

ROAD TO NOWHERE

PART 1

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HURRY UP.
WE'RE RUNNING OUT
OF TIME, SALLY.

CALM DOWN,
RAMON. THE GPS
ISN'T WORKING, I HAD
TO DOUBLE-CHECK THE
MAP. KEEP HEADING
STRAIGHT. TWO
MORE MILES.

ARTHUR GEOTAGGED THIS
SPOT AS THE BEST PLACE
TO SEE THEM. HE **REFUSES**
TO COME BACK OUT
HERE.

NOT FOR ANOTHER
FEW DAYS. THIS
ONE IS ALL
OURS.

SO NO
ONE ELSE
KNOWS?

CAN YOU **FEEL** IT? THIS IS THE
MOTHER LODE. WE'RE GONNA
GET ENOUGH EVIDENCE
TO SHOVE IT IN ALL
THEIR FACES.

I DON'T EVEN **CARE**
ABOUT THAT ANYMORE.
ALL I WANT IS TO SEE
ONE, UP CLOSE,
BEFORE I DIE.

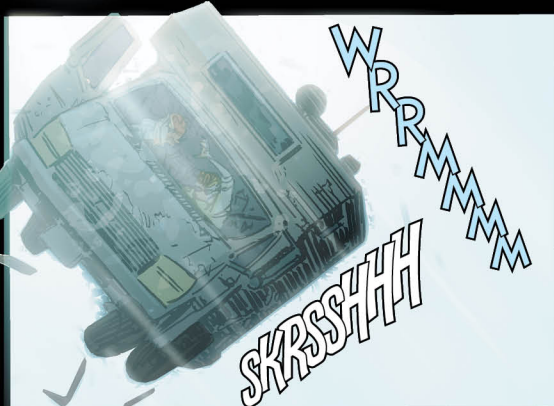
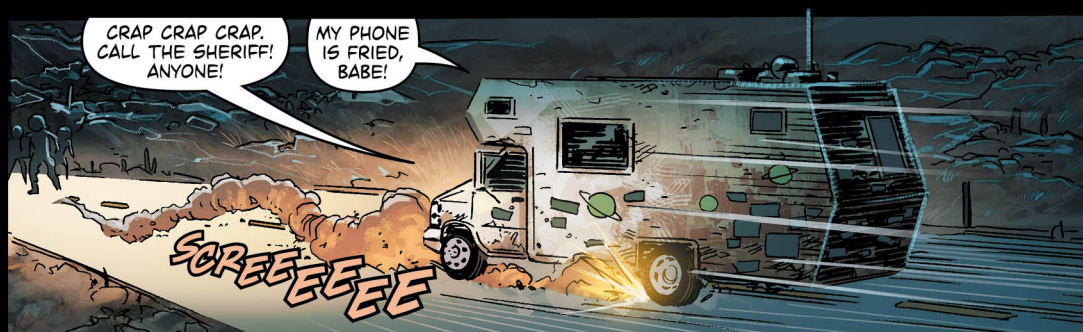
AHH!

WHAT WAS
THAT?

KRSSHHH

I THINK IT'S...
THEM.

OH GOD.
GET US OUT
OF HERE.



"GUESS I CAN DIE HAPPY NOW."

FWA-THOOOM



THIS IS SO BORING.

WE STUCK AROUND THIS LONG, NAOMI. BESIDES, IT'S ALMOST OVER.



I GET TO PICK THE NEXT ONE.

C'MON, IT WASN'T THAT--OKAY, IT WAS PRETTY BAD.

IT WAS JUST NICE BEING THERE WITH YOU, Y'KNOW?



YOU'RE SUCH A CHEESEBALL, REYES.

SO WHAT'S NEXT?



I'M FREE TOMORROW. WANT TO GO TO WESTERN PLAYLAND? OR WE COULD DO GO-KARTS AT BOB-O'S?

OR WE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING. WE COULD JUST HANG OUT. HONESTLY, I'M NOT VERY--

JAIME.

I MEAN WHAT'S NEXT FOR US?



OH. THAT. RIGHT.



I HADN'T THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT IT?

ONE MORE WEEK TILL WE'RE SENIORS.

TILL WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WE WANT TO BE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES.

I DUNNO. I'M NOT THAT GREAT AT PLANNING. PLUS, I DON'T REALLY HAVE THE LUXURY OF JUST DOING WHATEVER I WANT.

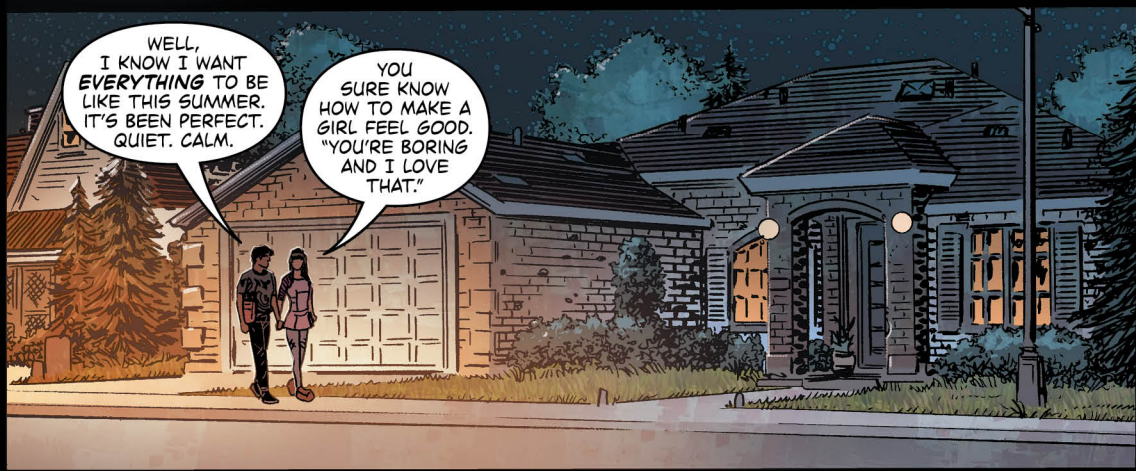


YES YOU DO. STOP SELLING YOURSELF SHORT. YOU HAVE THE SAME OPTIONS AS THE REST OF US. MAYBE MORE.



WHAT? I DON'T--

YOU NEED TO THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE. YOUR FUTURE. OURS.



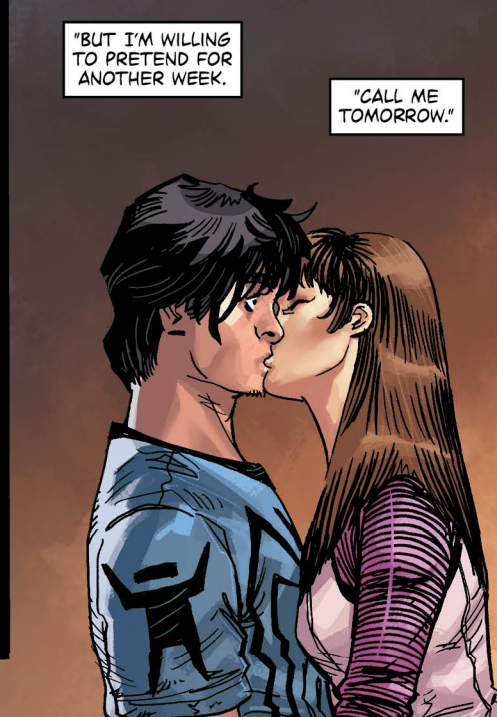
WELL, I KNOW I WANT EVERYTHING TO BE LIKE THIS SUMMER. IT'S BEEN PERFECT. QUIET. CALM.

YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GIRL FEEL GOOD. "YOU'RE BORING AND I LOVE THAT."



NO, I MEAN, I'VE SPENT EVERY DAY WITH YOU...NO HUGE EMERGENCIES OR CRAZY SUPER-PROBLEMS POPPING UP. I WANT THAT.

ME TOO, JAIME. PROBLEM IS, IT DOESN'T EXIST.



"BUT I'M WILLING TO PRETEND FOR ANOTHER WEEK."

"CALL ME TOMORROW."

THREE
WHOLE MONTHS.
NO SUPER-WEIRDOS
STORMING TOWN. NO
MYSTIC THREATS. JUST
TRAINING. GETTING
BETTER CONTROL
OVER THE
SCARAB.

NOT THAT
I CAN SHUT
YOU UP.

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I MISS
WHEN I
UNDERSTOOD
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING.

I MISS BEFORE I WAS PART OF ANY OF THIS. I MEAN, *YOU'RE* MY FUTURE. SAVING PEOPLE, THE EARTH, ALL THAT UNPREDICTABLE STUFF.

HOW DO I
PLAN AROUND
THAT?

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SOMETIMES I WISH THE BAD GUYS WOULD STORM BACK THROUGH TOWN. IT'D BE A NICE DISTRACTION AT LEAST.

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AND
I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO LISTEN
TO YOU.

MAYBE TED WILL
KNOW WHAT
TO DO.

DID
I JUST SAY
THAT? JEEZ, I'M
REALLY IN
TROUBLE.