

Beverly Hills

Beverly hills people are an emotional lot. There's something about living a life of leisure, undistracted by the petty problems of the poor, that makes you realise how important your opinions are.

Here, love is not an accident between neighbours, it is a hostile takeover. Cupid of hollywood wields a club.

I drive around down the rolling avenues of Beverly Hills in the exact same car that Yul Bremmer died in, from faulty brakes. In fact, legend has it, on a still night you can still smell him.

I love that Beverly Hills is still just a neighbourhood, where the sirs and madams of the silver screen live their normal lives just like you and me. Well, me. Over here is cowboy actor Arizona Licence-Plate mowing his own lawn happily for a photo shoot. Over there is a three time Golden Globe nominee putting out her own bins, mostly bottles, some blood. A big time director plays baseball with his son and the Los Angeles Angels in their private stadium. A star fills out a crossword with gold.

Further up the hill, things get a little fancier. Thalberg Heights is a block of thirty houses lived in by the studio head. El Capiscanna is the only villa that grants wishes. Most of these mansions are owned not by producers and costume designers, but their assistants and former mistresses. The real power players live on the moon. Keep in mind this was the 1930's, so there was no quick and easy rocket. Instead, homes were erected on long poles and shaky staircases. What they did once they broke atmosphere I don't know: I always had an irrational fear of mile high ladders.