

lisa samson

Goodbye  
Hollywood  
Nobody

Book 4

a novel

NAVPRESS 



**For a free catalog**  
of NavPress books & Bible studies call  
1-800-366-7788 (USA) or 1-800-839-4769 (Canada).  
**www.NavPress.com**

© 2008 by Lisa Samson

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form without written permission from NavPress, P.O. Box 35001, Colorado Springs, CO 80935.  
www.navpress.com

NAVPRESS and the NAVPRESS logo are registered trademarks of NavPress. Absence of ® in connection with marks of NavPress or other parties does not indicate an absence of registration of those marks.

ISBN-10: 1-60006-222-9  
ISBN-13: 978-1-60006-222-3

Cover design by The DesignWorks Group, David Uttley, www.thedesignworksgroup.com  
Cover photo by Steve Gardner, Pixel Works Studio  
Creative Team: Erin Healy, Darla Hightower, Reagen Reed, Arvid Wallen, Kathy Guist

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

---

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Samson, Lisa, 1964-

Goodbye, Hollywood Nobody / Lisa Samson.

p. cm. -- (Hollywood Nobody ; bk. 4)

Summary: After years of traveling to movie sets with her grandmother, seventeen-year-old Scotty Dawn reunites with her father and together they search for her mother and for answers to their questions about faith.

ISBN 978-1-60006-222-3

[1. Fathers and daughters--Fiction. 2. Mothers and daughters--Fiction. 3. Christian life--Fiction. 4. Blogs--Fiction.] I. Title.

PZ7.S1697Go 2008

[E]--dc22

2008020942

**Published in association with the literary agency of Alive Communications, Inc., 7680 Goddard Street, Suite 200, Colorado Springs, CO 80920 (www.alivecommunications.com).**

Printed in the United States of America

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 / 12 11 10 09 08

# Other Young Adult Books by Lisa Samson

*Romancing Hollywood Nobody*

*Finding Hollywood Nobody*

*Hollywood Nobody*

*Apples of Gold: A Parable of Purity*

# Dedication

To Melody Carlson and Robin Jones Gunn,  
because you told me I could do it.

# Acknowledgments

Special thank yous to all the wonderful readers who have embraced Scotty and her crazy world. God bless you and grant you peace.

Monday, July 11, 6:30 a.m.

I awaken to a tap on my shoulder and open my eye. My right eye. See, these days it could be one of four people: Charley, Dad, Grampie, or Grammie.

“Morning, dear!”

Grammie.

Oh well, might as well go for broke. I open the other eye.

“Did you sleep well?”

I shake my head and reach for my cat glasses. “Nope. I kept dreaming about Charley in Scotland.” We sent her off with her new beau, the amazing Anthony Harris, two days ago. “I imagined a road full of sheep chasing her down.”

“That would be silly. They would have to know she hates lamb chops.” Grammie sits on my bed. Yes, my bed. In their fabulous house. In my own wonderful room, complete with reproductions of the Barcelona chair and a platform bed of gleaming sanded mahogany. I burrow further into my white down comforter. I sweat like a pig at night, but I don’t care. A real bed, a bona fide comforter, and four pillows. Feather pillows deep enough to sink the *Titanic* in.

She pats my shoulder, her bangled wrists emitting the music of wooden jewelry. “Up and at ’em, Scotty. Your dad wants to be on the road by seven thirty.”

“I need a shower.”

“Hop to it then.”

Several minutes later, I revel in the glories of a real shower. Not the crazy little stall we have in the TrailMama, which Dad gassed up last night for our trip to Maine. Our trip to find Babette, my mother. Is she dead or alive? That’s what we’re going to find out.

It's complicated.

The warm water slides over me from the top of my head on down, and I've found the coolest shampoo. It smells like limeade. I kid you not. It's the greatest stuff ever.

Over breakfast, Grampie sits down with us and goes over the map to make certain Dad knows the best route. My father sits patiently, nodding as words like *turnpike*, *bypass*, and *scenic route* roll like a convoy out of Grampie's mouth.

Poor Grampie. Dad is just the best at navigation and knows everything about getting from point A to point B, but I think Grampie wants to be a part of it. He hinted at us all going in the Beaver Marquis, their Luxury-with-a-capital-L RV, but Dad pretended not to get it.

Later, Dad said to me, "It's got to be just us, Scotty. I love my mother and father, but some things just aren't complete-family affairs."

"I know. I think you're right. And if it's bad . . ."

He nods. "I'd just as soon they not be there while we fall apart."

Right.

So then, I hop up into our RV, affectionately known as the TrailMama, Dad's black pickup already hitched behind. (Charley's kitchen trailer is sitting on a lot in storage at a nearby RV dealership, and good riddance. I'm hoping Charley never needs to use that thing again.) "Want me to drive?"

He laughs.

Yep. I still don't have my license.

Man. But it's been such a great month or so at the beach. So, okay, I don't tan much really, but I do have a nice peachy glow.

I'll take it.

And Grampie grilled a lot, and Grammie helped me sew a couple of vintage-looking skirts, and I've learned the basics of my harp.

I jump into the passenger's seat, buckle in, and look over at my dad. "You really ready for this?" My heart speeds up. This is the final leg of a very long journey, and what's at the end of the path will determine the rest of our lives.

He looks into my eyes. "Are you?"

"I don't know," I whisper. "But we don't really have a choice, do we?"

"I can go alone."

I shake my head. "No, Dad. Whatever we do, whatever happens from here on out, we do it together."

"Deal."

9:00 a.m.

I open up my backpack and pull out some letters I have to answer. Because, you see, I now have a snail-mail address! Is that cool or what?

Angus has been writing me every week since we parted in Asheville.

*Dear Scotty,*

*Well, it's still okay here in Richmond. I got a job on a nearby farm, baling hay and that sort of thing. It's exhausting. And hey, I played the pipes for a wedding last week and three people came up to*

*me asking for my information. One was for a funeral possibly coming soon, which was sad. But the lone piper is a magnificent way to wrap up a tribute to someone's life.*

I make a mental note to look up *lone piper* and see what the heck the guy is talking about. But I can picture him playing at a graveside. He'd be so good at it, so respectful, so Scottish looking.

*I've decided not to go to St. Andrews for school this year. Mom is having a hard time adjusting to this new way of life, and I've decided to just take a year at community college.*

Uh-oh. Man, I hope he doesn't ruin his life trying to replace his father. Not that Mr. Matheson did much before the divorce to make himself irreplaceable, but still. Maybe Angus is trying to make up for his dad. I can't possibly understand, and I know it.

*Anyway, how's everything at the beach? Mom said I can come up for a weekend before school starts. That sound good to you? Let me know. I hope you're doing okay, Scotty.*

*Love, Angus*

That's right. "Love, Angus." I'm kidding. I like the guy, but his life is so heavy right now, I'd be an idiot to read too much into a nebulous letter ending like that. But still, it feels nice.

I write him back, tell him we're going on vacation to Maine and will be back in a week or so. Maybe we can get together after that. Call me on my cell if you need me and all that jazz.

Next I tackle a letter from Megan, who works down at an orphanage in Kentucky. I met her on a plane a few months ago, and she's so different, like she really cares about doing something important with her life. She's sent a short note and a picture from a little boy named Owen of a stick figure with a fireman's hat putting out the flames that are licking through the windows of a pointy roofed house. I think I drew that picture myself once.

So I couldn't manage to get down to the orphanage as soon as I'd hoped, but Dad and I are planning for late July, we think. I write and tell her so. She is the coolest.

I address the envelope with multicolored gel pens, adding flowers and curlicues.

Dad looks over. "Enjoying the whole letter-writing gig, are we?"

"Definitely. It's so much more personal than e-mail."

"It's a lost art, that's for sure. I'm glad to see you bringing it back."

I roll my eyes. "Oh, that's me. Always on the cutting edge."

"Well, it's better than blogging."

"That's for sure." I bap him on the arm. "I didn't know you knew about that."

"Scotty! Why wouldn't you? I tracked you for a year based on your Internet activity."

"Oh yeah. That."

My blog. *Hollywood Nobody*. I took it off-line last month. I am so done with that. For one, I didn't like myself when I was blogging. Setting yourself up as a critic of other people's lives can make a girl pretty smarmy, even if those lives are a wreck. I should feel sorry for them, not revel in their gruesome behavior.

For two, getting hyperfocused on Hollywood made me feel

bad about myself, physically speaking. Despite how much I championed actresses with normal builds, who forsook the surgeon's scalpel and liposuction vacuum, I couldn't help inwardly comparing myself and always coming up short, even though I knew right well how fake it all was.

For three, there are more important things in life to worry about. Like kids in orphanages in Appalachia or people being sold into slavery. I could go on and on. I think Jesus might be talking to me about that sort of thing, and that sort of thing definitely doesn't fit into the Hollywood blog world.

Good riddance to it too.

Violette Dillinger's new website, designed by *moi*, was nominated for an award. So that's really something to be excited about. She came and visited me at Grammie and Grampie's, and yep, she's still got her head on straight.

"I'm glad to be done with that blog, Dad. Thanks for not coming down on me about it."

"I knew you'd get tired of it eventually."

"You didn't check my e-mail, did you?"

"Nope. Couldn't get past the firewall."

I shrug. "Honestly, it's not like I had a lot of secrets anyway."

It's going to be a long trip. Twelve hours to Jackman, Maine. I Google it and settle in to re-research the place. Of course I've been all over it, but there's not much to report. Maybe something new will pop up.

10:30 a.m.

Text message!

Seth!

Seth: Scty! where r u? srty i hvnt txtd in a whle.

Me: No problem. We're in New Jersey. On our way to Maine.

Seth: Nervus?

Me: Yeah. Where are you?

Seth: In a recrdng studio in nyc doing voice ovr 4 the scorsese mvie.

I turn to Dad. "Can we go into New York City and have lunch with Seth if it works for him?"

"Why not? We'll park here in New Jersey and catch a train in. Find out where he is."

Me: No way! We're in New Jersey driving by. Want us to come in for lunch?

Seth: I break at 12 fr the dy.

"Noon. He's done by noon," I say.

"Ask him where he is."

Me: Can we come and take you to lunch? Where are you?

Seth: Thatd b great. im near times square. txt me whn u gt here.

Me: Having fun?

Seth: Yeah. im wearng rpped jeans and a t-shrt.

Me: You did shower at least, didn't you?

Seth: Yes sctty. sheesh.

Me: I'm just saying, Seth. How's your mom?

Seth: Great. feeling lke new. on some hlth food regime now.

Me: Regime? Or regimen?

Seth: U don't chng do u?

Me: Only a little at a time.

Seth: I wnt 2 hear all about me whn u gt there.

Me? What's he talking about? I mean, he doesn't want to talk about anything but himself? I guess Hollywood really is getting to him. Oh. Wait. Maine. ME. The guy needs to learn how to use caps.

Me: Okay. Karissa's not there is she?

Seth: Dnt wrry. shes not here. c ya soon

Me: 'Bye!

Dad pulls off the exit for I-287. "We'll take the train in from Edison."

"Sounds like you know all about this stuff."

"I lived for a year in New York with Grammie and Grampie when I was in high school. We'd take trains all over the place."

"I didn't know that."

He shrugs. "It was okay. Mom hated it. Dad loved it. But the rents were high, so we took up in Maryland for my last two years of school. So how's old Seth?"

"Fine."

"I'm glad things are square between you two."

"Me too. Most definitely."

A couple of months ago, I had been ready to throw in the towel with old Seth.

## An hour later

New York City lies before us like a ghost in the distance, only the Empire State Building visible through the haze.

“Can we go up to the top of that?” I ask.

“Let’s see how much time we have.”

By noon, having traveled on a train and a subway and our feet, we’re waiting in Times Square beneath a screen so large you’d have to pay me a million bucks to have my mug magnified like that for all of New York to see.

“Scotty!”

I whip around. Seth runs down the street toward us and gives me a bear hug. “Man, it’s so good to see you!” he says.

“You too!”

The guy gives great hugs. He really does.

He lets go and shakes my father’s hand. They exchange pleasantries, and I’m so glad I never went into gruesome detail about what a jerk Seth can be sometimes. Good call. Of course, Dad wouldn’t trust him to shine my shoes even if he is older and has absolutely no designs on me whatsoever, but that’s how dads are supposed to feel. I think.

“Where would you like to eat?” Seth asks.

“Let’s stay close.” Dad. “We need to get back on the road.”

“I really appreciate you guys coming into the city like this.”

Dad points down the street. “How about Roxy’s? That okay?”

“Sure.” Seth nods.

We set out down the street toward the famous deli. The sign reminds me of a marquis, lines of light bulbs highlighting ROXY in red neon. I wonder how much power it takes just to keep this

area going? The power companies must love it.

Inside, caricatures of celebrities line the exposed brick walls, and people are eating quite possibly the largest, most overstuffed sandwiches I've ever seen. I didn't think mouths could open that wide, but when you're talking moist, tender corned beef, there's nothing stopping that!

I'm jangling with excitement. I mean, I'm in a cool deli in NYC with my dad and Seth Haas, who's only gotten one stare in here. Is life great or what?

A towering glass case of desserts practically takes my breath away, and even though cookies the size of dinner plates and brownies with enough gooey frosting to ice a cake are displayed, I'm in New York and I'll take the cheesecake, thank you very much.

Cheese. Cake.

I am just sayin'.

Ten minutes later, because everything goes at light speed in this place, huge corned beef sandwiches on rye sit before Seth and me. Dad got the hot pastrami.

We barely say a word as we start the meal, the fresh-fresh-fresh rye bread sticking to the roofs of our mouths, and man, is this the best thing ever?

Finally. We sit back.

I sigh. "I'm going to have to take my cheesecake to go."

Seth laughs. "Good idea. By the way, I quick called Steve and Edie and told them you all were coming in for lunch, and they say hello. Mom said they'd love to come to the beach this fall. And I'll be in between pictures, so I was wondering if we could all rendezvous there."

"Dad?"

"I don't see why not."

“Great,” Seth says.

“I’d better pay the tab.” Dad gets up.

“Let me.” Seth.

“Nope. I’m still older than you. You’d have to fight me for it, and I think I could take you, son.”

We laugh.

Nice, Dad. Nice little fatherly threat there. Let him know who’s boss.

Dad heads up to the counter.

“So. Karissa. Have you heard from her?” I ask.

Seth nods. “Yeah.”

“Oh, no! Really?”

“Yep.”

“What happened?”

“She said she was wrong for treating me like that. She’s changed, and she wants to try again.”

“And?”

“I don’t know, Scotty, I feel sorry for her—”

“Seth!”

“Let me finish, babe.”

Babe? *Babe?*

“Sorry.” Babe.

“I told her I’d be her friend but that we weren’t a good combination. That we seem to bring out the worst in each other.”

“What did she say?”

He pulls a napkin out of the holder and begins to shred. “Surprisingly enough, she admitted I was right.”

“Is it true she was in rehab again this summer?”

“Yeah. She was fired from her next picture because she consistently showed up late and without her lines memorized in her last

film, and word got around. She said maybe it's time for her to get away from Hollywood too."

"Please don't tell me she bought a house at the Delaware beach." I reach for my own napkin and begin to shred.

"No." He laughs. "No. I haven't told her where I live."

"So what did you say?"

"I told her getting away would be just what she needs. So she's looking for a farm in Virginia. That's kind of a hot thing to do now."

"Connecticut is so yesterday."

"Pricey too."

"I'm sure she can afford it."

"Maybe. But she really does want to get away."

I rest my chin in my hand. "You really think so?"

"Scotty, she's pregnant."

I feel like he's kicked me in the gut. "What?"

"Oh no! Not by me."

"Is she sure?" My skin feels prickly.

"Yes, thank goodness."

I lay my palms flat on the table. "Please don't tell me you've offered to marry her."

He shakes his head. "No. But I did tell her to call me if she finds herself in deep trouble."

"Why?!"

"You got time for a story?"

Dad's at the pastry counter. He'll take all day deciding between the chocolate-chip cookies and the brownies. I know that man. "Yep."

"Okay, after your birthday bash, I went back with Mom and Dad and stayed for a few days. I saw how much they love each

other, how Dad takes such good care of Mom with her illness, and how Mom knows how to love my father. She's been taking care of him for years, never really acting like she was doing so, and she forgave him when they split up for a couple of years."

"That's always amazed me."

"Me too. But I was telling her about Karissa and asking her what I should do if Karissa really did want to turn around and needed a friend for moral support."

"I already know the answer."

"Right. Because my mother knows how to love people and forgive them. She made me remember who Jesus really is and what he really taught."

"What are you saying?"

He looks down and reddens. "I guess you could say I remembered who I was when I was in middle school and excited about my faith."

"Really?"

"Yeah, Scotty. I felt so tired of wandering all over the map looking for something I had right with me. I guess you could say I had a revival of sorts."

"Like that tent revival?" I mean, oh no! I can't imagine Seth running around and clapping his hands and speaking in tongues.

"No." He laughs and taps his chest. "In here. It was small and quiet, but I remembered. Scotty" — he takes my hand — "I've forgiven Karissa. And I asked her to forgive me."

"Why?! *You* didn't do —"

"Are you serious? I didn't respect her. I had the chance to be the one guy who treated her with true respect, and I blew it."

I raise my brows. "Well, if you look at it that way . . ."

“I do. So as much as you think she wronged me, it was a two-way deal. I think I owe it to her to be her friend now that she’s in such a state. This could just as easily have been my baby.” He clears his throat. “Besides, she was planning on having an abortion, and I talked her out of it. I’ve got to be there for her.”

“But aren’t you worried you’ll fall for her again and it will start all over?”

“Maybe a little. But not really.” He squeezes my hand and lets go, and I have no earthly idea what it means, but I wish he’d do it again.

I’m kidding!

Sort of.

Okay, not one bit. But I’m not going to go assuming something and being all stupid. And then there’s Angus, who, let’s face it, really is way more in my league.

“All right.” I sigh. “You’re right. And it’s the Jesusy thing to do.”

“I’ve got to admit it won’t be easy. I’m sure she’ll take me up on the offer.”

“You don’t think you’ll have to go into the delivery room with her, do you?”

“Oh, man, I hope not. I can’t stand the sight of blood.”

“No way!”

“I’m a complete and utter wuss when it comes to all of that.”

Oh, Seth.

Jesus, all I can say is you’re going to have to protect this guy. Big time.

*What about Karissa, Scotty? What about her baby?*

I know. I know.