

GOLDIE
SIDE 1042

INT. GOLDIE'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Goldie is seated behind her desk holding Clay's postcard. Cassie sits across from Goldie, watching her expectantly.

Shot →

GOLDIE

So, you think he killed himself?

CASSIE

Yes.

GOLDIE

And this postcard-suicide note says that?

Cassie, sensing the skepticism in Goldie's voice, digs in while taking back the card.

CASSIE

I know Clay.

Goldie takes this in. She does know Clay.

GOLDIE

You show this to anyone else?

CASSIE

Bill.

GOLDIE

Anyone who cares? His parents...?

CASSIE
No. But I'm going to. They deserve
the truth.

Goldie produces a gold cigarette case. She offers one to
Cassie who declines before taking one for herself.

GOLDIE
Nobody "deserves" the truth,
sweetie. It's not a reward.
Goldie lights a cigarette, draws in the smoke...

CASSIE
Wouldn't you want to know if it
were your son?
Goldie shrugs, blows out the smoke and says nothing. After a
beat she holds up her gold cigarette case.

GOLDIE
My Dad gave me this on my twenty-
first birthday.
(then)
Talk about your "To be's or not to
be's..." Poor bastard. Treblinka.
Eight months before he was finally
liberated.

Cassie looks puzzled, not sure where Goldie's story's headed.
Goldie indicates a photo on her desk, obviously him.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
He said a Star of David was hung
above the gas chamber entrance.
Painted in Hebrew on a purple
curtain were the words, "This is
the Gateway to God. Righteous men
will pass through." They even lined
the gas chamber entrance with
flowers... The train ramp to
Treblinka was disguised to look
like a regular railway station with
signs, timetables and even a clock
painted on the wall.

CASSIE
Why are you telling me this?

GOLDIE
My father knew the truth. He knew
where he was going. And when he got
there, where he was... what that
acrid smell in the air was...
(MORE)

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
but the truth wasn't going to let
him sleep at night. It seldom does.

CASSIE
His parents should know.

GOLDIE
Say you're right. They're Catholic.
So you're pretty much damning their
son to hell. You tell them "the
truth" and they'll never have
another decent nights sleep again.

CASSIE
So, I shouldn't say anything?
Goldie looks at the old photo on her desk.

GOLDIE
The flowers at Treblinka...? My
father said they were the most
beautiful he'd ever seen.

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The music swells as A WELL MANICURED HAND holding a rolled up hundred dollar bill works its way down a line of coke. We tilt up to see it's Goldie holding it. She sniffs hard before handing the folded bill to MITCH BOMBADIER, mid 50's, who follows suit. Mitch is one of the producers from the 'Tonight Show.' The scene should move back and forth as though the camera were drifting between them, never locked, with both Goldie and Mitch always a little out of frame. The music should be loud, so that they're almost yelling over each other at times. It should feel frenetic, a little crazy.

Start →

GOLDIE

This is fucking bullshit Mitch. You know that, right?

Mitch straightens up after doing his bump.

MITCH

Look, Johnny liked your boy. Had him come and sit next to him... now this thing with the bus... rumors that he was upset with Johnny and the 'Tonight Show'... Drugs...

GOLDIE

So, rumors are the rule of the day now? He was out celebrating, had too much to drink and fell in front of a bus. Carson had him take the couch, who wouldn't tie one on?

MITCH

People there said he saw the bus. Walked right in front of it. The police are still investigating --

GOLDIE

So fucking Johnny's punishing me?

MITCH

It's the fucking sponsors, okay? If anybody's being punished it's us. Look, Johnny feels bad, but I think we're gonna go with more established comics for awhile... see how this all shakes out.

GOLDIE

"Established?" What, you gonna dry clean Red Skeleton and send him out there? Good luck.

(then)

How long we talking?

GOLDIE SIDE 2 of 2

MITCH

Four... five months. Then we'll bring the kids back in --

GOLDIE

Fine, you want to re-treads, be my guest. Merv and "The Midnight Special" can have first shot at my kids. I got more producers and agents packing this place every night than Telly Savalas has lollipops. Because if you're waiting for them to act stable you've got a loooong fucking wait. They got mother issues, daddy issues... they're about as stable as a Middle East cease-fire. But that volatility, that pain, that... willingness to walk in front of a fucking bus an hour after killing on Carson -- if that's what he did - - that's the fucking price of brilliance. That's what makes millions of your fucking viewers stay up to the ass crack of dawn waiting to see them. You think they're gonna stay up to watch Henny Youngman try not to piss himself while he fiddles? These are tortured fucking souls who leave it all out there every night.

MITCH

And here I thought we were talking about comedians.

Mitch does another line of coke.

GOLDIE

You want genius? You come here. You want Catskill or some green kid shitting walnuts on national television, then zay gazunt.

MITCH

(wiping his nose)
Goldie the King maker.

GOLDIE

Damn straight. You wanna know what these kids get from me they don't get anywhere else?

Goldie lifts her blouse revealing her naked breasts.

MITCH

Whoa! What's with the props --

GOLDIE

-- These fucking babies. I nurse these fucking kids. They latch on and don't let go until I tell them it's time to get off. So when they go on your show they knock it the fuck out of the park. It's called trust, Mitch. They trust that when I know they're ready, that's when they're ready. That's when I call you shmendriks.

Mitch leans back, smiles. She's tough but he likes her.

MITCH

Unman the torpedoes. I get it.

Goldie lowers her blouse.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Look, we both know those other shows don't mean shit to these kids. It's Johnny or nothing... Let's give the sponsors a little time to let their pants dry and I'll see what I can do.

GOLDIE

Yeah. Maybe we can hold hands and buy the world a fucking coke, too.

MITCH

(beat)

Not for nothing. Nice tits.

Goldie lowers her head to do another line.

GOLDIE

Fucking took you long enough.

← Stop

INT. APARTMENT CLOSET - LATER