

Wow!

Sooo...The Great American Pitchfest is over with and I have a whole slew of new things for you fucktards NOT to do.

Before I get into that though, I want to hit you up with a little knowledge. I know you guys think I'm a dick and most of you hate me cause I shit on your hopes and dreams. I know you live in this little fantasy world where everyone is SOOO nice to you and it's just me.

"It's just Manny. People like me. My script is good. It's him that is the dick."

Yeah yeah.

Well I forgot to tell you last week...

It's not just me.

After the pitching was over there was a cocktail party. There writers could hang out with us exec's while we sipped on our "served way too late in the day and pain in the ass to get" free drink.

Do you know what we did?

We made fun of you.

We told stories from the day.

"Holy shit! Did you see the little dude with the three whores walking around the pitchfest?! Did he pitch to any of you? I have to know what he was selling!"

"Oh my God...so this guy sits down and I swear I could literally smell death on him. Like I had to sit back because it was overwhelming. That dude was dying!"

"Did you guys get the one girl who was pitching the (insert shitty script idea here), yeah? You did? Did she do the (insert fucktarded thing she did here). She did?! Jesus! What's wrong with these people?"

"I have no idea what was up with that woman! Wearing the fuck me boots with her cooze hanging out. Do you think I wanted to hear her pitch? NO!"

That's what we do. We vent and bitch and moan over all of the stupid shit you do. We sat down at 10:00 in the morning. The bell rung and with the exception of the lunch break between 12:45 and 1:45, there was NO break, not until we were done at 5:00. Every 5 minutes some fucktard sat down and did some new fucktard thing. It was constant.

EVERY 5 MINUTES!

Do you know how many people that is? Can you imagine the amount of ignorance we saw in that time?

Of course we're going to talk about it! Of course we're going to laugh and joke about you when you're not there to defend yourselves.

THIS IS WHY I'M TRYING TO WARN YOU! I literally wish I could yell in every single one of your ears right now.

Fuck...do you have a friend nearby? Go get him or her.

I'll wait.

...

...

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Got a friend? Good. Have them stand right next to you. Now have them scream, as loud as they can in your ear...

STOP FUCKING DOING THIS SHIT!!!

Phew... glad I got that out. Thank the friend for that... the check is in the mail.

As I was saying...it's not just me being the dick. I just get the title because I'm sharing these tidbits with you.

And you know what? I'm not going to stop yelling. Not till I go to a pitchfest and fucking see some normal people. So next week, we tackle it again...more things you shouldn't do at a pitchfest.

Before I leave my little flock, I have a special treat for you. A special guest. As you can imagine, I don't play well with others, so the people that are close to me are few and far between. I have been VERY fortunate to find someone NOT in the industry to vent to, to bounce ideas off of and to reign me in when I need it. (FYI: I highly suggest you get yourself one of these people.)

That person is Cheryl.

Now Cheryl has been reading these columns since day one and sees them WAY before any of you do. Every week she hears and reads all of the stories I have. When Great American came along, I invited her to sit with me at the table and see for herself.

I also thought it might benefit you, the fucktard, to read something from someone other than me. A little outside perspective, if you will, from someone who's not in the industry, but who represents the most important person out there. The consumer. She's your target audience...she represents every person out there that's going to slap down their hard earned money to see YOUR movie.

So she sat there and listened to pitch after pitch. The good, the bad and the shitty.

I had her write up a little something sharing her experience at a pitchfest. That being said...I give you...

The Executive Noob!

I had the pleasure of stepping into the executive side of a pitchfest, yes, the other side of the table you're sitting at, this weekend. Fascinating! I read Manny's article every week, have had long discussions about what a pitchfest is like so I knew the worst of the worst that could ever possibly happen. Now Manny is accurate on his descriptions of how this all rolls but I think he has higher expectations than I had.

It was pretty obvious, to me, the herd felt they were being corralled into a bludgeoning station. As they reached our stall I'm sure they looked at Manny with a "Why does he look mad at me? Shit has he heard something about me! I give up." Then! They saw me... 5'2, smiling blonde chick with my hand out for shaking and a "have cookie, sit down and tell me your story" kind of look. Surprise, 98.9 pitches were then directed to me. That was fine, I do the "I am very interested look" pretty well.

First pitch was gone, no memories of it, just getting my feet wet. Second pitch said "I have a list here of ten scripts I've written, which one would you like to hear. I have a great Christmas story for you!" As I glanced around for cameras, sure that Manny had set this up. I mean... really?... second pitch... and this guy just made two of the fucktard mistakes! I got my snicker under control, I had actually prepared for this. I tell him, "I think you should pitch your favorite, unless it's the Christmas one and then you should pick a different one. Go!"

Yeah, see... I don't remember what his pitch was because I was surprised he gave me a menu and tried to pitch a Christmas story to the company that...Gwyneth...head....box. Manny and I would have joked hysterically after that but the cow bell (not kidding) was clanged and the next pitch was in the seat before that guy could finish saying "I have an interracial teenage coming of age story too!" (wish I was joking about that.)

It was literally like that from 10:00 am to 5:04 pm (would have been 5:02 but the last guy thought he should stay and chat since he was the last and apparently was somehow deranged enough to think we might like to blah blah right up until the last fuckin' cow bell which, believe me was only cute up until the third time heard people.

I did a lot of praying after the gong: "No No! We don't want the 4'0 lady in the 1930's Wal-Mart dress with her..son/husband/lover!" Yup, they were here to see us.

"Nooo nooo not the guy with the legoland toupe!" Us again. "Please, please... pretty please not the guy that looks like the SNL character "old Jewish guy in a track suit" who had so much stuff in his hands he couldn't even shake mine.

Yes we got all those. One after one, every five minutes they came. I hoped they wouldn't be for us because I so couldn't see them having the next great script.

In fairness, I do remember liking the script from the 1930's Wal-mart lady...but...do you see someone like that in a Hollywood producer's office, I'm not taking her in. I can't sell her, no matter how good her script is.

This is very harsh, but, companies are looking for the whole package. Do you speak confidently, with enough excitement but not too much? Are you dressed in business casual...not shorty shorts and flip flops (gentlemen, you know who you are)?

Remember, you are pitching yourself as well as your work. I know it's hard, I completely agree. How do you get the perfect mix of excitement, right look, and connection?

One of the very last pitches was a guy who was extremely monotone... pitching a thriller. Of course I asked "are you not excited about your script?" He first said that he had told the story too many times today, ok...I get it...but save some for me dude, I shook your hand and gave you the "cookie look" dammit! I understand you've been pitching for 8 hours but guess what? I've been listening to them for 8 hours. I still put on the smile and did the dance. Why can't you?

After putting him on the spot, he admitted he was that monotone all day. I gave him a speech about this being his work and that he should be excited about it. In other words, I had just informed him his day was a loss, which it was.

GONG!

There was the other end of the spectrum too. These two guys sat down and immediately started doing an infomercial style...you say 2 sentences then I'll say two sentences thing.

Guy #1: TODAY ONLY! 19.95 ORDER NOW AND WE'LL THROW IN THIS...

Guy #2: POTATO PEELER! But wait!...

Guy #1: There's more!

It was like watching a tennis match. Back and forth. Thank God Manny got whiplash following both and told them to stop. "Guys...cut the canned routine and just tell us your story." The transformation was amazing! They told their script in their own voices and it was SOOOOO much better. They both said: "Wish we came to this booth earlier."

GONG!

Loooooved the guy who told Manny: "Kopelson, they made Double Jeopardy right?"

Manny: "No."

"Yeah they did, that one with Ashley Judd."

Manny: "No, but way to do your research dude."

Is it so hard to look it up on IMDB people?

He pitched us a – What if the south won and we still had slavery...as a *wait for it* COMEDY!

My comment to him was “Good one, cause we all know how funny slavery is.” Pass.

I think the thing I was most disappointed with was that there were very few original ideas, very few people comfortable talking about their own project and definitely not enough freaks there for our amusement. I was very disappointed the two gay biker dudes both dressed as Mr. Slave from South Park, did not pitch to us, cause you know that woulda been a great story to tell. I was also disappointed we didn't get to hear from the guy roaming the room with three bimbos in black dresses. We later found out he was pitching a reality show. These clowns would have broken up the day a bit.

Last but not least, a guy that hasn't been mentioned before. The “My day job pays me enough money to sponsor this pitchfest, complete with banners and swag bags for everyone and I could probably produce my own idea but brought it to you instead” guy. Why are you here? Now I do not offend easily and what saved his ass from being reamed was the fact that he was shorter than me and was pitching a Harry Potter-esque type script. Somewhere during his pitch he whips out some bootie shorts with his script name across the ass in hot pink to give me...really? Says I should wear them to help advertise...bring fucktardom to a whole new level. Well I hand them off to Manny and say here ya go...could you wear those for him please.

All in all I have to say that it was pretty fun seeing things from Manny's side of the table. I never thought he was making these people up, but I did think he was exaggerating a little bit. Maybe a little bit of hyperbole for comedy.

He's not.

They do exist.

So there you have it folks.

Next time I'll roll my sleeves up and slap you around a bit. Fun, huh?

Till next week...