

# **V A P I D**

A Decadent Adult Gay Fantasy about Hollywood at the  
Beginning of the AIDS Crisis.

Grant Sutor Vuille

Dedicated in the Memory of My Friend and Companion

**Edward “Eddie” Glenn Niola**

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From Complications of HIV/AIDS



**The author will donate 50% of all personal profits earned from the sale of this  
book to HIV/AIDS charities in Eddie’s name.**



**Eddie at home, Circa 1978**

## **Chapter 1**

The sun arises over the plush mansion belonging to Carlotta Carlisle, movie siren desperate for a comeback. The pink morning light sparkles mystically amidst the dewdrops, overshadowed ominously by the immense Hollywoodland sign on the mountain behind her estate. The time is the present, and the future belongs to aspiring starlets and budding young stud actor types.

Such *is* the setting when Carlotta suddenly *awoke* on this glorious pink day to exclaim, “My God! I’ve got to get to the studio! I’m late for the Tide commercial gig!”

She springs from her bed and screams for assistance. “Rocky! Rusty! Quick! I’m late for work! Help me get dressed! Slap me in makeup!”

Rusty and Rocky, dressed in colorful bikini underwear, appear as if from nowhere to come to her aid. Her hair is teased and her makeup literally slapped on minutes before she is whisked out the door and into the limousine.

By no means does the Tide commercial go well. Carlotta refuses to read the cue cards correctly.

“Look at these filthy makeup stains on the collar of this blouse! Disgusting! But with extra-action Tide, you can believe they’ll vanish at the end of the wash cycle. Take it from me, Carlotta Carlisle; Tide does the trick with its extra-action ingredients. But speaking from experience, it doesn’t hurt to get my houseboys to rub a little ordinary soap into the stain first—”

“Cut!” is screamed by the director, who doesn’t hesitate in letting Carlotta know in no uncertain terms that if she won’t stick to the

cards, she would be one has-been actress who would be blackballed from the business permanently if she spoils yet another take.

Using the foulest language imaginable, she dumps the Tide on his head, tells him what he can do with it, and leaves the studio with her bikinied houseboys arm in arm. Neither Rusty nor Rocky are ever allowed to wear clothes.

Cruising the streets of Hollywoodland is a young stud by the name of Brad Willis. He makes his living turning tricks, although his mother, who lives in nearby Los Angeles, is convinced he works the late afternoon, early evening shift at Taco Bell. She has no idea what he does after he gets off at 11:00PM.

Like most young men with good looks in Hollywoodland, he has stars in his eyes. Unfortunately, none of his tricks ever turns out to be big-time producers or directors. At least, his tricks never *admit* to being members of that profession, preferring, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous.

This particular night, Brad is getting pretty disgusted with his chosen career after tricking with a couple of old queens when he chanced to meet Larry. Larry is a hustler, too, but has ambitions of being a pimp. He is blond, muscular, and gorgeous, his ancestors being among the original settlers of Hollywoodland. Brad's slender good looks and dark hair can not compare, but both men, bored with life and needing a change, find solace in each other. Mutual admiration at first sight seems to be the order, so they spend the night in passionate bliss in Larry's cluttered apartment in East Hollywoodland.

Mrs. Willis, Brad's mother, is pretty upset when her son shows up days later with a black eye and bruises on his arms, legs, and ass.

"I got in a fight in a bar, so I stayed at my girlfriend's." It was a lie, but his mother believes it.

She makes him strip naked and take a bath. She catches a glimpse of the damage when she passes the bathroom door and nearly faints.

Later that afternoon as she is hanging out her son's laundry, she makes it clear to him that he has to give up his job at Taco Bell and go back east to New York City to live with her estranged husband. It would be better for him, she knows, because Brad's father has promised to pay Brad's way through college.

"You could go to NYU or Columbia," she says. "LA is no good for you."

“New York City is just as bad,” he says.

“But your father will only pay for your schooling if you stay with him. I can’t support you well enough on what I make part-time.”

“But, Mom,” he says, “I dropped out of UCLA and USC because I *hate* school.”

“You made straight A’s! Straight A’s!”

“I hate school. I like working at Taco Bell.” “You can’t like it.”

“Yes, I do. I do like it because I can look for agents and go to auditions during the day.”

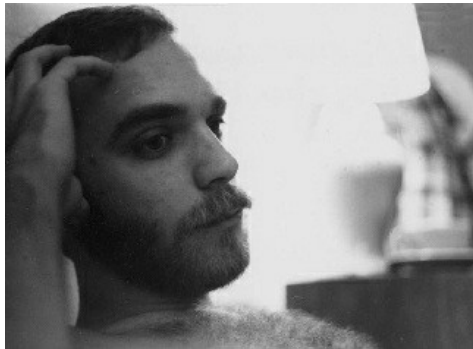
“I can’t believe you want to throw away your life on an acting career.”

“It’s what I want to do.”

“Hollywood is a dangerous place to hang out. Drugs and prostitution are bigger out here than the movie business. You could be so happy in New York with your father.”

But convincing his mother proves impossible. He ends up moving in with Larry, who regularly beats him. The relationship obsesses him. Larry pimps for him, sending the tricks to the apartment because he is too badly beaten and bruised to be successful on the street.

Brad disappears from sight, not seeing his mother ever again. She has tried calling Taco Bell but is dismayed when they had never heard of him. She also tries calling missing persons and the FBI. She becomes so exhausted from worry, nervousness, and depression that she begins calling Brad’s father regularly. They reconcile, and she sells the house and flies to New York City. The void she feels at her son’s loss never leaves her.



**Eddie at our apartment in St. Pete, Circa 1979**

## Chapter 2

"In Hollywoodland, the time is now," he is saying aloud to himself as he paces around and around the room with a bottle in his hand. He is kicking trash as he staggers about but then stops when he suddenly catches sight of his deplorable condition in a cracked dresser mirror. Brad begins to sob.

Larry . . . Larry . . . damn you . . . I love you . . . I want to die "

Larry enters with a trick, but Brad is too sick to service him. The john, a nervous old fool of a man, is anxious for a kinky scene and is insistent on getting off at any expense. Larry, ever resourceful, ties Brad to the bed facedown and, for two hundred bucks, allows the stranger to beat him, torture him unmentionably and, ultimately, to sodomize him violently. But Brad has passed out and fortunately does not feel a thing.

Carlotta's mansion sits majestically in the noonday sun. Rusty is cleaning the pool outside. Rocky is giving her a rubdown with suntan oil on the sofa as she talks to her agent on the phone just inside the sliding glass doors leading out to the pool.

"Oh, darling!" she rasps, much like the late great Tallulah. "Paramount has accepted the project? Divine! For a while now I've been afraid I'd be stuck doing trivial television commercials for the rest of my life. Bill, this movie is going to win me the Oscar, I know it! Darling, you've come through for me again. What's that you say? They won't accept Rock Hudson as my leading man? But I've got to have Rocky!" Rocky the houseboy slaps her on the back. "Ouch! Not so rough, dear! I'm sorry, Bill, did I just blast your eardrums? Please forgive me. Easy on the massage, Rocky! But, darling, who do they want to cast opposite me? An unknown! What? A younger man? How absurd, using an unknown!"

Both Rocky and Rusty begin to pay attention. "But why, Bill, why? What? They want to cut the budget? Is that why? Goddamn it! I'm sorry . . .

well, what can be done, I've just got to do this picture, but where on earth are we going to find a man sexy enough to play opposite me and still not steal focus? Are you sure we can't have Rocky Hudson?"

Rocky the houseboy slaps her on the back again. "Ouch! Rocky! Cut it out and get off my back! Sorry, Bill. Rusty! Throw Rocky in the pool

and cool his ass down!” Rusty comes into the room from outside and grabs Rocky and they tussle. “Easy boys! Ouch!” she screams when they bump her. ‘You just can’t get reliable help these days!” They pull each other’s bikinis off in the scramble to push each other towards the pool and then into it with quite a splash.

Carlotta gasps into the phone, “I swear, Bill, I’m going to fire those two!

So back to business . . . hmm . . . do you think they’d accept George Hamilton? He’s sexy enough, and I doubt he could steal focus from me. Well, at least ask them for me, Bill. Oh, come on, the studio would go for it! He could be gotten for nothing! Are you kidding? Listen, his Zorro movie flopped. Yes, it did! There weren’t enough faggots out of the closet to support that Gay Blade film of his! Oh, come on, it doesn’t hurt to ask him. Alright, if we have to use an unknown, we have to use an unknown! But you’ve got to promise me you’ll call Georgie and offer him the role. I’m sure he’ll do it! Yes! Of course, darling . . . you, too . . . bye-bye!” She gets splashed when Rusty and Rocky run into the room briefly, naked and wet, and she screams, “Damn it, boys! Don’t fuck with me fellas or you’ll be back on the streets faster than you can jack off!”

Brad is alone in the apartment. Having come around, he raises himself from bed and shuffles about the room. He finds his empty whiskey bottle and throws it in the trash.

In the shower, he scrubs down, taking time to inspect his various wounds.

He shaves his face, slaps on lotion, and puts his hands through his hair. “I’m going home,” he says to himself. “I’ve had enough . . . enough”

Later, in a quiet park nearly, he sits alone on a bench. He watches the kids at play and takes notice of his surroundings as if for the first time. He is smiling. It has been a while since he has felt this good about himself. He has made a decision to change his life for the better. He will reconcile with his mother and then take his father up on the offer to live in New York City and go back to school.

He gets up from the bench and begins heading south toward Los Angeles. The walk feels good, and he is filled with euphoria. Hours later, he finds himself staring at the front door of his old house from the street. Finally he is able to stir up enough courage within him

to go to the door and knock. To his complete surprise, a strange woman answers.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Willis," he says.

"I'm sorry, she moved away some time ago. I don't know where."

"You don't know? You mean she won't be back?"

"Well . . . we live here now . . . I never met her, my husband has, I think, when they closed the deal on the house . . . you want to speak to my husband?"

"No . . . thank you . . ." Brad leaves quietly with the awesome weight of complete abandon, gnawing at the very center of his being.

It becomes dark as he returns to the neon strips of Hollywoodland. With great difficulty, he makes up his mind to return, at least temporarily, to Larry's apartment. Upon his return, in the rain, Larry greets him with surprising coolness without seeming to be annoyed by Brad's absence.

"Where have you been?" he asks Brad.

"Just out . . . thinking. My mother's moved away," he says, nearly choking from anxiety and exhaustion. "It's been over a year since I've seen her . . . I thought she'd always be there."

"Too bad."

Larry leads him to the bedroom. "I've got some business for you," he says in an even tone, "you got back just in time."

"No," replies Brad urgently, "not anymore. I can't do it anymore."

**"You will!!!" screams Larry as he smashes him up against the wall.**

Brad is crying, begging, but Larry forces him into the bedroom where a menacing john awaits. Larry orders Brad to strip, but he refuses. Both men begin beating up on him. His clothes are ripped from him, and his face is bashed to the floor as the ugly john rapes him, thrusting his oversized manhood brutally into him. Brad cries for help, but Larry silences him with a kick to the temple, yelling, "Shut up, shit!"

Brad goes limp on the floor as a high-pitched frequency envelopes him. He is suddenly somewhere beyond the ceiling observing his own rape. The john climaxes lustily, then removes himself from Brad's lifeless body. Zipping up quickly and paying off Larry, he leaves hastily, sensing something is dangerously wrong with Brad.

Larry cannot revive him, and he begins to panic, running about the room crying for God. "God, help me, what have I done?" he whimpers

over and over. He is begging Brad to forgive him as he picks him up and begins dragging him toward the door.

Just as Larry is making his way with him down the hall and out into the pouring rain toward his car, Brad is suddenly pulled away, straight upward into the sky, and Larry and the apartment shrink from view far below, becoming tiny pin point figures, disappearing among the vast reaches of the city.

Beyond infinity Brad travels faster than the speed of light, enveloped in a tunnel of swiftly accelerated time and dimension. He observes his entire life. Incredible sounds and music have replaced the high-pitched frequency that envelopes and surrounds him. He is filled with the vastness and love of the universe, all questions in life now answered. He is bathed by the light of God, and by His eternal love. He is asked if he is ready to die, and he replies that he is not.

Brad is on the street, lying facedown in the gutter. Rain pours from the sky, and the water swirls around him on its way to the drain. Automobile headlights flash beyond him, and two men race out and carry him coughing and sputtering back to the limousine.

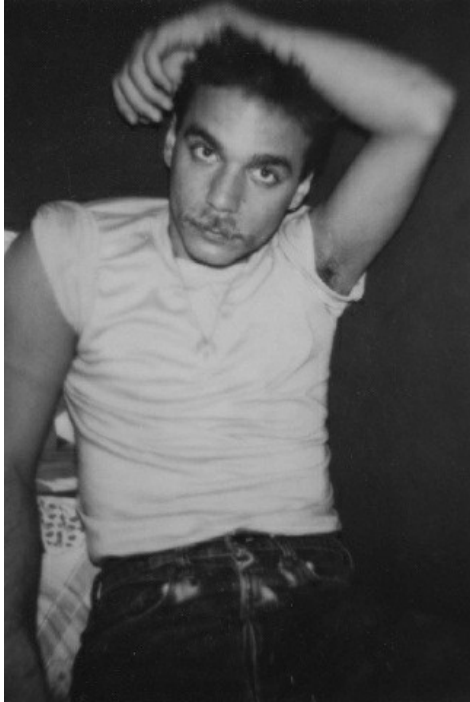
Seated between the two brawny young men in the front seat, he remains semiconscious.

"Where to?" asks the driver to the woman in the back, "the hospital?" "No, no . . . home," replies Carlotta Carlisle as she takes a drag through her foot-long cigarette holder, "but get my doctor on the phone and have him meet us there."

"I'll call," replies Rocky on the passenger side, picking up the phone, "make tracks, Rusty!"

"Right," he says, gunning the limousine, racing it down the rain-drenched streets of Hollywoodland.





Eddie at home in St. Pete, Circa 1978

### Chapter 3

Carlotta Carlisle is basking by the pool as Rusty and Rocky play checkers near her. When Brad comes up from the house dressed in his cutoffs she throws a fit, lifting up her bejeweled sunglasses to have a better look.

“Why,” she asks, “are you not wearing your bikini briefs as I instructed?! Those shorts are for riffraff and tourists and not worthy of anyone in my employ!”

“I’m sorry . . . I just wanted to—” “Take them off immediately!”

“Yes, ma’am.” He obliges, his briefs being on underneath.

“ . . . And throw them in the incinerator! And while you’re at it down there, you may as well finish up the job you started earlier and burn the rest of the trash. I don’t want it lying about in piles killing the grass. You *have* finished all the hedge trimmings, have you not?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

"Yes . . . *Miss Carlisle*" she says. "I am *not* a ma'am to you! Now run along, Brad, and check back with me when you're done."

"Yes, Miss Carlisle." He walks away quickly.

He goes to the shed in the far corner of Carlotta's estate where he begins throwing hedge trimmings, along with his cutoffs, into the incinerator. Then changing his mind, he pulls the cutoffs out again. He mutters to himself and imitates her saying, "Yes, Miss Carlisle, *ma'am*" with great emphasis, and then adding, "damn it . . . damn bitch!" Thinking out loud, he says, "When I got here you promised to test me for a part in your movie if I stayed on to be your slave. Rusty and Rocky lie around on their asses all day with you while I do all their work!"

Meanwhile, Rocky beats Rusty at checkers, and they start wrestling with one another, Rusty accusing Rocky of not playing fairly.

Rusty says loudly, "You are a filthy rotten cheater!"

To which Rocky replies, "See if I sleep with you again!"

"Boys! Stop it!" commands Carlotta. "Rocky beat you fair and square! I watched him. Rusty, stop your fuss and go check on Brad. I don't want him burning the place down!"

"Yes, Ms. Carlisle," he replies.

Brad is leaning up against the shed smoking a joint when Rusty comes up to him. "Hey," says Rusty, "you know she doesn't allow pot smoking."

"Have some," he says, passing it to him. "Thanks."

They smoke for a while and then move into the shed out of sight. They finish off the roach but have already begun caressing and petting each other. Moments later, they go for each other's privates with a vengeance, all the while conversing about the prospects of working in Carlotta's movie.

Rusty is upon Brad's swollen member. "Oh God," moans Brad, "that is so good . . . so good . . . oh, yes . . . Rusty . . . man . . . how do you stand her bossing you around all the time? Oh . . . oh . . . I don't see how you can . . . take it . . . yeah . . . hmmm . . . hmmm . . . she promises you things and then never . . . oh . . . comes . . . comes . . . oh . . . through"

Rusty speaks while licking Brad's balls. "Man, like, she doesn't pay much, but she takes good care of us. We got this great home, all the

food we can . . . hmmmmmm . . . eat, and I . . . hmmmmmm . . . like it . . . yeah ”

He moves on to Brad’s pungent tasty asshole, a.k.a man-pussy!

“Oh, Rusty, that feels so good! I tell you, I’m tired of it all already, and I’ve only been here two months. She only gives me a hundred a week, and that’s not enough to party on, let alone buy good grass. Plus, we rarely are given time to go out. She’s always got us running around doing everything for her.”

Rusty begins to penetrate Brad with his hefty erection. Brad bends over, supporting himself against the shed wall, and he begs for it, pleading, “Give it to me . . . oh, yes, yes . . . *Yes!* Do it to me!” He moans as he begins masturbating with his free hand. “She promised me a screen test . . . yes . . . yes . . . hmmmmmm . . . deeper ”

“In fact, she promised all of us a screen test oh, baby,” Rusty groans, pounding flesh into flesh.

Carlotta removes her sunglasses, puts down her magazine, and says, “Rocky, go check on Rusty and Brad and tell them to hurry up. It’s getting late and dinner hasn’t been started yet.”

Rocky obeys, drying off his stark naked self with a towel after leaving the pool dripping wet. As he walks off toward the shed, he awkwardly slips on his bikini briefs.

Brad and Rusty are putting the last of the hedge trimmings into the incinerator when Rocky comes up to them. Right away, he notices something odd and a look of perplexity changes his expression.

“What is it?” asks Rusty, thinking he’s on to them.

“Ummmm . . . I don’t know,” he says, “but it’s not a good idea to burn oleander.”

Brad and Rusty just look at each other, puzzled.

“Dopes . . . oleander is deadly poison. If you burn it, it gives off a poisonous gas and will kill you. Come back to the house, we gotta get dinner started. We’ll have to separate the oleander and throw it out with the garbage later.”

They look at each other glumly and follow him back up the hill.

Brad is puffing on a joint in the laundry room as Rocky and Rusty enter carrying yet more loads of wash to be done.

“For God’s sake, guys, give me a break!” he exclaims to them with a sigh. “Is there no end to her wardrobe?”

"Relax," says Rusty.

"Yeah," says Rocky, "there's only one more load." "And when we bring it down, we'll help ya!"

"So relax like the man says, Cinderella, we'll be back in a flash!"

They exit and Brad tokes on his joint, sighs again, and begins to separate the load.

"Yes, darling," Carlotta is saying to her agent on the phone. "I'm telling you I want my boys tested for the role! I'm not kidding! Look, Bill, you've been my agent for twenty years, but lately, until this movie deal you've been sitting on your ass. Uh-huh, I mean it, all three of them! Yes, three! I added another one last month . . . he's a charmer! Boys!" she bellows to Rusty and Rocky as they enter her bedroom to retrieve the last laundry basket. "I want you both and Brad to test for my leading man!" They hoot and whistle before retreating out the door. "Be sure and tell Brad the good news! What do you mean a scatterbrained idea! Bill! Listen, I'm the star! I say we don't need Rocky Hudson or Georgie Hamilton or anybody like that! Yes! No, not even Cary Grant! Look, you said the studio wanted to save money! Well, I'm trying to save them money! Look, these guys work here for practically nothing. Of course I pay them, but after all, they do get room and board. What?

The studio wants Tom Selleck? A percentage? You're kidding . . . hmmm . . . I'll have to think about that . . . he's pretty hot, but *I* want to be the main attraction. What? My fans will be coming to see me of course! Bill!

How dare you! My fans are not *fags*!"

In the laundry room the three boys are seated playing cards and Brad is toking on his joint. He tries to pass it to Rusty, but he begs off.

"I'd like too, man," he says, "but Carlotta doesn't allow it. If we were off somewhere by ourselves, it'd be okay. You oughta put it out."

"Yeah, Brad," says Rocky, "you shouldn't smoke it in the house. I've tried it, and she beat my bare ass. Didn't hurt, but boy was I embarrassed!"

"You guys kill me! She never comes down here!"

The door to the laundry room suddenly bursts open and in flies Carlotta, drink and elongated cigarette holder in hand, puffing away madly. She is excited and talking rapidly, waving the air with her

arms. Brad quickly lowers the joint in his hand under the table and exhales slowly.

"Boys," she exclaims waving her arms, a la Bette Davis, "the studio wants Tom Selleck, but I'm behind you all the way. I'm demanding screen tests for each of you! And maybe, if you're good, one of you will be my next leading man!"

The boys all hoot enthusiastically over this bit of news.

"Just think of it, your names up in lights right under mine in small print naturally! Isn't it exciting?" she asks, sniffing the air suddenly with suspicion. "All right, where is it? Who's the culprit? Come on, come on, you can't fool Mama Carlotta!"

Brad reveals the joint and takes a defiant toke. She immediately slaps his face and snatches it from his lips, burning herself in the process. She screams bloody murder and dances up and down holding her finger in anger and pain.

"Take that!" she screams, splashing her drink in his face. "Oh, and that was good booze, too! That's it, buster, no screen test for you!"

"But you promised!" pleads Brad with restraint.

"Buddy, I make the rules here. You know very well I don't allow pot smoking! Do you want to turn into a junky? Don't you know it leads to heroin and cocaine addiction?"

"What about alcohol?" asks Brad.

"Uh-oh," mutters Rusty, "now you're going to get it!" "Keep your mouth shut," hisses Rocky to Brad.

"You boys keep out of this! Listen, you young whippersnapper, for one thing, alcohol is socially acceptable and totally protected by the laws of this land! We pay high taxes to regulate it, and by God, it has kept this country strong!"

"I'm sorry," sputters Brad, "I didn't know you felt so strongly about—" "*Shut up!*" she screams, fighting to regain control, huffing and puffing and pacing melodramatically. Suddenly she stops, then turns to face him, smiling patronizingly to show she has a big heart. "I'm the one who should be sorry, Brad, darling. I suppose I'm being a bit hard on you. You have been

. . . good . . . for the most part, anyway, wearing your bikini briefs in my presence and so forth . . ." She is grinning so hard it seems she might crack. "I'll tell you what, if you promise not to smoke marijuana

anymore, I'll let you have your screen test, but ***NO BEDROOM PRIVILEGES FOR A WEEK!***"Understood?" she asks sweetly, glaring down at him.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Yes . . . *MISS CARLOTTA!*"

She exits in a huff. Brad pulls out another joint and lights up.

"Thanks for backing me up, fellas," he says sarcastically. "No bedroom privileges for a week . . . breaks my heart!"

"Rusty, it isn't fair," muses Rocky, "he gets her gourd and then doesn't have to sleep with her."

"Forget it," replies Rusty, "let's play cards. Who's turn was it?"

"It's mine and I'm out," says Brad. "Gin! Whose deal?" he asks, propping his feet up on the table and leaning back against the washing machine.



Eddie in a scene from our 16mm movie *Siren of the Western World*, Circa 1980

## Chapter 4

The screen test is proceeding somewhat tentatively. The boys are lined up, and each is given a few moments before the camera. They are asked to relax, then asked somewhat personal questions. A mannequin dressed to resemble Carlotta stands next to them. They are expected to relate to it as she has refused to be present for the tests. Brad is last to go before the camera.