

MADDY McGEE, P.I.
Chapter 01:

CASE 22-003 "LITTLE MOTEL"

Maddy McGee, P.I. is
(CC BY-NC-ND) Peter N. Trinh
& Britt Baker.

CHAPTER CREDITS:
STORY: Peter N. Trinh
ART: Peter N. Trinh

A retired film star hired us to investigate a series of death threats he started getting after his brother died. The bugger who sent those threats almost done and did what they said, blowing up the actor's sedan and driver while he went for a leak at the nearest stop.



We usually don't do jobs like this, but this one...well, this one was different.

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Besides, we needed the money.

KROON!

Mac McGee, P.I.
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& Britt Baker

Peter N. Trinh PRESENTS
MADISON
"MADDY" McGEE, P.I.
in CHAPTER 01:

CASE 22-003
"LITTLE MOTEL"



EARLIER...

Everything'll be fine, Dick. Don't be such a pansy!

I'm just curious since, well...you know—

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—we **mainly** work on missing-person or ID theft cases.

Just saying.

Nico!

Bene?

Aye.
We're going. I'll brief you on the way.

Hold up.
I call shotgun.



Why her, sir? She doesn't seem the "counter-terrorism" type.



As your assistant, I should know—

Her last name's popular but I gambled that she was Alison McGee's little girl.

I figured I was right as soon as I saw her picture in an ad online.



Alison McGee?

And once my best friend.

The former screenwriter?

We owed each other our careers, and I hadn't seen little Madison since her fifth birthday.



Is that why she took the job?

Old ties?

Something like that.



Arthur Van Walter, the international film star...

—knows who killed your parents?



He knows
a name.

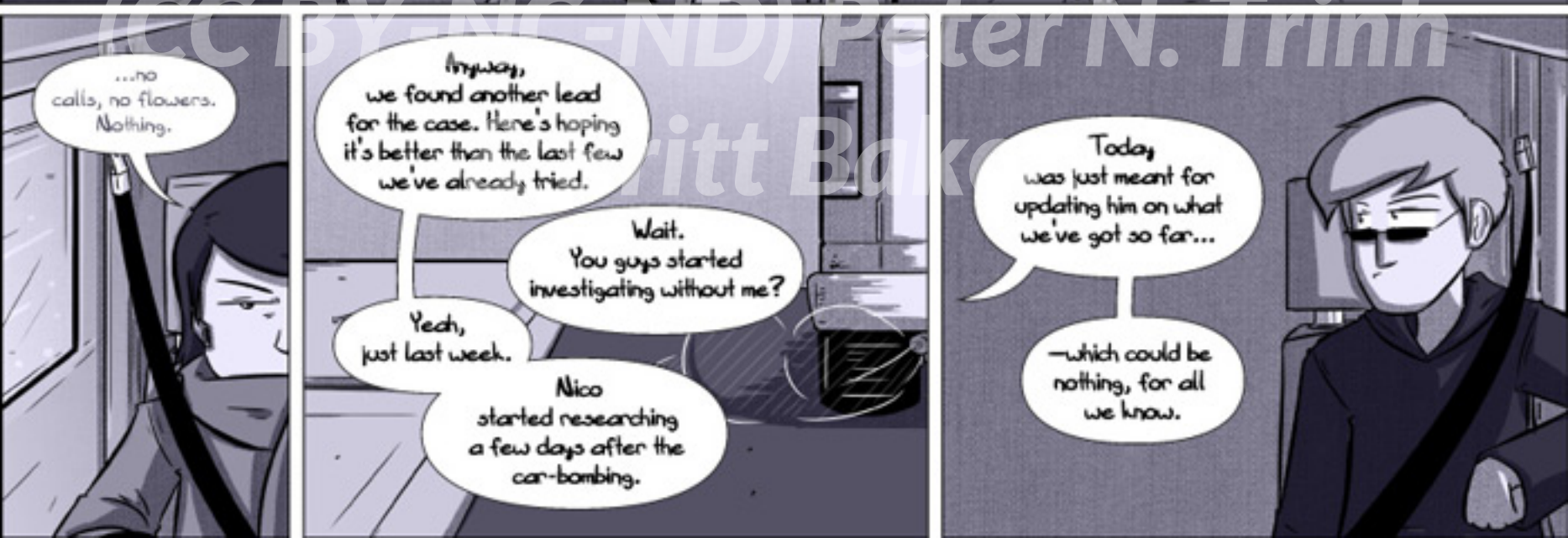
He's known
that name for years.

That's
all he said.

You
sound bitter,
Maddy.

I've every right!
Why'd he tell me now if he's
known for so long?

He didn't
even bother visiting
me when I was in the
psych ward!



...no
calls, no flowers.
Nothing.

Anyway,
we found another lead
for the case. Here's hoping
it's better than the last few
we've already tried.


Wait.
You guys started
investigating without me?

Yeah,
just last week.

Nico
started researching
a few days after the
car-bombing.

Today
was just meant for
updating him on what
we've got so far...


—which could be
nothing, for all
we know.



I narrowed it down to a newly-rented apartment found a block away from the crime scene.

While a number of the people in the building know the room's rented out, none of them remember seeing the current resident's face.

And you girls were both going to tell me this when?




What?
You just got back from a funeral out of town.

And I would've gladly left it if you called me.

I didn't even like the guy who died!

He was just some jerk accountant who was lucky enough to be a friend of my dad.




On my thirteenth birthday, he got me a candy bar for a present! I mean, what kind of a person does that?

What kind of candy bar was it?


Seriously, Maddy?!

Hey!
Knowing the quality of a gift is important, especially if it's food.



Ladies and gentlemen, the detective that thinks with her gut.


Very funny, Dick.



I'll be back in a minute, guys.

This shouldn't take too long.

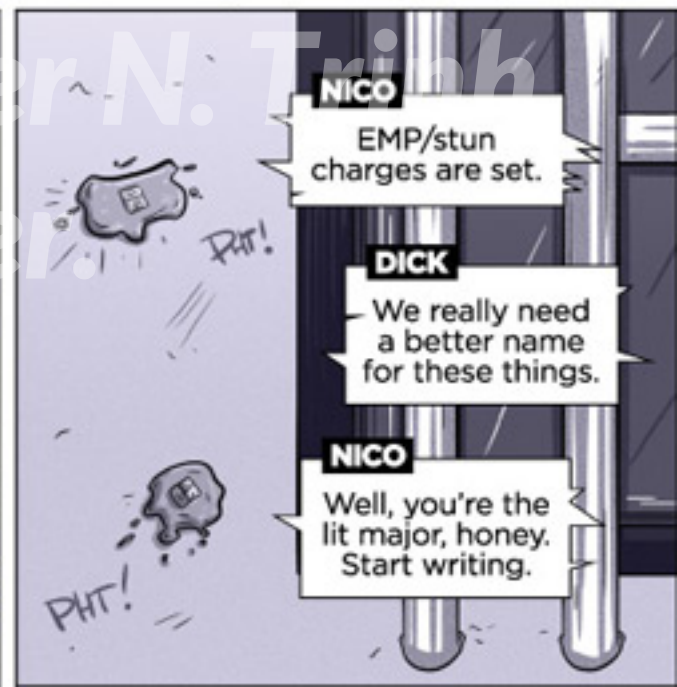
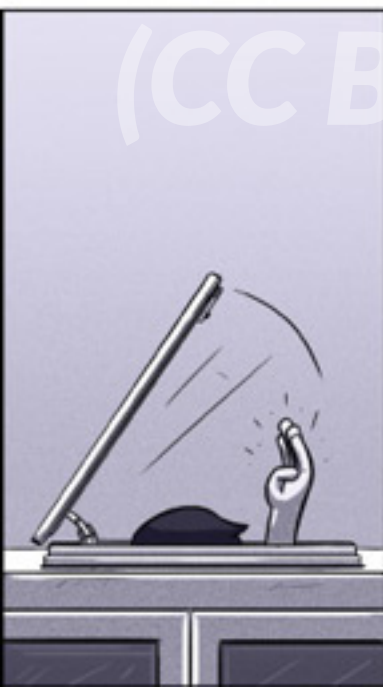
We'll be ready if you need us.



Testing headsets.
Am I clear, Maddy?

Loud and clear, Nico.

I'll get back to you guys once I'm at the elevator.



NICO

Room 512.
Should be to
your right.

Thank!
Got it.

Pizza guy!

DICK

Didn't know you
changed **that**
much while I
was gone.

NICO

Richard!

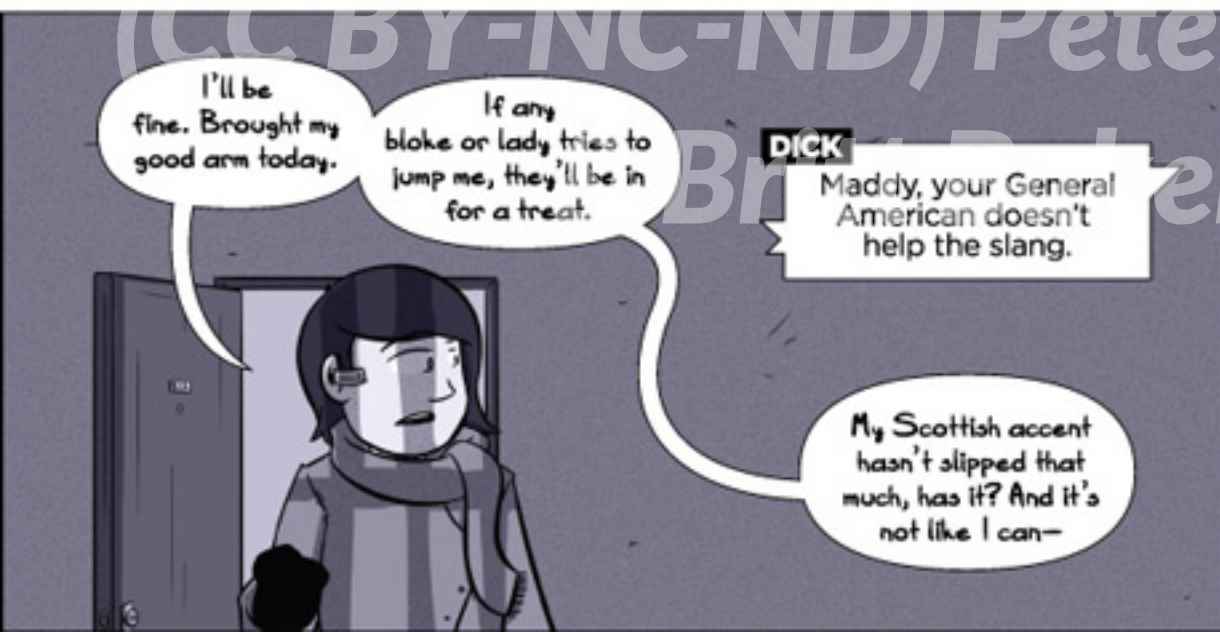
GIRL!

I mean...

Pizza
delivery.

DICK

...smooth.



Awh,
bullocks.

DICK

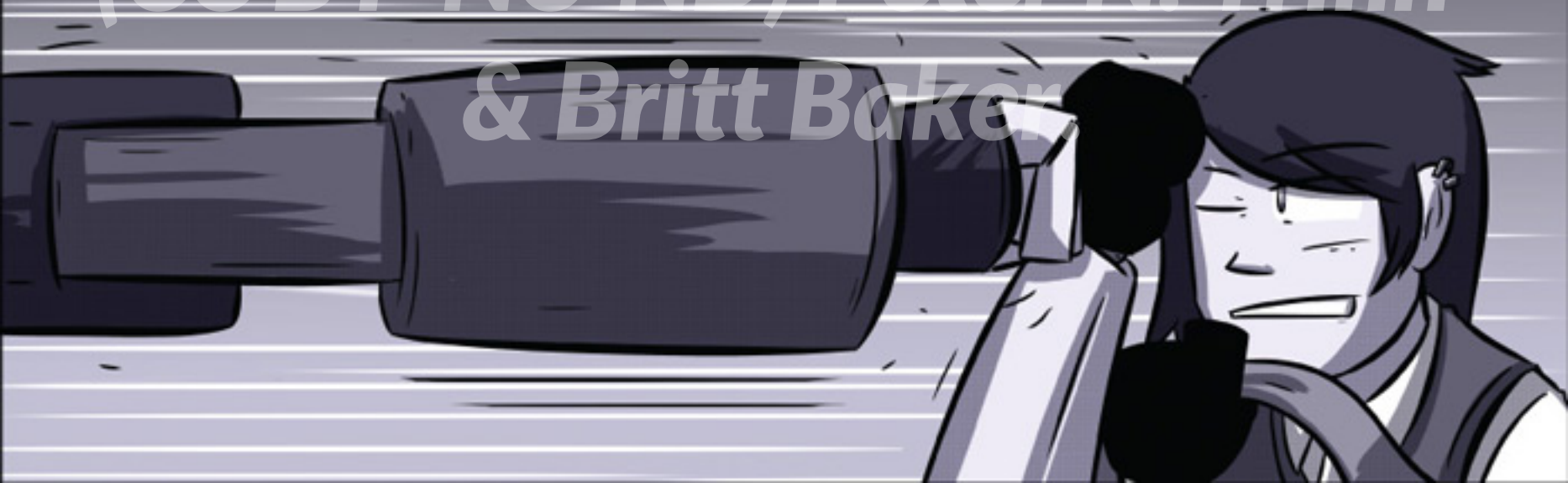
Didn't I just say—?

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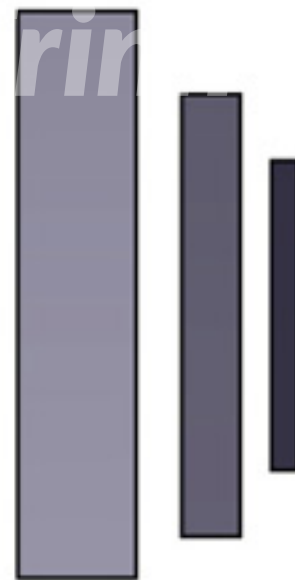
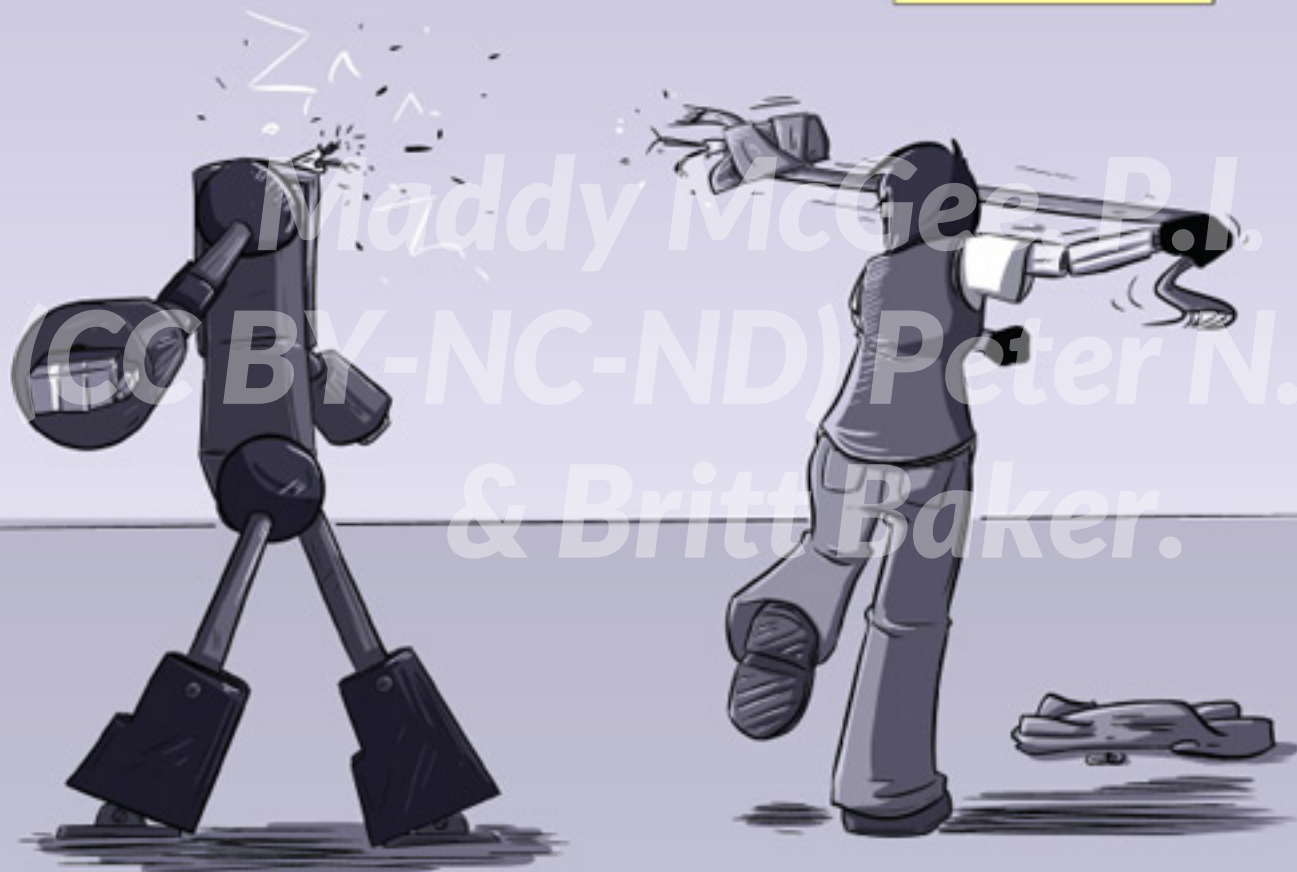


ZZZZT!!!

So, Madison...

What did you find?

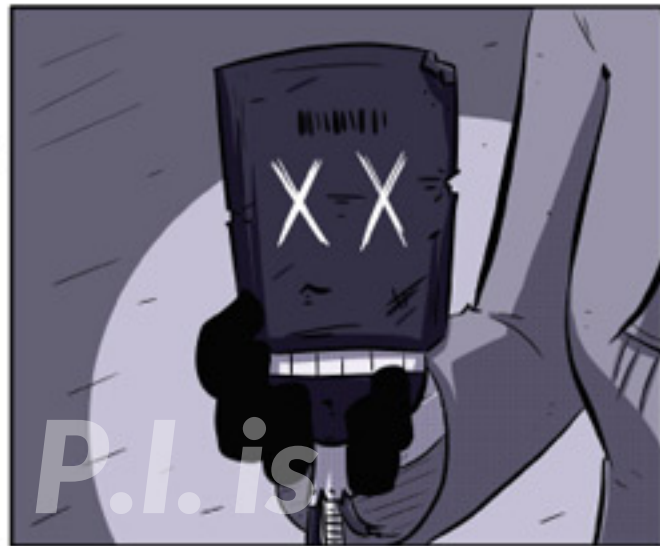
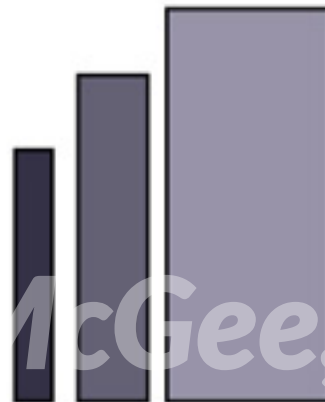
Uncle Arthur, let me
just say that I hope
the name of your
stalker's in this thing.



I'm telling you this
'cos I am never working
for you again.

People can be enough
of a hassle, but drones?

Well...



They
can be trouble,
as I'm sure you
know.

Madison, I—

Can it!
You already knew
who was after you.



...



I wasn't sure.

We needed
this robot's hard
drive to confirm.



To be
honest, I'm surprised they
actually put the memory
storage in the head.

What? You were
thinkin' it's arse?

They're not humans, Madison. Making them look like us isn't very creative.

...

So I'm covered?
No hassle from the cops?

Like I told you before, the commissioner's my cousin and he owes me big.



He can play it out as gang activity as long as you covered your tracks.

Any trace of us literally dissolved when we left. We've got quite the techie.

...Sir?



You were right. It was him.

"Him?"

Ehh

Just some fan I heckled last year at a sci-fi convention. Turns out he's a genius with a temper.

I've never had proof that he's been stalking me until, well—

...this.



Th—that was it?

Well... whatever.

I don't care about who's after you anymore, to be honest.



Are we done?

You already confirmed the money transfer when you got in, so I guess that leaves...

—the one behind my parent's deaths?

ACCESS DENIED

Please enter correct login information

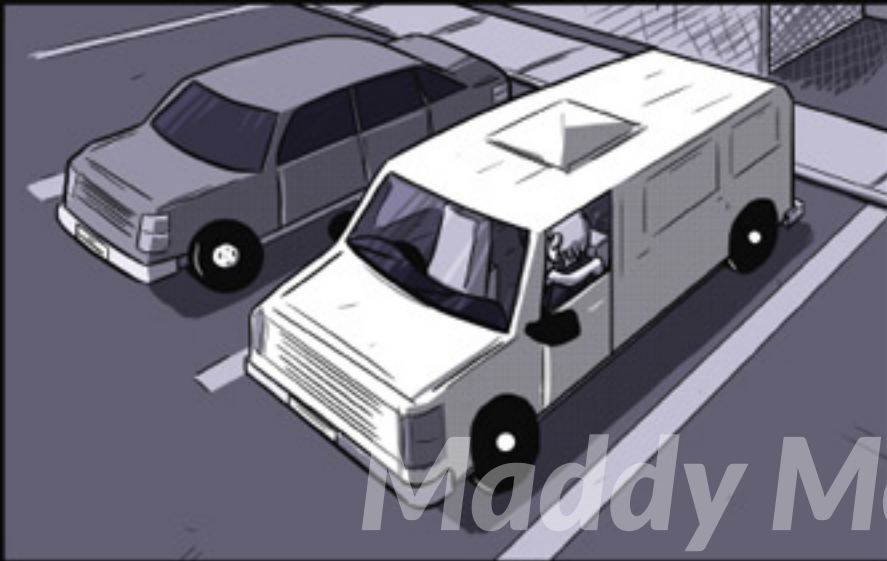
No, but it's someone who can help you find that person.

It's the best I can do for you, Madison.

It's all you've ever done for me, Uncle Arthur.

Do me a favour after today?

Never call me again.



So
what now?

See if
we can get someone to
break this encryption.

I want to
know for sure if this hard
drive belongs to that nutjob.

Sweet!
Thanks, Maddy.

Eh, I
try my best...

Shouldn't
the proper authorities
handle this? We're not exactly
government agents, sir.


If it's who
I think it is, then the case
would **dissolve** in a matter
of minutes in their hands.

We're
likely talking about a man
who helps fill the pockets
of government employees
around the world...

— but right
now, what stands is that my
brother was killed by some...

— some
bio-terrorist that
used a robot for
my assassin!





And
honestly, I find that too
insulting to not make this a
personal affair.

He wants
a war?

He's going
to get it.

END CASE FILE