

Hollywood

by Beatrice Louise

I heard that Hollywood is remaking “Thelma and Louise” with Christina Ricci and that dark haired girl who worked on a show that plays on the television. I heard it either from the internet or from a dream. I thought about looking it up, but I don't love Hollywood enough to ask Google what she's doing these days.

Hollywood didn't invite me to her wedding. Bitches invite everyone to their weddings. She liked all of my profile pictures on Facebook and once on my wall she posted an article that inspired me. Some strangers recommended the same article to me, probably because of my work. Also once Hollywood sent me a text message about whiskey that made me laugh. Strangers have joked about whiskey with me, too, probably because we share an addiction to alcohol. Whatever. Bitches invite everyone to their weddings.

One time Hollywood and I spent a couple hours alone together. I said to her, “This is the first time we've been alone together.” I remember thinking she looked embarrassed or maybe uncomfortable.

I said more words to try to make things better, but they didn't work.

I think maybe I would love Hollywood more if we spent more time alone together. Until then, anything my brain tells me about Hollywood is just as meaningless as anything Google can tell me.

I want to hold Hollywood's hand while we walk down the street where everyone can see us and I want her to smile while she's doing it, but I'm okay if none of that happens.

I heard that Hollywood is remaking “Thelma and Louise.” Whatever. I never even saw the original.

