

**the last fluffer in la la land  
dan holloway**

Pills and porn have always gone together like a pair of plastics in a double D cup, but these days it's not dolls and dexies they hand around. The pills are small and blue and purely functional. It should be working by now but it's not. It never does.

Asia Carrera's sitting at a desk that's all chipboard and hollow and works just enough that she can pull a drawer half open and take out a Rabbit. I'm meant to walk in on her and she makes to slam it back in horror and we all know it's not her libido that changes her mind, it's that if she slams it the whole thing'll fall to pieces.

This suit's scratching and the pill's definitely doing nothing.

"I need a piss," I say.

"No fucking way," says Greg. "We're out of here in an hour."

"He's gonna clean off, yeah?" says Asia and she looks like she's about to bring a fist down on the desk and fuck the schedule worse than soaping a guy's dick.

Greg goes over and massages her traps and says, "He's not going anywhere, sweetie." He looks at me and his eyes say get the fuck on with it, shit for brains.

"Look," I say, flicking my eyes and trying to be shifty. I move in and bend to his ear. "I really need to do some coke, man."

Greg takes a hand off Asia, puts it on me and smile and says, "Be quick already."

"Sure, man."

I head out the studio down the bare concrete floor, past the toilet, and turn the handle of the producer's assistant's door.

I can feel something already. I wonder sometimes if it's the pill kicking in after all but I'm never going to take the chance finding out.

Kelly looks fan-fucking-tastic like she always does with her grey suit stretched over fake tits that hang slightly too high on her chest and black hair held in place with a bit much spray. If she tried to wrap it round my cock I wonder if it'd cut into my skin. The thought makes me start to throb and twitch.

"So I wrote the last two chapters," she says, undoing my belt, pulling my pants to the floor, and sliding my boxers down.

"You figured out an ending at last."

"I told you about that already."

"Yeah," I say. "The story ends before the book begins."

"That's right. The rest is just shooting the shit till someone remembers they forgot to turn off the lights."

She cups my balls in the palm of her left hand and puts the fingers of the right in her mouth, takes them out and squeezes gently on my shaft.

"So what happens to Elle?" I ask, one hundred percent hard by now as she pulls my foreskin back and begins to inscribe semi-circles on my glans with her wet fingers.

"Nothing happens. One day she doesn't go into work, and the next day she packs her things and goes back to her parents."

"Are you leaving?" I feel the ligaments slacken slightly. She moves her left hand under my balls, forms a fist, sticks out her middle finger, and begins massaging my asshole.

She's writing this novel called *The Last Fluffer in La-La Land* and it's 100% autobiographical, Kelly was a fluffer at the studio, through two boob jobs and three breakdowns and in and out of rehab and she was the only one who ever got me hard the moment her skin and her nails touched me feather light, and then Viagra came along and Greg told her to fuck off and I said fuck man, your PA's just fucked off to Portland with a meth head, why not let her do that? and Greg said Suzy's fucked off to Portland? and I said Suzy's just had her fifth kid, Madeleine's fucked off to Portland and Greg said how the fuck do you know that, are you the father? and I said no I just know what the fuck's happening and Greg said I guess you're right, I need a PA, and so here she is.

"Asia's six years older than me," Kelly says, like it answers the question.

"I know."

She runs her tongue up the underside of my cock. I put my hand on the top of her head and pull her away. Her hair's softer than it looks.

"So what do her parents say?"

"Her parents take one look at her false tits and slam the door."

I can see all the way to the bottom of her cleavage. Her skin's wrinkled and pinched from sun and surgery, and it makes me so hard my knees begin to give.

"So what does she do then?"

"Fuck should I know?" she says. "That's where I stopped writing."

I shake my head and exhale loudly and say "What kind of ending's that? Shit needs sorting. Something good happens, something bad happens but fuck it, something has to happen."

She looks up at me. Her eyes are as black as the lenses of my Ray-bans. I wonder how much coke she's done and remember to do a couple of lines before I leave. "That's not how it works," she says. "Shit never ends with something. It always fades to nothing. You can try and hang on or you can lie down and let it happen but in the end it's just fucking entropy." She closes her eyes and impales her face on my cock and I hear her gag and have to pull her off me before I shoot.

"Please," she says, so quiet I can hardly hear.

"No."

I put my clothes back on, do two lines, and head back to the studio still throbbing. There's a sound in my ears as I leave. I can't tell if it's the noise of sobbing coming from the office or just a faint ringing from the coke.

Greg looks at me. I wipe my nose to leave him in no doubt I've been doing coke not Kelly, and he calls action. Asia pretends to take a call on a phone that's not even got a lead. She feigns anger, then giggles and opens the desk drawer and takes out the Rabbit, looks at it like it's a new flavour sandwich filling at the deli, and sticks it in her cunt although the only thing making her wet is lube. I go on set and ten takes and thirty minutes later I come on her tits and Greg calls wrap.

I pick up the suit, take it off set, and dump it, putting on my sweats and T-shirt. I take some time to sit and listen to some Green Day and enjoy the fact I'm wearing non-scratch clothing again.

It's only half an hour till I leave but the building has an empty feel already, the smell of disinfectant and too much echo. No after-filming party, no chat, no drink-fuelled giggles and screams. Everyone's gone home or at the editing suite or speaking to distributors and sales managers in sedans and suits.

I know she'll be last to leave, so I stop by Kelly's office, turn the handle and go in.

She looks ridiculous, sprawled out on the floor like she's been waiting for me, with her top half naked and those ludicrous tits pointing straight at the ceiling. I try to stifle a laugh so I don't hurt her feelings, and then I realise she might look dumb but the site of her like that has made me hard, and it's only after that I see the Vicodin bottles and notice her inflated chest isn't moving.

I can't move, and for what must be minutes here we are like some cartoon, her pneumatic and half naked and dead and me mouth open in shock with eight inches of wood bursting against my sweatpants.

"Stupid bitch," I say at last, and then I shout it and then I scream it and the lot echoes back at me, and I want to kick her, the dumb fuck. I want to kick her so hard her fucking silicones pop, and I stand over her with my feet touching her skin and I can see her stomach begin to shine like she's sweating in the lights, only she's not sweating, it's just my tears making random lines through the fine hairs and tanned-out scars. I pull down my sweatpants and briefs, and keep my eyes open and mutter "no" again and again under my breath and watch white drops spatter her tits like a Jackson Pollock, and I pull my clothes back on and leave the office and I don't hear shit in my ears, not even echoes.

A sheet of quarto by the exit screams at me "Last one out turn off the fucking lights". I stop for a moment, give it the finger, wipe off the last drops of come so the print streaks on the paper, and shout, "Fuck you, everyone's gone home, they'll just have to stay turned on."

<http://www.danholloway.wordpress.com>

[songsfromtheothersideofthewall@googlemail.com](mailto:songsfromtheothersideofthewall@googlemail.com)

dan holloway, **the last fluffer in la la land** © copyright dan holloway 2010 (from *Life:Razorblades Included*)

find my novels **songs from the other side of the wall** and **the man who painted agnieszka's shoes** (from june 1<sup>st</sup>), the full length poem **SKIN BOOK** and the collection **life: razorblades included** (from june 1<sup>st</sup>) as free downloads and to buy in hard copy on my website and on <http://www.yearzerowriters.wordpress.com> under "buy our books" and "download our books for free"