

# I Want a Famous Face

Contributed by Veronica

I have a confession to make. Not the "I-ate-the-last-chocolate-chip-cookie" type, but a full-blown, "Real World," dark room revelation that is likely to spur some horrified gasps from Perez Hilton and the viewers at home. Though I have spent the past two years and two months working as an assistant aspiring to one day acquire the title "big wig television executive" with the corner office and corporate card, I have another secret fantasy. No, it does not involve Justin Timberlake. Or maybe it does, but not until the fourth act. Though it pains me to admit it, when I moved to Los Angeles I kind of, sort of, maybe thought I might be "discovered" and become Julia Roberts famous. I blame it on the movies. They ruined my chances of ever being satisfied by a regular boring, non-chiseled abs man because of Brad Pitt in *A River Runs Through It*, and they have similarly ruined my chances of being satisfied by a job that doesn't involve me being filmed, photographed, or begged for an autograph. Signing my bi-weekly time sheets does not count. And neither does getting caught on my office's security cameras "adjusting myself" in the elevator. Though I am a bit of an exhibitionist, I'm not convinced I want to be famous for correcting the alignment of my underwear on YouTube. I'd much prefer being featured doing so in *US Weekly's "Just Like Us"* section.

The whole thing is quite perplexing to me. I went to an ambitious private university, actually read and understood Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*, and pride myself on my ability to stand upright without the aid of recreational substances. Yet throughout all those years spent highlighting history books and analyzing John Donne poems, I maintained, and continue to maintain, a faint hope that someday I will not have to be hidden behind the camera like the rest of the intelligent, "ugly people." I truly believe that I will be chosen, plucked out of obscurity like Charlize Theron, who was in line at the bank when she was discovered, and I will then be waxed, dyed, and liquid-dieted into a Best Actress Academy Award and/or Emmy winner. The fantasy sequence has many different variations, but the general trajectory of my ascension to fame is roughly the same in all versions. I'm at the gym, sweating like OJ Simpson in his jail cell, and a slightly rotund, balding producer whose last name ends in "stein" begins checking out my form on the upright stationary bike. He puts down his Blackberry and *Hollywood Reporter*, saunters over, and asks, "How do I know you?" I respond, "I come here often." He smiles at my wit, declares me fabulous, and immediately offers me a role in his next TV pilot and/or film, co-starring Eric Bana as my love interest. I make a smashing debut, *Entertainment Weekly* and *People* write features on me and my superior method acting skills, and I become the next "it" girl with the "it" bag, and the best haircut since "the Rachel." The Academy Awards follow, and I give the "I've-been-dreaming-about-this-since-I-was-an-awkward-financially-defunct-little-girl" speech in perfect, dramatic, tear-inducing fashion. Insert the Justin Timberlake fantasy here. The problem with these starry-eyed dreams of fame, Oscars and corner offices, is that while contacts, and chance encounters do matter, ultimately, there is a modicum of hard work involved in achieving success in Hollywood. It isn't easy. The bouncer at the front door does not always accept twenty-dollar bills or suggestive winks to bypass the line of similar ambitious young ladies who are also garnering for a spot in the Hollywood success story club. As much as I want to believe there is a silver platter out there for me, my two years and two months in this industry has revealed a different reality. That shiny silver platter is actually a bit tarnished, and to achieve greatness — on the screen, in the conference room, or on IMDB — it takes a lot of silver polish, a persistent hand, or Charlize Theron's bone structure.