

I'm kind of a dick.

In grad school, one of my friends referred to me as "surly."

I never really liked that one 'cause it made it seem like I should be sitting on a bench next to Lemmon and Matthau bitching about Reaganomics and "those fucking hippies."

I'm 32. No need for that shit.

Although, if you'll allow me to digress for a minute just to say: "What the fuck is wrong with kids today?! Pull up your fucking pants. I don't want to see your boxers dipshit. Knock it the fuck off!"

Okay, that's better. Where was I?

Dick. Right.

As much of a dick as I am though, I'm really here to help.

That's right people. I'm ACTUALLY here to help. The difference is that my way of helping is bitching about the 1% of fucktards that clog up this industry with their bullshit. If I can verbally rape them to help YOU, then how is that bad? Am I right?

People write in sometimes and say something along the lines of "hope you don't think I'm a fucktard, but..."

I always think...well...are you being a fucktard? No? Then what's the problem? If you read my columns, you know what I bitch about and what I don't bitch about. Point being: If I've bitched about it...DON'T DO IT!

So maybe I'm a little blue collar for most people's tastes. Who gives a shit? You want class go read a fucking McKee book. I tried to play it straight for a couple of weeks. I tried to let a little bit of the nice guy out so you all could see that I wasn't always an ass.

What happened?

You all fucking hated it!

I got more complaints for NOT being a prick than I did FOR being a prick.

How the hell does that work out?

I don't remember which article it was, but a couple of weeks ago I was off on some rant about something, anyway...one lovely reader who I've chatted with via email for a while wrote in worried that I was going to have a heart attack if I kept this level of rage up. That REALLY made me laugh. What? Do you guys read my shit and think I'm just walking the streets of Los Angeles ready to snap at a moment's notice?

Come on! Really?

When I got to pitchfests, I see the people across the table from them and genuinely wish I could help most of them. Sometimes I sit there and think: Why is no one telling these people the truth? Why is no one getting through to these fucktards?

Oh? Because people are bullshitting them? Oh, because people aren't being fucking frank with them? Well, shit, my mouth has gotten me into trouble my entire life. I'll fucking stand up and drop some science on these motherfuckers. I'll be the guy that everybody hates. I'll be the guy that tells you what people say about you behind your backs. I'll let you in on how this shit REALLY works.

Why the fuck not?

And I'm not joking about the whole my mouth getting me into trouble thing. Back in high school I was sent home for three days because I was receiving "death threats" over something I had written. If you want to read all about it, you can read about it [here](#).

Anyway...I have to freely admit, I love the whole "fucktard army" we're creating. I'll lead the way. Let's fucking take this town by storm. You and me.

It reminds me of a quote: In the cinematic masterpiece, Notorious (yes, the movie about the Notorious B.I.G.) Puff-diggity-dog-daddy-whatever says to Biggie...

"If you make it... we all fucking make it."

Words to live by. Words to live by.

Oh and in case you were wondering why I was watching this crap-tasterpeice? I totally had to see if for Angela Bassett's line from the trailer when she yells "what kinda grown ass man calls himself Puffy!"

That chick was nominated for an Oscar people! That's good shit.

Back to what I was saying...I'll play the role of the dick. I don't mind. It's a role that's pretty suited for me seeing how I, uh, hate people.

Anyway...just wanted to say that. So there.

In some other news...a lot of you sent in some of your crazy stories in response to the ones I shared with you. There were some really good ones in there so I want to share a couple of them with you...

Sophia wrote:

*"On the film industry side, I've only had little incidences so far, several with a 1<sup>st</sup> AD on a short film shoot where a few of us lower lives were helping out for free. The main crazy was when she told us to inform her the moment lunch arrived – it did about a minute later, you'd think that wasn't enough time to forget this instruction, but on telling her she screamed that she didn't want to know about such trivia."*

Yeah. I've had a couple of those too. Makes you kind of want to punch the person in the face. Just pop them in the face and pull a Chris Tucker "You got knocked the fuck out!" on them and walk away.

Sure, you might go to jail for a little while, but if you play your cards right and you don't make a habit of doing this, you could just get probation and take some anger management classes.

Ron out in Ann Arbor had some really good ones, but this one was my fave...

*"A former president's wife called the physical plant to request someone smooth out the snow in her back yard, as she was disturbed by the footprints that ruined the picture-window scene. Did she not understand that the physical plant employee would have to traipse through the snow and make his own footprints to cover up the ones at which she was disturbed? Sorry, the helicopter with the snow-smoothing machine was in the shop."*

People with money make some fucking stupid requests. Can you send some of that money my way so I can be that fucktarded?

I've heard a few more through the assistant grapevine that are doozies, but I'll save them for another week.

Last piece of business before I sign off this week. I've gotten an overwhelming amount of requests to read your scripts or to give some notes and for the most part, I've tried to accommodate everyone, but I just can't do it anymore. At least not for the low, low cost of free. With that being said, I am now for hire as your script guru. If you're interested in my services, drop me an email over at [weekendread@gmail.com](mailto:weekendread@gmail.com) and we'll chat about what I can do.

I will tell you upfront, I'm not just going to take any old client on. I won't have anyone pay me money for me to turn around and tell them that they're sci-fi/fantasy/erotica movie entitled Dildo Wars might not be as commercial as they thought it was. That's just stupid. But if you want to get your shit ready for the majors, then come on over and put your money where my mouth is.

(Did you get that? "...where my mouth is?" that's dirty AND fucking funny!)

One quick thing...I found a great video that I want to share with you. In his own words, my mentor: [George Carlin](#).

Till next week...