

940 miles away from
Sacramento,
California...

TRUCK STOP



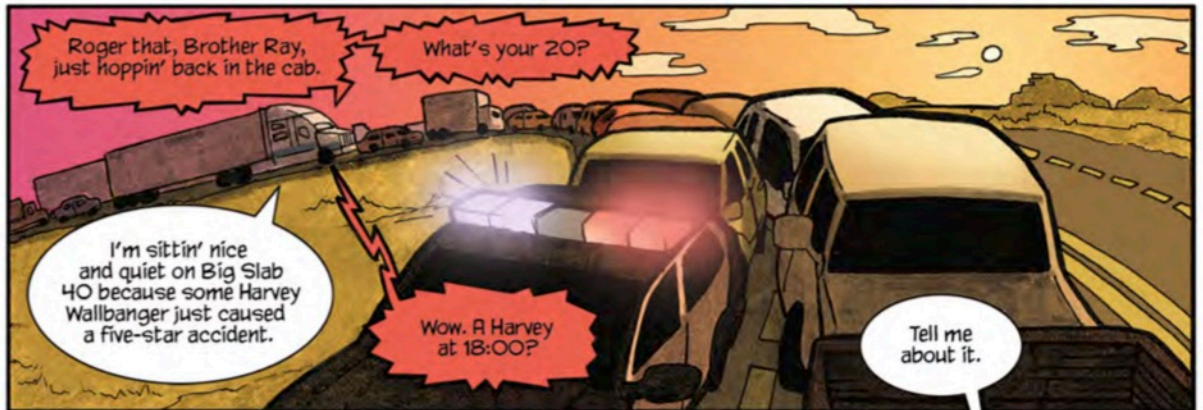


KRRRRR

Breaker breaker...

...Nash, you gotcher ears on, Brother?

--heard it in the alley on the weird radio--



Roger that, Brother Ray, just hoppin' back in the cab.

What's your 20?

I'm sittin' nice and quiet on Big Slab 40 because some Harvey Wallbanger just caused a five-star accident.

Wow. A Harvey at 18:00?

Tell me about it.



Now I'm gonna be sittin' right smack-dab in the middle of a jam the size of my Meemaw's ass for what looks like an hour or so.

--if ya wanna get t'Heaven--

--you gotta raise a little Hell--



...Your meemaw's ass?

Yep. Gigantic.

Just sayin'. You might wanna find an alternate route.

I'll consider it... though I'm sure it'll be cleared up by the time I get there.



Oh yeah?

What's your 20?

Just outside of Tombstone.

Holy smokes, Nashoba!

Ain't you supposed to be deliverin' in Sacramento bright n' early?!



I am, but I've got to make a stop tonight.

Oh.



We've got to move this out of the way, *now*.



NO!

LEFT IN ALL WEATHER WITHOUT OUR BRANCHES
OH TO HAVE THEM BACK AGAIN
OUR BRANCHES



Come on, man!

Help me move this thing!

The faster we move this--
--the faster we get out of here!



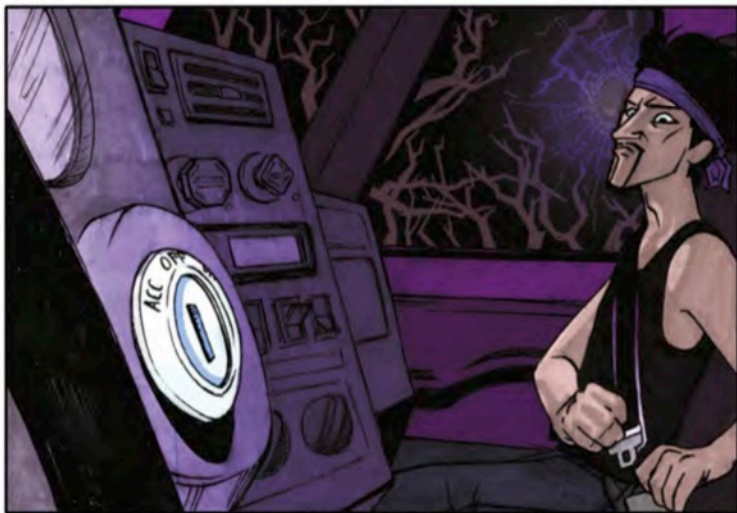
SMASH

No! No!
I am to stay in this truck!



Hernando!
Trust me!

We can do this!



Maldita sea!

