

So, um... Rodney King got busted for a DUI this week. Would YOU want to be the cop that pulled him over?

Yeah. I didn't think so. I would have taken one look at his license, put my hands up, stepped back and made sure the camera caught me doing ALL of that.

Maybe we can help Rodney out... isn't there SOME reality show that has "stars" or "celebrities" doing bullshit things, looking for cast members? Whattia say? Celebrity Rehab? He can dust off his old catch phrase "can't we all just get along" when the junkies start throwing shit at each other and arguing. I mean if Amy Fisher is considered a "celebrity," I think we can make room for the King. Fuck. I'd watch that.

Just sayin'.

Anywhoozel.

I know I have a lot of readers all over the world and because of this, I want to share a little story with you.

When I was in undergrad, I was dating this lawyer that was 10 years older than me and already had an established practice. In the middle of this relationship, I made the shift to studying film. Toward the end of the relationship, she kept using the "you're going to California anyway" spiel. She was adamant that I had to be out in Cali to be successful and she had NO plans to ever leave Michigan.

(Funny Side Note: She also said she would never wear a wedding dress, dance at her wedding, marry a guy that she didn't "try out" first in the sack or have a wedding reception. She now lives in San Antonio and, having gone to the wedding, she wore a wedding dress, danced at the reception and, as of the wedding night, had yet to fuck hubby to be... which made it slightly awkward when I met him... knowing that I had been in his wife and he had not.)

Every time she threw the "you have to be in California" line, I fired back with...

"Babe. I'm a writer. I can do that ANYWHERE. All I need is a laptop and an outlet to plug in to."

Having been out here for a year I can honestly say: I was utterly and completely full of shit.

If you want to be a Hollywood screenwriter, then guess what? You gotta be in Hollywood. I know. It sucks. But it's true.

To be honest, it kinda perplexes me. I mean, with all the iPads and the iPhones and the Skype and Facebook and the webcams and the technology and the gizmos... you still have to be able to pop in for some real face time.

Hollywood Fact: Even though everyone owns every latest toy... NO one knows how to fucking use any of it. You're talking about a town that still relies heavily on assistants to do EVERY thing. Which includes updating and maintain their gadgets. Tell a producer that you wanna have a Skype meeting and they'll

say "Great!" and then turn to their assistant and say "What's this Skip and do I have it? Really? You can do that? Well set it up."

Even though these things exist to make communication and life in general EASIER, it actually complicates the process.

Why don't they know how to use them? No one has time in Hollywood. Everyone is busy moving and shaking. Who has time to sit down and learn to use an iPad?

That's what they have assistants for.

It's this mentality that keeps Hollywood here. In L.A.

So you gotta move out here if you want to make it. You have to get known around town. Meet people. Network. You know the old adage "it's not what you know, it's who you know?"

Well it's fucking true!

"But Manny... I have a job. Kids. A husband. I can't just pick up and move to Hollywood!"

And this is my problem how? As far as I'm concerned, stay where you are. Keeps the fucktard population small. I like that. More room to move around.

"Yes, but there are successful screenwriters living all over the world!"

I love it when people throw out the "yeah, but..." argument. Yes... there are exceptions to every rule... doesn't mean you're going to BE one of those exceptions. You don't know what those exceptions did to BECOME an exception, so don't throw yourself into a fucked up rationalization that allows you to "keep the dream alive."

Plain and simple: You're never going to be able to compete with the writer that comes out here, rolls up the sleeve and immerses themselves in the industry.

And trust me when I tell you... there's a LOT of fucking people to compete with out here, so all you're doing is watching the game from home. You're not even tailgating in the parking lot.

Hollywood is a business and management likes it when they're employees show up. Know what I mean?

I have a friend in New Zealand. Wrote a great script (period piece...so we know how that goes). Has gotten turned down by Hollywood producers left and right once they find out she doesn't live here.

"I'm literally willing to get on a plane and be here tomorrow if I have to, but no. They don't want to deal with me. It's only an 18 hour flight!"

Studio Execs have one fear and one fear alone: Getting fired. In this town, you're only as good as your next project. You can go from hero to zero QUICK so they need help because where do you think they get their next project?

From you, dumbass.

So you have to be available to them day and night. You have to be around when they need you. Scripts can take YEARS to develop and they need people they can rely on.

Studio execs are crack heads and you're their dealer. And crack heads don't like it when their dealer is out of town and they need a fix. Trust me when I say...they will just get their crack from another dealer. Someone more reliable. Someone who's HERE and STABLE. Someone who takes their crack dealing SERIOUSLY because you never know when they're going to need a fix. Professional crack dealers don't leave town and don't come in for visits. They stay put. Ready to sell crack.

Ever try selling crack through the mail? Try it. I'll wait.

Didn't work, did it?

Not only that, you're probably going to have the feds knocking on your door soon, so I'd probably stop reading my bullshit and run. Maybe hide out somewhere. Hey! Look at the bright side, now you gotta reason to come out here! Problem solved!

"Yes Manny. You're so fucking clever with the whole 'crack head' analogy, but I've ALREADY moved to Los Angeles, so I want to thank you for wasting my time yet again with another pointless column. Fuck you very much."

First... you're the dumbass that kept reading.

Second... I didn't forget about you! Wanna chat a little bit about some Angelino shit that no one else will get?

How about Carmaggedon this weekend?! Whattia say? Barbeque? I'm good for Saturday afternoon. Maybe we all get together, walk up on the 405 and grill some fucking steaks. Can someone bring a baby pool? Fuck, we might need a few.

Seriously, if there are any USC or UCLA students that read my shit and you have aspirations for shooting a student post-apocalyptic movie... I better see your fucking ass out there, cause you're never going to get another chance again.

For those of you that have no idea what I'm talking about. Good. Don't hate. You want to be in the "in," then get off your fucking ass, put down the remote and get out here and get in the game.

That or google some shit.

Till next week...