GO SEE HIM AFTER THIS...
SEE IF HE'S WILLING TO HELP.

IN THE MEANTIME, WE'RE ALSO GONNA
NEED A DAMN GOOD LAWYER.

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a black short-sleeved shirt, is sitting on a black metal chair at a dark grey table. She is looking off to the side with a slightly concerned or thoughtful expression. On the table in front of her are two white plates filled with food, including what looks like bread and vegetables, and a small glass of red liquid. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text.

WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT,
I'VE GOT A FRIEND WHO'S A LAWYER.



ALRIGHT, GENTLEMEN.
LET'S FUCKING DO THIS!



YEAH. LAST TIME I CHECKED.

YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE?

A comic book panel featuring two men in a prison setting. The man on the left has long, dark, wavy hair and a goatee, wearing a dark grey button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up. The man on the right has a short beard and hair, wearing a black tank top that reveals extensive tattoos on his arms and a black belt. They are standing in front of a wall made of light blue square tiles. A wooden bench is visible on the right side of the frame. Three speech bubbles contain their dialogue.

LIKE... THREE YEARS AGO.

...AND WHEN WAS THAT?

NO SHIT.



YO! OPEN UP, QUERY!

HEY, MAN. LONG TIME.

...WHAT'S UP, CHRIS.





BOLD MOVE... COMING HERE
RIGHT AFTER GETTING FAMOUS.



SAVE THE COMMENTARY.
THIS IS MY FRIEND, HECTOR.

HEY, PAL.



YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE SOMEONE
WHO'D MESS UP THAT BADLY.



BECAUSE WE DIDN'T DO IT.
SOMEONE'S FRAMING US.

LISTEN, THE CRIME SCENE'S
ALREADY COMPROMISED. WE NEED
REAL EVIDENCE.

ANYTHING OFF IN THE FILES-
REPORTS, FORENSICS... ANYTHING THE
POLICE DELETED OR TRIED TO HIDE.

Senior Java
Developer



YOU'RE ASKING ME TO POKE
A SYSTEM THAT LOGS EVERYTHING.

THIS IS A POLICE SERVER
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. ONE MISTAKE,
AND THEY COULD PING MY LOCATION.

EVERY ENTRY, EVERY FILE ACCESS,
EVERY SECOND SOMEONE BREATHES
IN THAT DATABASE...



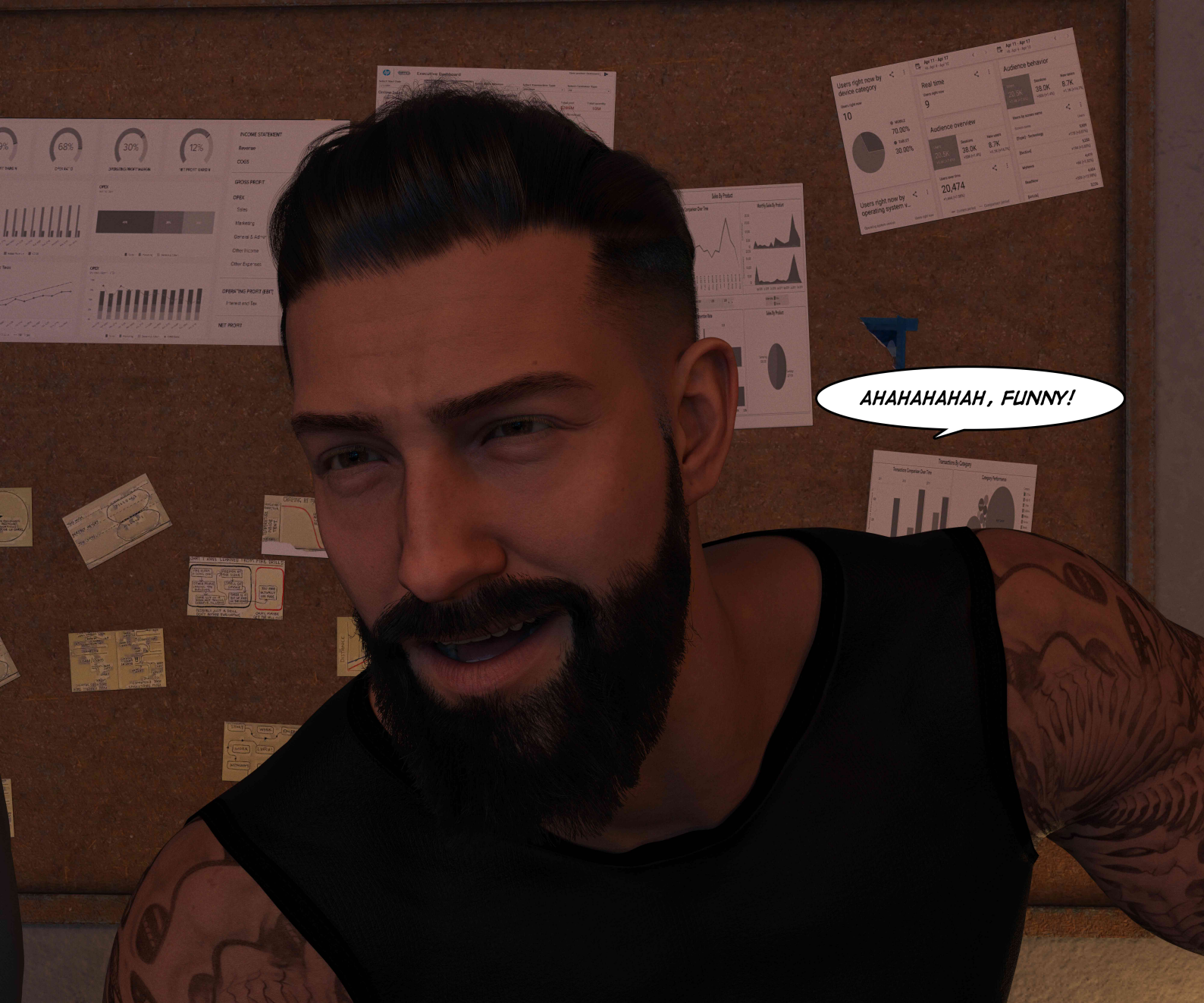
YEAH, BUT YOU CAN HANDLE IT, RIGHT?

DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE GETTING SCARED NOW.



I'M NOT SCARED. I'M JUST SAYING- THIS COSTS EXTRA.

AND WITH A CASE THIS BIG, I WANT PAYMENT UPFRONT.



AHAHAHAHAH, FUNNY!

A man with a beard and extensive tattoos on his arms is pointing his finger at a younger man wearing a grey hoodie. The younger man is looking up at the older man with a surprised expression. They are in a room with a window showing a city at night. There are some posters on the wall, including one that says "League of RGE".

W-WHAT ARE YOU-
...I'M 25.

HOW OLD ARE YOU, KID?
18? 19?

REALLY?
YOU LOOK LIKE A KID.

A man with a dark beard and a topknot hairstyle, wearing a black tank top, is shown from the chest up. He has extensive tattoos on his left arm. He is looking down at another man whose back is to the camera. The background is a dimly lit room with a bulletin board on the left and a poster on the right.

TELL YOU WHAT,
WHY DON'T YOU TRY FINDING
SOMETHING FIRST...

...AND THEN WE TALK ABOUT PAYMENT.

OR... I COULD JUST CRUSH YOUR
LITTLE SKULL RIGHT NOW.



Y-YEAH! RELAX!
I-I WAS JUST KIDDING!



GOOD, THEN
GET TO WORK, EH?