

Yeah, yeah... more pitchfest shit.

But hey, until you guys stop doing this crap, I'm going to keep cramming it down your throats.

Let's start by talking about the spiel. This is one of those things that drive me fucking crazy. When people sit down and have a routine that they do. Whether it be finishing each other's sentences or some sort of magic show that they put on. Yes, you read me right. One guy at the Great American actually did this thing with ripped up pieces of paper with handwritten words on them. And he told the story while he made shit disappear.

It was bullshit.

But that's what they tell you right? Do something fucktarded to stand out and be memorable. Right?

WRONG!

Yes, you are being remembered, but not for the reasons you want to be.

I know I've already harped on this, but seriously, just sit down and have a conversation with me. That's it. That's the secret to pitching. Just talk to me. Be fucking NORMAL.

I know that's hard for some of you, but try. Please. Try.

Drop the canned bullshit. The more you can "chat" with a person, the easier it is to get that person to be comfortable with you. And hey, guess what? The more they'll listen to you too.

Okay...now on to the next group...

The producers.

Stop doing our job. Just be a fucking writer. The guys that sit down and say: "This will set up a trilogy!" or, "its set in Abbottabad... we can film cheap there! I even got a line on this... um... mansion. Gotta few holes in it, but nothing a lil' spit and shine won't cure."

Gee. Thanks.

Oh yeah. And fuck you. THAT isn't going to be the reason I read your script. One guy I had talked to literally changed all of his bad guys to North Koreans just to make the script more "timely."

It's really insulting.

Stop being a producer and let us do our job. You be the writer. Nothing more, nothing less.

Now, this next part is going to make me seem like a real prick. You know, more than usual, and a lot of you are not going to like it, but it's time someone tell you the truth.

Hollywood is a business. A business based on looks and the thing is... that includes the writers too. IF you have the script of a lifetime, it's our job to take that script and sell it to the studios. The thing is

you're part of that package. I have to sell you as much as I have to sell the script and the bottom line is... no one wants to buy a script from a weirdo.

Cheryl talked about this last week... the lady in the Wal-Mart dress. She could have had the next Schindler's List and I NEVER would have been able to sell it.

You want a green Mohawk?

Cool.

But say good bye to your script ever seeing the light of day.

You want to dress like an extra from Sons of Anarchy? More power to you. Kick those fucking squares!

But I'm not taking you to New Line anytime soon.

You can go to every Star Trek convention in the world. You can dress your dog up in Spock ears and fuck the shit of it while wearing a William Shatner mask for all I care. But one whiff of social ineptitude and the dream ends here.

Period.

You know how some people say, don't give up on your dreams? Or don't let anyone tell you you can't make it.

I'm telling you... give it up.

I know you THINK Hollywood is for the weird and has the patience level for all walks of life... but it doesn't. It's just a business through and through. End of story. And people will only buy what they feel safe and comfortable with.

Clean your shit up. Make sure your breath doesn't stink. Cut your fucking hair. Shave. Take out the fucked up piercings, not the cool ones, just the one that slips you into visible freakdom. You want a metal pole through your cock? Cool. I can't see it. Don't you still feel "original" and weird? Good.

Guys, this is what you can wear: Jeans. Dark wash. Straight leg or boot cut. No skinny jeans. Stuffy Hollywood types can't handle that shit yet. Black or brown shoes or boots OR Chuck Taylors. Clean new ones, not the ratty ones you've had for years. A black, grey or white Tee. V-neck if you want to be a little hip, crew if you just want hip. A black jacket. Do your hair OR a sports cap. Writers are allowed to wear the cap of their favorite team.

Keep the trucker hats, the fedoras, the driving caps and the beanies for the cool kids... actors. You, you get sports. In meetings I'm always in my Detroit Lions hat. Why? Cause it's black and goes with everything, the team sucks so bad that no one is ever caught in a Lions hat (leads to an ice breaker situation) and I actually follow the team. Guys like football. They talk about that shit. I know JUST enough to be able to bullshit my way through any Lions conversation. Puts people at ease.

Ladies, you can get away with almost anything as long as your ass isn't hanging out, your tits aren't about to explode out of your top and you're not showing too much leg. Leave the hippie attire at home. Black slacks or jeans (as long as they are cut properly... leave the "mom jeans" at home) with a nice blouse should be fine. Don't need the jacket, but if you do rock the jacket, take it off before you sit down. Women can STILL get the reputation based on their clothing. I know, it sucks, but these are the facts. Play the game until you're somebody and then you don't have to any more.

Same things goes for you... do the hair, brush your teeth... yadda yadda. You can get away with a fedora if the outfit is put together quite well. My friend Alanna is from New York and totally has her little Greenwich Village sense of style. Totally works for her.

This is business 101.

Need it put in even simpler terms? Fine. I'll keep it to stores.

Guys: Your closet should be filled with anything from J-Crew or the Gap.

Ladies: Banana Republic.

Simple. Easy.

Do NOT dress too formal. Leave the suits for Wall Street. We like the fact that we don't have to dress up and when we're sitting there in our Chuck Taylor's and lightly destructed jeans, it makes us really uncomfortable when you're in a three piece.

I wish I could tell you that things were different, but they're not. This is the way it works. After you write a couple of really successful scripts, you can fucking wear anything you fucking want to. Till then, play the game.

If you don't want to play the game... if you want to swim upstream... fine. Go be a snowflake. But be warned... all you will do is spin your wheels. All of those hopes and dreams that you have? Forget them cause you're never going to make them happen.

Now, on that note... let's shift gears. I'm working on setting up several meetings with agents who are willing to talk to me and be interviewed for the column. Nothing's carved in stone yet, but I want to be able to present them with YOUR questions.

So hear it is... YOUR opportunity to ask an agent how to get an agent. What do they look for? What do they want from you? What will they do for you? How does all of this work? Send me your questions and look for the article in few weeks depending on schedules.

Lastly, the Inktip Pitch Summit is coming up as is the Hollywood Pitchfest... please check them out respectively and please come by and say hi. I'll be at both front and center. And please don't be one of those people above.

In the next column I'm going to chat about what do to after a pitchfest and when and how is it cool to follow up. Yes, just cause they agreed to read your script, doesn't mean you're cleared of being a fucktard. You can still royally screw it up.

Till next week...