

Untitled Story

With a graceful stride, Greta Garbo stepped out of her vehicle and attempted to enter her front door. Crying in delight, several dozen reporters rushed to her side before she placed the key in the lock. A flurry of questions were being directed at her, but Garbo quickly turned the key in the lock and squeezed past a particularly forward reporter into her home. With a sigh of frustration, Garbo moved into her living room and removed her shoes. It had been a tiring and difficult day at the studio, and she was glad to be home again. Suddenly, a bright flash disturbed her reverie.

What was that?

She flew to the window in surprise. There, a few hundred feet away, she observed one of the obtrusive reporters cutting through her yard with a camera at his side. She promised herself again that she would talk to her lawyers about how to stop the intrusions. To most stars, the paparazzi were an irritant, but to her it was causing unimaginable frustration. She had always wished to be alone, and now the reporters were making her desires impossible.

Her cell phone's piercing ring shattered the silence. It was John Gilbert. He had not stopped calling, even though she had given him no encouragement to continue trying to forge a relationship with her. After a brief, terse conversation, Garbo was able to turn off her cell phone. Her new contract had stipulated that she must own a cell phone so that the studio could keep in contact with her, but she despised it.

The next morning, when Garbo arrived at the studio, the paparazzi flew to her side again. She couldn't even move, and with each step, they moved in closer. She felt like she was suffocating.

Before she knew what was happening, she started to scream: I want to be alone! I want to be alone! She screamed and tried to free herself from the mob...

"Cut!" The director smiled his approval.

"Miss Garbo," the director said with conviction, *"you are, in a word, the best actress in this era or any other."*

"If you keep up this way, Alone in 2010 is going to be a bigger hit at the box office than any of your previous movies."

With a thin smile, Garbo hurried to her dressing room. Some people looked forward to the future, but she could not imagine a time such as that, when she could never really be alone again. Yes, she was glad that it was 1938, and not 2010.

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