

Chapter 10
**LIVER WITH SOME BEANS AND A NICE
CHAMPAGNE**

(LARRY HAGMAN)

[Informing a grieving family that their loved one's liver had been transplanted into the body of *Dallas* star Larry Hagman.]

Accompanied by my photographer, Vincent, I had little trouble locating the dreary Sunrise Center apartment complex, which consisted of several small cement bungalows surrounding a dusty playground with rusty slides and broken swing sets. Surveying the depressing complex, I saw through my tabloid glasses the sleazy direction this story would no doubt take. Tragic Goins was struggling in squalor with her now-fatherless baby Monique, while daddy's liver was living the good life in a multi-million-dollar Malibu beach house. The perfect recipe for a tabloid exposé!!

I would paint Goins as the sad victim to whom Hagman would most certainly have to reach out for fear of being branded (by the *Enquirer*) a cold, heartless bastard. And that's pretty much how this sleazefest played out.

Vincent and I decided that the most important component to this story was the photo of the lonely mother and child. Without that heartbreaking image, there was no story. But what if this woman refused to pose? Or even worse, called the police on us? Assuming she was even home. And what if she had a gun? While I am a registered organ donor, I wasn't looking to donate any of mine that day. Although, how poetically karmic would it have been had the day ended with a "Who Shot Will Keck?" murder mystery?

We decided that Vincent would snap an unsolicited shot of Goins just as soon as she opened her apartment door. I was to play the good guy—apologizing for the intrusion, but quickly explaining that I'd come bearing BIG news. News that could potentially prove tremendously beneficial and change her life! It was a warped version of those old Publishers Clearing House Prize Patrol doorstep ambush TV commercials from the '80s, where shocked housewives with their hair up in curlers would open their doors and be handed large cardboard checks.

After Goins recovered her vision from Vincent's camera flash going off in her face, she consented to pose for a few shots holding baby Monique. (Phew! Part one of our mission

accomplished!!) Then when Vincent felt he had gotten all the shots he needed, he took off with the film, leaving me to drop the bomb.

I sat Goins down at a rotted picnic table stained with dried ketchup and bird crap and told her why I'd come. It did indeed involve Bill, I confirmed.

"Bill was an organ donor, wasn't he?" I asked gently.

"Yes," she sheepishly nodded.

"Well, it turns out a very famous person received Bill's liver."

Tears started flowing down Goins' face. "Who?" she asked softly.

"Well ... have you ever seen *Dallas*?"

And that's all I needed to say.