

Be forewarned: If you work in this industry, you will end up working with a crazy person.

Not normal crazy.

Hollywood crazy.

Normal crazy people have the decency to let you know they're crazy. They run down the street in a bath robe with a shot gun screaming about aliens raping them in the ass and how there's secret messages hidden in the songs of the Dixie Chicks.

You know? Crazy.

Hollywood crazy is different because Hollywood crazy sneaks up on you. You could be talking to a seemingly normal person but then it happens...Hollywood Crazy busts out.

What does Hollywood crazy look like? Well have a seat and let me tell you.

Hollywood crazy is yelling at managers of restaurants you frequent because you can't get "your table" when you want it.

Hollywood crazy is asking an intern to talk to a plumber (who charges \$105 an hour) to lower his rates \$7 because the other plumber, who you couldn't get ahold of, charges \$95.

It's having interns go to your house and replace ALL of your light bulbs every couple of months because you will lose your fucking shit if you're ever in a room and a light goes out.

It's making the girl at the salon come in 2 hours before her shift so that it will accommodate YOUR schedule even though you're really not doing anything that day anyway.

Shall I go on?

Hollywood crazy is sending your assistant an email at 8 o'clock in the morning, on the Saturday of a three day weekend, to tell her that she's pretty worthless and that even though she's trying to get involved more creatively, she's her "assistant first and don't forget that."

It's like rain on your wedding...wait, that's irony. Scratch that.

For this one, you REALLY have to pay close attention: It's calling the interns at the office, from your home, to ask them to call your assistant who is AT your fucking house, to tell him to have an intern call your driver (who's AT the fucking house) and tell him that he wants to talk to him.

Did you get that one? Sometimes, for fun, I like to think of all the possible ways to make that chain shorter. Try it at home folks. Good fucking times.

If you liked that one, you'll love this one: It's calling your assistant to call your driver and tell him that she needs him to pick up the dry cleaning. Agreeing as this is a normal routine thing. Then calling said driver only to find out...

Drum roll please...

SHE'S IN THE FUCKING BACK SEAT!

Wrap your head around that one!

It's getting yelled at...YELLED AT...because you failed on securing an item that has never, or will never exist. The item in question? Red post-its. Gee, I can't imagine why Post-it hasn't thought to make RED FUCKING POST-ITS? Hmm...oh right, cause you can't fucking read anything you write on a red Post-it! It was so bad that the assistant in question, literally, called two separate divisions of the 3M Corporation to find out if they have ever made red Post-its. They don't. Never have. Never will. The color he meant?

Pink.

Hollywood crazy is keeping track of the annual Christmas list, which includes gardeners, the guy who cuts your hair, the guy who fixes your car, the lady at the nail salon, the fucking MAIL MAN and various other people who don't really matter in your life...the person NOT on the list?

YOUR FUCKING ASSISTANT!

That one made me laugh for days after someone shared that one with me. Can you imagine? Keeping track of all of those gifts and constantly being asked, "Did I forget any one?"

I love this town.

It's having to call city hall numerous amounts of times, to complain and complain about the trees on your corner not getting trimmed.

The kind of crazy where you have your assistant call your credit card company to get late fees removed because...wait for it..."I don't pay those fees."

It's calling the chef of the restaurant you're going to that night and asking him to prepare something that's NOT on the menu because you're "just in the mood for something else."

It's having your assistant call the assistant of your BEST FRIEND (who you just had fucking dinner with the night before) to ask him if he could please return the DVD you loaned him.

Seriously, can you imagine that? I had drinks with my friend Bob the other night. We met at the Pig n' Whistle. I texted him the day before. Asked him if he wanted to grab drinks. Guess what he did?

HE TEXTED ME THE FUCK BACK!

Oh yeah, and Bob had my script...I wanted him to remember to bring it with him...guess what I did?

I FUCKING ASKED HIM!

You know why? Cause he's my friend!

Imagine if you literally had your people call their people to make lunch plans or to get a DVD back...from your fucking friend!

Holly-weird people. That's fucking what crazy is out here.

Now, for legal reasons, there are SOME crazy things that I've heard that I just can't go into. You know, the good stuff...the perverted stuff. The threesomes. The fucking juicy family gossip. The abuse. The drugs. I know shit that could probably get me killed. After all, I'm just an assistant hooked into a chain of assistants...these people could easily get rid of us, ahem...discreetly! So, I won't be discussing it here...

(I know...I hear the collective boos)

But...

And I promise you...

You ever meet me in a bar and want to know. Ask me, cause I will spill like a motherfucker.

Now, I have been fortunate enough to work for fairly sane people and have not had any of these stories happen to me. But they do happen and you need to know, you will cater to the whims of the rich and crazy. Whether it's the producer on your screenplay, the studio head you meet with, the actor in your movie...whatever. You are going to be working with crazy.

So ask yourself...do you want it? Do you REALLY want it?

Me? I know MY answer.

The answer is YES!

I love this shit. It's so fucking awesome to have to do all of this crazy shit. Hell I'm a little disappointed that the people I work for aren't MORE crazy! I want the divas, I want the getting yelled at for Post-its. Sign my ass UP!

Why?

Cause it's always been that way. The rich and famous live in a world outside of ours and I love being a part of it. I love hearing these stories and sharing them with you. It's what I live for! Living here makes me giggle like a school girl. I love crazy and there's no better place to find it than Hollywood!

What about you? Got any crazy stories? Let me know by sending them to weekendread@gmail.com. You don't have to name names or if you do, I promise not to reprint anything. Let's just gossip!

Till next week...