

Okay, so this week, I'm not going to lie...this week I'm going to sound like a cranky old fuck. You know, one of those dudes who fought in WW II and now sit around in a VFW bitching about how the world sucks ever since Ike was run out of office by that mick Kennedy.

That being said...

What the fuck is up with kids today?!

No, seriously. I mean it.

Is there some fucktard machine somewhere just pumping out kids with the sole purpose of driving me up a fucking wall?

So what has caused this tirade on America's youth?

Interns. Fucking interns.

In fact, if any of you are trying to get into this industry let me give you the easiest piece of advice ever.

Don't be a fucking moron.

That's it. That's all it takes. Don't believe me? I have stories!

One of the aspects of my job is running the internship program. This means that every couple of months, I have to post an ad on the beloved UTA list looking for my next crop of coffee getters and online order-ers.

The fucking shit I get in response?

One fuck-o sent me their resume attached to a blank email.

No "Hello."

No "saw your ad on the UTA list."

Just a blank fucking email.

I get people all the time that cut and paste but never check their letter. So I'll get lots of "I would really LOVE to work for (insert every company BUT my company.)" Fantastic. Really shows you care.

A couple of intern wanna-be's sat in my office during the interview, looking at the movie posters hanging behind me and go: "So what do you guys do here?"

Really?

Then there's the interns who seem okay when I hire them and quickly find out that they are pretty useless individuals.

No...I mean USEless.

One girl, who was 20 and got herself into USC film school, didn't know how to use a copier because she had never made a copy before.

One intern had never made coffee before. He put the coffee in, filled the pot up with water...then turned it on. He forgot to put the water into the machine.

This same intern, even though we had a three hour conversation the day before about concerts, had no idea what "will-call" was.

One intern liked to burst into the bathroom while I was...ahem...indisposed...to tell me I had a phone call.

Another lasted a day and a half before he quit, then didn't have the balls to actually quit so he told the other intern he was going to lunch and "probably won't be coming back."

I think you get the shit I'm talking about.

What the fuck is wrong with these people? They have no ability to talk on the phone. One of the interns I have now (but not for much longer) is always at LEAST an hour late. This is the same intern who my boss comically refers to as "the genius."

Do they not teach shit in school anymore?

How exactly do these people expect to survive in this world...more importantly...survive in this industry?

So back to my earlier quote: If you want to get far in this business, just know some shit. Not a lot of shit. Just the basic shit that normal people know. Be able to send an email. Be able to listen and write things down. Be able to read and comprehend.

Oh and can you please be able to use a fucking computer. I mean seriously? You grew up with this shit! You have no fucking idea what it was like to grow up without the World Wide Web. When I was your fucking age, I had to jerk off to Sears catalogs! You have no idea how good you have it!

If there was a hot girl in our class and we wanted to find out if she liked us...we would write her a fucking note and then organize several people to pass that note to her...SECRETLY! It was a well-organized fucking machine! Now, all you people do now is send her a fucking text and to top it off don't even have the courtesy to use a complete sentence.

You know what I say to that? Go fuk yerslf :-o <===8

Sorry, that was a little bit of a tangent there, but I think you get the drift...

This leads me to you the readers...yes, I'm about to attack the same people I rely on to read my shit.

Stop being so fucking lazy. Please.

Yes, I'm a very accessible person. Anyone who writes me will get written back to personally. But that doesn't mean I have fucking GOOGLE stamped on my forehead! Have a real fucking question to ask me if you're going to ask it.

One reader wrote in asking: "Can you tell me more about your company than what's on IMDB?"

Yes, I could. But then I'd be enabling your sloth-ness. Get off your fucking ass and google some shit. That's just lazy.

And I know some of you are sitting there reading this and going: Well you know? That's totally a valid question. I'd like to know that too.

Yeah well, look it the fuck up. When I was coming into this company that's what I did. I found the answer myself. I'm a go-getter. I make shit happen. Do you? Probably not, which is why you're sitting there doing the reading instead of sitting here doing the writing.

SNAP!

To re-cap: New generation is stupid and lazy. You be opposite. Got it?

Now, to show I'm not a complete prick I want to share a real life story about one of my readers. He's a dude that I've talked to a bit and have had the chance to help out. That reader would be Adam L.

A couple of weeks ago Adam wrote in with a problem he was having with a production company. I tried to help out and felt I did. Last week I wrote the article on patience, which came at the perfect time for Adam. He was basically pacing the floors driving himself crazy because he had had a meeting and still hadn't heard from them. Not a day or two, but like a month has gone by. After he read last week's article, he calmed down a little more. I was chatting with him online the other day and he filled me in on what happened a couple days after he read my column:

Adam: HEY... just got an update from \*\*\*\* at \*\*\*\*\*. I'm still in the game he "messed up his eyes" and "was out of the game" awesome news!

me: see...told you

Adam: "I still need to get back into this. I haven't pitched it to anyone else so I still need to discuss you're pages with Todd. It's crazy it's taken this long and I apologize but we've been swamped with production/prep. Will get back to you soon." You were right, as usual.

(\*Can I point out the "you were right" part? See people? I'm not just spewing shit here.)

me: AND...had you been an annoying prick, he would have come back and been like "who the fuck is this guy"

Adam: I know, I know.

So from now on, if you haven't heard from a producer or an agent or the douchebag who has a column where he swears a lot and said he'd read your script don't assume they are blowing you off. Maybe they just "messed up their eyes."

As always people, please send all you love and hate to [weekendread@gmail.com](mailto:weekendread@gmail.com). As always I will respond to all comments and questions and love interacting with you...the reader.

Also, please help out the campaign on Facebook to get Billy back hosting the Oscars. Go to <http://www.facebook.com/pages/Lets-Get-Billy-Crystal-Back-to-Host-the-Oscars-in-2012/149935348400879> and like the page. Please share it with everyone!

Till next week...