

## Unscripted - A Blog for Actors - Backstage

### So long 307...

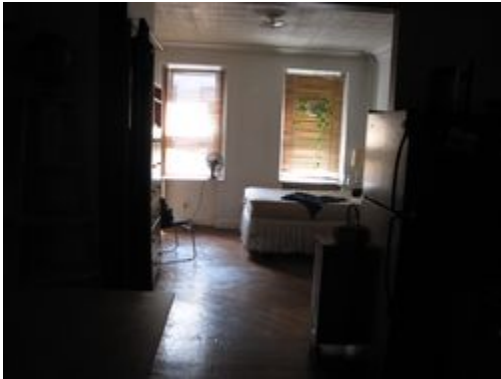
Early July, I was back in New York to finally close the door on the past, also known as, my old New York apartment.

For those of you that know New York, the perfect apartment in the perfect location is not only hard to come by, but hard to sustain if you're on the West Coast.

Muse had moved out a few days before. We hate each other now and unfortunately, I think it's for the best. Sometimes it's best when nothing is left to linger.

I arrived at midnight on July 4th. Exhausted and a little frightened of how I might feel walking in to where I had lived for most of my life.

It's more than just a New York vs. Los Angeles thing. It's a 'this was my home when I started out as an actor in New York, how can I bear to leave it...?' thing.



It was weird at first, familiar, and almost like home. I even threw something away in the trash, in the dark.

Funny, how reliable muscle memory can be. My body remembered everything.

How I would open the bathroom door and turn on the light switch (on the outside wall) simultaneously, the sound of my footsteps on the hardwood floors, and the stoic leaning stance I took in the shower were all second nature.

It was as if I had never left. Man, if these walls could talk! I was so full of dream here, so full of vitality, naivete, and ambition!

Half an hour in I began to break down. I felt like a stupid dramatic child. It was real now. I don't live here anymore. I think I completely underestimated how hard this would be. Ever given up, or sold a house you grew up in?

I needed to connect, to chat, to talk to someone, but I couldn't figure out how to connect my MacBook up to the wi-fi/DSL. So desperately, I called Verizon technical support at 2am, EST.

For the next hour and a half, I grieved and cried about my struggle between living on both coasts; which one was better to call home for my career and myself and how hard it was to leave the only home I knew, while verizon tech support associate, Joseph in Mexico, listened and troubleshooted me back to the internet.

"Ma'am, I think you are going to go back to Los Angeles. Your apartment in New York, is just an apartment. It's not your life and it's not New York you are leaving. You give this apartment too much power over the possibilities in your life," Joseph plainly states.

*Say what?! Oh Verizon! Can you hear me now?!*

Taking all emotion out of the equation, the apartment is just an apartment. My life, memories, and future lay within me, wherever I am. Duh! But oh, how I loved this apartment! So much of my identity lay here!



There were nights where I would sit at my kitchen table, script in hand, and gaze out the windows at the trees swaying in the cobalt blue glow of the sky at dusk. Nothing could have made me happier.

Often, I would fall asleep reciting the lines to whatever play I was in, whatever audition I was rehearsing for, or song I was learning.

In the mornings I would wake up, jump out of bed, and clap my hands in the air, "Woo! Woo! Woo!" just because I was happy to be acting and living in New York.

I remember the black out in 2003. I walked out of the subway and sold an old laptop for fifty bucks, seconds later...blackout. I had fifty bucks.

The entire building convened in my apartment. We had gas ovens. Everyone cleaned out their refrigerators and brought their food while I slapped foil baking pans on top of the stove.



We ate, drank, talked, and sang all through the night. No iphones, no televisions, no video games; just pure human entertainment. Blackout Miracle.

I remember the summer Natasha Leone moved into the white townhouse across the street that Michael Rappaport owned.

Almost every night at 4am, the entire front side of the building awoke to the sound of her screaming in the street, "*I lost my keys! I lost my keeeeeeyyyyssss!*"

My building was like *Friends*, only real. Like Monica, I cooked for everyone and was anally clean. My neighbors were their own versions of Rachel, Phoebe, Chandler and Joey. Don't think we ever had a Ross though. And I never ended up with Chandler.

Our building became that rare place where community becomes family.

Neighbor Dan and I used to crawl up the fire escapes and tap on everyone else's windows, "Come out and play!", before heading straight up to the roof to gaze at the stars, nevermind our front doors.

It was a precious little world, Building 307.

And it is for this reason, mostly, that I could not make peace with leaving this apartment, until that night on the phone with Joseph from verizon tech support.

I had countless brunches on the stoop with bloody marys and bagels with lox.

I ran in and out of that apartment at least three times a day during some pilot seasons; a different outfit, sides and persona each time.

I have rehearsed for so many roles in this apt. I have fallen in and out of love so many times here. I have booked jobs, lost jobs, made new friends, loved the old ones and grew myself, so much right here.

But it's time to grow up, it's time to close this chapter in my life. Don't get me wrong! I didn't leave New York! No! New York will always be there.

But the truth is..., as I laid in bed that night, in the place I used to call home, I realized this inevitable truth...I'm

just not that 'girl' anymore.



I am not that girl who lived, learned and loved so much here; that girl who was content with 350 sq. ft. of dream and ambition, though I will *always* love her so.

New York made me, but in Los Angeles, I am making myself. Besides, I'd rather have 1200 sq. ft of more. That's what I was letting

go of...the girl I used to be in 307.

Thank you Robert, Jenny, Linda, Nancy, Joe, Neighbor Dan, and Jordi, wherever you are. This used to be *our* playground.

*(photos courtesy of yours truly, Building 307, and an old Halloween costume as Miss Saigon)*

Yours Truly -- Ann Hu

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Thanks for this sharing which can be so helpful to many who linger between past and present.

Posted by: Florence Hu | [July 15, 2011 at 02:35 PM](#)



Everyone I know can relate to this article...because everyone has a playground as you so eloquently stated but the memories are the one that forges the space between now and the next place....I salute your growth and since Los Angeles is my city now too...I look forward to meeting you on the pockets of playgrounds that are wisely distributed throughout this city....

Anonymous Famous Hollywood Junkie

LH

Posted by: lonnie hughes | [July 15, 2011 at 04:20 PM](#)



Glad I got to see you before you flew away. Next time you come back it will be for work and we'll celebrate !



ellen

Posted by: ellen david | [July 16, 2011 at 05:09 PM](#)



I loved this post, thank you.

Posted by: Amy | [July 18, 2011 at 05:26 PM](#)



Best post ever! I was so engaged reading this I lost track of time! You should write a book! This was such a great look into the chapter of your life and so interesting!

Posted by: ag | [September 25, 2011 at 12:10 AM](#)

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