

# Turnabout Runways

Von rokugatsu-go

## Investigation

"Thank you for watching this week's episode of the Pink Princess! Stay tuned for a special episode of Celebrities today, live from this year's local fashion show!"

"Maya," I sighed, "could you please switch off the TV?" Mia's little sister of course didn't react the way I wanted her to.

"Nick, what are you complaining about? I just watched one single episode of the Pink Princess. What's wrong with that?"

I sighed again. "Nothing, really. That means, nothing would be wrong with that if you hadn't watched that Steel Samurai marathon yesterday."

Maya put on a sulky face. "I still don't see what's supposed to be wrong with that." She suddenly smiled. "I think I know what your problem is, Nick!"

I raised an eyebrow. "So? I'm curious to hear it."

"Everyone loves the Steel Samurai and the Pink Princess. But not many people love you. You're envy, Nick!"

For several seconds, I didn't say a word and just looked at her. "Yeah, Maya. You got me."

She smiled broadly. "I'm so smart, right Nick?"

Deciding I would keep her in her belief, I simply nodded.

"Hello, we're here live at the fashion show with a special report!" The television was still running. "The fashion world is still in shock after the murder of designer shooting star Van Couver."

Murder? The show now had my attention. And Maya's anyway.

"Model Robin Shine is suspected to have murdered Van Couver. We just were informed Robin Shine is going to be defended by the local defense attorney Phoenix Wright. The trial starts tomorrow."

...

Whaaaat? She was going to be defended by me? How come I didn't know anything about this??

Maya glared at me. "Nick! Why didn't you tell me we have a case??" Her eyes got slightly watery. "Why did you keep this a secret? Don't you trust me anymore?"

I shook my head. "No, Maya. I mean, I do trust you, believe me. I just didn't know about this case either."

She looked at me in shock. "What do you mean 'You didn't know'?"

"I don't know what's going on here. We should head to the detention center to find out."

March 29, Detention Center, Visitor's Room

"So you're the famous Phoenix Wright?"

A beautiful young woman with long brown hair and big brown eyes was sitting opposite to me.

"I guess I am—"

"I'm so glad you've taken over my case!"

"Well, uh, yeah, about this—"

"I was so desperate! You don't believe how desperate I was! But my boyfriend told me everything would turn out okay if I hired you!"

I blushed a little. "Whoa, thanks, I really feel flattered, but I need to ask you...wait a second, your boyfriend?"

She smiled at me with perfect looking teeth and nodded.

Now I felt enlightenment coming over me. "Your boyfriend's name doesn't happen to be Larry, does it?" I so hoped she would say no.

"Yes, of course! My lovely little Larry!" She nodded enthusiastically.

Oh no. I should've known. When something smells it's usually the Butz.

"Something wrong, Mr Wright?" Robin had obviously seen the slight disapprove on my face.

"Uhm, no, it's just...." I tried to smile. "Seems Larry has forgotten to tell us about this little fact that I should be your lawyer."

My defendant looked a bit thoughtful. "Oh, maybe he hasn't had a chance to do this yet. He first told the press, you know."

I felt a nervous twitch in my right eyebrow.

"Ms Shine..."

Huh? I had been wondering why Maya hadn't said anything so far. But now that I looked at her. She had this look on her face. The very same one she always had when she was watching the Pink Princess.

"Don't worry! We'll help you!" Maya blurted out enthusiastically as always.

"Oh?" Robin seemed like she hadn't noticed Maya before. "And who are you?"

"I'm Nick's assistant. And a fan of your work!"

Maya a fan of a model? That was news to me.

"I saw every episode in which you had a guest role, Ms Shine!"

Episode? This could only mean...

"You played a role in the Pink Princess?," I asked.

She gave me that smile again. "Yes, I played the Pink Princess's sister, the Coral Princess. And I played so well I had nearly convinced myself that I was an actual princess."

"The...Coral...Princess?" My eyebrow started twitching again. "Isn't coral just a shade of pink?"

"Ignore him," Maya stepped in, "he's not into art."

Art?

"Never mind," Robin said, "we all have something we're not into, right? You're obviously not into fashion."

She shouldn't have said that. Now Maya's face turned a deep dark...coral.

"Nick! I think she's guilty!"

Robin jumped at Maya's outburst. "No, I'm not!"

"Ms Shine I said calmly, "could you please tell us what happened? We don't even know what this is all about."

"Alright, I'll tell you," Robin began with a sad undertone. "I was booked to model for Couver's fashion show."

"Van Couver, the victim?" I asked.

She nodded. "Of course. You have heard about him, haven't you?"

I exchanged looks with Maya. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Uhm, actually...no."

Robin seemed to be shocked because of my statement. "You haven't..." She shook her head. "He's the talk of the moment in the fashion world. Last year, he had his big breakthrough. EVERY model wants to present his clothes. And HE wanted ME to do so." She smiled self-confidently and shook her hair.

It suddenly smelled like big ego in here.

"But then," She turned sad again. "last night, just after we had finished rehearsing...Van was knocked over by a car."

I scratched my chin. "Why were you arrested then? It could have been an accident."

"Well," Robin smiled sheepishly, "it was my car."

"Whaat?!" Maya and I yelled at the same time.

"That's why they arrested me. But I have an alibi! I was with Larry. We ate dinner at a restaurant at the time of the murder."

Again, I scratched my chin. "If you have an alibi, why does the police still suspect you?"

Once more she gave me that sheepishly smile. "Because there's a 15 minute gap in which I wasn't at the restaurant."

Maya's and my shoulders slumped. "And where were you?"

"Outside. I had to make a phone call. You know someone as famous as me is always busy. And besides, I lost my car key."

"Nick," Maya whispered. "I think we should talk to Larry. Any idea where he could be?"

"I think I know," I answered and said goodbye to Robin.

March 29, Wright and Co Law Offices

"Yo, Nick!" Larry greeted me with his typical goofy smile when we entered the office.

"Hello Maya, how are you doing?" He winked at her.

"Good, thank you," Maya replied with a smile.

"Larry, anything you want to tell us?" I asked.

"Yup. My girlfriend Robin needs your help."

I grumbled. "Really? You'll probably won't believe it, but we already know."

Larry blinked, then smiled. "That's great, Nick!"

I grumbled again. He obviously didn't understand what I was trying to get at. "So you and Robin were at this restaurant, right?"

"Yup, it was a pretty expensive one. I invited her to dinner as a gift. You know, she got this really big job at that fashion thing."

"We've heard about this. Where was this restaurant?"

"Just across the street from that place where this show takes place."

Maya looked at Larry. "You mean the same street where the murder took place?"

Larry – ignorant as always- nodded his head.

Sighing, I continued questioning him. "And Robin left the restaurant for 15 minutes?"

"Yup, she said she wanted to make a phone call."

"Any idea with whom she spoke?"

"Nope..." Larry's expression suddenly changed. He looked as if he would start crying any minute. "That's pretty bad, right Nick?"

I nodded. "Yes, Larry. We need to find out what exactly she did in these 15 minutes." Hopefully not running over that designer.

"Nick! You have to save my lovely little sweet Robin! She's the love of my life!" Larry blurted out.

"Don't worry. We'll help her," Maya stated confidently. "How did you two meet by the way?"

"At an autograph session."

An...autograph session? Oh dear, I knew what that meant. "You mean a Pink Princess autograph session?"

Larry gave me a thumbs-up. "I saw her on the Pink Princess. It was love at first sight. I even made a special present just for her."

"Aww~," came from Maya. "That's so romantic. Isn't it, Nick?"

Seemed like I was a very unromantic person after all. I didn't get what was supposed to be romantic. "Anyway Larry, can you tell us where the venue of this fashion show is?"

March 29, Entertainment Hall, Outside

As I expected...the police was still investigating here.

"Hey, long time no see, pal." It was good old Detective Gumshoe. "I saw it on TV, you have taken over Robin Shine's case, huh?"

I forced a smile and decided to not tell Gumshoe how I had learned about my new client.

"Detective Gumshoe," Maya beamed at him, "do you have any information for us?"

"Sorry, pal. Mr Edgeworth won't be too happy with me if I tell you anything."

"Edgeworth?" I exhaled loudly. This case wasn't looking too good for us anyway and it surely wouldn't become any easier when Edgeworth would be the prosecutor in this trial. Truth to be told, the only good-looking thing so far was my defendant.

"I can give you the autopsy report, though," Gumshoe continued.

"Thank you," I took a look at it. "Van Couver was run over by a car at 22.31 pm in front of the Entertainment Hall." Nothing we hadn't known already.

"Nick, how come the time's so accurately documented?" Maya asked.

This was true. Oh no. I draw a face. This could only mean... "Detective Gumshoe, there was a witness to the murder, wasn't there?"

Gumshoe blinked at me. "How do you know?"

Great. "You won't tell me who this witness is, will you?"

He slumped his head. "Sorry, pal."

"Never mind."

"See you tomorrow then. I still have a lot of work to do. Good luck." Detective Gumshoe went back to the group of police officers investigating the crime scene.

"Nick." Maya was tugging at my sleeve. "Let's go inside the venue."

"Alright, let's go then."

March 29, Entertainment Hall, Backstage

"Whippersnappers!"

"Aaah!" Maya shrieked and hid behind my back. I felt a cold chill running down my spine. Right in front of us stood...Oldbag.

"M-Ms Oldbag," I stuttered, "what are you doing here?" I knew I shouldn't have said anything. Oldbag's face turned into a very angry red shade and she started yelling at us: "What do you mean 'what are you doing here?' Just because I'm a tiny bit older than those skeletons running around here doesn't mean I couldn't wear these poor excuses for clothing and present them to other people. You know what? In my younger days I was a top model for swimsuits. I wasn't asked to do photo shooting, I was begged! Nowadays no one recognizes a real beauty even if she is standing right there in front of you. You two don't look like you'd knew anything about real beauty anyway!"

"Uhm...yeah." Was that cold sweat dripping off my forehead? "I just wondered...uh, hmm-"

"We just wondered what you are doing here today. There won't be any shows today because of the murder, right?" Maya really saved me there.

Oldbag gave us a look which was saying 'I'm so superior to you two little whippersnappers'. "I'm actually working as a security officer here. That wannabe of a designer was afraid someone might steal his ugly little creations."

"That wannabe?" I asked. Oldbag got mad again.

"Van Couver. Always chased me around as if I was his very own servant. Who did he think he was? No wonder no one liked him."

"Where were you at the time of the murder?"

"Ah, already suspecting me? Whippersnapper! I was in his assistant's office. She had asked me to check the timetable for tomorrow. Oh, what a nice lady she is. Not like these models. Especially not like that...what was her name again...Shimmer?"

"Shine?"

"Whatever. She's a whippersnapper."

I had to agree with Oldbag a little bit on this one. Robin's ego really seemed to be a bit...blown up. "Do you know where we can find this assistant you mentioned?"

"Nobody's here today. They've all been taken to the police department."

The've all...whaaat? Clever, Edgeworth. This way I couldn't gather any information.

"Nick, what shall we do now?" Maya looked disappointed.

"I don't really know, Maya." The trial would start soon.