

ELLIS  
MONTGOMERY  
SH\*TSHOW

**AMY OLIVEIRA**

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

Copyright © 2020 by Amy Oliveira

All rights reserved. No  
part of this book may be  
reproduced or used in  
any manner without  
written permission of  
the copyright owner  
except for the use of  
quotations in a book  
review. For more  
information, address:  
[amyoliveira.com](http://amyoliveira.com)

First e-book edition November 2019

*Book design by Book Cover Zone  
Edited by Helena Bracken*

ISBN: 978-1-8381910-0-9

[www.amyoliveira.com](http://www.amyoliveira.com)

To Chris.

He thinks every man I write is inspired by him.

They aren't.

Well, maybe they are a little.

# WELCOME TO YELLOW MEADOWS

Pop. 2.113 Est. 1703

# Chapter One

I scrunched my nose and, like always, faced a challenge head on. Brown eyes to electronic numbers, puffed chest to a metal door.

“What are you doing?” A voice behind me asked.

“Popcorn.” I answered dismissively.

“There’s a popcorn button, you know.” I turned around to find Leah looking at me with a confused expression, she surely thought I was mad, fuck, I’m quite certain mam banged my head somewhere when I was a baby, but Leah shouldn’t be wondering shit, she should be working. The bathrooms were on her and she was messing around like always.

I wouldn’t talk about it though, it didn’t matter to me. “You know it never works, I always end up with gross ass cornels.” I looked back to the microwave. “I tried three minutes and a half before, but ended up with half burnt half cornels. It’s not possible, it must be a way.” I turned around to her again, but she was gone. Fucking rude, huh?

Whatever, I wasn’t sure anyone could handle my Olympic talent of gabbing, but you at least expect some manners. Look, my expectations were really low, alright? Fuck me, I only wanted popcorn for lunch and that was all.

Unfazed by Leah's flippant attitude, I turn to my metal beast. Hm. I like popcorn and they say it's empty calories, uh? Do you believe that? Well, I believed.

“Ellis, can you have a look at the books soon?” Max asked from behind and I waved him away.

The clock in front begged me to hurry, I needed to finish up a few things before driving my ass for school collections. I would eat my popcorn in the car, as usually I did for lunch.

It would be nice if there was popcorn to be consumed, right? Oh damn, I'm being way too weird about this. It's just popcorn. I didn't like an unsolvable challenge. The reasoning of an old ass microwave wasn't good enough to me.

I pressed four minutes and had planned to stop on the three fifteen mark. It was a risk, but I was almost sure the line between all cornels and burnt was as thin as they get. The old microwave was so old it vibrated the thin shitty table it was sitting on, in a back room of the pub I worked. Three minutes and my fingers hovered over the stop button, the pop of them inside, the smell filling the room.

I was so hungry.

5...

10...

15...

I busted the door open quickly, afraid of what an extra second could cause. Then slowly looked inside the bag...

Motherfucker-fuck-cunt-asshole.

Half burnt.

Goddammit.

I was watching the school gates when I heard the horrible bell that sound way too similar to a war bell. Dear citizens, clean the streets, the devil's minions are coming. I was sucking in a cornel when my own devil's minion came my way, her high brown ponytail bouncing in the air, her battered red backpack she refused to change because of the silly believe it did added character. In her defence, London spent long hours in the most ridiculous school girl outfit (that I had it on once too, many years ago) with a bunch of girls she wasn't particularly fond, with the exception of one or two names.

The school wouldn't allow nail polish, converse shoes, cool hairstyles and personality. The battered backpack was her piece of resistance. Music lyrics she had written on, pins from different causes we were both passionate about. When a particular strict teacher asked me if I hadn't enough money to buy my daughter a new bag? I nodded and said, "Sure look, it was wine or her bag this month, what do you think it happened?" And I laughed and made the damn nosy teacher and all the parents in the parents and teachers meeting very uncomfortable.

I did care what people thought of me, very much so, but the idea of this woman with a stick so far inside her saggy arse asking me if I couldn't afford my damn child something so basic like a backpack?

Fuck off, dipshit, I eat nosy bitches like you for breakfast.

London dropped herself in the passenger seat and lunged her bag behind us, looking at me and then to my sad sack of failed microwaved popcorn. She peeked inside to find all the cornels.

“Oh, Mam... cornels?”

I sucked into another one. “And burnt. I ate it anyway.”

She bit her cheek, with a hand out to the back, she grabbed her little black notebook from the front pocket of her bag.

“How long?”

“Three minutes fifteen.” I said and she pencilled in the number.

“Oh man, that was my guess.”

“I'm still hungry.” I whined.

She chuckled, “Well, let's get moving then so you can eat.”

Ok, let's stop right here.

Now, breathe and take this in.

We drove around our village with our normal worries in mind. She was trying to convince me to help her with a history assignment, and as “help” she wanted me to do the whole thing. I was wondering what we had in the fridge that I could cook in record time. This was our immediate problems.

On the back of my mind, I had my permanent residents; how to feed and clothe us, how could I make more money so we could go to a proper holiday next summer. On the vault that I kept always closed, I had deeper shit going on. Would I ever be anything more than a cleaner and a barmaid? Was I such a disappointment to my parents and therefore ruined our relationship? Was I raising London right?

Fuck, forget those, no one has time for that.

Anyway, what I mean is, I always had about a billion problems and money was definitely the car chief of them, but they were categorized and locked for further examination. I drove us and we sang with Pink, my child practically screaming the lyrics and making me laugh, then she put her feet up the dashboard and I slapped away. I let the air brush over our hairs until I decided it was too damn cold for that kind of shenanigans.

That was the before.

London and I against the world. Remember it, that will help you later.

I made us dinner, nothing fancy, but we ate while she had her homework done, even though I asked her not to write and eat at the same time. She was in a hurry to do better things, I was told, I rolled my eyes because I knew “better things” just meant watching TV or gossip with a friend she just saw at school.

I hurried myself around to tidy up a bit more, I had to clean a house from five to seven and my Mam was coming over to mind London.

Once we were done, child fed, homework done, I changed my pub clothes to old flannel shirt and leggings, runners in place and fixed my ponytail. I grabbed my keys on the counter and look to London, who was watching Netflix oblivious of me.

“Hey, can you stop that after an hour?” I asked, looking around trying to find my bag.

She nodded, not facing me.

“Can you read after?” I asked.

“Of course.” She replied finally turning her head “I will read a bit, ok? Off you go, Nana will be here soon, don’t you worry.”

I looked at my watch, it was ten to five and Mam wasn’t there yet, she didn’t live far and London was well able to stay alone for a few minutes. I kissed my child’s temple and she beamed a smile.

“Be good and gorgeous.” I said, going for the door.

She waved me off. “Of course.”

I drove quickly, it would be ok if I was a few minutes late, but I was never late. Plus, as quickly as I get it done, as quickly I would be home to a well-deserved shower.

I parked and looked down my phone, I had two messages. One from my mother, complaining about London being let alone in the house. The second one was from London saying she was less than a minute alone.

Groaning, I opened the door happy for missing my mother. The old lady I was cleaning for, Grace, was at church, or some kind of church event, so it suits us both getting it done while she was away. I finished her sitting room and headed to the kitchen. I knew Grace’s children were trying to clean up the house from all the knickknacks the old woman kept, they were coming every weekend and cleaning up the attic and odd wardrobes. That’s why wasn’t a surprise to see a box full of things to go to a charity shop.

I peaked in, Grace said before I could take whatever I needed so she would be ok if I was a little nosy. This box had nothing really interesting in, a few old lady cardigans that had seen better days, one or two old editions of Enid Blyton that I held in my hands to have look to see if was of any value.

The first edition had a few pages off, I didn’t think anyone would want a book with missing pages, but maybe a super

fan for emotional value. The next one was ok, but had children's drawings on the cover. I decided to leave the books alone when another thing caught my attention. A black little notebook, battered to the outside. I opened to find it was a kind of a diary, nothing written on.

It didn't look valuable, it didn't look like anything to be honest, but it was a beautiful notebook and I was a sucker for those.

I took it and kept it in my bag to bring home after.

I didn't think much of it when it happened, it was just a regular Monday during my regular jobs in the middle of my boring life. The notebook wasn't even a diary yet.

The days before your life changes are just ordinary days. The days I collected my child, when I had more jobs I could keep, their clock was ticking like a bomb, everything was about to change and I was unaware.

Tick, tock, I cleaned the house and I drove home.

Tick, tock I kept the notebook in my bedroom and forgot about it the minute I turned my back.

Tick, tock the house I lived, the place I called mine.

Writing something down makes it real, I truly believe that the act of pen into paper has the power to transform your perspective, makes you bleed in ink until you're able to come out of the maze. Soon I would need that notebook and a pen, soon I would need to come out of the maze.

Remember that, you're going to use that later too.

## *Chapter Two*

Terrible things happen in November. Everyone knows that. You're just getting over Halloween, you're still kind of hungover and wondering if that extra-tight Catwoman costume was a good idea after all. And it's not December yet to get some good old Christmas spirit crap going.

Fuck, I curse too much. I should stop.

Anyway, it was November when it started. I'm sure of that because some annoying woman ordered a Baileys and I needed to stop myself from rolling my eyes. It's not even December! You have no excuse to order alcoholic milk unless it's December.

I got her Baileys. What I was supposed to do? Give her grief because of her frankly ridiculous choice of drink?

Jesus, have your Baileys, be merry. Whatever.

It was just after the Baileys, I was still eyeing her, watching her drink. She had a huge amount of hair that she was flicking to her date, I wondered if the damn thing was heavy on her shoulders.

Oh, god, I was so bitter.

Max, my boss, tapped me on my shoulder just as I was about to start making up dubs of what she was saying.

“You need to cover that table over there.” He said without even looking at me.

I mean, if you tap on someone’s shoulder shouldn’t you at least look at them? Not Max.

“No fucking way, Max. That’s Leah’s section”

Now, you see, I’d been working in this pub for far too many years to let the likes of Max order me around. He had no business in being the manager, a title he only got because his father was the owner. Max was literally a walking mediocre white man meme. Think I’m exaggerating? Nah, I closed the till every night because Max couldn’t work out the numbers, yet who was the manager? Or, I organised the shift rota because he couldn’t remember everyone’s name. But who was the manager? I got all the numbers organised from the computer to a ridiculously old-school accounting book because Max’s Dad liked that way. And again, to the guys at the back: Who was the manager?

Besides, I was so tired of covering of Leah. I mean she was at work, was she not! Right now! But Leah always found a way to make up some excuse to get herself a good thirty minute break. Caught her once in the back having phone sex with her boyfriend, I wish I could say I got annoyed at that, but to be honest I only had one thought: Good woman.

Is Leah getting herself off again? GOOD FUCKING WOMAN!

“Ellis, now! Some “celebrity” is on table six, and Leah is shitting herself, can’t have that Ellis. Just go there and act normal”

~~I don’t get celebrities.~~

No, scratch that.

I obviously get celebrities. What I don’t get is the over the top fuss around them. Like why do people act like celebrities are just so much better than us lowly fool and turn into total gobshites? I mean, yes, I want to Keep up with the Kardashians as much as the next girl, but if I meet our girl Kim in the street I’m not going to shit myself in front of her. Maybe I’ll ask her how did they manage to keep Kylie’s pregnancy a secret for so long (admit it, we were all dying to know) but after that? I’m not losing my cool.

So off I went to table six.

Off I went to Emmet Scott’s table.

I was expecting someone from Made in Chelsea, right? Maybe some guy with a one-hit-wonder that I either didn’t know or couldn’t remember.

Not Emmet Fucking Scott.

Emmet Scott is huge. He was not a celebrity! A celebrity? Try the worlds’ most incredible actor. He. Was. It. I didn’t

even understand how Emmet Scott would be able to find this damn village on his GPS.

Making a mental note to tell Max people like Emmet Scott weren't just a "celebrity," I walked straight on over to his table. I mean, as I said I was not going to shit myself right? It was impressive seeing a guy like him in the middle of our local, but that didn't mean I was going to cry or ask him to sign my bra.

Damn, he was so hot. I should've asked him to sign my bra.

I put on my best waitress smile. Which doesn't actually exist because people order drinks from the bar themselves, as you usually do in local pubs like ours. Unless you're getting some gross ass food from said pub, then besides the shame, it's acceptable to get a waitress to bring you drinks. Emmet Scott's table had no food. He was alone, an empty glass in front of him, making rings with his finger around the top of the glass, as one does when you have so much sex appeal to wet a truck of nuns.

"Where's Leah?" He asked in his butter voice.

Can someone taste the words in the other's lips? I did.

"Leah pissed herself after talking to you." I said, grabbing the empty glass in front of him

"Aren't you pissing yourself?"

He looked at me and smirked. I mean, who does that? No one. I'm telling you: No one. No one can say piss in a

sentence and smirk like was the sexiest thing ever. Well, Emmet Scott begs to differ.

“I didn’t have water today.” I said without blinking, “A top-up?” Tapping the empty glass in my hand.

He nodded.

I left to get him more whiskey. Damn whiskey glasses. Why is every man ever a whiskey man? How boring.

You know, I would love this to be a story about a girl meets a famous guy, girl thinks all celebrities are crap. Boy proves her wrong.

But what can I say? No proving necessary, I already love celebs.

Absolutely love them. Especially delicious treats like Emmet Scott.

I’m not that girl. I don’t think everyone famous is full of themselves, I definitely don’t think they are entitled fuckers.

Celebrities are a gift from the gods. Good looking people like our pal Emmet over there are living proof that God exists and he is a fucking artist. His jaw alone could make a woman lose her cool. I mean literally his jaw, I’m not even talking about his delicious brown hair, his amazing dark eyes, his beard like you wouldn’t fucking believe and arms so strong you wonder how they’d look from underneath when holding the headboard and he’s fucking you senseless. No. Not talking about any of these.

If we were in a proper place, like a normal town where people know shit and actually understand Netflix this pub would be full of crazy fans. I guess that's why someone like Emmet Scott chose to waste his night in this shithole. As I brought him a whiskey, I had a good look at the crazy scene going on: Big, huge Hollywood star alone in a pub on a Friday night in a village in the middle of nowhere. Doesn't get crazier than this.

"Why is it so quiet?" He asked me before I leave.

"Bingo night." I almost laughed at the situation of having to explain bingo night to Emmet Scott "Mrs Travis is hosting a fundraiser for her son, he has cancer, you see. Everyone nice is over there"

Emmet looked around the place, with only a couple of the tables full, including Bailey's girl and her date.

"Good to know there is only... five shitheads in this town" he said

"Not counting yourself?"

"Or the staff"

I giggled like a fucking five-year-old, and so before I manage to get even more pathetic I'm on my way back to the bar.

I don't remember anything important happening during the rest of my shift. Leah mustered some courage (of the liquid type) and went over to Emmet Scott asking for his autograph. Max and I were pleased to see she had a paper

on her and was not about to flash any of us or our five other customers.

People started to leave and no one new came in. Bailey's girl left as well, with crazy, lusty eyes and her date's hand so far buried in her ass that I wondered if he'd need a condom for that. Around midnight Max got over himself and rung the last call bell. Leah cleaned the bathrooms, even though we didn't have enough business to get anything dirty, and while his hand was already on the door, Max nodded at me as if to say "I know you're going to close up anyway, so I don't need to ask or say thank you". It was just another night.

I took my bag from the corner of the bar to grab cigarettes and when I looked up, he was still there, coming over to the bar.

"Are you closed?" He asked

"Didn't you hear the last call?"

"Not really. Fuck"

I eyed him with suspicion. I wanted to scream WHY ARE YOU HERE? But I didn't think was a good idea. Instead, I poured one last one on the house. Emmet sat down and put his feet up on the other stool. I started to close the till while he was drinking the whiskey. Silence worked fine with me; I just wanted to go home.

"Do you work here every day?" He asked after a while.

"Most days, sometimes I manage to open which is much better."

“Why doesn’t that guy close?”

“Max? Ha because he’s shite with numbers. Every time he closes I need to fix all his fuck ups”

“You swear a lot” Emmet had the start of a smile playing on his lips.

“I need to stop” I somewhat reluctantly agreed.

“It’s quite fun.”

“Glad to entertain.”

I finished up, locked the till and got the pub keys off the hook to finally look at Emmet.

“Are you done?”

He finished his whiskey in one sip he was up. Completely steady, but he’d had what? Five, six drinks? And I never saw anyone look soberer. Like, scary sober.

I turned off all of the lights, not caring much about cleaning everything. To be honest, I shouldn’t be closing on my own, it was dangerous and I was not about to add cleaning into the mix as well. Max could manage that on his afternoon shift. After locking up, I put the keys in my bag and looked at Emmet.

“Great, see you.”

He smiled but didn’t answer.

Still to this day, I complain about that, shithead didn’t know how to say Goodnight?

Emmet claims he was really drunk that night, but I swear to god he managed a straight line while he walked away.