

In this week's column, I'll tell you how to cash in on Charlie Sheen, but first things first...

I've said this before in previous columns and I'll say it again. I watch EVERYTHING. Last week I had the pleasure of watching the straight-to-DVD sequel of 2003's classic film S.W.A.T. entitled S.W.A.T.: Firefight.

Before I give you some of the highlights of the plot, let me hit you the facts you get before the movie starts.

- 1) It's straight to DVD so you know it's going to fucking suck.
- 2) Any time a movie has a second title...it's going to fucking suck.
- 3) Robert Patrick is playing the bad guy...I think that about sums it up there.
- 4) Robert Patrick is the only REAL star in the flick. Um...so yeah. Ya know this is gonna be a winner.

Okay...sometimes when you watch a movie and you're in the industry, you have very different thoughts that people outside of the industry have. I know the original series was about the L.A. S.W.A.T. team and of course the subsequent movie was as well.

Both of which had budgets able to allow them to actually shoot in Los Angeles. I fired up the projector, poured myself a stiff drink and started this turd knowing that they couldn't possibly have a budget big enough to keep them in L.A. This is what happens when you talk about the business of movie making on a daily basis.

Movie starts with the L.A. skyline. I was impressed.

Opening action sequence happens and I have to say, I'm using the term "action" loosely. I typically like action with my action sequences but maybe I'm just a picky fuck.

At the six minute and fifty second mark, the plot thickens. Our lead character, who has just defused the non-action filled hostage situation, gets approached by a kiss assy captain. How do I know he's kissing ass? Well, our lead character tells us with the following line of dialog:

"Captain? Why are you kissing my ass?"

It's here that the captain tells him that he's going to have to send him to "another city" to "help train their S.W.A.T. team."

Here's were business mind kicks in.

Of COURSE! That's how this movie gets made...they pull a REVERSE Beverly Hills Cop. Start him in Detroit then get the fuck out of there after seven minutes on the screen.

Here, we need to get him out of L.A. and to a city that has major tax incentives for film productions. Got it.

Before they even said it...I knew where they were going, but let me let the dialog tell you:

HALF DECENT LOOKING LEAD: "So where am I going?"

AGE APPROPRIATE DIALOG DELIVERY SYSTEM: "Detroit."

HALF DECENT LOOKING LEAD: "You gotta be shitting me?! Why do I have to go to Detroit?!"

I was in heaven. This movie when from bad to so bad it's good. I was going to spend the next hour and a half watching shit happen in my home town. LOVE it!

They did not disappoint. He drives through the GHETTO of Detroit (insert "what part isn't" joke here) and it's bad. The producers of this flick really wanted to sell the city as being just the shitty asshole of hell. At one point, while driving down the street and muttering about what a dump the city was, the Half Decent Looking Lead passes a boat laying on the side of some random street.

A boat. Like toot-toot, land-ho shit. A fucking boat. Just on the side of the street. Laying there.

WHAT THE FUCK? ARE YOU SERIOUS?

Look, I bare no deep love for my home town, but give me a fucking break. Don't make shit out to be worse than it is. No one in the ghetto has a boat and if they did, I highly doubt that they'd leave it busted up on the side of the street.

Come on!

Moving on...

They shoot in mainly the downtown area. Which is cool. I like seeing old home from new home.

Enter Robert Patrick.

To be honest, not sure it was the stiff drink (okay, let's be real...drinks) or the shitty plot, but I'm not real sure what Robert Patrick was even doing there or what he was. He was this guy, that apparently beat his wife, but then turned out to be a spy but was A.W.O.L. and knew some shit cause he was a cold blooded killer.

Whatever. It was fucked up.

So chick who he beats kills herself in front of S.W.A.T. and he blames Half Decent Looking Lead and decides to fuck with him T-1000 style.

He sets him up for failure, and this dude who ALWAYS is cool and calm loses his shit cause of Robert Patrick's rather lame game playing.

It doesn't really matter because you know Half Decent Looking Lead is going to win in the end and stop Robert Patrick from killing John Conner. Which he does.

I honestly really do highly recommend watching this flick. Especially if you're a fellow Detroiter. You won't be disappointed.

So why am I sharing all of this with you? 1) I needed something to fill up this week's column and 2) I want you to start thinking about what kind of writer you want to be.

Do you want to be a respected writer who has a career?

OR...

Do you want to be the fucktard that writes straight-to-DVD sequels for a quick buck?

If you're the latter of the two go fuck yourself. You're part of the problem and the producers who pay you to do this shit only enable you.

Also, if you're the latter of the two, stop reading my shit. I don't want to help you clog the shelves of a video store with this garbage.

Have some higher goals or go away. Serving real writers coffee while they write at the local Starbucks is still a respectable way to earn a living.

Now...on to the moment you've all been waiting for. How can YOU cash in on Charlie Sheen losing his shit. Well, you have to be a little bit lucky, love drinking, love movies and love drinking while watching movies.

Not too many people know this, but towards the late 90's Charlie Sheen used to hang out with none other than Bret Michaels, the lead singer of Poison.

I don't know WHAT they were on, but they decided to collaborate on a couple of flicks. Charlie acting and co-writing, Bret directing and co-writing.

I promise you, I can NOT make this shit up.

This first flick was 1998's No Code of Conduct where Ma-Sheen played a cop "on the edge" stopping drug dealers from trafficking drugs into the country. Bret Michaels has a small cameo, as does Martin Sheen.

Irony?

Here's the logline: A cop, his partner, and his father uncover a plot by city elders to smuggle drugs from Mexico into Phoenix, Arizona.

Their second collaboration was fucking worse. This time Bret was the Writer, Director AND Lead Actor with Charlie and Martin Sheen having small cameos.

In the classic film A Letter from Death Row, Bret plays a killer on...you guessed it, death row.

It's a totally fucked up flick that's really just one long music video. Oh yeah, did I mention that Bret did the soundtrack too?

Anyway...what does this have to do with making money off of Charlie Sheen?

It just so happens, me and my BFF Michele are HUGE Poison fans. So when we found out about these two flicks, we had to watch them. No Code was easy to find, but Letter was not. I had to buy it off of Amazon.

I did. We watched it. Drinks were had.

Last week, in the midst of the craziness that is Sheen, I told the interns about these shitty movies. I went on to Amazon to look them up and low and behold, Letter was out of print and no longer available to buy.

The used going rate for a copy of this piece of shit flick that Charlie is only in for maybe a minute: \$500 dollars.

Nope. I'm not making it up.

So if, like me, you have a copy of this classic...get it the fuck out there and cash in on Charlie Sheen's craziness. He would. Duh. Winning!

As always send all questions and comments to [weekendread@gmail.com](mailto:weekendread@gmail.com). ESPECIALLY if you've seen any of the flicks mentioned above.

Till next week...