

Chapter One



This is the story of six individuals who, behind the scenes, obsess themselves with the glitz and glamour of Hollywood after chance meetings at a common studio commissary for lunch and conversation. Throughout this novel, they will love, hate, and fight for anything and everything for success. In the interim, they will embark on adventures you will never dream possible, from attending Oscar ceremonies for many years, traveling to exotic locations, and experiencing life-changing events to make them better people and long-term friendships/relationships with others.

1. Cole Forrester
2. Ashlee Guthrey
3. Beau Madison
4. Carole Ziegler
5. Keller, and
6. Janine Wallace

First up is Cole Forrester. Cole was born and raised with a silver spoon in Beverly Hills to a hospitality tycoon in 1933 and tried desperately to make it on his own in Hollywood. After attending Hollywood High with better-known celebrities' children and choosing not to attend college, he opted to get a job at Warner Brothers studio. Cole was willing to do anything entry-level, even if it was sweeping the lot, parking cars, the cafeteria, etc. Cole was a very handsome young man, 6'3, 175, blond, blue eyes, all American good looks, but he couldn't talk to save his life. Everything out of his mouth sounded like talking with a lisp, and his walk was all wrong, a swish here and there. Cole was determined not to sleep on his way to landing his first break, but if push came to shove, he might. Being "different," Cole did not label himself as gay in Hollywood and taboo; he certainly didn't have luck with ladies either. Working at the studio, Cole met famous performers, catching his eye but not making it known he wasn't blowing his way to the top. Right before Christmas 1958, he met a trio looking to make it big, too. They were Ashlee Guthrey, Beau Madison, and Carole Ziegler.

Ashlee Guthrey is next. Ashlee was born and raised in Davenport, Iowa, to a single mom trying to make ends meet by cleaning the offices of studios in 1935, who eventually made it to the secretarial steno pool. Ashlee couldn't type fifty words a minute nor claim fame for not having the "look" on the Warner Brothers lot

from stars like Grace Kelly, Marilyn Monroe, and Elizabeth Taylor. Ashlee had flaws, and her “attitude” wasn’t what they were looking for at the time. Ashlee decided to be a secretary to the big brass with her crass, foul mouth cussing like a sailor, and big boobs would get her ahead at the steno pool. You could easily find Cole, Ashlee, Beau, and Carole drinking their small studio fortunes away at the Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel.

Beau Madison is next. Beau was born in 1937 to a sports-oriented but strictly guarded Pentecostal family in Memphis, Tennessee (before Elvis moved to Graceland). He hoped to become a professional basketball star with a scholarship to UCLA, but Hollywood caught his eye. Beau was famous for his love of ladies. They seemed to love him for his tanned good looks and his endowment. Word on the street was Beau made lots of ladies’ heads and some guys’ turn every time walking on the studio lot in his tight jeans and bulge in his crotch. Beau couldn’t catch the acting bug, so he opted for behind-the-scenes as a lighting assistant. This is where he met the love of his life, an older woman, Carole Ziegler, a script girl and make-up artist to the stars.

Carole Ziegler is next. Carole was born in 1934 in Chicago, Illinois, to immigrant German and Jewish parents who relished bakery goods. Carole was a stunning dark-haired beauty like Elizabeth Taylor. The Zeiglers came to California with the dream of owning a bakery, but their dreams were dashed when their

establishment was robbed and murdered in 1956. After this tragedy, Ashlee kept her figure delivering food to the studio cafeterias, where she met and fell in love with lighting assistant Beau Madison. Eventually, Carole got her foot in the door as make-up assistant to the stars and script girl. Warner Brothers and other studios allowed Carole as a “borrow” or “loan,” alternating between positions with no problem.

As luck had it, the four became inseparable, doing a cocktail happy hour circuit from open to close, somehow making it to work the next day. The 1958 film season was ending, and these friendships brought something exciting to them in April 1959. Totally, expectations didn't let it bother them. Fame wasn't in their favor.

Keller and Janine Wallace were a brother and sister duo from St. Louis. They arrived in California on a whim to get away from their so-called “clingy” parents. Keller was gay like Cole, very closeted, and interested in learning new trades of the business, possibly accounting, sound effects, etc., just about anything he could learn, he was willing. Janine was his youngest, who knew her way around the secretarial aspect of business, a business school graduate, and would not take NO for an answer. Janine was determined to do anything or anybody to get results. We will learn more about them later.

Everyone's dream in Hollywood is to work in front of the camera and get recognized, star in a feature film, and possibly win an Academy Award. Right? Behind the scenes is exactly what these people wanted; they could care less for the glitz and glamour but enjoyed working closely with the best. The day would soon arrive. Ashlee, working in the steno pool of the common studios, would receive a "lifetime gift," forever changing her life. One of the common studio heads asked her if she liked the Oscars. Ashlee told them she would dress up and watch the Oscars all the time. The big brass rewarded Ashlee with Oscar tickets. Ashlee accepted them and gratefully inquired if she could have extra. It would be no problem. The rest is history.

Going to the Oscars was an important thing for Ashlee. Coming from the cornfields of Iowa, she couldn't believe it when the studio head handed the tickets to her and her friends. Ashlee told her mom, "Momma, you aren't going to fucking believe this, but your little girl, yes me, is going to the Oscars." Of course, her mom would nod her head in between drinks of scotch. By this time, Ashlee was watching her mom in the throes of early alcoholism, drinking from sunup to sundown. Ashlee felt so isolated and alone, but when she was in the company of the trio, she had no care in the world. Beau couldn't be happier attending as well, a "first" big date with Carole and being with Cole and Ashlee, just not romantically involved yet. The youngest of the foursome, Beau was giddy as a

star athlete escorting the homecoming queen to the winter sports prom. Beau called home to his parents in Memphis and told them the good news. They tried being excited without showing deep concern. The Madison family wanted him to play basketball. Mr. Madison was furious, saying to him, “You know you aren’t going to make it in the movies; might as well get an education and make a name for yourself.” Beau finally had the balls and told them to fuck off. Not too happy with that kind of language, they abruptly cut him off.

Rent was high, and salaries for studio personnel were not extremely high dollars, so it was hard to live alone. Before the Oscar's attendance, Beau and Cole decided to forgo a platonic friendship as roommates on the Sunset Strip. They found a bungalow for \$225 a month, near eight hundred square feet, small but roomy enough to make it home. It was a matter of time before Cole started a phase of bringing home every Tom, Dick, and Harry when the foursome would have drinks. Beau didn’t let it bother him, only having eyes on Carole, but was too shy to express his feelings. Carole was equally excited about attending the Oscars, trying to be a “mother figure” to Ashlee or a role model. Ashlee wanted to be the “party girl.” Carole was aloof, being very professional in her job, either as a make-up artist assistant or a script girl. Carole accepted what came her way and tried not to let it go to her head when sometimes the trio would stop her in her tracks. Cloud nine would

sometimes come out of nowhere when one night she announced at the top of her lungs in a drunken stupor, “I got to help with Lana Turner’s make-up for Peyton Place.” They were so drunk to say, “Who the fuck is Lana Turner?” Once said, they all four broke up in laughter.

The friendship continued with lunches in the main commissary, fitting for shy Beau Madison, who had enough nerve to say to Carole, “Hey, since Ashlee got tickets for the four of us to the Oscars, will you be my date? I mean, a real date, just not like the weekly nights at the Grove drinking?” Carole, being cool and calculated and high and mighty as one of the oldest, said in her sultry voice, “Oh, you are just a boy, but a handsome boy. At that point, everyone will think I am paying you to be my date, especially if they see what I see through your trousers. Let it be known I don’t date boys. I date men!”

What a bitch, why was Carole treating Beau like this. You would think she imitates Elizabeth Taylor in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, but then, she gave in with her Elizabethan voice, “Yes, we can go on a date; just this once.”

Fame is the name of the game in Hollywood – being at the right place at the right time. Does it look like I am trying to remind everyone of Julia Jean Turner, also known as Lana Turner, who sealed her fate and ticket to fame at Schwab’s Drug Store on Sunset

Boulevard? It was here. Oscar Night 1959 rewarding excellence for movies made in 1958. Information given about this perfect night you had dueling divas Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons laced with the word BITCH written all over their faces.

Ashlee was at Carole's apartment further down on Sunset, several blocks from Cole and Beau's bungalow, busily making their final changes to their dresses and make-up when the phone rang. It was Cole. Cole would say in his effeminate voice, "You bitches ready?" Nervously, Beau was fixing his tie, changing his shirt five times, and splashing plenty of Old Spice, drowning himself. Beau cleared with Cole, asking, "Do I look all right?" Cole waltzed over, hugging Beau with a pat on the mid-section of his tux and feeling him up to say, "Yes, princess, you look very handsome; Carole will be very happy." Pushing Cole away, Beau laughed to remind him he would never have him. Cole would be left sulking in the corner, fantasizing about Beau. The two men climbed in Beau's Cadillac Coup de Ville, the car received upon signing his letter of intent to UCLA. UCLA let Beau keep the car after he dropped out. To recall, the Cadillac Coup de Ville had 325 horsepower, a V-8 engine, and protruding from the end of the vehicle, were fine like brake light missiles. As the men pulled up to the curb of her apartment, Cole jumped out, leading the ladies by chanting. "Mi ladies, your chariot awaits." The two ladies were dressed to the nines in their as Beau couldn't take his eyes off Carole with Ashlee. They settled for

second best, and they were off to the RKO Pantages Theatre. With all eyes focused on celebrities nominated this year, like Susan Hayward in *I Want to Live*, Paul Newman and Elizabeth Taylor in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Spencer Tracy in *The Old Man and the Sea*, and Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier in *The Defiant Ones*. Who would take the prize?

The four Musketeers arrived in style, and as the valet parked their car, they stood ogling as their first adventure to the Oscars and stalked their favorite stars arriving in their limousines. Nobody stood out more than Ashlee. Her virginal white gown stood out only by her statuesque figure pushed up by her hefty breasts. As reporters and photographers waited impatiently for the arrival of celebrities, some looked more focused on Ashlee. You would wonder if there were conversations about “Who’s that beauty?” to Carole appearing unfazed, walking with Beau in his tight-fitting tuxedo pants, proudly showing his endowment. Fame certainly wasn’t the four playing the game. They were on cloud nine, having the time of their lives, their first Oscar ceremony, and more to come. Nobody had any significant rewards, just four simple folks living the dream of seeing Oscar history right in front of their eyes. Once in the Pantages theatre, the four snuggled in their seats. The 31st Academy Awards was about to begin with an ensemble of hosts for their pleasure. Bob Hope, Jerry Lewis, David Niven, a nominee for *Separate Tables*, Laurence Olivier, Tony Randall, and Mort Sahl. The Oscars began

with serious banter from Niven and Olivier, but nothing could be funnier than laughter from the crowd when Hope, Lewis, Randall, and Sahl took the stage. Everyone was having a wonderful time; Cole turned Ashlee into a fag hag showing her sexy guys who were gay or bi ogling over the stars walking to their seats. Their “free” tickets were not the best, but did have a view of who’s who in Hollywood. Anxiously looking at the guys hiding an erection, Cole often excused himself to the gentleman’s lounge. Beau, on the first date with Carole, became nothing at first but, by evening’s end, appeared quite chummy. Carole was shocked to find out Beau was only twenty-two, moved to tears upon hearing about his family estrangement, her German-Jewish upbringing, and her parents’ senseless tragedy.

The awards presentation made history. *Gigi*, a musical, won all nine of its nominations with odd rarity and no major acting nominations. David Niven, being a host, was awarded best actor for *Separate Tables*; beautiful Susan Hayward won best actress for *I Want to Live*; Burl Ives won best-supporting actor for *Big Country*; the shy waif Wendy Hiller won best supporting actress for *Separate Tables*. The major award of best picture and director went to *Gigi* and Vincente Minnelli. Jerry Wald, the show’s producer, cut numbers to ensure it ends on time. Luck showed too much was cut, ending thirty minutes early; asked Jerry Lewis to fill in the remainder.

With the year now a quarter over, back to work even with the Oscars on a Monday, there is no next day off. The four headed to Carole's place for a few nightcaps to hash out what they thought of their first Oscar attendance. Ashlee remarked the fashions were the bomb. Cole mentioned in an effeminate giggle the opportunity on his gentleman lounge visits. He saw a few stars' cocks at the urinal. Ignoring Cole and Ashlee, new friends, Beau and Carole couldn't keep their hands off each other. Carole busily rubbed her hands over Beau, but being a gentleman, he expressed himself by stroking her silky, beautiful hair. Cole and Ashlee, feeling left out, cleared their throat, "Beau, I think it's time we let these beauties sleep and head home. Whatcha think?"

Work started the next day, Cole parking the executive's cars at the studio lot, Ashlee back at the typewriter, taking notes from her steno pad detailing rejection letters telling them they weren't fit for the studio. Beau was learning his craft on a new film, *The Apartment*, a Billy Wilder comedy with Jack Lemmon, Fred MacMurray, and Shirley MacLaine. Carole had been asked to step in on a make-up stint for the new film *Butterfield 8*, a drama with Elizabeth Taylor and Laurence Harvey based on the John O'Hara novel. They were to meet at the common commissary for lunch. Ashlee called the gate, but Cole couldn't get away. He was "busy." This means Cole cruised the studio lot for executives, bumping into Henry Willson, a talent agent to big-name male stars who invited

him over to a discrete, secluded place on the lot for a quick blow-and-go. Luck would have it; production was halted for a couple of hours on both sets, and Beau and Carole were able to catch lunch in the common. It looks like Slim Pickings is opting for sandwiches and chips. The two lovebirds sat outside catching sunny California rays. The romance was in full swing.

April's love certainly was in the air for Carole and Beau, with no beds and roses for Ashlee and Cole. Cole, being gay, doing whoever and whenever taking, he could get it. Slowly being labeled a hustler, not a male prostitute per se, but occasionally, he met an executive honcho or male star who would float him some sugar to help on rent. Poor Ashlee, between caring for her drunk mother and not wanting to go home, it was either meeting the trio for drinks at the Grove or becoming friends with other secretaries at work. As of late, staying late working on projects with studio heads provided other ulterior motives. Ashlee, going with the flow, slowly found herself being used and abused by many with nobody to talk to. In her case, crying rape or anything foul, who would believe her? For her best interest, she kept her trap shut.

Chapter Two



As days and months passed into the new Oscar season, Carole and Beau appeared to be smitten in love with each other. At their ages, time was of the essence to stop the hand-holding and heavy petting stage to have hot sex. Who was the holdout? Cole was Cole, still not ready for a relationship, doing what was best for everyone and everywhere! Poor Ashlee, her life was in a downward spiral. Having hardly any friends besides the trio, she was through the various studios' secretarial pools. Ashlee was lonely, her alcoholic mom would not listen, and Carole was busy with Beau all the time. She was losing her only friend. Every time Oscar season rolled around, tickets became available, she saved for the trio. They were the first batch of friends she made upon her arrival to Hollywood, destined to be her last.

Oscar buzz was circulating, lots of comedies and dramas, to name a few, *Some Like It Hot*, one of my favorites, *Imitation of*

Life, Pillow Talk, the Nun's Story, Ben-Hur, etc.

Ashlee called Carole earlier to ask if waiting again for the boys at her place was ok and apologized for not connecting sooner. Carole said, "Oh, it's quite ok, Ash. I have been so busy with Beau. Between work, we only have a few hours every night." Beau often would stay late because Cole was always "busy." Carole wanted Beau so badly to commit but was patient and didn't ask any questions.

As they climbed in the car, Cole was holding the doors open for the ladies, and in a fun way, he mumbled to Beau, "So stud, when you going to get down on that?" Quite embarrassed, Beau told Cole to mind his own business and that he would get to it. At the same venue as last, the RKO Pantages Theatre with a solo host, Bob Hope, was on the dais. Doris Day was a shoo-in for Pillow Talk, Audrey Hepburn for The Nun's Story, Katharine Hepburn and Elizabeth Taylor canceled each other for Suddenly, Last Summer, and not forget sultry Simone Signoret for Room at the Top. The Oscar went to Simone. Best Actor was more demanding, Laurence Harvey for Room at the Top, Charlton Heston for Ben-Hur, Jack Lemmon for Some Like It Hot, Paul Muni for The Last Angry Man, and James Stewart for Anatomy of a Murder. Ending with a big win of eleven Oscars, surpassing last year's Gigi's nine, Ben-Hur made history with Heston taking the golden statue. Keeping the streak alive, Heston's co-stars, Hugh Griffith for Ben-Hur and Shelley Winters,

won *Diary of Anne Frank* for Supporting Actor and Actress, respectively. Alas, no surprise Best Picture and Best Director were awarded to *Ben-Hur* and William Wyler.

There was time for lunch. Carole rang Ashlee over and said, “Hun, you have time for lunch, the two of us. I have something to talk about!” Ashlee replied. “Sure, doll, anything for you, I will be happy to.” The two met promptly at noon in Commissary B, away from the noise and other studio personnel, for a much-overdue lunch and much-needed girl talk. They went through the buffet, opting for salads to keep their girlish figures. Between munching on salads and small talk, Ashlee spoke first, “Carole, my friend, please forgive me for rambling. I need to go elsewhere; meeting executives and actors ogles me like a piece of meat. It doesn’t do any good to stay late to get ahead. Men are animals; massage my shoulders when I work, can’t concentrate, and the next thing, we are in their offices with the doors locked and skirts up.”

Turning red, Carole replied, “OMG, my darling, you have it bad, that’s taking way advantage. Speak up for yourself and just say NO, those animals don’t think twice about what they are doing.” Ashlee asked what was new with Beau. Carole rambled, saying, “He won’t touch me. Is it I’m too old, or is he gay? We kiss, nothing more. I feel him against my clothes when cuddling and watching TV or listening to music and dancing. I need to be aggressive with him.” Carole recommended Ashlee to find another job, get a lawyer, and

rid herself of these show business shenanigans. Ashlee admitted fearing coming forward and fearing the consequences of never working again in Hollywood, besides, who would believe her, like his word over hers? Carole wondered if she was helping Ashlee. Carole admired Ashlee's beautiful looks without the buxom chest, feeling she didn't have a chance. Ashlee was pouring out her heart when she said, "You there?"

Later that evening, Carole fixed a romantic dinner for Beau. Chicken Piccata over pasta, garlic bread, and tossed salad. Discussing their mutual workday over a glass of wine. Beau said, "How was your day, did you script or make up today?" Carole replied, "An easy day. I observed the lead make-up artist with Elizabeth Taylor and co-stars' had lunch with Ashlee at Commissary B?" Carole told Beau Ashlee was having a sad time both at home and at work; the poor girl just didn't know what to do. Beau, being coy, said, "My dear Carole, what are you ever thinking about? "Carole mentioned I am beginning to think you see me as a friend or don't like women. Are you gay? Beau was embarrassed to say, "No, I am not gay. You may now know the truth. I have found you sexy ever since I laid eyes on you." Carole said, "Don't worry, my darling, I think I love you!" Beau is reaching for his handkerchief and crying, "Oh, Carole, I am falling in love with you too. I didn't know how to tell you." Beau was tongue-tied and started to stutter, "I'm a virgin. I never have had sex with a girl!" Carole

consoles him, “Oh baby, it is okay,” and starts kissing his sweet face to reassure him everything will be okay. Whew! It took two years to get that out in the open.

What a relief that Beau isn't gay! At least they also finally told each other I LOVE YOU, which meant something to the friendship, leading to a relationship. Dinner was wonderful; the salad and pasta dishes were equally outstanding. Carole apologized there wasn't any time to stop for dessert. Beau said it was quite all right; the only thing was her by his side now and forever. Carole assured him nothing and nobody would ever come between them. You are right! Our two lovebirds made love not just once but three times until the wee hours of the morning! A night to remember and a smile on his face! The day after shines a glow; how these two lovebirds gave way to desire and hot sex. Let's hope this is the beginning of a beautiful relationship, destined forever as anything is possible. Especially for people behind the scenes, you need not worry about gossip leaked to the tabloids and paparazzi.