



*K. M.*

*Smith*

*Thousand Faces  
of Love*

# **Thousand Faces of Love**

K. M. Smith

2015

Publio Publishing

All rights reserved!

Translator: Tünde Gyuriczky

Cover design and photo by: Peter Petrik and Edina Petrikne Kenderesi

The Hungarian book the translation was based on was published in 2014 by the publisher Publio with the title A szerelem ezer arca/ Thousand Faces of Love/

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual people living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

*"These are the kind of things you cannot talk about.  
These things remain a secret even if they are unveiled in detail.  
All we can do is to live through them and to evoke them  
so that they live inside me forever."  
Sandor Marai*

For you...

# Chapter One

Since I was a kid acting was my everything. I wanted to become an actress ever since I can remember. I always played; I wanted to become someone else, sometimes because my life didn't offer enough excitement another time because I want to express how much I feel inside. I wanted to be in the spotlight, I wanted to shine, to be adored. I wanted the light go on for me. Standing in the light enjoying the applause with my eyes closed.... how many times have I dreamed about all this.

Theater was more for me, than simple distraction, or a good program. Theater had its own smell and unimaginable feeling. My teenage years were guided by these colors, smells and faces.

So nobody was surprised when I started to study acting. I was 17. I've learned to act; to play to use my body. As I had more and more appearance I've received more and more offers. When I was 25 I've caught myself playing in a theatre, leading roles. Finally, I'm standing there, with my eyes closed enjoying the applause. My life is about theatre, rehearsal in the morning, performance in the evening after them having beer with Krisz until dawn. Like peas and carrots...

It's Friday night. The schedule is the same. Krisz, beer... a perfect combo. But tonight we aren't playing but him. The new star of the theatre, girls' dream and mine as well. We watched the performance, God knows how many times; it was fantastic again and sexy. Like his girlfriend. She waited for him after the performance in the Arts Café.

- They are together again - Krisz looks at me with resignation.

Not if this matter for Tom, it is known he is always ready for a bang. From everyone... except for me.

It was never about moral, neither in my case. I'm hopelessly in love again, and I believe I will be the WOMAN in his life to tame him. Ok, ok I don't believe this either, but if felt good to think about it, even just for a second.

I desire love. Love, which is deep, passionate and sweeps away everything. For me, sex was never that important, it didn't really concern me, probably because I was never able to live it through. But I always had the feeling deep inside of me, that this should be different, like get lost with someone, get lost in someone, be lustful, sexy, get and give pleasure. Is this a dream too? Or a role? I have no one to play with.

The beer is bittersweet in my mouth, Krisz, friends, smoky place. We saved the world again, many times today. We were talking about theatre, role, dreams, we are loud and shocking. But we don't care, because we have secrets.

Our laugh was interrupted by my phone's ringing. A strange female voice spoke.

- Katy Stevens?

-Yes, it's me - I answered hesitating. Two years ago, when my mother's English husband died, I've changed my name and took his to honor him. I considered him always as my father, not the first husband of my mother, who lived with us till I was 5. Then he took off with a younger girl.

- Greetings, I'm Laura from SP casting. - I'm searching in my head fast after names, places... yes, there it is. I've applied by them for a job; they have made a portfolio about me.

-Your portfolio has been selected Katy - Laura gabbles further, as someone who says the same for the thousand time. - You should go for a casting. Can you take a job now?

- Of course - I said without hesitation.

- The casting is tomorrow in London.

- London? - I discredited.

-Yes, unfortunately we were told also only now. But all the cost are covered of course. Can you go anyway?

- What is to know about the casting?

- This is an American feature film, with the title *Memory*. The casting is for the female leading role, you are selected to cast for that.

Damn it, leading role of a US movie.... My legs tremble, I'm dizzy. I need to concentrate to hear what she says. I make fast notes about the important date, tomorrow morning at the airport, then in London they wait for me, and take to the place via cab.

I'm overjoyed, my friends are happy for me. What an opportunity, unique experiences, it doesn't matter whether I win the role or not. Only the fact, that I can be there is enough. I say goodbye, I need to rest. Certainly I can't sleep, I'm too excited. I have the feeling it will be a wonderful unique day!

I get up early, simple jeans and a pretty top, I wash my hair and leave them untied, parted on the side and pours smoothly on my shoulders. I'm heading to the airport with dash of make-up and my mother's worrying.

This is the first time I fly; it would be fascinating if I wouldn't be so worried about the movie.

I taste its title ... *Memory*... and dream; dreaming isn't hard at all flying free between the earth and sky. I dream about flashlights, applause, lights, Hollywood, and a little golden figure... *no-no-no wait, this is already too far.*

-Miss Stevens? Your cab is waiting outside.

The car is large, a real London cab. I get in. like a movie star... the line between dreams and reality disappears slowly. Which, I have to say is never too craggy in my case. Somewhere deep inside of me a feeling is wakening, it's not enough to be there, I have to win.

We pass over the city and arrive finally at the casting. That is an unfeatured building with a large hall within. Barely about 50 people are there with me. .... *Damn, how could you imagine, that you'd be alone here!* Fifty almost identical girls, I see now, they were looking for a character. Everybody has long brown hair, with brown eyes as far as I can say. A woman walks to me and gives me a number: 32 and a text about 2 sides.

-You have about 1 hour to prepare, please learn the text within this hour, you will be called at that door. Thank you! - Then she walked away.

The first girl was called in after one and a half hour. She wasn't in for more than 10 minutes and the next was called in... it is really fast. I was getting more excited. Not far away from 10-15 girls are

talking with those, who already came out, I sneak there for some information.

-Yes, I'm serious, he is here as well. He is in watching the casting. Don't be concerned with him, he is an asshole. He is talking on the phone, doesn't even look at you. He merely welcomes you and doesn't pay attention only just for a second when you enter the room. He is looking like he would decide at that moment if he is interested in you or not. Said a girl very nervous, several of the others agree. Who are they talking about?

- Irrespectively of this live he is more beautiful simply stunning! Girls, you can't be angry at him!  
- Now I really want to know, who they are talking about.

- Who are you talking about?- I interrupted.

-Rob Thomas! Didn't you know, he will be here as well? They didn't tell you? He is the male leading actor. They are looking for a partner for him -I gasped for breath, even my heart missed a beat. Oh my God, I can't believe this! I've heard much of him. I know he is a very talented actor, people are crazy for him since his last movie, and thousands of women would die for him. That's the reason, why is the casting in London.

My head is full with information, let's see, the press and the paparazzi tear him apart for a photo. He's 27, earned 9 billion with his last movie, he is the best paid actor in Hollywood, he was the sexiest man of this year according to *People*, everyone wants him.

Oh my God, if I could play next to him in a movie! What an opportunity! As I heard he is big scumbag, who lost his mind from himself!

A girl is coming out crying.

- It's simply humiliating. He doesn't even look at you. Girls he was posting on Facebook, while I was bleeding out! - She was crying.

Ouch! I will put him in his place! What does he think? I spend hours with traveling and waiting, while he is talking on the phone. No! He must have 5 minutes for me from his precious time! He won't die due to paying attention. Yes, I will tell him all these. Anger was festering. I decided I won't let this screwed up star to ruin the big moment of my life

-Nr. 32 please come in!

Jeez! It's me! My legs trembled, but my anger is still there, moreover it helped me walk, I was determined, when I entered the room. As they said, Rob was trifling with his phone. I opened my mouth to speak, but in the very moment he looked at me, his fingers stopped, and he put away his phone and stared at me. Exceptionally I set aside my diatribe.

- Good afternoon Miss Stevens! Please, come inside! Let me introduce the movie's director Allah Couter, the producer Christin Scott and the male leading actor, who is also our producer Robert Thomas. Please stand in front of the camera and introduce yourself! - said the woman I've received my number from earlier. I stand before the camera, it's cramping a little bit and I don't know where to look at them or the camera, damn it, I should have ask that too from the girls before me.

- Just to talk to us. I hope we can thee? -asks Rob. His voice is calm, silent and slows my heart-beat at the moment. I have a curious feeling, like I've heard that voice before, like he'd talk to me since ages. His voice is unique due to his English-American accent. I've learned only later, that he speaks very rarely with his pure English accent, because he feels like his soul would be naked. I

nod with a smile. Rob searches among the files and a half smile appears at his face when he finally finds what he was looking for. I see now, that is my file. He has an inquiring look. I start, introducing myself; say a couple of things about myself, my previous jobs. But I can't take my eyes off him. How interesting, he makes me feel like I'd cry if he wouldn't pay attention to me, but he's looking at me. What is more, he doesn't take his eyes off me! He is listening, with interest. After I finished my short CV Allan, the director turns to me.

- Katy, were you able to learn the text, we gave you?

- Yes - I answered.

- Great, then let's start!

I have to play a part from the movie. Ally is out for the night and her father is waiting for her impatiently to come home. As Ally gets home, she walks towards her father apologetically. But then she sees her secret diary on the table and gets in a thundering rage.

Allan, the director is recording the scene with a hand-held camera:

- All right Katy, now I want to take the changes at your face, how you create rage from regret and guilt! - Allan leans close to me with the camera watching all my moves. - Thanks, that's it! - he says couple of minutes later, then he walks to the table, talks to Rob and they nod. - All right Katy, we'll re-watch the records, please wait outside so long!

The lobby is almost silent, everybody is in their thoughts. I have this strange feeling, filled with fear and excitement. I don't know what they are looking for; all I know is that I did my best. But what is that enough for, I have no idea.

- Those who hear their name entered the second round! For the rest, thank you for participating! - says the woman who gave the numbers 30 minutes later. My palms are sweating, I'm nervous and biting my lips. The woman says the names but not mine and finishes. I don't hear my name. I become empty due to the frustration and pain; I'm staring in front of me with disbelief. This is it? I didn't even make it to the second round. But I felt, I was good... but not good enough, not for America. How could I even imagine I would have? I'm sorry for the lost opportunity, the escaping dreams and for him.

- Oh, sorry, I missed someone, - the woman turns back - Katy Stevens, You can stay as well! - She says, and disappears behind the door. I stood gaping at her; I aged 5 years in 1 minute.

After a half an hour I'm standing in the room again facing them, I can't make a mistake, this will decide everything.

- Can we start? - asks Allen, and I nod with a smile on my face.

- I'll make the cue! - screams Rob, a little more enthusiastic than he should, everybody is shocked.

- All right - says the director, with disbelief in his voice.

We start the scene; the camera takes all my moves, he raises and walks to me. I have a very distinct impression, filled with fear and admiration. He's so tall, moves with ease so I can't even see when he takes a step. The stage fright that haunted me since the morning is gone, like it wasn't there at all. It seems there is no one else just him and me. The scene plays in a university canteen, where Taylor the male leading actor walks to Ally and asks her out.

I feel I'm good now, I had some mistakes in the text but I corrected them. He plays so easily next to me, he is a pro. The scene has ended, Rob sits back without a word he was looking for the director, they eyes met and nodded.

- Thank you Katy very much. Can you stay for a half an hour more? - asks the director.

- Yes - I answered, my flight takes off only in 3 hours.

- Please wait so long in the lobby! - said this fussy, number giving woman.

I leave the room and take a look at my watch. Jeez I was in there for 20 minutes, the others only 5-10 minutes. What could that mean? Everybody looks at me with interest, but in the moment I'd open my mouth I hear the door opening behind me and the next girl is called in. I don't look back, I go further. Somebody touches my shoulder and I freeze, I got afraid. I turn.

- Hi! Do you smoke? - I nod.

- Want to light up? - I nod again.

- I hope you didn't lose your voice, did you? Come, the smoking area is at the end of the lobby. - I smile and follow him without a word, like I'd be under his spell. Everybody looks at us of course, and I can see in their eyes what they would do to me right now. I straighten up ... *come on look at me.*

As walking behind him, I'm thinking this man is really beautiful. He has a light brown blowzy hair, I have pins and needles in my fingertips; I want to ruffle it. Like he would hear my unspoken words and ruffles his hair smoothly. Jeez, my mouth goes dry. Jeans, Nike shoes and a blue shirt; simple but still he looks amazing who his shape is visible under his clothes. As he walks I can see every move of his muscles brilliant sight.

I've been thinking about, what happened, why didn't I have stage fright, why didn't I flutter? Why is everything different, when he is around? I enjoyed playing with him, it was a really refreshing thing to do, a benefit performance, the far best experience of my acting career. I was so graceful, aerial, all the borders of my body vanished, melted, he made me complete. What do you know, what I don't? I felt the urge to solve this man, stay quiet and listen and wait, like when you see a gorgeous game and it delights you. You want to enjoy that few sweet moments; you received from it as a gift.

Meanwhile we reach that small place, which became the smoking area. Tight and smoky. He offers me a fag, we light up, my hand skims over his, don't know why, but I smile like an idiot and don't dare to look at him.

- I haven't introduced myself yet. - He says.

- You don't have to either.

- Oh, I hate this. I can't introduce myself to anyone, because everybody knows everything about me, without even talking to me - he blows the smoke out and ruffles his hair. It must be a nerve-racking habit of his, it nerves me now at least, it warms my blood.

I give him my hand impishly... *come on let's play.*

- Katy Stevens - I introduce myself.

- Robert Thomas - he takes my hand.

- And, what do you do here? Are you here for the casting? - Playful wrinkles appeared in the corner of his deep blue eyes, as he laughs... he's beautiful while laughing.

- How did you feel? What do you think, how did it go? - He asked me with true interest in his eyes.

- I felt good. How did it go? Say you. If I'm right you have influence at the choice. - I'm flirty and provocative... it's unbelievable what he does with me, I never act like this.

- Not that much, than you think. But I guess we were good. - *We were good...* the words echo in my head. What should that mean, what am I supposed to do with that? My flirty me winks, let the game begin.

- It's easy to be good with you. - *Am I right, did your face flushed?* His eyes fell, and blows the smoke edgily out. Did I go too far?

- Do you love theater? - He changes the subject. All right, let it be. I try to hide how my heart feels. This man, I got under his spell, he takes me out.

- Yes, there is something unrepeatable. You have to do magic every night, fascinate the people, and you mustn't do any mistakes because they pay off.

- Why do you want to make a movie?

- I'd like to try myself; I believe I'm much more capable of, than just theatre. I could do something else, something totally different - what kind of words, I've never talked like that...

- I really hope you will have a chance to do all this. Making a movie is different, not easy. Mostly not with me, - *Are you still talking about making a movie?* - but that's also wonder. -he blows the smoke out.

- I should try to quit, this is just a bad habit. - I'm listening, I could listen to him for hours, his voice reassures me, makes me feel dreamy.

-You are very silent.

- No, I'm not... just... I'm in my thoughts. - What am I talking? Please don't ask about what I was thinking!

- What were you thinking about? - *You, why are you so withdrawn, are you aware of your power, what do you do to other people?*

Before I could say anything stupid, his phone rings. He picks it up nervously.

- Ok, be right there. I'm sorry Katy, but I have to go back. But I'm sure, we'll see each other! It was nice to meet you! Good luck!

- Thanks the same to you! - *Why did I wish good luck?*

He left the room, what left behind is emptiness. Why do I want to follow him, scream after him? Don't go! He doesn't look back, walks further. I scream silently: *I wish you were right and we'd meet again.*



I go back to the lobby, and hide in a corner. I won't talk to anyone, don't want to be looked questioningly at. I'm confused. I want this movie, and I want him as well. I need to see him. No one has ever had that influence at me before. I can't take my eyes off him! I need to hear his voice again. This man grips me, and set everything on fire behind him. I wish to get to know his soul, which is perfectly hidden for others.

After a half an hour the number disposer woman came out the room, where I was a short time ago. I try to peep in the room behind her just to see him, just for a second... but I can't see him anywhere. Probably he has left already.

- Thank you for everyone for participating; the casting is over - the woman said.

Slowly and dazed I start to pack my stuff, trying to resist to the thought, that it was for me. But then Miss Number Disposer steps to me. - Katy Stevens, please come with me I'm Erika. - Oh, she has a name. I follow her, back to the room, where the casting took part. Allan, the director and Rob sit at a round table. That's the reason, why I didn't see him from outside.

- Katy, thank you for your patience - says Allan - please have a seat! - showing a chair opposite to me. Rob is busy with his phone, when I sit he looks at me.

- I told you we'll meet... - looking at me with his blue eyes.

- Katy, me and Rob, we decided, we want you to play the role of Ally ... -with excitement. I'm dizzy, it's reeling, my mouth is dry and I can't find any words.

- Thank you for the opportunity - I stammer.

- Thank to yourself - Rob takes over the talking. - Your play was really impressive, that's how we imagine Ally would be. And you were by the way the only person who had that extra we were looking for since months without result. It won't be an easy job Katy, but I guess I've mentioned that already. The shooting will be in New York, according to my plans it will take 3 months. Katy, I set the pace very hard. 10-12 hours of shooting a day won't be rare either, if you agree you have to prepare for this. Not only in your soul but also in your body, you'll need good fitness. The shooting begins in one month. Unfortunately it can't be earlier because I'm working on another movie, which I hope won't delay and we can really start in a month.

- We can offer you 5 million dollars - says Allan - your contract will be sent tomorrow via email, please check it and tell me if something doesn't match! During the shooting we'll rent you an apartment in New York, and cover all your expense. Our contact will call you and you can discuss every detail. And the most important part the screenplay... I'll send it to you tomorrow in a mail. You have to know it in one month! It's important; I'm really fussy about that! - A smile is hiding in the corner of his mouth, but he tries to look peevish. I like him at the first sight, he's in his mid-fifties, and his hair is getting grey. He has heavy crinkles around his eyes. He seems to be a man who doesn't tolerate contradiction, but if he likes you, he gives his everything for you. He has a very big knowledge, and also respect, a person who lives his profession passionately. I think we'll be good at working together. I love those directors, who know what they want. They get to know their actors, all their moves and know when they need to pull back and let the actors play and also know where the limits are. I love those directors I can look up to, who can control my body, as I'm the puppet and he moves me. I think Allan is this kind of a man. As his eyes meet with Rob's, they seem to be two people who know each other very well. I don't know if they have ever worked together, but obviously Allan knows all whiffle of Rob, there's harmony between them, I'm jealous.

- Katy we'll meet in a month! - Rob stands up from his seat and offers his hand.

- I can't wait! - I say, and look directly in his face. I see questions there, many unanswered questions. He presses my hand very hard, our eyes interweave.

*"Now I can't see you for a long while, although I can't take my eyes off you."*

The cab is already waiting outside. Time goes by quickly, and my head is full of strange thoughts. Joy and fear are dancing there hand in hand inside me. I think about what happened to me today as my plane takes off and disappears above the clouds. I remember a curious figure I can't get rid of. I remember his slender, tall form, his easy steps. I see his light brown ruffled hair and his long fingers disappearing in that, his bushy eyebrows and his long lineal nose and his unforgettable smile that shines on my mind. He changes everything, overwrites and let everything come to nothing. Like I wouldn't have existed until I didn't know this world, and still I feel like I'd know him since thousands of years. I got the biggest opportunity of my life, my dreams can come true. I'm only 25 and I'll shoot in America, earning 5 million dollars by the way, it's more than I ever dreamed about. I have of course much to do until that. I need to talk with the theatre because in a month I'll disappear for 3 months. Will they wait for me, will I have a place to come back, and will I want to come back? I had this and other similar questions in my mind, when my plane started to sink.

As I turn on my phone the message signals all I hear for minutes, I received a lot of messages. Of course, I didn't call anyone; my poor mother should be worried. I open Krisz's message first. "Did you meet Jack the ripper? Call me!"

I call my mother first, she picks up the phone scared, I calm her down by telling her everything is fine and I'll be home soon. Krisz is next.

- Did you get it? - She picks up.

- Let us meet tonight in front of the theatre and I tell you everything. - We hung up. This isn't to be discussed over phone, how could I tell her I'm not the same person anymore.

My mother starts to cry when she hears the news that her little daughter became an actress in a movie.

- If grandma' would be here... - she sobs.

My grandma' helped me at this way. She isn't with us since a couple of years, but I will never forget her last words: *Never be afraid to make your dreams come true!*

I turned on my laptop and saw I got an email. Jeez, it was fast. The sender is ... oh my God...Robert Thomas. My heart beats faster.

*"Hi,*

*In the attachment you can find the script. Please tell me if you don't understand anything. Furthermore we forgot to tell you, that you have to sign a non-disclosure agreement, it means you*

*mustn't give any information, especially about me, my phone number and address, a third party. I will handle your data also confidential of course. If you have signed please send back to me! Thanks! Have fun with the learning!*

*Rob*

*P.S. I'm looking forward to the shooting! ;)"*

I don't open the attachment but my flirty me starts to type my reply:

*"Hi,*

*Thanks. It was unnecessary to send me the non-disclosure agreement, because I don't know anything about you - especially your number and address- I could give a third party.*

*Katy*

*P.S.: I'm looking forward too! ;)"*

I've opened the contract, 10 pages, my God; let this for a while. I check the screenplay, and click on printing. My printer comes to life and gives out the papers immeasurably. This one month will be soon over. The amount of the text is huge, although I deal with texts since years. In most of my time I learn texts and poems, but this is still too much.

I click on the non-disclosure agreement, contract concluded between Katy Stevens and Robert Thomas under the following terms and conditions... we have a contract between us, this thought strokes me, I have something to do with this unique man. The point is I can't share any personal data or I will spend 20-25 years in a prison in Mexico. Awesome.

My laptop beeps, a message was received:

*„To have a secret to keep: +001 91 43 97 75 00*

*Rob x"*

My flirty me is dancing with herself. Yes, I got his number, now I can call him anytime, if I dare. How many people are there who would give everything for this number... and here it is. I save it right away in my phone, as it would disappear from my screen.

I sign the agreement and attach to my letter:

*"Your eminence is honorable, thank you! I will try to keep your secret! Your contract in the attachment!*

*Katy x 0036-20-526-8876 "*

The answer comes right away:

*"And the rest?"*

*"I haven't read them, don't be anxious!"*

I read fast. There are many restrictions, half of I don't even understand. I run through it, try to find the important points, there's no mistake at least I think so. I'm surprised, there's an extra chapter in the agreement about that what I can't change on myself, like my hair. I can't touch it, no haircut, no hair dye. Furthermore I can't put on or lose more weight than 2 kg during the shooting or before it. I sing and scan it.

*"Here, I hope I was fast enough, wasn't I?"*

*":) Thank you! Have a nice day! R."*

*"Not at all. You too! K."*

No more letters. I imagined him sitting in front of his laptop typing me a mail with his slight, long fingers, I want to shout and jump and scream. But I stay quiet and start to read the script. A love story evolves in front of my eyes, between two people who are hurt and run into each other's hands from their horrible families. Can a story like this be happy? No, this has no happy ending. At the end when they finally find each other, clear their relationship and become a family Taylor dies. The movie ends with my face in the last scene, a teardrop rolls down my face. I cry. This story is so beautiful. I feel I need to read this over and over again, before I start to learn my part. I want to embrace this story, Ally's character.

I turn on my laptop, no message. I open Google, type his name in the search bar and I got many, many info now. He was born in London, lives since more than 5 years in Los Angeles, he has two sisters, and his parents are common people. He loves to play guitar, and plays the piano since he was 5. *Course, what else would he do with that long finger?* He played smaller roles in the theatre in London; his breakthrough came as he was 21, becoming a star from one day to the other. 98 % of his fans are women... *how surprising!* He doesn't like this dramatizing around him; the adoration of his fans bothers him all he desires is his old life and silence. He is dirty rich, drives a Porsche and has a house in Hollywood. He also has 2 adopted dogs. "Where's my dog, there's my home" – he said once someone. He goes everywhere with bodyguards because his fans don't hold back, the crowd can't go closer than 5 meters. *Beauty in a cage...*

I read further, it makes me shiver, my mind protests. What I'm reading hurts me, every letter, every damn word is a slap on my face. He and his girlfriend are in a once together once not relationship since 4 years. People are guessing every month are they together or not? Many paparazzi pictures are about them. Some say they don't even talk right now, but others are sure they are desperately in love.

I have so many questions, I'm totally confused. Did my imagination trick me? Didn't he feel anything? He was only nice, or all he cares about is the movie, my character and not me...

I feverishly search further, there's so many gossip I don't know what is true and what isn't. It seems the reporters' favorite topic is his private life, everybody seems to know that and there is

always a close friend, who wants to stay anonym and knows the truth about him. I close my laptop; it was too much for today. I need to leave by the way, it has already darkened.

I meet Krisz in front of the theatre, and amble to our favorite place.

- I have a surprise - she says. We enter the smoky bar; all my mates are there from the acting class and also my favorite teacher Keke. I'm so happy to be among good friends, who know and love me, and don't confuse me.

- Tell us! - They shout all at once.

- I got it! - I get many congratulations, hugs and kisses,

- I'm so proud of you! - Keke looks at me; these three words bring the water on my eyes. I'm crying. And that's neither the first time nor the last, I feel so.

I tell them what happened. They listen wonderingly, because they all desire to have that, what I got and they can live that through with me. I talk about the casting, the movie, the director, the story and Ally. I ask Keke to go through the screen play with me and discuss how I should portray Ally according to her. I also talk about him. The girls fell into a swoon. - Katy you are the luckiest girl in the world, damn it! You're gonna make a love scene... WITH HIM!

Ugh, I totally forgot that. Really. Oh my God. I barely remember what I read in my contract that I don't have to be naked I'll have my bra and pants... or not. Why didn't I read it more carefully before I signed it?

The night is fast over, everybody goes home. We stay with Krisz. And I continue to talk about things I wouldn't share with anyone but her.

- He must like you. Or why would he have given you his number? - I wish it would be that easy - Didn't he write that he is waiting for the shooting?

- Yes he did, but it may not mean anything. - I try to convince Krisz, or myself I don't really know anymore who.

- You were the only one he was paying attention to, actually didn't he give you the cue. For God's sake Katy! Don't be so faint! You have a lot more courage and faith than this to that what you're up to. You go abroad, in a foreign world among foreign people, gather yourself together! - Krisz rebukes me pitiless.

She's that person, who always sees things exactly, her mind is sharp. We met for the first time due to a mutual friend, and we knew at that very moment we have a future together. We found the joint passion immediately: theatre. I know her since I was 17 and we did many crazy things together, and we laugh about them even today. She has blonde-brown medium long hair; she always wears it in a ponytail. Brown eyes, slim figure and her sunglasses, which are inevitable, but I've never seen her wearing them before only on her head. That's the only way to hold a feather in check. Krisz is a graceful person, where she goes everybody gets emotional. Boys love her, but she doesn't have a long-term relationship. She is in love with love itself, or maybe with an imaginary hero, who would save her from herself. The dawn finds us in her garden again. Many beer doses are on her wrought iron table. Under the pine Krisz asks me not to leave her and to come back to her, at least I should invite her to Hollywood.

- I'm still here; don't mourn me! - We laugh - My life is going to change, and I want you to be part

of that, because I can't do this without you.

- Sure, you got cold feet from this guy already. You'll need a personal assistant in there, so you won't screw up everything completely! - says Krisz seriously.

- I'll ask the pretty boy, if there is a possibility.

- Go for him, because if you don't I will. - We're both laughing.

- I need to rest, I go! - saying goodbye.

I travel home dazed, I'm tired, and this day was a long one being in London as well. This would be enough for a week not a day. I barely take my clothes off I'm in the bed already. The outside world sneaks in through the shade. My head is heavy from all the feelings or the beer. The beams of light are playing on my wall creating an unknown world.

I see him in my dreams, we go through a door, but people come to us, and want to tear us. I grab his jacket and pull him back. Through another door we enter a different world, he looks at me with those beautiful blue eyes, not saying a word but I see he's grateful for I saved him from the crowd. My hand slips slowly in his hand; I feel how warm it is, so human, so real. Our hands are folding. I just stare at his hand, his long fingers enchant me. He presses my hand and I see his face. Then I see that a girl holds his other hand, a girl he wants to get rid of, but he can't.

*"What will become of you, the noisy crowd will leave you all by yourself? You're wounded and even you don't know your place."*<sup>1</sup>

My life has changed completely now. I meet Keke twice a week, to discuss the screen play, work on my style and practice. I'm thankful for her help. She adds a lot to my play, and to Ally.

I do a 60 minutes workout every day for my hip, bottom and stomach. I don't have a bad shape, but I have to be in a better one. As an extra I have a teacher to work with on my moving skill once a week and I also have English lesson 5 times a week. So these 4 weeks will be over very fast. Since my childhood I speak fluently English, nearly on native level, due to my mother's second husband, who was English. Now, that I have to learn the script and I won't be able to use my native language for 3 months only in phone calls, I need to improve my English skills.

I didn't even recognize and I spend my last evening at home. I meet my friends in the evening. Everybody is there to say goodbye, and they also prepared some nice gifts so I won't be that lonely in the Big Apple. Which is we know never sleeps... like me nowadays... his sensual fingers haunt me in my dreams. I repeatedly dream with his hand, holding and press it, I won't let go until my last heartbeat. Since our last emails, which was also the first I didn't hear from him. I didn't call him, didn't dare and he didn't call me either. I found many paparazzi pictures I read a lot about him. He is shooting lonely somewhere in the Australian desert, his girlfriend is not with him, what is strange, because she is always with him during shootings abroad, when she is not working too... and now she is not. The shooting was over on the day before yesterday, a picture was taken from him in L.A.... alone, after he was walking his dog with a friend, shopping having a beer and taking pictures ungracefully with some lucky friends. He is not giving an interview to anyone. According to the news he's travelling to New York to shoot another movie...

Lacko's voice pulls me back to earth.

- Be clever, do not bring any shame on us! Just kidding! We love you, stay with you. Just call us if you want to talk to someone!

Krisz walks to me - You'll be missed so much! I hope I'll see you earlier than in 3 months! Text me every day and call me whenever you can! Shine Honey, this is your chance; this was your dream, do it! You're the best, never ever forget that and don't believe anyone who doesn't see so! Take care of yourself! We wait for your return! - Her eyes are filled with tears, I could cry, but I don't want to, not now.

- I will miss you too; I take everything you gave me with me, here inside. - pointing at my heart.

This is the last night in my room. Will I see this room again in its present form? My mother fumbles outside, she's reading a book, her presence is comforting, and I feel safe. My last night home, as a person I'm now. I have no idea what waits for me, but I'm not afraid, when I see him all my fears and doubts are gone... *we were good*. I close my eyes, and fall asleep and that hand calls me again, pulling me to itself...

## Chapter Two

I fly again, many hours ahead of me. I listen to music, Bruno Mars this time. He's singing his hit Talking To The Moon: "I sit by myself talking to the moon. Trying to get to you in hopes you're on the other side talking to me too. Or am I a fool who sits alone talking to the moon?" How many times did I listen to this song in the last month? I couldn't count, this became my anthem. It makes me cry, but I wouldn't admit this to anyone.

But now I'm full with hope, excitement, and of course a little sadness. I miss my friends I left home. My mother's last word echo in my head: "Take care of yourself! Mama loves you, never forget that Honey!" I love you too mom...

The plane is landing, I've arrived.

The first thing that grabs my attention is that everybody is in a hurry to somewhere, so I also walk faster. It's Friday morning, the air is fresh but carries the first signs of the upcoming heat.

The director's assistant Eve is already waiting for me. She's young, in her thirties with long blonde hair in a ponytail. She is wearing sunglasses, sleeveless shirt, jeans and trainers. She's waving from far. We talked many times on the phone, she was my contact now my friend of Facebook. That's the reason I know whom I have to look for in the crowd.

- Katy come! This way! - She shouts to me. I follow her instructions.

- Hi - I'm saying gasping.

- Hurry, the taxi is already waiting for us. - Unmistakable, yellow New York taxi; with that we go. Eve is gabbles what to do. - I hope you had a good flight! - Not waiting for an answer she continues. - So, listen, the shooting begins on Monday at 8 am. Be on time, and get used to the time-lag and this 35°C which forecasted for the whole week. - Eve is a real New Yorker I believe but I don't really know how it is to be a New Yorker. I can only imagine, and she is exactly how I imagined. An independent, strong woman, who knows what she wants and always gets it. She's in hurry all the time, but her style is still perfect.

- Your apartment is next to the Central Park, a corner away from Rob's. That was his wish. - He wants to be close to me, my heart beats faster even when I hear his name. I want to see him so desperately. - He always wants it this way; he likes it when his partner is close. So he can go over and discuss a scene. - Her words slapped me. He always wants it this way... That's the sentence a woman never wants to hear.

- I see - I say nodding.

- So, the point is you'll find a folder in your apartment with all the important info in it. You'll also find a map. Explore the city and try not to get lost. If it still happens here's my number - handing me a business card - you can reach me on this all day and night, call me! We arrived, here, the keys. That house - pointing at a tier building on the other side - 3<sup>rd</sup> floor 1<sup>st</sup> door. Sorry but I have many things to do, so I can't go with you. Have a good time in New York, call me if you have a problem, but you can also call if don't. See you on Monday! - She winks an eye.

- Bye and thanks for everything! - I say and get out of the car with my packages, and the taxi is gone in the next minute, disappearing.



A lot of people and cars it makes me dizzy. Everything is huge. My head is buzzing all I want is to get into the apartment.

I enter the front door; a security guard is sitting behind a marble reception desk.

- Good afternoon! Miss Stevens?

- Yes - I answer.

- Welcome, we were waiting for you, I'm Johnny the receptionist. You can find the elevator on the right and the rules of the house next to it. Have a good time at us. Can I help you with your luggage?

- No, thanks Johnny I'm fine. - I go upstairs on the 3rd floor; I see a white steel safety door with the number 1 on it. I enter, so this will be my own empire. I put down my stuff and explore my new home. It includes a bedroom; hall; kitchen and the bathroom. It's well furnished, large and sunlit. The kitchen is super modern, with all accessory you'd wish for, but the fridge is empty. In the hall I find the music center, home cinema and a huge plasma TV, in addition a leather sofa awaits me to get comfortable. The bedroom is large and sunlit too, here's the wardrobe and opposite to the dressing table stands the double bed, with silk bed sheet. Refined luxury... I like it very much.

I find the folder Eve mentioned on the kitchen table. I open it and find a map and the shooting locations. I look at the address of the shooting on Monday and search desperately the map. Jeez, I don't even know where I'm right now; I guess I will spend my whole weekend with this map. I'm going to panic when I find the taxi card and a letter: This is your client taxi card. Our drivers are in your service at all times. We wish you a comfortable travel!

I'm saved!

I look after my phone and text my mother and Krisz quickly, so they know I've arrived and everything is fine. I start to unpack my things and try to feel at home at this place, which doesn't feel like a home, not even a little. As I pack my things I start to feel better. I don't know how many hours went by, but when evening falls everything is on its place. I'm really hungry so I go in a shop. There's a supermarket a corner away, I buy a couple of things in a hurry. When I go home I can walk slowly, I draw in the sweet smell of the summer night. I feel a faint breeze around me, the city breaths again after the heavy heat. I hear Van Morrison sing in my head, his song: Sometimes We Cry, fits this city, this evening. With him singing the city isn't so scary, like it would be in slow motion. I look at the faces; try to figure out, what they are thinking, if they love someone. Are they in hurry to someone? I look for someone in the crowd, for those blue eyes, but I can't find them. "a corner away from Rob's" I remember Eve's words. Where is he living? What if I would just walk here and he would be here too. No, that's crazy, I'm 25 and not his fan to walk around the neighborhood like an idiot to wait for him to come this way and I can see him... I go home with certain steps.

When I'm home I make an easy dinner and sit before my laptop to send a few messages. After a short while I fall asleep. This time-leg is terrible...

I spent the whole weekend getting used to that, on Sunday morning I knew for sure where I am and what time it is.

Monday morning, 5am. I get out of the bed and take a shower, I enjoy the hot water running down on me, I could stand here for hours but now I can't I have to hurry. After I finished I look in the mirror and am satisfied with the sight. 4 week long hard workout has its result. My stomach is flat; my butt is tight as I wanted. I dry my hair take on a legging and a sleeveless white shirt. I prepare like I'd have a date but I'm going to work.

I arrive at half past eight, the spot is enclosed with cordons, cameras everywhere, bustling people, not even one familiar face. Outside the cordons are girls with excitement on their faces they are about ca. 100-150 and photographers... at least 20-25 of them. They are looking around and craning, most of the girls have posters, books, or autograph cards in their hands and waiting for him... they do.

Eve hustles to me, black skirt, sandals, with deep décolletage, she is very pretty.

- Hi, you are early, no one is here yet! Is everything alright? Could you settle down? - Her style is overwhelming.

- Hi Eve! Finally here is a familiar face. Yes thanks everything's fine. All these people will be here? They are here because of him? - I ask.

- Yes, I hope they will be quiet and we can work. Would you like a coffee?

- That'd be great. - She's leading me to a tent that was put up quickly. Coffee and some rolls on the table. Make up table at the side. In the middle are the director's seat and a monitor which shows the camera stands next to them two other folding chairs. On one of them stands Robert Thomas on the other ... my name. Oh that's amazing, I have to take a picture of that, the guys back home will be crazy. Yes, I have my own chair.

While I'm sipping my coffee I hear the crowd go mad outside, the girls are screaming even here are the clacks to hear. Eve winks an eye at me and leaves the tent.

- Rob! Finally, I thought you'll never come, you slob! - She says playful and they share a hug, he gives her a kiss at her cheek. My face burns. My heart beats faster when he enters the tent and walks smiling towards me, I think I'm going to faint. He looks as usual: jeans, trainers, shirt and a baseball cap. I don't know why he was chosen as the best dressed man, but it's true he is making a new style. Not with the clothes, but with the way he wears them.

- Hello Katy! Nice to see you again! - He walks to me, holding a Starbucks cup.

- Hi, I'm glad too! - I groan.

- Coffee? - He asks with up drawn eyebrows - Thanks I finished just before. - I answer.

- That's bad; I hoped we could have one together! - Damn it, why couldn't I wait with that coffee?

-Did you find the way here easy? - He asks.

- Yes, I came with a taxi.

- Oh, the subway in New York is wonderful in the morning, you should try it!

- I will, but the truth is, I didn't dare to take it. I think you'd search for me for a week if I had. - I smile and he's laughing too.

- Do you know New York well? - I ask.

-Yes, I have had a shooting here, I got known the city back then, I've been at many places. I'd be your guide.

- Great! - I answered too fast.

He takes off his cap and throws it on the table and ruffles his hair... my mouth goes dry, I feel I'm under his spell when I watch his finger slip on his hair. His fingers, here they are and not only in my dream promising so much warmth and passion. I catch myself staring at his fingers as he does it too, I casted my eyes down, I feel embarrassed.

- Did you keep the secret? - He looks at me with a curious look. How comes this here?

- When you're not harassed by Hungarian fans on phone then probably yes. I didn't plan to tell anyone, I don't want to spend 20 years in a prison in Mexico. - He's laughing; he is so beautiful, when he is laughing...

- Since when are you in New York? - He asks me.

- Since Friday.

- Really? Me too. It's bad you didn't call me, we could have met. - Damn it, why didn't I call him, yes why... Katy you're a jerk!

- I couldn't recall exactly the non-disclosure agreement. Having your number allows me to call you or not? - giving a smart answer with a flirty smile.

- Yes, it does. You can call me or text me. - He's biting in his lower lip and smiling so at me... I guess I flushed again.

- I'd like to remind you, that you have my number as well, so why didn't you call me? - I ask.

- You're right, but I didn't know you're here in New York.

- Yes, I'm making a movie here you know ... - he is laughing loud.

- Yes I read about that, you'll have a screwed up partner, good luck to him! - We both have a good time. We look at the swarming crowd.

- Bite me! - I mutter.

- Excuse me? - He looks at me puckering up his brows and lips, that's so typically him.

- Oh, no... not me... I mean just.... there...I read it on a girl's poster - I stammer with a blushed face, he's laughing loud, I love to see him like this.

- Yes, it looks like they heard about the shooting, so we're going to have company. - He says while looking at the crowd.

- Do they ask that from you often? - Nodding towards that poster.

- Yes, but never the person I'd like to bite. - He looks at me with serious eyes but in the corner of his mouth is a smile. What should this mean? This man is a riddle, I need to solve him. Eve steps up to us.

- I try to talk to them to be quiet. Do you give autographs at the end of the day? - She asks Rob.

- Yes, if they are quiet, who'll be gets one. - I need to laugh.

- You're like a sitter, who promises gifts to mean kids if they are quiet. Does it work?
- Usually – He's laughing.

Allan arrives too. There are more and more people. The photographers are making pictures all the time, I guess from me as well.

- Briefing in the tent in 10 minutes. – Eve says in a hurry and she is gone already.

We are in the tent after 10 minutes next to each other, about 50 people, cameramen, and lightning men, make-up artists, dresser and who knows who else. Allan exposes the things which have to be done today. We'll record street scenes. He requires attention and professionalism from everyone. The lunch time will be one hour, and he hopes it won't be a long day.

Eve leads me to the make-up artists. I get my clothes, I change in another tent, after they make my make-up, my hair with so much hair spray, that its smell is already sickening. The cameras and lights are set up and the shooting begins. I get more nervous, I can barely breathe, and the heat is unbearable, the air and the reflectors are so hot. Rob smiles at me encouraging:

- Don't worry, everything will be fine, we're good!
- If you say so... - I answer, but I'm not convinced. We discuss the scene once more, Allan explains what he wants to see and we listen carefully. And then the magical word:
- Action!

I start to play, the scene is going smooth. Rob becomes Taylor in a flash, unbelievable. How does he do that? He moves so easy in front of the cameras, no affectation nor the worst enemy of actors: mannerism. He just plays, turning everybody into professionals around him, he shows self-confidence. I relive what I felt during the casting. The borders of my body disappear I'm one with him for a moment. I understand and feel all his moves, I know what he wants just from a little whiffle of his finger. The scene is long; Allan wants to see what I'm capable of. We make the whole scene without being stopped by Allan. And then we hear the other magical word: CUT and the dream is over. Allan snaps:

- You're very good! Super. That's it. I bought it. If we continue like this, it won't be 3 months! – He is honestly happy. I'm relieved.

- Next scene! – Says Allan.

Wow, I'll be thrown in at the deep end. The scene ends with a kiss...

ACTION!

Ally and Taylor's first date: Taylor wins Ally a panda in the shooting gallery, after that they go to the taxi. Taylor tries to kiss Ally, but she draws away from him.

Ally: Not now. I didn't say ever, just not now.

Taylor: Ok, so you get in your taxi and disappear into the New Yorker night with this panda you don't even know, but you don't want a kiss from a person you're apparently drawn to ... hurray!

At this moment Ally leans to Taylor and kisses him.

Ally: You're strange. - And get in the car.

Taylor: - I know...

CUT!

It wasn't a real kiss, I only touched his closed lips but my whole life was in this kiss; all the doubts of this month, the longing for something, for someone. Rob looks at me with disbelief, but doesn't say anything just looking. The silence is embarrassing. We are alone in the crowd, I feel no one else is there, and we are staring at each other. I understand you, how frightening this is for you I understand what you feel, what you think and what you want.