

ROAD

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RAGE



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THROTTLE

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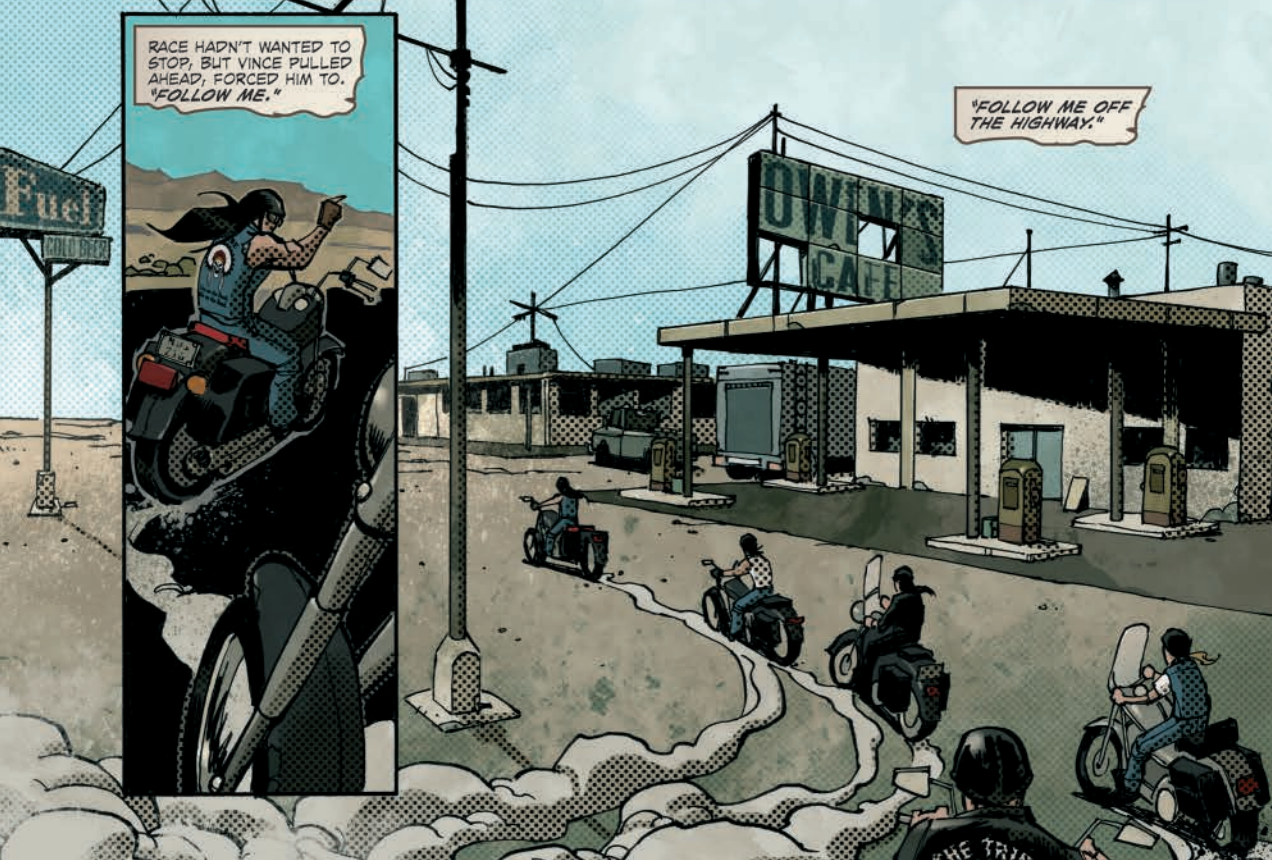
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RACE MIGHT'VE LED ON THE ROAD, BUT HE WAS ALWAYS THE LAST TO DISMOUNT.



VINCE, YOU OUGHTA GO HAVE A TALK WITH YOUR BOY.

NOT HERE, LEMMY.



YES. HERE.



WHAT'S TO TALK ABOUT? CLARKE'S GONE. SO'S THE MONEY. NOTHING LEFT TO DO, NOT THIS MORNING.

YOU SHOULD FIND OUT IF RACE FEELS THE SAME WAY. HE SPENDS 40 MINUTES OF EVERY HOUR PISSED OFF AT YOU, Y'KNOW. DON'T ASSUME YOU TWO ARE AT ALL ON THE SAME PAGE.



TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE, BOSS. RACE BROUGHT SOME'A THESE GUYS IN, GETTING THEM FIRED UP ABOUT HOW RICH THEY'D GET OFF THIS DEAL WITH CLARKE.

HE MIGHT NOT BE THE ONLY ONE WHO NEEDS TO HEAR WHAT'S NEXT.



RACE.
TELL ME YOUR
PLAN.



IF WE PICK UP
ROUTE 6, WE COULD
BE DOWN IN SHOW LOW
IN THREE HOURS.
ASSUMING THAT PUSSY
RICE-BURNER OF YOURS
CAN KEEP UP.

WHAT'S IN
SHOW LOW?



CLARKE'S
SISTER.

AND WHY
WOULD WE
WANT TO
SEE HER?

FOR THE
MONEY, CASE
YOU HADN'T
NOTICED, WE JUST
GOT FUCKED OUT
OF 60 GRAND.
SHE'S A PLACE
TO START.



LET'S LOOK
AT OUR OPTIONS
WHEN WE GET
TO VEGAS.

HOW 'BOUT
WE LOOK AT
'EM NOW?

YOU SEE CLARKE
HANG UP THE PHONE
WHEN WE WALKED IN?
I THINK HE FELT A
PRESSING NEED TO GET
TO HIS TOE-RAG SISTER
SOON AS HE SAW US IN
THE DRIVEWAY. WHY YOU
THINK THAT IS?

TO SAY
GOODBYE,
PROBABLY.

SHE DIDN'T
HAVE ANYTHING TO
DO WITH THIS. SHE
DIDN'T MAKE CRANK
LIKE CLARKE, DID
SHE?



NOPE.
SHE'S A
WHORE.



JESUS,
WHAT A
FAMILY.

LOOK WHO'S
TALKING.



SIXTY GRAND
UP IN SMOKE,
AND YOU WANT
TO JUST SHRUG
IT OFF.

NOT SHRUGGING
ANYTHING OFF. THE
MONEY WENT UP IN
SMOKE—*THAT'S* WHAT
HAPPENED THERE.



RACE MET *DEAN CLARKE* IN FALLUJAH (OR TIKRIT, MAYBE)—CLARKE, THE MEDIC SPECIALIZING IN PAIN MANAGEMENT, AND RACE, DRIVING HUMVEES AND TRYING NOT TO GET SHOT.

CLARKE APPROACHED RACE SIX MONTHS AGO WITH THE IDEA OF SETTING UP A METH LAB IN SMITH LAKE. GOK WOULD GET HIM STARTED. SOON HE'D BE MAKING THAT PER MONTH. HOW?

TRUE
GLASS, MAN.
NONE OF THAT
CHEAP GREEN
SHIT, JUST
TRUE GLASS.

SKY'S THE
LIMIT, YO?

VINCE DIDN'T MIND MAKING MONEY OFF METH, BUT HE HAD A KNEE-JERK DISTRUST OF ANYONE GAMY ENOUGH TO USE IT. LIKE CLARKE.

STILL, HE WANTED IT TO WORK OUT FOR RACE—HE EVEN PUT UP 20K OF HIS OWN. HE HALF-BELIEVED IT MIGHT WORK OUT. ONLY THE METH LAB CAUGHT FIRE, YO?

SOON AFTER, THE TRIBE WAS ON THE HIGHWAY, HEADED EAST TO FIND CLARKE.

THEY FOUND HIM AT HIS CABIN, PACKING TO GO.



