

Route 905

30 miles out of Woodhaven.



Jesus christ [REDACTED]!



Ain't it bad enough we get run out of town without you driving down the road like a... like a [REDACTED]



WHAT THE-!

**BANG**





What the hell did we just hit?  
What the hell did you just hit!?

Almost spilled my drink...

You damn near spilled our brains all over this [redacted] road!

Maybe if you're gonna drive this doorless deathmobile all over the county, you could at least keep your hands off the booze for one [redacted] minute!



And where the [redacted] are we going, anyway? We're not exactly in a hurry to go driving like a maniac past the...

Just what the [redacted] is the speed limit here? And-

Jesus christ, Willie...

You're giving me a headache.



oh, I'm giving you a headache? Are you sure it isn't the fifth I've seen you guzzle over the last eighty miles that-

Willie, can you please just shut up so I can... I can...



So you can what? Why the [redacted] are you slowing down?

I'm not!



[redacted]





...Busted, man. It's dead.

What's dead?



You know...  
the [redacted]  
The car. It's dead

That's not what I mean. What part of the car is dead? Is it the engine, or what?



I don't even see what the difference is, man. We can't exactly call [redacted] triple A out here and be all...



"Yeah, hello there, this is disgraced officer of the law Lou Garou here. My uhh, stolen jerryrigged cop car is busted halfway 'cross county, maybe you can come pick us up? The address is three miles east of who the [redacted] knows boulevard!"

uh, Willie?



"Oh, and you'll have to excuse all the [redacted] liquor I been guzzling while behind the wheel, on account of it doesn't fuckin' matter anyway because I'm run out town for two [redacted] counts murder one!"

Willie, hey.



