



NAH...
IT'S FINE.

JUS'
SOMETHIN'
I'VE GOTTA
DO.



OF
COURSE
I WILL.

YOU
KNOW
ME...



I'LL
BE JUST
FINE.



My granddad had this little shop in the garage behind our house. Everybody in the neighborhood would bring him things to fix -- a toaster, a carburetor, whatever.

He'd fix it all.





Most of the time it was simple.



Every once in a while though, he'd have somethin' that he just couldn't get quite right.



He'd have me bring him beer after beer, and he'd work on that all day long.



He'd say to me "Timo, sometimes in order to fix a thing, you've got to tear it all down."





*Ain't no
easy fix
for this.*



*It's gone
too long.*



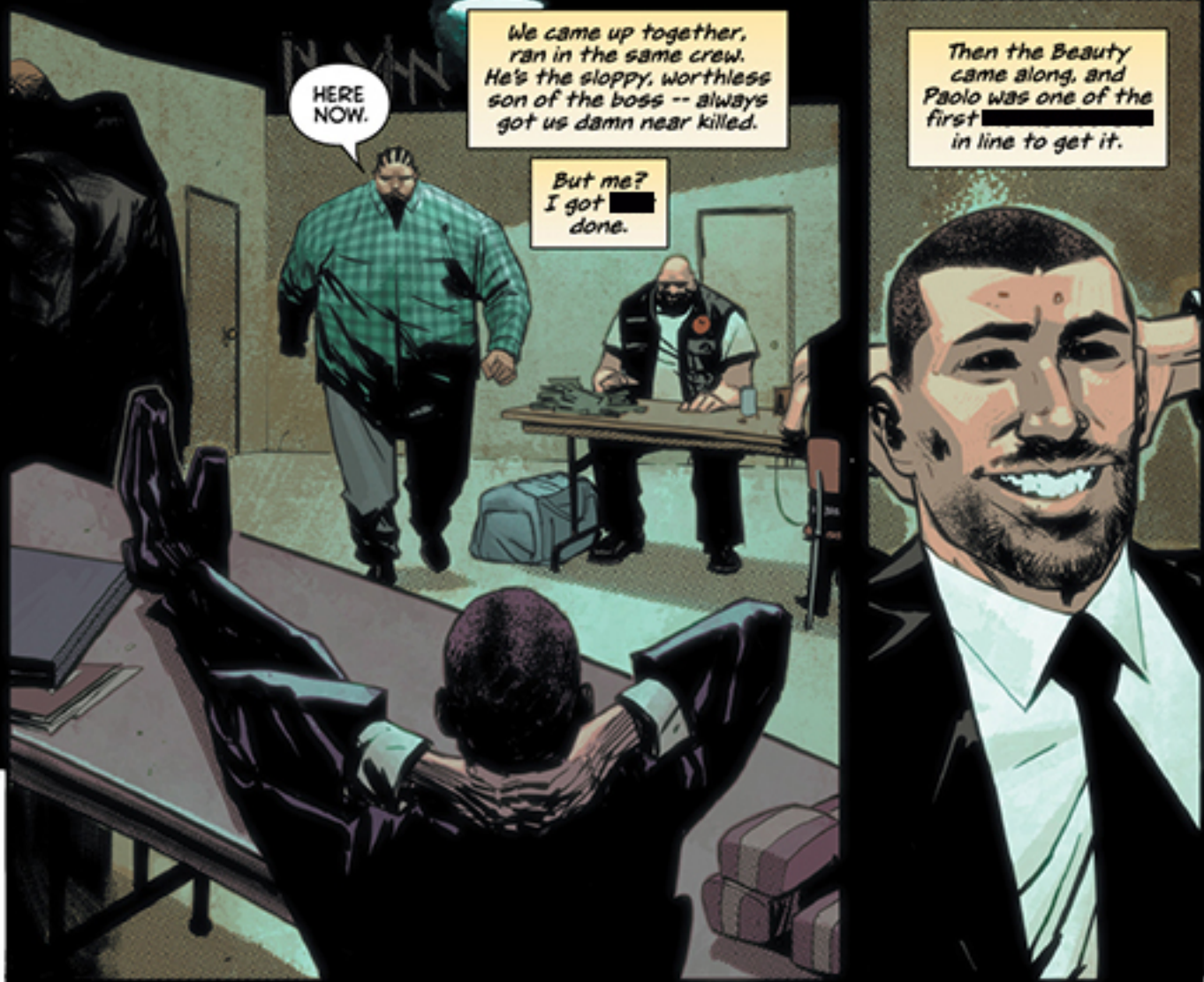
*The old man
was right --
sometimes
you gotta tear
it all down.*



WHAT?
YOU TAKIN'
FOREVER IN
THERE!

WE GOT
IMPORTANT
TO DO AND YOU'RE
AROUND
AND
, T.

Paolo is
a prick.



HERE
NOW.

We came up together,
ran in the same crew.
He's the sloppy, worthless
son of the boss -- always
got us damn near killed.

But me?
I got
done.

Then the Beauty
came along, and
Paolo was one of the
first
in line to get it.



I don't even hear what
he's saying anymore.
I just shut it out and
stare at that
face. That smile.

