

ADAM

SIDE 1 of 3

EXT. MEN'S STORE - LATER THAT MORNING

Adam and Carl exit the Men's Store.

Start →

CARL

It's a memorial service. No one's going to say boo.

ADAM

Arnie's not gonna let me in there without you.

CARL

Guy's got his head so far up
Goldie's ass he could draw her last
meal.

ADAM

I'm serious, Carl --

CARL

My hands are tied, Charlie's got
this brunch --

ADAM

You say the words "Charlie or
Callas" and I swear to Christ I
will take this five dollar tie that
you've generously agreed to pay
for, and hang you with it.

CARL

Just to be fair, Charlie did pay
for ten percent of that. Look, you
want Carson? Take Carson. Get in
there with the big boys. Let them
see you. It's all about
relationships in this business.
Mingle for Christ sake.

ADAM

"Mingle?" At a memorial service?

CARL

I got on the Colgate Comedy Hour by
chatting up Eddie Cantor at a
urinal. You do what you gotta do.

ADAM

You know you're the worst fucking
manager ever.

CARL

Maybe. But I believe in you. And
you know it.

(then)

We're having pork chops tonight. If
you're late and they're dry don't
blame me.

← stop

ESTABLISHING SHOT - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MORNING

INT. A METICULOUSLY KEPT HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADAM PROTEAU, boy-ish good looks, about 18, is trying to force a pull-out bed back into its frame while his MANAGER, Carl, holding two plates of eggs, watches him struggle.

CARL

Easy. It's a Castro Convertible.
It'll glide into place if you stop trying to fuck it.

Adam goes gentle and sure enough the couch slides easily into place. They both sit as Carl hands Adam his eggs.

ADAM

You didn't answer me, Carl...

CARL

(hesitates)
She said ...yes.

ADAM

Finally --

CARL

-- In the near future.

Adam deflates.

ADAM

How fucking near?

CARL

Soon.

(off Adam's glare)
I don't know. Another six months?
She thinks you're not ready.

ADAM
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Start →

ADAM

Six month?! Are you fucking shitting me? I've been doing open mic for almost a fucking year. You think Johnny's sending scouts to amateur night? I came out here to do the 'Tonight Show' not entertain an audience of lab rats on fucking Mondays.

CARL

Yeah, yeah, yeah. You and every other pencil dick with five minutes. It's a marathon, kid. I keep telling you --

ADAM

You keep telling me all kinds of shit, Carl. You're my manager. Fucking manage me. If you can't get me up there then at least get me a paid gig.

CARL

What paid? It's a showcase. Goldie doesn't pay anybody.

(then)

What about that gig at the church I got you?

ADAM

Baby-sitting immigrant kids? That's not a gig. I need money, Carl. Real money. I want my own pad. Some place I can take girls without you wandering by in your boxers eating baked beans out of a pan.

CARL

Listen, it'll come. In the meantime you entertain the little beige tots for fifty bucks a week while honing your craft at Goldies until it's time.

ADAM

Yeah, and when's that?

CAROL

Goldie will let you know. Just like she let Prinze, and Walker and Clay Appuzo know.

← STOP

INT. LADY OF THE PALMS CHURCH - FATHER JACOB'S OFFICE- LATER

Father Jacob counts out the fifty bucks as Adam watches.

FATHER JACOB

You certainly have a way with children, Adam.

ADAM

Is it me Father, or do little kids smell? It's like there's a... "tang" to them.

Father Jacob smirks, hands him the fifty bucks. Adam takes the money and counts it while Father Jacob studies him.

FATHER JACOB

You religious, Adam?

ADAM

Too young. I figure I'll find Jesus after I'm drafted or while careening off an overpass.

FATHER JACOB

A conversion based on fear isn't a conversion, it's insurance.

ADAM

Nice, Father. If the Catholic Church starts doing fortune cookies I think you're their man.

(then, off money)

Any chance you get to talk to the powers that be about my raise?

FATHER JACOBS

Sorry Adam.

ADAM

You sure there's no way they could throw a little more bread my way?

Father Jacobs studies Adam a beat. Then:

3 of 3 Start →
ADAM

FATHER JACOB

There are... other ways of
supplementing your income here.

ADAM

Done. What and how much?

FATHER JACOBS

It's not for everybody, Adam. It
comes at a great personal
compromise. For everyone.

ADAM

I'm still waiting on the figure.

FATHER JACOB

Two-hundred.

ADAM

Dollars?

FATHER JACOB

It pays a lot Adam, because it
costs a lot.

Off Adam, his curiosity piqued...

← stop