

Unscripted - A Blog for Actors - Backstage

Why are All the Good Ones Fictional?

Once upon a time, Director X told me that my true calling is to be the next Cindy Adams. You know I actually had to Google her? I'm an actress! Not a celebrity gossip columnist!

The only periodical I've ever subscribed to was the *Economist*. I've had readers refer to my quirky 'voice' as very Carrie Bradshaw. I'll take both as a compliment and a challenge.

Therefore with *New Moon* having opened over Thanksgiving starring my (*fictional*) boyfriend, Edward Cullen; let me take this opportunity to write a blog comparing each of my 'fictional' boyfriends to their real life counter parts.

Because what could be more **actor blog + gossip columnist** than that? "*Why are All the Good Ones Fictional?*"

Oh no she isn't... Oh yes, I am. Why? Because I can. Isn't it what Cindy Adams would do?

Everybody wants a hero. Whether you're a guy or a gal, everybody wants to be swept off their feet, known, accepted, inspired, supported and loved.

In my life, my fantasy heroes have been; Spiderman, The Phantom of the Opera, and Edward Cullen. I'm a dysfunctional dork and I don't care.

Spiderman is an honors college kid, turned photojournalist, who gets bitten by a radioactive spider undergoing a scientific experiment, making him a powerful, agile, web-slinging vigilante/hero of the people.

He's young and ambitious, but his dual identity makes it hard to keep track of his whereabouts.

He's sweet and committed, but he'll always be battling mutant freaks, while you're home wondering if you should bust out a can of Pam for dinner, or the Raid to help keep out his enemies.

My real-life Spiderman had a dominating priority as well, it was called, 'his temper'. He was sweet, agile, and dorky, like Peter Parker.

But the minute you said something to tick him off, he would run to the rescue of his own ego within the conversation.

He was great at battling off the enemies *in his head*. And he loved to 'web-sling' himself through the windows and rooftops of my New York walk-up for sure his suspicions and jealousies would be confirmed.

Peter Parker never gave up on or shunned Mary Jane, even after she hooked up with his best friend Harry.

My real life Spiderman, was committed to the point of me having to file a restraining order to keep him *off* my rooftop. And he wasn't even a photographer.

Next up, The Phantom of the Opera. Ah, yes, who doesn't love a dark and mysterious mega-genius who lives in a cave underneath the Paris Opera house, with the voice of an angel and the face of a devil.

It ignites the 'romantic saviour' in all women and is also a sure fire ingredient for romantic destruction.

He's just misunderstood. I'll understand him'. He's just shunned by society. I'll accept him'. He's just



self-destructive. 'I'll create him'. *His mother never loved him properly*. 'But I will'. Give it up.

This is the only romantic character that never got a sequel and there's a reason why; though I hear Andrew Lloyd Weber has one in the works.

My real life Phantom was a trust fund baby, who lived in a cave, also known as his expensive loft apartment, that he never left. He shunned society, himself, and his own mother.

Though we never had to worry about money, it was exhausting to get him out of the house to socialize, get some sunlight, and not obsess over his looks.

What good is a dark and mysterious genius if he doesn't even want to meet your friends?!



Fictional Phantom eventually lets Christine go to live a normal life with Raoul.

My real life Phantom bought me a plane ticket to visit an ex-boyfriend in Italy; who *was* an opera singer, but then got upset when I used it. *Really?*



And last but not least, Edward Cullen, the breathtaking, talented, over protective and utterly committed vegetarian vampire. Hm? Can't say I can think of a real life counterpart for this one. I'm a foodie.

There have been some interesting candidates. But none that woo and love with the certainty of Edward. Why? Probably because Edward is immortal with plenty of time to spare. And if it didn't work out, he'd still be young, desirable, and a ladies man.

He'd never have to suffer his 'ex' moving on with someone else because he would just eat her and have the best meal of his infinitely damned life.

But what makes this fictional character one of the 'good ones' is that he *doesn't* do the above. He stifles his own vices to keep her happy and alive. I can't even get a guy to quit smoking for me.

Don't knock the Twilight saga. Every young generation has its own 'Romeo and Juliet'. We know the books aren't great pieces of writing.

It's an adventure, and I'll be damned if anybody talks s*#! about my 'boyfriend.'

But getting back to the comparison at hand. Why *ARE* all the good ones fictional?

As far as I can tell? Because they're not human. Even if they were real, they're still not human.

Okay, maybe the Phantom, but he apparently had so many birth defects, and was so gifted and talented, he would have been home schooled anyway.

Truth is, nothing beats the real thing. As my friend Chef says, "Life is not a movie you can walk out on." And as I

now say, "Love is not a fantasy you can experience alone."

Oh, hell with it, I'm taking a road trip up to Forks next spring.

Anyone want to join?

(photos courtesy of Summit Entertainment, Universal Studios and Vanity Fair)

(The events described in this blog are loosely based on reality, and exaggerated for humorous story-telling purposes only)

Yours Truly -- Ann Hu

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I join ya! :)

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You'll find the real deal one day- and he'll be WAAAAY better than fiction.

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