

EXT. HIGH ABOVE LOS ANGELES (1937) - NIGHT

WE SEE The sparkling lights of the City of Angels and begin to slowly push in on the HOLLYWOODLAND sign.

WE HEAR an elderly, heavily accented, Viennese, voice.

SIGMUND FREUD (V.O.)

They say you can reinvent yourself in America. No one proved it better than Sam Goldwyn. Born Shmuel Gelbfisz, he escaped the Warsaw ghetto, rewrote his own story and became Sam Goldwyn, the movie mogul who helped build Hollywood and 20th century American culture.

But those who knew him best knew he was haunted, volatile, and spiteful. It seems no matter how successful his studio, how bright the lights, or how many accolades he received, he couldn't outrun his past. The nightmares and ghosts followed him. The wounds remained. Those were the stories he never told, the pain he denied. Until he met me, when he came asking for help on a love story.

--- I called him 'The Glove Man.'
And this is the story of how he saved *me*.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

A decadently furnished luxury suite. The lights of Hollywood twinkle through panoramic windows. At the crest of a hill is the HOLLYWOODLAND sign in the distance.

On a king-sized bed, SAM GOLDWYN, 50's, sleeps fitfully twisting and turning. He suddenly startles awake, his breathing heavy. He sits up. We see a tanned, distinguished, though balding, Hollywood mogul. He catches his breath, gets out of bed and moves to the bathroom to take a leak.

Left behind in the bed, half covered by silk sheets, FRANCES, 30's, a radiant and ambitious starlet is sound asleep.

Sam returns to the bed, plants a tender kiss on her forehead, and snuggles next to her.

This intimate moment vanishes when the door BURSTS open. BLANCHE GOLDWYN, 50's, elegant yet fierce, storms in with a

PHOTOGRAPHER. FLASHBULBS POP.

BLANCHE
Gotcha, you snake!

SAM
Blanche, what the hell? Are you
mishuga?

FRANCES
(clutching the sheet)
Sam, what's going on? Who is she?

BLANCHE
I'm his wife. Which one are you?

SAM
Blanche there's no need to do this.

BLANCHE
Of course there's a need to do this-
I can't wait any more. You've been
dragging your feet granting a
divorce.

SAM
Me? It's your lawyers been trying
to squeeze me like a turnip for
every nickel.

FRANCES
(to Sam, hurt)
You said you were divorced.

BLANCHE
Don't worry honey, he's getting
divorced - it's just gonna cost him
more, now.

SAM
Frances, I love you. You know I do.

FLASHBULBS go off.

SAM
Blanche...

BLANCHE
Save it Sam. This is going straight
to the press.

Sam leaps up, attempting to grab the camera, but Blanche
blocks him.

SAM

I gave you everything and it was never enough. I had to claw my way out of the ghetto, with nothin.

BLANCHE

Spare me your sob story. You'll be hearing from my lawyers in the morning... Let's see how your precious board deals with this.

SAM

Blanche. I never liked you, and I always will.

The photographer snaps a last picture as Blanche turns on her heels and exits, leaving chaos in her wake.

FRANCES

You need to fix this Sam. Or I'm gone. You can forget our plans.

Sam, collapses back on the bed, in anger and frustration.

INT. GOLDWYN STUDIO-BOARDROOM - DAY

The atmosphere is tense as Goldwyn stands defiantly across from SCHENCK and ROTHSCHILD, his stressed-out financiers, along with KORSCHAK, his fixer lawyer, and LUELLA, his miracle-working publicist.

SCHENCK

Sam, your intimate escapades are jeopardizing our entire operation.

ROTHSCHILD

Our share price is sinking faster than the Titanic. Do you realize how much I've put into this studio?

GOLDWYN

Intimate escapades. Sinking ships. Sounds like something Harry Cohn would make.

ROTHSCHILD

This isn't a joke, Sam. Our financial stability is in question. We have debts. The banks are circling.

KORSCHAK

We don't need to give them any reason to call in the loans.

LUELLA

And don't forget the PR disaster you've unleashed. Blanche is on the warpath.

GOLDWYN

All publicity is good publicity, right?

SCHENCK

You're missing the bigger picture, Sam. This studio is more than your personal playground.

GOLDWYN

Let's not forget whose name is on the building. I built this studio from gornischt.

ROTHSCHILD

We're not here to indulge your theatrics, Sam. This isn't just about you. My investment's not a game.

LUELLA

I'm exhausted putting out all the fires. Even the best PR has its limits.

GOLDWYN

So what are you sayin?

KORSCHAK

You need to clean up your act. Stop spending like a drunken sailor. Get your personal life in order.

ROTHSCHILD

Before it's too late and you bankrupt the studio and take us all down with you.

SCHENCK

And by too late, he means now.

GOLDWYN

I see you're all in agreement. But what am I supposed to do about it?

LUELLA

Have you thought about getting help? Professional help? There are some good doctors in LA.

GOLDWYN

Any man who goes to a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined.

SCHENCK

Enough, Sam! This ends now. Change, or you're out.

GOLDWYN

I think what I really need is a hit. Everyone loves a love story. A great love story will fix everything.

KORSCHAK

Sam, you've been doing this shit for too long. You're your own worst enemy, you've got to see that. You need professional help.

GOLDWYN

Alright already.

Goldwyn crosses to the bathroom, continues talking loudly while peeing.

GOLDWYN (O.S.)

Okay, I know just what to do. You want me to get help. I'll get help. Leave it to me. I'll call him.

ROTHSCHILD

Who? Call who?

GOLDWYN (O.S.)

Sigmund Freud. The best doctor in the world.

SCHENCK

That's not going to work. He's not in good health and he hates to travel.

ROTHSCHILD

And he hates Americans.

Goldwyn finishes, re-enters.

GOLDWYN

I'll make it worth his while.

KORSCHAK

Nah, won't work. Remember the Tribune tried to hire him to come to Chicago for the Leopold and Loeb murder - he refused.

GOLDWYN

No problem, I'll go to him.

LUELLA

He's in Vienna.

GOLDWYN

If Mohammed won't come to the mountain, then the mountain must go to Vienna.

SCHENCK

You're not seriously thinking of going to Vienna, Sam? Who knows how long it could take.

GOLDWYN

You said you wanted me to get help. He's the best.

ROTHSCHILD

I don't like it. I think you're up to something.

GOLDWYN

You always think I'm up to something.

LUELLA

Although, a couple of weeks in Europe might be good. It'd give a chance for things to blow over. We could say he's visiting European distributors.

KORSCHAK

Just make sure it's not another wild goose chase.

SCHENCK

Alright, Sam. You can go but you're on a short leash.

GOLDWYN

Rome wasn't built in a day.

SCHENCK
It's not a vacation.

GOLDWYN
Alright. You won't regret it.

INT. GOLDWYN'S BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

FRANCES
Vienna?! Sigmund Freud? The
psychiatrist? Is there something
you're not telling me?

GOLDWYN
It's not what you think. I'm not
going for help, I'm going for help.
We need a hit and I'm going to get
him to write a love story. A great
love story.

FRANCES
But he's not even a writer.

GOLDWYN
Yes, but he's the world's greatest
expert on the human mind and love.

FRANCES
For how long? What about our plans?

GOLDWYN
It'll be just a short trip, love.

FRANCES
I want to believe you, Sam. Just
promise me this isn't another one
of your escape acts.

GOLDWYN
(taking her hand
earnestly)
It's not, Frances. I'm fighting to
save the studio. I need to keep the
board happy while I make something
great. We'll figure out the rest
when I get back. Maybe even start
thinking about a family.

He pulls her close, sealing his promise with a kiss.

EXT. OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A Pan Am Clipper, it's engines HUMMING, soars through the dark skies.

INT. FREUD'S STUDY - DAY

Looking old and frail DR SIGMUND FREUD, edits a paper at his desk in his famous office with the famous couch. There's a polite KNOCK on the door.

FREUD

Yes?

GOLDWYN

(entering)

Doctor Freud, I presume. Quite the journey getting here, let me tell you.

FREUD

Ah, Mr. Goldwyn, your relentless telegrams were hard to ignore.

(checks his watch)

You have my attention and 10 minutes, as requested.

(beat)

So, what brings a Hollywood mogul to my humble Vienna office?

GOLDWYN

I need your help crafting the greatest love story ever told.

Freud looks up and cuts him off abruptly.

FREUD

You mistake me for a screenwriter.

GOLDWYN

Don't sell yourself short, Doctor. A man of your intellect and insight could transform the moving picture experience.

FREUD

Mr. Goldwyn. I am old. I am ill. The Nazis burn my books in Berlin. Why would I waste my time on a moving picture melodrama?

GOLDWYN

You've spent your life studying minds, Doctor. Let me give you the one thing that Vienna never could, an audience of millions. Your ideas reaching across continents.

FREUD

I must ask you to leave. Mr. Goldwyn, I cannot afford to squander my time on frivolities.

GOLDWYN

Does a fee of one hundred thousand dollars sound like a frivolity?

FREUD

Your money is not of interest, Mr. Goldwyn. You Americans, like a green feathered peacock such a coarse display.

(checks his watch again)

I have research to attend to. I have patients to treat.

GOLDWYN

You're right, Doc. Don't get me wrong. I was thinking how you could use the money to continue your research and treat more patients. I understand. They're in pain, they come to you for help. You're a good man. Doing important work.

FREUD

I'll ignore the flattery, but I'm curious. Tell me more about the pain they have. How does a Hollywood macher like yourself know about their pain.

GOLDWYN

Believe me, pain I know. My stomach is terrible. I can't eat and I can't sleep. My first wife is trying to take half my studio in the divorce. My second wife, a shiksa, wants me to convert to Catholicism, and my board wants me gone. I'm this close to losing everything.

FREUD

Tell me more, why don't you sleep?

GOLDWYN

I have to get up to use the
bathroom. I'm sure you understand.
And there's the dreams.

FREUD

Ah. Not love stories, I assume.
Nightmares.
(he pauses, lights up a
cigar.)
Describe the Nightmares.

GOLDWYN

To be honest, I don't remember much
about them. They're just
nightmares. Like when you're a kid.
You wake up.

FREUD

(leaning forward)
Would you be interested in talking
about them? With me?

GOLDWYN

Let me get this straight - you'd
rather talk to me about dreams I
don't remember than help me write a
movie love story for \$100k.

FREUD

(opens his appointment
book)
We can start tomorrow.

GOLDWYN

But I didn't come here for help. I
came here for help.

FREUD

And that's what you will get.

GOLDWYN

(mulling things over)
That's the only way you'll talk to
me?

Freud remains silent, takes a puff of his cigar.

GOLDWYN

(more mulling)
You know in Hollywood I wouldn't
trust a psychiatrist. They'd gossip
to Hedda Hopper the minute I was
out the door.

(MORE)

(still more mulling)
Can I smoke my cigars during our
sessions?

FREUD
On one condition - you must
document your dreams. You must
write down every detail every
morning, while it's fresh.

GOLDWYN
You really think I might actually
get a good nights sleep again?

FREUD
We will unearth truths. You might
be surprised by what they reveal.

GOLDWYN
Okay, let's talk. Maybe we'll
reveal a movie.

FREUD
Tomorrow at 2:30. Punctuality is
essential.

GOLDWYN
See you then, Doc.

Satisfied, Goldwyn leaves.

Freud takes out a notebook and starts jotting down his
thoughts about his new patient.

FREUD (V.O.)
Samuel Goldwyn. A fascinating case.
I'm eager to hear about the dreams
that populate his subconscious and
to probe the mind of an American
capitalist, a self made mogul. The
case study possibilities are
considerable.