

Rolling Stone - November 23, 2000

By Chris Heath

Photos by Mark Seliger

The Naughty Adventures of Miss Drew Barrymore

In Which OUR HEROINE risks life, limb and EMBARRASSMENT by falling NAKED down a MOUNTAINSIDE, SKY-DIVING at 13,000 feet and swimming with SHARKS in pursuit of TRUE LOVE

In which Miss B buries her Fears

TO MARK the new millennium, Drew Barrymore went to a small Hawaiian island with friends. At midnight, after cooking food on a secluded beach, they privately wrote down the resolutions they wished to make on pieces of paper, which they then rolled up and set on fire. They dug a hole in the sand, a few feet above the waterline, and buried the ashes.

The following day, Barrymore jumped off a twenty-five-foot water-fall, and though she was paranoid that there would be rocks under the water and she would break her legs, she didn't. It was exhilarating. Wind, she noted to herself, had never before felt like it did when you are falling right through it. The following day, she jumped off a fifty-foot waterfall, and though she was sick and nauseous before she leapt, afterward she felt stronger.

Barrymore knew that, partly, all this was finding her way into how to play her next role, Dylan, in Charlie's Angels. However lighthearted the end result might be, she knew she needed to find something in herself to appear as tough and cool and brave as she would need to seem. That, to some extent, was why she kept prodding her terrified self into Hawaiian midair.

But there were other things, too; things deep inside her that Barrymore felt she had to deal with in order to be happier. She had experienced a difficult 1999: a long relationship with actor Luke Wilson had slowly unraveled, as co-producer she had nursed Charlie's Angels through its drawn-out and often torturous planning stages, and she had also been trying to come to terms with a few half-buried parts of herself she may have ignored in the determined Barrymore rush to be a joyful adult.

The words she wrote in Hawaii, and left behind to slowly stretch apart in sand and ash and water, were these:

I will not fear anymore. I will not have the fear that is stopping me from living.

* * *

DREW BARRYMORE WAS ONLY one year old when Charlie's Angels went on the air in 1976. She was a Kelly girl: "Jaclyn Smith just always had this sort of calmness, not needing to prove herself and her sexuality and her beauty; she just was that way. And I always thought that was

so hot. Kate Jackson's Sabrina was more tough and I'm-not-letting-you-in-here. Farrah was a little bit more like flirting effervescence. But Jaclyn just was . . . she had this great confidence about her that I always thought was so sexy."

Barrymore and her producing partner, Nancy Juvonen, knew that Columbia Pictures was developing a movie based on the TV show, and suggested they get involved. At that time, there was a script they didn't like, a futuristic tale about supermodels being cloned that they ditched. They decided that the three Angels - Cameron Diaz and Lucy Liu also signed on - would be the latest recruits to the Townsend Detective Agency. The story would be set in the present day, as if new women had been joining and leaving ever since the TV series went off the air in 1981. In trying to set a distinct tone for the movie, they decided that the Angels wouldn't use guns. Partly it was Barrymore's reaction to school shootings - "People just sit behind their fucking weapons and they flick a finger and they can kill somebody and it's so cowardly" - but partly just because "I just feel like I've seen that in so many movies." (Barrymore makes clear that this is not an absolutist stance: She will pull the trigger in future movies when appropriate.)

As soon as Barrymore and McG, the music-video director making his feature debut with Charlie's Angels, began pinning down the personalities and backgrounds of the three new Angels, Barrymore knew which one she wanted to be.

"Dylan was the wild one who had been born into reform school," she says. "She was the Wendy O of the Angels, completely badass, like she's a heshier, an absolute rock & roll reform-school-girl heshier. A heshier is like, rock & roll Rush-tank-top, if-I-had-a-ball-sac-it-would-be-squeezed-severely-tightly-to-one-side-of-my-jeans kind of show. Cheap motel jeans, as they called them. You know? No ballroom."

Why did you fancy being the wild foozy?

"I fancied it because I have just played so many nice girls and losers and girls who have never been kissed or barely know how to kiss or puritans or these valiant, pure-intentioned, rarely-make-a-mistake characters," says Barrymore, referring to her recent roles in The Wedding Singer, Ever After and Never Been Kissed. "And I really wanted to play someone who had a fucking drink, loved to have kind of a wild night and also just had balls of steel. Would jump off a fucking fifty-foot building and not question that she wasn't going to make it OK because it wasn't about making it OK - that was a given. I wanted to play a little bit of a badass, I wanted to play someone who was unashamed and was in touch with her sexuality and in touch with her bravery."

That's why Barrymore felt she had to do a little changing herself, to become this woman: "I had to be fucking superhero-tough and capable, ready for anything, able to handle anything, brave, no fears, totally wild, balls-out, funny fucking rad-ass rock & roll fucking play-my-air-guitar Dylan."

* * *

In which Miss B risks Chocolate Death for Love

NEAR THE END of the previous year, Barrymore arranged to meet comedian Tom Green for a meal, to discuss playing a part in Charlie's Angels. Her motives were already ulterior. "I was so crazy about him," she says. "I don't watch television at all. He was the first person that I was watching TV for in years. I just started hearing about him, and I just turned on the TV one night, and there he was, and I just was ... my mind was blown."

When you saw him on TV, did you fancy him?

"Yes. I thought if I could just go on a date with this person I would be so happy. His sense of humor and his cuteness ... he was cute."

That's so sweet.

She laughs. "That's so stalkerish."

I was trying not to draw attention to that aspect of it.

"I just was a girl with a crush. It wasn't like the casting couch. I met him with his manager and my director. It was all very civilized and respectful. I was, 'Wow, if he would only ask me out.' That was all I kept thinking [laughs]. But he didn't."

But later, after they had started filming in the new year, Green did ask her out. That first time, he encouraged her to eat a chocolate truffle. Barrymore never eats chocolate. "I know it's rich and pure and beautiful, but it just tastes like caca...It's like stomping muddy combat boots that have been through mud and shit-piles on my palate and taste buds." She still ate the truffle. "To try to impress him," she says, laughing. It didn't work out. She describes her post-truffle reaction: "Convulsing, literally. Grabbing onto walls. Dry heaving." She thought she'd scared him off for good. That he'd be thinking, "Whoa, I'm into crazy things, but you're being just too wacky."

She was wrong. "I found love on this movie," Barrymore says. "I feel like I fell in love with this really nice person, and this really nice person has turned that kindness on me... and I only think about what would make this person happy and how can I be the best girlfriend to him, and how can I encourage him in his work and be spontaneous and fun and adventurous and, most importantly, how can I be myself in all of these things. I've had this ridiculous wish list that I've compiled since I was a little girl, and for some amazing reason this person fulfills all these wishes that I have. He's fun, he's adventurous, he does work that I really admire, I feel like we can talk about our lives and collaborate and inspire each other. I feel like I can tell this person anything, and he doesn't judge me. I feel this sense of calm, this lack of anxiety." And she says this: "I feel like I go to sleep laughing and I wake up laughing."

"I BELIEVE this man loves me," says Drew of Tom Green, "and for me to say that is huge, because I don't believe I'm capable of being loved."

* * *

In which Miss B gets to know Kung Fu

IN APRIL, on a rare day off from Charlie's Angels, Barrymore walks along the Santa Monica beach, photographing the sea gulls as they rise up around us. As filming has progressed, she has been offering occasional bulletins. She'll call to say that she's just got home from breaking into the lair of the bad guy. "It's so fucking intense and gnarly, but we're having such a good time," she'll say. "Like the girls and I, we just love each other. It's so fucking funny. It's like I finally know what it's like to have sisters. It's like I finally get it."

The three of you must be nauseating...

"Oh, my God, we are. We're just constantly laughing and pawing and humping each other and giggling and telling dirty jokes and being crass and talking about balls and, like, eating off each other's plates and stuffing our faces and talking about boys and helping each other through personal problems. It's just amazing that we're all so there for each other, and the thing we all love the most is to laugh. And then we're really passionate about the work and always trying to figure out what the best way to do everything is, and once we figure it out we're really, like, in that intense mode, then we throw it up and become giggly girls again."

They gave one another complementary names: Pussy Liu, Pussy Drew and Pussy Poo. Diaz - Pussy Poo - was the second Angel on board. (Barrymore phoned Diaz on Diaz's cell phone and cajoled her for about an hour and a half until Diaz's phone died.) "She has this amazing ability to get people to do whatever she wants them to do, because of her enthusiasm - it reaches new heights each time." Diaz remembers.

The two actresses had known each other a little since Barrymore was fourteen and Diaz, then starting to model, was sixteen. ("She was exactly how she is now," Diaz says. "Full of life. This boy she was dating was working at this magazine stand I used to hang out at. Right away, she totally engaged me and was totally friendly, and we just had a laugh, and she stuck up for me - the boys had said something, and before I could even say something myself, she was right there to give it back to them. And I thought, 'Wow, that's a cool girl. That's a girl's girl.'")

The two of them began training together as Angels. "We just wanted to be capable of kicking ass," says Barrymore. Then the third Angel, Lucy Liu, was cast and joined them. Much of the training was in kung fu. Later, rereading Barrymore's memoir, *Little Girl Lost*, published when she was fourteen, I stumble upon the sad story of Drew's first kung fu lessons. Her father, who was hanging out with David Carradine, was in a heavy kung fu and tai chi phase, and showed her how to do kung fu kicks. Sometimes, in doing so, he'd hit her in the arm, the stomach, the head. He didn't seem to care that it hurt. But she wouldn't cry.

The more he continued, the more pissed off she got. 'Why do you always have to cause so much pain?' she asked. "What do you mean, little one?" he replied. When she explained, he asked her what she knew about pain, took her hand and stuck it into the flame of a candle.

I ask whether she thought of her father's lessons when she started her adult kung fu training.

"No, I didn't." Drew says, then she corrects herself. "I did think about my father sometimes. I probably just visualized him as the bag and kicked hard? And then his good daughter makes sure to add, "No. Just kidding."

Drew mentions that she has started doing yoga. "Newfound hobby, yoga: loving it!" she squeals. I say that it was inevitable that she and yoga would eventually find each other. "You know me," she says. 'I'm half Corona Marlboro shit toilet-mouth girl, and then there's also, like, hippy dippy .. "'

You have, I suggest, yin and yang banging together.

"Like two balls in a sac," she completes.

* * *

In which Miss B leaps into a Broom Closet

BARRYMORE HAD ALWAYS wanted to jump out of an airplane. On Charlie's Angels, they worked with an aerialist team, but they were not allowed to participate. (While they were filming, Drew didn't want to push it. She says, quite earnestly, "I just thought, 'God, if I die, it's really going to hurt the production.' The responsible mature adult employer-manual 101 thing to do is to wait until the film was finished.")

But the week they were wrapping, Drew announced her plan. "I said, 'Make it for two, " says Diaz, who also reeled in her boyfriend, Jared Leto. Green was more hesitant.

"It was one of those things I'd said I would never do, so ... you know," he says. "Drew got me to do it, basically ... I just think it's an unnecessary risk. I do a lot of stuff, but jumping out of an airplane was a phobia." He laughs. "I was peer-pressured into it."

"That's not true," Drew objects. "You asked me to peer-pressure you in, and I said I couldn't because I didn't want to ever make you feel bad if you..."

Green says that when he headed off with them that morning to Perris, California, it was to watch: "Then I realized once we were driving there that obviously I would feel like a bit of an idiot on the drive home if I was the only one who didn't jump out."

As the plane climbed, Drew felt fine. She was so excited. In fact, she was impatient: "I was, 'Let's do this already, come on, just throw me out, I don't have to know anything, I don't care, I just want to do it.'" And then, at 7,000 feet, she realized that they were only just more than halfway up, and she went very silent. She mouthed to Green that she loved him, but she stopped talking. She was nauseous and dizzy, and had the worst dry mouth of her life. Couldn't swallow. Her lips were unlickable. She was freaking. She had never fainted in her whole life, and now she felt like she was going to faint. "I was, 'This is what it feels like to faint; how interesting.'"

Then, at around 8,000 feet, she regained control of her breathing. and she was ready. At 13,000 feet, Drew was first out. "I was, 'All right, there you go, girl', says Diaz. "There goes Drew, falling out of a plane."

Immediately after she jumped (with an instructor strapped to her), Drew realized that always, previously, when she had fallen, there had been something to catch her, but today she just kept on falling. Her mouth was still dry from fear, and she just concentrated on ... breathing. She decided that this was the way to be as she fell: to be meticulous and diligent. She listened to the voice in her head: *I'm breathing, I'm Zen ... I'm breathing, I'm Zen ... Can I have a heart attack from doing this? ... I'm breathing, I'm breathing ... Wow, this is really what I'm thinking about on this fall is my breathing? That's it? There's no other thoughts coming to me besides maybe a moment's thought about a heart attack and a lot of breathing . . . Wow, the Earth really does look beautiful from this angle. This is amazing ... I'm breathing, I'm breathing. I wonder when the chute's going to open. I'm breathing, I'm breathing...* All of a sudden, this guy with this camera flew by, but she realized she didn't want to deal with that. She wanted to deal with ... *I'm breathing, I'm breathing...*

And then the chute opened, and she was just floating. And ...*oh, my God, this is exactly what my dreams are like. I'm actually living out the subconscious state of my dreams in the conscious world. I can fly ... I thought I could do this, and I can! ... This is so amazing. There's nothing around me.*

I'm breathing, I'm breathing.

And she landed, and they all landed. "She had a big old fat smile on her face," says Diaz, "and she and I said, 'Let's go back up.'" Instead, they went to eat at a Mexican fast food, where Diaz found glass in her burrito. "It was kind of weird that you could jump out of an airplane at 13,000 feet, and then die by food afterward," says Barrymore. "Like, that would have been really ironic."

Then they went to see Green's movie Road Trip. "In the theater we were laughing at Tom and just how rad he was, and enjoying the movie, and then ... can I talk about the linen closet?" She turns to Green. "I wanted to make out with him, so we went in the linen closet in the theater." She peals with laughter.

"I hadn't told anybody," says Green.

"We just basically went somewhere to kiss," Drew says. "So we went in this little room and shut the door and started kissing, and all of a sudden, we heard . . ." - she mimes a knocking motion - ". . . and pulling at the door, and it's all these little kids outside. 'Tom! Tom?' I was, like, 'Wow, it's you that's getting us caught - that's so funny.' And we walked outside, and Tom now has the brooms in his hands, and he starts sweeping. And then he hands the brooms to the kids. And they're all talking to him like, 'Hey, what's going on?' None of them noticing a thing, that we're walking out of this weird random closet."

"They were all six," Green says, "so I don't think they had a clue what we might have been doing in there. 'Maybe they're janitors in their spare time.'"

"And because you had the brooms and doing the whole broom business, they didn't question it at all," says Drew. "The kids started sweeping, and they're all psyched to have the broom that Tom had given them."

So you left the town a bit cleaner?

"Sure," says Green, then adds, in a peculiar Scottish accent, "a little dirtier as well."

That night, they went to a party at Crispin Glover's house and watched Tod Browning's silent horror film *The Unknown*, starring Lon Chaney. Drew looks at Tom. "I felt really calm that night," she says. "I remember we were standing up watching the movie and I had my back pressed into your chest and I felt so happy and calm, like the world was OK and everything would be OK. It was nice - it's so nice to feel that."

* * *

In which Miss B holidays and thinks of Mother

A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER, Barrymore heads off for five days on her only other holiday, aside from that Hawaiian New Year, of the past eighteen months. I go too. (Barrymore and I have been friends for many years.) On the way, there are just three of us - myself, Barrymore and Diaz - their respective partners, busy with work, will fly in two days later. Drew explains that she has been at a photo session all day. Instead of lunch, she had someone come during her break to give her a bikini wax. ("I thought about everyone else on the trip," she says, "and how much more considerate it would be for them so they wouldn't have to look at my unruly bush. They're nice pubes, and I felt kind of sacrilegious removing them but I just thought, you know, they should remain private under my bikini rather than acting like they're in a line to get into a rave, but they're never really getting in ...")

Green comes to the airport to see Barrymore off, wangling his way into the departure lounge. Waiting, they try to track down Lucy Liu on the phone. Green suggests a phone number so authoritatively that Diaz tries it. The call wakes his parents, who were fast asleep in Canada.

Eventually, they guess the hotel Liu is staying in, but can't remember her alias. "It's the Angels, if that makes any difference," Diaz tells the receptionist. After a while, it does.

Drew saw a picture of a hotel in Bora Bora in a magazine some years ago. She rarely rips things from magazines, but this time she did, filing it in her office. It was the white beaches and the huts over the water that got her. "And I thought, One day when I feel like I've done enough work and I deserve to go here, I will," she says.

The first night, after Cameron goes to bed, Drew decides to go to the dock and feed bread to the fish. They swirl in blue water lit by underwater lights. She seems delighted by them. So delighted that she steps back, runs, and dives in among the fish in all her clothes. The next day, we both scuba dive for the first time, after barely two minutes training. "All I kept thinking was the most peaceful, calm thoughts," she says afterward. "All my life when I've seen fish I've wondered what it's like to be them. And all of a sudden I felt this great Piscean desire that I've had was finally coming true. It was quiet and peaceful and silent. I've been sort of in love lately with those times where you're not allowed to speak to anyone and no one can speak to you."

We sit on the deck as the Tahitian sun sets. In the distance, we watch the fuzzy white rim where huge waves rebound up from the reef.

"The clouds are white and sparse and like electric-blue white," Drew mutters, "and the moon is shining full and bright, and it's casting perfect stars over the ocean. Bora bora bora bora." she sings one of Tom Green's songs under her breath. "I find myself singing his songs all the time in my head," she says.

"Like, all of 1999 was about fear for me," says Drew. "I was so afraid of everything. I became afraid of germs and food and love and flying and my mortality and earth and its stability and people and where we were headed..." she began going on spiritual retreats. Maybe it eventually went too far. "I started becoming too much of a loner," she says. What pulled her back was something the Dalai Lama said when she heard him speak in Los Angeles. "He said that every person must have a certain self-confidence, but that the greatest happiness in life will come from others. And as I walked out, I vowed not to go too far in this direction."

In February, for her twenty-fifth birthday, Drew's mother, Jaid Barrymore, sent her a book that affected her deeply: *Conversations With God*. It was the chapter on relationships that chimed most clearly. "I read it every single night for twenty days," she says, "because every time you're on the brink of 'This is fucking too crazy of a thought,' it'll bring it around in way that you're, oh, my God, I'm at fault for that, and this is a great solution."

I ask Barrymore whether she talks about this stuff with Green.

"Yeah. I'm so fucking wanting to be spiritual earthy in-the-clouds under-the-sea Pisces hippie freak, and he is very calm and collected. We're pretty different when it comes to spirituality. His is much more grounded; mine is more in the air."

How does he react when you speak in this kind of language?

"First, and most interestingly enough, he listens, so I feel heard."

The birthday gift from her mother was something of a surprise. "We spent nine years in total lack of communication. She sent me one present one year - maybe my twenty-first birthday - and she was reaching out to me, and I didn't respond, and so she respected that and stayed away. Since I was sixteen, I've seen her three times, I've spoken to her never on the phone and have never been in exchange of a letter." But, after the book arrived, Drew talked with her counselor, Lori Cerasoli, about wanting to get in touch with her mother. "She was a little wary," Drew remembers. "And I was, like, 'I think I'm ready.' Weirdly enough, it was actually a little bit of talking with Tom, too. With him, it's so normal to talk to your parents all the time."

So Drew and her mother spoke. "It was actually very pleasant and humorous," says Drew. There was, however, one issue she had to raise - the incident the previous year when Jaid had put movie memorabilia and baby stuff of Drew's up for auction on the Internet. "I said, you know, I was really fucking fucked up and uncomfortable about that - what is the story?" Her mother insisted that it had all been intended to raise money for Gilda Radner's cancer charity. Since then, they've stayed in touch, but haven't met. They last spoke on Mother's Day weekend, just after Jaid had been arrested in New York for illegal flyer-posting and unlicensed gun possession.

Reading about Jaid, I say, she always comes across as someone who can't bear that you're famous and she isn't.

"Yeah," replies Drew, hesitantly. "In fact I'm almost positive that's true. Because the evidence and mathematical equations lead me to believe that also. And I don't know her well enough to say it's not true. I don't know her. Because all of that stuff has made me stay away. But I'll tell you this - I stayed away because of two things. First and foremost, ninety-five percent, she and I weren't working together as a family, so we needed to take a ten-year break. The five percent I didn't see her was because I was fucking embarrassed at the way she behaved, and I didn't want anyone to think I condoned that." And it is time for that to change. "You know what? I'm twenty-five. I don't care what people think. If it means not letting a creature out there who gave me my life suffer in my avoidance of her because I was embarrassed...It was killing me to think that this person might go and sit in a movie theater and try and get in touch with the person that she birthed out of her body - that was the most empty and devastating thought I have ever had in my whole life. The fact that on Mother's Day or my birthday she would think, 'I created this human being, and that human being won't speak to me.' I can't do that to someone. I can't do it anymore."

* * *

In which Miss B faces Sharks and PMS

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, Green arrives early and surprises Drew as she is flossing her teeth. A scream punctuates the hotel grounds.

Today we are going scuba-diving with sharks. Out just beyond the reef, between huge waves that crash behind us and the gently swelling ocean in front of us, Drew freaks out. It's hard to get your perspective on the ocean, and to her it seems as though a gigantic clean wave is surging toward us and will crush us. She looks utterly terrified, and on the verge of tears.

Drew has feared the ocean since she nearly drowned when she was fourteen. Hawaii, again. She had been staying with friends David and Jan Crosby for six months, just after coming out of rehab, and they had taken her with them on their Christmas vacation. She got caught in a rip-tide, and these huge waves kept breaking over her and sucking her farther out to sea. "And every time I'd get up from one wave, another would come," she recalls. "I've never been so scared my whole life. I really thought I was going to die..."

And it was just at that moment that she was aware of a hand grabbing her wrist. The man put her on his surfboard, rode her into the shore, laid her down on the sand and walked away. He had hot-pink shorts and a hot-pink surfboard, and she looked for him all over the island, but she could never find him again.

"I think it was a guardian angel saving my life," she says. "It was probably some really nice man who had traveled to the island and was there on vacation and left the next day, but I believe that something didn't want me to die that day. . . But every time I see big waves, I think about that. I think, 'Oh, my God, I'm going to die.'"

This afternoon, the panic passes as soon as Drew is underwater, surrounded by circling sharks. "I was with my scuba buddy; everything was cool," she says later. "I couldn't believe how, all of a sudden, I wasn't afraid." As the sharks moved, she imagined it all happening to the soundtrack of some Seventies disco song. "I thought I was in some weird disco rave with all the sharks," she says. "And they all seemed like they were dancing."

Beneath the waves, Drew thought some other stuff too, about her boyfriend. "I just love the term 'scuba buddy,'" she says, "and for me that always equaled love: someone who helps you and you help them ... holding each other's hands, you enter new worlds and experience all these things, and you're just in this wonderment together."

Underwater, Drew and Tom both removed their regulators, and kissed, as if the oxygen, and not the kisses, were the luxury: "We danced underwater," says Drew, "and we lay down on the ground and looked up at the surface and the sky, sunshine beams coming through. We kissed underwater and it was so beautiful, so romantic... But it's all timing in the universe. I wasn't supposed to scuba because I didn't have my scuba buddy. And now I do."

One night, in Bora Bora, we talk outside on another beach. Green reclines in a hammock nearby. It is, he announces, his very first hammock. Barrymore reflects some more on Charlie's

Angels. Though she now considers that she had the greatest time, it was not an easy shoot. "I think people perceived hell," she says, "but what was actually happening was very womblike and nurturing and inventive and creative and expressive and experimental."

One common perception, I say, was that the three of you were in some endless enormous catfight.

"Yeah," she nods, "that's why we all talk to each other on the phone every chance we get - we're inseparable and we go on vacation together. You've never seen three women love each other like this. It stupefies me that people were convinced that we weren't friends. ... I don't know if it just seemed more exciting to see these three women as neurotic bitches."

Then there was the Bill Murray incident. (It was reported that Murray and Liu had argued loudly, after which Murray walked off the film. These reports usually included a quote from Murray in which he referred to the movie as "the most demanding crap I've ever done.")

"That was a matter of him [Murray] coming into our film when we were already halfway through, and wanting to lend his expertise to it," says Barrymore. "We had a certain way that we had been working, and it was a little hard to shift gears and start doing it his way. Lucy had been off on Ally McBeal for a week and she wasn't aware of the situation, and when she came in, they butted heads."

So for better or worse, Bill Murray was somewhat trying to impose on her character...

"Yes. She was upset, but it wasn't what people thought - this big knock-down, drag-out, insane fucking thing that made us not able to make our movie - it was an argument. ... People went to their trailers, they took a cool-down session and within fifteen minutes they were in makeup getting ready, and we made the day." Barrymore points out that Murray never walked off the movie, that he had just started his scenes in the film when the argument took place. "They actually shook hands, and sort of, in my opinion, respected each other more."

So is it wrong to portray Murray as fundamentally having left the whole experience disillusioned?

"Maybe he went into it thinking, 'I will save you', and I think he left it thinking, 'I like you.' I'm a really sensitive emotional fucking freak, and I'm so careful of everything I say because I want to bestow love upon people. A lot of comedians are not like that - they want the joke, they want the laugh, and they're going to get it no matter who gets hurt in the process. And Bill Murray is one of those people. And, ironically, nobody seems to dislike him - they say thank you for making me laugh - so I'm not going to question his methods."

Barrymore mentions that in one scene she falls naked down a mountainside - of course she does - and that the house she ends up at is the house from E.T. "It was like checking into that

world that I remember so well," she says. It was still owned by the same family. "Nice to know some things stay," she says.

Did it help you remember what that little girl felt like?

"The same as I feel today - not knowing what lies ahead."

We are interrupted by Green, who has been watching the crabs on the beach.

"I'm actually just going to run and spill some urine into a porcelain bowl," he tells Drew.

"Have fun," she cheerily replies.

We sit there awhile, in the dark.

"I think that I've never been so happy in my whole life," Drew says. "I'm, like, not hating myself, and that's important. ... The older I'm getting, the more I'm finding that I'm happy with myself. Happy in ... most of the things that I've been doing, whether it be scuba diving or yoga, it's all things you get really inside of yourself for. And I feel like I've done a lot of things in my life to get outside of myself, whether it was drugs when I was younger, or acting."

The next morning, Barrymore's breakfast omelet comes with chicken in it, and she starts crying. She realizes she has PMS. (On Charlie's Angels, the Angels' periods all synced up: "We made a laugh out of it - we all get to be PMS-ing today - and it was fun.") Drew freaks out again for a moment when we take two small boats across the lagoon to a deserted island, and mosquitoes bite her back. It made her think of Holly Hunter in Broadcast News: needing to take yourself out of the game for a few minutes and maybe a small weep, and then be right back, happy, ready for it all. We eat a picnic lunch and drink beer, floating in the middle of the lagoon. "Out on the boat," she says, "I felt like a bird who had flown around many different lands and continents, and that I got to land on this tree with these other birds was so wild to me."

* * *

In which Miss B rides a Roller Coaster Home

BARRYMORE, GREEN AND I fly in a private plane from Bora Bora to Papeete, Tahiti's capital, where we must connect for a flight back to Los Angeles. The plane is tiny, and Drew is scared. She can't breathe. Green gets out a hotel brochure and begins pointing to people or objects and making extraordinary noises for each one. He eventually builds this up into a routine, his finger darting around, each noise sounding only at the appropriate moment. Eventually, Drew is laughing too much to be scared. To make sure, he starts licking her nose, which he pronounces "salty and delicious." Later she will say of this plane ride, "You know, when people say what was the moment that you realized you were just in it forever? That was definitely one of them. It's

always interesting when someone's making strange noises and you realize: I want to be with him."

In Papeete, where we have a few hours to kill, Green takes the wheel of the rental car. A song by the ludicrous Europop group the Vengaboys is on the radio. He reaches a traffic circle at the end of town, and begins turning around it. He ignores the final exit, keeps on turning. After the second rotation, the giggling starts. Around the fourth, it stops being funny, but around the seventh it becomes impossibly so. After about ten rotations, he takes the exit we should have taken the first time, as though nothing out of the usual had occurred.

We end up in a karaoke bar. Our plane leaves in a couple of hours. Green puts in a slip, but won't say what his song is. Drew's selection, "Gold Dust Woman," comes up first. She stands by the balcony and belts it out; Green repeats the lyrics in a wry talking voice after she has sung them. Drew decides she wants to do another song, and fills out the form. "I put in a Springsteen song," she says. "I just want to sing the lines 'At night I wake up with the sheets soaking wet/And a freight train running through the middle of my head.'"

Green's song comes up. He twists his body, demented, and scowls out the words in his manic, overenunciated manner. "Papa don't preach! I'm in trouble deep! ... /But I've made up my my-ee-ind! I'm keeping my baby!" Drew sings her Springsteen, and I do my whatever. "So much fucking fun!" she squeals. "Good Chinese food and rad fucking karaoke beer-drinking fun."

People in the bar don't seem to know who these interlopers are, but they seem to enjoy the enthusiastic and eccentric spirit of the performances. Most of them are friendly. Most of them. Drew asks a French girl if she can have a cigarette.

"Bring your own packet," the girl replies tartly. "It's better."

Drew goes off, buys her own packet and pointedly offers the girl one. Embarrassed, the girl then offers Drew one of her own. "We exchange," she says. It is typical of Drew that she massages the initial awkwardness into friendliness: Within a few minutes, the two of them are showing each other ballet positions.

"Do you know three and four?" the girl asks. Drew gets up on her toes and demonstrates.

The girl nods. "You're all right," she says.

BARRYMORE AND GREEN HAVE TO spend most of the autumn apart. He is shooting *Freddy Got Fingered* in Vancouver; she is starring in *Riding in Cars With Boys*, under the direction of Penny Marshall, in New York. They write to each other every day. Flowers are forever arriving in New York. One day, as I speak to Drew on the phone just as she arrives home from rehearsals, she stops talking for a moment, and there is a clanging sound. "You hear that?" she says. "That's the mailbox. I get such pride every day when I send my packages. Today I sent him a

Woody Allen postcard with a poem on it, and also a little Burt's Beeswax collection of lip balms and face creams - a little miniature travel pack.

Barrymore has been photographing trees. She has set herself the task of finding a different tree every day. "They give you a real challenge in Manhattan of finding exquisite trees," she says. "But in all the craziness that's going on, it's weirdly enough been extremely therapeutic. It makes you go, 'Stop with your fucking day for a second...'"

Barrymore has also been photographed somewhat explicitly for this article. "I'm so into this rawness," she says. "Embarrass yourself! Stop hiding behind everything. Stop hiding behind your clothes, and this image you want to project of yourself, and all this fucking confined 'I want people to think in a certain way!' Risk. Dare to embarrass yourself. Unless I'm truly myself then I feel like a fake. There's something kind of liberating about not pretending ... This is what I actually look like." Then she says: "I feel like Andy Warhol's chest."

We keep talking. "Oh, my God! Wait a minute! Hold on! Hold the phone! Oh, shit!" She has just walked into the place where she is staying in New York. "The biggest thing of flowers - I'm just going to be drooling all over them." She needs to phone Tom right now.

AT THE BEGINNING OF SEPTEMBER, I pay Barrymore a visit in New York. On the bulletin board where she is staying, there are phone numbers and phrases. *Don't cry wolf*, says one. *Men have to have something they are proud of*, says another. *Normal is what we all strive to be but never feel we are*, is a third. A paperback of *Riding in Cars With Boys* lies on a table - almost every page is heavily annotated with her scribbles. She is playing a girl named Beverly, who makes messy mistakes with parents and sex and drugs and children on the way to finding herself. Being Beverly is taking its toll. "Lately, I don't know what I believe in... I've just lost touch with it for a minute," Drew says, and fingers the necklace she is wearing, which spells out BEVERLY. Dylan and her Charlie's Angels spirit have completely left her. "I'm happy in my work, and I'm mostly happy in my relationship, but I feel crazy inside my own head," she says. "I always feel like I can't get ahead, and there's so much to be done..."

One day recently, she had written this down on a yellow legal pad: *I'm home taking naked pictures of myself in a mirror. Pentax K-1000 with Tmax 3200. I love photography... I usually believe in everything. Animism. Everything has a soul. That is so vast and unspecific right now. I'm also losing faith in myself... My soul wanders around. I'm reading a letter from Tom. It is the most perfect letter. He speaks of the future and is giving as always. Not afraid to make plans. I'm not afraid to feel like I belong with someone. I've always wanted to know what it would feel like to believe that there was permanence perennial proverbial, a chance that that person wasn't going to leave. Maybe I would make it easy for them to stay. That when you say goodbye it may not be the last time you would see them...*

"That's it," she says. "Errghhhh. That's what I feel like right now. I am like this weird ... not a cynic, but someone will say something beautiful or meaningful, and I'll be like, 'Yeah, whatever.'" Still, even as she points this out, she is again listening to Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice, It's

Alright," and she says, "This is my favorite Bob Dylan song. It just makes me think of young, perfect love, even though the song is, ironically, about leaving someone, though I never think of that. I think it's the song that Lili Taylor and River Phoenix make love to in Dogfight. I always picture them when I hear it...

"I believe this man loves me," she says of Tom, "and for me to say that is fucking huge, because I don't believe that I'm capable of being loved. And that probably comes from the stereotypical bullshit of my father wanted nothing to do with me and my mother kind of having odd intentions. And feeling like I didn't really have anybody growing up."

Though Drew has been in New York, where her mother lives, she has been calling no one, just losing herself in the character. Tonight, when we are discussing the weird stuff inside each of our heads, she also mentions her father. "The monkey in the cage, my dad calls it," she says. "The mad monkey in the cage. Like your brain is a cage with metal bars and there's a mad monkey running around inside of it, screaming and screeching and jumping up on the bars and rattling them and then sometimes just pacing the cage inside... He says it all the time. He also talks about the flickering Buddha in the corner of the room."

Sometimes Drew speaks to her father, John Barrymore Jr. She deals with his legal problems, and has recently found him a new place to stay where he can be looked after. When I ask if he seems lucid when he says things about mad monkeys and flickering Buddhas, she simply says, "I can't tell his lucid states from his un lucid states - it's all sort of amalgamated together." When I ask how he treats her these days, she says, "fine - I think he has to be selfish right now because he's focused on what his brain is going through." When I ask what his brain is going through, she says, "I don't know - probably flashes from everything in his life all being conducted by a mad orchestrator that yells out weird things over the opera. . . . I think in every family everyone probably sits in their head and just goes a little crazy every once in a while. My dad just happens to do it all of the time. Sometimes I have a sense of humor about it, sometimes I don't."

After that, the conversation drifts. We talk about bugs. The other day, she chased this bug around the rim of the toilet bowl, tissue paper in hand. A rescue mission: "If I'd flushed or peed, it would have gotten a Niagara Falls-style death."

There's no bugs you'd kill?

"No. I killed a cockroach once, and it's scarred me for life," she says. "I killed it with bug spray, and I've never killed a cockroach since. I felt like shit."

Can I ask a logical question? If you never intend to kill insects, what the hell were you doing with bug spray?

"I got rid of it. I don't remember ever purchasing it. I'll tell you now, I do not have bug spray ever, ever. I see bug spray, and it looks like liquid murder to me. ... I saw this commercial for this spray, and it said, 'It kills dandelions!' Why the fuck would you want to kill a dandelion?"

IN LATE SEPTEMBER, WE HAVE A misunderstanding and exchange some sharp words. The next day, Drew calls and says, "So, you met Beverly." She says that she has been filming emotional scenes all week and is in "a crazy, crazy head space." Drew spent most of today crying on camera, and between takes listening to Led Zeppelin's "Tangerine" over and over. Her self-enforced isolation has increased. "I've told everybody in my life I'm not going to talk to them until January," she says. "I have made more enemies than I even care to acknowledge, because I can't deal with the outside world. I just live inside this woman...I have purposefully lost touch with who I am." She is not watching TV, she is trying not to talk on the phone, she is only listening to music of the film's era. (One exception: speaking to Tom, and watching his videos, as she puts it, "like a madwoman.")

"I don't smile all day," she says, "and I can't tell you what a weird space to live in that is. ... On one level, it's quite liberating to look around and think in your head, 'Oh, fuck you, fuck off, you fucking idiot, fuck you!' Because all I ever look around and say is, 'Oh, there's daisies and there's butterflies!' "

Barrymore is letting out a part of her she'd shut away: "We all try to pretend that we're so fucking good," she says. "And I have opened up a serious box inside of myself for this character, and I have anger and pain and sadness and confusion and" - her volume rises - "regret. I have, my whole life, said that I didn't regret anything that ever happened to me, and that's horseshit. Maybe it's because I'm getting older...I fucking do regret the things that I've done." I ask her what, and there is a long pause. "Being stupid and not knowing better," she says. "Like, bad choices I've made in relationships, the way I've behaved to people, not taking care of myself."

We talk again about her New Year's resolution. During the Dylan-living, sky-diving, shark-scuba first half of the year, she was pretty good at banishing the fear from her life. Now she's somewhere else, and she has gone there voluntarily. "Now it's about being enveloped in nothing but the fear," she says. And maybe she's learning to distinguish better between the fears that stop you from living and the fears that simply remind you that you are alive.

Drew has been thinking about the time and effort we all spend just holding it together: "I'm convinced we all want to burst out laughing or crying most of the time." I tell her that we're not supposed to confess that, because it would blow the whole game. "I want to not only say it," she says. "I want to scream it out. I want to put it on billboards."

IN AUGUST, JUST BEFORE SHE HEADED east to morph into Beverly, Drew became engaged to Tom Green. Green took her to a special place of theirs. "This part of the ocean that we love very much," she says, "where we can become beige M&Ms."

Drew had awakened that morning feeling sure that he was going to ask but also feeling crazy for thinking this. "He did it very beautifully and traditionally," she says. "And when he asked me, I felt physically out-of-body. Literally. ... I seriously thought, 'What are the thoughts in my head? What are the true thoughts? Whether I ever admit them to anyone or not, I need to know what

I'm really thinking, and so, come, I invite you, true thoughts.' And I didn't think one thing that wasn't positive. I didn't think anything - all I just thought was 'Yes.' "

Did you answer quickly?

"After ten seconds of allowing the thoughts to come in, I said, 'Yes.' "

Afterward, they lay down and looked up at the blue above them and watched the sea gulls flying over to the other side of the sky. "I'll never forget the color of the sky that day," she says. That evening, they had dinner with the other Angels: "They were the first - my sisters. How great is that? I got to show my family." Tom suggested they shouldn't say anything, just wait for Lucy and Cameron to notice the ring. "And Lucy, when she saw my ring, her eyes bugged out and she was like, 'Oh, my God!'" recounts Drew. "And then Cameron, when she walked in, grabbed the ring and said, 'Oh, that's pretty - is it new?' and I said, 'I'm going to get married.' And she drew her fist back and acted like she was going to give me a good older-sister beating for not telling her the minute she walked in, and for playing any games with it." ("That night, Tom would not stop talking," Diaz recalls. "The two of them were like the happiest two people in the world.")

The day after she got engaged, Drew went to Magic Mountain.

"I was so happy when I woke up," she explains, "that I felt like the only thing that could catch up with my speeding happiness was a roller coaster." She thought that at the speed of a roller coaster she might actually feel normal. That this might be the only place that could match - and Drew says it as only she would - "the velocity of my soul that was surging forward with perfection and contentedness and excited-ness." And as the world fell gloriously away beneath her, then rushed up once more to meet her, all that fear and joy mixed up together, she was pleased to discover that she was right.