



PARTY GIRL

BY *NEW YORK TIMES*
BESTSELLING
AUTHOR

ANNA DAVID

SECOND EDITION/THE PG VERSION



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SECOND EDITION

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*FOR ALL THE PARTY GIRLS OUT THERE—AND ALL
THOSE WHO PUT UP WITH THIS ONE*

FROM THE AUTHOR

When I first wrote *Party Girl* in 2005, it was before “Quit Lit” was a genre or such a thing as a “sober influencer” existed.

I, too, was quite a different person than I am today—more conservative, you could say. “Far more boring” would be another way to put it.

Trust me when I tell you that when I was giving sex advice on TV, posing for *Playboy* or penning a novel that one critic would dismiss as “crasser than most,” I did not envision myself as the sort of person who would spell out swear words rather than say them in front of her 18-month old child or go to sleep at 8 pm.

The idea of my son growing older and one day stumbling across a book that contained 32 uses of the f word is somewhat horrifying; the idea that his mom would be the author even more so.

But I still love this book—partially because it was my first one and so I didn’t yet know how publishing can break your heart...I didn’t know about GoodReads readers who decimate you from the comfort of their couch or the endless “How is your book doing?” queries from well-meaning

people who don't know you're refreshing Amazon every second and occasionally crying when the number doesn't change. Despite its crassness, *Party Girl* was always pure.

And so I decided to do something that musicians have done for years: release a clean version. Like the Swiftie that I am, I got the rights to the book back from HarperCollins and then went through the manuscript with an anti-crass axe. The "radio friendly edit" you're now reading is devoid of anything that Today's More Conservative and Boring Mommy Me might flinch at.

Also, because times have significantly changed, I took this rewrite as an opportunity to edit some parts that didn't cause an eye blink in 2005 but could probably get a better-known person instantly cancelled today.

Finally, I realized, in digging into the original manuscript, that the rapid pace of tech made much of the book feel dated (the characters have home phones! They barely text!) A specific time needed to be named and I decided it would be 1998. I also added chapter titles—something that had, for no particular reason, not occurred to me back in the day.

I had every intention of getting rid of the near-three-some that opens the book but realized it was too central to the plot to remove. Former party girls can only, I guess, change so much.

I hope you enjoy this PG version of *PG*...and if you ever encounter my son, please don't mention the original.

—Reformed Party Girl Anna David

“Silly things do cease to be silly if they are done by sensible people in an impudent way.”

— JANE AUSTEN

“Upside, inside out, she's living la vida loca.
She'll push and pull you down, living la vida loca.”

— RICKY MARTIN

HERE COME THE GROOMSMEN

It is a truth universally acknowledged that crazy things happen at weddings. Or at least that's what I tell myself as my activities segue from outrageous to risqué to downright depraved.

The fact that the wedding is taking place in the house I grew up in and everyone's talking about the stain on Monica Lewinsky's dress only enhances the depraved feeling. But is it my fault that my mom's best friend's son decided to get married at the ungodly age of 26 and my mom offered up the house?

Around midnight, I find myself in the sauna with the groomsmen. It had been my mom's idea, that all the "young people" from the wedding should sauna and swim. But somehow it gets down to just two guys and me.

If I were this drunk in LA, someone would probably bring out the coke and I'd thus be able to alleviate my alcohol buzz a bit. But parties at Mom's house tend to be pretty short on drugs—at least non-SSRI ones.

"I'm going to be graduating in May," Groomsman 1,

Mitch, says, as he offers me a sip of his warm Amstel Light. "Medical school has been a bitch."

"Oh, but now you're going to have to do your residency," Mitch's alleged best friend—Groomsman 2, Chris—interjects. He then interjects his body into the minuscule space that exists between Mitch and me. "You'll be working, like, 90-hour weeks for no money."

"Which is so much worse than 'doing your residency' at Paramount for a salary just above the poverty line?" Mitch lobs back, looking at me.

I swear I never get tired of the attention of boys. But I prefer direct attention, rather than transparent one-upsmanship. Do they honestly think that the one who gets the last dig in will win my affection? Don't they know that being an assistant and a student, even a medical student, aren't exactly lady-killer positions to be in, and that they should perhaps be digging into their personal arsenals for more compelling things to compete over?

I stand up and they're silenced. "Last one in has to do a shot," I say, and before I've even finished the sentence, they're pushing each other aside in their zeal to jump into the pool.

I stand at the sauna door, cold air rushing in, their wet towels at my feet. If I didn't know better, I'd swear that the two of them just wanted to have sex with each other.

"Okay, we're going to sleep now," I instruct them, as I try to get as comfortable as I can while lodged between these two guys in a double bed. "Sleep."

We've dried off from the pool and piled into the guest room downstairs and I honestly think we're going to sleep.

Was anyone ever that naive? I can't even sleep on two Ambien by myself. But the birds are dangerously close to chirping, this is the only bed left in the house and neither of these guys are in any condition to drive. So here we are.

I turn toward Chris, who's facing the wall. Mitch is on the other side, facing the other wall. I close my eyes and a few minutes pass. I hear Mitch breathing heavily in that way that means he could be asleep.

I sigh and feel more relaxed. My insomnia always seems embarrassing, and I'm all too relieved to be able to suffer through it without witnesses. Miraculously, I drift off for a moment or two...

...And am awakened by lips on mine—specifically, lips belonging to Chris. My eyes swing open just in time for me to realize that Chris's kissing skills aren't half bad.

Some people pride themselves on their gaydars. I pride myself on what I call a "kiss-dar" because I can usually tell on sight if a guy is going to be one of those drench-your-face-with-saliva kissers, too-tentative pecking kissers or a possessor of one of those lizard-like tongues that darts haphazardly all over.

Most guys, unfortunately, fit into one of these categories. It's the ones who don't that drive us mad, in all the good ways. Unfortunately, their kissing skills always seem to accompany a tendency for unemployment, a lack of an IQ or just a general selfishness. If they could kiss well and also possess qualities that actually made them good boyfriend material, women would probably maim and kill one another to have them.

I had assumed that Chris would be some combination of too tentative and lizard-like—that he'd start out with inappropriate propriety and then start the tongue darting—so I'm startled to discover that he seems to know what

he's doing. He even knows the take-my-face-in-his-hands move.

I kiss him back, enjoying the secretiveness of the act. Despite all their lame competitiveness, despite the fact that Chris is an assistant at Paramount and that he attacks his alleged best friend who's actually doing something useful with his life in a pathetic attempt to win a girl's affection, I'm more attracted to him than I am to Mitch.

Chris is kissing well enough that it's impossible to say how many times we kiss—one kiss just seems to mesh into another. I'm so into it, in fact, that I'm utterly shocked when I feel Mitch kissing my back. I'd assumed he was passed out.

If it weren't logistically impossible, I'd high-five Mitch for coming up with such a wise solution to all that petty male competitiveness that was going on earlier. Then I think: maybe a threesome was all part of their plan from the beginning? I really may be the most naive person on earth!

Just as suddenly, it hits me: I'm in the guest bedroom directly below my mom's bedroom. I'm here because I've traveled 300 miles to see an old friend get married—not to have a *ménage à trois* with two of his groomsmen.

"Wait—you have to stop!" I suddenly screech. I jump out of bed and the two of them look alarmed, if not altogether shocked. I grab a pillow off the bed.

"I need to go somewhere where I can actually sleep," I add, as if they'd been talking and I was tired of shushing them. Without another word, I stomp off to the den, where I promptly pass out on the couch.

PRAISE FOR PARTY GIRL

“Anna David writes with a strain of relentless, self-deprecating genius that re-casts the worn-down hooves of Prada-wearing demons with spanking new kicks. *Party Girl* is the kind of book it’s impossible to read without stopping to repeat great lines to total strangers, who will then try and follow you home. The writing is at once laugh-out loud hysterical and Capote elegant... Every generation deserves an epic worthy of its own glam self-destruction and redemption. This time, *Party Girl* earns the crown. It’s a fantastic, beautifully written and authentic slice of a life that looked shiny on the outside. By the end, the reader is just praying David will get back in her chair and write *After-Party*.” — Jerry Stahl, bestselling author of *Permanent Midnight* and *I, Fatty*

“*Party Girl* has it all—action, heartbreak, redemption, humor and inspiration. If you have ever been a party girl, this book will hit home. This story showcases recovery and addiction in all its truth but with a side of humor; you will laugh out loud and want more! A must read!” — Erica

Spiegelman, bestselling author of *Rewired: A Bold New Approach to Recovery*

"Party Girl is a wild ride through the glittering world of Hollywood and its excesses. Gripping from start, it is both laugh out loud funny and achingly honest. With its irresistible heroine, *Party Girl* sets the standard for stories of addiction and recovery." — Lisa Smith, award-winning author of *Girl Walks Out of a Bar*

"Party Girl is like Bret Easton Ellis in Technicolor; just as dark and real, but so much more fun to read. Anna David created a masterpiece; she authentically captures the false glow of celebrity and addiction in a way that no one has ever done before." — Dr. Josh Lichtman, psychiatrist and addiction medicine specialist

"Media is atwitter with stories of celebrity party girls and yet not a soul seems to understand what the lives of these young women are truly like. Well, here it is. Anna David has provided us with the real deal. A roller coaster read that transports us into the world of the Party Girl. Once emblematic for feminine machismo and independence, the party girl of today is in fact a human being with an illness. At once uproarious and poignant, Anna David's portrayal of the experience of addiction and nuances of recovery is the most accurate I have come across." — Dr. Drew Pinsky, addiction expert

"Anna David takes on a harrowing joyride through the often joyless Hollywood Hills of self-destruction and redemption. *Party Girl* is at once fresh, heartbreaking and downright sexy. To watch Amelia Stone struggle to transcend the booze

and booty-calls that define her sense of self is to ride shotgun with a truly authentic voice. This is the real thing.” — Ian Kerner, *New York Times* bestselling author of *She Comes First* and *Be Honest—You’re Not That Into Him Either*

“*Party Girl* is a smart, hilarious and sometimes poignant page-turner that takes you past the velvet ropes and into the rabbit hole of the Hollywood party scene. David addresses addiction, recovery and modern love in such a funny, honest, caustic and no-holds-barred way, you feel like you’ve lived and survived it yourself.” — Cindy Chupack, author of *The Between Boyfriends Book* and a writer/executive producer of *Sex and the City*

“A mouthwatering read, especially for those out there who salivate over *Page Six* blind items. Studios sniffed around even before the book hit the shelves.” — *Los Angeles Confidential*

“In a world where the red carpet often leads to rehab, this tale of self-destruction and reinvention is perfect for gossip hungry readers.” — *Cosmopolitan*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Anna David is the *New York Times* bestselling author of eight books and founder of Legacy Launch Pad Publishing. She's appeared on *Today*, *Good Morning America* and *The Talk*, among other top shows, and been written about in such publications as *Entrepreneur*, *Forbes*, *The Huffington Post*, *The Daily Beast*, *The New York Post*, *The Globe and Mail* and *The Hollywood Reporter*.

She lives in Hollywood, California with her boyfriend, filmmaker Jim Agnew, their son Benjamin and their cranky-looking cat Bernie.



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