

McClintock and Brick, Paranormal Investigators

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ISSUE #1: Cake and a Gun

PAGE 1:

Panel 1: An alleyway. POV Brick. A door with two well-dressed guards standing outside it.

SFX: CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP

Panel 2: Still POV. Closer to the guard. Guard 1 puts his hand out.

Guard 1: Invitation?

Gino (Off Panel): My brother, he is inside. Ambrose Maragos. He will vouch for me.

Panel 3: POV. Guard 2 goes into the door.

Guard 2: Stay here.

Panel 4: POV. Guard 1 stares at reader.

SFX: CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP (Fainter from inside)

Panel 5: POV. Ambrose comes out, in full centaur glory, arms spread wide.

Ambrose: Gino!

Ambrose: I knew you'd fish your balls out of your purse eventually!

Ambrose: Get in here!

PAGE 2:

Panel 1: Gino and Ambrose enter the auction, Ambrose's arm around Gino's shoulder. View of the full room, full of goons, potential buyers, satyr gangsters, rich humans, a merman in a tank on wheels, etc. Each is holding the auction buyer signs. There's a makeshift stage with magical weaponry on display, and a satyr standing behind a podium.

Gino: I have thought about it, and you are right. We have to go "big time".

Ambrose: Finally, you listen! Yes, most of this is junk, but we buy a few things, and soon we're invited to the *Argo*, eh?

Satyr Auctioneer: And our next item...

Panel 2: The auctioneer starts to pick up a gatling gun.

Auctioneer: The Gremlin Gatler!

Auctioneer: My name, you're welcome very much.

Auctioneer: This baby was forged from cold iron by the mad dwarf Half-Burned Blake, and shoots living ammunition.

Panel 3: The auctioneer holds the gun in full view.

Auctioneer: So even if your shots miss, the bullets won't!

Panel 4: The Auctioneer opens fire away from a target, demon bullets flying out

Auctioneer: This big beautiful minx fires 3000 round per minute, giving you a miniature army on the fly!

SFX: RATATATATATATA (*maybe change later*)

Panel 5: The bullets hone in on the target.

Panel 6: The bullets blast through the target.

SFX: PT! PT! PT! PT!

Bullet Horde: Tear it to shreds!

Bullet Horde: Fill it with holes!

Single Bullet: *Get wrecked, scrublord!*

PAGE 3:

Panel 1: The bullets tear up the dummy as the Auctioneer turns to the audience.

Auctioneer: Vicious little bastards, ain't they? And completely dependable...

Auctioneer: (For two minutes.)

Panel 2: Gino and Ambrose look at each other.

Auctioneer (Offscreen): She comes with three cases of ammo! Bidding starts at thirty grand!

Gino: We could use it to knock over trains?

Ambrose: Nah. Too heavy.

Panel 3: The Auctioneer points to a drum being carted on stage. Ridiculous smirk.

Auctioneer: Next up is **the** universal solvent! Maybe you've heard of it?

Panel 4: The Auctioneer turns the drum around. It is labelled "Alkahest".

Panel 5: Ambrose is excited. Gino is confused. The Auctioneer points at Ambrose.

Ambrose: NO WAY!

Auctioneer: Yes way! All the way from the Swiss Alps, it's Alkahest!

Auctioneer: Guaranteed, this stuff'll dissolve anything that might need dissolvin' into a puddle of mush, from the mystical to the mundane!

Panel 6: Gino's face, worried.

Auctioneer (Offscreen): Humans, demons, even your mother-in-law! Bidding starts at...

PAGE 4:

Panel 1: Gino's face, same expression, different lighting and location. He's dirty and in ragged clothes.

Narration Box: Six hours earlier.

Panel 2: Establishing, doorway. Gino looks like a human bum pulling a shopping cart behind him. He stands in front of the door for McClintock and Brick, Private Investigators. A woman is walking by in the foreground, Gino. Profile view.

Panel 3: The woman has moved past Gino and looks away. Gino is now a well-dressed centaur, and the door reads "Paranormal Investigators". Profile view, same.

Panel 4: Gino knocking on the door.

SFX: Knock! Knock! Knock!

McClintock (From Inside): Door's open!

PAGE 5:

Panel 1: McClintock is drinking coffee, smoking a cigarette, dangling from his lips, and reading the newspaper.

McClintock: Welcome to McClintock and Brick, Paranormal Investigators, for all your paranormal crap.

McClintock: I'm McClintock, whaddya want?

Gino: Yes, hello, I am a-

Brick (From another room): McClintock, what kind of customer do we got!?

Panel 2: McClintock looks up at Gino, disinterested.

McClintock: Centaur.

Brick (From another room): Great! I'll break out the carrot cake!

Panel 3: McClintock moves newspaper down, face gets intense.

Gino: That sounds delightful, but as I was saying, I am a-

McClintock: **Son of a bitch.**

Panel 4: Brick, partially shapeshifted, body elongated, stretches out of the kitchen, eyes closed and holding out a plate with a slice of carrot cake on it. McClintock stands up, pointing a revolver at Gino's face.

SFX: CLICK

Brick: How can we help you?

McClintock: **GET THE FUCK OUT.**

INCLUDE BOOK CREDITS

<Story Arc Name> Part 1: CAKE AND A GUN

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Panel 1: Gino has his hands up. Brick is looking at McClintock, shocked.

Brick: Come on, man, we've talked about this! That's not how we treat clients!

McClintock: He's not a client, he's a goddamned crook!

Brick: What?

Panel 2: Gino speaks.

Gino: It is true! I am, how you say, a world-class thief!

Brick: World class? Fancy!

Gino: It is!

Gino: But I am here with the... It is called... "tip-off."

Panel 3: McClintock lowers his gun, pointing between Gino's legs. Brick nods.

McClintock: Better start talking, or I'll shoot *your* tip off.

Gino: You have a poor grasp of centaur anatomy.

Gino: Regardless, you must allow me to reach into my coat. I promise you none of the "funny business."

Brick: I'll allow it.

Panel 4: Gino holds open his coat, taking out a piece of paper in his pocket.

Gino: This is the location of an auction taking place in 6 hours. My brother Ambrose and I were invited, but I do not wish to attend.

Gino: They are selling some... not so nice things.

McClintock: While you and your brother are in the business of *stealing nice* things.

Gino: Yes, but... It is not enough for Ambrose anymore. He wishes to build an *empire*. This is not a course of action I agree with.

Panel 5: Gino hands Brick the paper with the location.

McClintock: So what's so damn scary that one of the Maragos brothers is at my door griping about it?

Gino: I do not know the specifics, but the auction is being held by a regular client of ours, **Diamantos Gabris**.

McClintock: *That sack of shit.*

Panel 6: Gino keeps talking.

Gino: Soon, he will be hosting one of his luxury auctions at a secret location nearby. He will be selling a weapon of mass destruction.

Gino: I do not know where, but invitations are given to those who spend large sums at his smaller auctions.

Panel 7: McClintock slams his gun on the table HARD.

SFX: THUD!

McClintock: So he's got a fuckin' doomsday sword or whatever, and he's brought it to our doorstep? *Great.*

Brick: It **IS** great! How often do you get a chance to take down the *Goatfather of the Night!*?

Panel 8: McClintock thinks.

McClintock: Not many...

McClintock: We need to slip in and do some recon.

PAGE 7:

Panel 1: Brick does a eureka pose, McClintock stubs out a cigarette.

Brick: Ooh! We'll get a horse costume! But only the bottom part!

McClintock: Try not being a dumbass for one day.

Brick: Okay! Next idea!

Panel 2: Brick hands the cake to Gino.

Brick: Here, hold this.

Panel 3: Gino eating the cake. Brick hugs a scowling McClintock's legs from behind, starting to turn into clay.

Brick: *Detective Twin Powers, activate!*

McClintock: *God damn it, no!*

Panel 4: Clay forms around McClintock from waist down.

Brick: Form of...

McClintock: **NO.**

Panel 5: Gino applauds, banging the fork against the plate. Brick has turned into a horse body formed around McClintock's legs. McClintock scowls even harder.

Brick (from the butt): A CENTAUR!

SFX: Ting Ting Ting Ting Ting

Gino: Ooh! Very impressive! But Mr. McClintock does not quite...

Gino: ...resemble myself.

Brick (still from the butt): Oh! Right.

Panel 6: The clay starts extending up McClintock's body. Half of McClintock's face is swallowed by clay, but you should still be able to see some of his open mouth.

McClintock: Damn it, NO NO **N-MMMF!**

PAGE 8

Panel 1: Back at the auction. Split open/X-Ray of McClintock inside Brick, including eyes and ears connected to each other and a breathing tube in the back of the neck, under the mullet.

Auctioneer (Off Panel): This next item is a bit *unconventional*...

Panel 2: The Auctioneer is putting on gloves. A satyr is handing him a box.

Auctioneer: This right here comes directly from the **Land of the Rising Sun!**

Auctioneer: Legend says it's the transmogrified corpse of a beautiful woman. So beautiful, one touch'll put you down!

Panel 3: The Auctioneer holds open a box showing off the Sessho-seki in one hand. In the other he holds a coupon.

Auctioneer: Acquired from a friend of Mr. Gabris in the *Youjutsusha Ninkyo Dankai*, it's the *Sessho-Seki*, the **Killing Stone!**

Auctioneer: It comes with a voucher from *Half-Burned Blake* himself, who'll smelt it down into any weapon you want, instantly killing anyone who touches it!

Panel 4: Inside of Brick. McClintock is unimpressed.

McClintock: A rock? What a load of crap.

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Panel 1: A mouth appears inside of Brick.

Brick: Yeah, right? Like, you don't need a *magic death sword* to kill a guy, a *normal sword* does that!

McClintock: Exactly!

Panel 2: More talking.

Brick: You have to forge it into something stealthy. Like a *fork*. Invite your enemy over for dinner and when they try to eat the brisket, **DEAD**.

McClintock: Or just toss the rock at 'em.

Brick: Come on, where's the artistry in that?

Panel 3: Yet more talking.

McClintock: Killing isn't an art.

Brick: I bet a lot of people in this room would disagree.

McClintock: They're *jackasses*.

Panel 4: Outside the body. Big crowd shot. From the stage the auctioneer points at a mummy standing happily in the front row.

Auctioneer: And **SOLD!** To the gentleman in the bandages!

Mummy: My kid's gonna love this!

PAGE 10:

Panel 1: Ambrose turns to Gino.

Ambrose: A *rock*. What a load of crap.

Gino: Hm?

Ambrose: Weapons *already* kill by touch. That's the whole point.

Panel 2: Gino and Ambrose speak.

Gino: So... what would you do with it?

Ambrose: Make a fork. It's stealthy. You invite your enemy to negotiate over lamb, and when it's time to eat, *they die before it touches their tongue!*

Panel 3: Gino smiles.

Gino: I know, right? That's *totally* what I'd do too!

Panel 4: Ambrose glares.

Panel 5: Ambrose still glares.

Gino: What?

Panel 6: Talking centaurs.

Ambrose: I'm thinking... If we spend enough to get invited to the Argo, we might not have enough left to buy anything there.

Gino: Oh... Uh... You've got a point.

Panel 7:

Ambrose: So how about when we deliver the Holy Grail to Gabris, we convince him to let us in on the big auction?

Gino: That's not a bad idea.

PAGE 11:

Panel 1: Ambrose rears up on his hind legs, pointing at Gino.

Ambrose: *Impostor!*

Gino: What? I-

Panel 2: Ambrose's front hooves come down through the clay, kicking McClintock's upper body back out of Brick. McClintock has to be getting hit in the face with a hoof.

SFX: KLUD!

McClintock: Ah, fuck!

Panel 3: Everyone turns around, pulls out their weapons, guns, magic stuff and so on. Brick and McClintock separate, McClintock is already pulling out a cigarette.

Brick: How'd you know?

Ambrose: We delivered the Holy Grail last week!

Ambrose: *And Gino doesn't use contractions!*

Panel 4: McClintock glares at Brick, who's turned back to himself, pointing at McClintock accusatorily. McClintock shoves a hand into Brick's back.

McClintock: I knew you'd break character.

Brick: You distracted me with the rock talk!

Panel 5: The Auctioneer points at them.

Auctioneer: Well if it ain't the syphilitic arm of the self-appointed magical law, **McClintock and Brick!**

Auctioneer: One free item of your choice to whoever **kills those dicks!**

Panel 6: McClintock pulls a shotgun out of Brick's back.

Brick: Ha! I get it! *Dicks!* 'Cuz we're *detectives!*

McClintock: **Start punching.**

PAGE 12:

Panel 1: Brick slams Ambrose in the face with his hand shapeshifted into a giant hoof.
SFX: POW!

Brick: ♪Punch-ing!♪ (These should probably be quarter notes not eighth notes)

Panel 2: Door is kicked open, the bouncers rush in and start firing.

SFX (Door): WHAM!

SFX (Guns): BANG! BANG! BANG!

Panel 3: McClintock walks forwards, holding the gun. Bullets barely miss him.

SFX: WHIZZ!

Panel 4: McClintock pumps the shotgun.

SFX: CHNK-KNK

Panel 5: McClintock aims the shotgun, another bullet misses.

SFX: WHIZZ!

Panel 6: McClintock fires the gun.

SFX: BANG!

Panel 7: The bouncers are shredded by the spread, mild-to-severe-but-not-too-severe gore on faces.

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Panel 1: The gun is smoking, Brick is partly shapeshifted into a thin wall separating McClintock from everyone else. Everyone is rushing the wall at once. Brick has a jokey face.

Brick: Are you done playing action movie yet? I'm kinda spread *thin*.

McClintock: Stairs.

Panel 2: A stairway extends from Brick's back leading to the top of the wall.

Brick: Stairs!

Panel 3: McClintock runs up the stairs, reloading the shotgun. A Wolfman is climbing Brick.

Wolfman: Grrr... I'm gonna claw out those **eyes**, McClintock!

McClintock: Fuckin' *mutts*.

Panel 4: McClintock shoots the Wolfman down from the top of the wall.

SFX: BANG!

Wolfman: **AROOOOOO!**

McClintock: Price of silver these days.

Panel 5: Brick launches McClintock forward into the fray, mid-shifting back to normal.

Panel 6: Ambrose, with a bloody nose, stabs Brick with a knife.

Ambrose: Where is my brother, you fucking mudball!?

Panel 7: Brick stares down at the knife.

Panel 8: The knife gets sucked into Brick, he looks up at Ambrose.

SFX: SHLICK

Brick: I'm made of *clay*, dude.

Wizard (Off Panel): STAND BACK, HALF-MAN!

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Panel 1: Ambrose and Brick look at the Wizard. The wizard is holding up his staff. Brick has a sad face.

Ambrose: The *fuck* you just call me!?

Brick: That sounds racist.

Ambrose: It's **REALLY** racist!

Brick: Aw, I'm sorry.

Panel 2: The Wizard's staff glows.

Wizard: You cannot fell this formless being with **steel, grass-stomper!**

Ambrose: Where are you getting these?

Brick: Is that racist too?

Panel 3: Overhead shot, a giant arc of flame shoots towards the two. Brick holds out his hands.

SFX: FWOOSH!

Wizard: With homunculi such as this, you must harness the **very elements themselves!**

Panel 4: Ambrose is on fire, screaming. Brick's palms are slightly baked.

Brick: Aw, dude. That was *dumb*.

Ambrose: AAAAAAHHHHH!

Panel 5: Ambrose runs off on fire, Brick extends his arm and palms the wizard in the face.

SFX: CRUNCH!

Brick: You just made this hurt more.

PAGE 15:

Panel 1: McClintock is in front of the Merman, his guards between them.

Merman: Kill him! Cut off his head, but spare the hat! *I wish to wear it!*

Panel 2: Lagoon Guards charge with spears.

Guards: GLAAAARRRR!

Panel 3: Ambrose, still on fire, crashes into them.

SFX: WHAM!

Ambrose: EIYAAAAAH!

Panel 4: Ambrose is lying down next to the tank, reaching out to McClintock.

Ambrose: *PUT ME OUT, PUT ME OUT!*

McClintock: Sure.

Panel 5: McClintock shoots the glass, the water and Merman drain out the tank, dousing Ambrose.

SFX: BANG

SFX: CRASH

SFX: SPLOOSH

Panel 6: The shot-up Merman lies on top of Ambrose.

Ambrose: Thanks.

Panel 7: McClintock stomps on Ambrose's face

SFX: WHAM!

McClintock: Sure.

PAGE 16:

Panel 1: Brick is fighting a bunch of satyrs. Music starts playing, a square of light glows in the side of Brick's head.

SFX: BLUE SKIES, SHINING ON ME...

Brick: Oh!

Panel 2: Brick is touching the square of light, still fighting.

Brick: Hello?

Becca (from phone): Enjoying the nightlife? Why didn't you boys invite *me* to the *monster mash*?

Panel 3: Becca's apartment. Becca is taking a bath, holding the phone.

Brick (from phone): Hey, Becca! How did you know?

Becca: I know *everything*.

Panel 4: Between Becca's legs, the fight can be seen in the bathwater. Brick is holding each satyr in an extra arm.

Brick: Really?

Becca (off panel): I'm scrying, you goof.

Becca (off panel): **So** much better than Netflix.

Panel 5: Still between Becca's legs. Behind McClintock, the Auctioneer picks up the Gatling Gun. McClintock is pulling out his .45.

Becca (Off Panel): Bee tee dubs, tell Johnny to duck.

Panel 6: The Auctioneer is seen from behind, revving up the gun. McClintock is shooting more goons with his guns. From this angle, the front of the room is visible, as is Brick.

SFX: VRRRRRRRRRRRR

Brick: McClintock! Big gun!

PAGE 16:

Panel 1: McClintock ducks under the gunfire.

SFX: BUDABUDABUDABUDABUDABUDABUDA

Panel 2: McClintock jumps on stage and clubs the Auctioneer with his gun.

SFX: KRAK!

Panel 3: Tons of bullets on the floor.

Panel 4: The bullets all come to life, jumping up.

Bullet 1: Kill the detective!

Bullet 2: Let's get 'im, boys!

Bullet 3: *Let's style all over his face!*

Panel 5: The bullets all jump towards McClintock.

Bullets (As group): **GERONIMO!**

Panel 6: McClintock moves behind the Alkahest barrel.

SFX: DIT DIT DIT DIT DIT

PAGE 17:

Panel 1: McClintock still taking cover behind the barrel.

Panel 2: McClintock peeks around.

SFX: SSSSSSSSSSS...

Panel 3: Other side of the barrel. Full of holes. Solvent leaking out, burning through the floor.

McClintock: *Huh*

Panel 4: Brick stands over a bunch of unconscious satyrs and magic assholes.

Brick: Did we get 'em all?

Becca (On Phone): Yup. Everybody except you two is on the floor. ***Go BriClintock!***

Panel 5: Brick raises his hands in the air.

Brick: Go us!

McClintock: Yeah. Great party.

Panel 6: McClintock holds up the Auctioneer.

McClintock: But we still have the piñata. Let's beat 'im 'til *answers* fall out.

PAGE 18:

Panel 1: Brick and McClintock stand over the Auctioneer. McClintock has a gun pointed to his head. Auctioneer is bruised and bloodied.

McClintock: Where's the Argo docked, *lambchop?*

Auctioneer: You wanna know about the Argo?

McClintock: Yeah.

Panel 2: Auctioneer has an intense face. Brick doesn't.

Auctioneer: *Ar-go fuck yourself.*

Brick: Now see, that's not even clever.

Becca (Over Phone): Too forced.

Brick: Just awful in every way.

Panel 3: McClintock turns to Brick. Auctioneer starts to scramble away.

McClintock: Who are you talkin' to?

Brick: Becca! She's been scrying on us!

Becca (On Phone): Tell Johnny I say hi.

Brick: She says "Hi".

McClintock: Whatever.

Panel 4: McClintock shoots the Auctioneer in the kneecap.

SFX: BANG!

Becca (Oh Phone): Rude.

Brick: She called you "rude."

McClintock: Hey! We're not done here!

Panel 5: Becca's bathtub. She's scrying the Auctioneer. A magic x-ray of the coat reveals a blue journal.

Becca (Off Panel): Some detective you are. You haven't even found the journal in his coat yet.

Brick (Off Panel through phone): Becca says there's a diary in his coat!

Panel 6: McClintock opens the coat, the journal falls out.

SFX: Thud.

McClintock: What's this? I'm guessin' it's not your dream journal.

Auctioneer: Yuck it up, Scarface. I'm not talkin'. When the boss finds out about finds out about this-

Panel 7: McClintock shoots Auctioneer point blank in the face.

McClintock: He won't.

SFX: BANG!

PAGE 19:

Panel 1: McClintock picks up the journal.

Brick: What is it?

Panel 2: McClintock opens the journal. It's full of indecipherable writing, besides the prices in one column.

McClintock (off panel): Huh. Looks like some kinda sales ledger, but I can't make heads or tails of it.

Panel 3: McClintock shows the journal to Brick.

McClintock: Any chance you can read this shit?

Brick: Nope. It's all Greek to me!

Panel 4: Becca's water showing two images: Brick in a funny pose and the journal pages. Her hand hovers over it.

Brick: Get it? "Greek to me?" 'Cause *satyrs*?

Becca (Offscreen): Looks like it's jinxed to confuse prying eyes. I could *probably* dispell that for you.

Panel 5: McClintock reaches into Brick's head.

Brick: Becca says she can help us.

McClintock: Lemme talk to her.

Panel 6: McClintock pulls the phone out of Brick's head.

McClintock: You sure you can work with this?

Becca (Over Phone): Definitely.

Becca (Over Phone): Probably.

Becca (Over Phone): 50-50.

McClintock: Becca...

Becca (Over Phone): Oh, *unclench*, Johnny. Of course I can.

PAGE 20:

Panel 1: Becca out of the tub, wrapped in towel.

Becca: Look, a lot of people charm their documents this way. It's baby's first enchantment-level stuff.

Becca: Come on by! It'll be fun!

Panel 2: The scrying bathwater. McClintock on phone. Becca's hand reaching into the water.

McClintock: Alright. We're on our way.

Panel 3: Becca's hand pull out the plug.

Becca: Great! I'll make tea!

SFX: POP

Panel 4: A twisted swirled image of McClintock and Brick starts to spin down the drain.

Becca: See you boys soon!

Narration Box: Next time... TEA! (And the Wizard Yakuza)