

This is a 40 page script for an extended first issue to a supernatural mystery action drama graphic novel codenamed Jace Vineyard.

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Project Name: *Jace Vineyard*

Volume Name (placeholder): *The Greatest Detective*

Chapter Name (placeholder): *The Case of the Mummy Thief.*

Pages: **40**

Nature of the Document: *Panel by Panel script*

In One Sentence:

An average joe with a far above average intelligence solves crimes perpetrated by super powered individuals.

In one Paragraph:

Sherlock Holmes meets X-Men mutants, where mutations are always around an artistic talent. A story that unravels across a series of self-contained mysteries being solved while developing characters, the world, and the over-arching plot. Funny and witty and adventurous.

Page 1

Panel 1(Extreme close up shot): A foot wrapped in white cloth steps on concrete, mid-run.

Panel 2(Extreme close up shot): A hand waves forward, also wrapped in white cloth, against a night sky.

Panel 3(Long Distance shot): A mummy, or at least a human wrapped up like a mummy, is leaping out of a building. A big full moon stands in the backgrounds, with two mummies running behind it, ready to follow it in its jump. They're running across the rooftops of a city asleep.

Panel 4(Inside panel, medium shot): The mummy front flips in the air.

Panel 5(Long medium shot): The mummies race across the roof, the third in line landing from a front-flip. They're heading towards a building that has its side turned towards them, though it's too far away to jump.

Panel 6(Establishing shot): The long building is a museum. "Egypt Alive" is titled across a billboard at its front, and the silhouettes of our three mummies can be spotted supernaturally jumping towards its side.

Page 2

Panel 1(inside panel, medium close shot): A mummy breaks through a very large window from a jump, bringing both arms and legs for protection like a human would do, shattering it inward.

Panel 2(Establishing shot): Two of the mummies stand back to back next to the broken window, as if “covering” for the third who’s moving towards a pedestal in the middle of the large exhibit room. The room features paintings and other assorted ancient items, but the mummy goes straight towards a specific pedestal holding a specific glass-dome with something inside.

CAPTION: Crime...

Panel 3(Inside panel, extreme close up): A hand crashes through the glass of the dome, grabbing onto the very expensive-looking and ancient necklace inside.

Panel 4(long shot): The mummy’s looking back for confirmation, holding the necklace in hand as alarms go off all around them. The mummy facing her is nodding in confirmation.

CAPTION: Everyone commits them everywhere. / Everyone solves them everywhere.

SFX: BEEEEEE! BEEEE! BEEEE!

Panel 5(Medium Shot): The mummy holding the necklace approaches the window as a second one climbs it to leap off it, the third one already in the air, having launched itself forward to get back to the building they jumped from.

CAPTION: But a certain kind of crime is committed by a very special sort of individuals.

Panel 6(Same shot): The mummy holding the necklace is pulling itself up and out the window by pulling itself over upper ledge, while its friend is on its way to the building, the other one climbing up the wall. It’s clear our mummy isn’t jumping after them.

CAPTION: Their influence results in what you would call mysteries...unsolvable crimes.

Panel 7(Same shot): A police is holding a hand at the broken window and view, looking back in protest. The sun has dawned, it’s late in the morning already.

COP: C’mon, that’s impossible.

CAPTION: Fortunately, there’re a very special assortment of individuals who can solve them.

JACE(Out. Dial.): Don’t fret now, gents, I’m sure we can explain this.

Page 3

Panel 1(Full body): Jace Vineyard making his entrance, lighting a cigar.

CAPTION: And quite frankly...

COP(Out.Dial.): Jace Vineyard.

CAPTION: I am the very best of them.

Panel 2(Inside panel, close up shot): Jace pulling out the cigar off his mouth, blowing out smoke while saying his line.

JACE: Hello, Inspector.

Page 4

Panel 1: Jace walks towards Inspector Fingth

FINGTH: You were hired for this case?

JACE: By the museum, yes. As usual, it'd be good to know what you've figured out already.

Panel 2: Fingth is standing next to the broken dome on top of the pedestal, looking like he's going along with some daily monotony. He's scratching his head in slight protest of whatever he has to tolerate.

FINGTH: Well get ready, Jace. This is a tough one.

CAPTION: Inspector Fingth, of the Scotland Yard. Me and him go way back

Panel 3: Jace gives an easy shrug with a slightly smug smirk.

JACE: Heh, you always say that, inspector.

CAPTION: Extremely monotonous, but he's a good man, and a loyal cop.

Panel 4(inside panel): Jace blowing out smoke to achieve a "pause for effect".

Panel 5 : Jace continues walking, cool and unworried.

JACE: Should know by now I'm always tougher. So, fill me in, what've we—

ADELE(Out Scream): JAAACEE!!!

Panel 6: Jace's coolness is disrupted by a strong and violent tackle to his back, that makes him bend back as a reaction, spitting out his cigar.

JACE: GAHK!

SFX: POF!

Page 5

Panel 1(Over the shoulder shot, Adele): Adele stands up, hands on her waist, looking down at the fallen Jace judgmentally. Jace massages his back with his hand, pretending pain.

ADELE: You thought you could ditch me??!

JACE: Ow...I told you to stay at the office.

Panel 2: Adele leans at him, close to pouting, opening a hand in protest.

ADELE: No, you didn't, you didn't say anything! You just ran out the door the minute I was in the bathroom!

COP(Out.Dialog): Inspector, who are these people?!

CAPTION: Adele, my secretary and close friend since I started my practice.

Panel 3: Fingth crosses his arms, the cop who asked the question standing aside Adele and Jace. Adele looks at Fingth and argues at one point in the dialog, pointing at herself slightly proud and a bit unaware she's actually bad-mouthing herself..

FINGTH: Wow, you're pretty sheltered, huh, rookie? This is Jace Vineyard, self-proclaimed greatest detective in the world. Private practice.

ADELE: Hey, I proclaimed that too.

CAPTION: Energetic, and incredibly loyal to me.

Panel 4: Fingth glances at a certain cop standing at the entrance of the room.

FINGTH: ...right. Anyways, he has been pretty successful. We're required to share information with him by the orders of whatever Mayor applies. That's Adele, his assistant...who really isn't supposed to set her pretty feet inside my crime scenes...

Panel 5: The cop shrugs, raising his arms in easy-going protest.

COP: Whaaat?! She can be very persuasive! You try to kick her out.

Panel 6(Close up shot): Adele giving the nicest smile.

ADELE: Not a chance! How am I supposed to learn if I don't see the best in action?!

CAPTION: A detective in training.

Page 6

Panel 1(Full body shot): Adele posing cutely and half-jokingly.

ADELE: Though being all cute never hurts my chances.

ADELE: Right, Jace?

CAPTION: Probably in love with me...

Panel 2(inside panel, Parody shot): Jace leaned over the cigarette in the ground, trying to pick it up in a not eww way.

ADELE: Jaaaace...

JACE: Afff...

ADELE: Are you listening to me? Jace!

JACE: Hm? What?

Page 7

Panel 1: Adele crossing her arms mock-offended.

ADELE: What're you? A drug addict for those things?

JACE(out. dialg): I'll have you know these are very expensive.

ADELE: So what?! You're rich!

Panel 2: Jace standing up, shrugging along with his good point.

JACE: Oh? So it's okay to waste it because I have a lot?

ADELE(Out. Dialg.): That's not the point!

JACE: Do you have a point?

Panel 3: The cops at the entrance, standing around like idiots.

ADELE(Out. Dialg): My point is you love these things too much?

JACE(Out. Dialg): How do you mean?

ADELE(Out. Dialg): I mean because of them, you don't pay attention to anything else around you.

JACE(Out. Dialg): What is there to pay attention to? It's all scenery. But mostly—

ADELE(Out. Dialg): Scenery??

Panel 4: Fingth, watching it all, obviously used to tolerating these childish rampaging arguments. He's not sighing for tolerance, but he is inside his mind.

ADELE(Out. Dialg): What about people? How about paying attention to them??!

JACE(Out. Dialg): What people? Who?

Panel 5(Parody shot): Adele fidgets her hands together somewhat embarrassed, slightly rambling.

ADELE(Out. Dialg): Er...that is... people that are close to you- hum...maybe, like, literally? In a—well, in a given radius of, you know, proximity...like--

FINGTH(Out.Dialg): How about the crime scene?

Panel 6(Parody shot): Fingth talks all preachy.

FINGTH: That important enough to pay attention to, Mr. Vineyard?

Page 8

Panel 1(Parody shot): Jace and Adele looking on startled.

ADELE: ...

JACE: ...

Panel 2: Jace suddenly cool and serious again, lighting the cigarette in a “duh” manner resembling that of an intellectual.

JACE: Why obviously, Inspector. A foolish inquiry if there ever was one...

JACE: Please proceed.

Panel 3: Fingth standing next to the Pedestal with the “ok that’s impossible” cop next to him.

FIGNTH: Well, right next to me is the broken container of Cleopatra’s necklace.

JACE(Out. Dialg.): One of ‘em, you mean.

FIGNTH: The only one in this museum I mean...

FIGNTH: Stop interrupting.

Panel 4: Jace asks the question, but it’s clear he’s just driving the conversation along.

FIGNTH(Out. Dialg): We don’t have any leads other than super-natural occurrence, and a photograph of the assailants in costume.

JACE: Supernatural?

Panel 5: Fingth points at the shattered window, Jace glancing at it in thought.

FIGNTH: See that window?

JACE: Hm hm, they came through there, yes? Silly place to put a window.

FIGNTH: it’s bullet proof.

Panel 6(Inside panel): Jace actually raises an interested eyebrow.

JACE: Really now?

JACE: That’s interesting.

Page 9

Panel 1: Jace rebounds ideas off Fingth, tapping his cigar in thought. Fingth is nodding due to his last dialog.

JACE: Explosives?

FINGTH: No sign.

JACE: Hum. It's not a sound trick. It wouldn't shatter like that, into such big chunks.

FINGTH: I agree.

JACE: It looks like someone punched through it.

FINGTH: Yes it does.

Panel 2: Adele grabs and rocks Jace a bit in excitement. He can't help but smile.

ADELE: A meta-artist case!!

JACE: Heh.

Panel 3: Jace raises a hand in conclusion, gaining room so he can proclaim it.

JACE: Correct, Adele. A man with the supernatural ability of influencing reality through art... is responsible for this heist.

FINGTH(Out.Dialog): Seems likely.

Panel 4: Fingth handing over a photograph.

FINGTH: Here's the photo, a passer-by took it after hearing the alarm.

JACE: Hm, thank you, inspector.

Panel 5: Jace cracks a smirk at looking at the photo.

JACE: Heh.

FINGTH: Remember you can't keep it.

JACE: Thieves and comedians...

Panel 6: The photo is of the two mummies that escaped together, leaping from the window to the building. It's an actually decent photo and shows the mummies soaring through the air, arms and legs hanging back and visible.

JACE: Mummies steal Egyptian treasure. Now that's good comedy.

Page 10

Panel 1: Jace hands the photo back to Fingth, glancing around the scene.

FINGTH: So they leapt to that building over there, is what the photo shows.

JACE(Thought): Hum...should be around here somewhere...

FINGTH: You can see it through the window they came in from.

Panel 2: Jace, most obviously already thinking about something else, walks off to explore.

JACE: I'll take a look around.

FINGTH: Go ahead, I'll be over here taking my own look around. Tell me if you need something.

Panel 3: Jace is looking at the broken glass dome more closely.

JACE (Thought): So, they stole nothing else. Which means they targeted the necklace directly. They came in through the window, grabbed it, and jumped back out.

JACE: hum...

Panel 4: Jace looks at the broken window, Adele looking over her shoulder. He ignores her though.

ADELE: You think there's a clue in the shards?

JACE: Maybe.

Panel 5: Jace approaches the window, looking closely at the ground full of shards.

JACE: Hummm...

Panel 5_1(Inside panel, zoom in panel, traced directly on one of the shards): It shows that a piece of cloth/bandage is stuck to a shard, having been ripped.

Panel 5_2(Inside panel, same panel as before): Jace's picking up the piece of cloth.

Panel 6(Over the shoulder): Adele looks on as Jace is crouched, looking at the piece of cloth very carefully.

ADELE: Is that a clue?

JACE: Maybe.

Page 10

Panel 1: Jace staring at the piece of cloth.

ADELE(Out.Dialg.) Jace?

Panel 2: Jace sticks his tongue out and places it against the paper.

ADELE(Out.Dialg.) EEEEEKK!!

Panel 3: Adele watches Jace put it back on the floor, him being apparently oblivious to her.

JACE: Hum...right.

ADELE: That's disgusting, Jace!

Panel 4: Jace goes back to Fingth, who glances at him not really surprised, but not really buying what he's saying.

JACE: I figured it out.

FINGTH: Already, huh?

JACE: Yeah, not a lot of thought was put into this. It was a meta-artist for sure.

Panel 5: Fingth sighs, massaging his neck visibly bothered by the notion

FINGTH: Jeez...like the general public isn't freaked out enough, these guys keep popping up more and more.

JACE: Meta-artists are part of the general public, Inspector.

Panel 6: Fingth and Jace talk on their own.

FINGTH: Believe me, I mean them as well. I miss the days when none of them would even think to do something like this.

JACE: I think the fact it took them so long to start actually shows how better they are...I mean, if you don't think of them as normal human beings in the first place, which we should. Because they are.

Page 11

Panel 1: Jace and Fingth continue to talk, watching Adele looking intently at the piece of cloth, trying to figure out whatever Jace figured out.

FINGTH: Humpf. And what does that mean to the powers that be? They keep limiting their freedoms, bearing down on their privacy. All out of fear.

JACE: And the more that happens, the more they lash out.

FINGTH: And the more they lash out, the more it happens...

FINGTH: ...the worse it gets.

Panel 2: Fingth looks at Jace, boringly inquisitive. Jace shrugs.

FINGTH: Where is this heading towards, Jace?

JACE: Hey, I'm just a detective, not a sociologist. I'm here to solve this crime.

FINGTH: Right...

FINGTH: So? What can we expect?

Panel 3: Jace motions to Adele while half-smiling at the Inspector, calling her.

JACE: Either a rank B sculptor or a very funny rank A drawer. But I'm betting on sculptor.

FINGTH: Would you care to explain?

JACE: If it wasn't a waste of time, inspector, I would. C'mon, Adele.

Panel 4: Fingth protests in a non-committed manner, as Jace walks off.

FINGTH: When are you going to stop doing this to me?

JACE: When you agree to not hog all the glory.

FINGTH: Catching the perpetrator isn't—oh nevermind, like I'll say anything you haven't heard yet.

Panel 5: Jace leaves through the door, looking back at Fingth sort of pleased, pointing at the general direction opposite to that of the broken window.

JACE: Ah finally. For that, I'll give you a tip: the necklace went that way.

FINGTH: What?

Panel 5_1(inside panel, close up): Jace, outside of the room on the corridor, blowing out smoke like everything went according to plan.

JACE: Consider that a gift... for being so understanding.

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Panel 1: Outside, Adele skips her steps after Jace, all excited.

ADELE: So?! Tell me, tell me.

JACE: Tell you what?

Panel 2: Close up on Adele, pleading with a smile.

ADELE: Oh c'mon, don't be like that. I pick up your calls, right?

Panel 3: Jace rolls his eyes in amused patience.

JACE: Alright, let's start with the easy one.

CAPTION: I always like to play hard, but it's just a game we play. She knows very well how much I like to explain my deductions, because that way, it's all the more impressive when they turn out true.

Panel 4: Jace remembers the photo.

JACE: The picture showed that both mummies weren't carrying anything so we can assume the existence of a third mummy, who actually carried the necklace. And if they weren't together, we can also assume the two in the photo were decoys.

Panel 5: Adele lifts the pointer finger in mild triumph.

ADELE: Ah ha, and the decoys would be sent in the opposite direction!

Panel 6: Jace nods, adding a comment that slightly confuses Adele.

JACE: Exactly. That's the gamble I'm making based on his level of criminal inexperience.

ADELE: Inexperience?

Page 13

Panel 1: Jace remembers the piece of cloth.

JACE: Before that, we have to figure out he's a sculptor. Also simple, that piece of cloth that was ripped from the mummy? It was toilet paper.

ADELE: Oh, that's why you licked the nasty thing.

JACE: Yes, to check the absorption.

Panel 2: Adele puts her tongue out in disgust, Jace simply continues smoking.

ADELE: Ugh, I hope it wasn't used.

JACE: An artist skilled enough to create mummies out of a drawing, or any other craft other than sculpture, would not have it be made of toilet paper... so they were made by a sculptor that had such scarce resources all he could think to do was use the toilet paper at home.

Panel 3: Adele interrupts Jace with the answer.

JACE: And I say class B because—

ADELE: They were reinforced! Right? To go through the bullet-proof glass?

Panel 4: Jace flicks ash off the tip of the cigar.

JACE: Indeed. That brings me to my other conclusion.

Panel 5: Jace walks along, hands in pocket, looking around as if looking for a specific store.

JACE: The thief obviously didn't know the window was bullet-proof glass, because if he did, he wouldn't have gone through the trouble of shaping humanoids to make it all look like a normal heist. Not that having his mummies super-jumping across buildings was smart either...but you know.

JACE: Plus, he targeted a piece of treasure that's far from the most valuable thing in the museum. All and all, it's pretty obvious he didn't stake out the place and didn't really take planning beyond making it look like a normal heist...with his contingency plan involving only the oldest "diversion tactic" in the book. That is why I'm assuming he employed its most mindless version: opposite directions.

Page 13

Panel 1: Jace continues to march down the street, with Adele close behind.

ADELE: So why aren't we going in the direction you think he went?

JACE: Direction is useless to us, we need an address. We're going to have a talk with Leona—

Panel 2: A Pidgeon flies straight at Jace, who freaks the fudge out, throwing his cigar up in an uncontrollable fit.

JACE: Ahhhhh!!!!

Panel 3_1(inside panel): Adele's hands close around the bird.

ADELE: Stop right there, bird.

Panel 3: Adele holds the bird, looking down at a sitting down Jace, who's freakin' out and looking away and waving his hand at her. Adele has a look of utter disappointment.

JACE: Throw it away, throw it away from me!

ADELE: ...

CAPTION: Unfortunately...I am not perfect.

Panel 5: Adele throws the bird away with a sigh, Jace breathes heavily, pulling out another cigar while heavily shaking.

JACE: Arf...arf...God...

ADELE: Seriously, Jace, when are you going to grow out of that? It's so...not manly.

CAPTION: Further unfortunately, the imperfection heavily lies on my inordinate terror of pigeons.

Panel 6: Jace stands up, lighting the cigarette, part of him still shaken up. Adele questions with pride (see dialog). Jace's tapping a foot, and/or his free hand.

JACE: It's a phobia, Adele. It's not that simple...uff...need to calm own before I call him. So, how're your classes going?

ADELE: Which ones?

JACE: I dunno, jujitsu? That's one o' them, right?

CAPTION: Did I mention Adele was strong? I don't mean emotionally. She's an amazingly trained and proficient hand-to-hand fighter.

Page 14

Panel 1: They stand around and talk.

ADELE: They're going very good! I'm close to getting my black belt, actually...though I'd need some time off. There's like a ceremony for that one.

JACE: Ah. We'll have to see about getting you that mini-vacation then.

ADELE: And how's your big challenge going?

JACE: What big challenge?

Panel 2: Adele leans in, teasing Jace who waves the matter away, boringly joking.

ADELE: Quitting smoking.

JACE: Come on now, Adele...you know pigeons, they're a global presence. I need to stay in control.

ADELE: Yeah well, one day you won't be able to chase some thug 'cause your lungs'll be all putrid.

JACE: Not that serious, really, that's why I have you, isn't it?

ADELE: Oh? And doesn't that bother you? Having a girl do all your heavy lifting?

Panel 3: Jace lazily raises a fist in a "fight the power" kind of movement. Adele mocks a laugh.

JACE: Oy, power to the women, right?

ADELE: Har har, you're so funny.

Panel 4: Jace blows out a smoke and pulls on a cell, Adele slightly protests.

JACE: Right, I'll call Leo and see if I can talk to him.

ADELE: Do we really have to?

JACE: His company - well - empire of companies represents the lead employers of meta-artists world-wide, Adele.

JACE: Even after one tried to kill him.

JACE: Odds are our guy worked for him.

Panel 5: Jace pulls the cell to his face, glancing aside at Adele with a raised brow.

ADELE: And isn't all that impressive stuff suspicious by itself?

JACE: Not when I need an address.

Page 15

Panel 1: Leonardo's finger clicks a button on an intercom that has a little visor screen, which turns on, showing a picture of Vineyard.

LEONARDO: Vineyard. Interrupting a meeting as usual.

JACE: When **aren't** you in a meeting, Leonardo?

Panel 2: Leonardo's sitting at an expensive-looking desk amidst an expensive looking office with an expensive-looking view out the window behind him. He's obviously on a very tall floor.

LEONARDO: When I'm doing things that really can't be interrupted. So, what is it this time?

JACE: Well, I wonder if you could help me out again. I'm having trouble getting back in contact with a friend of mine...he's into sculpting?

LEONARDO: Hm. Is this about the museum?

CAPTION: Leonardo was involved in my first case.

CAPTION: A big shot multi-billionaire emperor of a conglomerate of enterprises...whose life I saved.

CAPTION: He's been friendly ever since, even paid for my first office.

Panel 3: Jace shaking his head with the first real smile since we started, an interested or challenged smile.

JACE: Now see, that's the kind of deductions that you don't need to mention to me, Leonardo. They remind me how dangerously clever you are.

LEONARDO: Ah yes, because building a multibillionaire empire from scratch doesn't impress the great and mighty Jace Vineyard.

JACE: Hahahahaha, no comment.

CAPTION: I try my best not to think his friendliness is just to keep me off his back.

Panel 4: Leonardo opening his hands in amusement. The intercom is saying where Jace is calling from in an overlaid text box.

JACE: But no, just a friend obviously...so, can you help?

LEONARDO: Hm, there might be a couple...that fit that description, so I'll have Jen send you whatever files might be relevant. Any city you'd like to limit the contacts to?

JACE: Well, I'm pretty sure you just have to bother with the one I'm in. You **are** tracking me, right?

LEONARDO: Now why would I be doing that, my friend?

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Panel 1: Jace again smiles, slightly amused.

JACE: Fine, if you're going to force my hand, I'll text you my current address...so you don't forget. Thanks a lot, Leonardo. As usual.

LEONARDO: Whatever assists you in...finding and taking good care of your friend.

JACE: Thank you. Have a nice day, Leonardo.

Panel 2: Jace smiles, more amused, switching off the cellphone

LEONARDO: Of course I will, Jace, I make them that way.

LEONARDO: Good luck on your end.

JACE: Ah, coincidentally, I make my own luck too. Best regards...

Panel 3: Jace reverts back to his bored persona, almost sighing as he talks to Adele, who's high-spirited and energetic as usual.

JACE: Alright, Leo will be sending in some names and addresses, so get ready for interviews.

ADELE: You got it. Can I do some of them?

Panel 4: Jace replies, walking off while looking around again, for something.

JACE: Sure, why not? We just have to find a bug spray or something like that.

Panel 5: Adele raises an eyebrow.

ADELE: Bug spray?

Page 17

Panel 1: Jace talking to another smoker under a bus stop, Adele writing down some notes.

Panel 2: Adele extending a hand for a taxi while Jace steps on a cigar, the taxi just arriving. It's past midday.

Panel 3: Adele and Jace talking to someone who's shaking his/her head, visibly denying knowledge of whatever they're asking. Sun is setting.

Panel 4: Adele talking to a couple all friendly while Jace is behind her, smoking and eyeing them judgmentally. It's nighttime.

Panel 5: The guy from the couple points behind, as if giving direction to a very happy Adele, who's smiling like she's got a lead. Jace is no longer interested in the couple, but is just looking on vaguely, thinking about something.

Panel 6: Adele talking to a bartender at the bar in a dance-club, Jace sitting down next to her, watching the dance-floor.

GUY: Yeah, I know the guy. Lives a couple o' blocks away, actually. I think?

Page 18

Panel 1: Adele talks to the Bartender, very glad she's finally getting a lead.

ADELE: Ah great, and he's a meta-artist, you're sure about that?

BARTENDER: Yeah. I mean, I never met the guy, but his girlfriend's a real piece o' work, I tell ya. She's always on about him being this powerful artist, and how she's got him whipped good. And quite frankly, I believe it.

ADELE: Really? Does she come here often? Who is she?

Panel 2: Bartender looking over behind Adele.

BARTENDER: Well actually, I think...hum...yeah, there she is, dancing with your friend.

Panel 3: Adele almost cracks her neck due to how fast she turns it.

ADELE: What?!

Panel 4: Jace and Amy, in the distance, getting the groove on together, among the rest of the people that are dancing. Amy not being shy with their closeness at all...

ADELE: What the hell?!

Page 19

Panel 1: Amy and Jace dance around. Jace looks at her slightly impressed.

AMY: You got some moves.

JACE: Likewise, beautiful.

AMY: Wow. Straightforward much, slick?

Panel 2: Amy back-turned to Jace, left hand around his neck while he's got his arm around her belly.

AMY: Oh, any other night and I'd take you up on that, but tonight my boyfriend actually deserves some attention.

JACE: Oh? He dance better does he?

AMY: Pff, as if. Nah, but he gave me a great present. We're moving in together! Making a life of our own off country. A classic movie ending, haha, and I'm kinda the one who's been pushing him along, so I'm not just gonna cheat on him on the day he finally acted like a man.

Panel 3: Amy turns around and winks at Jace suggestively, as he shrugs and steps away.

AMY: Tonight.

JACE: Heh, well then, allow me to transition onto greener pastures, as much as they won't...equally satisfy me.

AMY: You got that right, handsome.

Panel 4: Jace leans against the counter again, breathing upwards as Adele eyes him, suspiciously sulking.

JACE: Ohhh man.

ADELE: Tell me you know who she is and weren't just...

Panel 5: Jace opens an eye in her direction.

JACE: Just what?

Panel 6: Adele opens her eyes, startled.

ADELE: ...

Panel 7: Adele glances off to the side.

ADELE: Mingling...while on duty.

Page 19

Panel 1: Jace turns his back on the dance floor while massaging his neck.

JACE: That's it, eye her suspiciously. Once she notices, turn around and talk to me. Make her feel watched.

Panel 2: Adele leans on the counter, looking at Amy with a serious face.

ADELE: Oh...uh, okay

Panel 3: From Adele's point of view, Amy is dancing with some guy. She looks at Adele startled, clearly noticing her gaze.

Panel 4: From Amy's point of view, Adele turns her head towards Jace and talks to him, glancing back at her suspiciously.

AMY: #\$*#

Panel 5: From Adele's point of view, Amy pushes off the guy lightly and makes her way to leave.

ADELE: She's leaving.

Panel 6: Jace stands up to walk away, massaging his shoulder.

JACE: Alright, let's tail her. And be ready to subdue her.

Panel 7: Adele follows, with a yearning smile.

ADELE: It'll be my pleasure...

Page 20

Panel 1: Jace is leaning against a wall, smoking nonchalantly as Adele looks over the edge at a suspicious Amy walking up the street. Despite his bored expression, Jace's eyes are dead set on a rear-view mirror of a car that's parked just by them.

Panel 2: Amy stops in front of a door of a 5 story poor-looking building, looking both ways to make sure she's not being followed.

Panel 3: Amy fondles the inside of the purse.

Panel 4: Amy holds out the key, stepping forward towards the door.

Panel 5: Adele running into the picture, leaned down at full speed, a few steps away from Amy.

Panel 6: Amy gets tackled hard, falling to the side.

ADELE: RAH!

AMY: OOF!

Page 21

Panel 1: Adele holds her in a lock, both legs by having her legs crossed around them and both arms by crossing her right arm over both of them, and holding that arm tight with her left.

Panel 2: Jace walks into view, blowing smoke, Amy looking absolutely terrified.

Panel 3: Jace lazily crouches and extends a business card towards her, showing it to her.

JACE: Evening, madam. My name's Jace Vineyard, private investigator.

Panel 4: Amy's point of view, seeing the card with his photo, and him behind it, talking to her a bit bored.

JACE: I was hired by the museum to track down the necklace. I could say what necklace but you already know, don't you?

Panel 5: Amy's eyes open in scared realization, nodding in acceptance of his request. She knows she's screwed. Jace puts the card away and talks to her candidly.

JACE: I'll be straight with you, Amy. Tell me in which room your boyfriend's hiding in and I won't tell the cops about you.

Amy nodding, hence the following dialog

JACE: Alright. Tell me when I guess right.

Panel 6: Jace offering several propositions while she shakes her head negatively.

JACE: First floor? Second Floor? Third floor?

Panel 6_1(inside panel): She nods affirmatively.

JACE: Third Floor? Alright. Which door?

Page 22

Panel 1: Jace looks up at the building, picking up the key Amy had dropped.

JACE: Third floor, first door on the right...okay.

Panel 2: He stands up, ignoring Amy though he's talking to her.

JACE: You're free to go. If you're lying to me, or if he already knows I'm coming when I get there, I can promise the cops will be knocking at your door soon after.

AMY: mmfmfm.

Panel 3: Adele gives her some breathing room, allowing her to talk.

AMY: I-I-I didn't, no. I didn't lie.

JACE: Alright then.

Panel 4: Jace spits out the cigar while taking the bug spray out from inside his jacket.

JACE: Let her go, Adele.

Panel 5: Jace, smiling in anticipation, eyes dead-locked on target.

JACE: We got the real fish to fry...

Page 23

Panel 1: Jace and Adele climbing stairs, carefully. Jace's holding the bug spray in his hand, his lighter at the ready. Jace is taking point.

Panel 2: Jace and Adele reach the door, Adele standing at the side while Jace looks at it, thinking about something.

Panel 3: Adele looks a bit confused as Jace stares at the door, deep in thought.

ADELE(whisper): Ja--

JACE: Ssshhh...

Panel 4: Jace waits bit more, Adele lifting a hand in interrogation.

ADELE(whisper): What?

Panel 5: Jace nods to himself, putting the key into the lock.

JACE(whisper): Alright, that's probably enough...

Panel 5_1(inside panel): Close up on the lock, unlocking.

SFX: Click!

Panel 7: Jace carefully and slowly pushes the door open, with bug-spray at the ready, holding the lighter behind it.

SFX: Crrreeaakkk....

Page 24

Panel 1: The door opens up, showing a corridor of a very modest-looking house. There's a door to the left, then a door on the right wall, then the corridor ends by leading to a room. But blocking that view is one of the mummies, head looking down as if sleeping.

JACE(whisper): !!

Panel 2: The mummy raises its head, as if looking at Jace, Adele's face popping up to take a curious look.

JACE: Uhm...

ADELE: What is it?

Panel 3: The mummy speeds off towards them, cracking the floor on its first step.

SFX: Crack!

JACE: BOLLOCKS!

Panel 4: Jace hops back, lighting the make-shift flamethrower, engulfing the mummy in flames. The mummy doesn't waver in its leap to tackle him. Adele herself yells out, flinching back.

SFX: FUUOOMMMM!

ADELE: Jace!

Panel 5: Adele's flinching back was actually the start of a spin-kick at Jace's feet (or knee).

Panel 5_1(Inside panel): Jace's head falling back, evidencing he himself is falling back.

JACE: Wuah!

Page 25

Panel 1: Jace falls back as the mummy glides by over him, missing him by an inch. Jace continues to flamethrow, though he starts torching the wall and ceiling about the time he's aiming upwards. He's smiling though... like he's having fun.

JACE(whisper): Whooah!

SFX: FUUUOOMMM!!

Panel 2: Jace lands hard on the ground while the mummy just crashes through the wall, pushing it out without a sweat.

SFX: Craasshhh

SFX: Pafff!

JACE: Ooff!

Panel 3: Jace looks up like an acute pain is shooting up the back of his head.

ADELE: Are you okay?

Panel 4: Jace looks at a crouching Adele with bored eyes that somehow are accusing her.

JACE: Ow.

Panel 5: Adele opens her arms in protest.

ADELE: Well I didn't have time for anything else!

Page 26

Panel 1: Adele looks to the side while Jace eagerly stands up.

ADELE: Those things are fast...aren't there supposed to be two more? We should really call for backup,

JACE: We've dealt with worse...

Panel 2: Adele sulks, arguing back while Jace pulls the bugspray and lighter into position again, facing the entrance with a renewed spirit of fun.

ADELE: Well, those who don't learn from the past are doomed to repeat it.

Panel 3: Jace enters the house, looking on anxious for the challenge. He raises his voice for the last line.

JACE: Ah yes, dreadful thing, repeating utter success...

JACE: Waterholder! Are you there?

Panel 4: Jace looks inside the house with a small smirk across his face.

JACE: This is Jace Vineyard, Private Detective.

JACE: I am going to assume that doll of yours just attacked me without your consent. Keep your other two from attacking me and you can get out of this as just a thief instead of an unsuccessful murderer.

Panel 5: Jace steps inside, warning him though not at all worried.

JACE: Believe me, there's a vast difference.

Page 27

Panel 1: They walk through the corridor, past the two doors mentioned earlier.

Panel 2: As they go into the room, they see the two other mummies. They're standing like the previous one, with their heads looking down at each side of a door.

JACE: Ah...

Panel 3: They look up at them. Adele, scared, speaks out but Jace comments awkwardly.

JACE: Bollocks.

ADELE: Run?

Panel 4: Both of them, running back inside the corridor. Jace is leading in a panic.

JACE: Ruuuun!

Panel 5: Jace opens a door on the wall on his right, running inside.

JACE: C'mon!

ADELE: In there?!

Panel 6: Adele awkwardly hops inside, very nearly avoiding a leaping mummy that flies by behind her.

ADELE: Aagh!

SFX: Voosh

Page 28

Panel 1: They're in a bathroom that only has a very small window next to the ceiling. Jace is looking around, fondling stuff, his eyes gazing, staring and overall thinking. He's smiling though, he's liking the adrenaline, the rush. Adele slams her back against the door to hold it closed, freaking out.

ADELE: Why don't we ever call the cops?!

JACE: So we get all the credit.

Panel 2: Jace continues to look around, Adele reacting to his statement.

JACE: I wouldn't stay there, either, Adele.

ADELE: huh?

Panel 3: A mummy hand crashes through the door, startling Adele.

SFX: CRASH!

ADELE: !!

Panel 4: The arm bends to close around Adele's face, just going through the wood like it's paper, but she's already ducking out of the way.

ADELE: Wha!!!

SFX: Ckrkarash...

Panel 5: Adele stands in watch as another arm pierces through the door, breaking a piece off of it.

ADELE: Well we're about to get all dead!

ADELE: Torch it!

JACE: I can't torch our only exit, Adele...

Panel 6: Adele blocks her face, positioned between Jace and the door, as the door is expelled out its hinges, very violently, to crash against the opposite wall.

ADELE: Are you kidding m—

SFX: CRASHH!!

Page 29

Panel 1: An odd knocking then sounds out from where the door was at, as one of the mummies punches against it. It blocks the punch, whatever it is.

SFX: Bonk!

Panel 2: Jace approaches what looks like an invisible wall, into which both Mummies desperately try to ram against, to no avail.

ADELE: Jace? What are you doing?

SFX: Bonk! Bonk! Bunk! Bank!

Panel 3: Jace, interested and curious, smiles as he extends his hand to touch the invisible barrier.

JACE: There's some kind of barrier here...a very strong one.

Panel 4: Jace pulls back his hand suddenly, as the mummies move to the side without moving.

ADELE: What is it?

JACE: It's moving.

Panel 5: Jace smiles, knowingly, as he steps back... putting the bug spray aside.

ADELE: What do you mean it's moving?

JACE: Heh.

Panel 6: Jace pulls a cigar, as it becomes apparent the mummies are encased in a box, and are being pushed out of the way. The sound of footsteps also become apparent.

JACE: They're here.

SFX: tap tap tap

Page 30

Panel 1: Jace blows a puff of smoke, while cunningly stating his conclusion.

JACE: The Artistic Four, I presume.

Panel 2: In front of Jace, at the door, Lalitha removes what becomes apparent is an invisibility cloak.

LALITHA: Hah, you are good.

CAPTION: A good old supernatural crime is never quite as interesting without some good old supernatural crime fighters running amok...the most famous of which were the Artistic Four.

Panel 3: Full body presentation of Lalitha as she poses, unimpressed.

LALITHA: But not all that impressive.

CAPTION: Lalitha Doshi, aka, the Sculptress. A class A sculptor with an education in engineering and a lot of creativity. She probably pushed the box using those physical-enhancing gauntlets of hers...if the box was even heavy. She's also the one behind the invisibility cloaks, I imagine.

Page 31

Panel 1: Full body presentation of Kai Lao, at Jace's right, posing emotionless and uninterested.

CAPTION: Kai Lao, aka the Artisan. A class A drawer that materializes matter, and even force, from his drawings. The box must be his.

Panel 2: Full body presentation of Diana Flynn, at Jace's back, posing casually and kind.

CAPTION: Diana Flynn, aka the Mermaid. A class S poet that generates great empathic effects over people, through her poetry.

DIANA: You two should really be more careful...

Panel 3: Full body presentation of Jake Gillingham, at Jace's left, arms crossed while holding the cloak.

CAPTION: And finally, the leader, and fiancé to the Mermaid, Jake Gillingham...the Painter. He calls himself that with good reason, since he is the Painter. A class SS, the most powerful type of meta-artist there is, there's virtually nothing he can't do or create by painting.

JAKE: Are you alright?

CAPTION: I always need to remember to call them by their handles so they wouldn't be offended that I know their true identities. They don't know I know.

Panel 4(inside panel): Jace replies, amused and unimpressed.

JACE: Yes, I appreciate the assistance.

Page 32

Panel 1: Adele shows she's most obviously a fan of them.

ADELE: Wooow! The artistic four?! Is it really you guys?!

LALITHA: You bet, lady.

ADELE: How did you even find us?!

Panel 2: Jace points out the answer and Adele just sincerely thanks them

JACE: They've been tailing us since the start, I imagine.

ADELE: Well, creepy or not, I'm very thankful! Thank you!

Panel 3: Lalitha reacts offended, but Jake cuts her off with normal super hero politeness.

LALITHA: Wha-creepy?!

JAKE: It was our pleasure. We apologize for taking so long to intervene but we had to subdue the mummy outside first. It burned to a cinder on its own but it took a minute.

Panel 4: Jace's not buying the selfishness, and teases Jake with an argument as he leaves the bathroom, walking by Lalitha. Jake argues back a bit confused at the argument he's having.

JACE: So, are you here to rack up the glory for this?

JAKE: No, we'll make sure he's safely in your hands and then we'll leave. We're not in it for the glory.

JACE: So it's okay if nobody knows of your involvement, is that it?

JACE: ...well...I see no harm in you reporting we helped subdue the mummies.

Panel 5: They walk across the corridor, Jake easily admitting to Jace's prodding. Jace's having a bit of fun winning the quick argument.

JACE: You're in it to counter the bad publicity these guys are making against meta-artists, so you are in it for the glory, right?

JAKE: I suppose you are right, then. Despite our priorities, we would indeed like recognition for our actions. Sorry?

Page 33

Panel 1: Kai Lao disagrees, disgruntled. Jake shuts him down with a demanding look, though.

KAI LAO: Speak for yourselves.

JAKE: Artisan.

Panel 2: They walk across the living room. Jake honorably apologizing to Jace who puffs out smoke, still smiling enjoyably.

JAKE: Your reputation precedes you, Detective Vineyard. As we took interest in this case, we couldn't help but follow your lead. Please do not be offended.

JACE: Don't lie to me like that, all self-righteous, and I won't.

Panel 3: They open the door the two mummies had been guarding, showing a bedroom.

JACE: C'mon, watch our backs.

Panel 4: They walk into the sculptor's room, and it's not lit at all.

RAMBLING: ...eft me...

Panel 5: Jace turns, and sees Stephen in a corner, gripping the necklace while staring at a cell phone in a silent rambling

STEPHEN: She left me, she left me for good, whatamI supposedto...to do—she left me, she really left me...

JACE: Stephen?

Panel 6: Stephen looks up, startled as all hell.

STEPHEN: Wha?!

Panel 6_1(inside panel): The Cellphone is dropped on the floor.

STEPHEN: WHO ARE YOU?!

Page 34

Panel 1: Stephen crawls against the wall, afraid.

STEPHEN: What are you doing in my house??! Get out! GET OUT!!

Panel 2: Jace crouches down, everyone behind him, and extends a hand to Stephen with a serious expression.

JACE: Mr. Waterholder. My name is Jace Vineyard, I'm a private investigator.

STEPHEN: O...what?

Panel 3: Jace talks calmly and slowly, giving any and all facial features that will reduce alarm, including a kind smile.

JACE: I was hired by the museum to find that necklace you have there.

JACE: Would you like to surrender or worsen your sentence?

Panel 4: Stephen looked around at everyone, still confused and scared.

STEPHEN: Who...who are you people?

Panel 5: Lalitha punches her left palm of the hand, spoiling for a fight.

LALITHA: We're the Artistic Four, punk...and you'd better not make any more trouble.

Page 35

Panel 1: Stephen looks, eyes opened wide, tearing up.

STEPHEN: The...jeez, this all...

Panel 2: Stephen slouches and bows in lazy weakness, pushing the collar away.

STEPHEN: yes, yes, I won't resist.

STEPHEN: Call the cops, arrest me, whatever.

STEPHEN: It's not like I've... like she...whatever, who cares...

Panel 3: Adele is looking at the cell phone, which is showing a text message. Jace is in the background picking up the necklace.

JACE: Alright, good.

SWEETHEART: I can't believe you stole that necklace. It's over, Stephen, I don't want anything to do with a thief! It's over! Forever! Don't call me! I don't want to hear from you ever again!

Panel 4: Sirens sounded out, making everyone look back and around, acknowledging it. Jace smiles, oddly proud of Fingth.

SFX: WEIN WEIN WEIN WEIN WEIN.

ADELE: Oh look, Fingth actually found this place.

JACE: Not surprising, this was an easy case.

Panel 5: Jace looks aside and down at Stephen, smiling awkwardly.

JACE: Uhm, no offense, Stephen.

Page 36

Panel 1: Jake points his arm-squirters at the bedroom wall, shooting several colors of paint at it.

JAKE: Well, we'll be taking our leave then.

SFX: Squirrrrt...splash, splashssh.

JAKE: Thank you for your service, Jace.

Panel 3: The paint is spiraling really fast as Diana steps into it, waving farewell politely.

DIANA: Take care, friends, and really, watch yourselves on your next cases.

Panel 4: Kai Lao leaves without a word while Lalitha follows, winking at them.

LALITHA: See ya next time!

Panel 5: Jake turns to enter the portal himself.

JAKE: Farewell, and may we meet again

Panel 6: Jace replies, as the paint stops spinning, turning into normal wet paint.

JACE: Sure, just let me know you're following me, next time.

Panel 7: Jace smiles, shaking his head in funny disappointment.

FINGTH(outside): THIS IS THE POLICE! IS ANYBODY IN THERE?

Page 37

Panel 1: Jace and Adele leave the bedroom, Adele carrying Stephen with both his arms locked in a grapple.

Panel 2(inside panel): Adele squints her eyes at Jace.

ADELE: You knew they were following us, didn't you?

Panel 3: They stop in the middle of the living room, to wait for the police.

JACE: There's more to knowing you're being tailed than seeing it, Adele. It's about a feeling deep in your gut and—

ADELE: You saw it in some reflection, didn't you?

Panel 4(inside panel): Jace smirks, knowledgably.

Panel 4_1(inside panel): Flashback to when they were stalking Amy, when Jace stopped smoking and was looking at the rearview mirror of a car.

JACE: ...heh.

Panel 4_2(inside panel): Close up on the reflection, showing the silhouette of Lalitha, on top of a building.

JACE: You know me too well.

Page 38

Panel 1: Fingth walks into the living room, followed by cops.

FINGTH: Jace? Of course Jace...is that the thief?

Panel 2: Jace speaks, puffing out smoke, while Adele pushes Stephen into the hands of another cop. He goes without a fight.

JACE: But of course.

ADELE: Here, take good care of him, he just had his heart broken.

Panel 3: Fingth points back with his thumb, telling his people to do their jobs.

FINGTH: Take him.

FINGTH: What do you mean heartbroken?

Panel 4: Jace, a bit reveling in his victory, explains what they'd done while he texts on his cellphone.

JACE: His girlfriend pushed him into it. I scared her enough to lead me here, and then enough to break up with him, too.

JACE: I figured that'd leave him more inclined to give himself up so I made sure there was time for her to type and send the break-up text to him

Panel 5: Adele fists the palm of her hand (vertically), in realization.

ADELE: So that's why you waited at the door for a couple of minutes

JACE: Indeed.

Page 39

Panel 1: Jace looks up at Fingth, putting his cellphone away. Adele's half-laughing.

JACE: There, I sent you how to find the three people you can interrogate to prove she's behind it.

ADELE: Hah, I love how they never expect you to lie.

JACE: I'm no cop. Anyway, I can be the fourth if you need me, but you need to clear it with my secretary.

Panel 2: Jace walks away, past a sighing Fingth and an offended Adele.

Panel 3: Adele, pouting coldly speaks, as she marches past Fingth.

ADELE: He's cleared.

Panel 4: Fingth turns around, talking to Jace while softly massaging his neck.

FINGTH: Well...another day, another meta-artist caught. Good work, Jace.

Panel 5: Jace extends his hand up with a thumbs up.

JACE: You don't sound impressed, Inspector. Good. I'll be delivering the necklace back to the museum.

FINGTH: You know, you **could** just give us the hints and then, you know, not take matters into your own hands?

Panel 6(inside panel): Jace smiles victoriously.

JACE: And risk someone else getting the reward? Never.

Page 40

Panel 1: Jace walks across the night-torn streets, with Adele in tow. She's looking proud of him, and he's in considerably better spirits.

CAPTION: Closing a case is surprisingly anti-climactic, especially when the perpetrator in question doesn't put up a fight. But a good detective always does his best, both with the hard, *and* the easy. And in case I haven't made it clear, allow me to repeat it.

Panel 2: Jace, looking on with full intent and purpose. This is what he does, this is what he loves, this is how he fights the wrong in the world. And he's damn good at it.

CAPTIONS: I am not just a good detective...I am the very best.