

Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man (2016) #19
"Family is But an Illusion, Pt 1: Down the Rabbit Hole"

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[Page 1]

[Panel 1: The Parker family apartment. Peter is in the background, with the stove on and flipping wheatcakes. MJ is playing with Annie at the table, grinning as their child giggles excitedly. Notably, the odd variable in the mix is Cindy, dressed in her Silk costume, standing upside down, using three of her fingers to balance herself.]

Peter: Alright, Parker family! (And Cindy.)

Time for some wheatcakes!

Annie: Yay, breakfast!

Peter: Okay, then. MJ, how many you want?

MJ: Feed Cindy first, Pete. I think you left her balancing herself there for about ten minutes.

[Panel 2: A closer shot of Cindy, who is, upon closer inspection, struggling to maintain her balance and sweating lightly.]

Cindy: Yeah, I think I lost all feeling in my fingers.

Some food would be nice.

[Panel 3: Peter flips the wheatcake, steam pouring off of it as it goes into the air behind him.]

Peter: Right.

Go long, Cin!

[Panel 4: Cindy flips into the air, catching the wheatcake on her fingers.]

Cindy: Hup!

Thanks, Mr. Parker!

[Page 2]

[Panel 1: Peter pours more batter on the griddle, as Cindy sits down at the table, taking a large bite out of the wheatcake in her hand.]

Peter: You like it?

Cindy: Holy hell, this tastes amazing!

Is that the recipe I saw on your fridge?

Peter: Sort of. Made a few mods to it so that it was my own thing.

[Panel 2: A shot of the mixing bowl next to the stove.]

Peter [OP]: The original recipe was my aunt's. Decided to update it and retire it to honor her.

[Panel 3: Closer panel from the POV of the wall, as Peter pours more batter on the griddle.]

Peter: Like I always say, if you want to honor what's already great, just change it up a little to maintain familiarity but introduce something new.

...

Have I said that?

Annie: No.

Peter: Yeah. Figures.

[Panel 4: Peter hands MJ a plate, forcing a protein bar into his mouth as he strips, revealing his Spider-Man costume. Below him, at the table, Cindy points towards Peter, while MJ replies to her.]

Peter: Eat up, Cin. Soon as you're done, we're going crime-hunting.

Here you go, MJ.

MJ: Aren't you going to eat?

Peter: Got a big time clock to punch.

I'll just eat this on the go.

Cindy: Is he always like this?

MJ: Only when he plans to coop himself up in the lab.

[Panel 5: Peter kisses the crown of MJ's head, picking up Annie as wiggles his mask on with his shoulders.]

Peter: Hey, I promise I'll stick my head out the window for fresh air.

And I'll eat.

Okay, that last one isn't a promise, but I'll do my best to make it happen.

Love you!

MJ: Love you too, honey.

[Panel 6: Peter kisses Annie's head, as his daughter snuggles into his chest.]

Peter: Love you too, Munchkin.

Annie: Love you, daddy.

[Page 3 and 4]

[Double Page spread. Panel 1 is Peter handing Annie back to MJ, as he sticks his leg out the window.]

Peter: Don't worry. I'll be back in time for dinner. Promise.

MJ: 8:00?

Peter: 8:00. I swear.

[Panel 2: Peter, pulling on his mask as he chews the rest of the energy bar, has dove out of his window, shooting a web-line off-panel in the direction of the reader. Cindy is relatively close behind, vaulting over the window sill to flip into the air.]

Peter: And away we go!

Cindy: So, what's on the agenda today, boss?

[Panel 2: Spider-Man and Silk have moved into an alleyway, in the middle of a gang war between Hammerhead and the Owl. From the wall, Spider-Man has grabbed Owl with a web-line, yanking him down towards his own minions. Silk, meanwhile, has resorted to dodging the head and fists of Hammerhead, flipping over his head.]

Spider-Man: First, a little de-escalation of organized crime.

Lord knows we have enough gangs running around in No-Man's Land.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man and Silk have leaped on top of an armored van, evading blasts of fire from Blaze. In the background, police cars are in pursuit, klaxons blaring.]

Spider-Man: Next up: find some supervillains and foil their plans.

Y'know, the whole reason we exist.

[Panel 4: In their civilian clothes, Peter and Cindy walk into the main atrium of Horizon Tower]

Peter: And, for the first time in a very long time--

--sciencing!

And, for the first time, in the all-new Horizon Tower!

Cindy: Wait, isn't this Stark Tower? Why are we here and not at the seaport?

[Panel 5: Peter holds up a hologram of the new Mighty Avengers headquarters: an airfield in upstate New Jersey.]

Peter: Well, it's not gonna be permanent.

Without Stark or government supervision, Carol's new Avengers team doesn't have a way to pay for their operations.

So, given that they have some ownership over the Tower, they sold it to Horizon for some seed money to soften the financial worry.

Max is just transferring all senior staff and think tanks here to make sure we have everything in place, and then my think tank has full control over the building on the Seaport.

Doesn't exactly make me happy, but I'm willing to go along with it.

[Panel 5: Close up of Peter and Cindy, as Peter leans in to whisper to Cindy.]

Peter: Mostly because it's the end of the fiscal quarter and I need to get my new tech finished.

We might've been hit by a Symbiote invasion, but the economy doesn't stop because a city got the crap beat out of it.

Cindy: That's a little important.

Peter: I want my kid to go to college one day. Gotta pay for it somehow.

[Page 5]

[Panel 1: Max Modell has appeared for the first real appearance in the Friendly Neighborhood Universe. Fairly similar to his 616 character, he maintains a low-exercise physique, and bright ginger-shaded hair that is tied back in a ponytail, peppered with specks of age-marking grey. Peter and Cindy are standing next to him, Peter handing him specs on a tablet (Horizon-made, of course. Brand loyalty.)]

Max: Ah, Peter. Good to see you.

How's your progress on that latest craft of yours?

Peter: Specs are green, Max. All it needs is your signature and we can move into beta testing.

[Panel 2: Max skims over the designs on the tablet, his eyes widening in amazement.]

Max: Oh... oh, my!

Mr. Parker... these designs would be revolutionary!

If we could get these field tested as safely and quickly as possible...

[Panel 3: Max hands an enthusiastic Peter back his tablet, clapping his shoulder in approval.]

Max: ...We'd be able to usher in a completely new era of connection around the world.

Once again, you more than justify your paycheck, Peter.

[Panel 4: Max turns to Cindy, using the tablet-less hand to gesture to her.]

Max: And you, Miss Moon?

Cindy: Oh, it was Mr. Parker's designs. I mostly do triple-check work.

You should see Mr. Parker at work. When his mind is at all cylinders, it's **amazing**.

Max: I've heard great things about you from Peter. He speaks very highly of your scientific prowess.

When you graduate from college, you just might have a place in our think tank.

Cindy: Wow. **Wow**.

That... means a **lot** coming from you, Mr. Modell. I... **yeah. Wow**.

Thanks.

[Panel 5: Peter and Cindy walk into Peter's lab, Peter removing his bag as he closes the door.]

Cindy: Holy hell, do you know how **awesome** that is? To actually meet Max Modell?

[Page 6]

[Panel 1: Peter places his bag on the table as Cindy hops onto a lab stool.]

Peter: A little excited, slugger?

Cindy: I mean, it's **Max Modell**.

Aside from you, he's, like, the coolest guy on the face of the Earth!

You don't get much better than the guy who cleaned up Detroit's **air**.

[Panel 2: Peter opens up the Black Box (his own personal safe opened only by his touch) to walk in, Cindy making herself comfortable as she plops down on the lab chair.]

Peter: So, I've been devising new methods of stopping super villains. Specifically, putting away the rest of my rogues gallery.

But first? We need to find them before we can stop them.

Cindy: Got it. Who's first on the list?

[Panel 3: Peter lugs a holo-tank into the lab, tossing it onto the table.]

Peter: Well, that's easy. If we want to make things simpler, we rip off the band-aid and look for the one person who makes getting away a parlor trick.

[Panel 4: The holy tank flashes on to show a large, albeit only partially rendered hologram of Mysterio. The resolution, while sharp, has degraded around the legs, and a hologram of the Earth with various location markers across the U.S. and statistics appearing next to him.]

Peter: **Mysterio**.

His illusions make him arguably one of the most dangerous people I've ever faced. He's good enough that I still have trouble figuring out what he's capable of or if what I'm facing is real.

Not only what, but where.

He just... Vanished off the face of the Earth two years ago. I'm not sure where he is, but if he doesn't want to found?

He won't be.

Cindy: The guy with the fishbowl hat? Rockin'.

Where do we start?

[Page 7]

[Panel 1: A close shot of Peter scratching his head, reluctantly admitting defeat.]

Peter: That's the problem.

I don't know.

[Panel 2: Peter clicks on the projector, which zooms in on the marked Earth hologram, to a specific location: a small atoll in the Micronesian Islands.]

Peter: The last place there was a sighting of him was here: **Bikini Atoll**.

Officially, it was bombed out by nuclear testing, but SHIELD keeps a base there to keep more... **Unmentionable** things there.

Cindy: Unmentionable? In a bad way, or happy twist?

Peter: A little bit of both. Things that would change the course of the human race if they got into the hands of the general public. Kind of like a modern-day Area 51.

Horizon was one of the companies contracted to oversee some of the technology. I was brought in with Sajani to catalogue and identify some old stuff.

[Panel 3: Peter pulls up a badge signifier; a Decepticon badge.]

Peter: One of them was hacked; so much data in there we might never be able to fully decode all of it. Called himself "**Killmaster**". He was part of a faction of warring robots that brought their fight to Earth. Managed to keep themselves under deep cover for a really long time.

As Peter Parker, I'd never seen this kind of stuff, but I've been up close and personal with them as Spider-Man.* Nasty stuff.

**See Marvel's The Transformers #3! (That's #5-6 for our readers on the other side of the pond!)
-Narrative-Plannin' Neil*

[Panel 4: A close up of the holo-tank, with a hologram long, stick-like structure with multiple data points running off specific junctions and points of interest.]

Peter: Point is, this specific one that we caught after they left was, as far as we can tell, a specialist in bi-locational weapons tech.

And, given that it was shaped like a wand, Mysterio thought it would make a nice little addition to his card trick.

I wasn't able to stop him, and he took off with that wand. Bit big, but the guy managed to do it.

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[Panel 1: Close up of Cindy as she leans in close, inspecting the hologram.]

Cindy: Well, how am I supposed to help? I'm a 20 year old who hasn't even earned their physics degree.

Peter [OP]: Because your eyes are a fresh set. I know Mysterio's tricks, but there's something that he's doing to keep me from using those tricks.

Figured if I had you look it over, you'd see something I missed.

Cindy: Hmm...

[Panel 2: From behind Peter's head, a shot locked on Cindy as she explains her theory.]

Cindy: Wait... You said you know how to track Mysterio's energies, right? Down to a science, you said.

Peter: Yeah, so?

Cindy: I did that reading you told me to on your rogues. Mysterio hates repeating the same tricks. And if he wants to avoid repetition...

Peter: He'd throw me off by doing the exact opposite of what he normally does.

..Good work.

[Panel 3: Peter zooms in on the New York area, squinting as he notices a new reading.]

Peter: Whoa. That's weird.

Cindy [OP]: What is it?

Peter: Some kind of new energy reading. And if I'm right...

[Panel 4: The screen above Peter compares the energy from the recent burst to the energy displayed at Bikini Atoll.]

Peter: ...It's the Wand energy at play.

We've got him. It's Mysterio.

[Panel 5: Peter stripping off his normal clothes, revealing his Spider-Man costume underneath, attaching a small monitor to his web-shooters.]

Peter: Suit up.

And remember, Mysterio's a master of illusion. Anything that looks like me dying?

It's probably a trick. Anything else?

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man and Silk land on the street where the energy burst was detected. The street, however, appears to be empty, with not even a trace of Mysterio in sight.]

Peter [cont'd capt]: Well, that just comes down to intuition.

Spider-Man: I don't get it. It should be here.

Right here.

I narrowed it down to this location and there's no Mysterio!

[Panel 2: Spider-Man kicks a rock in frustration, Silk sitting down in confusion.]

Spider-Man: This doesn't make any sense. There's nothing here that could tell us what's going on.

Silk: Well, now we know he's got a good disappearing act.

[Panel 3: Spider-Man looks down on Silk, lenses thinned in similar frustration to his rock kick.]

Spider-Man: He's always had a good getaway tucked in his sleeve.

The problem is, it's never been *this* clean. This is the only source of the energy that wand burns on, and there's no sign of him.

[Panel 4: An explosion across the street blows out the windows, and the two stand ready for a fight.]

Spider-Man: Never mind.

I found him.

[Page 10]

[Splash page. We get a good, solid view of the new design of Mysterio. While keeping the same design, there's slight modifications. As opposed to the scaly look most artists give him, the design is more streamlined and leather-crafted, giving off more of a sorcerer's appearance. The fishbowl helmet remains the same, but with a smoky substance floating around inside the helmet, two beady, glowing red dots giving the impression of eyes. The cape has also been upgraded, with the environment behind him being transparent through certain parts of the cloak, and the inclusion of a hood over the fishbowl.]

Mysterio: *Good to see you, Spider-Man.*

Have to admit, it's been a long time. Too long, I might add.

However, I'm far overdue for a return trip home.

[Page 11]

[Panel 1: Spider-Man and Silk web themselves inside the store, barricading the wall with a large web.]

Spider-Man: Yeah. Welcome back, Quentin.

I got a homecoming party right here for you.

Forgot to bake you a cake, though. My bad.

Silk: Nice hood, though. Think I could rock one of those?

Spider-Man: No. Trust me, had a brother do that once. Never looked good when the hood was up.

[Panel 2: Mysterio throws a "spell" on the ground, green smoke protruding from it to scatter across the entire room.]

Mysterio: *I'm afraid my homecoming is not here, Spider-Man.*

Rather, it is where my home lies that I must return.

I didn't want to have to fight you.

But if I must do so to protect my home....

[Panel 3: The smoke settles to reveal an army of Mysterios, all assuming a fighting stance.]

Mysterios: **So be it.**

[Panel 4: Spider-Man slides underneath a Mysterio, webbing it backwards to pull off an armored plating. Silk, in the background, has ripped the helmet off, the smoke inside revealing a simple sphere with computer chips tapped in.]

Silk: How do we tell which one's the real Mysterio?!

Spider-Man: Easy! Just punch them!

If their head falls off, don't freak out, it's probably just a bot!

Silk: And if it isn't?

Peter: Then I'll have one helluva conversation with MJ about restraint.

[Panel 5: Peter is dogpiled by a group of Mysterios, lenses widening from the impact of about a dozen or so robots tackling him.]

Peter: Okay, he's gotten a bit better at programming these things!

Unf!

They've- gagh!- at least got group tactics down!

Keep your distance, kid!

Silk: Easy for you to say!

Need a hand?

[Page 12]

[Panel 1: Peter rips the head off a bot, using the body as a bat to bash another one. However, he is still being swallowed by a copious number of Mysterios.]

Peter: Nah, I can take care of it myself.

Not that I want to.

[Panel 2: A clawed hand rips into the head of the Mysterio on top of Peter, sparks flying as it's pulled away.]

Spider-Man: Whoa!

Thanks for the save, junior!

Silk [OP]: Um, I'm over here!

Spider-Man: But... who?...

[Panel 3: Black Cat uses Spider-Man as a pivot point, aiming high and kicking a Mysterio through the torso.]

Felicia: Hey, Swinger. Happy to see me?

Damn, Mysterio's using cheap metal on these ones.

Spider-Man: A little.

Heard you were going straight. Think you can provide some proof?

Felicia: Gladly.

[Panel 4: The Mysterio bots all vanish in a cloud of lavender smoke, Black Cat landing on her toes and the two Spider-heroes collapsing without any bots underneath them. Gravity sucks at times, doesn't it?]

Mysterio [OP]: *Sorry, folks. Show's over.*

Black Cat: Aw, really, Mysterio? But I wanted to show Webs that I'm a good guy.

Spider-Man: If it makes you feel better, you've been jumping over the line and back enough that I'll buy it.

Mysterio: *I have what I need. But what the hell.*

[Panel 5: A blast of green energy zaps Felicia, Spider-Man's lenses widening as her lower half disintegrates.]

Mysterio: *I've been needing to practice my disappearing act.*

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[Panel 1: Spider-Man, in the background, panics as Felicia's Horizon Lenses clatter to the floor, a smoking circle similar to a blasting charge all that's left.]

Spider-Man: **Felicia!**

[Panel 2: Spider-Man whips around, fingers poised to start firing webs at any minute; Silk, near him in the background, is mimicking him in another direction.]

Spider-Man: What'd you do to her?!

Cin! I'm not getting anything on my Spider-Sense! What about you?

Silk: That'd be a no.

[Panel 3: Silk is also zapped, yelling at being taken by surprise.]

Silk: Yaaah!

Spider-Man: Holy!-

Okay, Quentin! It's just you and me!

Let's settle this man to man!

[Panel 4: A large swath of pink smoke fills the room, as multiple Mysterios are conjured around Spider-Man. All of them (About two dozen) are pointing a miniaturized version of Killmaster's wand at him.]

Mysterio: *I concur. But your terms are so... macho.*

I prefer a more... practical approach. Especially since I pride myself on not leaving any loose ends behind.

[Panel 5: Mysterio's wand glows on the tip, priming for a firing.]

Mysterio: *This one's a classic.*

Abra-kadabra.

[Page 14]

[Splash page. A black, voided page, with a slight green-and-purple hint forming the silhouette of Mysterio (but barely visible on the page), a minor blotch of pink for the mist. Most of the dialogue balloons are blurred out, but the final one is able to be read.]

Mysterio: ...Aaaand there we are.

I think you're gonna like it here.

[Page 15]

[Panel 1: A shot of Peter in a bed, slowly opening his eyes to the noise of an alarm clock going off.]

[Panel 2: Peter's hand clamps down on the alarm. Note that, rather than instantly shattering the device on impact, Peter's light tap simply silences the clock, putting it in snooze mode.]

Peter: Shhh, clock.

Five more minutes.

[Panel 3: A woman's hand, with painted nails and a flawless skin job, rest upon Peter's shoulder.]

???: Hey, honey. Rise and shine.

You gotta get the kid ready for her big game.

Peter: Pfft. She can take care of herself.

In the meantime...

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[Panel 1: Peter pulls the woman from behind him and positions her above him. However, it's not Mary Jane; it's Felicia. (Dun-dun-dun) Hair unkempt, they're both completely nude, covered only by the bedsheets and comforter on their bed. Sun cracks in on the small sliver of window in-panel, coating them in light.]

Peter: --I'll be making you purr.

Felicia: Nice try, swinger.

Parker Industries needs its CEO at work, and while I would be happy to deny them of that?

I dunno, you losing the company you built to a bunch of money-hungry corporate sharks just doesn't sit well with me.

Peter: Fiii-iine.

But you owe me one.

Felicia: I'm counting on it.

[Panel 2: The two kiss. Don't worry, you're supposed to feel discomfort. It isn't right. And you know it.]

[Page 16]

[Panel 1: Felicia is dressed in a bathrobe, heading into the shower as Peter exits, steam rising from the floor as he buttons his pants on. A shirt is slung over his shoulder, and his face is cleanly shaved compared to a light stubble he had when he and Felicia woke up.]

Peter: Shower's open, Fel.

I'm going to wake the kid up.

[Panel 2: Peter knocks on a door further down the hall, while the door to the master bathroom is seen closing in the background. Judging by Peter's frustrated expression, this is a rather frequent occurrence within this fake reality.]

Peter: Hey, superstar.

Up and at 'em.

Breakfast is gonna be ready in a few minutes. I'm doing wheatcakes.

???: Gimme a couple minutes. Hair's all over the place.

Peter: You're going to play hockey, kiddo. Hair's gonna be screwed either way.

You've got five. A second longer and I'll make you come out.

[Panel 3: Peter opens the fridge, using his spider-powers to balance a carton of eggs and pancake mix in one hand while holding a gallon of milk and a mixing bowl in the other.]

Peter: "Gimme a few minutes."

Pfft.

[Panel 4: Peter cracks the eggs, pouring them into the mixing bowl.]

Peter: I. Am the coolest dad.

Ever.

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[Panel 1: Peter and Felicia are in the kitchen, with Peter sliding a wheatcake onto Felicia's plate.]

Peter: Here you are.

Felicia: And the handsome Mr. Parker prevails once again.

Only one with your talents could manage to make the same thing consistently taste good.

Peter: Hey, if you've got a talent?

Rock it.

[Panel 2: Felicia's hand caresses Peter's chin, scraping with the nails as she walks away; Peter is simply amused.]

Felicia: Oh, I do.

Peter: <Tt.>

[Panel 3: A blacked-out figure walks into the kitchen, obscured by shadow, as Peter turns around, greeting them.]

Peter: Hey, superstar!

Ready for breakfast?

[Panel 4: Peter flips the wheatcake into the air, small amounts of batter flipping with it as he jerks the griddle upwards.]

???: Sure thing, pop.

Peter: Go long!

[Panel 5: The hand, with trimmed, unpainted nails, catches the wheatcake by the tips of her fingers, almost missing it.]

???: Pro-tip, dad...

[Page 18]

[Panel 1: Large panel. As she takes a bite out of the wheatcake, we see Peter's "daughter": Cindy. Wearing a workout shirt multiple sizes too large for her, (Not to mention with a completely different name of "Cervantez" labeled on the front) her hair is notably still mildly disheveled from waking up. Peter is in the background, smirking.]

Cindy: ...if you want to make a sports reference, at least make one about the sport that I actually play.

Peter: Now where's the fun in that?

[Panel 2: Peter hands Cindy the syrup bottle as she sits next to Felicia at the kitchen island, pouring herself a cup of coffee.]

Peter: So.

Cindy: What?

Hey, Felicia.

Felicia: Mornin', sport.

Cindy: Ha, *ha*.

You two are hilarious.

Peter: Anyways... state finals are today. Then your team is off to the national bracket.

Excited?

Cindy: If you call getting out of bed at eight in the morning excited, then no.

Peter: Teenagers.

[Panel 3: Peter is sitting across from Cindy with a cup of coffee, with Cindy beginning to pour syrup on the bitten-into wheatcake.]

Peter: Uh...

[Panel 4: A repeat of the previous panel, only with the syrup dripping around Cindy's hand, having coated onto the wheatcake and spilling onto the countertop.]

[Panel 5: Similar repeat, but the syrup has piled on below the wheatcake, making a small mountain. Peter has moved slightly to intervene, but Cindy speaks for him to stop.]

Peter: I think maybe you should--

Cindy: *Shhh*.

I know what I'm doing.

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[Panel 1: Peter grabs a bag off of the table, as Cindy folds the wheatcake and eats it in the background. Felicia has stood up, pecking him on the cheek as he exits through the door.]

Peter: Hey, I gotta get to work.

Cindy, you mind if Felicia drives you over to your game? I'll be there before halftime, I promise.

Cindy: Works for me, if she's up to it.

Felicia: I'll get my keys.

Love you.

[Panel 2: Peter opens the door to the hall outside, dangling his own keys on his index finger tip as he heads out.]

Peter: Alright guys, I'm headed out. See you guys-

[Panel 3: A large panel of Peter freezing up. The space of the panel has instead been taken up by various panels from previous issues of Peter, MJ and Annie, almost as if an epileptic sensation.]

Peter: -Later.

[Page 20]

[Panel 1: Peter snaps back into reality, cold sweat beading from his head.]

Peter: GAH!

[Panel 2: Having exited the apartment, Peter looks around, not seeing anything that could have caused his mental episode.]

Peter:

Alright, then.

[Panel 3: Peter has entered the elevator, clicking a button. The back wall of the elevator is made up of glass, and the view outside is of a gleaming New York skyline. Unlike previous issues,

where the lower streets of Manhattan have been more realistically grimy and gritty with some exceptions (giving a more consistent feel with other street-level books) the skyline is glamorous, almost pulled out of Slott's volumes of ASM. Inside already is a man with a black bowl cut for hair, a mole on his right cheek and a sly, gambling smile.]

Peter: Hey. You're... you're new.

Could've sworn I saw you guys when we were moving in.

???: Yeah. I live a few doors down.

[Panel 4: The man holds out his hand to shake, which Peter does.]

???: My name's Quentin.

Quentin Beck. Used to be a special effects for Hollywood, but hey, realized you get more out of magic acts. So here I am...

[Panel 5: A group of generic-looking people, your typical nuclear family, walk into the elevator with the two, waving silently as the doors close. A pretty blonde lady, just a smidge shorter than Quentin; accompanying her are a young boy, maybe six or seven, with dirty blonde hair, and a girl (On the younger side, about 15-16) with a very "I just entered puberty for realsies and I hate it" complexion, topped off with a bob cut of light brown hair.]

Quentin: ...And this here is my family.

Peter: Nice to meet all of you.

Really.

[Page 21]

[Panel 1: As the elevator stops on the first floor, Peter exits, waving to Quentin and his family, who remain onboard.]

Peter: Well, it's been real.

Hey, maybe you guys should come over for dinner one night!

My daughter's really been wanting to meet people outside her hockey team.

Quentin: Count on it-

[Panel 2: An eerie close up of Quentin's smirking face (add in a touch of extra smugness) with a bottom shade of light lavender to accent his true identity.]

Quentin: - Mr. Parker.

[To be continued]