

PRT 412- "Reunion Part 4"

Day 12- New York, NY

New York easily ranks as one of my favorite places in the world...right up there with Sydney...Sydney is better but you get the point. Anyway, it was the thought of coming to New York that got me through the last two shows in Philly and Boston. Both shows were fine and Zack and I were even on speaking terms again. He didn't seem to drill on me nearly as much when Jon wasn't around, which annoyed me in and of itself, but for the sake of peace I let it go.

Anyway, New York. What isn't to love about NYC? Yes I was followed by press at every corner...and yes, there was no privacy...but that was ok. The city itself made up for it. It was the Big Apple and I loved it.

NYC was a place Zack and I had always managed to have fun. When we toured as kids we visited NYC and both went out to a nightclub along with the rest of the cast. We got in so much trouble when Stu caught us, but we had a blast.

Anyway, once we arrived in NYC we went to the hotel to check in. We'd be leaving first thing in the morning, but we all agreed hotel sleeping and waking up early was better than bus sleeping. After we were checked in we decided to take the city by storm. We all got an early dinner then we did the mall show, which was easily the most packed and energetic yet. After the show we hit the clubs. I promised Zack I'd watch my alcohol intake and keep it tame...and I intended on keeping that promise...truly...but the club had a stage with a pole and after a Vicodin and a few drinks that pole looked really fun...now, in my defense I wasn't the only one swinging on the pole. Kelly joined me, which actually mellowed Zack out. Probably had something to do with focusing on his wife on a pole instead of his sister. We even convinced Jess and Lisa to pole dance one song with us. We all knew the PH girls on a pole in a NYC club would make headlines. We were all having so much fun no one cared at the time.

Day 13- Detroit, MI

The next day we all were more than a little hung over so the trip to Detroit was a very quiet one. We all pretty much stayed in our own bunks with the curtains closed the whole way.

When we got there our first stop was a Starbucks. We weren't getting a hotel in Detroit because it was a long way back to LA, where our next and final show was. Starbuck worked it's magic and we were at least in good enough shape to go on stage. I had a little extra trick the others didn't know about...my magic little pill...but that was my secret.

Anyway the Detroit show was awesome...at least until we started signing autographs.

"Hi, thanks for coming." I said to a woman that walked up to me, "What's your name dear?"

"Bev Calloway."

"Nice to meet you Bev."

"I believe you actually know my brother."

"Your brother?"

"James Calloway."

My jaw dropped and eyes widened, "James? You're James's sister?!"

"Yes, and because of you my brother is serving a life sentence."

"No, your brother is serving a life sentence because of what he did to me! What he did was the worst thing one person could ever do to another person."

"You did this to him!" she cried as she jumped at me.

Zack stood up and grabbed me out of the way, "Security!"

"Sorry Mr. Morris, we'll take care of this." The security guard said as he and his co-worker dragged Bev away.

"This isn't over Michelle! You will pay!" Bev screamed.

"Are you ok Mich?" Zack asked as he pulled me into his arms.

I just cried. I flashed back to what James did to me and those horrible images flooded my mind again. I cried and cried.

"Enough, let's get out of here." Zack said.

“We’ll stay behind for a few more minutes and keep the fans occupied while you get her back to the bus.” AC said.
“Thanks man.”

Zack took me to the bus and we sat down. He just held me while I cried. I finally cried myself to sleep.

Day 14, Los Angeles, CA

I woke up and we were quite to California yet, but we were close. I missed LA. I truly did. LA was home and it would be nice to be back. It would also be nice to see Rocky. I missed him a lot. It had been a rough night between sleeping on the bus and having a couple of nightmares about James, so it would be really nice to get to sleep in my own apartment. There really isn’t any place quite like home.

Anyway, we did finally get to LA. We went to the mall and got ready. I had just finished getting ready and was sitting towards the front of the bus when the door opened. Rocky walked up on the bus.

“Oh my god, Rock!” I cried.

“Hey baby.” He said as he pulled me into his arms and hugged me.

“I missed you so, so much.” I said as I kissed him.

“I missed you too.”

“I’m really glad you’re here.”

“Where else would I be?”

I smiled, “Some place other than the one place I’m going to get mobbed.”

Rocky laughed, “Reminds me that I’m dating a superstar.”

“No, you’re not. I’m just me.”

“You’re just amazing.”

When it was show time Rocky went off his own way and I was ushered into the mall with my cast mates. We did our show, which was different because I saw a lot of familiar faces. There were a lot of other celebrities in the crowd. I guess everyone of my generation had fond memories of the show.

Anyway, after the show we all went to Sunset. The Viper Room was throwing us a huge end of tour party. It was a celebration of what the show was and continued to be. As with most Sunset parties everything gets a bit fuzzy part way through the night and I’m not really sure what happened. I do know that I had fun and I woke up the next morning next to Rocky in my apartment. I was home, the tour had been a success, life was good.

I spent the next few days just trying to rest as much as possible. The tour was coming up soon and I did have the Grammy’s in less than a week.

Grammy Night

The Grammy’s were, hands down, the biggest award in music. I’d won one before and it was one of the high points of my career. Even going to the event meant you were somebody. I was honored to go, even if I wasn’t nominated. I’d missed the last Grammy awards because I was pregnant at the time. This year I wasn’t nominated for anything, but I was Rich’s date. I mean, I was there for Jon, but Dot was his official date so I was relegated to Rich’s date. Public persona sucks sometimes. Thankfully the Grammy’s were being held in LA, which meant I got to be at home before and after the event itself. That was a blessing being as I didn’t feel like staying a hotel with Jon and Dot in the next room.

I had just finished getting ready when the door bell rang. I knew it was Rich. He was picking me up and we were meeting the rest of the band at Jon’s so that the band would arrive together. This meant showing up with Dot as well. I took a deep breath and went to the door and opened it.

“Hey...you look amazing.” Rich said.

I smiled, “Thanks, but you can hold your faux admiration until Dot’s around.”

“It’s not faux. You really look beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

He walked me to the car and we headed for Jon’s.

“Are you ready for tonight?” Rich asked as we drove.

“As ready as I’ll ever be I suppose.” I replied.

“Did Jon tell you that Steph is going?”

“No, she is?”

“Yes. Perfect mingling ground for a junior fashion designer.”

“Ah, of course. Great. I get to be scrutinized by the whole family.”

“You’ll be fine, just stick with me Michi girl.”

We arrived at Jon and Dot’s house. The rest of the band and their dates were already there.

“Hey Jon...Dot, you look beautiful as usual.” Rich said greeting them as he kissed Dot’s cheek.

“Michelle, hi. You look nice.” Jon said.

I nodded, “Thank you. Steph, you look so grown up.”

Stephanie smiled, “Thank you Michelle.”

“Are you excited?”

“Yeah, very much. There’s going to be some amazing fashion there.”

“There always is. It’ll be a great place for you to make contacts.”

“I hope so.”

“Are we ready to go?” Jon asked.

“Let’s hit it.” Rich said.

We piled into the limo and headed for the venue. The limo pulled up to the red carpet and we stepped out of the limo. The flashbulbs were nearly blinding but I was used to it so I tried to just play the game. Pose, smile, and pretend there was no where else I’d rather be...the truth was I would have rather been anywhere else. I was here because Jon wanted me here but this was absolute torture to be in the background while he played the good family man.

“Michelle, you’re here with Rich tonight, is it odd for you to be the date and not the star?” someone from some magazine asked.

I smiled, “No, it’s actually nice to just sit back and take it all in for once.”

“Is it strange for you to be with Rich while Jon is with his wife?”

I forced myself to keep smiling, “No. It’s really not. Jon and I are friends and it’s not the first time the four of us have gone out together.”

We did some more interviews and finally went inside and took our seats. As bad luck would have it Jon was sitting in between Dot and I (Steph was on the other side of Dot). I sat there and made small talk with anyone that greeted me while I waited for the show to start. Award shows really aren’t all that interesting. It’s a lot of people with big egos each trying to prove their ego is more deserving of attention than anyone else’s. I’d obviously gone to award shows my whole life and clearly I loved winning awards as much as the next girl, but I really was unimpressed by the event as a whole...not to say some of the performances weren’t cool...it just wasn’t really the type of event I truly enjoyed. This is why about an hour into the show I couldn’t take it anymore.

“Where are you going?” Rich asked as I stood up.

“Bathroom.” I lied.

I made my way out of the seating area and went backstage. I found a corner that was unoccupied and caught my breath. There was so much commotion happening around me that no one paid me any attention, which is what I had been counting on. A few minutes later I felt a hand touch my shoulder. I jumped and just about attacked. Luckily I stopped myself. It was just Jon.

“You shouldn’t sneak up on a ninja.” I hissed.

“Are you ok?” he asked.

“Splendid.” I said sarcastically.

He sighed, “Come here.”

He took my hand and guided me into a vacant dressing room and closed the door.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“What do you think? I have a front row seat to you being father and husband of the year.” I said.

“I thought you were ok with this?”

“What made you think that? I’ve never been ok with this. I’ve tolerated it.”

He pulled me into his arms, “I’m sorry baby. You know how much I love you, right?”

I sighed, “I love you too. That’s why I’m doing this...or trying to anyway.”

“I know. And I’m glad you’re here. It means a lot to me.”

“I know, first Grammy performance...which is rather shocking considering how long you’ve been doing this.”

“Yeah, I know. Everyone seems to be shocked by that.”

“And it’s a big deal so I’m here. Doesn’t mean I like it...and with Steph around I have to be on my best behavior.”

“Mich, baby, I love you and I promise when we’re on tour I will make this up to you.”

“I know you will.”

“Good.” He said as he kissed me. He started to pull away and I pulled him back and kissed him again. We started making out. “We need to get back out there.” He finally managed to say, breathlessly.

“Ok.” I sighed.

“We can’t go together. I’ll go back first. You go back in about 5 minutes.” He said.

“OK, fine.” I agreed.

He left and I hung out for a few minutes alone, thinking about this situation and how much I hated it. I reached in my purse and took out my Vicodin. My knee was kind of twingy, I reasoned as I took two of the pills and headed back to my seat.

“You ok?” Rich asked as I took my seat.

“Yeah, must have eaten some back clams or something.” I said as I sat down and watched the show. About an hour later Jon, Rich, and the rest of the band all headed backstage to get ready for their performance.

“This is so exciting.” Steph said.

I smiled, “Yeah, it is. What do you think of the show so far?”

“Totally awesome. Have you seen some of the dresses? They are beautiful.”

“Yeah, some of them are.”

“You’re not much into fashion are you?”

I shook my head, “Not really. As long as it’s pretty and semi-comfortable I’m happy.”

“Michelle, how have you been doing? We haven’t talked in awhile.” Dot said.

I forced a smile, “Pretty good. Very busy with the tour and all.”

“I heard about you and your former cast mates touring. Did you have fun?”

“Sure. It was nice to see everyone again.”

“Full circle huh?”

“Yeah, something like that.” I said as Jon and the guys took the stage. They sang three songs, including one with Jennifer, their former duet partner. I was still convinced there was something going on between Jennifer and Jon, but both denied it and I couldn’t prove it. I was a little irritated, not helped by the fact the woman introing the whole thing was another female artist I was convinced Jon was sleeping with. What was this anyway? A way for Jon to get all his women in one room? Anyway, the performance kicked butt, but that was a given. The only thing that got to me was when Jon gave Jennifer a kiss on stage at the end of their song.

“Say what? Dot, you’re ok with that?” I asked.

“Just stage theatrics. It’s not like he’s sleeping with her.” Dot said.

“Mom!” Steph cried.

“Well, it’s true.”

I rolled my eyes, “Sure.”

“What?”

“Huh? Oh, nothing. I just, well if it had been me...”

“I would have actually been ok with it now. You two have worked together and you’re with Rich now anyway.”

“Yeah, right.” I mumbled.

After the show was when the real fun began. We all went to an after party in Beverly Hills and it took less than an hour for me to start doing shots. I needed something...anything to forget about Dot and Jon. I was drinking and dancing and having a grand old time...then in true ‘me’ fashion I had to stir the drama pot. I went to the snack table to get a pop-over the same time Jennifer happened to be doing the same.

“Nice performance.” I said.

“Thank you Michelle.” She said.

“So, tell me, what’s it like to be third rate with Jon?”

“Excuse me?”

“Oh come on, you can tell me. I know you’re doing him.”

“We’re friends and that’s where it ends.”

“Right. You and Jon are friends the way he and I are friends...except I rank second which makes you third...or forth depending on how many other chicks he has.”

“Ok, Michelle, you’re clearly drunk and this isn’t the time or place for this.”

“I think it’s a perfect time. How often do we all get together in the same room?”

“Hey, Rich!” Jennifer called as she spotted him in the crowd. Rich walked over.

“What’s up?” he asked.

“Michelle is a bit out of control.”

“Me? I’m out of control? I don’t think so babe. Just stay away from my Jonny and it’ll all be fine.” I said.

“Ok Mich, enough.” Rich said as he guided me away. We went and sat at a table with Jon, Dot and Steph.

“Michelle, are you ok?” Stephanie asked.

“Just fine sweetie. Just trying to have a good time. Your Uncle Rich used to know how to party, but seems he’s forgotten.” I said.

“Jon, I think it’s time to get Steph home.” Dot said.

Jon nodded.

“Right, heaven forbid the girl have some fun. Remember the fun we had when I was 16 Jonny?” I asked.

“Michelle, don’t.” Jon warned.

“Why not? Afraid Stephie will find out the kinds of things her daddy did to his teenage mistress?”

“Michelle, enough.”

“Let me tell you honey, your daddy knew how to party...and we had a grand time.”

“Michelle, stop.”

“Of course the real fun was after the party ended. I was only 12 or 13 but that didn’t matter, he would get me alone and...”

“Michelle, damn it!” Jon yelled as he grabbed my arm hard and pulled me away.

“You’re hurting me!” I yelled.

“You’re too drunk to feel pain. Now shut up.” He said as he pulled me into an empty room and slammed the door,

“What the hell were you doing?!”

“Just reminiscing.” I said.

“In front of my daughter...that was unacceptable.”

“Ohhhh, so sorry King Jonny. Heaven forbid.”

“Michelle, I’m serious. I love you and you know it but messing with my family is off limits.”

“You play it up so well. Faithful family man...perfect husband and father...how would they feel if I told them the truth?”

“Do that and you will seriously regret it.”

I rolled my eyes, “You’re threatening me? Seriously? Did you forget what I can do to you?”

“No, but clearly you’ve forgotten what I can do to you.” Jon said as he slammed me against the wall.

I looked at him, “Try that again and I will fry you with so much lightning you’ll be out before you can even process it.”

“Then stay the hell away from my family.” Jon said as he grabbed me around the neck and lifted me so my eyes met his,

“Do you understand me?”

I was choking but I managed to summon some lighting as I reached up and grabbed his arm. My touch shocked him, literally.

“You little...”

“I warned you big boy. Don’t mess with me.” I said.

Jon glared as he turned and left the room. I walked out a few seconds later.

When I got back to the table Jon was rounding up Dot and Steph to leave.

“Where you going Jonny, the fun is just beginning!” I cried as I hopped up on the table and started to dance.

“Dot, get Steph to the car. Rich, control your date.” Jon said as he turned and left. Shortly after that everything kinda went black.

The next morning I woke up feeling like I'd been through a blender. I popped a couple of my pills and tried to remember what happened. Jon had to be furious with me and in less than 2 weeks I was supposed to go on tour with him. I grabbed my phone and dialed his cell number.

"What do you want?" he answered.

"Jon, baby, I am so, so sorry." I said.

"For what? Causing a scene in front of my daughter, fighting with me, shocking me with your power, or something else entirely?"

"Um, E, all of the above?"

"You're out of control."

"I just had too much to drink too fast. I really am sorry. You have to believe me."

Jon sighed, "I know you are...you just don't know the damage control I had to do because of you."

"I know...is there anything I can do to make it up to you?"

"You know I can't stay mad at you. Just keep your distance until the tour and it'll be fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I covered it. I just need to spend some time with my family before the tour and it'll be fine."

"OK. Thank you. I love you."

"I love you too Mich. See you in a few days."

"OK, bye."

I hung up and sighed with relief. In less than two weeks I would be with Jon and nothing anyone could do would mess this up for me. I wouldn't allow it.