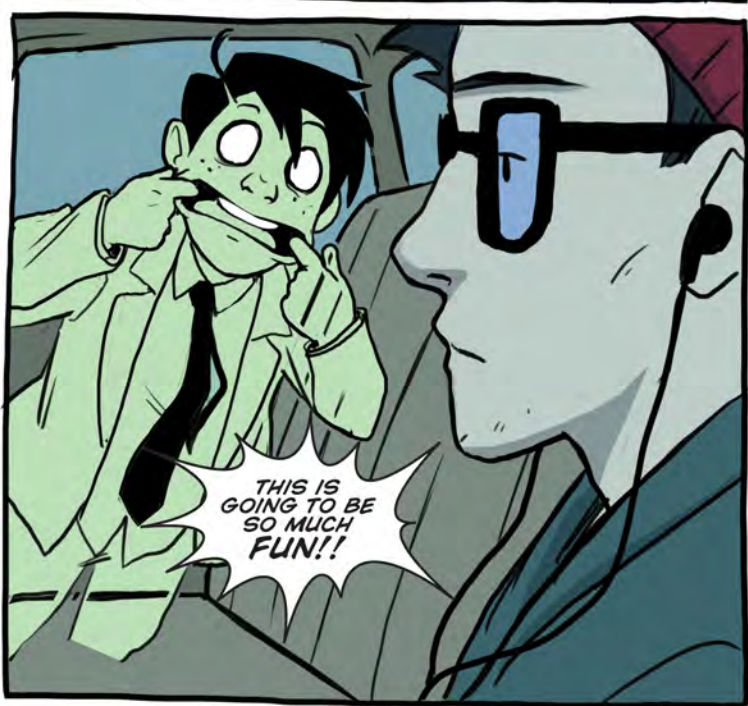


CYRUS PERKINS



AND THE HAUNTED TAXI CAB

BY
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&
ANNA
LENCIONI













SURE I'VE HAD
QUESTIONABLE TYPES
IN MY CAR BEFORE--

--BUT I AIN'T NEVER
HAD MY SUSPICIONS
CONFIRMED BEFORE.



AND I SURE
HAVEN'T HAD TIME
TO THINK ABOUT IT
IN RUSH-HOUR
TRAFFIC.



HE'S LOOKING
AT A PICTURE OF
A GIRL. AND HE'S
MUMBLING
NONSENSE.

MICHAEL,
GOD BLESS HIS
DISEMBODIED SOUL,
IS NOT MAKING
THINGS BETTER.

THIS IS ALL
KINDS OF *BAD*,
CYRUS.



SO...
AH, HEADING
HOME?

IT'S
WHERE THE
HEART IS.



YEAH, THIS
ISN'T AWKWARD
OR ANYTHING.

AND SO
I DO WHAT I
DO BEST.

I DRIVE.

TWENTY SILENT
MINUTES LATER, WE'RE
THERE, AND I'M MINUS
ONE LESS CRAZY THING
IN MY CAB.

THANK
GOD.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

GETTING
AS FAR AWAY
FROM HERE AS
POSSIBLE.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? IT DOESN'T
TAKE A GENIUS--
THAT GUY IS GONNA
KILL THAT GIRL.

LOOK MAN,
NO OFFENSE, BUT
MY TRACK RECORD FOR
STICKING MY FOOT INTO
OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS
AIN'T LED ME TO A
BETTER LIFE.

THAT'S
NOT FAIR!

YOU SAID
EARLIER THAT
PEOPLE CAN
CHANGE!

SOMETIMES
THEY NEED A
PUSH! YOU, YOU
CAN'T--

