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HOLLYWOOD VIBES

by Leon Simmons

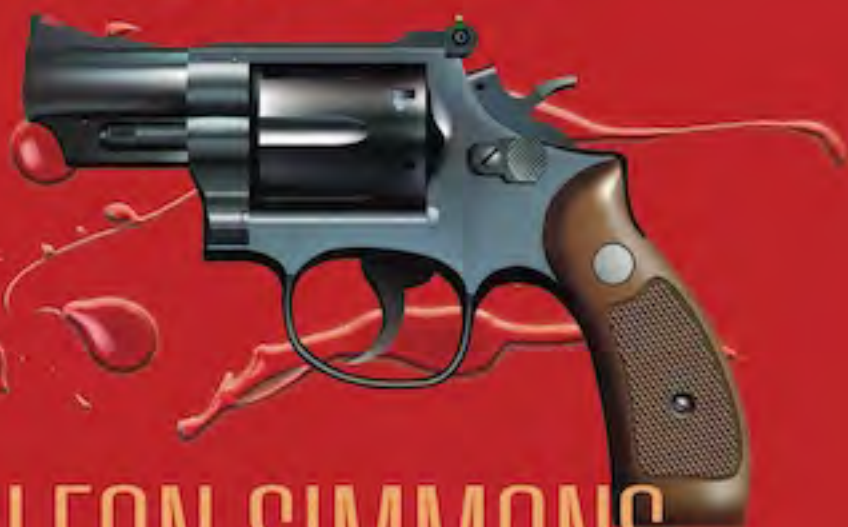
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LEON SIMMONS

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CHAPTER SIX

Fay Caruso drove her pink Corniche convertible along a winding road towards Rodeo Drive. So many weighty matters were going through her mind on the way to a regular Tuesday luncheon date at a high-class restaurant. She was desperately worried about Lee. There was a time when he was the darling of Hollywood and every producer was fighting to cast him in their movies. Sure, he was still making pictures, but they were the crap end of the video market. She was praying that he'd get a break soon. But the competition was tough. What chance had a sixty-two year old has-been movie star--with a traffic-stopping rug--of making it to the top again? Especially with young guys like, Danny Melnick and Ziggy Sherman grabbing all the major roles. 'Thank God we're living in a place where miracles are the major industry,' she thought. 'Maybe some big-shot producer will call and say, "Lee, baby, you've been too long in the wilderness. I've gotta part that's made for you, see you for lunch at Mortons."'

His agent Adam Plotz was doing his best. But the big studios wouldn't risk their money in any project that included Lee. She knew that Lee was frustrated with being up to his neck in fifth-rate video shit. She had overheard him screaming at Plotz, 'I'm a big star! How can those cocksuckers treat me like this?' Plotz had reacted in the typically relaxed manner of a professional Hollywood agent. 'Lee,' he said, 'Just

keep your fucking mouth shut. I never mention your name to anyone except in anger. You're lucky to be breathing. Don't tell anybody you're in town. There are people out there who would like to skin you alive and they're your best friends. I'm warning you, if you ever mention to a living soul that I'm your agent, I'll have your heart cut out and fed to the dogs. And don't call my office again. Your poison, a piece of shit!...All right, I'll see what I can do.'

Fay studied her image in the rear-view mirror. She would be closely scrutinized by her smart friends who were waiting for her and she wanted to look her immaculate best. She looked down at her breasts; they stuck defiantly forward, resisting the pull of gravity as she steered round the hair-pin curves. She checked on her three-inch fingernails. She wouldn't allow anyone to touch them except "Claws Express" the fabulous nail parlor on La Cienaga Boulevard. They had literally saved her life when she accidentally chipped the varnish on a thumb-nail, trying on a Giorgio Armani jacket in a very chic boutique. "Claws" rushed her in an ambulance to their clinic and experts repaired the damaged nail. Today she'd given her fingers and toes 'a little reward' with a complete overhaul by the same marvelous outfit. It had been incredibly fast. The whole treatment took less than a minute--there were ten people working on her at the same time. They'd done a sensational job and worth every cent of the thousand dollar fee. *"What the hell? You're nothing if you don't look right in this town"*.

Fay was motoring slowly with the top down because she didn't want to fuck-up her new hairdo which towered above the windshield and was a danger to low-flying aircraft.

She pushed in Yolanda's latest tape "*Dickhead*" and shook her magnificent maracas to the pulsating rhythm. Shivers went up her spine as she listened to the wonderful lyrics sung by the world's greatest songstress:

*"I've gotta dickhead in my bed
Better he was dead
Wo-ho baby baby baby
You can't turn me on
No no no no no no
Wo-ho baby baby baby..."*

Fay thought that Yolanda with all her millions would look better with bigger boobs. She was definitely too skinny, not enough meat on her like the sexy Lady Gaga. She drove up to the entrance of the restaurant still checking out her appearance in the mirror. She stepped out of the car unaware that she'd just run down the parking jockey.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Niagara" was *the* sea-food restaurant. A spectacular waterfall descended through an opening in the roof. Millions of gallons of water thundered over a high cliff and crashed down into a river, flowing at great speed through the center of the dining hall. Balconies and terraces crowded with elegant patrons overlooked the raging torrent. Fay was greeted by the Maître d' dressed as a lobster and escorted to a table by a waiter dressed as a squid. The table was already occupied by her best friend Judie Washington, drinking from a tall glass. Judie, a raven haired beauty with the face and figure of a supermodel, was an incredible sixty-six years of age. Judie was depressed, but grinned permanently from a mouth overloaded with dazzling white teeth, the result of frequent visits to her dentist--a tooth implant specialist. They greeted each other with the usual crap about looking absolutely fabulous, ordered the low-fat specialty of the day, then conducted an hour-long brutally frank discussion on lipstick. The food arrived. It was a lettuce leaf on an oyster shell, served with much panache by the waiter. The two women looked at other diners gorging themselves on lobster and caviar. They frowned. This constant dieting was a bitch.

'Yummy,' Judie said sourly, studying her meal.

'Yeah,' Fay said, echoing her sentiments.

Wes Comet and Buddy Wickstrom were sharing a table nearby, Fay waved, but the superstars only had

eyes for each other. Judie emptied a bottle of mayonnaise over her lettuce.

'Tell me, darling, how's your love life?' Fay asked.

'Love life?' Judie replied. 'Don't make me puke.' She held a spoonful of mayonnaise up to her pouting lips. The creamy liquid disappeared into her mouth. 'The lousy creep comes home drunk every night, then watches the fights and ball games on TV until 3 o'clock in the fucking morning. I have to go to another room to watch dirty movies. And then, would you believe, the cunt falls asleep on the sofa and snores like crazy. I can stand anything but snoring, it drives me nuts. And when I ever so politely complain, I get fucking bad-mouthed. We never do anything together except sex, and that's only when I remind the bastard that I've got a pussy. The fucker says to me, "Whaddya think I am, a friggin' sex machine? Five times a day is enough already." Five times a day? I should be so lucky. If it wasn't for my vibrator I'd be a nervous wreck...the fucking whore!' She crunched some lettuce and sipped a glass of Perrier. 'The chef's a magician,' she said acerbically.

'WHORE?' Fay queried. 'Whaddya mean--WHORE?'

'Oh yeah,' Judie said, 'I forgot to tell you; Rocky's gone. He was too much in love with his own body, it became an obsession. He spent all his time on Muscle Beach flexing his pectorals instead of fucking me. I got real mad and kicked the shit out of him. I have a new lover. Her name's Crystal, we've been together

six weeks already. She's got a great pair of melons and the longest legs in town. When she's in the mood she fucks like a rattlesnake, but I can't trust her. She's been two-timing me for sure. I've got this feeling in my gut she's making out with another broad. I swear to God I'll kill her if it's true. *Women*, they drive me nuts. Jeezus, I gotta admit it, they're worse than men. I've tried guys, I've tried broads, but my relationships never work out. I see this goddamn analyst three times a week. He's supposed to be *the* man in LA, he don't come cheap that's for sure. He told me that I'm sexually confused. I thought to myself, here am I, sitting in his office with my tongue in his mouth and my hand up his skirt, how come he knows so much?' Fay winked at superstar Rod Finkel, but he didn't notice, he was too busy drooling over the redhead at his table with gigantic tits.

'Promise you'll keep it a secret,' Judie said. 'But I'm thinking of having my snatch tightened.'

'Oh, Judie, how exciting,' Fay said.

'Yeah,' Judie said. 'I paid a visit to the Palm Springs connection. They showed me dozens of before and after photographs. It's amazing what they can do to your pussy. Funny thing, I recognized a few old chums from the before shots, and it brought back some bitter memories.' Judie sniffed and blotted a tear with her napkin. Fay smiled and waved to Dean Lomax sitting at the bar waiting for his limo. His eight bodyguards were busy on their walkie-talkies. He didn't seem to notice her.

They were joined by Bobo Hutton. Bobo looked as gorgeous as ever, absolutely amazing for sixty-five, though you'd never believe she was a day over twenty-seven, all thanks to the genius of Doctor Chuck Fontana. Bobo had been going through a tough time lately. She had bought a brand new ass and planned to surprise her husband, Zak, at their sumptuous palace on Mulholland Drive. She had entered the house through a side entrance and silently climbed the winding staircase to the landing outside their bedroom door. Then yelling, 'Guess who?' She burst into the room, leap-frogging backwards with her Ungaro skirt over her head and crotchless Frederick's lace panties around her ankles. Only to find Zak in bed with a seventy-eight year old woman, no make-up, crooked teeth, metal-rimmed glasses--a taster in a pickled herring factory. It had been a shattering experience for Bobo and a body-blow to her self confidence.

Bobo looked up at the waterfall and said, 'Jeezus, all this water, it makes you feel like pissing up a wall. I'm sorry to keep you guys waiting but I've been tied up with my lawyers. God help me, I am not a vengeful person, but I'm gonna have Zak's kishkes for garters. I will ruin the motherfucker. Every last cent I will take from him. When I've finished with that bastard, he'll think shit is a luxury.'

'Everyone in town is talking about you, Fay said. 'Even my analyst says, "What's happening on Mulholland?'"

'My analyst says you're welcome to call him anytime,' Judie said.

'So, what happened, for chrissakes?' Fay asked.

'Okay, I'll tell you. 'Bobo said tearfully. 'You won't believe it, but it's true, every word, believe me. Zak comes home one day and his clothes have this strange fishy smell. Not wanting to appear gauche, I said, "Honey, excuse me for asking, but did you fall in a barrel of pickled herring?"' Bobo leaned forward, shrugged, and said, 'Little did I know how close I was. He told me he's been eating at a new deli on Fairfax. I said, "B-a-b-y, don't eat there no more, because your little chickadee can't stand the fucking stink." Meanwhile, I was still trying to get the smell out of my house. Goddamnit, it was everywhere. I shpritzed the whole place from top to bottom with Joy, Lalique, Opium, you name it. I had everyone of his suits dry-cleaned three times over, including his arch supports--and still the stink remained. But I was beginning to get used to it already. It's like I know it's still around, but it don't smell so bad, if you know what I'm saying? So I figured, well, let's be sensible about this, this is no big deal. Here am I, Bobo Hutton, married to the number one movie-maker in Hollywood, living in unadulterated luxury in Beverly Hills. If my husband comes home drenched in some other broad's perfume, I'd have good reason to worry--but smelling of pickled herring, who gives a shit? Oh, brother, how wrong can you be. People are calling me from all over town and they're asking the same question, "How can Zak ditch a gorgeous broad like you, and take off with someone

who swallows pickled herrings for a living?" When I think of the pain and suffering I have endured, pumping iron, doing aerobics, spending half my life in hospitals, having my entire body reconstructed by teams of doctors, and then to lose a hunk like Zak to a...*fishfuck*. I feel like throwing myself in the river. Maybe that's what I should do. Yeah, that's it--let's get it over with.' Bobo, tears streaming down her face, stood up, stepped forward to the edge of the cliff and looked down at the swirling waters.

'Don't do it!' Fay and Judie implored, 'DON'T JUMP, BOBO!'

The ground suddenly gave way beneath Bobo's feet and she fell screaming. Luckily she didn't fall too far. The sleeve of her Karl Lagerfield navy blue tie-front crepe jacket, was hooked on a rock. She hung from the cliff-face threatening to free-fall into the river below. Fay and Judie reached down and grabbed her arms--they struggled to pull her up. They shouted a variety of encouraging phrases, of which 'HANG ON, BOBO!' appeared to be the most popular. Not without difficulty, Bobo was lifted to safety and helped back to the table. Few people in the restaurant appeared to notice the life and death struggle, those that did, dismissed it with a shrug as some kind of stunt. 'Must be shooting a movie,' they said.

'Promise me you'll never do that again,' Fay said to Bobo. 'What's the matter with you, freaking out like that? Are you goddamn nuts? You gotta get a grip on yourself, baby. No man, whoever he is, is worth losing your balls for. Fuck Zak, there'll be other Zaks

with bigger pricks and bigger wallets. Just remember, there are plenty more fish in the sea.'

'Please don't talk to me about fish,' Bobo sobbed, 'I've had it up to *here* with fish, I think I'm gonna throw-up.'

'You wanna go someplace else?' Judie asked.

'Yes,' Bobo said, 'let's get outta here'.

'Do you mind if I have the rest of your lettuce?' Judie asked Fay. Fay nodded and Judie gleefully snatched it off her plate and chewed it up with great zest.

Fay paid the bill with plastic, it was six-hundred dollars. She signed the slip, waited for the card and craftily tucked it back into its usual place, inside Bobo's handbag.

An hour later, Fay, Judie and Bobo were sitting in Lord Fred's bar on Melrose. Bobo was muttering to herself and knocking back tumblers of neat scotch; she suddenly crashed, face down, into a plate of stuffed olives. Judie and Fay exchanged looks then descended on their prey like vultures. Judie opened Bobo's purse and pulled out a stack of \$100 bills. Fay removed Bobo's earrings and diamond rings. Judie counted the pile of money on the table with the deftness of a bank teller. She took a sip of her drink and said in a confidential manner, 'My analyst tells me there's an idea for a new mega-action movie being touted around town.' They say that no less a man than Sheldon Klutz is involved.

'What kind of an idea is it?' Fay asked, examining her loot.

'Nobody knows,' Judie said. 'It's all very hush-hush. I'm told that Lomax, Westwood and Buckweed are on their hands and knees begging for a piece of the action.'

Fay turned scarlet behind her bronze make-up. 'What's going on?' she thought, as she clipped on Bobo's earrings. 'I'm giving great head to Adam Plotz, Lee's agent, the eyes and ears of Tinseltown. And I'm in the dark about an idea for a movie that could get Lee back in the big time again? That fucking Plotz is a no-good jerkoff sonofabitch. What's he up to, I wonder? Maybe he has someone else lined up for this idea, or maybe he's losing his grip on what's going on in town? Plotz has gotten past it, he's never come up with anything for Lee--as a matter of fact he's never come period. That's the last time I sit under his office desk eating his schlong. It's time Lee changed his agent. Maybe he should go back to Lindy La Lupy? I know that she's never forgiven him for leaving her after she'd gotten him his first break in Hollywood. But business is business. Lindy must still have a soft spot for Lee even though twenty years is a long time ago.'

Lindy La Lupy was unquestionably the top agent in Hollywood. Years of dedicated work in the gymnasium had kept this remarkable seventy-six year old in the peak of physical condition. She was still a ravishingly beautiful sexy lady, and she knew it, and she knew everyone else knew it. Her magnificent torso had undergone extensive plastic surgery. She was a

siliconized walking miracle. Not a single square inch of Lindy's skin was in its original position, it had been stretched and moved to all points of the compass--some of it had completed a circuit of her body and would be going round again on a lap of honor. Lindy first arrived in Hollywood thirty years ago and had taken a job in a laundry. She had picked up Lee Caruso in a singles-bar on Sunset Boulevard. He was working as an extra prick in blue movies. Instantly recognizing each other as fellow perverts, they shared an apartment for ten years. Lindy got a better job steaming hats and Lee's fortunes improved when he started to do voice-over grunting. He thought his big break had come when one day they took a shot of his ass--but unfortunately they left it on the cutting room floor. It was then that Lindy decided to become Lee's manager. At first, Lee was worried she was throwing away a worthwhile career, but Lindy convinced him that steaming hats was a gateway to nowhere. She was determined to make him a big movie star. She had to figure some way of getting Lee's ass up there in front of the eyes of the public. She thought long and hard about how to promote him--and then she cracked it! She contacted "Krappers" the toilet paper company.

A deal was made for Lee to endorse their product, no payment, but his picture would be on every roll of toilet paper sold throughout the country. And boy, what a picture it was! Lee Caruso was stark naked with his back to the camera, flexing his muscles, looking over his shoulder with that beautiful

smile and wiping his ass. The company also adopted Lindy's promotional blurb:

“CRAP WITH CONFIDENCE,” SAYS LEE CARUSO--HOLLYWOOD'S NEW SUPERSTAR.

Sales of the toilet paper rocketed beyond belief. Police were called to control riots in supermarkets across the country as women fought each other for rolls of the stuff. At last, Lindy La Lupy had a product to sell. All the major studios were fighting a pathway to the door of her new office. They waved contracts and more importantly, checks for colossal amounts of money. Lindy quickly arranged a better deal for Lee with Krappers; he would now get a percentage on all their sales. So even before Lee had stepped foot in a film studio, he was already a millionaire living in a luxurious home in Bel Air. Under the guidance of Lindy, he made a string of movies that were world-wide smash hits--no dialogue, all-action thrillers--with most of the work by stuntmen. There were some tricky close-ups of Lee winding his watch and lighting a cigarette, but with expert coaching, Lee handled everything like a real pro'. Then success went to his head. That's when Lee decided he could do even better with another manager. He ditched Lindy--well, actually, he threw her from the balcony of their second-floor bedroom into the swimming pool. Lindy was not normally one to bear a grudge, but it was a long time before she could erase that incident from her memory--because, as she recounted in tears to her analyst: the pool had been emptied of water.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Lee's career was in free-fall, his fans were disappearing fast--and worst of all, his picture was no longer on the toilet paper.

'I don't know what they want of me,' he said to Fay. 'There was a time, when you jumped out from behind a rock, kicked some ass and rode away on a motorbike across the desert for ninety minutes, then disappeared into the sunset. Not a fucking word was said, all you heard was "The Who" on the sound track. Then you'd have some laughs, a few beers, and collect an Oscar on the way home to Bel Air. Nowadays they're not into making those kinda movies. I could handle those parts as easy as falling out of a tree.'

'Sure you could,' Fay said, handing him a large scotch in a Waterford crystal glass tumbler, one of thirty-six she had stolen from Neiman-Marcus.

'Those dumb producers,' Lee said. 'Don't they ever see my old movies?' I was nearly nominated for an Academy Award when I fell out of a tree in a film about lumberjacks. What's the name of that friggin movie?' he said, thumping his forehead with the heel of his hand?

'Lumberjacks,' Fay replied.

'Yeah, that's it,' Lee said. 'I never get offered decent parts like that no more. They make things so hard, they expect me to speak lotsa fucking shit words, for chrissakes. That Adam Plotz is a no-good jerkoff bullshit merchant. He calls me on the phone

with that whiny little voice of his and says, "Lee, I've gotta great part for you, you'll love it, not too many lines, it's a piece of cake." And what is it? It's like something from Hamlet already--at least two dozen words and most of them as long as your fucking arm. I said, "What the fuck's going on? I can't handle all these words by myself. Can't they be shared out? Am I the only goddamn actor in the movie? What am I, a memory man or somethin'?" He says, "Lee, my boy, that's the way it is these days, the competition is fierce. All the non-speaking leading roles are going to stars who are big box office and I mean *big*. You, Lee, have to take what's available." He's full of excuses like, times are tough and all that shit. And then he goes on to talk a lot of crap about how he'll get me up there with Tom Cruise if I am patient. So I said to him, "Don't worry, I won't be holding my breath with an asshole like you as my agent." Fay, they are driving me nuts. I have enough things on my mind getting the right expression on my face and fixing my toop so it don't fall off, without having to learn lotsa fuckin' words. It ain't fair. Look at Dean Lomax, that lucky sonofabitch. I saw his last movie. The punk was never off the screen for a hundred and ten minutes. I never took my eyes off the motherfucker; I watched him like a hawk and I swear to God I never saw his lips move once. What a part. I'd give my cock for a part like that.'

'Don't be silly,' Fay said, alarmed.

'That Adam Plotz pisses me off,' Lee said. 'Get me another drink, baby.'

'I think you should give Lindy La Lupy a call,' Fay said, refilling Lee's glass.

'Lindy La Lupy?' Lee said. 'Don't make me come. Lindy has never forgiven me for dunking her in the pool, she ain't gonna do nothing for me.'

'It's worth a try,' Fay said.

'Try, shmy.' Lee said. 'Forget it, she's never gonna do me no favors ever again.'

'Well, it was all a long time ago,' Fay said, 'and don't forget, she *was* madly in love with you.'

'Fifty feet,' Lee said, 'is a long way to fall on your head.'

'Whatever it takes I gotta get Lee back up where he belongs,' Fay thought. 'I'll do absolutely anything. If Lindy wants sexual favors from Lee, that's good. As far as I'm concerned he can shaft her forever. Also, if she wants, I'll give her all the head she can handle.'

'Lee, honey, it's time to lick ass,' Fay said.

'Hello, baby,' Lee purred into the telephone to Lindy La Lupy.

'That voice sounds familiar,' Lindy answered. 'My God! I don't believe it! Is that really Lee Caruso I'm speaking to?'

'None other,' Lee said, 'you gorgeous sexy lady.'

'Lee! I can't believe it's you,' Lindy said, 'it's been so long. Not a word or a letter from you in twenty years.'

You don't know how worried I've been, I thought something terrible had happened to me. I thought maybe I was dead already. For years I've been combing the obituary columns for my name. Every

day I asked if there'd been a funeral, a stone setting even. I was so excited when I heard I'd been spotted in Saks. But this is Hollywood...who can be sure of anything? I kept saying to myself, "Only when Lee Caruso speaks to me can I be certain that I'm still alive." Sweetheart, thanks for calling and fuck off!"

'Lindy, *don't* hang up!' Lee said. 'I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I know it's been awhile, baby. But you've gotta believe me, this is the first chance I've had to call you, and that's the truth so help me God. You know I wouldn't bullshit you. Jeezus, how time flies. It seems like only yesterday we were in bed together. Lindy, sweetheart, I always meant to apologize about the accident in the pool.'

'That was no accident,' Lindy said. 'You lousy creep! You threw me off the balcony...you bastard!'

'No-no, Lindy,' Lee said. 'I swear to God, I was carrying you back to the bedroom to make love to you again--you just slipped outta my arms. Don't you remember? We were in that bedroom day and night, for three fucking weeks. I must have been weak from all that sex--you were a very demanding lady in those days. Remember how we used to make love, Lindy? I want you to know something. You're the best lay I ever had *and* I've had 'em all, baby. By the way, how's your head? Is it better now?'

'Thanks for asking,' Lindy said. 'I get the occasional headache, but that's probably because of the metal plate.'

'I'm sorry I never came to the hospital,' Lee said. 'But I was working under a lot of pressure at the studios--you know how it is.'

'The hospital was next-door to the studios,' Lindy shouted.

'That's close,' Lee said.

'I was in intensive care for six months,' Lindy said, 'and convalescing for two years, you lousy scumbag.'

'Yeah I heard about that,' Lee said. 'It must have been tough.'

'I had eighteen operations,' Lindy said, '*eighteen!*'

'That many?' Lee said. 'That's a lot of operations, Lindy.'

'I'm lucky to be alive,' Lindy said.

'You were always lucky, goddamnit' Lee said, gritting his teeth.

Lindy recalled their wonderful and adventurous sex life. She blushed with pleasure as she remembered the numerous occasions they made love in the trunk of a limousine, while being driven around the streets of LA by Shakira, Lee's chauffeur. Shakira, was tall, slinky, incredibly sexy and wore tight-fitting black leather. She had ambitions to be a stunt driver and drove like a maniac. One of her favorite tricks was to accelerate at high speed over a ramp, somersaulting the car in mid air before doing a perfect landing on all four wheels. The shouts and squeals from the rear of the car only encouraged her to perform further feats of madness. The thought of another sex game

still thrilled Lindy. It brought a whole new meaning to the term "togetherness". They would strip naked and Lindy would squirt "Krazy Glue" over their pubic hair. Then she would leap on top of Lee and they would stick together for hours. Parting company, however, was always a painful experience and best achieved when both were reaching a climax. With perfect timing, Lindy would suddenly arch her back and rip her body free from his. It was exquisite torture until their orgasms subsided. Their screams of agony woke up their entire neighborhood in Bel Air. They lived on pain-killers for days and swore 'never again.' But they were hooked, and waited impatiently for hair to grow again, so they could repeat the experience.

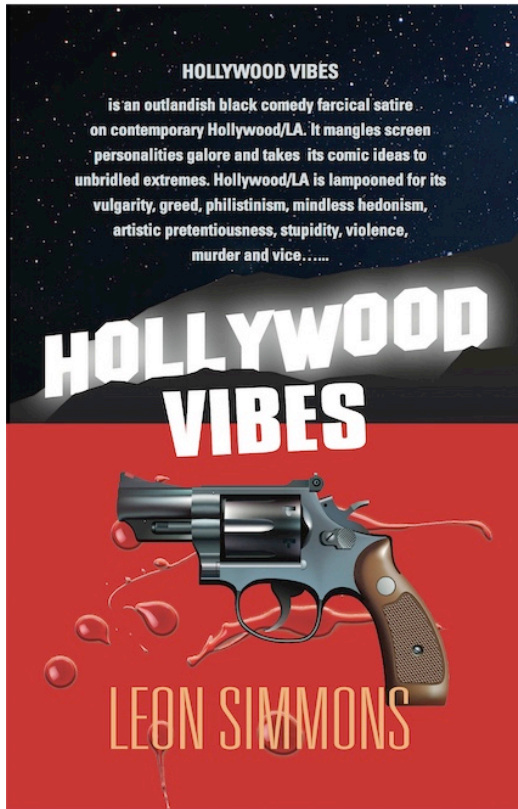
Lee pleaded with Lindy to relaunch his career.

But although she was still madly in love with him, her fingers felt the hardness of the metal bolts sticking out of her scalp and it brought back bitter memories that were impossible to forget. No, she would not help Lee, even if he were Wes Comet with three pricks.

'So there,' she said to herself.

'Meh-meh-mehmeh-meh.'

'I have a plan,' Fay said to Lee. 'You are going to be a big star again. Trust me.'



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