



PAUL JENKINS • ANDY CLARKE

#3

REALICA



DAN BROWN • CLAYTON COWLES



REPLICA

3

“THREE’S A CROWD!”

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MY NAME IS DETECTIVE TREVOR CHURCHILL, AND THIS IS THE BACK OF MY HEAD.

I AM ATTACHED TO IT-- BOTH FIGURATIVELY AND LITERALLY, AND ALSO QUITE **FORTUNATELY**.

CONSIDERING I JUST LOST A PRIME WITNESS IN AN INTERSTELLAR MURDER CASE.

THIS IS NUMBER TWO, A.K.A. "ROGER."

HE HAS BEEN ACTING VERY WEIRD LATELY.



AND **THESE** ARE THE TWO MOST ANNOYING PEOPLE ON THE TRANSFER.

IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER OF **STUPIDITY**.





...ALL I'M ASKING IS THAT YOU **WORK** WITH ME HERE, THREE.

THREE?



MAN, YOU ARE, LIKE, COMPLETE **DULLSVILLE, TREVOR.**

LIGHTEN UP. THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO ESTABLISH HARMONIC **RESONANCE.**



THIS IS NOT A NEGOTIABLE SITUATION, YOU BACKWARD-ASS HIPPIE. I NEED A FORENSIC ANALYSIS DONE! RIGHT **NOW!**

MAN, WHY ARE YOU ON MY **CASE** ALL THE TIME?



I'M NOT **"ON YOUR CASE!"** IT'S YOUR **JOB!** YOU WERE GENETICALLY PROGRAMMED TO BE MY FORENSICS EXPERT!

HEY, I DIDN'T ASK THEM TO CLONE ME FROM A TOTAL **SQUARE!**

AND I DIDN'T ASK THEM TO CLONE ME INTO A **BEATNIK!** NOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO THIS JOB OR NOT?



VORGAS, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU EATING? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT'S IN THOSE BROWNIES?

WELL, THEY'RE ABOUT TO REVEAL THEIR SECRET INGREDIENT.

NO...MPHH... BUT THEY ARE MOST **DELIGHTFUL.**



REPORT MY DESK. END OF DAY.

OWW! HEY!



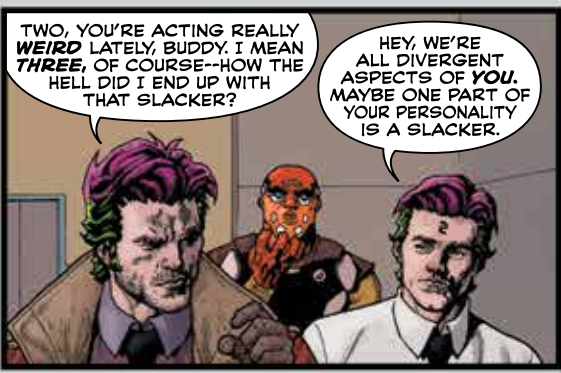


ARGH!
I HATE THAT
GUY! YOU WANT
TO TELL ME WHAT'S
WRONG WITH THIS
PICTURE?

WHAT
PICTURE?

NO,
I MEAN THE
SITUATION!
HIM!

WHO?



TWO, YOU'RE ACTING REALLY
WEIRD LATELY, BUDDY. I MEAN
THREE, OF COURSE—HOW THE
HELL DID I END UP WITH
THAT SLACKER?

HEY, WE'RE
ALL DIVERGENT
ASPECTS OF **YOU**.
MAYBE ONE PART OF
YOUR PERSONALITY
IS A SLACKER.



HOW IS **THAT** LARDASS
AN ASPECT OF MY
PERSONALITY?

HE'S **BINGE**
EATING, FOR
CHRISSAKES!

MMFF
WHUT?



IF YOU GUYS ARE ALL
ASPECTS OF ME, THEN
YOU KNOW WHAT I
THINK?

I THINK
THAT DEEP
DOWN, I MUST BE
A COMPLETE
ASSHOLE!

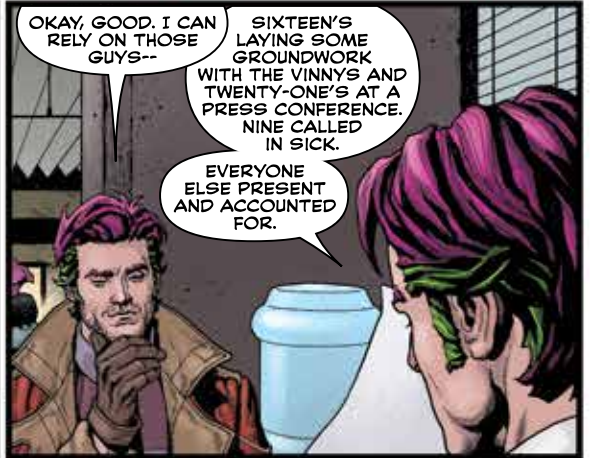
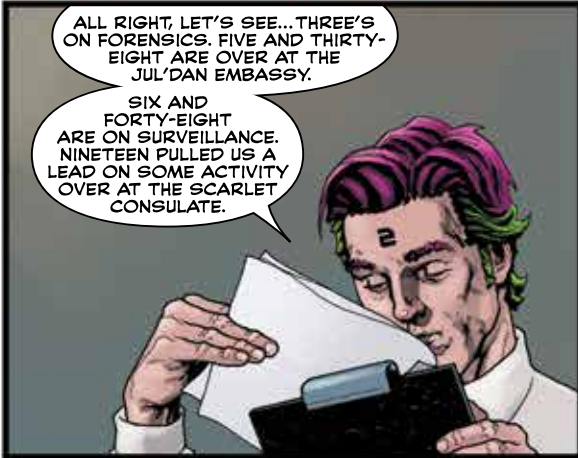


HEY,
NOT **YOU**, FIFTY.
YOU'RE DOING GREAT,
BUDDY. REALLY
GOOD WORK.

I MEANT THE
REST OF THESE
ASSHOLES.

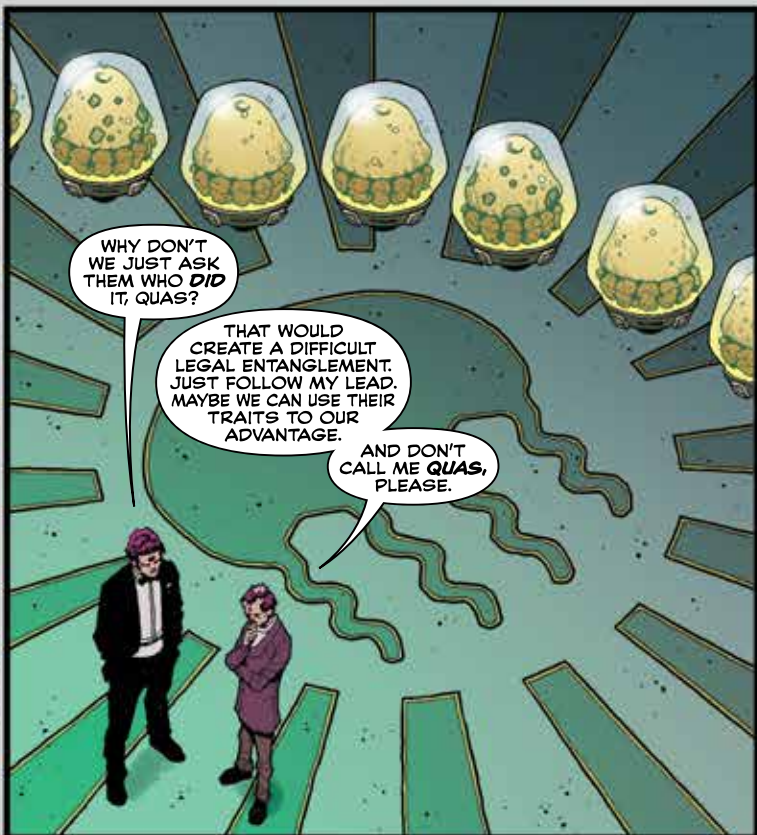


IT'S
KEVIN.



MEANWHILE...

"OKAY. JUST REMEMBER THE JUL'DAN ARE DIFFICULT TO COMMUNICATE WITH, BUT THEY'RE *HONEST* TO A FAULT."



WHY DON'T WE JUST ASK THEM WHO *DID* IT, QUAS?

THAT WOULD CREATE A DIFFICULT LEGAL ENTANGLEMENT. JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD. MAYBE WE CAN USE THEIR TRAITS TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

AND DON'T CALL ME *QUAS*, PLEASE.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE JUL'DAN EMPIRE, I COME BEFORE YOU UNDER ORDER OF PRECINCT COMMANDER STOLTEH, BY AUTHORITY OF TERRAN LAW.

ONE OF YOUR NUMBER-- NOW DECEASED-- STANDS ACCUSED OF MURDER. I AM LEGALLY BOUND TO ASK IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THIS EVENT.



LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A WINNER.

ALSO MEANWHILE...



OKAY, SIX.
WHAT'M I LOOKING
AT?



IT'S THE
SCARLET CONSULATE
BUILDING.

I KNOW THAT,
NUMBNUTS. I MEAN
WHAT AM I ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR?



JUST KEEP
WATCHING. IMAGINE
YOU'RE LOOKING AT
AN ANTHILL, ONLY THESE
PARTICULAR ANTS KNOW
OUR EVERY MOVE BECAUSE
THEY KEEP HACKING INTO
OUR SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT.



WAITAMINNI...
WHAT'S GOING ON
DOWN THERE? THEY
ALL JUST WENT
APESHIT.

I JUST
REROUTED THEIR
HACK INTO THOSE
QUADRO-GLASSES YOU'RE
HOLDING. SO NOW THEY'RE
WATCHING US WATCHING
THEM WATCHING US
WATCHING
THEM.



**META,
BABY!**