

- Pete's Big Break -

By: Argo

Pete went through the glass doors into the modern chrome and glass lobby of the Rayburn Building. He looked around for the building directory and spotted it immediately. It was the usual affair of thin horizontal slats covered in black felt with little white plastic letters that spelled out the names and room numbers of the various offices located in the building. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the flyer that he'd found in the locker room at the gym and looked at it again. It read:

OPEN CASTING CALL!

ShootingStar Studios is looking for handsome men for roles in its new movie "Big Brother."

2:00 - 4:00 PM May 29, 2004

ShootingStar Studios, Rayburn Building
Los Angeles, CA

- Please have photographs and resume ready when signing in -

Then he looked back up to the directory and ran his finger down the glass. there it was, Suite 3705. Pete folded the flyer back up, put it in his jacket pocket, and walked over to the elevator bank. He pushed the up button and waited for the next car. In just a minute the doors slid open and he stepped inside. It was one of those sleek, modern jobbies with polished yellow metal walls that gave back your reflection. He pressed the button for the thirty-seventh floor, the doors closed, and the car started up. Pete was alone in the elevator and he took a moment to check himself; six feet tall, 165 pounds, broad shoulders, deep chest, narrow hips and flat belly, piercing green eyes, and carefully touselled black hair. Pete was a looker and he knew it. He struck a pose, flashed a quick, brilliant smile which showed his white even teeth, and winked one eye slowly for effect.

The elevator stopped with a barely perceptible bump and the doors slid noiselessly open to reveal the plush reception area for ShootingStar Studios. Pete thought to himself "Damn. This place must be minting money." as he walked over to the receptionist's desk. She was wearing one of those new, sleek,

ergonomic telephone headsets and was working the switchboard. "ShootingStar Studios. How may I direct your call?" She was busy, but Pete didn't want to be late. He put on a questioning look and held up the flyer. The receptionist mouthed "second door on the left." and pointed with her chin. Pete nodded his thanks and walked down the hall.

Standing in front of the double doors the receptionist had indicated, Pete took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. He muttered to himself "It's now or never, dude." and pushed open the door and walked in. The room was filled with incredibly good looking guys. He walked up to the attendant's desk and she asked in a bored voice, "Name, age?"

"Pete Singer, 22." he answered.

She turned to her new Dell PC with a flat panel monitor and typed his name and age into cells in an Excel spreadsheet. Turning back to Pete, and in that same bored voice, she asked for his photographs and resume. Pete handed them over and she pressed a button on her keyboard and a printer kicked out a label with his name, age, the date, and the number 63 on it. she placed the label on the envelope with his photographs and resume and handed him a plastic disc that read "63." Pete was impressed. He'd been in places where you're had to put your own name in the book much less have an attendant with a fancy PC and a printer.

"Please find a seat and wait until your number's called. Then go through the wooden doors and they'll tell you what to do." she said.

Pete looked around and saw an empty seat between a young guy with long blond hair and a biker-looking, older man with a shaven head and a goatee who was clad entirely in black leather. He walked over and sat down between them. He nodded to both, they acknowledged his greeting but neither spoke.

The waiting was the hard part. Pete's crummy agent, Sammy, had sent him on many auditions, but Pete had yet to be chosen for any parts. He always seemed to get there just a few minutes too late and the part had already been cast. Pete needed some exposure if he was going to make it in the porno movie business and he hoped that this audition was "The One." He knew that it was hard work being a porno actor. Pete had managed to get a small part as an extra in a group sex scene once and he had loved being naked with all those handsome guys under the hot lights. He knew that was what he wanted. Pickings since then had been slim, though. That damned Sammy just wasn't doing the job that Pete paid him to do.

The wooden doors opened and a stunningly handsome man sauntered out. He looked around to see if there was anyone that he knew, nodded to one or two and left. Another name was called and a man across the room stood up

and went through the wooden doors. Shortly he came back out of the wooden doors and left the room. This went on for some time. As they came out of the room each man had that flushed look about him, as though they'd just shot their wads. "Bet they had to whack off in there as part of the audition." Pete thought to himself and the thought of stripping in front of total strangers and masturbating for them gave him the beginnings of a hardon. "Well, might as well get used to it."

Pete kept looking at his watch and the hands crept slowly closer to four PM. He didn't know if they'd extend the casting call past four; there were still several guys left who had come in after he did. But finally the doors opened they called his name. Pete stood up and walked to the doors and entered the room. Wow. There was a long glass wall along one side of the room through which he could see the city stretching to the horizon and at the other end there was a table with three men sitting behind it. A fourth man was positioned on one wall and he was operating an expensive-looking video camera on a tripod. Pete assumed the men at the table were the casting director and the director and he recognized the third man; he was one of the top male porno stars in the business. Pete figured that he was going to be the lead in the movie they were casting. Pete walked to within a few feet of the table and waited expectantly.

The director introduced himself and the other men at the table and said "Hello Pete. I'm sorry you were kept waiting so long, but we had a lot of applicants to audition and we have to choose the best one. As you can tell, we're videotaping the auditions today. The eye can be fooled as to what looks good, but it's what looks good to the camera that counts. Have a seat and tell us a little bit about yourself."

Pete sat in the chair and leaned forward in an engaging manner. He told them about growing up in the South, about school, and the sports he'd played, and about his decision to move to California. They asked about his film work. He opened his palms and held them out and looked at them and said "Okay, the truth, I've only been in one film but I really want to get into this line of work. I think I have what it takes to make it."

"Well Pete." the director said "you are certainly handsome enough to make it in films. But it can get rough at times. Who's your agent?"

"Sammy Shultz." Pete answered.

"Sammy Shultz! Well I've heard that name before. Is he's still around?"

"Seems he is." Pete answered.

"Well, now that we've broken the ice let's move on." said the director. "It's a porno flick we're doing and that means a lot of nudity. You don't have a problem with that do you?"

"No sir." answered Pete.

"Tell me about what you did in that film that you were in, Pete." said the director.

"It was a small part in a group sex scene. I spent most of the time on my knees sucking cock. I did have one closeup, though. I was supposed to look adoringly up at the guy's face as I took his dick into my mouth."

"Do you like sucking cock, Pete?" the director asked.

"Oh yes." he answered and smiled. Pete wondered if he was going to have to suck one now to demonstrate his skills. He'd heard all about the Hollywood casting couch. Well, all three of the men behind the table were pretty fine and he wouldn't have had a problem blowing any or even all of them. If that's what it took, Pete was ready.

"Pete, I'd like you to stand up and take off your clothes for us so we can see what you look like."

He stood up and removed his jacket and laid it on the chair. Starting at the top, he began to unbutton his shirt. He pulled it out from the waistband of his pants and placed it behind him on the chair with his coat. He bent down and lifted up one foot and removed his shoe and sock and then repeated the movement with the other foot. Standing up straight, Pete unhooked his belt, opened the button on his jeans and pushed down the zipper. Taking the waistband in his hands he pushed them down and then stepped out of them. Pete stood there in his jockeys for a moment waiting for further instructions. The men at the table looked at him appreciatively and took in his smooth chest and muscled shoulders. The casting director asked him to turn around and they checked out his ass. Waiting for just a moment, Pete turned back around and faced the three men.

"Pete," said the star of the movie "you look pretty good so far. Show us the rest." Pete hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his tighty-whities and pulled them down and off and stood back up. His large uncircumcised penis hung well below the sac of his balls, the generous foreskin quite prominent. The three men at the table looked at his equipment and then looked at each other.

"Pete," the director began, "we have a small problem. Jan here," and he motioned to the big star "is circumcised but you're not." and he gestured at Pete's penis. "We're casting the part of Jan's brother today. No one would believe that

one brother was circumcised and the other was not. I'm very sorry. You really have the look we wanted."

The disappointment of yet another rejection was obvious in Pete's face. Resignedly he began to get dressed. It wasn't Pete's fault that he was uncircumcised, Pete had been born six weeks premature and the doctor told his mother and father that he was just too frail to undergo the operation. "They'd do it later." his father had said, but later never came. There had been occasions in school where Pete was made aware of the difference between his penis and the circumcised penises of the other boys in gym class and at the pool but it had not made much of a difference to Pete until this moment and his shame was palpable.

There was muted discussion at the table among the three men but Pete was now intent on just getting dressed and getting the hell out of there. Maybe this whole porno thing just wasn't going to work out. Maybe he should just go back to Virginia.

"Pete," the director began again. Pete was in the process of buttoning up his jeans and he looked up at the director. "I know you're disappointed with our decision but we have a job to do and I'm sure you can appreciate that. Just because you're not right for this part doesn't mean we can't use you in another picture so don't be too discouraged. Tell you what I can do though; I have a friend who's casting another picture who just might be able to use you. I have to warn you that it's not a real big budget project, though. Think you can handle that?"

"I'm willing to try anything sir, I just can't seem to get noticed." said Pete. "I'll do whatever it takes to get a part."

"Well, let me write down his address for you." He took up a pen and scribbled something on a pad and held the slip of paper out to Pete. Finished dressing now, Pete took it and thanked the director. He nodded to the other men at the table and turned around and left the room closing the door behind him.

After Pete closed the door, the casting director said "You're not going to hook him up with Santos are you? Isn't he the one that got the contract from that chat group on Yahoo, 'CircStories' or something like that? They're really gonna pay money to have a film made while somebody gets his dick circumcised and then stream it from a web site? He's a nice acting kid, he won't get hurt will he?"

"No, I don't think so. But he did say he'd be willing to do anything to get a part." And the director added ominously, "If he gets this part, he's going to get noticed, all right."

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"I've got a lead, about fucking time!" Pete walked on down the hallway and out the door of ShootingStar Studios offices. Once outside the building Pete looked at the address again. It wasn't really far and he began walking. Within a few moments he was out of the high rent district. A few moments more and he was at the address the director had written down for him. He went into the building, found the room, and knocked on the door. A good looking man answered, looked Pete up and down appraisingly, and asked "Who the fuck are you?"

"I'm Pete Singer. ShootingStar Studios sent me over."

"Oh yeah, they called me. I've been expecting you, come on in. I'm Nick Santos," said the man and he held the door open for Pete to walk in.

Pete entered the room and looked around. It wasn't much to speak of; a far cry from the plush set-up he'd seen at ShootingStar.

"Let's cut right to the chase." said Santos. "We're doing a fuck flick about S&M, devil worship, sacrifices; that sort of stuff. I hear you got a big uncut dick and that's what we're looking for."

"What does my being 'uncut' have to do with it?" asked Pete.

"Well," answered Santos. "There's this scene where these devil worshippers in black hooded cloaks chain this uncut guy to the wall and circumcise him. Some sort of ritual thing; that kind of stuff. You interested?"

"I guess I'm supposed to be the guy chained to the wall, huh?"

"That's the general idea. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"I think I can handle it. I mean, it's just a film right?"

"That's right. You look pretty good with your clothes on, but I need to see some skin."

Pete definitely had the feeling of Deja Vu. He'd already taken off his clothes for strangers once today but he guessed he could do it again. As before, he took off his jacket and then his shirt. He laid the two articles of clothing on a convenient chair, took off his shoes and socks, and slipped out of his jeans. This time he didn't wait for instructions, pulled down his jockeys, and stood there naked in front of Nick. Nick sat down and on the couch and crooked his finger for Pete to come closer.

Pete walked over to where Nick sat and stood there with his uncircumcised cock dangling right in front of Nick's face. Santos said "Damn. You have a fine, fine dick. Skin it back for me."

Pete reached down with his right hand and eased his foreskin back to expose the glans. It rolled back quite easily and bunched up just past the ridge of the corona. Pete could feel himself getting hard and his cock began to fill with blood. The head quickly became engorged and swelled and his cock grew considerably in size until it was standing straight out in front of him.

Nick's breathing became heavier and he reached out his hand and took Pete's cock. "Let me try that." he said and he rolled the foreskin forward over the glans and then retracted it once more. He was definitely excited. Santos sat back on the couch and undid his belt and trousers and his own circumcised cock sprang forward. He pointed to his crotch with both thumbs.

Pete got the message, this time he was being called upon to demonstrate his skills. He dropped down to his knees and leaned forward and took Santos' cock in his hand and started to lick the sensitive spot where the frenulum had once been located. From there he took Santos' cock into his mouth and went to work.

It didn't take Pete long to get Nick to the point of no return. When he sensed that Nick was just about to shoot, he swallowed him down to the root and received volley after volley down his throat. When Santos was finished Pete let him go and leaned back on his heels, his own cock still throbbing. He had turned in a virtuoso performance. "Do I get the part?" he asked in a husky voice.

"You're hired." panted Santos as he started to do up his clothes.

Once dressed, Nick became business-like again. "Ok kid," he said, "we're gonna have to get you to sign a contract. Who's your agent?"

"My agent," Pete began, "is a worthless piece of shit named Sammy Shultz. He didn't get me this audition, so I'm cutting him out."

"I hate to be the one to burst your bubble, but it doesn't work that way. If you have a contract with an agent, he gets ten percent until you fire him. And if you hadn't fired him before you walked into this room, then he's still your agent. Both of you meet me here tomorrow at two o'clock. Rehearsals start Monday. Now beat it out of here, I've got some work to do."

Pete got dressed and hightailed it out of there. "Goddamn! I have a part!"

The appointment to sign the contract came and went. Pete wasn't happy about it because Sammy Schultz was getting his ten per cent of the figure that

Santo's had named. Pete figured that he would just have to eat it this time and chalk it up to experience, but after this picture Shultz was history.

The important thing now was to be ready for the first rehearsal. Pete hit the gym and did crunches until his abs fairly ached. He alternated with presses on a Nautilus machine to pump up his pecs and arms. The new look in pubic hair was "less is more" and Pete trimmed himself down considerably.

On Monday morning, Pete woke up early. This was the day he had been anticipating for a long, long time. He had a light breakfast, showered and dressed and was at the rented studio before anyone else arrived. Two or three at a time the other actors showed up. When Santos finally made it, he called them all together and went over the ground rules.

"Okay you guys, this is the deal. We're gonna shoot a sacrifice scene, real gothic stuff. The way it's gonna work is for Pete here to be chained naked to the wall. The rest of you guys are going to file in wearing long black hooded robes and form a circle around Pete and then drop your robes. Underneath the robes you're naked. Then the high priest, that's me, is going to approach Pete and paint a pentagram on his naked chest. Then all of you will drop your robes, start to chant "Cut him, cut him." Then I'm going to take out a surgical instrument called a Gomco clamp and put it on Pete's dick. You'll all be playing with yourselves to get hard and then beat off while I act like I'm circumcising Pete. Now obviously, Pete here is going to have to act like he's in pain and is going to convincingly writhe around while it looks like I'm slicing off his foreskin with a scalpel. As I'm working him, the chanting and the rhythm of your strokes will increase in intensity until his foreskin is cut off and you all shoot. Any questions?"

One guy said, "Pete, I guess that means you're uncut."

Santo said "You'll soon see it for yourself. Now let's do a dry run."

Pete backed up to the blank wall where there were two manacles spaced out about six feet apart and Santos opened them and fastened them around Pete's wrists. The rest of the guys went behind the wall and waited. Santos called "Action!" and they began to march out from behind the wall in a circle until they were loosely surrounding Santos and Pete.

"Not bad." said Santos "Now start chanting." If rather raggedly at first, the men started chanting "cut him! cut him! cut him!" until they found a rhythm. Pete leaned back against the wall and rolled his head from side to side.

Santos was nodding approvingly. He gave a few instructions to the chanters and had them do it all over again. The second time things ran a little bit smoother. The third run-through, things were looking pretty good.

"Okay." said Santos "Let's break for lunch. Everybody be back here at one. Pete, I want to talk to you."

Pete had a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach; he'd fucked something up and Santos was going to can him. He waited back while all of the other actors left the area. "Did I do something wrong, Nick?" he asked.

"Oh fuck no!" Nick said. "You were great. I just want to show you this so it won't come as a shock to you when we do the first run-through after lunch." And he opened a small black case to expose several shining steel objects arranged in form-fitting, recessed pockets in the top and bottom. "This is the surgical clamp we're going to use as the prop for the circumcision scene." He took out a thimble-shaped component with a stud on the top and said, "This is the bell. I'm going to roll back your foreskin and put this on the head of your dick. Then I roll the skin back over it."

Santos took out another component, the plate, and said "Then I put this thing over your dick and it will fit snug right up against the bell. Then I'll put this screw on and act like I'm giving it a couple of turns which is supposed to tighten the edges of the plate against the bell. Your foreskin's between the two pieces of metal, of course."

Pete was interested. "Is that how they really do circumcisions?" he asked.

"Most American guys are cut with this device. When pressure is applied to the screw, these two pieces of metal come together and cut off blood flow to the foreskin. After a few minutes the foreskin becomes numb and a scalpel is used to slice through the skin. Then they'd take off the device and stitch the two sections of skin together. That's all there is to it."

"Wow!" said Pete. "So that how it's done."

"Yeah," said Santos, "piece of cake. Now you take off and grab a bite to eat."

Pete went to where he had left his backpack and got out the sandwich he'd brought with him and thought about how he wanted to act the scene. While he was sitting there eating his sandwich, a couple of technicians came in and marked out the various marks or spots on the floor with masking tape. He could see where the group of guys were supposed to come out from behind the wall and and walk in a circle.

Shortly, the other actors started coming back in and they hung around waiting to begin work. As soon as the whole crew was back Santos herded them all into the dressing room. "Okay," he said "everybody strip. Put your clothes in the lockers." The actors began to remove all of their clothes, no one seemed to

be shy about it. Pete eyes were popping at the sight of all these hot guys, but he peeled off his clothes just like everybody else and stuffed them in his locker. The wardrobe guy came in with two arm-loads of black robes. He went around and gave a robe to each man except Pete. They all donned their robes and pulled the hoods down over their faces. Pete began to feel a little uncomfortable, but he figured that he could deal with it.

They all filed out of the dressing room and went back up to the soundstage. Santos wanted to set things up for a dress rehearsal and began giving last minute instructions. Santos called "Places!" and the men in black robes all gathered behind the wall. Pete walked naked to his position in front of the manacles. He noticed that now there was a small table with a metal goblet filled with a red liquid and that small case that Santos had shown him. One of the assistants came up and put the manacles on Pete and stepped back to be out of frame.

Santos was still giving orders. "Okay people, this is a take." Santos went behind the wall with the other actors. Pete heard "Lights!" and the lights came up. "Cue sound." and a technician flipped a switch and some creepy music started playing. " And ACTION!" To his left, the actors in black robes began their circular march around him carefully following the marks played out on the floor. When the circle was complete, Santos stepped forward and took his place in front of Pete, he picked up the cup and dipped his finger into it. "This is just red paint, Pete. It's supposed to look like blood." Santos muttered and he painted an upsidedown, five pointed star on Pete's torso. On cue, the other actors dropped their robes and Santos dropped his and they all stood naked. Santos opened the case and removed the components of the Gomco device. The other actors began their chant "cut him, cut him, cut him" as they worked their cocks.

Pete was getting into the part, he flexed his arms and acted as though he were trying to break the bonds of the manacles. He arched his back and twisted his head from side to side. Santos took Pete's dick in one hand and rolled back his foreskin. He picked up the bell, placed it over Pete's exposed glans, and rolled the foreskin forward completely covering the cold steel. He picked up the plate and fitted it in place around the base of the bell with Pete's foreskin between the two pieces of metal. Pete was acting up a storm and the other actors were pumping themselves and chanting "cut him, cut him, cut him." Santos applied the screw and turned it one time. The pieces of the Gomco clamp fell into alignment. He turned the screw again and Pete could feel his foreskin being constricted between the bell and the plate. Santos turned the screw again and it began to hurt. Another turn and Pete really was in pain. He wasn't acting now. Santos gave the screw one more turn and Pete began to be frightened. This wasn't supposed to really happen, it was just a movie. He looked around him and saw the circle of naked men jacking their erect cocks. Their chanting grow louder "Cut him! Cut him! Cut him!" Santos reached into the case and withdrew a scalpel and held it up high for the group of chanting men to

see. One hand holding Pete's penis and the clamp, he brought down the hand holding the scalpel and sliced through Pete's foreskin around the bell in one fluid motion. Pete's eyes bugged out in shock and pain. The actors were in a frenzy and began to shoot.

Santos carefully removed the clamp and began to stitch the two sleeves of skin together. Pete looked down at his altered penis and then at the group of actors around him. Few would meet his eye. The blood that had been trapped in the vessels in his foreskin when the clamp had been applied had splattered all over him when the scalpel sliced through them. His penis felt as if it were on fire and Santos was only halfway done with the sutures. He finally finished and rose to his feet. He turned to the cameraman and said "Cut that shit off." Pete hadn't even been aware that the camera had been moved up to film Santos sewing him up. Santos reached up and unfastened the manacles and Pete's arms dropped to his sides and his knees almost buckled.

Two guys from the group came over and supported Pete as he stumbled away to sit down. Sammy Schultz, that fat slug, came running up and said "Petey! You were great. It was fabulous."

"What are you doing here, Sammy?" moaned Pete.

"I had to make sure that everything went okay on the shoot, didn't I?" replied Sammy.

Pete was stunned. "You mean you knew they were going to cut me for real? And you didn't warn me?"

"Well, I . . ." Sammy began.

"Sammy, you're fired!" said Pete and he hobbled off.

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Once he'd made it back to the dressing room, a studio male nurse had cleaned up most of the blood and wrapped his penis in a bandage. He'd commented that Santos had done a pretty neat job; all Pete would have to do would be to have the sutures removed in a week or two and the studio would take care of that for him. That was all well and good, but what Pete appreciated the most were the pain-killers that the nurse slipped him. He called a taxi and made it back to his apartment.

The second day Pete had eased himself into a tub of warm water and let the bandage soak itself off. His pretty penis now looked horrible; it was swollen

and bruised and the stitches stood out like black cables. It hurt like hell. Pete downed another painkiller and glumly pondered his fate.

A week later, the pain had worn off but his penis was still a little swollen. Pete was sitting naked on his bed carefully examining himself, trying to imagine the end result after the puffiness and bruising went down. He could touch the prickly little sutures running all around the circumference of his penis without them hurting. His glans did seem a little bigger and it flared out more and Pete thought that maybe it was going to be okay. His career was fucked though, there was no way he could go on any interviews with his dick all swollen and stitched up. Pete guessed that he'd have to pack it in, he had just enough money to make it back home if he left right now. Another month's rent would do him in. And since he'd fired Sammy, he didn't even have an agent.

The knock at his door startled him and he looked up. The knock came again. Pete grabbed his robe and went to the door and looked out through the peephole. It was the director from ShootingStar Studios and another suit with a briefcase. Pete opened the door and looked out at them.

"Remember me, Pete?" asked the director and Pete nodded.

"This is one of the studio's attorneys." he gestured to the silver-haired man with him. "We'd like to come in and speak with you. Do you mind?" he asked.

Pete opened the door wide and they came in. He was completely at a loss as to why these two men had come to see him and the three of them stood awkwardly just inside the door. The director said "May we sit down?"

Pete recovered quickly and said, "I'm so sorry. I've forgotten my manners." and he led them to the table and chairs in the kitchen section of the little studio apartment.

They all sat down and the attorney opened his briefcase and took out a sheaf of papers and handed them to the director. Pete had caught the word "Contract" at the top of the first page in large, bold letters. They definitely had his attention.

"Well, first things first. You're okay, aren't you? Santos didn't hurt you, did he?" began the director.

"It hurt like a son of a bitch when he did it and I was very sore for a few days, but I guess it's going to look okay when the stitches come out." answered Pete.

"Pete," the director continued, "I don't think you know what a stir you've caused in this town and in the adult entertainment industry. And let me tell you

from experience, that doesn't happen often. When Nick Santos filmed himself circumcising you, it was somehow made into an .mpeg and made it into the on-line download networks. Kazaa reports that it has been downloaded more than any other file since they started keeping statistics. Pete, in other words, you're a smash hit. I don't know of another actor whose name is on more lips than yours right this minute."

Pete was stunned, but a warm glow began deep in his stomach.

"Pete," the director continued. "ShootingStar studios is considering signing you for a contract, but we need to see the goods to make sure you're going to turn out okay. Now, you can come to see us at the studio at your convenience or just save yourself the time and we can take a look now. What's your preference?"

Pete thought about it for a minute and then answered, "I don't mind showing you guys guys my dick, but it's still stiched up and it's a little bruised."

"That's okay. I think we'll be able to see past that." said the director.

Pete stood up and opened his robe and showed himself to the director and the other man.

"Looks pretty good to me." Said the director. "ShootingStar wants to sign you for an exclusive contract with this starting salary." He pointed out a hefty two digit number trailed by three zeros on the contract. Pete's eyes bugged out and his jaw dropped. "Is Sammy Shultz still your agent?"

"No sir, I fired him." Pete answered.

"Good move. He was a fat slug. In that case, I'd suggest that you speak with Alex here," and he gestured to the attorney, "he's a licensed agent. You really should have an agent before you sign a contract. And moreover, you need someone to work interviews for you. Steve Kmetko from E! has already called about fifty times. You're big news."

Pete was on his way.

The End