

Last week I gave you a very cynical view on how shit happens around this town. The shit you have to look forward to.

Some of you thanked me for being straight up and letting them know what the fuck is up with the 'Wood.

A couple of you, politely, wrote me and told me to fuck myself that they were going to keep doing what they were doing and keep their fingers crossed. I basically responded with, "Yeah? How's that been workin' for ya?"

Again, I tell you these things to help you. Knowing is half the battle motherfuckers.

Keeping with the insider information, I'm going to focus this week mainly on pitchfests. I've talked about them before, but the season is starting again and I want to get you guys ready to go out there and pitch.

In two weeks, the Great American Pitchfest is happening and I know that's, to some, the World Series of this shit...so let's chat about how a pitchfest works (for all of you Noobs).

How a pitchfest works (from the viewpoint of you, the fucktard):

You show up.

Check in.

At Great American, they literally have "stalls" for the company you want. You get in line in your stall and wait to meet your company. It's here that you will meet with other fucktards and you'll chat and get to know people. Not really "know them" know them, but know them like being camped out with strangers for concert tickets. Or the new "iProduct."

Other pitchfests, they just corral you into a zone and let you fly.

Okay, so after a few minutes, when they are ready, they open the doors to the giant ball room and let the first group of people into the starting gate. EHHHHH, let's say there are about 150 of you.

They ring the bell.

Open the gate.

And you're off!

You find the table with your company's number.

You sit.

Hopefully remember to introduce yourself.

Go into your canned spiel.

Bell rings.

You stand up.

Exit through the rear (during which the next group of 150 people are corralled into starting gate.)

Find the stall of your next company and get in line and wait. Meet some new fucktards. Chat with some old ones. Fill each other's heads with positive reinforcement and bullshit dreams while secretly cursing any amount of this stranger's success because you have rationalized that you "have a plan and THAT persons level of success isn't really why you're here anyway."

"How'd you do?"

"Really?"

"They asked to read my script!"

"Oh my God! That's awesome. You're going to make it!"

"I hope so."

"Oh no, you will!"

"So will you!"

"Thanks!"

(insert some fucktard that is listening in)

"Hey! Did I hear that you guys had some form of level of success? Me too. I'm going to make it as well."

Group hug.

"Yay! We're all going to be successful!"

This goes on for eight... fucking... hours.

Just company after company. Every five minutes.

CUT TO: Hour three.

"How'd it go?"

"Eh. Not so good. The guy at table 38 said I wasn't going to make it."

"Really, why?"

"He said that my Rom Com about two dead hookers and a pot smoking dog wasn't really 'a movie.'"

“What? He can’t see the potential in an after-life rom com about street walkers and a talking dog smoking weed? What an asshole!”

“Yeah. I know. I even had conceptual art.”

“Well don’t you worry! Shake it off and move on.”

“I will. We still have a pretty good chance of making it.”

CUT TO: Hour six.

That first fucktard? Who was listening in? Yeah, he’s used his script to slit his wrists.

Our two main characters, they have sunk into the “prior success story-off” which goes a little something like this:

“You met with Level 20? Yeah, they’re okay. I met with them last year and they totally wanted my script. I sent it to them and they never called me back. But I’m sure that won’t happen to you.”

“No. I’m pretty sure that they’ll like it. Last year I met with this agent and he really liked the script and wanted to read it. I sent it to him and he repped me for like a month until he said that the market just wasn’t looking for a script like mine. Maybe you know him? Chaka Khan Mombozzi?”

“Yes! I met with him this morning. He wants to read my script!”

“Oh. Um... He’s cool. You’ll... like him.”

CUT TO: Hour 8.

“My dreams are over. I need a drink.”

“You haven’t been drinking?”

And scene...

Now, you can believe me or not. Obviously, as usual, I’ve used a little hyperbole to make a point, but there is a LOT of truth in what I’m saying.

Now, let’s see things from us, the non-fucktards. The exec’s viewpoint.

We show up. Earlier than you. Now, we have no fucking pressure to do anything. Our careers are not on the line. We just show up. It’s also a chance for us to meet and chat with some of our friends in the industry. And by meet and chat I mean... drink. A lot. So chances are we’re hung over and cranky. Just an FYI.

We check in.

Get our badges.

Hit the free breakfast and shitty hotel coffee.

We find our tables and set up camp. Cursing that last Seven and Seven we had the night before.

We chat with the tables around us. Maybe. Or try everything to wake the fuck up cause we know that as soon as that bell rings we won't get two fucking seconds to ourselves.

The bell rings.

Fucktard #1: (award winner girl) Hi...I've won awards and I have a script about blah blah blah.

Fucktard #2: (I have a really shitty hook guy) Hi...my 5 year old co-wrote the script with me.

Fucktard #3: (I'm so nervous I forgot my name girl) Hi...um...there's this guy...no, wait. Girl. And they have this um...wait, which company is this again?

Fucktard #4: (used car salesman guy) Man have I gotta story for you. I got stars attached. Directors lining up. This baby is a page turner. 0-60 in 4.3 pages. It's hot. It's great and it's for you. Only you. I brought it here to only give it to you. Other guy wants it, I say fuck you buddy, it's been sold. So whattia say, should we draw up a deal now? (FYI, never ONCE does this fucker ever tell me what the script is ABOUT!)

Fucktard #5: (visual IT guy) It's a story about...you know what, let me just show you the artwork.

On and on for 8 fucking hours.

At around the 6 hour mark, they start giving us booze. And we take it.

Bell rings.

Next person sits.

"Hope you don't mind if I drink while I hear your pitch."

Fucktard #128: (the drug dealer) What are you looking for because I got it.

CUT TO: Hour 7

Bell rings.

Next person sits.

"Hope you don't mind if I have my fourth drink while you pitch."

Fucktard #154: (stoner guy) I have a video. Here. You should watch it. Cause it's cool. I thought you would dig it. Watch it. I mean... it's... wait, this is Disney, right? No? Well man, that's okay cause I know you and I know you'll like this. So here. Watch it.

CUT TO: Hour 8

They hand us our checks.

We yell FREEDOM!

We race to our cars before anyone can talk to us.

We drive home and wash the day off of us and thank God that we have another year before we have to do that again.

FYI, not so much hyperbole in this version.

So now that we have the nuts and bolts of the pitchfest we can focus on what TO do and NOT do at a pitchfest, which will be next week. Then you'll be all set to tackle the Great American pitchfest or whichever pitchfest you're attempting to schlock your shit at.

If you are attending ANY of the pitchfests this summer that I mention, please feel free to come over and say hi. I promise, my bark is worse than my bite.

Till next week...