

You know, I had a really funny article planned for this week. I was going to keep it a little light and attack Facebook for singlehandedly ruining the English language. It was going to be pretty funny and slightly relevant to screenwriting somehow. I hadn't worked out all the deets, but trust me, it would of made you laugh.

But then I got the email I got below. ..

I went through a couple of emotions very quickly after I read it. The first feeling was just being bummed. That turned into a little more "what the fuck?" THEN, I got pissed. Then I got pissed I got pissed.

I'll tell you why.

I immediately roped in ALL of you into one group. I was pissed that I had, for an instance, let this motherfucker speak for all of you.

Don't worry, I quickly got over it...hence the pissed that I got pissed part.

Now, before I rip this fucktard a new one, I want to say a couple of things. First, I don't get paid to write this. None of us do. We write these columns week after week for free to help YOU. We're motherfucking trying to HELP YOU OUT! I don't have to clue you in or help you open doors. I do it 'cause I'm fucking nice and want to. (yes, that was supposed to be read in a funny way.)

Second, listen to me or don't. I don't particularly care. No skin of my fucking back if you never succeed in your writing career. In fact, makes it a lot easier on ME to succeed. As much as I am a script developer, I'm also a screenwriter. I'm your fucking competition! Yet, week after week, I try to help YOU succeed. Hmm...do you see the fucked up side to that? So again...listen or don't...works out for me either way.

Okay, having said all of that, I want to set this up a little. Harold was one of the semi-finalists in the little pitch contest I threw in January.

(TANGENT: Are we ready for another round of that? I think I am.)

I told everyone that made it in the contest that I would read their script and tell them what I thought. I also said that there was no guarantee WHEN I would read them, but they would be there. The shit I read for work takes precedence. Now, I will freely admit that life sort of got in the way. My script started really taking off and I landed a writing gig because of it. So, yeah...a lot going on.

Harold was persistent though. At first, it was okay...kinda chatty. No real big deal...but then I got an email that started with:

Hey, Douche bag,

LOL. Your words... You dish it out, so I assume you can take it.

Okay. He threw in an “LOL” so I took it for what it was. Got it. I responded in a jokey way and all was good.

In his emails, Harold has always had one foot in the “agree with you” world and one foot in the “but” world. A lot of the times I pretty much gathered that he missed the point in what I was saying or tried to put some fucktard-ish Pollyanna spin to it.

Now, I have ALWAYS promised you, the reader, that I would be honest and blunt. If you wrote me and said something I didn't like...you were going to get verbally raped, by me, in a column. You were all warned.

That being said...let the raping begin!

(SIDENOTE: you all are a bunch of sick motherfuckers. Any time I ever do one of these email break downs you fucking LOVE it! Like fucking Gladiator, bitches. “Are you not entertained!”)

Hey Dick,

All right. Let's fucking start here. There's no LOL this time and I'm sure you meant it to be funny but fuck you. I get it. You think we're buddies. Compadres. Homies. Bros.

We're not. So you don't get to fucking talk to me like that. Sure, I'm a dick and I know it. I call myself a dick all the time. Doesn't mean YOU get to. I'm not a skinny guy. I refer to myself as the “fat funny guy” all the time. Doesn't mean YOU get to call me fat.

"I'm here to help." " All questions will be answered."

Referencing last week's column.

You might want to get back on track with that, because otherwise you come across as a dick who doesn't put his money where his mouth is.

And you might want to shut the fuck up and get your own column. How 'bout that? Then you can decide what I write about or don't write about. Trust me, I'd rather be verbally raping the youths of America for using the term “toats” on Facebook then dealing with this shit.

Beats putting a dick where your mouth is. Ewww.

YAY! Homophobia!

How do you know that I don't like dick in my mouth? Maybe, to me, it's not “Ewww” but a party in my mouth.

Think before you offend dumbass. Especially when it's the executives that you're trying to get to read your shit.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: Ladies, don't worry, I'm ALL about the pussy. Send nekkid photos to weekendread@gmail.com wink, wink)

Maybe you've decided to blow me off

Gee. It wasn't too obvious was it? Glad you caught on. I "soft passed" you. Welcome to Hollywood.

-- yes, I do know you're busy. We're all busy -- but it would be nice to have some feedback from you.

Sure. It WOULD be nice to get some feedback from me. You know why? Cause I fucking know my shit and could turn your script into money.

You know what would also be nice?

A wet, sloppy blowjob from Jenna Jameson.

I'd put your money on the latter happening before the former.

If I'm coming across as a dick, or any other term you may choose, that's okay.

You are and that's okay with me too. Gave me the opportunity to rip you a new one.

My intention is not to insult or demean,

This is the equivalent of: "I don't mean to be rude, but I fucking hate you, you fucking fat prick."

Oh, well, he said he didn't mean to be rude...so it's okay.

I'm just being straight with a person who chooses to do the same.

Hmmm. Pop Freudian Psych 101. Ewww-ing dick in the mouth? Just "being straight?" Anyone want to "take a stab" at this one. Anyone want to "bend over" backwards and "come" up with a theory?

I'm a friend to everyone, until they choose not to be.

Um...I'm so lost at what point you're even making at this stage in the game. Kinda sounds like some Godfather shit. Am I going to get shot buying oranges?

Take that in the broadest sense, as I'm not trying to be your buddy. Me entiende?

Really? You're not? Ya sure about that?

Now, down to business:

Finally!

It's been a couple of months... you promised you'd read my screenplay,

Awww. I promised? You're going to play the "I-have-a-divorced-dad-who-promised-to-take-me-to-the-zoo-but-cancelled-cause-he-took-his-hot-new-23-year-old-big-titted-girlfriend-to-Vegas" card?

Okay. Let's see if that gets you anywhere.

but I've received no feedback. Tossing a crumb once in a while doesn't hurt.

I don't owe you shit. There's your feedback.

I've offered to read yours. Writer to writer, why not let me?

Um, because 1) I don't need your opinion and 2) who the fuck are YOU that I should care about getting notes from you?

I'm interested in other people's work -- especially that of those who are interesting characters themselves. I'm not a thief.

HA! Is THAT what you think I think about when I give talentless hacks my script to read? You are grossly misinformed, Sir.

Hoping for a positive reply, Harold

I thought my response was pretty positive, don't you?

Yeah, I know...

Then you shouldn't be surprised.

Well...yet another example of what not to do folks. Are you guys seeing a pattern here? I share this stuff with you because you gotta stop pulling this shit. You want to know why you haven't gotten anywhere yet? If you're doing the shit that Harold did above...well, then THAT'S why. So STOP DOING IT.

And Harold, I know you're going to want to write me and explain yourself or put some positive spin or whatever. Save the time and the energy. You'll only dig yourself deeper.

That being said...

Send all comments and questions to weekendread@gmail.com . As always I appreciate anything you have to say or share with me. OH! Almost forgot, little shout out to Jane J. Thank you for the email, I did get it. Also, new services have been created for you guys. So if you're curious as to my consulting services, my developing services or my pitch services...drop me an email.

Till next week...