

*'...imagination could provide me a more than adequate substitute for the vulgar reality of actual experience.'*

Joris Kart Huysmans.

...and Pete Doherty, Babyshambles.

## **Contents.**

Sex and drugs and rock and roll.

'So...do I, uh, like...*start* now?'

'Sure, Jimmy.'

'I've never done this before, Elizabeth.'

'Neither have I. Just talk. In your own words.'

'Who else's words could they be?'

'Stupid girl.'

'You're flirting with me Elizabeth. Again.'

'I am not!'

'You will.'

'It's just that you remind me of...someone.'

'Someone...famous?'

'Yes.'

'Kinda like Brad Pitt, or Owen Wilson, only, younger...cooler?'

'Yes, exactly. And...'

'...someone else?'

'Yes. But, that's not possible. He's...'

'Yes. I know.'

'Oh, I...please just look at the camera and...'

'Gotcha. OK, well, here goes...'

Well, when all...*this* started, I...didn't know very much.

## **Celeb**

I had never even heard the word *celebrity* before.

### **Celebrity**

*Famous for anything.*

Or *celeb*, *sleb*, *famous* or *famous for fifteen minutes* or *star* - apart from *starry starry nights* - or *movie-star* or *pop-star*, *starlet*, *child star*, *radio star*, *screen goddess*, *It Girl* or *bankability*, *body double* or even *quite well known* or *popular* or *wanabee* but of course

I *have* heard of groupies and porn star and

'Jimmy?'

Strange, right? I mean, how could anyone in this celebrity obsessed world not know the basics, like

### **Populebrity**

*How well you're known/liked.*

'Jimmy...?'

And, I've also heard of 'Fame. I want to live forever.'

'Whoa.'

'Uh, sorry, singing's not my...'

'Jimmy...I think...'

'What do you think, E-liz-a-beth?'

'I think you should tell people a little about yourself.'

'I...uh...'

'To people who see this?'

'Yeah? People will see this? Uh, what should I say?'

'Well, how about your age, where you're from, likes, dislikes, stuff like that.'

'OK...please allow me to introduce myself...'

*Wait.* I can't give my full name. It'll...give everything away.'

'It will? Oh...'

'And, uh...where I'm from? I can't give that either. It's...'

I...can't give you that.'

'OK, Jimmy how old are you?'

'Old? I'm...*young.*'

'I mean, your *age.*'

'Age? Well...uh...seventeen, eighteen, or...?'

'You don't know?'

'Not really. Is it important?'

'I guess not.'

'Well...tell us a little about yourself, then.'

Well, you know I'm Jimmy, around whatevertween. The Islanders say I'm a kinda Air-Head Beach Bum 'cos I mostly am, in a Keanu Reeves 'Bill and Ted's truly awesome Adventure' sorta way or Owen Wilson in every movie. And they rib me a lot, for usually sometimes always asking too many dumb questions.

My likes are sex, music, movies, having sex while listening to music or watching a movie and even though Lizbeth here's a bit *skinny*...

'That's...probably enough, Jimmy.'

'You think? I was just getting...'

Soooo... Where was I? Oh, yeah. I had also never heard of *La La Land* or *Hollywood* or *Bollywood* or *Anyotherwood* or *Focus Groups*, *Demographics*, *Script Doctors*, *Wrap Party Gifts* or *premiering in Cannes, Sundance, Toronto or Berlin*. I had never heard of *BAFTA* or *name-check* or *name-dropper*, *media whore*, *red top tabloids*, *media feeding frenzy* or '*star in toilet scandal*' or '*Mitchellson in celebrity divorce settlements*. And I don't know *who Oscar is.*'

Thing is, I didn't know the world, *your* world was so fuckin'

*Celebrity Obsessed.*

La-la-la-la. I-know-what-you're-thinking.

How could anyone, anywhere, anyhow, even remotely *possibly* not know that?

I know, I know.

Well, at least, I know that *now.*

I had also never heard of *Ace Reporter*, *Newshound*, *Press Baron*, *Paparazzi* *punch-up*, *sleaze*, *Page Three Girls*, *Editors*, *Anchorman*, *Weathergirls*, *cover-ups* or *Lady Di*.

I had never heard of *celebrity sponsorship* or *multi-million endorsement deals* like Gillette or something Beckham.

I had never heard of *celebrity television formats* with usually Poor Quality Celebrities in them looking to 're-launch careers' or 'sell a book' and a better title is 'I'm outta here. Get me a Celebrity.'  
*Because...*I had never seen television.

*Apart from in the movies.*

I had never heard of *Fans* or *fanzines* or *star struck* or *Stalkers* or *Autograph Hunters* or *back-stage pass* or *The Green Room* or *VIP Lounge*.

But, I *have* heard of 'Like a Star' by that fine trio Corinne Bailey Rae and 'Je Suis un Rock Star' and only the world's best dance-track, 'Star Star' by The Rolling Stones.

Have you heard of them?

I had never heard of *reality television formats* like *Pap Idle* or *Fame Academic* or *The Ex Factory*.

I-know-what-you're-thinking!

I had never heard of *out-takes* or *re-makes*, *re-runs*, *prequels*, *sequels* or *franchises*, either.

As you can see, there's just so much I had to learn about your world.

Because, I wasn't part of it.

We had this vote one day on The Island.

*Do you want television? They asked.*

We all voted 'Hell no' in case we learned stuff, by mistake.

If we did, what would we *do* with it?

And anyway

*They* didn't want us getting stuff from The Outside World.

*More on 'They' later.*

We don't need no education, so there's just enough education to perform.

### **Arrested development**

*Not too smart, missed stuff.*

And there was soooo very much performing.

And I most certainly had never heard of *Film Critics* - The Old Man calls them movie

terrorists.

Plenty Islanders are Awesome Musicians, so it was live music, or we listened to endless thousands of songs on the different formats we had.

Liz, can I ask you stuff, like what's a Blackberry? Or a MP3?

And a...Podcast???

'It's not Liz.'

'I'm such...*a big tease.*'

Everybody really loved listening to music, but a lot of the older ones would always quite often sometimes get all misty eyed and stuff.

They would talk about *vinyl* and *needles* and *fretwork* and *chord changes* and *the bridge* and *record sessions* and *record-players* but I never understood why.

*More on that later.*

They also called formats things like *LP's* or *EP's* or *records* or *singles* or *albums*. Older people are kinda, so different.

'Biff, OK if I keep asking questions?'

'Only if you call me...'

'What's The King? Pop music? The King of Pop?'

Anyway, Rumour was that there was a few actual *books* on The Island, but I wouldn't read any because what if they made it into a movie and then you've spoiled the movie? A girlfriend knew someone who claimed she knew This Guy who said his mother's father once read and enjoyed this list of books

Brett Easton Ellis

Alex Garland

Douglas Coupland

Damian Lanigan.

And two called William, one Golding and one Boyd.

I like lists.

But, I'm not sure I believe that one person could read so many books.

We did have mountains of movies and most people had what you call home cinema?

So we watched movies a huge amount of the time and everybody really loved that.

No, I mean *really* loved that.

*More on that later, too. A whole lot more.*

One of my family's favourite movies are those 'Ocean's' ones because, like you Lizzie, they think I look like Brad Pitt, but younger at somethingteen years, because we don't do age, but with more tan and looks but no acting talent.

*Plenty of other Islanders did have.*

Have you heard of Brad Pitt?

'Jimmy, he's...'

'By the way *Buffy*, what's Straight to video?

And Videodrome?'

Pitt is a celebrity - I'm learning! - and he's supposed to be good-looking.

Looks were an 'abstract concept' to me until I heard people talking about it in the movies.

Him and Wentworth Miller are way cool enough to make you want to be a woman.

And I hope you probably noticed that I'm trying to broaden my

### **Vocabulary**

*Stuff you say.*

Four sy-lla-bles, right?

'It's actually...'

And, I also know who a lot of celebrities are now.

Chris Martin of Coldplay is a very fine quality celebrity and I just recently discovered that he married one of similar quality.

But, why don't they call music celebs 'A'-listers too?

Yes, I now know about 'A'-listers.

'Liz, what's MTV?'

Another thing we don't do is marriage, but...*I know about it from the movies.*'

Granddad's friend Shelley said

'In Hollywood, all the marriages are happy. It's trying to live together afterwards that causes all the problems.'

Another thing I definitely hadn't heard of was *celebrity magazines*.

They're called ordinary words like *Okay* and *Hiya* and aren't about anything and a better name would be

*Why?*

I had never heard of *BoldFace Names*, either.

All of *you* will all know all about all of *this*, of course.

But I didn't, until very recently.

You see, I am...*was*...part of

*'A very special group of people.'*

At least, that's what The Old Man said.

You'll find out all about that and him, later.

I didn't know I was part of that group.

But I do now.

I know what you're thinking.

Unbelievable.

I had also never even heard of *Opening Week-end* or *Dakota Fanning's Box Office hits*

*\$675 million and Stones \$100m World Tour.*

Oh, that's another thing.

Money was another 'abstract concept' to me, but *in the movies*, everyone is always trying to steal it, aren't they?

What for?

'Becky, is a million a lot? What's a Game show? And marrying your leggy blond assistant?'

'At least get my name right, Jimmy!'

Anyway, The Old Man, that's Granddad by the way, said if I managed to escape – *impossible* he said - I was to visit his friend - Something Called An 'Attorney' - which is called Lipmann's - and sit and film my story, which I'm doing right now.

'Jimmy, you know what?'

'Uh...probably.'

'You know what you're doing here?'

'I just...like...said?'

'No, it's *how*.'

'Gotcha. Uh...what?'

'It's like...*Talk Writing*.'

Huh?...sooo...Granddad also said the *elevator pitch* is 'a high concept, four quadrant celebration of pop culture.'  
Never mind, I don't understand it either.

*There's a lot I don't understand about most things.*

After filming, Something Called An Attorney would give it to another Something Called A *Publisher* if he hadn't heard from me after three months.

*I don't know how long three months is.*

The Old Man also mentioned something called *Publicity* and *Book Signings* and *Public Image*, confusing the crap out of me, but it's still one of the finest songs, opening chords and arrangement somebody ever wrote.

Anyway, maybe This Publisher Thing is what you're reading now?

Maybe you're The Publisher.

I find it very strange to think about filming this, or making a book when I've never even seen or read a one, so this is a

### **Transcript**

*Stuff you say, typed.*

And lovely *Elizabeth* here is The Transcriber and I can promise right now, she *will* have sex with me if I ask, right?

JIMMY!!!

And I'm in some place she called a Boardroom? talking to camera to try to make this as easy to read as watching a movie.

Thin Lizzie's face is red now and she's The Attorney's Secretary and she said 'use a dictionary' and gave me hers which is a book without a glossy cover or even a story.

But I know she *wants* me.

They always do.

This dictionary is my first ever book and I would never usually use most of the words.

*Granddad said I should call my story*

***IMAGINE.***

For some reason.

It meant nothing to me...*then*.

But *now*..

But, hey, wait...

You probably think I'm crazy, right?

It's just that...no, wait till you read this.

*Thing is though, if you're reading this, I'm probably dead...*

## The Great Escape.

...(Jimmy's inaudible words, laughter)

(This is Elizabeth, typing this in)

...Norma's just *one* of my girlfriends, but we only had sex on the boat twice, even though we were on it a long time.

And hey, because of the choppy water, we didn't have to do all the work!

We were both kinda nervous because we were like, oh, aaah, *scary* - escaping - without ever saying the word aloud, and we knew that escaping was supposed to be very dangerous.

And stupid.

There was or were? all these Rumours and stuff Granddad said without trying to freak me out.

One Rumour was

*No one had ever escaped before.*

Another was that Some People did, and Some People were never heard of again and

Anyway, this boat was huge, so we hid in the basement.

It was stuffed full with cigarettes and alcohol and stuff.

I didn't do that on The Island.

Oh...should I call The Island something different after that movie with cool 'A'-lister Ewan McGregor?

Oh, I just remembered, there is one thing we do read.

Apart from menus?

Screen credits.

Do you guys get them?

Anyway, we had never tried cigarettes and alcohol and didn't on the journey either, because they might smell us, or we could get sick or drunk and they'd find us singing, slurring and getting the wrong words to 'The Pyramid Song.'

Oh, and I did read half a film script once.

It's weird reading something that's not meant to be read. It mentioned all this stuff and called them *brand names*.

This was another strange concept to me, so I can't tell you what kind of brand name of boat we were on.

But, it had these big, massive, powerful engines and smelt bad and was so big, we could hide without being found.

It was also painted black but not shiny and I think that's so you can't see it at night.

There was only two other people on the boat.

Or, so I thought.

*More on Them later. And it's...kinda terrifying.*

Norma just wanted to be fabulous and was.

She was way *fun-nee* too.

You would love her, everybody did.

*Did...*

Like in the past tense.

And I can't believe I'm talking about my poor beautiful Norma like that.

She looked like the 'illegitimate' love-child of a lesbian miracle between Scarlett Johansson and Charlize Theron- right guys? - but more curvy, like women should be, like the real movie stars from the old days.

She was a really sensual dyed blonde, with pumped, bee-sting lips made for kissing and sucking and luckily, she was a big 'Deep Throat' fan.

I haven't learned the word you would use for penis yet, but I overheard a girl in New York saying it, so

Norma's body was a teenager's temple and she loved a lot of worship.

I don't know your words for sex yet, apart from the swear word in blah blah

Here's some space.

Just write your sex words down here.

I'll probably have a *Favourite Sex Words Section* anyway, some from the dictionary, and whatever I hear.

You can add yours and compare with friends, even.

People said I was like the male version of Norma, blonde, sensual, truly beautiful to behold and lots of people always wanted sex with me.

Because that was pretty much all there was to do, or what we *wanted* to do on The Island.

I've had sex with almost everyone that I want to, apart from Marsha who's holding back for some reason.

We would make such a pretty pair.

On The Island, everybody always wore nothing, or light beach clothes as it was always hot, really hot, or storms.

But now, me and Norma started to feel cold as we got close to the pretty city lights.

That was when we had sex the second time, to keep warm and in case we got lost or killed and would never do it again and we would miss it and so that's why I thought of Marsha and 'When Harry met Sally' but without all the noise or bad over-acting.

The boat sailed closer to the city and all we could see through our tiny window was all these, like, big gigantic buildings, height-wise.

We knew they were for living in, or having office affairs, as we had seen stuff like that *you know where*.

As we got closer, we could see lights travelling really fast along the ground.

We knew they were cars, like in 'Bullit' because Granddad told me about the movie, but I've never seen it.

We didn't need cars, but Granddad *loved* talking about them.

*Remember that, it's really important.*

There was also this really high statue of a tall woman holding a torch in the air. It looked beautiful, just as good as in 'Splash' with Daryll Hannah.

She rocked in 'Kill Bill' which one of The Founders said sounded like a 'Counter-Terrorism Political Manifesto.'

It's alright. I don't understand it either.

And the answer is yes, dummy, to the Daryll question?

Anyway, her stone statue looked welcoming and we took that as a good sign.

*How wrong could mostly I be...again.*

The boat slipped very smoothly along the water and cozied up next to a big, greasy dirty dark pier. Norma and me rubbed against each other like pussycat dolls to see outside, but the place was mostly in blackness with a few really pale, weak lamps that made it really shadowy and spooky. That would never work on The Island, where night was almost like day, mostly.

There was these steel, kinda 'On the Waterfront' girder things which I also haven't seen, and the place looked deserted and mega not new, paved with disgusting, oily cobbles. Filth like this just never happened on The Island. Everything was always new.

You got up the next afternoon and hey, new!

Crawford and Hutchence, at least we thought it was, tied up the boat and we could glimpse a few other boats tied up, but none were as big or sleek as this one.

They also had pretty, girly names, like 'Judy Teen' or 'Hermione' or 'Maggie May' but ours didn't.

It could have just been called 'Black' or 'Paint it Black.'

Maybe that was already painted on the side, in black.

After a few minutes, They walked down a long, wooden plank to step onto dry land. In the blackness, it was hard to see it was Them, but it couldn't possibly be anyone else, because that's who's been driving the boat.

It was just that we were used to seeing them naked or in swimwear or beachwear. But now, they looked like The Beautiful People I seen in that thing called a 'Zagat's Guide' I wish I hadn't found.

*More on that later, too.*

Anyway, They wore black to be maybe not be seen like the boat and they looked totally different to any other people I had ever seen in real life and they both dressed the same. They wore dazzling white shirts under their black coats that you would call expensive,

but I wouldn't.

Expensive means nothing at all to me.

And probably shouldn't to you either, no, really.

Crawford was a tall, slim but deliciously curvy woman with shiny black hair like it's been yacht-varnished and has a cute oval face not unlike Scarlett O'Hara, quite frankly.

She had very actually scary eyes, like Bette Davis.

I have not had sex with Crawford yet.

If she asked, it would take A Brave Man to say no.

Hutchence was tall and slim too, quite muscular. His hair was expensive. He tried really hard to look like he hadn't tried really hard to look like Jim Morrison – have you heard of him? - but like a cooler, more modern version.

Maybe like Colin Egglesfield?

They were not part of The Gang because to be honest, they were both a little bad tempered.

I heard they did *training* something on the beach a lot.

But, they did look gorgeous.

Next, for some reason, Norma sang to me in her pouty, breathy voice –'

NORMA

Happy birthday to you,  
happy birthday to you,  
happy birthday Mr. President...

Although we don't do birthdays and I'm not El Presidente, the next thing she says is

NORMA

Ever thought of a threesome  
with them?

That's how screenwriters write words in a film script which is called dialogue.

Norma didn't expect a reply, knowing I probably *have* thought about that or, would plant the thought in my peanut brain for the future anyway.

*Another big mistake.*

So, they walked away hand in hand and their shoes clicked really loudly.

I know it will seem funny to you, but I had only ever heard SFX – oh, that's Sound Effects - like that in a movie, or in Roxy Music's excellent 'Love is the Drug.'

Crawford and Hutchence disappeared round a corner and I ran outside to make sure they had gone...wherever.

Hey, I just remembered why a lot of Islanders don't like them.

Remember that amazing movie called 'Se7en'?

I hadn't seen any of the first six, but this one was all about The Seven Deadly Sins, many of which get This Guy's vote.

Anyway, we had Rules on The Island and

A *Really* Important Rule was:

NEVER GIVE AWAY THE ENDING OF A MOVIE.

*You're so right. Deadly serious.*

Anyway, Crawford and Hutchence were always together and up to stuff. And listen to this!

They gave away the endings to 'Se7en', 'Sixth Sense' AND 'The Fifth Element'!!!

I counted on it being 'The Fourth Protocol' next.

Another thing, People Who Pretend They Know The Endings To Movies don't tell the truth.

Anyway

'It's ok Norma, they've gone' I said a little too loudly, by mistake, and hoped They didn't hear.

I was cold and rubbed my bare arms and tucked my Ralph Lauren brand polo shirt into my washed out, barely hanging together Levi 501 brand cut-offs, scruffy Converse brand sneakers below.

Norma appeared by my side, looking very stunningly nervous and hugging herself and thank-you cold, Perma Nipple-Erection.

'Let's escape to a warmer climate' she said. A sense of humour in a beautiful woman is my ideal package.

Well, that and

She stretched like a blonde, Bond-movie human cat.

'I need that Hershey bar now.'

'What is it with women and chocolate?' I said and she had rehearsed and knew her lines.

'What it's *not* with men and sex' she says.

Love her.

So, she produces this misshapen, 'deformed', warm, half-melted Hershey bar from the back pocket of her deliciously pear-shaped Gucci ultra-shorts and flops it in two and peels off gloopy silver paper.

Then she guzzles both halves, giving me a wet, gooey, chocolatey kiss.

Then, she licks her sticky fingers.

I plan to explore the dark promise of chocolate further.

'What are we doing here, Jimmy?'

'Searching for secrets' I said, keeping dialogue short and kinda mysterious, screenwriter style, like Night.

She gave a big, breathless sigh and slumped against me.

We both looked warily along the dark, deserted street and she looked even more nervous.

I took her hand in mine.

'Let's go, Norma.'

She wiped some chocolate smears from my face.

'Crawford and Hutchence looked so...different. I can hardly believe it was Them.'

'Wonder why they're dressed like that' not really a question.

'To keep warm?'

'We'll be fine' I said, not sounding sure about that.

We stepped along the plank, which swayed a little and made our legs and our balance wobble.

Then, we just said goodbye to the boat, looked at the long walk and began.

'Escape to New York' she said with a wink and grabbed my hand again and we strolled like we do on the sand back home.

It felt strange to say *home*.

I've never had a reason to think of it that way before.

We kept the walk slow and careful, not knowing where the next step would lead.

Or who it might lead us to.

But eventually

*The end was so totally fucking nigh.*

Norma stopped dead.

'You've forgotten our bags!'

She grabbed me by both arms and half turned.

'Me? But...'

I looked back.

The walk looked even longer from this side and to be honest, more scary, because we never had pitch black to think about or stumble through, even for sandy, after curfew sex on the beach or in the water or in Mrs. Robinson's big fancy bed, pretending you know *who's* not watching and

'Uh...you thinking what I'm thinking?' she said.