



CYRUS PERKINS

AND THE HAUNTED TAXI CAB

#2

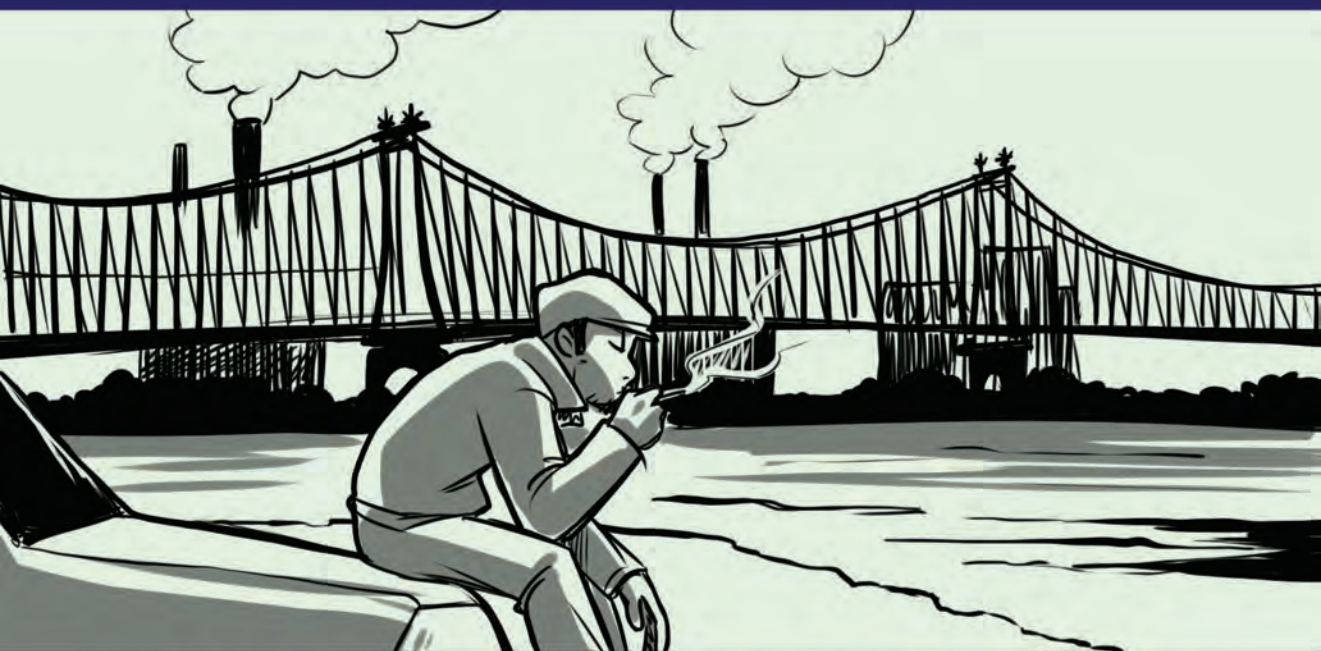
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**DWONCH
LENCIONI**

CYRUS PERKINS

AND THE HAUNTED TAXI CAB!



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"A BLANK
SLATE."

"I... I DON'T
REMEMBER ANYTHING
FROM BEFORE."

"LIVING, I MEAN."

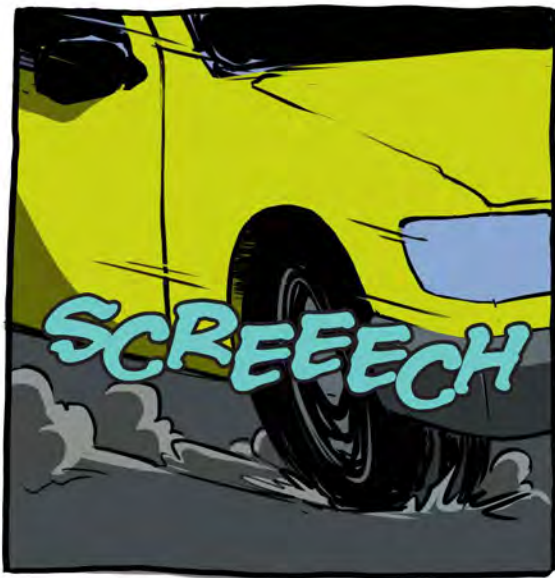
"I DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER
MY NAME."

"I ONLY REMEMBER
THIS TAXI CAB...
AND *DYING.*"

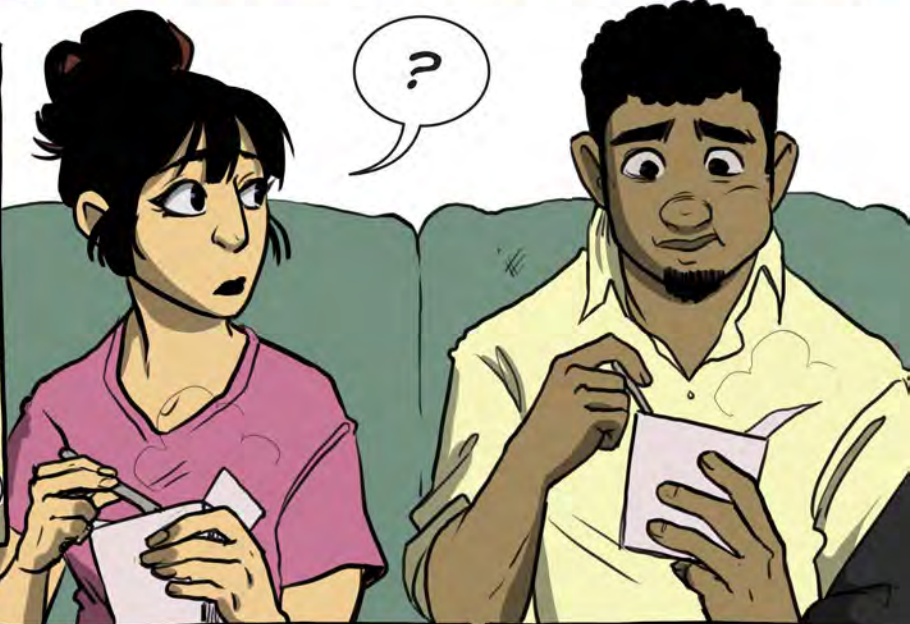
"AND *YOU,*
CYRUS PERKINS."

MICHAEL.











I- I'M...
I'M NOT
OKAY.

IT'S
OKAY,
BABY.



MAYBE
WE RUSHED
IT. MAYBE YOU
SHOULD TAKE
MORE TIME--



NO, IT'S NOT
THAT. I JUST...
I JUST FEEL LIKE
THAT KID...
MICHAEL.

I FEEL LIKE
I NEED TO KNOW
MORE. TO KNOW
WHO HE WAS.



OH, CYRUS.
LISTEN-- WHATEVER
YOU NEED TO DO
TO MAKE PEACE WITH
THIS. PLEASE, FOR YOU...
DO WHAT YOU
HAVE TO DO.



IT
WON'T TAKE
LONG, BABE.
I'LL GET
THROUGH THIS.
FOR YOU--
FOR US--



"--I JUST NEED TO SEE THIS THROUGH."

HELLO?

I- I'M SORRY TO INTRUDE, BUT I'M-



CYRUS PERKINS. I'VE SEEN YOUR PHOTO IN THE PAPERS.

RIGHT. I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS. I DON'T MEAN TO INTRUDE, BUT I WANTED TO-



PLEASE, MR. PERKINS. COME IN.



THANK YOU, MA'AM.

FIRST STEP, CYRUS. GOOD FOR YOU.



MY SON... MICHAEL... YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD. YOU'RE A HERO, MR. PERKINS.

I JUST DID WHAT ANYONE WOULD, MA'AM.

BETHANY.

MY NAME IS BETHANY. YOU'VE EARNED THAT AT THE VERY LEAST, MR. PERKINS.



THEN CALL ME CYRILUS, BETHANY.

OF COURSE.



HE WAS A GOOD BOY. STRAIGHT A'S MOST OF THE TIME.



A GOOD BOY.



HIS FATHER PASSED AWAY A YEAR AGO. THEY... THEY WERE VERY CLOSE.



HE WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER THAT. HE... HE WAS VERY ANGRY.



WE DIDN'T SPEAK MUCH, DRIFTED APART.

I THOUGHT IT WAS PART OF HIS GRIEVING PROCESS.



I GAVE HIM HIS SPACE. I THOUGHT HE'D WORK HIS WAY THROUGH IT.

AND NOW... NOW...

I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT WE HAD TIME TO RECONNECT.

I'M SO SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.

I HATE MYSELF FOR EVEN ASKING--



--BUT DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE THAT WOULD WANT TO HURT HIM?



HURT HIM?
NO, HE
WAS... HE...

THE POLICE
SAID IT WAS A
RANDOM CRIME.
A MUGGING.



HIS WALLET
WAS MISSING. YOU
THINK HE WAS IN
TROUBLE? THAT IT
WAS SOMEONE
HE KNEW?



I DON'T
KNOW, MA'AM.
BUT I NEED TO.
FOR MICHAEL.

HE NEEDS
PEACE.



I'M SORRY,
MR. PERKINS,
BUT I CAN'T
HELP YOU.

HE WAS VERY
CLOSE TO A BOY
AT **BROWNING...**
SAMUEL BRAITHWAITE.
HE WOULD KNOW
BETTER.



I'LL REACH OUT
TO HIM, LET YOU
KNOW IF I FIND
OUT ANYT-

PLEASE,
DON'T.

MY BOY IS
DEAD, CYRUS.
HE'S WITH HIS
FATHER NOW, AND
I'M ALONE.

I NEED TO
START LIVING
AGAIN. I NEED
TO **MOVE ON.**



HER WORDS HIT ME LIKE A FIST-- COLD AND HARD AND DISTANT. NO EMOTION WHATSOEVER.

AT FIRST I INTERPRET THEM AS AMBIVALENCE.

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.

BUT IT ONLY TAKES A SECOND TO REALIZE THAT SHE'S GRIEVING FOR HER SON THE WAY HE DID FOR THE FATHER.



I'M ON MY OWN.

MORE THAN YOU KNOW. THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER, MICHAEL.

OH.

BUT AT LEAST I HAVE A NAME.

WHO WAS SHE? SHE LOOKED SAD.

DO YOU REMEMBER A BOY NAMED SAMUEL BRAITHWAITE?



OF COURSE HE DOESN'T.

BUT THAT'S OKAY. IT WON'T BE HARD TO FIND BRAITHWAITE. BROWNING IS JUST A HOP SKIP AWAY.

I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM TOMORROW--



"--RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO PAY SOME BILLS."



ISOLA.

ON CROSBY, YEAH?

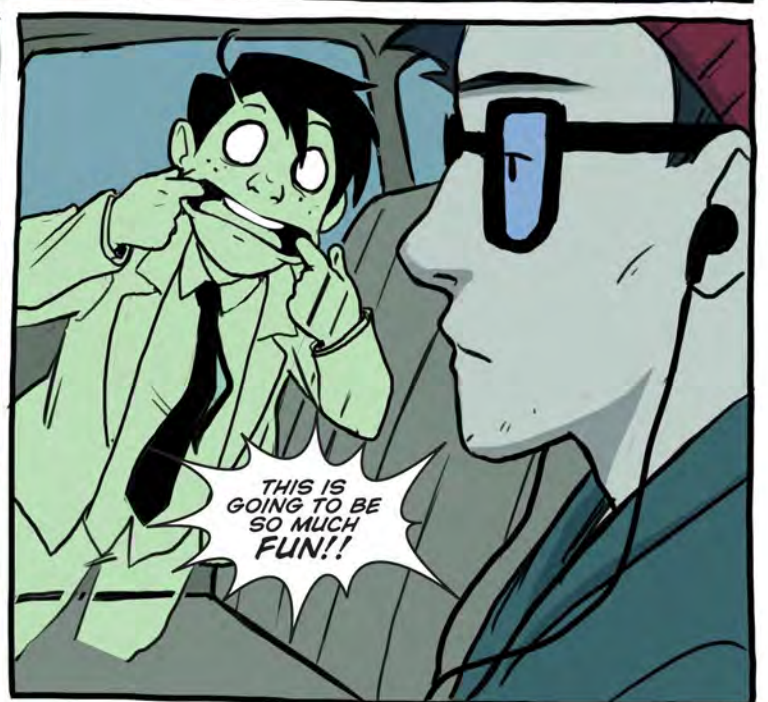
UH HUH.



HE CAN'T SEE ME!



THANK GOD.



THIS IS GOING TO BE SO MUCH FUN!!

