


A DATE WITH COSMO LAMB



A closeted 1950's movie star gets set up on a *promotional studio date* with a star-struck, devoted fan. Cosmo & Candy meet three times over the course of the next decade (1958, 1963, & 1968) and we follow along as their lives change with the times. An honest look at the pressure the world places on us, the pressure we place on ourselves, and the often bizarre ways these pressures explode into the world with puffs of deranged behavior and excess. “A Date With Cosmo Lamb” takes a peek behind the curtain of the “picture” business during one of its most dramatic periods of change.

WHO WILL BE THE LUCKY FAN?

You know him. You love him.
Now you can date him! For the
price of a single postage stamp you
- **YES YOU!!!** - could win a date
with Studio Dalton's own **COSMO
LAMB**. You could be **the one** out of
thousands of screaming fans to be
flown out to **HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA**, all expenses paid,
to meet the man of your dreams.
Shop for his new 45" single!!!
Escort him to the premier of —

1958: Cosmo Lamb is on the cusp of becoming a huge movie star. Candy lives with her lousy folks on a run down farm in Ohio. Their **FIRST DATE** takes them from the Malte Shoppe all the way to a celebrity filled Hollywood bar. Shot in the style of a light, 1950's Black & White Romantic Comedy (GIDGET, ROMAN HOLIDAY,) the first date sets up the duality of what happens onscreen and what happens behind the scenes. We watch both characters interact with the illusion and the reality in different ways.



COSMO: OK, OK.
You're right, you're
right. This is good. But
no radio, OK? I still
can't stand the sound of
that name. What is a
Cosmo Lamb?

CANDY: I don't lie. The only lie I ever
told was on the entry form. And letting
people say I was eighteen and not
correcting them, I guess. But. Is that
lying? Not correcting people?

COSMO: If you can't wrap your head around the fact that things happen in between the shots they cut together and polish and fill with perfect music and perfect takes, then this town's really not for you. You're sharp and gorgeous and way too old for your years. For a second there I almost thought the picture business would be a perfect fit. But what you want isn't what you want, see? You want to live in one of your favorite flicks.

COSMO: You still keep up with my press?
I thought maybe after. You know. After the
first date. That you wouldn't.



CANDY: You're a
habit of mine, Cosmo.

BEACH BOMB!!

Cosmo Lamb flops face first
in the foam! His recent
picture - “High Five, Hang
Ten” failed to move even the
most devoted fan from their
sofa's down to the beach.
With only his chiller “Sweet
Kill” on the horizon, could
the sun be setting on
everyone's favorite golden
haired boy? Turn to page —

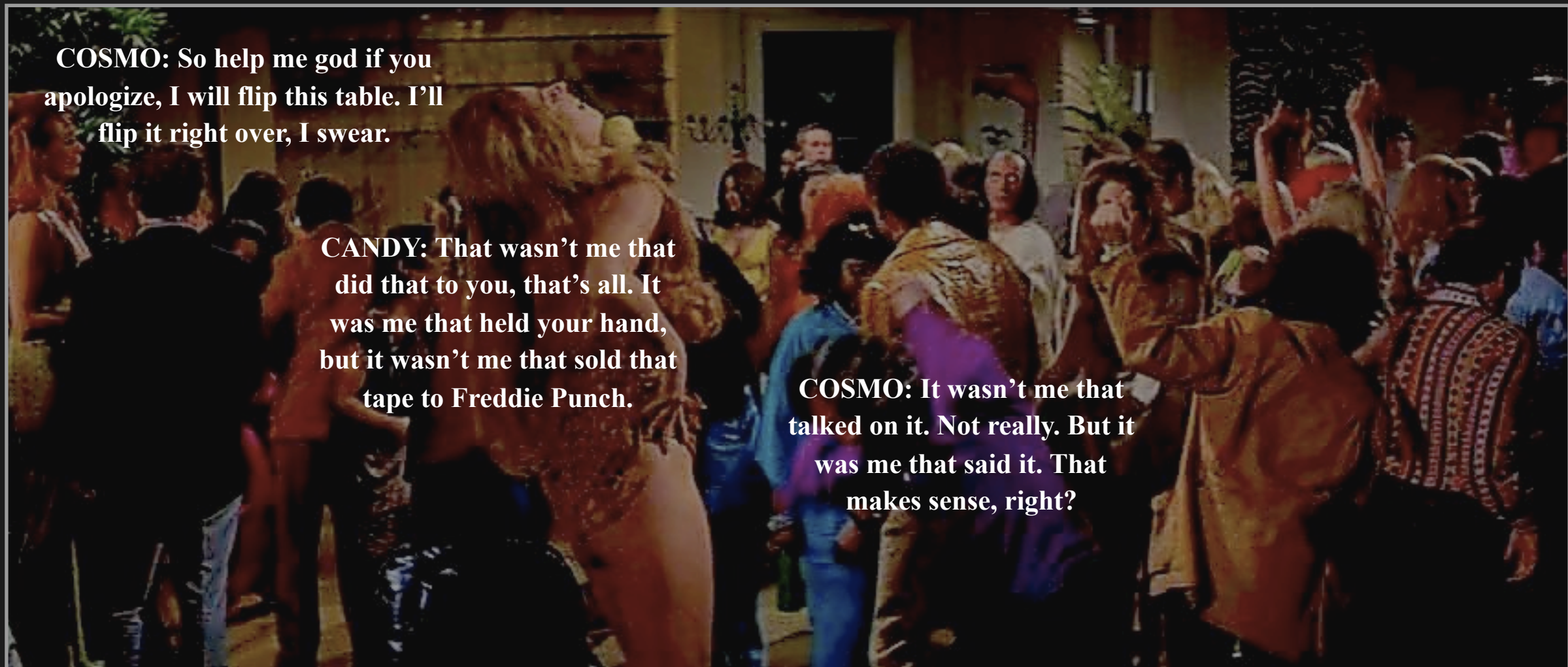
CANDY: Look at you, being king of the hill.

COSMO: I'm really, really famous.

CANDY: And you've got your very own scandal to prove it.

1963: As scandal nips at Cosmo's heels the studio sets up a
SECOND DATE to provide some much needed damage control.
Candy has been MIA since '58 - the date provides the perfect relief
from her own, private scandal. Shot in the style of an early 60's Romp
(BEACH PARTY, FUN IN ACAPULCO,) the second date explores how
the changes in the world are reflected in the lives of our two main
characters. The culture seems to be more free. But is it?





COSMO: So help me god if you apologize, I will flip this table. I'll flip it right over, I swear.

CANDY: That wasn't me that did that to you, that's all. It was me that held your hand, but it wasn't me that sold that tape to Freddie Punch.

COSMO: It wasn't me that talked on it. Not really. But it was me that said it. That makes sense, right?

ONCE A REPORTER, TWICE A PERVERT.

This reporter freaked out. And loved every second of it. You can blame that on a one **Mister Cosmo Lamb**, whose smile would turn anyone into an explorer of unknown delights. All he had to do was open the door and —

CANDY: It felt awful. How else would it feel? He was a crummy fella. At the time I thought he was the crummiest. He wasn't. They never are. That's the thing, Cosmo. There's always something worse down the road. Unless you choose where the road goes, it just gets worse and worse and worse.

COSMO: That's not true. For ten years now you've been down my road somewhere.

1968: No studios. No press. Just two people, adrift in a completely changed world for their **THIRD DATE**, to be shot in the style of a late 60's freak out flick (THE TRIP, HEAD.) The illusions are gone. What's left is...well. You'll have to read the script to find out.