

Mister Reality

“Live in the Andes”

by
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Page 1

Panel 1

Big panel. Jamie, Nob, DJ Aquafresh, and a young blonde girl in sparkling hot pants and a halter top huddle around a fire on a snowy mountainside, surrounded by strange alien critters. Near them lie the remains of a wrecked plane.

Jamie’s Narration: As improbable as it may seem, there are only two acts big enough to do a show in Buenos Aires on a whim. Mister Reality (that’s us), and Tiffany Shears. I know it’s crazy, but we heard it was nice. So we chartered a plane with her. We figured, hey, we’ll have a week of vacation while the roadies and Sinclair (our dragon) make the trip by bus.

Tiffany: I guess all we can do is wait to be rescued.

Jamie: Oh, you would say that, Tiffany. You want everything to come to you and not work for it. You don’t want to actually do anything!

Nob: Well, what do you want to do, Jamie?

Panel 2

CU Jamie shivering.

Jamie’s Narration: Flying’s not our first travel choice to be sure, but Nob’s dimension-hopping ways don’t take you just anywhere. We’d be as likely to wind up on Venus or something.

Jaime: Okay, I can’t think of a better idea. Happy, Nob?

Panel 3

Jamie looking at Tiffany shivering.

Jamie’s Narration: I had a suspicion I’d hate Tiffany Shears, but who would’ve known we’d crash into the side of a mountain and be stranded with the know-it-all little pain in the amp?

Tiffany’s teeth are chattering loudly.

Jamie: Hey, shut up!

Jamie's Narration: Ok, don't answer that. You see, it all started when ...

Page 2

Panel 1

Interior of a small chartered plane. Jamie taps Nob on the shoulder.

Jamie: Look at Aquafresh. He's doing it again.

Nob Looks. DJ Aquafresh is guzzling a bottle of mouthwash.

Panel 2:

Jamie: Isn't it cute how he takes a little swig when he thinks no one's looking?

Nob: That's his third bottle today. It's kind of pathetic.

Panel 3:

Jamie: Yeah well, you've been known to get stuck between dimensions when you've had one too many margaritas, Nob.

Panel 4:

Nob: That's not the point. I mean, DJ's a good drummer... er, rhythm guy, but I don't think he's dating material, Jamie. That mouthwash habit can't be healthy.

Panel 5:

Jamie: Well, look at Mr. Andromeda! Any other love line advice, oh wise alien?

Nob: No, Jamie, it's just... you always get these guys that are so bad for you. You need someone to take care of you.

Page 3

Panel 1:

Jamie: That's the last thing I need. At least I'm getting out there and mingling with the males of my species. You haven't had a girlfriend in the 12 years we've known each other!

Panel 2:

Jamie: How about Tiffiny up there? She's a teen idol. Whadda ya say? Want me to hook you up?

Nob: Jamie...

Jamie: Maybe you're right. You know what I always say about musicians whose fans are all thirteen year old girls.

Nob: Maybe the right girl hasn't noticed me yet.

Panel 3:

Jamie: Maybe you're queer. And I'm not just talking about the fact that you're green.

He gets up.

Nob: I was just trying to help, Jamie.

Panel 4:

Jamie: Nob, come back. Nob, I'm sorry, I didn't mean...oh fine then!

Panel 5:

He passes Tiffany. She pulls her headphones off

Tiffany: Hi

Panel 6:

He smiles shyly

Nob: Hi.

Page 4

Panel 1:

Jamie's Narration: And so...

Nob is sitting with Tiffany.

Tiffany: So these kids were beating up on you and she actually hit them with her guitar??

Nob: Yeah, she does that a lot.

Panel 2:

Tiffany: Why is she so angry? Didn't she grow up in the suburbs?

Nob: I guess she just has a short fuse.

Panel 3:

Jamie is standing over them.

Jamie: Especially when people mess with my band mates.

Panel 4:

Tiffany: Oh hi, Jamie. I really liked your latest single, “It doesn’t matter what I say about you (cause you won’t listen to this song anyway).”

Panel 5:

Jamie: Aw, thanks, and “Uh-oh, I did it a third time” is one of my faves, too.

Tiffany: Really?

Jamie: No, I’m just saying that to be nice.

Tiffany: Oh. Well...

Page 5

Panel 1:

Jamie: I was just wondering something. Does it bother you that you’re a total hack? I mean, are you aware of that on some level?

Tiffany: We all can’t be brilliant singer-songwriters like you. Some of us just have to settle for getting paid a lot of money to sing. I’m a performer.

Panel 2:

Jamie: Well, see, your ads should really make that distinction. The kids out there are under the mistaken impression that you’re an “artist” and that what you do is “music.”

Panel 3:

Tiffany: Look, Jamie, I don’t want to fight about it. It’s all a game. You have to be willing to do what sells if you wanna stay in business.

Jamie: Oh it’s all a business to you, is that it?

Panel 4:

Nob gets up and walks away down the aisle.

Tiffany: Hey Nob, where are you going?

Nob: Somewhere quiet.

Panel 5:

Nob knocks on the open cockpit door. The pilot looks over his shoulder.

SFX: Knock knock

Pilot: Come in...

Page 6

Panel 1:

Nob hits his head on the door frame.

SFX: BUMP!

Nob: Ow.

Panel 2:

Nob sits next to the pilot.

Pilot: Watch your head there, big fella. What's up?

Nob: Aw, giant cat fight in there. Thought I'd come hang out up here.

Pilot: Ok.

Panel 3:

Nob: You sure have a lot of buttons up here. Lots of lights. Is it confusing?

Pilot: Not if you know what you're doing.

Nob: What are they all?

Panel 4:

Pilot: Well, this is the altimeter. It tells you how high you are. And this is Oil pressure, the throttle... Here, take the stick and hold her level.

Panel 5:

Nob: Aw, this is cool. Hey Jamie, I'm flying! What does this one do?

Nob is slightly transparent.

Pilot: Those are your flaps... hey... how come I can see through you?

Page 7

Panel 1:

Nob is very transparent.

Nob: Oh no... not now!

Pilot: Hey, you're losing the stick!

He reaches to grab Nob's Arm...

Panel 2:

Small panel, just the word...

SFX: ZAP!

Panel 3:

The pilot has disappeared.

Nob: Uh-oh.

Panel 4:

Nob walks in a daze back to his seat.

Panel 5:

Jamie, DJ, and Tiffany begin to notice the plane is going into a nose dive.

Aquafresh: This is not good.

Panel 6:

Nob holds a newspaper in front of his face.

Page 8

Panel 1:

Jaime, DJ, and Tiffany stand in the door to the cockpit. No pilot.

Jamie: What do we do?

Aquafresh: I don't know!

Tiffany: I can fly.

Panel 2:

Jaime and Aquafresh sit in the pilot and co-pilot chairs.

Jamie: What does this one do?!

Aquafresh: I don't know!!

Tiffany: I can fly.

Panel 3:

Jamie: What does this one do?

Tiffany: That's the altimeter.

Jamie: Why are there almost no numbers on it?

Panel 4:

Big Panel.

SFX: CRASH!

Page 9

Panel 1:

Nob peeks over his newspaper. His chair is alone on the snow.

Panel 2:

Jamie's voice comes from the plane.

Jamie: Nob! Help!!

Panel 3:

Nob jumps up.

Panel 4:

Inside the plane, Nob is silhouetted against a gaping hole in the side of the plane. In the FG, Jamie waves him over weakly.

Jamie's Narration: Nob climbed into the burning plane and carried me, Tiffany (unfortunately) and finally DJ out of the wreckage.

Panel 5:

Nob carries Jamie and Tiffany, one on each shoulder.

Jamie: Not her! Just me!

Panel 6:

Nob dumps them both in the snow.

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Panel 1:

Nob rushes back into the plane.

Panel 2:

Nob is carrying DJ out of the plane.

Tiffany: Nob, are you hurt?

Nob: No, I'm fine.

Panel 3:

Nob whacks his head on the door of the plane and goes down.

SFX: GASH!

Panel 4:

Jamie's Narration: We took care of Nob, and then...

Nob's head is bandaged. They all sit around a campfire in the shelter of the wrecked plane.

Jamie: So, who are we going to eat first?

Aquafresh: It's gotta be the least essential person.

Panel 5:

The two look at Tiffany.

Panel 6:

Nob: No... you guys, come on!

Jamie: Oh, just because you're in love with her!

Nob: Listen to what you're saying...

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Panel 1:

Jamie: Yes, think of all the poor little girls who will miss their idol. Well, look at it as an act of divine providence or something. All those little tramps will just have to go and get a life, and listen to some real music for a change!

Panel 2:

Nob: You're just being mean, Jaime.

Jamie: Am I?

Nob: Yes!

Panel 3:

Tiffany: Maybe I'm just slow, but can't you transport us out of here Nob?

Panel 4:

Nob: Well, usually it just happens. I can't really control it. And there's no telling where we'd end up.

Aquafresh: Well, any place would be better than here.

Nob: I'm not so sure about that...

Panel 5:

Aquafresh: Can you just give it a try, buddy? Just for a laugh? Come on! Try some mouthwash...

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Panel 1:

Nob: That's okay, I'll just try it on my own first. Here goes....

He concentrates, and begins to go transparent.

Tiffany: Hey... something's happening!

Panel 2:

They're all holding on to him.

Nob: Everybody hang on!

SFX: ZAP!

Panel 3:

Aquafresh: What the...? We're still here.

Jamie: Well, that's new.

They all look at a cute little alien bunny that has appeared in the snow.

Panel 4:

Nob: What is that?

Tiffany: Aw, it's so cute!

Jamie: Hey... are you guys thinking what I'm thinking?

Panel 5:

Cut to the skinned bunny carcass roasting on the fire.

SFX: Crackle!

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Panel 1:

Nob, Aquafresh and Jamie dig in to roasted bunny.

Aquafresh: That bump on your head must have sprained your teleporting muscle. It's working backwards!

Jamie: You sure you don't want any, Tiffany?

Panel 2:

Tiffany: You're so mean. I can't believe you killed that helpless little bunny.

Panel 3:

Jamie: It was him or us, sweetheart. If you don't want us to eat YOU, let's hope there are plenty of him.

Tiffany: Well, I won't touch it. I'm a vegan.

Jamie: Which puts you slightly lower on the food chain than he is.

Panel 4:

Aquafresh: Why do vegans always have to announce it like it's their defining personality trait? Do I walk up and say, "Hi, I'm DJ Aquafresh and I only eat pizza."

Jamie: Just eat your rabbit and let's go to sleep.

Panel 5:

Big Panel. They huddle together in the plane's fuselage for warmth.

Aquafresh: We have to crash in the only place on earth colder than Chicago in January.

Tiffany: Who's touching my butt?

Nob: Sorry.

Jamie: Quit your whining!

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Panel 1:

Jamie opens her eyes blearily.

Jamie's Narration: But in the morning...

Panel 2:

A gaggle of alien animals are staring down at her.

Panel 3:

Jamie: What da?! Get away!

They scamper.

Panel 4:

Jamie: Nob, what did you do in the night?

Nob: I'm sorry. I guess I can't turn it off.

Aquafresh: Oh well. Breakfast?

Panel 5:

Jamie's Narration: That day we improved our shelter, and that night, because we were bored, we had a jam session with what instruments were undamaged in the crash. You gotta love those hardshell cases.

They build a camper porch out of the wrecked plane. Jaime hammers, Nob, carrying, scrap metal, trips on an alien anteater. Tiffiny hangs airliner blankets like a curtain. DJ sits in an airplane seat and directs.

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Panel 1:

They sit around the campfire, surrounded by the alien animals. Jaime plays acoustic guitar, Nob plays a weird acoustic bass instrument. DJ bangs on a hollowed out engine cover. Tiffiny sings.

Jamie's Narration: The lyrics were something stupid, about her seducing an older man, or whatever. The kind of stuff lonely teenagers who drink Pepsi eat for breakfast. But as much as I hate to admit it, she did have a beautiful voice. And I got to thinking, maybe she really is just a performer, Like Frank Sinatra, or even Elvis. What would the King have done if all the good songwriters performed their material themselves? Then I started to get all nostalgic and weepy so I stuck my foot in the fire.

Panel 2:

Jamie's Narration: Suddenly...

The pilot re-appears in a flash of light.

SFX: ZAP!

Panel 3:

They rush over to him.

Jamie: There you are!

Tiffany: Are you okay?

Aquafresh: Dude, where were you?

Pilot: I don't... all I know is there were these giant insect things and...

Panel 4:

CU the pilot

Pilot: ...I'm never flying again!

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Panel 1:

Jamie's Narration: But the next day...

Jamie sees Nob talking and laughing with Tiffany, who is huddled in one of the blankets.

Nob: You don't look so good. You should eat. I'll go boil you some water.

Panel 2:

Jamie comes up to Tiffany after Nob leaves. Tiffany is pale and feverish.

Jamie: You better stay away from my bassist. It's pretty screwed up you playing Yoko, coming around trying to break up our act.

Tiffany: Sweetie, you're doing that all by yourself.

Jamie: Say what?

Panel 3:

Tiffany: He's really in love with you, you know. He's just afraid to approach you. But you're hung up on that mouthwash guy. I mean, you wanted to have me for dinner, and you think I'm screwed up? Get real, girl!

Jamie: What?

Panel 4:

Tiffany: You think the only thing you have in common is your music, but you're wrong. The thing he's really interested in is you. But how long do you think he's going to hang around, waiting for you to figure it out?

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Panel 1:

Jamie's Narration: Flashback. I remember this one time back in high school. Nob was over for practice and I was going out afterwards...

Jamie's room. Nob sits on the bed, noodling on his bass. Jamie stands in front of the mirror getting dolled up, 90's punk style.

Jamie: Do I look okay for my date, Nob?

Nob: You look incredible, Jamie.

Jamie: Aw, you're so sweet.

Panel 2:

Jamie: Someday you'll find a girl who can see you for what you really are, instead of a freaky green alien.

Nob: I already have.

Jamie: Ha ha. No seriously, someday...

Panel 3:

Nob: Yeah, someday...

Panel 4:

Back to present-day. Jamie looks at Tiffany.

Jamie: He wouldn't quit the band.

Tiffany: He wouldn't want to, but a heart can only take so much rejection, no matter how many chambers it has.

Panel 5:

CU Jamie

Jamie's Narration: How come everything she says sounds like one of her song titles?

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Panel 1:

Jamie's Narration: And so...
Jamie takes Nob around the back of the plane. They are crowded by alien critters.

Jamie: Is it true?

Nob: Is what true?

Panel 2:

Jamie: What Tiffany said? That you're in love with me?

Nob: Uh...well, I was going to tell you.

Panel 3:

Jamie: But what about the band? Our dream? Well, we are famous now. And I wouldn't want to always wonder... aw, forget it. I don't have that much self-discipline, and neither do you.

Panel 4:

Jamie: But do you think it would work out? I mean, are our species even compatible... I mean, you know?

Nob: I don't know...I've never tried.

Jamie: Really? That's so sweet!

Panel 5:

Nob: What I mean is, I never thought about it quite like that. I'm just really into you.

Jamie: Aw, Nob....

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Panel 1:

Big panel, most of page. They kiss.

Panel 2:

Several more critters appear.

SFX: Pop! Pop-pop! Pop!

Panel 3:

Jamie: Dude you taste like licorice. Is that... normal for your species?

Nob: Naw, I was just into the snack food...

Panel 4:

Jamie: We have licorice? You didn't tell me that either! Where?

Page 20

Panel 1:

Jamie's Narration: Later...

They're having dinner. Another strange alien critter. The critters are all around now, all shapes and sizes.

Pilot: Tiffany's not looking so good.

Nob: She hasn't eaten in four days.

Jamie: I don't believe this. Tiffany, come on! Wake up!

Tiffany: Wha...what time is it?

Panel 2:

Jamie: Look, you've made your point. Now sit up here and eat some food before you waste away.

Tiffany: No. I told you... I don't eat meat.

Panel 3:

Jamie: Well, honey, I hate to break it to you, but there isn't an artichoke within 500 miles of here, you just this once you're going to have to sacrifice.

Tiffany: No! I'd rather be dead than a killer.

Panel 4:

Jamie: But it's just a ... Nob, can you help us out here? Can you bring this girl a squash or something? Please.

Nob: I don't know, but I'll try.

Panel 5:

He concentrates. A small glow begins to hover near the ground.

Aquafresh: It's working! No telling what it'll be, but it's working! It's...

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Panel 1:

The glow intensifies and takes shape.

Jamie: It's getting bigger! It's sprouting wings.

Aquafresh: Oh no, not another dragon.

Panel 2:

An alien aircraft has appeared. They gape in amazement.

Jamie: It's...some kind of freaky helicopter!

Aquafresh: Anything to eat in there?

Panel 3:

Jamie digs through the helicopter's ration kit.

Jamie: Some kinda power bars. Whatever they are, they aren't fur-bearin'.

Panel 4:

He gives one to Tiffany.

Nob: Eat up, sister.

Panel 5:

Aquafresh: Okay pilot dude, let's warm this baby up. We got a show to do!

Pilot: I'm serious. I'm never flying again.

Panel 6:

They all look at each other, stumped.

Tiffany (weakly): I can fly...

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Panel 1:

Big Panel. Tiffany flies the helicopter. The pilot, in the back, is catatonic. Nob sits placidly with an alien bunny on his lap. Jamie tries to hold in her lunch, and Aquafresh guzzles mouthwash.

Jamie's Narration: And that's how Tiffany Shears flew us back to civilization. Well, flew is a relative term. I mean, what that helicopter thing did wasn't like any flying I ever saw. Tiffany turned out to be a lot of good things that I didn't

expect, and for an underage strumpet in sparkling hot pants, she was actually pretty insightful.

Panel 2:

The helicopter flies erratically into the sunset,

Jamie's Narration: And when we got back to civilization, everybody was amazed that we'd survived, and not just because of our plane crashing in the Andes.

THE END