

SKIN
(EXCERPT)

Written by

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EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING:

And old, red brick building from the Art Deco era that sits in the middle of an industrial section of the city.

Huge glass windows line one side of the upper part of the warehouse. Light from the morning sun dances off the rippled panes of glass.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - THAT MORNING:

The alarm clock goes off. 6:00 am.

Sitting bolt upright in bed is GLENN SMEK. He is a greasy looking, pimply man in his thirties. His eyes are slightly crossed and his hair is long and stringy from weeks of neglect. His teeth are crooked and yellowed.

He wakes up slowly. He puts on a pair of thick, horn-rimmed glasses that are taped together at the bridge of the nose. Shafts of light stream through the tall windows and dance in the haze of dust that envelopes the bedroom.

Glenn shuffles his way out of bed. He wears tattered pajamas with greasy stains on the front. He has a crooked posture and walks with an unusual limp. He heads into the bathroom and stares into the mirror, disgusted. He snorts a wad of snot from his sinuses and spits into the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - THAT MORNING:

Glenn sits at the kitchen table, slumped over a bowl of Capn' Crunch. The box sits in front of him on the table. A mug of coffee sits next to the box. Glenn slurps hungrily at the cereal. The milk dribbles off his chin in random streams. He wears a sleeveless sweater vest over a short-sleeved shirt, slacks and a crooked clip-on tie. He makes low moaning noises as he eats.

Entering the kitchen in a bathrobe is JERRY KANE, a disheveled, unshaven man in his thirties. He has a head of thick, unkempt hair and an overall "who gives a shit" attitude. He takes a cigarette from his robe pocket, lights it and leans against the sink. He looks sleepily at Glenn.

JERRY
G'morning, Starshine.

Glenn says nothing. He just stares at Jerry and hunkers closer to his massive bowl of cereal. Bits of unchewed Capn' Crunch litter the table top.

Jerry picks up the cereal box from the table. Empty. He goes to the cupboard and checks the other boxes. All empty. He takes a carton of milk from the refrigerator. Empty. He takes the coffee pot from it's stand. Empty. He checks a can of coffee on the counter. Empty.

Glenn pulls his coffee cup closer to him and glares suspiciously at Jerry. Jerry sits at the table and returns Glenn's stare, disgusted.

JERRY(CONT'D)

I hope to Christ you're leaving soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE COMPLEX - THAT MORNING.

A large, modern office building made of tinted glass and steel. The kind of building that reeks of money. A sign above the main doors reads - North Central Banking & Investments.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING.

A large, eighth story room is filled with a maze of cubicles. A hum of activity; phones ringing and keyboard typing fills the air.

Strolling down the aisle is KENNY HAMPSTAD. He's a handsome man in his early thirties with a snappy step and a wide, toothy smile. He's one of those guys that smiles so much even Ghandi would want to smack him in the face.

Kenny rounds a corner and peers into a cubicle. Sitting hunched over his computer keyboard is Glenn. He stares into the screen, humming an eerie, tuneless melody. Drool lirts down the corners of his mouth. Old junk food wrappers and used tissues litter the area.

KENNY

Hey-ho there, Glenn-boy.

Glenn jumps and twitches nervously. He stares at Kenny suspiciously.

KENNY (CONT'D)
 Hey, easy there, big fella! Old Man
 Doriff wants those Wang Wu
 estimates on his desk before lunch.
 I told him no problem-o. Is that
 copacetic?

Glenn grunts and nods wearily at Kenny.

KENNY (CONT'D)
 Alrighty then! See you at the feed
 mill, huh?

Kenny knocks a rat-a-tat-tat on Glenn's cubicle wall as he
 walks away. Glenn groans menacingly after Kenny, then stares
 back into his monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LUNCH ROOM.

The lunch room is as cold and unfriendly as the cubicle area.
 Employees mill about carrying trays with a variety of bland,
 processed foods covered in plastic wrap. A cracked speaker in
 the ceiling spews an easy listening version of "Walk This
 Way" by Aerosmith.

Sitting at one of the long metal tables is Kenny, along with
 HILDA and RONETTE, two clerk typists. The women wear matching
 pant suits, except Hilda's is green with white polka-dots,
 and Ronette's is white with green polka-dots. The both have
 high, overly-sprayed and teased hair-dos. They munch at their
 white bread sandwiches and stare at Glenn, who is sitting
 alone at a corner table.

He slurps over a bowl of soup. A fluorescent light flickers
 over his head. Every now and again he looks up, warily. A
 soiled napkin is tied around his neck.

RONETTE
 He gives me the creeps.

KENNY
 Oh, come on. He doesn't seem that
 bad.

Glenn picks a small bit of unidentifiable food from his
 spoon. He sniffs at it warily, then eats it.

HILDA
 Jeepers, look at him. He reminds me
 of those disgusting bugs you see
 when you turn over a rock.

RONETTE

He never talks to anybody, and he's always leering at me when I'm at the water cooler. It's nauseating.

HILDA

He has a funny smell, too. Like burning metal mixed with old beef stew.

KENNY

Look at the bright side, he's only a temp. He's here maybe, what, ten weeks out of the year?

RONETTE

Ten weeks with Dr. Creepenstein.

Glenn picks up the bowl and starts to drink. The soup overflows off his chin and into his lap.

HILDA

A waste of good minestrone.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - THAT DAY.

Glenn sits hunched at his computer. Kenny swings around the corner.

KENNY

Hey buddy-boy.

Glenn reacts nervously again.

KENNY(CONT'D)

Mr. Doriff wants to see you in his office. I think he's got your last paycheck. Easy come, easy go, huh?

Kenny takes a breath and holds out his hand.

KENNY(CONT'D)

Well, it was nice working with you, Glenn. Maybe I'll see you around the watering hole. We can toss back a Margarita.

Glenn glares at Kenny's outstretched hand. He pauses, not knowing what to do. Finally, he holds out his own hand and shakes Kenny's. A quiet squishing noise is heard.

Kenny pauses. He pulls his hand away from Glenn's and looks into his palm.

KENNY (CONT'D)

(Sickly)

Yeah, well...so...you have a good one.

Kenny walks away, glaring at the residue on his palm. He makes a stifled choking noise as he leaves. Glenn looks down at his own hand, smells it, then puts it into his pants pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MR. DORIFF'S OFFICE.

Sitting behind the large oak desk in the spacious corner office is MR. DORIFF, the boss. He's a squat man with a severely receding hairline that he's trying, unsuccessfully, to cover with a comb-over. His stomach protrudes over his belt line and under his too-small vest. His fingers look like nubby little sausages as he fiddles with one of those "stork in a top hat that bobs up and down in the glass of water" toys. This stork, unfortunately, is stuck in the down position.

Glenn sits uncomfortably in an overstuffed chair near the desk.

MR. DORIFF

Awww, dag-nabbit. I just got this thing, too. Anniversary gift. Well, no use having a drowned stork on your desk, I always say.

He takes the toy and the glass of water and dumps them into a top drawer of the desk. He picks up a brown envelope sitting in front of him.

MR. DORIFF (CONT'D)

Mr. Glenn Smek. One updated paycheck for three weeks of account inventory services. Plus, because we're grateful for such a high level of work, we've added in all parking, gas and a quarter of the meal expenses incurred during your tenure here. Almost fifty-three dollars.

Mr. Doriff hands the envelope to Glenn. He takes it and shoves it into his breast pocket. He looks at the door, anxiously.

MR. DORIFF(CONT'D)
So, Glenn, got any plans for that money? A night on the town? A little romance? Heh, heh, heh.

Glenn fidgets nervously, then mumbles and shakes his head.

MR. DORIFF(CONT'D)
Well, I'm sure you'll find some use for it. God knows what. Nice working with you again, Glenn. We've got more account inventory coming up in a few months. I'll contact the agency when we need you.

Mr. Doriff stands and holds out his hand. Glenn stands and shakes it.

MR. DORIFF(CONT'D)
Take care, Glenn. See you in the funny papers.

Glenn shrugs and heads out the door. Mr. Doriff stands a moment, then looks into his hand. He smells his palm, then winces in disgust.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER THAT AFTERNOON.

Glenn hurries down the sidewalk with his usual clomping limp. He stops a moment and takes the envelope from his pocket. He seems mesmerized by it. Slowly, he begins to straighten his posture. He stands tall and erect. He walks over to a large store front window. He no longer limps. He stares at his reflection. He takes off his glasses, his false teeth and the greasy wig that sits atop his head. His real hair is cut short. His eyes are uncrossed. His face is calm and serene. He stares blankly into the window.

He has reverted back to his actual identity: ADAM NUNN.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - THAT EVENING.

Adam sits calmly on the living room couch. He has cleaned himself up. The pimples and pockmarks, which were actually very effective makeup, have been washed off. He wears a dark gray shirt. Black pants. Black shoes. His arms sit neatly in his lap and he stares straight ahead. He has an eerie, serene look on his face. One could easily mistake him for a department store mannequin.

Jerry enters wearing boxer shorts, a flannel shirt and the bathrobe. He carries a stuffed bear and slow dances around the room with it. He sings singing "If I Had A Hammer." He makes up his own lyrics and rhythmically farts; you know, the kind of thing you do when you think nobody is around.

JERRY

"If I had a hammer!

Fart.

JERRY(CONT'D)

I'd hammer Oprah Winfrey!

Fart.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'd hammer Bill O'Reilly!

Fart. Fart.

JERRY(CONT'D)

All over this land!"

Jerry is oblivious to Adam on the couch. Adam sits calmly, saying nothing. Jerry spins and finally sees Adam. He reacts with shock.

JERRY(CONT'D)

Whoa!!! Jesus Christ almighty on toast! Fuck!

He bends over a bit to collect himself.

JERRY(CONT'D)

(Catching his breath.)

Adam! Geez, guy, don't do that! Christ!

ADAM

Hi, Jerry.

JERRY

(Composing himself.)

Hi, Adam. So, buddy, you're back.
Welcome home. You finished up, huh?
Job's over?

ADAM

Yeah.

JERRY

Yeah.

There is a long pause.

ADAM

You painted the wall.

JERRY

Yeah, we did. You--I mean, Glenn,
you know, he spilled some chili
there, so...How he did it up there
I'll never know. I found a can of
yellow in the storage bins
downstairs. You like it?

Adam sits quietly. No expression.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(Nodding.)

Stupid question. Hey, you must be
starved. Let's have some dinner.
I'll make your favorite.

Jerry leads Adam to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

Jerry and Adam sit at the kitchen table. Jerry bites hungrily
into a fat hamburger topped with lettuce and tomatoes; the
works. Juice runs down the corners of his mouth.

Adam spoons up a bland, white pabulum from a white bowl. The
mixture looks like oatmeal and wallpaper paste. A tumbler
filled with water, no ice, sits next to the bowl.

Jerry munches on some french fries.

JERRY

How is it, okay?

Adam nods slightly, staring straight ahead. He sips from the tumbler. Jerry takes a swig from a bottle of beer.

JERRY(CONT'D)

Ahhhh! How's the water, lukewarm enough?

Adam nods again.

JERRY(CONT'D)

So, last day. You got a little something for me?

Jerry rubs his thumb and forefinger together.

Adam pulls the brown envelope from his back pocket and hands it to Jerry. He continues eating. Jerry opens the envelope.

JERRY(CONT'D)

Hey, a little something extra. That's my hard working boy.

Jerry takes a pen from his robe pocket and hands it and the check back to Adam.

JERRY(CONT'D)

Gotta endorse it, buddy.

Adam signs the check and hands it back.

JERRY(CONT'D)

You know, my pre-amp's been acting up again, I think it's time to get a new one. Surround Sound. Electro-World is running a special; no interest until the year 2020. I cut out the coupon. We're getting a little low on supplies, too; milk, bread, aftershave, I could use some new underwear. These are starting to lose their form fit. I'm dangling like a kite without a tail. You think you might be going back to work soon?

ADAM

(After a moment.)
I could go tomorrow.

JERRY

Tomorrow. Yes. Why wait? Idle hands, you know? Good. Tomorrow. That's my boy.

They both continue eating.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMP AGENCY - THE NEXT MORNING.

Adam enters the door of the TechTemp Temporary Help Agency, a small brick building on a busy street corner.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMP AGENCY.

The agency is a wide, somewhat rundown room with blue carpeting and various desks with people, busy at their computers, sitting behind them.

Adam stands by a bulletin board filled with note cards near the front door. He wears a long, black coat over his gray and black clothes. He stands, staring at the board as people mill about and pass by him. They walk without looking at him, as if he weren't really there.

Adam closes his eyes and reaches out to the board. He grabs one of the note cards and pulls it off. He takes a breath, opens his eyes and looks down at the card. It reads: POSITION TO FILL - MECHANICAL ENGINEER. Adam stuffs the card in his pocket and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - THAT DAY.

Adam gets off the freight elevator and steps to the front door of his apartment. He unlocks the door and steps in.

He walks into the apartment past Jerry, who is sitting on the couch reading the sale catalog from a vibrating lounge chair company and talking on the phone. The Shopping Channel is on the TV. Jerry is in his usual robe and underwear.

JERRY

(Into phone.)

No ...No way. No, the Dodgers are a lock, believe me. Cincinnati? Come on, pinch yourself, Cincinnati's a bust. They couldn't get a hit if they paid off the Pope. So, give me the Dodgers by two, Kansas City, Detroit, Atlanta and Seattle by a run, everything else even money.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
(To Adam.) Hey, buddy. Hitting the
books, huh?

Adam nods and starts toward a wall at the far corner of the apartment. He slides a small table out of the way and sticks a key into a hole in the wall. He grabs an edge of the wall and pulls. It is actually a well-hidden sliding door.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(Back into phone.))
Okay, down to brass tacks, here.
Who do you like in the Bob Hope
Desert Classic?

Adam slides open the huge door, steps through and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GREAT READING ROOM.

The room is a bit awe inspiring. It is large, with high ceilings and massive wooden beams. Shafts of dusty light stream through the tall windows on the far wall.

The room is filled with row upon row of makeshift bookshelves. Some go almost to the ceiling. They are made from wood, cement blocks, milk crates, old doors, and even empty refrigerators. The shelves are packed with an enormous array of books. Post-it notes with perfectly hand written labels are everywhere: BOTANY, ARCHITECTURE, 20TH CENTURY ART HISTORY, GRAPHICS, INTERNAL MEDICINE, CARPENTRY, BIOFEEDBACK THEORY, VETERINARY MEDICINE, the labels go on and on and on. The room would put any public library to shame.

Adam stands in the middle of the room and looks around, calmly. He goes through the maze of shelves to a row at the far corner.

He steps up a small step ladder to a row above his head. He stares at the label: MECHANICAL ENGINEERING. He grabs a stack of books from the shelves and takes them over to an old wooden drafting table that sits in an open area at the opposite corner of the room. He puts the stack on the table and makes himself comfortable on a nearby stool. He takes the top book from the stack and turns to page one. He begins scanning quickly down the page with his finger. He quickly flips to the next page. He scans and flips faster and faster through the book.

The images on the pages fly by. Old photos and drawings of gears, axles and flywheels.

Sections on structural integrity, tensile strength of material and metallurgy. The pages flip by faster and faster.

Adam's eyes dart back and forth like fireflies. Adam finishes the last book. He closes it and sets it on the stack with the rest. He has a strange, satiated look, as if he's just finished a huge meal. He takes the last book off the stack and looks at the front cover: ADVANCED THEORY OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING. On the bottom it reads: BY ENNIS FAYCHECK. He turns to the inside cover and sees a picture of the author. The book is quite old, and the picture must have been taken at the early part of the century.

The man in the photo has round, thick glasses, a tight, neatly trimmed mustache, and hair that is cropped short on the sides, but rises high like a shock of wheat off the top of his head. He wears a tweed suit and bow tie.

Adam stares at the photo intently. His glazed eyes never blink.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMP AGENCY - THE NEXT MORNING.

Sitting at a desk is MRS. EDNA PUBKEY, job placement representative. She is a plump, sweet woman in her fifties with spangled earrings and too much lipstick.

MRS. PUBKEY

Well, all your qualifications seem to be in order. I'd say you were the perfect man for the job. We're so happy to have you on board Mr. Faycheck.

We see Adam. He is the spitting image of Ennis Faycheck, right down to the hair and the bow tie. His head jerks a little, like a chicken. His voice is nasal and choppy. He has assumed the personality of Ennis Faycheck.

ADAM

Well I can't tell you how doggone happy I am to be here, Mrs. Pubkey. Yes-siree Bob.

She hands him some papers.

MRS. PUBKEY

Well, here are the directions to Drakenmiller & Boyd, the firm you'll be assisting, your contact when you get there, and your time cards for the job duration. Two weeks. Congratulations.

She shakes his hand.

ADAM

Okey-doke and thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING FIRM.

Adam/Faycheck sits at a drafting table going over a series of mechanical blueprints. He talks and confers with other engineers. They all have white shirts, black ties, glasses and pocket protectors.

ADAM

Now the tensile strength of these cross girders is going to reach maximum load before we hit ninety-five thousand DPU. I would recommend doing a three-quarter side buffer to handle the load stresses out at the leaf ends. But that's just my opinion.

The other engineers nod in agreement. One of the ENGINEERS raises his hand.

ENGINEER

(Jokingly.)

Hey, we could just alleviate the surface stresses with a conjunction joint.

They all laugh hard.

ADAM

Hah! You wish!

Engineer humor. Go figure.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING.

Adam/Faycheck is in the kitchen, wearing an apron. He flips pancakes in a skillet.

Sitting at the table is Jerry, who is gorging on a pile of the cakes. He flashes Adam the thumbs up sign, Adam returns it.

JERRY

A-one flapjacks, Ennis! Manna from heaven.

ADAM

That's Aunt Gert's family recipe. Enough blueberries for you?

JERRY

(With a mouthful.)
Mmmm! Perfect!

ADAM

Leave room, compadre. I got bacon and smokey links comin' right up.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING FIRM - THAT DAY.

Adam/Faycheck is walking through a foundry wearing a hard hat and safety goggles. He points to a cauldron of hot metal as he speaks to another engineer. The conversation is blurred by the pounding and whirring of machinery.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - THAT EVENING.

Adam/Faycheck hands his paycheck over to Jerry. Jerry smiles, hands Adam a beer, toasts him and pats him on the back.

JERRY

Congratulations on a job well done, my friend.

ADAM

Well, "you have to do a job right, or not at all"--J. Paul Getty.

JERRY

Inspiring. What's for dinner?

ADAM
Pork chops?

JERRY
Fabulous. Get to it, my man.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMP AGENCY - TWO WEEKS LATER.

Adam, as himself, stands at the bulletin board of the temp agency. He glances over and sees Mrs. Pubkey talking with a young woman Adam has never seen before; PATRICE TILLMAN. She is thin, with large, dark eyes hidden behind cats-eye glasses. Her face is clean and pretty. Her neck, long and elegant. She has light wavy hair to her shoulders and a pleasant smile. She speaks with Mrs. Pubkey in a very animated way.

Adam is transfixed by her. He can't remove his gaze.

Without warning, she turns and looks him straight in the eye from across the room. They stare at one another a moment. Adam suddenly breaks the gaze and quickly grabs a note card from the bulletin board and runs outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE TEMP AGENCY.

Adam stops on sidewalk, confused. He steps over to the window of the temp agency and looks for Patrice.

He sees her at the far end of the room, being trained on a computer by Mrs. Pubkey. Adam turns away and looks at the card in his hand: POSITION TO FILL - VIDEO EDITOR.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO PRODUCTION COMPANY.

Adam is now working as a video editor. He sits at a console that is filled with computer controls and video/audio monitoring switches. His hair is in a long, blond ponytail and he wears a goatee.

A high strung, reporter-type WOMAN points to a huge monitor screen built into the wall as he turns a number of dials and switches.

WOMAN

I think we should cut to the close-up of the car burning after I ask the five year old how he felt about his Dad getting run over. What do you think, Dexter?

ADAM

(In a subdued, Californian accent.)

Cool. I'll just lay a dissolve at either end to soften the transition. Give it more emotional pull.

There is a pause. The two smile, point at one another and at the same time say...

BOTH

Split edit.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT.

Adam as the video editor hooking up a big screen TV in the apartment. Jerry looks on, happily aiming the remote.

ADAM

Okay, dude, the co-ax is in the flow. How's it look?

JERRY

Yes! CNN, TNT, HBO!...Hey, where's the Kick Boxing Channel?

CUT TO:

INT. TECHTEMP AGENCY.

Adam pulls another card from the board: POSITION TO FILL - ELECTRICIAN.

CUT TO:

INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK UTILITY BUILDING.

Adam is now an electrician. He has an untrimmed mustache and his face looks fat and jowly. The crack of his butt can be seen above his sagging blue jeans. He wears a tool belt and is pulling a wad of wires from a utility box.

Another out-of-shape ELECTRICIAN sits on the floor eating a sandwich.

ELECTRICIAN

So I go, "Where are you goin'?" And she goes, "I'm goin" out." So I go. "Goin' where?" And she goes, "None of your business." And I go, "The hell it ain't." So she goes, "I'm goin' to a go-go with Goldie." So I go, "The hell with ya'." She goes, "Fine." So I go, "Fine."

ADAM

Women...typical.

Adam checks an array of circuit boards with a diagnostic gauge. He belches and scratches his butt. He pulls a screwdriver from his crack and makes some adjustments to the circuits. The lights of the building flash off and on. A siren goes off.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ooops! Overtime!

The two men laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT.

Adam as the electrician is chugging beer, eating chips and watching a baseball game on the couch with Jerry. They both cheer and high five each other, spilling a bowl of peanuts.

JERRY

Out of the park, baby!

ADAM

Ring-a-ding-dinger! That thing is in the parking lot!

Adam rips an astoundingly loud fart.

ADAM(CONT'D)

(Laughing.)

Whoa! There's a Brazillian mud-flapper!

They both laugh hysterically.

CUT TO:

INT. TECHTEMP AGENCY.

Adam pulls another card from the board: POSITION TO FILL -
PRODUCE MANAGER.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE PRODUCE DEPARTMENT.

Adam is now a Produce Manager. He looks forty years older. He has a receding hairline which is slicked back and gray. Dark bags are under his eyes. Wrinkles are pronounced on his forehead. His nose is round, almost bulbous. He sports reading glasses and a gray mustache. He wears a white apron and speaks with an OLDER WOMAN customer in a thick, Jewish accent.

OLDER WOMAN

Excuse me, but these bananas look funny. Kind of stumpy. Are they diseased?

ADAM

No, no, no. These aren't bananas. They're plantains.

OLDER WOMAN

What?

ADAM

Plantains. Just like a banana, only stumpy. They're delicious.

OLD WOMAN

But My Edgar is very fussy.

ADAM

Just slice 'em up on his bran flakes, he'll never know the difference. Sweet and tasty.

OLD WOMAN

I don't know...

ADAM

Look, get the plantains and I'll throw in a pound of seedless grapes.

He hands her a bunch of grapes. She looks a bit distressed as they squish in her fingers.

ADAM(CONT'D)

So they're a little over-ripe. You can eat 'em on the way home.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT.

Adam as the Produce Manager stands in the kitchen, stirring his coffee.

ADAM

So they're called Star Fruit. The damndest things. They're a fruit. But you slice them, and they look like a star. Hand to God.

Adam sits at the table next to Jerry, who is staring into a bowl of stewed prunes. Jerry looks up at Adam, uncomfortably.

ADAM(CONT'D)

What? Eat your prunes. You want colon trouble? God forbid you should have to go through a rectal exploratory. I could tell you stories about my cousin Sid that would curl your nose-hair.

Jerry shakes his head, slightly, and sips his coffee.

ADAM(CONT'D)

What? Is there something in my teeth? What?

CUT TO:

INT. TECHTEMP AGENCY.

Adam pulls another card from the board: POSITION TO FILL - MEN'S WEAR SALESMAN

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE.

Adam is now a paunchy, clothing salesman with a gold pinkie ring, slick black hair, a pencil-thin mustache and a "Wise-Guy" accent. He stands by a thin, wiry MAN who is trying on a suit in front of a three-way mirror. The suit is a hideous checkered pattern with wide lapels and suede elbow patches.

The sleeves are incredibly long, and the pants, incredibly short.

MAN

Hmmm. I don't know...

ADAM

What, you don't like it? You look like a million fucking bucks. You remind me Dean Martin in his Vegas hey-day, God rest his soul.

MAN

The sleeves seem a bit long.

ADAM

That's the style today. Baggy in the sleeve. Very chic, very hot, very today. It's what they're wearing on the runways in Milan. Bella. Bellissima. I just saw it on the Today Show. It's gonna be big, very big.

MAN

What about the pants?

ADAM

What about 'em?

MAN

They seem a little ...high.

ADAM

What, you're ashamed of your shoes? You don't like your fucking socks? Got some deep seeded resentment of your ankles for Christ's sake?

MAN

No.

ADAM

Let me tell you something; gorgeous extremities like that shouldn't be kept under wraps, believe me. And between you, me and the walls, the ladies get one look at that and it's badda-bing badda-boom! If you get my drift.

Adam makes a semi-obscene gesture with his fist and forearm. The man is becoming persuaded and starts to look into the mirror like a fashion model on a runway.

ADAM(CONT'D)
Beautiful pattern, too. Really
brings out the shimmer in your
eyes. Magnifico.

MAN
Really?

ADAM
Molto magnifico. I guarantee it.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT.

Adam as the clothing salesman stands in the living room, straightening his tie, getting ready for work. Jerry stands next to Adam in a suit of his own; black double-breasted with pinstripes and a silk tie. Jerry's outfit is incomplete, however, as he wears no pants; just the boxer shorts and slippers. He glances over at Adam.

ADAM
What are you lookin' at?

JERRY
What?

ADAM
You lookin' at me?

JERRY
No.

ADAM
I think you're lookin' at me.

JERRY
I ain't lookin' at you.

ADAM
You fuckin' lookin' at me?

JERRY
What'd I just say? I'm not lookin'
at you.

ADAM
Did I say you could look at me?

JERRY
You didn't say nothin'.

ADAM

Then don't you fuckin' look at me!

JERRY

What do you want me to do? I just said I wasn't lookin' at you! So I wasn't lookin' at you!

Adam smiles and pinches Jerry's cheek.

ADAM

(In Italian.)

"Mi piace molto il paesaggio."

Adam laughs and heads out the door, shutting it behind him. Jerry stands, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. TECHTEMP AGENCY.

Adam pulls another card from the board: POSITION TO FILL - DANCE INSTRUCTOR.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE STUDIO.

Adam is now a dance instructor. He has a jet black pompadour, long sideburns and an ear ring. His skin is smooth and swarthy. He wears a black shirt and tight black stretch pants. He teaches a rumba step to a group of senior citizens. The woman leer at him with elderly lust.

ADAM

(In a strange, quasi-Spanish accent.)

And-a step-side, one, two, three.
Step back, one, two three. Shuffle,
shuffle, back, back, back. Keep
those bony knees together, Mrs.
Armbrewster. And kick, and kick,
and shake the goods, now. Shake the
goods!

They all start wiggling their butts as they turn in circles.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT.

Adam as the dance instructor is teaching Jerry the rumba in the living room. Jerry wears his robe and smokes a cigarette.

ADAM

And-a one, two...

JERRY

...side, side , side.

ADAM

And-a three, four...

JERRY

...back, back, back. Oh yeah! I am on FIRE!

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT.

Jerry and Adam, now himself, sit at the kitchen table. Jerry is digging into a plate of spaghetti as he glances at a newspaper. Adam has his usual wheat mush and lukewarm water.

Jerry holds out his hand, Adam hands Jerry his paycheck. They eat quietly for a moment.

JERRY

I'm thinking of singing lessons.
What do you think?

Adam keeps eating.

JERRY(CONT'D)

Huh? Because I've never really explored my voice, you know? I think I should. There's a lot of untapped potential there. And they're really not that expensive.

(Reading.)

Oooh, look. A fire sale at Ed's Furniture Corral.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TEMP AGENCY - THE NEXT DAY.

Adam stands before the job board. His eyes are transfixed on the cards.

Out of the blue steps Patrice, right into Adam's field of view. She stands close, between him and the board. She speaks quickly and nervously.

PATRICE

Hi! Are you a staffer with us? I'm new in the Personnel Placement Division. Well, actually, I was just hired on for the summer rush. I'm really from another agency. I'm a temp at a temp, isn't that too much? Well, anyhow, I've been trying to get acquainted with all of the staffers I run into. I like to put faces to the names. Makes it more personal, don't you think?

Adam is transfixed in fear and unfamiliar desire.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

I think so. I can't stand those cold, sterile environments where everyone is just a statistic. A number on an ID card. I mean, we're all human beings, for crumb's sake, why try and cover all that up with numbers and forms and computer data and what not. It's like 1984 all over again. Oh, listen to me go on and on. You gotta hit me upside the head with a brick just to get a word in edgewise. My name's Patrice, Patrice Tillman. And you are?

Adam shakes her hand, still dumbfounded.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Your name?

ADAM

Oh, Adam.

PATRICE

Adam.

ADAM

Adam Nunn.

PATRICE

"Nunn" like N-U-N-N, I take it. Not N-O-N-E. Cause if it was N-O-N-E you wouldn't be here.

(MORE)

PATRICE (CONT'D)
You'd be like "not." A nonperson.
Like Mr. Nowhere, right?

She laughs, nervously.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Sorry, I'm babbling. I get a little
racy at the mouth, sometimes. Just
pop me one if it gets annoying.

ADAM
(After a pause.)
N-U-N-N, right.

PATRICE
Oh. Okay, good. So...

They both stand for an uncomfortably long moment. Adam fidgets. Patrice clears her throat. Adam looks around the room. Patrice laughs a little. Finally, Adam hastily grabs a card from the board and runs outside. Patrice stands alone, befuddled.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN THE SIDEWALK.

Adam runs down the sidewalk, the card clenched in his fist. He slows down, then stops. He catches his breath. He slowly loosens his grip on the card and looks at it. It reads:
POSITION TO FILL: FOLK SINGER.

CUT TO: