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you can follow Tate Carmichael (whose Instagram is much less cracked out than Lindsay's) via @ex\_socialite

What you're about to read is the shocking tale of how Lindsay Lohan stole my life. It's not pretty, but then, neither are those multiple plastic surgeries of hers (I'm counting the ring finger boating incident in Greece, too).

X's & O's,

Tate Carmichael



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**\*I don’t believe in numbers because I’m rich, therefore  
won’t be featuring them here**

## Preface

*I* noticed signs of Lindsay Lohan stealing my life long ago, in a now fabled period called the 90s, but it really reached a crescendo around the time she was starring in the West End Broadway production of *Speed-the-Plow*. Then again, Madonna probably thought Lohan was stealing her life, too. After all, she's the one who starred in David Mamet's original version in 1988. Madonna's life is always being stolen, but I guess that's neither here nor there. In any case, it wasn't just that, if anyone was going to play the role of a more than slightly manipulative and coquettish secretary who uses people but remains charming while doing it, it was me. It was that she was, as usual, totally wrong for the part. What did Lohan know of having to get by on looks and the shrewd wielding of them? I mean, not to be rude, but Paris Hilton's ex, Brandon Davis (you don't really need to know who he is), *did* point out that even if she was, shall we say, at least conventionally attractive, she still has a firecrotch that shifts freckles. Her aesthetic pretty much only worked for her at five when she was doing Calvin Klein ads, which, by the way, I begged my mother to audition me for, but she was too busy securing her daily Klonopin prescription to pay attention to *my* needs and ambitions. My dad, of course, had his own distractions as well—chiefly banging every secretary and intern at the law office he was a partner in. Even so, his antics still pale in comparison to Michael Lohan's. To be honest, I actually wish my dad was as shady. Because if you're going to be a piece of shit who gets your daughter a clown for her thirteenth birthday—*thirteenth*, not even third when it's actually somewhat appropriate, the only time when it might even be remotely socially acceptable—you might as well be shady, to boot. But no, my dad, Gary, wasn't a Wall Street trader at twenty, just a Harvard student majoring in law. How fucking wholesome. And then there was the fact that Dina Lohan had, shall we say, far more edge than my own mother, Gwen. At least Dina had the gumption to lie about being a Rockette to the media when I think we all know what she means when she

said she used to be a “dancer.” That my parents’ names were Gary and Gwen just added to the lameness, the phony baloney storybook nature of my existence without the correlating socialite glamor and acting career to match. So yeah, I went to see *Speed-the-Plow* in London. I had a bone to pick with Lohan. It just so happened to be one of my many instances of bad luck (*Just My Luck*, if you will) that a totally unhinged stalker would make an attempt on her life the very same night I tried to approach her after the show to have a civilized, adult conversation about how she needed to stop. To just stop. And wouldn’t you know it, the guy who pulls a gun out on her manages to flee the scene and slip it into *my* pocket just as he exits stage left. Lohan sees me with the gun, goes wide-eyed and suddenly *The Sun* headlines are reading: “Lohan Nearly Lobbed Off By Deranged Fan.” First of all, I’m not a fucking *fan*. I’m not some sort of nerd with no life for Stefano Gabbana’s sake. I just needed to tell her that if the stars had aligned a little differently, I could have executed her life a lot better. And if anything, she should be thanking me for suddenly making *Chapter 27* all shiny and new again because of my apparent similarities to Mark David Chapman. Need I point out that I’m neither fat nor would I ever spend all my free time reading some book about a teen boy who can’t get laid?

So now, here I am, serving out a partial sentence for a crime I didn’t commit, feeling much the same way Lohan must have felt in 2010 when she somehow still had to deal with two drunk driving arrests from 2007 and ended up being slapped with ninety days in jail for failing to attend court-ordered “alcohol education” classes. So I guess I have a little time to tell you, waiting here in my, yes, very neon orange jumpsuit (orange never was, is or will be the new black), how it came to be this way. How my own life was slowly and insidiously ripped right out from beneath me while I thought I was safe in the protective bubble of being blonde, rich and with a face that could be Photoshopped onto just about any other thin girl’s for the sake of both solidarity and anonymity (in the Cayman Islands). So yeah, I’ll fucking rehash the whole damned ordeal

to you. I've got nothing else to do without prescription drugs or alcohol to pass the time. Side note: one of the quotes from *The Daily Mail*'s headline about Lindsay's court date in 2010 was: "More moral support for Lindsay? Actor Danny DeVito was also at the Beverly Hills courthouse today... but it turns out he was serving jury duty on a separate case." Maybe he was still brooding about that *Mean Girls* reference from Damian underneath it all.

### *Chapter 1: Not All Socialites Are Created Equal*

**L**et's get one thing straight: not all socialites are created equal. The fact that Lindsay was born in the Bronx should tell you first and foremost that she's of a lesser caliber. Where Paris Hilton was actually born in New York City and even Kim Kardashian was at least born in Los Angeles, Lohan's place of birth says it all. The Bronx. The fucking Bronx. There are no socialites made there. Only "coming up" stories like J. Lo's. That's what people want to hear about nowadays, too. No one cares about the plight of the rich white girl, wants to see her pages unfold in the smeared ink of tabloids that don't even get used for fish and chips like they would in London. And there is a plight, believe you me. Not the kind that Kendall Jenner has, which is that she really needs to hire a savvier PR team, the high-caliber sort that knows better than to greenlight a Pepsi commercial involving police and the Black Lives Matter movement. Plus, is Kendall Jenner even technically white? The jury's still out (that's sort of a pun, isn't it? You know, because of Robert Kardashian. Even if he's not her dad.). Lindsay made a good case for that plight for awhile: irrepressible self-destruction at its finest—she even finely tuned Winona Ryder's shoplifting game when she took a \$2,500 gold necklace from a boutique in Venice Beach back in January of 2011 and then basically claimed, "Oops...it wasn't me." That's been my line for years, trust me. And it was working so well for me even up until 2010, well after Winona blew the lid off every white girl's favorite crime. Lindsay was the one who really ruined it for all of us more discreet socialite shoplifters. Janis Ian said Regina George was a life ruiner, but no, it was actually Lindsay Lohan all along. But I digress. I'm going to do that a lot in this fucked up little narrative called pre-2016. Yeah, that's right, I still think times before 2016 were just as fucked up, if you can wrap your head around that. Then again, you've probably wrapped your lips around worse knowing the kind of audience I tend to attract. In any case, as I was saying, Lindsay was never supposed to be one of us.



In the beginning, which I count as 1995, when the photo evidence of all true socialites lies, there were only three families, the socialite mafia heavy hitters of Beverly Hills: the Richies (mainly only because Nicole snagged Michael Jackson as her godfather, though as we now know, it wasn't much of a "snag" with that whole confirmation of him being a pedo thing), the Hiltons and the Carmichaels. The Kardashians weren't happening yet, though Kim would like to think so when she inserted herself into our hangout sessions. Anyway, with the 1995 thing as the beginning of all socialite time, I'm referring, of course, to that oh so embarrassing photo of Kim K and Nicole Richie wearing braces at thirteen years old that she felt inclined to post in 2014, "so casually." Yeah right. Kim is always trying so desperately to prove that she's been a longtime staple of "the scene." She'd blow cum bubbles from all the dicks she's sucked for thirty minutes straight to make a point of that. Then again, a part of me can't deny that she's living proof of just how much work it takes to get "free money" from men. Any who, she tried to include a throwback photo of me from 1995 as well, but I wouldn't have it—would never lower myself to that sort of self-mockery.

Tate Carmichael has more dignity than that. Maybe that's why I never achieved my true fame potential—you can't bother with things like dignity when you're trying to become a star. Yet all along the way, no matter how much money my parents made, with no other child to spend it on but me, I never got too big for my own perfectly proportionate head. Lindsay was also an outsider to the socialite world because of her lack of proximity to L.A. The stodgy east coast types can say that it's the lesser coast all they want, but the world was our playground in that spread out sprawling mass that seemed like forever on Melrose and Rodeo. Whatever New York City socialites did, we could do even bigger, because we had the space to do it. And god knows a socialite is nothing without a pool. I don't count those little wading areas on NYC rooftops as pools. Maybe they look large when an Olsen twin (each born in L.A., let

it be noted—I won't specifically say Sherman Oaks) is in them, but even the finest toned of socialites wants more depth out of her body of water—for the pool float possibilities alone.

So yeah, Lindsay was an outsider, you might say. Or you might not mention it at all as you hardly even thought of her. We didn't even give her the time of day when she landed that *The Parent Trap* slop in 1998, which, by the way, Natasha Richardson completely carried (may she rest in peace). And that's mainly because Paris had already abandoned us all for the East Coast in 1996, stopping into some like Mormon rehab center for “emotionally troubled teens” along the way. But I think that was just an elaborate excuse to hide that she was getting some corrective surgery for her lazy eye. So you see, with all the drama of losing our proverbial Heather Chandler (I won't demote Paris to Regina George), we were a little too busy to consider Lindsay's existence. No one even knew she was on *Another World*, and we skipped school almost every day to smoke weed and watch the shittiest soap operas. I don't even think that, had we been sober, we would have noticed. She was just that background to us. To borrow from what I maintain is a better high school movie than *Mean Girls*—*She's All That*—to everyone that mattered, she was vapor. Paris, Kim, Nicole and, of course, I, Tate, were the only quartet that mattered (and I'm being kind to include Kim in the quartet at all) as we would sit on Paris' pristine white sofa that was purchased for something like \$10,000 from an interior designer that had done one of their hotels and still somehow managed to remain pristinely white while we all literally drank Kool-Aid (spiked with vodka). Kim would later say she was the blackest thing we had going for us in our lives—much to the offense of Nicole—but, to be honest, I think it was Paris. And when she deserted us, it was like, I hate to say it, we just didn't know how to have fun anymore.

Nicole went back to hanging out with her more ethnically ambiguous friends and Kim and I never really liked

each other to begin with. She's a Libra, it's really boring. And, truth be told, my Taurean traits can actually dance circles around her so-called "luxury addictions" any day. If the media ever even gave me the goddamn due I deserve, they would have probably seen that by now. But no, it's Kim's vampire facial this and Kim's Paris (France) robbery that. If Paris wasn't such a sophisticate, she would have paid only the finest Italian hitman (Dr. DiMario, who else?) to kill her the second E! greenlit *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*. Ah, but Lindsay. Lindsay, Lindsay, Lindsay. That's where this story of Paris escaping to New York leads. It was there they became acquainted. As usual, Paris was setting trends, causing paparazzi flashbulbs to ignite in her wake as she strutted briefly on sidewalks before getting into a car with Nicky. At the time, no one ever would have thought to tar and feather her for signing on with Donald Trump's modeling agency, T Management (real original, Donnie *boy*—if you've even got the goods down there to prove that you're at least that; no friend of mine ever got close enough to ever confirm for sure). And so, this was what launched her into the thermosphere of "being a socialite" anew—the kind that could be adored by New York City just as much as L.A.

Nicole and I about fucking shit (and not just because we were on a laxative diet) when she merely "sent us some passes" to attend the L.A. premiere of *Zoolander*, instead of inviting us to New York like she would have done in the past. But, as we later learned, she had made quite a few new friends since ditching her roots (though not the dark ones) for greyer (grayer?, I don't know) skies and starker skylines. Besides Vincent Gallo—ugh, we all knew he served a purpose in her life as the guy that could make her seem "artistically" viable—there was "little" Lindsay. Always lurking in the shadows that her strangely tinted red hair only casted a further darkness to. Still stuck with making Disney TV movie shit turds like *Life-Size* and *Get A Clue*, Lindsay was putty in Paris' hands. Almost just the way Kim was, but, admittedly less conniving and guileful about it. Moreover, Lindsay never

knew how to use her sexuality to achieve her full potential—least of all the way Kim learned to, and merely by imitating Paris’ sex tape video tactic. As usual, old Paris was the innovator: *I Night in Paris* was released in 2004, *Kim Kardashian, Superstar* was released in 2007. Though you couldn’t personally catch me with either Rick Salomon or Ray J in any still or moving frame.

I think Paris liked this weird naïveté that Lindsay had about her. It was very much a sort of Regina/Cady dynamic before it had been rendered to film. Because Lindsay was non-threatening, a princess, at best, of C-rate Disney movies, Paris finally felt comfortable with adding someone to her New York circle. She certainly started talking to me less and less by the time 2002 rolled around. Nicole, on the other hand, well, Nicole would forever be there to stay. The two had been attuned to each other’s scent since birth. That’s Proustian, you know. And yes, I’ve read Proust. Or at least had my butler go buy the volume that talks about the madeleines for me at full price from Book Soup. I shouldn’t even have to explain myself to you as I’m likely an eleven to your negative one looks and it’s honestly a testament to my spirit that I even bother to nurture my intellect when no one in their right mind would ever ask me a question about “literature.” Unless maybe, just maybe, they presumed I’m the sort of dickhead who reads Bret Easton Ellis. Read him, no. Star in a screenplay adapted from one of his books, yes. Oh wait, Lindsay stole that from me, too.

As I was saying, though, I didn’t have the clout I once did with Paris anymore. My parents’ fortune, most recently tied up in the dot com boom of the 90s, had burst. And let’s just say the car purchases, restaurant outings and trips to exotic locations weren’t flowing quite as freely as they used to. Gary had to find a new industry to tap into. His expertise in “consulting” would be viable in whatever fellow rich man he found to invest in his skills—the unique ability to hone in a certain facet of a business and turn it into more money. It was just a matter of finding said rich man, which can be hard when

you're starting to automatically get boxed out of the inner circle that can help you do so. Whispers around town about how the Carmichael family was going bankrupt didn't much improve my popularity among my former so-called friends either. And when Paris moved back to L.A. to start filming *The Simple Life* (she needed a place to actually crash in between visiting bumfuck nowhere destinations), I was essentially persona non grata. I was already slumming it by going to school at UCLA to major in Theater—really just my way of attempting to break into acting without having to go through the casting couch or simply coasting on my last name without at least having *some* experience with “acting.” I'm really just too goddamn noble and pure. That's my fucking problem. It wasn't socially acceptable to go to college until the Olsen twins did it. Yeah Natalie Portman went to Harvard, but she wasn't a socialite, nor was everyone as on her dick until after she graduated in '03.

It got to the point where I couldn't go anywhere in town without overhearing people talking about me. I started going to places where I knew no one would ever go, like the Viper Room. As *The Simple Life* launched Paris further into notoriety, priming her for her peak Paris-ness in 2007, I slipped further into isolation and despair. Why oh *why* couldn't Daddy just get a job? And all the while, Lindsay slithered evermore firmly into Paris' good graces. Even though Lindsay began filming *Mean Girls* in Toronto, the two still found plenty of time to keep in touch or meet up—especially when the shoot took her to, ugh, Jersey (I think I need to take a shower just from typing that noun). Even Nicole foolishly started warming to Lindsay (though she regrets falling into that trap with the wisdom of hindsight). She never turned her back on me though, agreeing to meet me in secret at off-brand places like Red Mango (Pink Berry still hadn't been founded yet, it was like the Dark Ages) in North Hollywood instead of the one in West Hollywood. She was a kind soul underneath it all, even though many couldn't quite always comprehend her sick sense of humor when she did

things like throw a weight limit Memorial Day barbecue. But really, that was just good business sense. The cost of food—especially when feeding fatties—is astronomical in this country. Really egregious when you look at what you can get in places like Monte Carlo and St. Tropez. I'd rather pay more for at least an ambient setting with which to make up for potentially gaining weight. Not that I don't have myriad pills, purging teas and cocaine to remedy any unforeseen poundage. I'm getting ahead of myself again though—and no, I never did get invited to that barbecue. Basically, all I had going for me then, at the outset of 2003, was that I had natural long blonde hair, fake tits that looked natural, I was twenty-two with an incomplete degree in theater and I had Aaron Carter as my undercover boyfriend. Looking back, however, I should have been in constant panic over getting an STD from him. He was younger than me so I thought I would at least have the benefit of being the more inexperienced one between us. I definitely was not. And I had even gotten to him a little before Hilary Duff. Maybe we all had a hand in turning him bisexual. Then again, I never found it any coincidence that both he and Lindsay dabbled with either of the sexes depending on how it suited them in the moment—and Lindsay with her own mother, to boot. No wonder she ended up in Greece, which is, ultimately the way in which she has perhaps most stolen my life. It was supposed to be me. Living that carefree existence in Europe, surrendering to the night and even opening a fucking nightclub *and* beach house (with what funds, I don't know, but they've got to be from sinister sources). *I* was the one who was supposed to make fading into “obscurity” look amazing.

In any event, it was a very strange time, I don't suppose I need to iterate that to you. Aaron Carter was being warred over by Hilary and Lindsay for fuck's sake. It was a world that favored blonde-haired overgrown frat boys for socialite pairings. That much was solidified when *Laguna Beach* started airing on MTV in September of 2004. Even though most of us crème de la crème ilk were far too attractive

for the products of tanning bed/sunless tanner incest that looked like Jason Wahler or Stephen Colletti, but that was fine for someone more common like Lauren Conrad and Kristin Cavallari. We were the orange ones before these *Laguna Beach/Jersey Shore*/Donald Trump twenty-four hour reality shows. God, there's just no credit for people who blaze the trail, is there? For people who, quite simply, are better.

And yes, Paris was better. No one on the outside ever seemed to fully understand that she literally and metaphorically held the keys to the city. To be on her radar was to be accepted. To be nowhere on it was to be a social pariah—an utter nobody. As Paris slipped away from me entirely, I fell ever further into a pit of darkness, made all the worse when the only job my father could secure was at Goldman Sachs as a *junior* analyst.

My god, the shame. He might as well have stayed unemployed on that salary. My mother was more hurt by the slight than any of us. She took it upon herself to head to Palm Springs for “some treatments” during Daddy’s “transition.” I knew what this meant. She was crawling back to her affair with this older, richer man named, typically, Edward. I only knew about him because I got bored one night and logged into my mother’s MacBook (still pure as white snow as she had just purchased it, or her credit card did). There, I found the slew of email exchanges between them. Could someone as old as Edward (he had included a picture of himself by the pool) be so modern in technology use? In no uncertain terms, my mother was making herself open and ready to him, clearly miffed by the disappointments my father had laid upon her like an albatross. She didn’t care about us anymore, not now that we weren’t contributing to and fortifying her perfect image. And honestly, I couldn’t blame her. I was feeling the same way, I just didn’t have an older, wealthier man to fall back on for refuge like she did. I was still stuck with Daddy. And really, what are men good for if they can’t at least be counted upon for financial aid? Nothing, that’s what. Not even giving adequate head as Aaron Carter was quickly showing

me. He'd poke his mouth down there, sure, but never long enough to make anything happen. I was done with him anyway. He bored me long before he started to gravitate toward Hilary. The trouble was, when Lindsay started "dating" him, Aaron was suddenly starting to look all shiny and new again—just like Aaron Samuels looked to Regina George when Cady Heron's attraction to him was revealed. So yeah, while *Extra* and *Access Hollywood* were reporting on the feud between Duff and Lohan, I was the one reaping all the sexual rewards—he had so much pent up energy from being stuck with those two tweens, who little knew what to do with a popsicle let alone the similar shape of a penis. And for almost two solid months, it was as though we were in a bubble of bliss. Days were spent fucking and drinking at the Chateau Marmont, while nights we would go to some party in Hollywood where he would inevitably ignore me and pretend to have nothing to do with me. I guess he was ashamed of our age difference—and that I wasn't rich or famous the way others in my orbit were. It began to make me feel really self-conscious. No one was going to make me feel like a nobody ever again—least of all someone as hideous and musically talentless as Aaron Carter. When he left me high and dry on New Year's Eve to go have an orgy somewhere else, I knew it was time to make 2004 different than the fucking nothingness of 2003. So I decided to *do* something with that theater degree: get an agent, or rather actually use the agent I had paid and sucked off to *be* my agent.

His name was Teddy Salaman and his last name always made me think of saliva. He was short with thinning hair and he wore only navy suits from Barney's. He was gross—nothing like Ari Gold on *Entourage*. He had only gotten me a few auditions in mid-2003 that turned out to be total washes. Still, I liked him. I wouldn't have fucked him on the reg if I didn't. He wasn't like all the pretentious assholes you found in clubs like at Snatch or Shag. Plus, he wanted to help me with my career. In just one month, he had already gotten me a national commercial for gum. The sky was going to be the



limit from there, I could feel it. The problem was, I was actually starting to *like* spending time with him. Naturally, he was married, so that sort of put a wrench in the full potential for my desires. And the hotels he would take me to were consistently seedy, mainly the Crowne Plaza Hotel by the airport. “No one will find us here,” he whispered in my ear as he passed a cheap bottle of champagne over for me to sip from. Didn’t even bother with the *politesse* of stemware. God, he was sexy. That hairy chest, that stout body. I couldn’t get enough of it. It was a secret shame, a fetish. I kept thinking to myself how Paris and Nicole would never be caught dead with someone this objectively repugnant. And that’s when I knew I had strayed too far from them, that I had to crawl up out of the hole I had descended into and claw my way back into their world.

The problem was, of course, that just as I was having this epiphany, I was failing to take into account that it was April 30th—now historically known as: *Mean Girls* opening weekend. This was it, the end for me and I was spending it fucking some two-bit agent who couldn’t get me a job beyond the realm of Juicy Fruit; that’s right, I was in a Juicy Fruit commercial wearing a white skirt and white polo with, *ugh*, white *tennis shoes*.

It was the number one movie, of course—Lindsay wouldn’t have it any other way, that calculated bitch (at least she innovated that before Taylor). She was starting to become an actual match for Kim. Jesus, they say Madonna is determined, but Lindsay is the progenitor of the word as we came to know it in the 00s. She knows exactly *what* she’s doing, *when* she’s doing it. And she knew this was the moment to seize on Paris’ jugular of friendship, to prove that she might just be even more of a star than Paris herself. And Paris, dumb bitch that she was, took the bait like a gold digger chasing a hundred dollar bill at the end of a 24-karat gold chain.

So no, to emphasize once again, not all socialites are created equal: some come from trash and manage to pull themselves up out of the wreckage while others are born with

a silver spoon that gets ripped unwarrantedly from her pristine, blow job ready mouth. Lindsay was the former, I was the latter.

## Chapter 2: Confessions of a Teenage Drama Whore

**L**et me take pause to briefly rewind to the two months before *Mean Girls* came out and the earth was shattered, a chasm in the space-time continuum was created because Lindsay became famous and I did not. You see, I was actually supposed to be the one cast in *Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen*, which, believe it or not, truly was instrumental to the sudden launch of Lindsay's career. For it was the one-two punch of having two successful Disney movies that made Lindsay a force to be reckoned with, an ultimate Hollywood contender. Without *Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen*, *Mean Girls* wouldn't have been that impressive. Agents wouldn't have been able to look at Lindsay and say, "She's had two bankable box office hits this year."

For once, it seemed, Teddy had done something right (in addition to make me cum harder than a rainfall in Niagara). He had miraculously managed to land me a last minute audition for the role of Lola Steppe on the hastily cobbled together script and apparent shoestring budget of this requisite Disney movie. Teddy made no mention whatsoever that Lindsay was in the running for the part. Though maybe it was better that he didn't as it just would have made me all the more nervous and irritable. It was still 2003 at the time and Lindsay was coming off riding on Jamie Lee Curtis' (and even Chad Michael Murray's) coattails in *Freaky Friday*. Oof, the way Disney lavished her with film deals—no wonder she couldn't secure a fucking script worth shaking a stick at after she dropped them, thinking she could do better on her own. But isn't that always what happens when you bite the hand that feeds you? Yet even when Lindsay was complacent, Disney still preferred Hilary Duff—everyone did (Aaron Carter, included, clearly). And it was *she* who they offered the part to first, no audition required. Needless to say, Duff has some taste (have you not seen *Younger*?) and said no to the script. In my outsider status of that instant, however, I had no idea of these details and neither did Teddy, bless his out of touch, fat heart. So I walked into the audition blindly, not knowing that

I was only being used as a prop, a tool to get Lohan to actually try at acting. I was never even a consideration. Her feud potential with Duff was more important than choosing the better actress for the part, which, of course, would have been me for Chrissakes. God, now I'm talking like Carol Kane, who it was my dream to work with in that movie, but there went that.

It was probably because of that loss, of being rejected for the part, that I reverted back to Aaron that year, and to vodka, my constant companion. Who knows what sort of boon starring in *Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen* might have been to my confidence? Or, more importantly, what sort of detriment it might have been to Lindsay's? I didn't think much about it as 2004 started, knowing full well that the filming was underway in June of '03. I was able to put it out of my mind with vodka and Aaron though, thinking that maybe the moment would never come when it would see the light of day—how could it? Who would understand that kind of kitsch from the Disney demographic? And though I wanted to hate it, I couldn't deny its camp sensibilities, its star-making performances—with Megan Fox in the bitch bully role of Carla Santini only adding to the film's historical cachet. To add insult to injury, the movie charted well, following *50 First Dates* at number two the weekend of its release. In truth, it probably should have been number one to spite Adam Sandler and Drew Barrymore for thinking they could recreate the same magic that existed in *The Wedding Singer*. And yet, how were we all to know that *50 First Dates* would eventually seem like a masterpiece compared to *Blended*?

The moderate triumph of *Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen* might have kept Paris at bay. But when *Mean Girls* came out almost immediately after to even greater fanfare, it was game over. There was no way I was going to get her to give me the time of day again unless I, too, got to Lindsay. Crack Lindsay, crack Paris. I know, I know, stop saying "crack." Lindsay was barely eighteen when all this prosperity found her—how could I possibly pretend to relate to her? I was about to turn twenty-four. More importantly, how was

Paris pretending? Then again, she always did rather have the mind of a small child—or maybe raccoon is more like it. So easily distracted by a shiny object. Don't let those articles about her business acumen that *VICE* likes to release fool you. The woman's brain is leaden. Maybe the real reason she liked Lindsay truly was for her mind. Maybe we had only grown apart because, to be frank, I was smarter, more interesting as a human being. I couldn't talk about the latest Dooney & Bourke crayon hearts bag anymore, least of all when Lindsay had just landed a spokesperson gig for it. God, it was like, everything was just dropping into her lap, the way it only should for a socialite. But *I* was the socialite, not her—didn't the universe understand?

I got my answer in the negative even more firmly about a week later when I still hadn't received a message back on MySpace from Nicole about getting together with her and Paris at my house for a small, intimate dinner party with a few not worth mentioning frat-looking guys I thought I could lure them with. Obviously, even Nicole was running out of compassion for my piteous state. I was being ousted completely, and if something didn't change soon, I thought I might seriously consider pulling a Britney in the "Everytime" video. Thinking this in my clawfoot bathtub while Mommy was in Palm Springs and Daddy was doing who knows what at Goldman Sachs (probably banging some hapless secretary to prove Mommy wasn't the only one who could adulter), I got a phone call. Lazily reaching for my Razr, I answered the unknown 323 number and gurgled (yes, I'd been drinking), "Hello?"

"Tate, this is Britney."

I sobered up real quick to the sound of that familiar wisp of a voice. What could Britney Spears possibly want with me? How did she get my number? Was this the social resuscitation I had been yearning for (like in the *Sex and the City* episode where Samantha is literally pulled back into the light by someone who looks nothing like Leonardo DiCaprio)? The jolt back into Paris' life I required? Before I could

think for too long, I found my words and said as though she was the oldest friend in the world, “Hi Britney, how are you?”

She tittered on the other end of the line. “Well, I know we don’t know each other that well, but Nicole gave me your number. I think we met one night at The Parlour or The Abbey. Fuck, it was definitely somewhere in West Hollywood. And, I don’t know, it kinda gets lonely out here on the road. I felt like talking to a familiar voice. Or face. Or, like, whatever applies in this context.”

At the time, she was on the *Onyx Hotel Tour* (which I still maintain is her best and most underrated), and I guess she was holed up drunkenly at some luxurious hotel—she’d named the tour as it was because of how often she traveled. Then she confirmed my theory by adding, “I’m in Rotterdam at this hotel right now, and I just wanna talk to someone. I met this guy, you know—he’s really cute, sort of a bad boy. And I need to tell someone about it. But no one’s been answering the phone. I guess everyone has a life or something.”

I didn’t take offense at the insinuation that *I* did not. This was Britney fucking Spears, I’d talk to her under any circumstances, even if it was that, evidently, I was the last socialite on earth available to contact by phone. So I encouraged her to tell me everything, which she gladly did while sipping from baby bottles of God knows what liquor from the hotel.

“His name’s Kevin, and he does things to me that no boy has ever been dirty enough to do to me. But you know, like I’ve been saying for a while now, I’m not that innocent. Kevin’s the only one willing to treat me that way, you know, like I’m not...that innocent.”

“That’s really great, Britney,” I said in my highest pitch voice. The thing about attempting to be a socialite is that you have to speak in tones that only dogs—bitches—can hear. “Where is he now?”

“Oh, he’s around. We’re making a documentary. I don’t really know what I’m going to do with it yet.”

Looking back, I wish I could have warned her not to turn it into *Britney and Kevin: Chaotic*. Even though that show

does get a lot more shade thrown at it than it deserves. To be honest, I'd rather watch *that* than *Laguna Beach* any day of the week. Just as I was about to suggest that she might keep the videos to herself, a crashing sound like that of twenty to thirty plates falling to the floor nearly burst my fragile ear drum (I was going to a lot of shows at The Roxy then for the groupie allure it gave me). "I think Kevin just got back. Um, I gotta go. But like, would you be wanna meet up during one of my tour dates while I'm in Europe? I can get you tickets obviously. I just like really need a gal pal right now who understands what I'm going through. You seem like that person Tate."

Ignoring the part where she used the term "gal pal," I felt like I was actually cumming all over myself. This was my chance. My moment for social resuscitation. To be seen with Britney in Europe would mean that Paris could no longer ignore me. And, frankly, that I owed Nicole Richie my life for arbitrarily giving Britney my number.

I consented to meet Britney in Milan on the 19th. I would arrive a few days early to get some tanning time in Portofino—I didn't want to look totally inauthentically orange, after all. The only problem was, I needed a temporary male escort to keep me company—not someone that would be there with me for my meeting with Britney, but someone that would get me photographed and alert the media a.k.a. Paris to my abroad presence. I just knew that if I played my cards right, Paris would "just happen" to be in Europe to see me—or admit that she truly did *want* to see me—wherever I ended up. But who to drum up as a friend to fuck? My list of contacts had dwindled vastly over the past year, and Aaron Carter would definitely not be a suitable choice, but I had recently met this up-and-comer named Orlando Bloom at a party my dad threw back in March of '03 (right around the time I lost my chance at playing Lola Steppe) at our house in his attempt to add "producer" to his endless list of job titles. It's so humiliating when instead of your daddy looking like an "entrepreneur," he just looks desperate for work.

And yet, to my surprise, the party had turned out to be the social highlight of my year thus far—which was really quite sad and a testament to just how few people my own age I could finagle to surround myself with. Even my mother, usually vehement in her refusal to express any form of emotion lest it leave a wrinkle on her face, couldn't help but smile a few times throughout the night. She was genuinely impressed with all the celebrities my father had managed to wrangle. And here she had thought that the Carmichaels had lost all their power in L.A. But she was pleasantly surprised to find that making the trip up from Palm Springs (looking better than ever as a result of her “treatments” I have to say) was worth it—even though it surely must have cost her a few free expensive dinners from her paramour, Edward. I almost felt like the rift between them could heal fully, so pleased was Gwen with the shiny and newness of Gary, in Aaron Samuels fashion, except that there was no other girl interested in him. It was as though he had transformed back into the man she had fallen in love with in the first place. I use the term “in love” loosely, of course, and to mean that she had simply seen that my father was an attractive man who could probably take care of her.

That's all that was expected of Gwen Racine at the age of twenty-five, when she married my father. She had been groomed by her own well-to-do family, who had, incidentally, total ownership over the La Brea tar pits, to find someone equal in aesthetics and finances. That's why they forced her to go to Pepperdine, where she disappointed them all by not finding anyone in the least resembling James Spader. It was 1983 in Beverly Hills, and my father had been the only man she had ever encountered while driving side by side who felt emboldened enough to actually call out to her: “Hey babe-a-licious, wanna get a drink?” The very thought of Gary saying the word “babe-a-licious” was enough to help me persist in my bulimia, but it was also sort of sweet in a gross, make me want to gouge my eyes out sort of way. It almost gave me hope that even when you love someone just for their looks and



money, it can grow into something even deeper and more meaningful over time. Or like, you can at least cheat on the person you're married to and get away with it. I think, largely, however, the only reason she even bothered with an affair was to prove to herself that she was still desirable. She was going to turn forty-six later this year, and it was absolutely killing her. Couldn't say I blamed her. I had trouble even grappling with the notion of turning *twenty-five* in the same month as my Euro Britney Spears jaunt. Like, ew, fucking disgusting. I hadn't even accomplished the one goal I had set out for myself to achieve before then which was to start my own line of perfume—Britney *and* Paris saw fit to take away my dream there, as opposed to Lindsay, who somehow never got on the perfume gravy train; an obvious testament to her lack of business acumen. Eerily, both bitches released their first fragrances in '04—Paris was twenty-three, Britney was twenty-two (going on twenty-three in December)—*Paris Hilton* and *Curious*, respectively. So yeah, at least two people in my orbit got to fulfill my *Fantasy* (yes, that's an allusion to Brit's second perfume) for me.

But oh yes, the guest list that managed to get my father a producer's credit on *Love Don't Cost A Thing* starring Nick Cannon and Christina Milian, both of whom were also present at the party, in addition to, just to name a few, Nicolas Cage, Keanu Reeves, Kirsten Dunst and Owen Wilson...whose irregularly shaped nose I really wanted to feel rubbing up against my pussy as he ate me out, I couldn't help but envision. The illicit thoughts of that nose partaking of devious things that could be done to me was interrupted by the sight of Orlando Bloom. I had no idea who he was, merely that I recognized in him an aspiring actor's good looks and eccentricities.

*Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl* hadn't even been released yet (it was about to be in July, changing Bloom's clout forever) and people were only interested in it because of Johnny Depp, not Orlando. As I finished a banal conversation with Tatyana Ali about what a dickhead