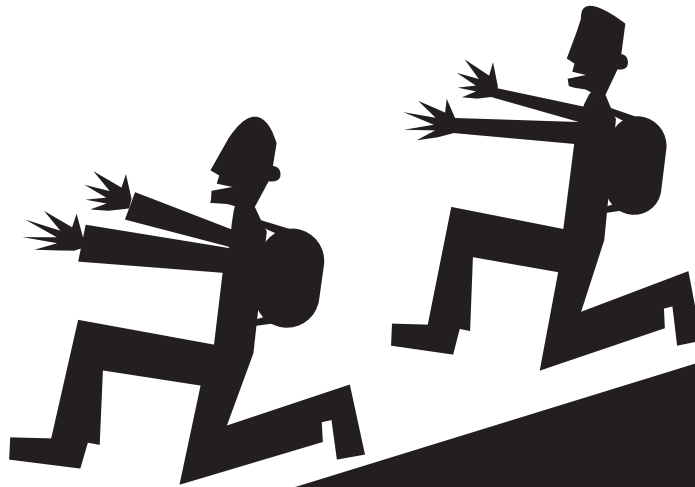




An Almost Entirely True Story

Written and Illustrated by Christopher Reid

Los Angeles, Tuesday, October 19th, 1999



Somehow, I don't remember the whole
"let's run for our life" thing in the
original plans...

Jackson, MS, One Week Earlier...

RING!



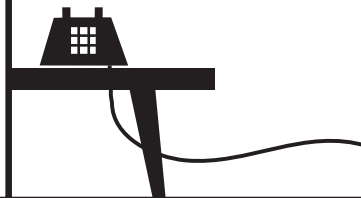
RING!



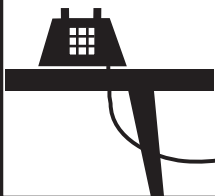
RING!



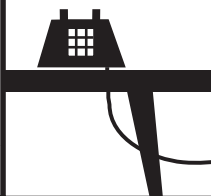
Hello?



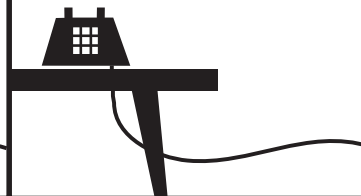
Hey, Brian.
What's up?



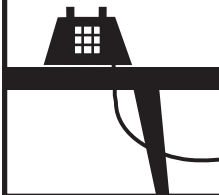
Of course I
know you're
gonna move to
Los Angeles.



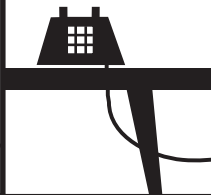
You're gonna
drive out
there? You're
not flying?
Really? Huh.



Me? Ride
out with you?
To L.A.?

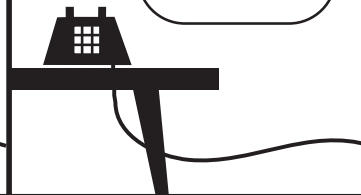


Well, it'd be cool,
but I'd need time
to plan. To get
time off work
and stuff.



When did you
wanna go?

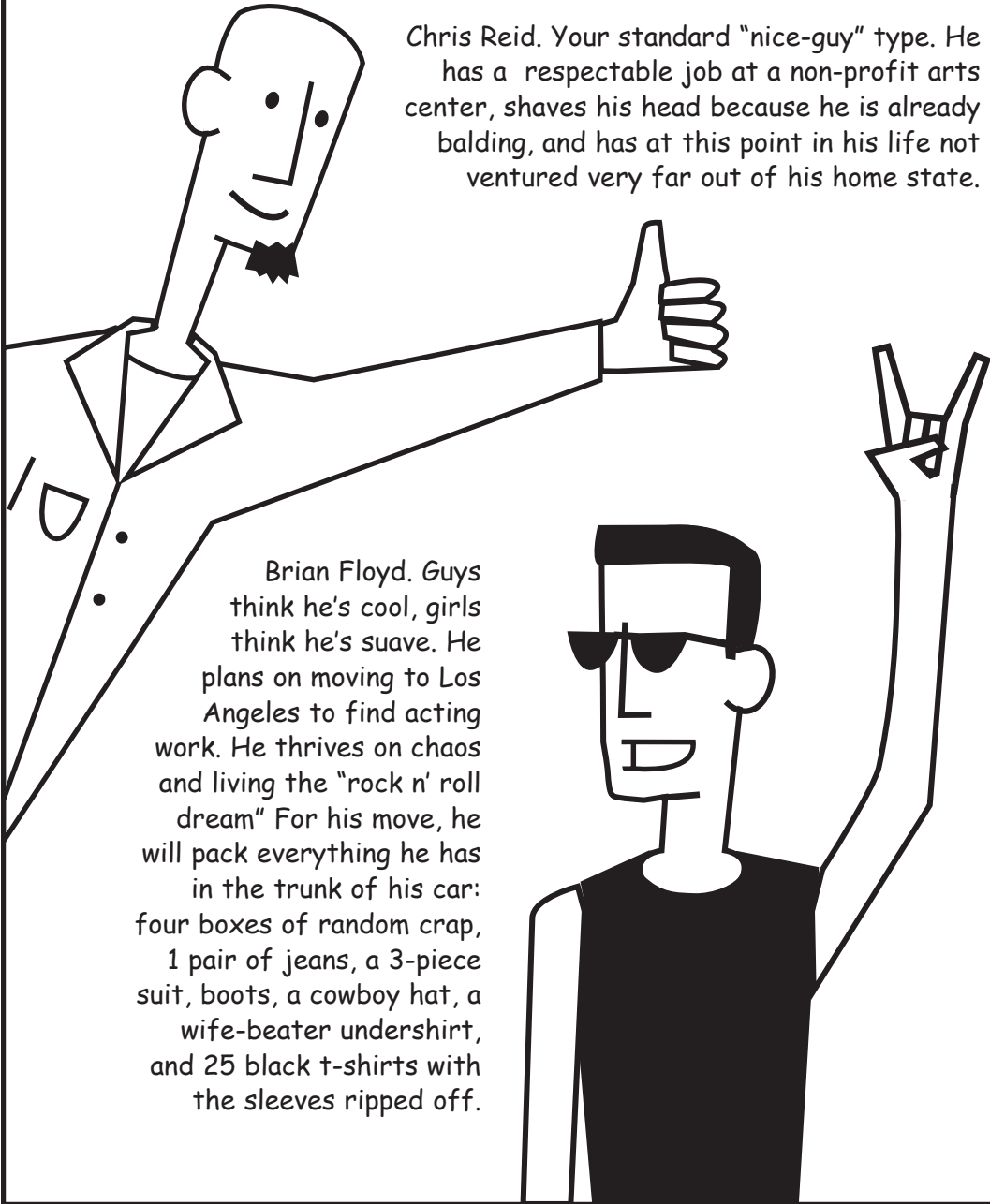
**THIS
FRIDAY?!!**



THE PLAYERS...

Chris Reid. Your standard "nice-guy" type. He has a respectable job at a non-profit arts center, shaves his head because he is already balding, and has at this point in his life not ventured very far out of his home state.

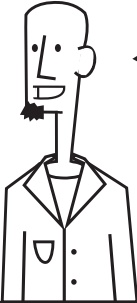
Brian Floyd. Guys think he's cool, girls think he's suave. He plans on moving to Los Angeles to find acting work. He thrives on chaos and living the "rock n' roll dream" For his move, he will pack everything he has in the trunk of his car: four boxes of random crap, 1 pair of jeans, a 3-piece suit, boots, a cowboy hat, a wife-beater undershirt, and 25 black t-shirts with the sleeves ripped off.



Reid, all you have to do is ask off three days from work. Your boss likes you. He'll probably have no problem with you being gone.

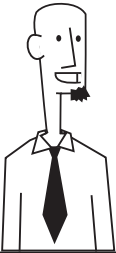


I'll ask, but don't hold your breath.



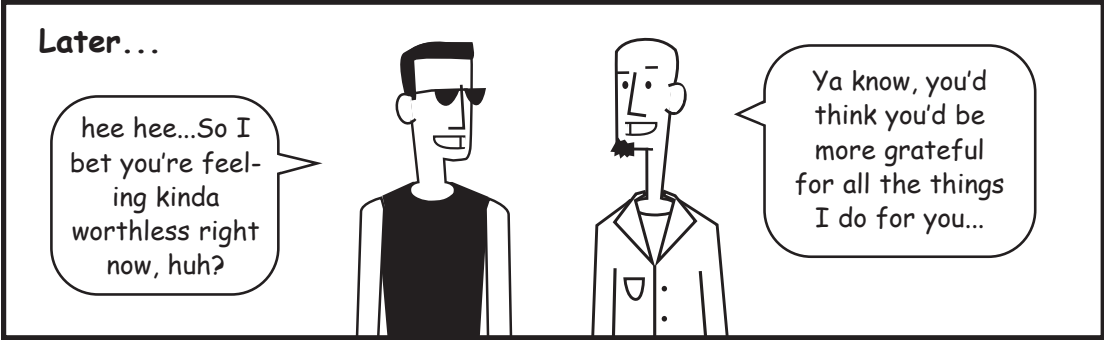
I can't just waltz into work and ask for a bunch of days off and expect that he'll give it to me. I'm working on several large projects right now and quite frankly, the place may not be able to spare me.

The next day...



Hey, Boss, I've got a silly request...Brian Floyd wants me to drive out to L.A. with him next weekend. I'd need a few days off work, but I know that this is too sudden to-

No problem. Have fun.



Later...

hee hee...So I bet you're feeling kinda worthless right now, huh?



Ya know, you'd think you'd be more grateful for all the things I do for you...



And so...

OK, Reid, here's the plan. I called Chris Wessman out in L.A. and he's cool with us crashing at his place for a few days. We'll leave Friday night, drive straight to Albuquerque and stay with my friend Dave. We'll stay in Vegas Sunday night, then get to L.A. sometime Monday evening. We'll hang out Tuesday, and you can fly back here Wednesday. Ultimately, we're free to do whatever we want, because your flight home is our only deadline. That gives us five days to get there.

Sounds great. I'll get my plane ticket tonight and get ready to go for Friday!



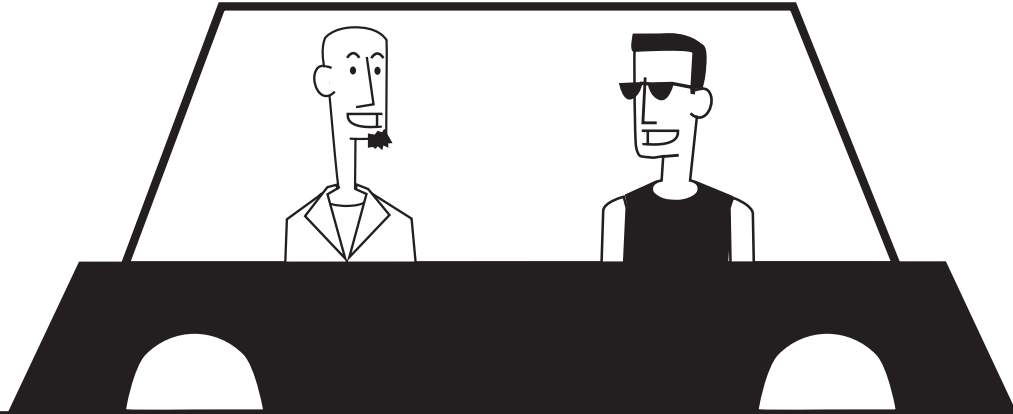
Friday, 7:08pm

Reid, you got
all your crap
in my car?

I'm ready
to roll,
man.



This'll be awesome! You and me, driving all night,
tearin' up the road, non stop partying all night
long until we hit Albuquerque!!



9:48 pm



ZZZZZ
Z

ZZ

The Following Morning...

You know, it's funny how things just pop into your head. I just remembered that girl Anna, the biology major from Mississippi College I dated a few times. I haven't thought of her in a while...did you ever meet her, Reid?

Yes, I did meet her. Remember the night you snuck into my house when I was in the shower? If I'm not mistaken, she's the girl you hid in my bedroom and who scared the crap out of me when I came back to my room. Yeah, that would have been funnier had I not been naked, I might add.

OH YEAH! I totally forgot about that! HA HA HA...



I'm exhausted... Where are we staying again?

With a guy I know from Jackson named Dave.

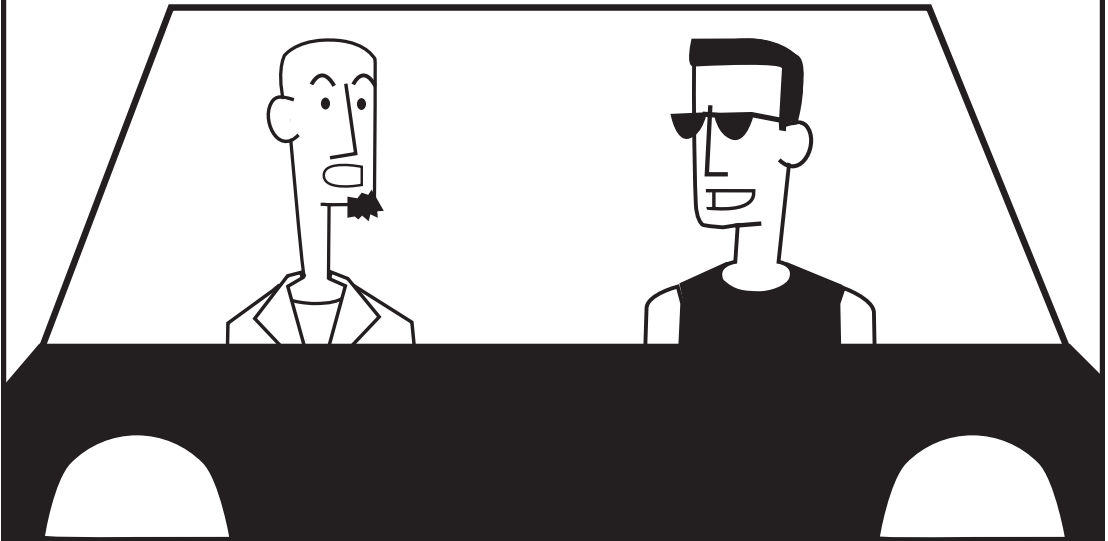
And he's cool with us staying with him tonight?

Yes. Well..sorta...

What do you mean "sorta?"

Well I actually haven't talked to him in a few months...

WHAT?!!



Relax, Reid. I know how you're a stickler for plans, but we'll find him when we get to Albuquerque.

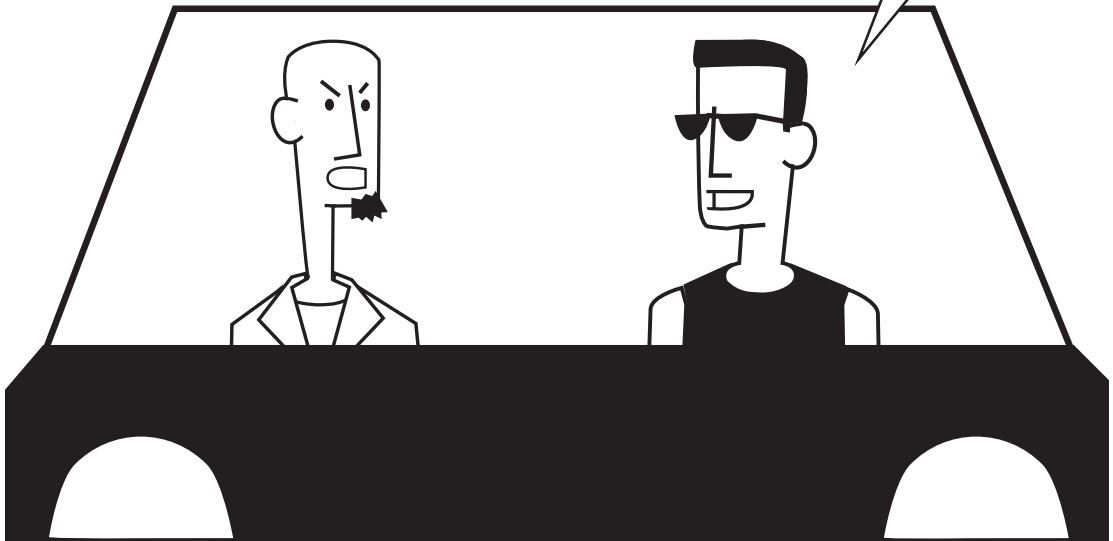
FIND him?! You mean you don't even know where he lives?

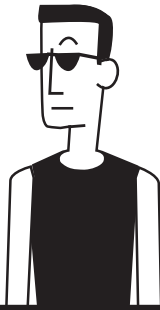
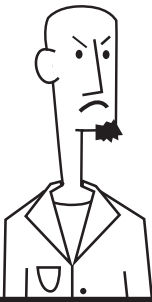
WHAT?! Dude, I am sick of this car. I'm exhausted. And don't start on that "How are you so tired cuz you slept all night" crap again. I want to sleep in a bed. That's it. Pull over. There's a hotel.

Sure I do. Albuquerque.

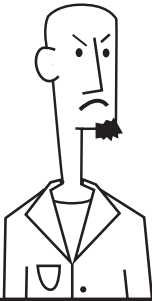
Pull over? It's NOON! RELAX. I've left several messages for him.

You're just being bitchy because we're hungry. Look, there's a restaurant. We'll just pull over here and eat.





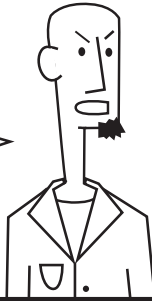
Please
Wait to Be
Seated



Reid, you're too much. Just relax. You were having a blast until you found out about Dave.

Please
Wait to Be
Seated

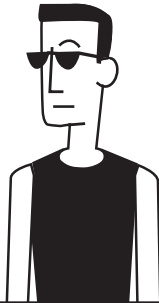
I'm just pissed. We were planning on spending the night here. What if we can't find him? More all night driving?



We'll find him. We'll just rely on good old "Brian Floyd Luck."

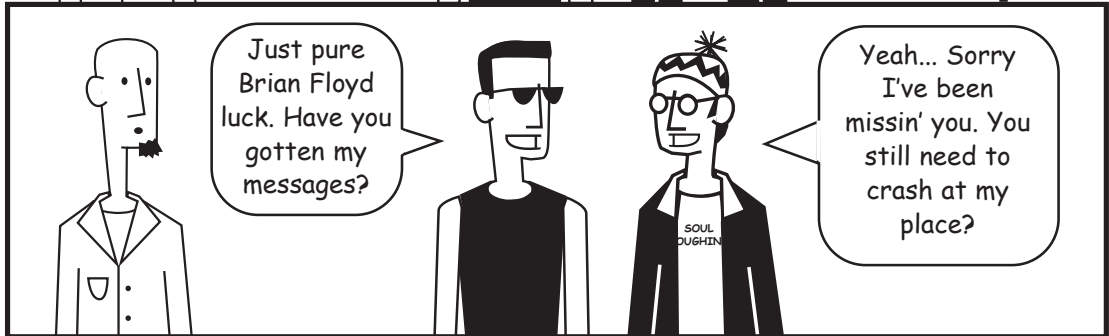
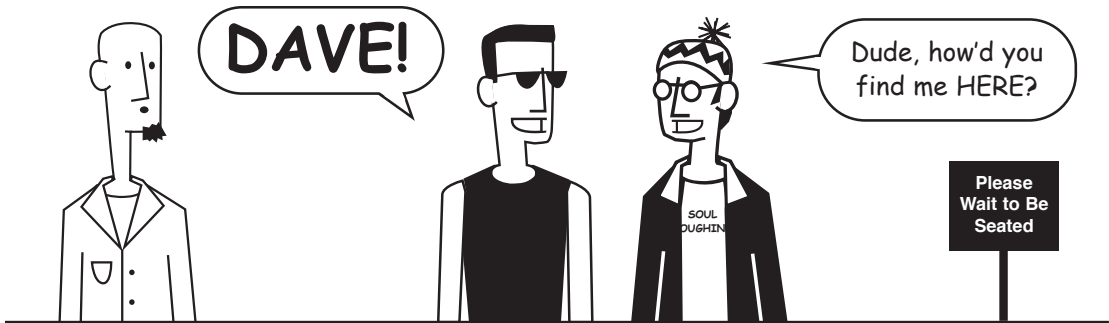
Please
Wait to Be
Seated

LUCK? I'm sorry, but the whole "Brian Floyd Luck" thing just isn't going to work this ti-



Brian?!

Please
Wait to Be
Seated



That sounds like a plan, my friend! How about we meet you back here at 4:00?



Great! I'll see you guys tonight.

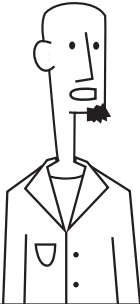
Please Wait to Be Seated



Well he seems nice enough.



Please Wait to Be Seated



What?



Please Wait to Be Seated



Floyd 1, Reid 0

Shut it.



Please Wait to Be Seated

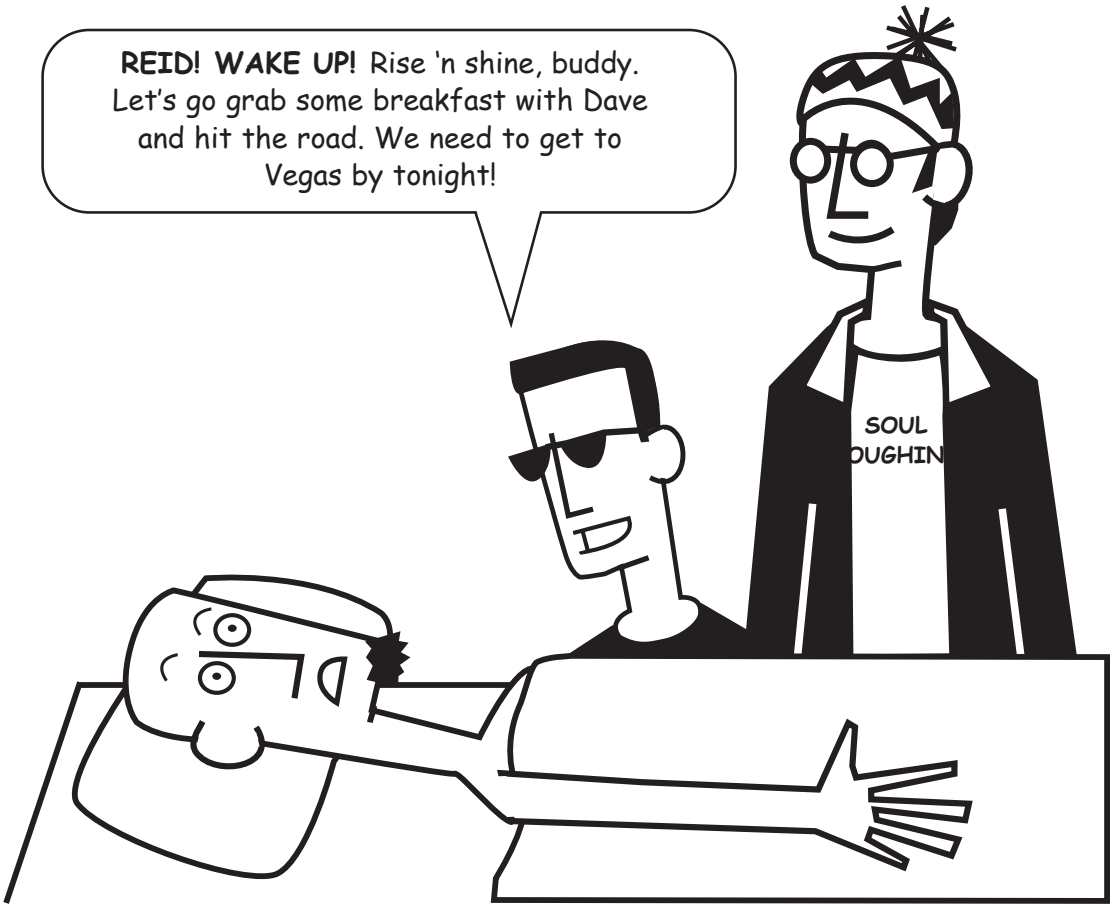
T-R-O-U-B-L-E!

♪ That's what
you'll get from
me! ♪



Sunday morning...

REID! WAKE UP! Rise 'n shine, buddy.
Let's go grab some breakfast with Dave
and hit the road. We need to get to
Vegas by tonight!



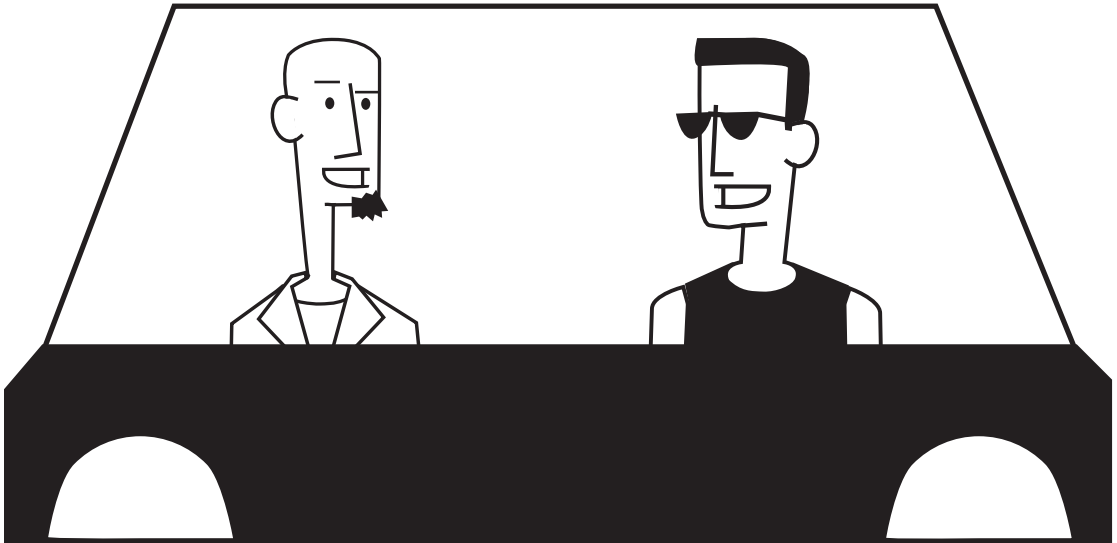
Monday, October 19, On the road to Las Vegas...

Oh, man. Turn up this song. I haven't heard this song in forever...This song makes me think of that girl Sarah I dated a few times. We danced to this song at some party...it was really sexy. Did you ever meet her, Reid?

Yes. I believe she was the girl with you that night when you begged me to sleep on my own couch so you could make out with her in my bedroom. Which, lest you forget, I agreed to do for you, the good friend that I am.

OH YEAH! I TOTALLY forgot about that, too. HA HA HA!
Man o' man..heh heh heh... Anyway, we're making good time today. I think we'll hit Vegas sometime around midnight tonight.

Cool. I can't wait to hit the town!



Las Vegas,
Midnight...



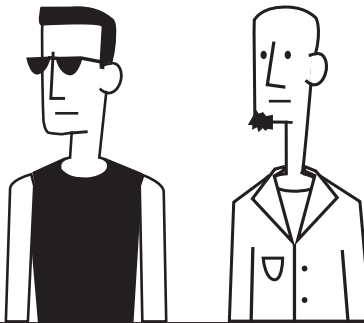
Well, Reid,
Welcome to
Las Vegas!

I have never
seen so many
lightbulbs in my
life!...SO, what
do we do first?



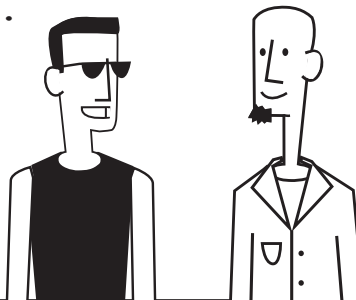
I'll tell ya what
we should do,
we should go
where all the
action is!

Welcome to Denny's.
Will that be smoking or
non-smoking?



Later, at the Excalibur Casino...

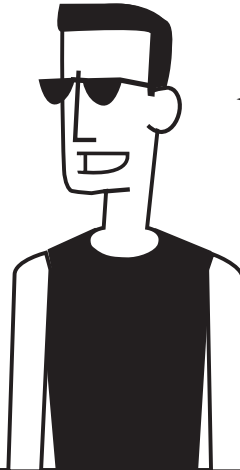
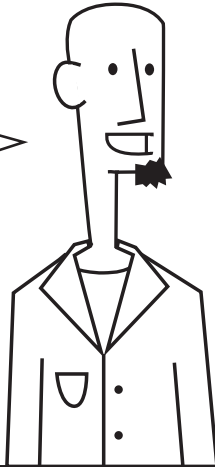
Alright. Enough foolin'
around. Let's go win
some money!!





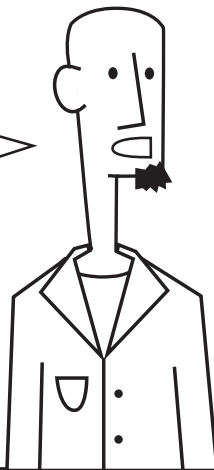
Twenty minutes later...

DUDE, This
place is
AWESOME!



I KNOW!
Where do
you want to
go next?!

Actually, I
lost all my
money and
I'm sleepy.



sigh...oh,
Reid Reid
Reid...

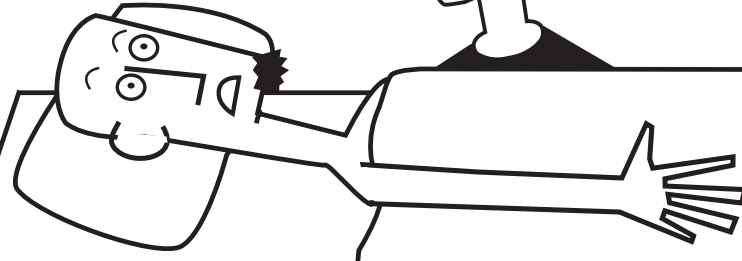
Half an hour later...

Well, Reid, for what it's worth, I did have fun tonight.

ZZZZZ...

10:54 AM

REID! WAKE UP! Let's hit the road, man!
Today is the day we get to Los Angeles!



I'm so excited!
Jump with me, Reid!



BOUNCE!!

BOUNCE!!

BOUNCE!!



CRASH!!



Twenty minutes later...

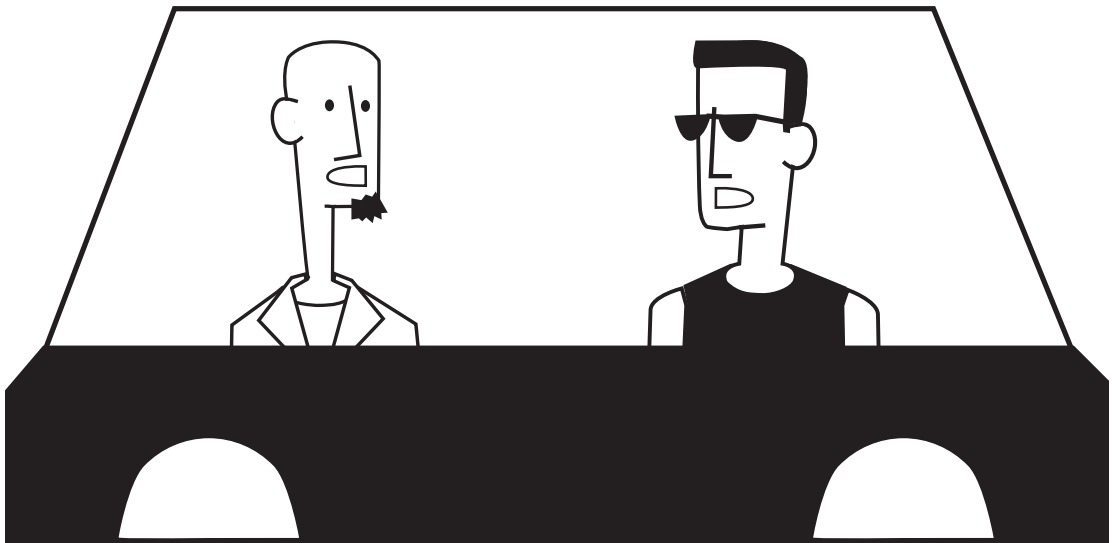
Hey, man, how's your head?

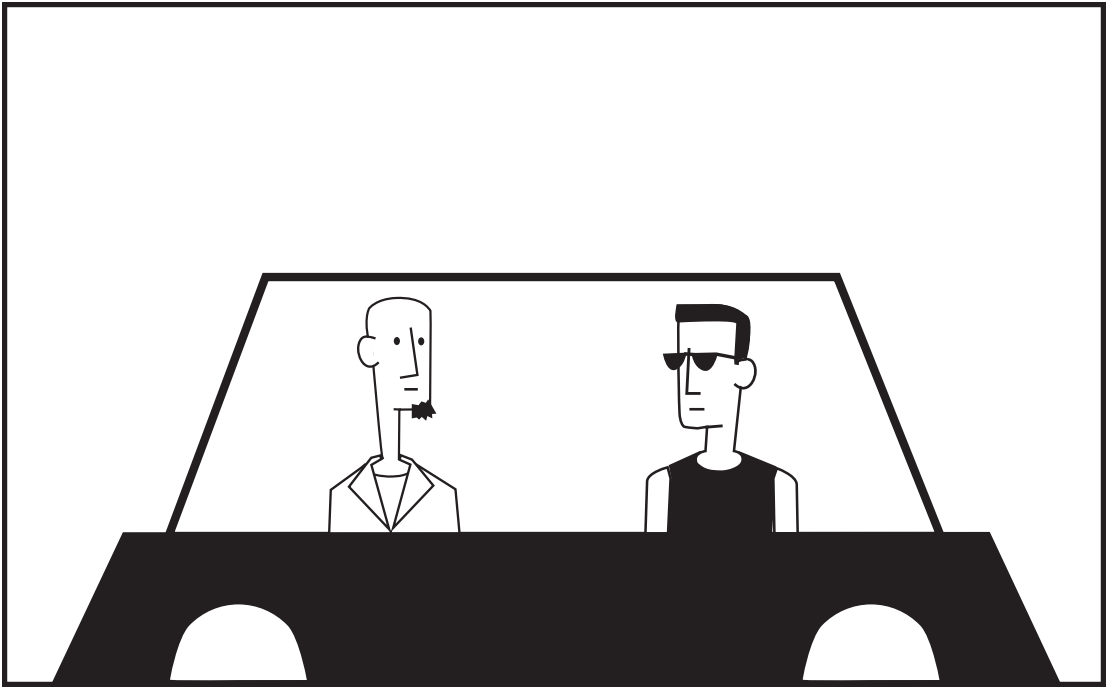
A bit better. How's yours?

It still hurts, but I'll live. I hope our injuries aren't some kinda bad omen?

An omen? For what?

Oh, I don't know.

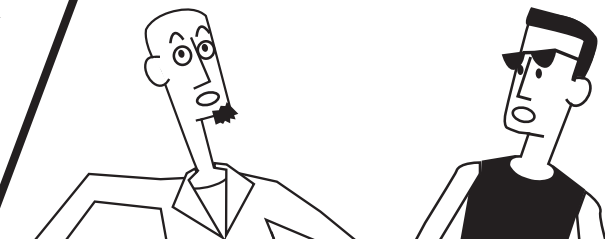




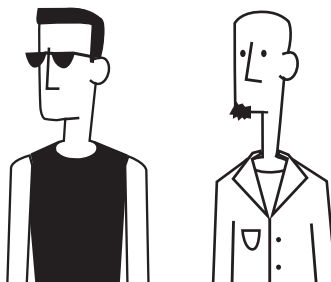
BLAGABLAGABLAGA!!

What the-?!

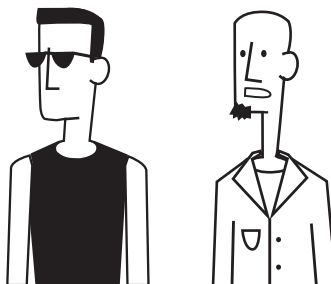
I'm pullin' over!!



BLAGA!!
BLAGA!!



BLAGA!!
BLAGA!!



UHH...
Maybe you
should
check the
oil?

One hour later...



BLAGA!!
BLAGA!!

Finally! A service station. Pull over there.



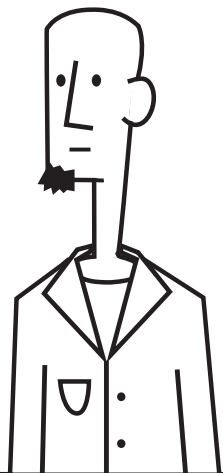
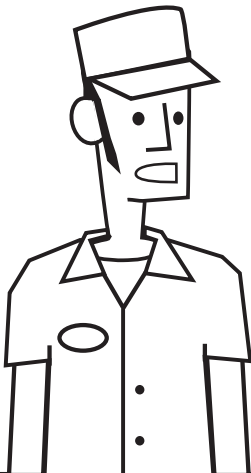
BLAGA!!
BLAGA!!

Sounds like you boys
need some help.

Yeah.. You know how to fix a **BLAGABLAGA?**

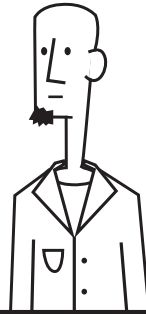
Sounds to me like
you threw a rod in
your engine.

That
sounds
bad. How
much will
it cost to
fix that?





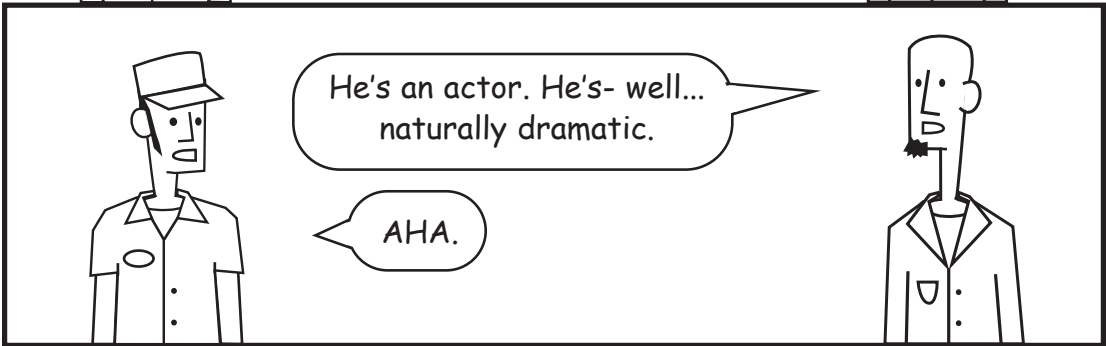
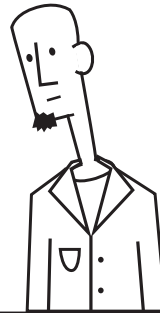
Son, you'd have to replace the whole engine. That'd run you about \$1000.



\$1000??!!!



THUNK.



He's an actor. He's- well... naturally dramatic.

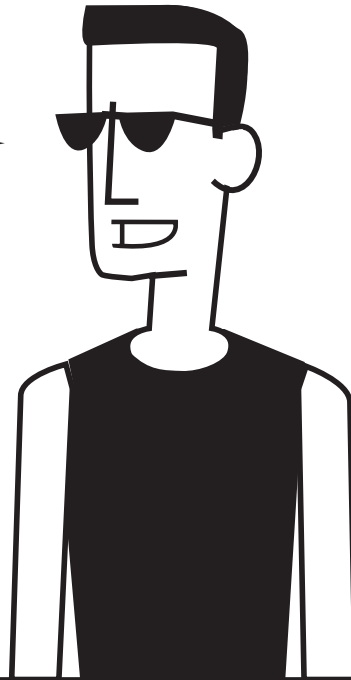
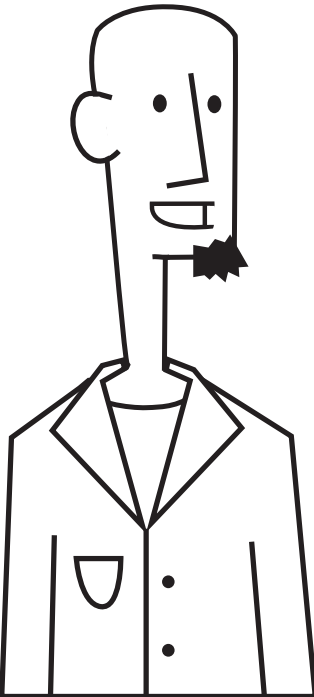
AHA.

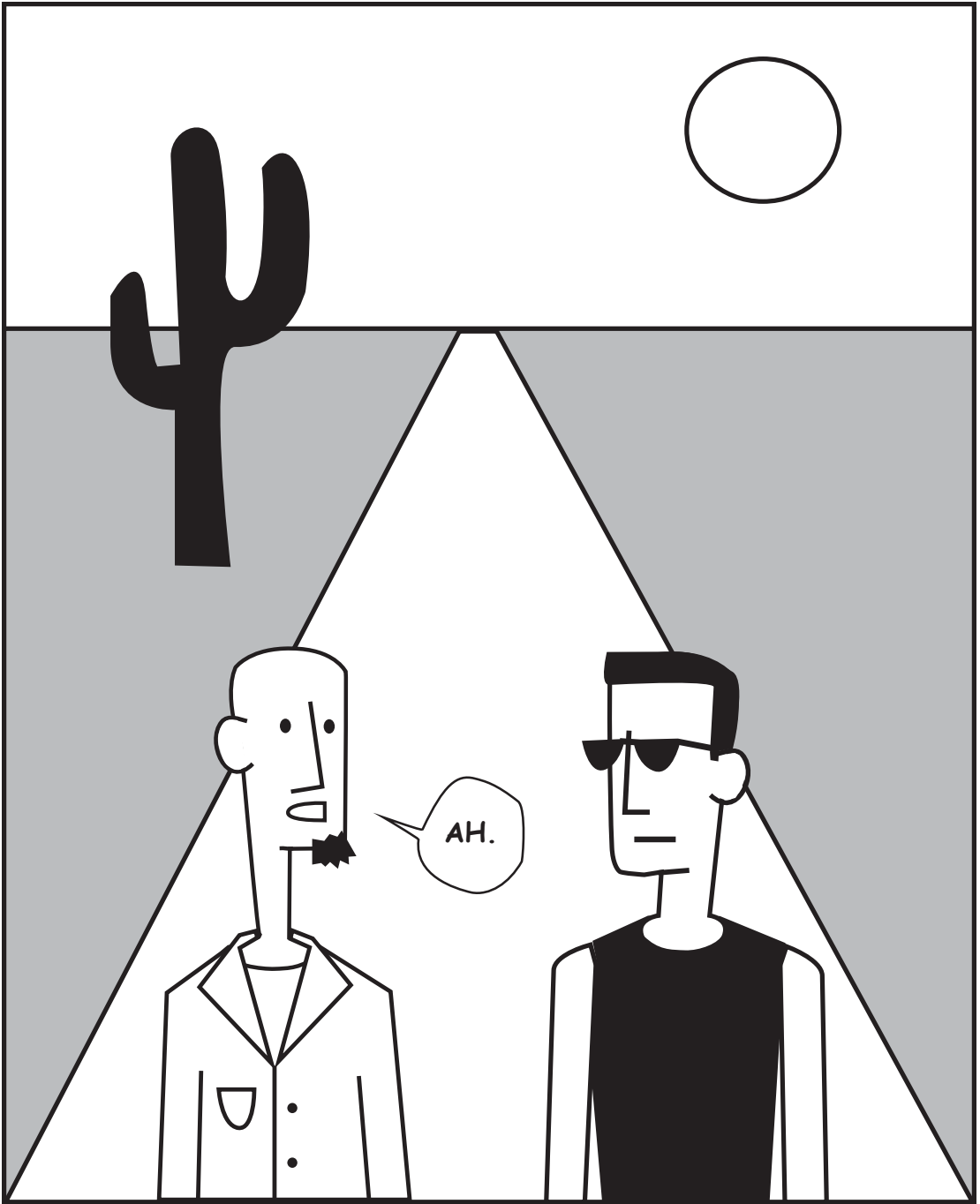
Thirty minutes later...

Reid, here's the new plan. Evidently, we're presently in Yermo, California. The mechanic says we can walk to this truckstop called Peggy Sue's Diner. I called Wessman in L.A. and he's coming to pick us up at the diner. We can load my stuff in Wessman's car, and I'll leave the keys under the mechanic's door. He says he'll watch the car 'til I get it towed.

That sounds OK to me. Now where is this diner again?

Oh, It's just a few miles down this road.

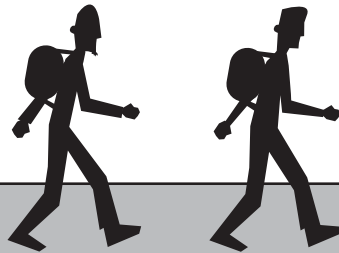
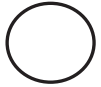
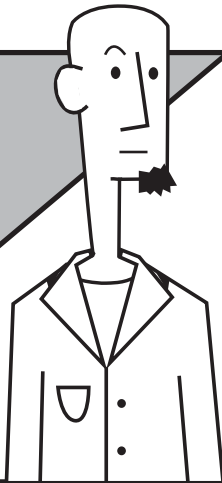


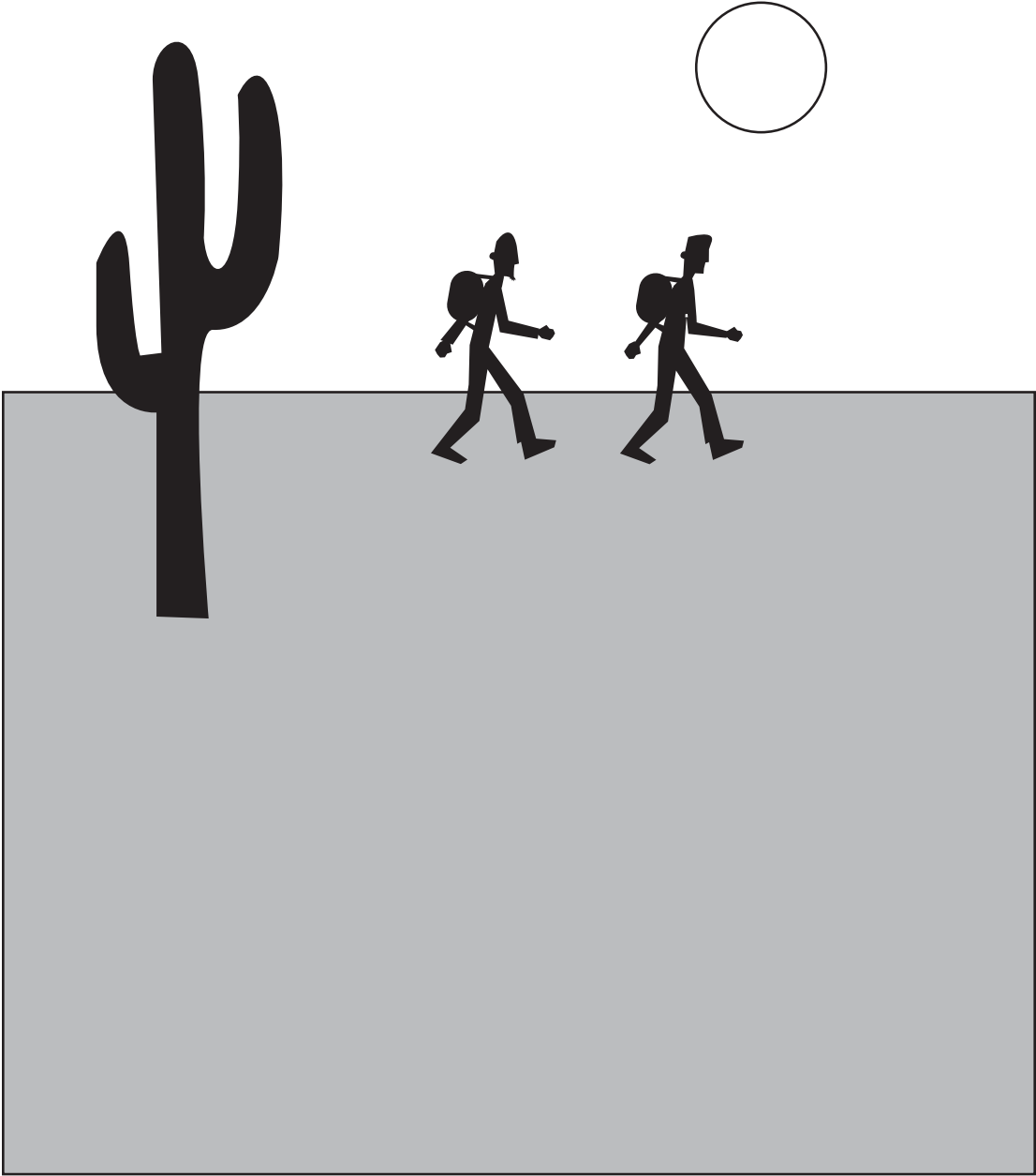


One mile later...



Dude, I swear if you mention Jack Kerouac one more time, I'll smack you. I'm dead serious.

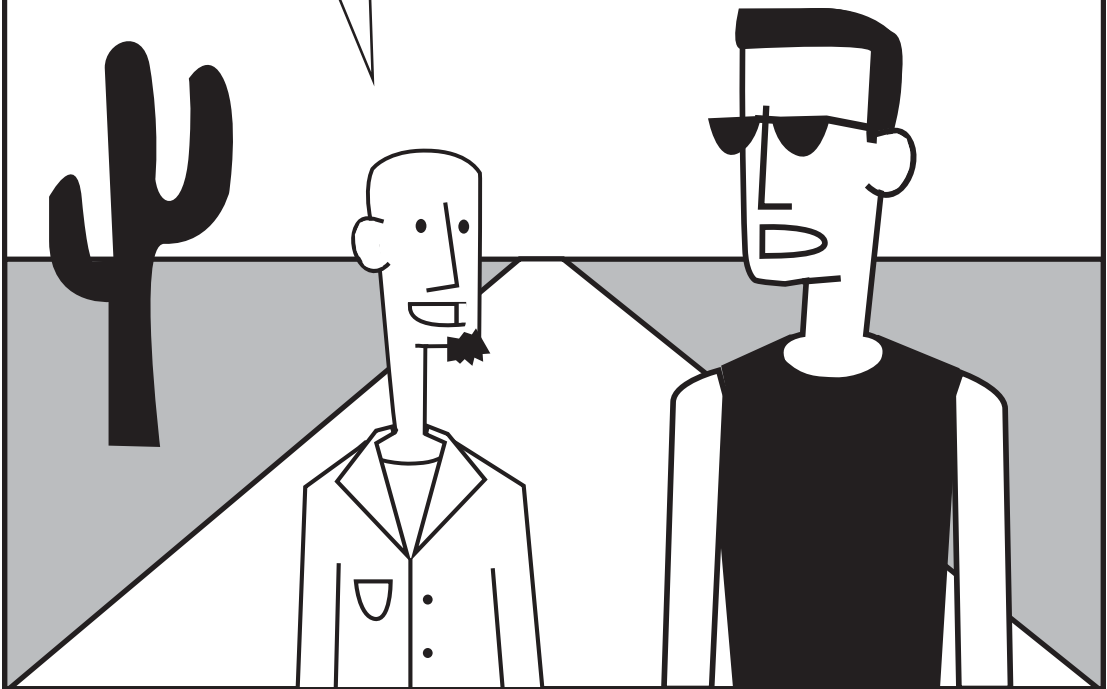




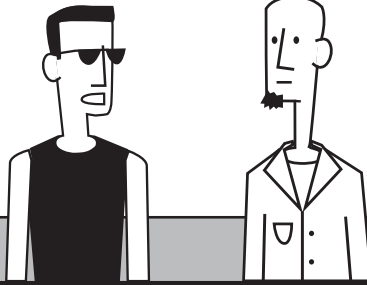
I must admit that this is probably my favorite part of this trip so far. This is one of those "tell it to the grandkids" kinda stories.

Yeah, I've had fun, but now that my car's dead, it kinda defeats the purpose of driving out here.

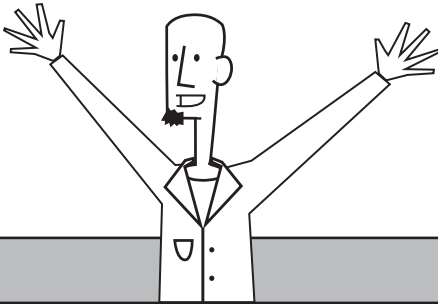
True, but what a hell of a way to get to L.A. huh?



True, but for once in my life I could use a little LESS adventure.



Less adventure?! How can you say that? You're almost to L.A. man! This is exciting! Who knows what'll happen next?!



It's gonna get dark.



Huh?



Well this keeps getting better and better...

hee hee hee...

What's so funny?

You know, I can't think of anyone better to be stuck in the desert with than you, Reid.

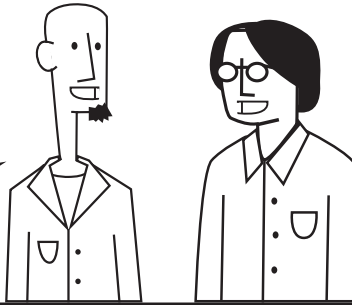
And I can't think of who else could have conceivably put us in this situation than YOU, Floyd.

I take that as a compliment.

Well I meant it as one.

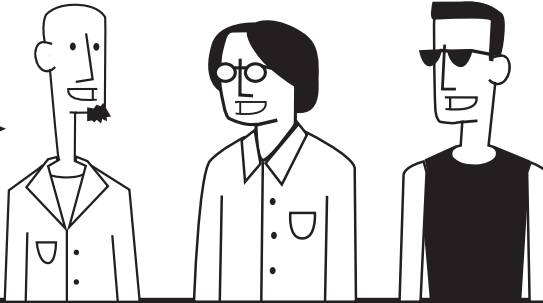
At the Diner...

Hey, Wessman.
Whassup! Thanks
for driving out
here to get us.

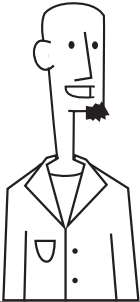


Yeah, it took
me a couple of
hours. Sorry
for the wait.
Where's
Floyd?

Playin'
video
games.
Here he
comes
now.



How is it that
after two
decades
Frogger can still
be so damn
hard?! Whassup,
Wessman!



Hey, man!
Listen guys,
We've got
hours to
drive. We
should hit
the road.



Hey, no
problem.
Let's go
get the
stuff from
my car.



On the road to Los Angeles...

So Wessman, you realize right now you're kind of our hero, right? What's the word on the street in L.A.??

Well, I have a surprise for you guys. I know this guy named Dennis Grosman. He's a real Hollywood bigshot. Won an Oscar and everything. He's big time. Anyway, this guy and his wife are out of town for a few months and he's asked me to keep an eye on his house. His "house" is a mansion built in the Hollywood Hills. Oh, and get this- evidently it's Charlie Chaplin's old place...



All this to say, I see no reason why we couldn't stay over at the house tonight. I've done it several times. It's no big deal. Sound alright to you guys?

Hell yes!

Well it seems your bad luck streak has ended, eh guys?



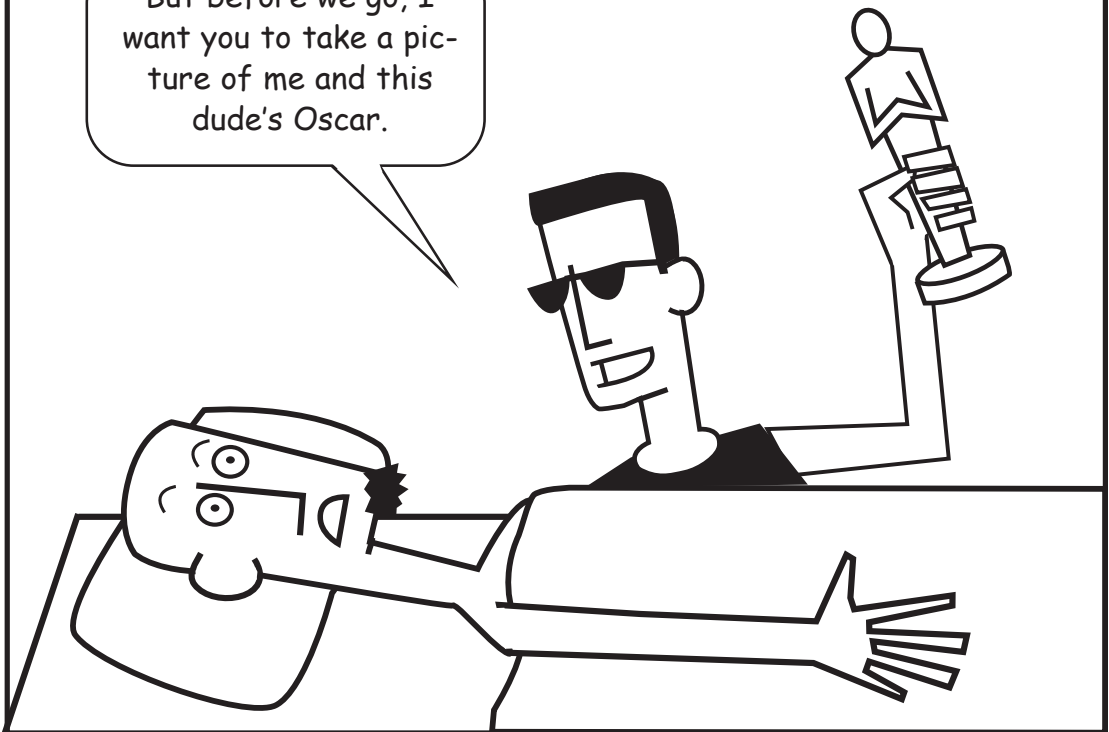
Los Angeles, Tuesday Morning

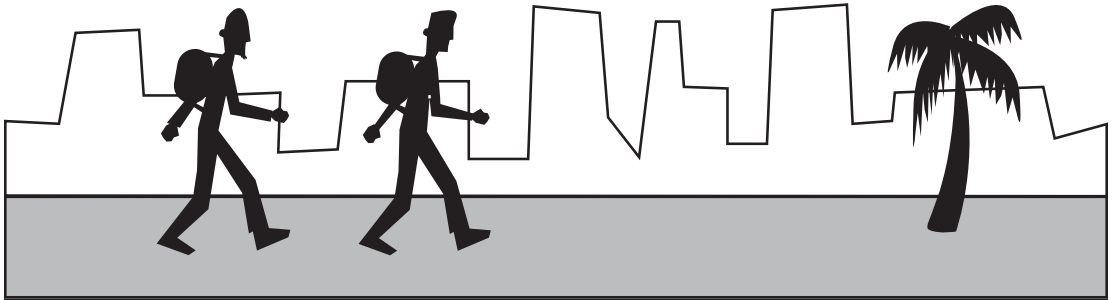
REID!
WAKE UP!!

Let's go check out Hollywood, man!

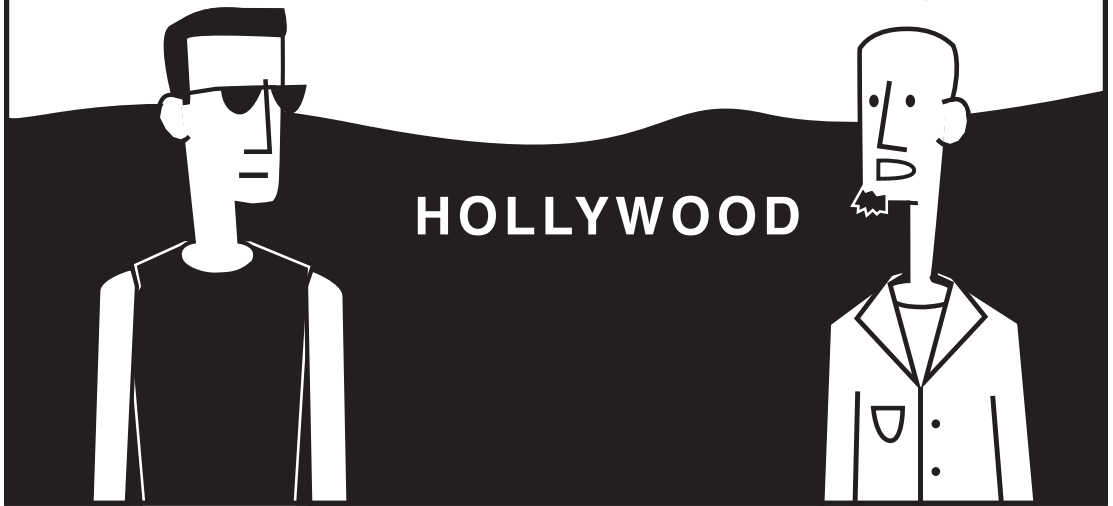
Wessman went to work and left us the key to the house so we can lock up when we leave.

But before we go, I want you to take a picture of me and this dude's Oscar.





Boy, Hollywood's not nearly as exciting as one might think it is...



Hey Floyd, I know it's only been a day, but have you given any thought as to what you're gonna do with your car?

Oh, yeah. That's taken care of.

Taken care of? I don't follow you on that.

Yeah, I gave the mechanic a fake name and address. I don't have the cash to tow the car a few hundred miles, so I ditched it on him. Of course he didn't know that.

I had no idea.

Rock n' roll, buddy.

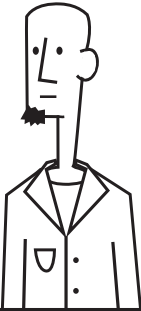


I'm exhausted.
I wonder if
Wessman would
let us go back to
the mansion and
rest.



Good idea. Give
him a call and
ask him.

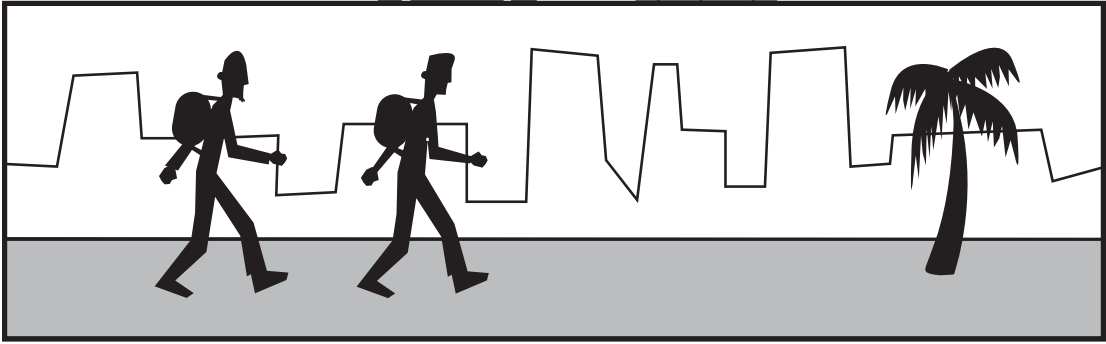
Wessman? Hey, it's Brian. Hey, man, can we go
back to What's-his-name's place and crash for
a while? C"MON, man! We're exhausted.
We've been walking for hours. What? YES?
SWEET. Thanks.



Wessman said
we can go back
and he'll meet
us there later.

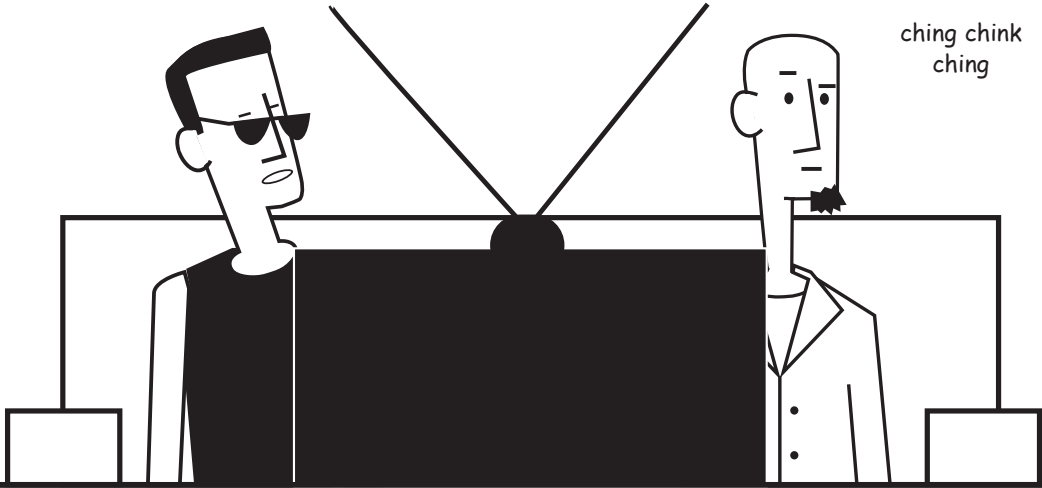


Great. I just
wanna get off
my feet for a
few hours.



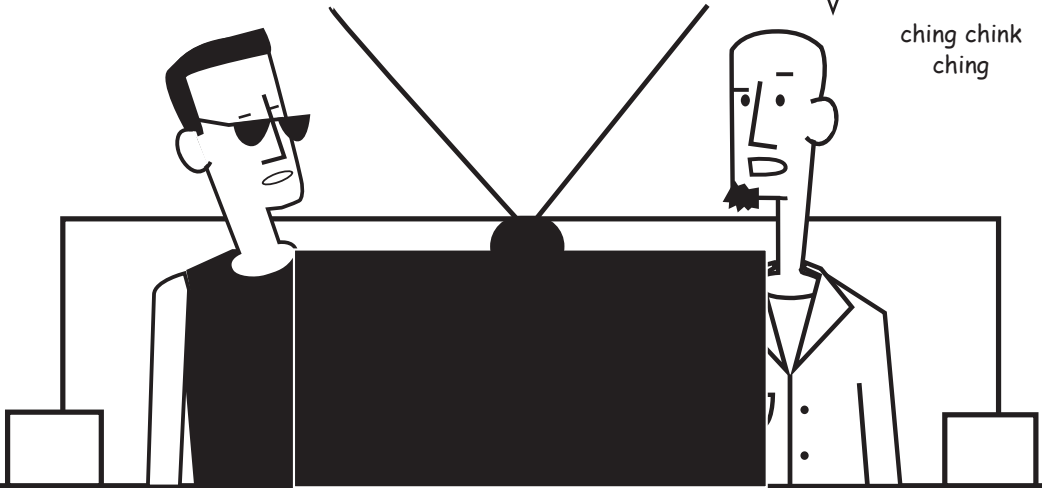
A few hours later...

ZZZZZZZZ.....



Brian! Wake up!
What's that noise?

ZZZZZZZZ.....



HUH?!
Oh...uh...I
don't know.
Wind chimes,
maybe?

Yeah, maybe..or
keys...

ching chink
ching

Oh, it's
probably
Wessman home
from work.

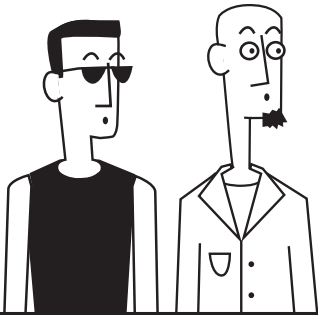
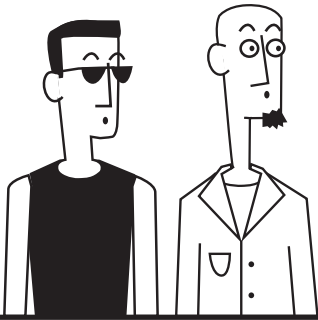
Aha.

ching chink
ching

Wait.
Wessman
doesn't get
off work for
another hour.

Well who else
would have keys
to the hou-

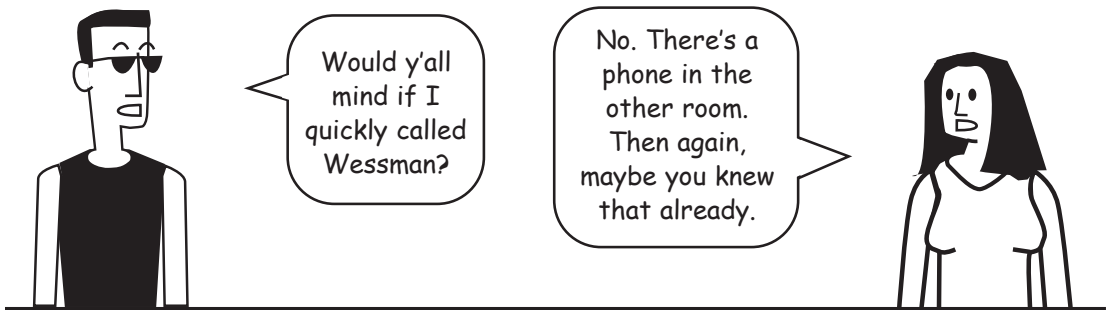
SLAM!

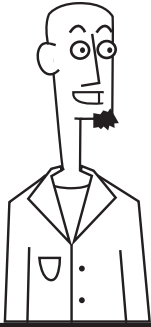


I'm just gonna assume there's an interesting story here, so I'll let you start.



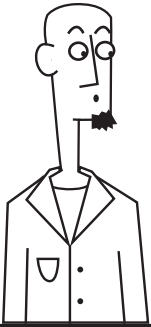
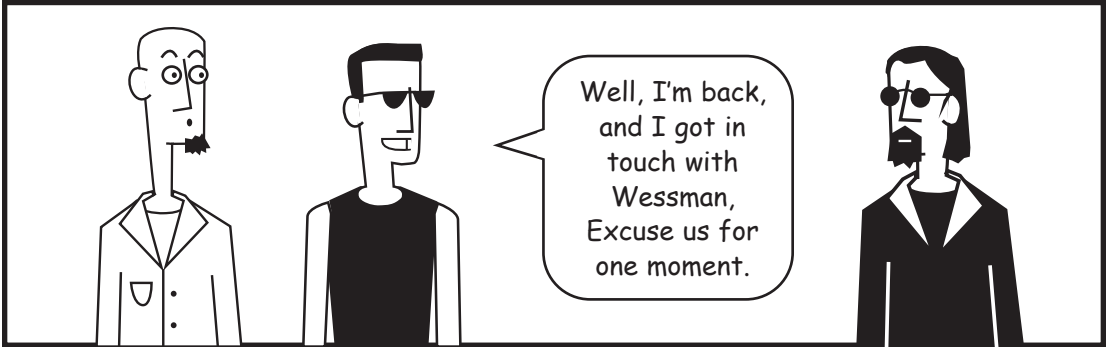
CHRIS BRIAN FRIENDS WESSMAN CAR BROKE DOWN DESERT PICKED UP DROVE HERE-



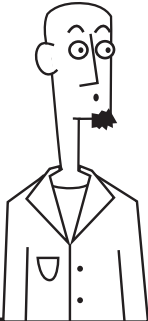


SO, y'all've been abroad, hmm?

Yeah, England. It's nice- You know, I'm a little baffled as to why Wessman would have let you both in here. We left a message for him...



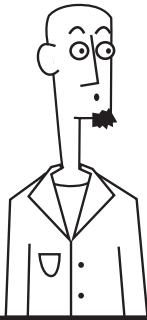
Wessman says to get the hell out of here as fast as possible!



So we're just gonna get out of your way, sir. Thank you for your hospitality and here's your key back.

WAIT!

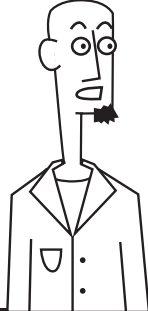




Wessman GAVE you the KEY to my house?!
SIGH..
whatever...The door's unlocked.
Have a nice day...



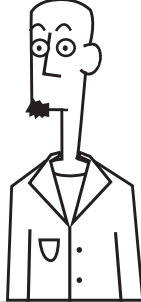
I...honestly don't know what to say...



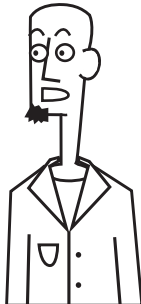
Let's just slowly walk outa here and then we'll discuss this.

OH, crap! I'll be right back, I left my towel in the bathroom.

AAAAHHH!!!

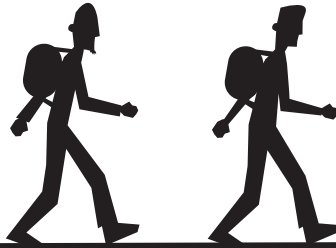


OK OK just walk slowly out the door....just follow me down the steps...



What the hell was THAT?

REALLY! WHAT
WAS THAT??



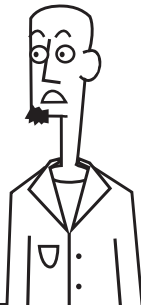
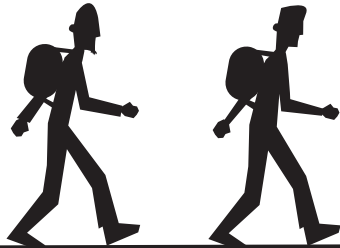
Nothing. I mean, I
just walked in on
Mrs. Grosman in
the shower.
It was nothing.

YOU
WHAT??!!



Relax. Just keep
walking like nothing
happened.

HEY!! GET BACK YOU
LITTLE PRICKS!!



OK, NOW I think
we should start
running.



Jackson, MS, one week later

RING!



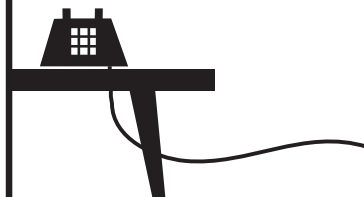
RING!



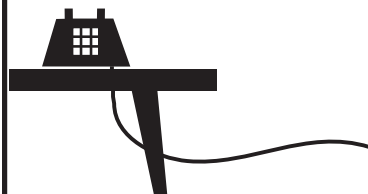
RING!



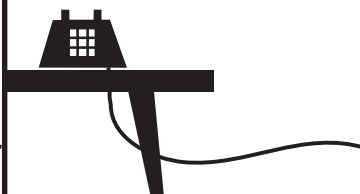
Hello?



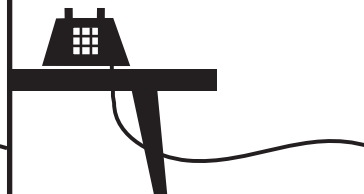
Hey, Brian!
How's it
goin? Good
to hear.



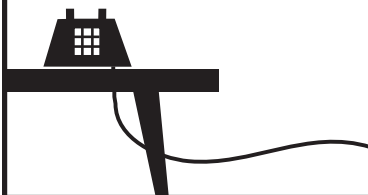
How's Wessman?
Is he still pissed
at us? Good, cuz
it really wasn't
our fault.



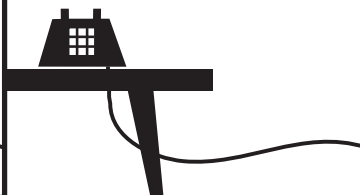
Hmm? Oh,
you're welcome.
Hey, I should
be the one
thanking you...



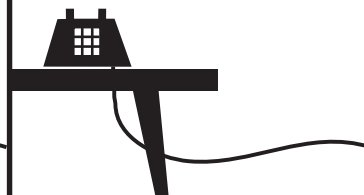
That was the
adventure of a
lifetime...What's
that?



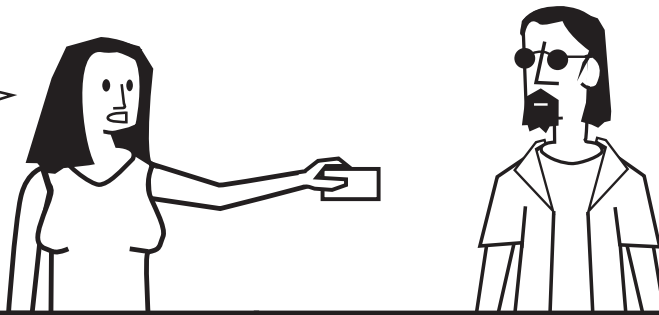
Do I have your
camera? No, I
don't have it.



I wouldn't worry.
It'll turn up
somewhere...



Hey, Dennis?
Remember that
camera we
found? I think
you should take
a look at this.



WHY THAT
LITTLE SON
OF A B-



The End



Brian Floyd lived in L.A. for several years before moving onward and has many a story to put this one to shame.

Chris Reid has lived all over the country and currently resides in Columbia, South Carolina with his lovely, lovely wife, Katie.

To this day, neither Brian nor Chris knows the final fate of Brian's car.