

Start →

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

You look tired. You need a bump?

CASSIE

I want to go up tonight.

GOLDIE

The Cellar's yours. Name the time --

CASSIE

Not the Cellar. The big room.

Goldie stops counting her cash and studies the determined looking Cassie. She tamps out her cigarette, staring.

GOLDIE

What are you?

CASSIE

What?

GOLDIE

I have no idea what the fuck you are.

CASSIE

I'm a comedian --

GOLDIE

No, what are you? You're funny I'll give you that. Phyllis Diller, I know what she is. Joan Rivers I get, Moms Mablee... but you? Not a clue. ~~You've got no point of view. You're all over the map. You're sexy -- which is not a plus. They don't hear half your jokes because they're too busy staring at your tits. You get a little blue sometimes and when you don't you're all aw shucks and cow shit. I have no idea what your female perspective is.~~

CASSIE

There is no one female perspective just like there's no one guy perspective.

GOLDIE

We're not them, honey. Look, you wanna go on the "Tonight Show?" Then let me help you. Find a voice that women can relate to...

(MORE)

SIDE 2 of 3

CASSIE

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

That sheds light on our mutual experiences, then I'll stick you on the main stage front and center, my right hand to Carson.

Cassie sits back.

CASSIE

Is Kaufman like Letterman, or Leno like Pryor?

GOLDIE

That's not my point --

CASSIE

Yet they all fit up there on your stage. Why are women different? There's room for me, too. I just need your stage to prove it.

GOLDIE

When you're ready.

Cassie lights a cigarette over the following.

CASSIE

Word has it the 'Tonight Show's' laying off young comics for awhile. That the circumstances surrounding Clay's death has got them re-thinking things.

GOLDIE

Your point?

CASSIE

The LA Times is doing an interview with me tomorrow about Clay. About his death. They want me to set things straight. The truth.

GOLDIE

And what is the truth?

CASSIE

You tell me.

Goldie smirks at Cassie. She leans in with her own cigarette and lets Cassie light it. She sits back.

GOLDIE

Well, at least now I know what you are.

CASSIE

Clay used to always say... most
leaps of faith are often preceded
by a shove.

A hand-drawn graphic consisting of a thick, dark arrow pointing to the left, followed by the word "STOP" in a bold, blocky, hand-drawn font.

Start
→

BILL
It's the middle of the fucking
night...

CASSIE
It's four o'clock in the afternoon.
Read this.

Cassie hands Bill the postcard. He rubs his eyes reading it.

BILL
"Fa Napoli?"

He flips it back and forth looking to see if there's anything
else written. He hands it back to her.

BILL (CONT'D)
Next time just mail it. It's a
postcard not a telegram.
(then)
I'm going back to bed...

CASSIE
It's a suicide note. From Clay.

Bill stops. He looks at Cassie. She's serious. He takes it
back from her and looks at it again.

BILL
How is this a suicide note?

CASSIE
It's a Goethe quote. "See Naples
and die." Clay said it all the
time. It meant after seeing Naples
there was nothing left to do but
die because nothing would ever
compare to that moment.

Bill contemplates this a beat before handing it back to her.

BILL
It's a postcard, Cass.

CASSIE
...That he left on a nightstand at
the Sunset Towers Hotel. Why would
he even stay at a hotel he lived
two blocks away from?

BILL
I don't know... Look, you want to
play Mod Squad, fine. Pull this
shit with someone else.

SIDE 3 of 3

CASSIE

CASSIE
Pull what shit?

BILL
The shit where you put up a fucking
statue to a guy who basically wiped
his feet on your ass for two years.

CASSIE
I came here as a friend --

BILL
I understand. Clay died. It's a
fucking tragedy. I get it. It's
this fond revisionist bullshit that
makes me want to puke -- make Clay
puke too.

CASSIE
Fuck you --

← STOP