

Next week is the big anniversary. One year. I know, compared to some of the other columnists in the BOSI newsletter, I'm the relative noob, but hey...I lasted a year. I'm proud of that.

Let's see, if this was TV and I was going into the 3rd year, this would be about the time that I would introduce some distant cousin to keep the show fresh and new.

Or Tony finally gets to bang Angela. (Who fucking drops a "Who's the Boss?" reference anymore?)

Ross finally gets Rachel... (Spoiler alert: it doesn't last but they get back together, only to go on a break where Ross fucks the copy girl and then they get back together only to break up again when Rachel finds out about the copy girl but then they hook up one night and have a kid only to live together platonically but in the end they end up together... it's really quite exhausting.)

But alas, it's not my third year, so no answer to the "will they or won't they" question for you. Sorry.

After a year you get...

DRUM ROLL PLEASE...

A motha-fuckin' clip show!

AND a two-part clip show at that!

I mean come on, can you really ask for anything more?

So here are some of the greatest moments from the past year...

On pitchfests (from article #5)...

Pitchfest's are a waste of time and money.

Shit. Did I just say that out loud?

I take it back. Completely. The lawyer holding the gun standing next to me wants me to read the following statement:

"Pitchfest's are actually NOT a waste of time and money, but a place where young screenwriter's can interact with industry professionals...ha ha ha ha ha ha..."

Shit. I almost made it through that without laughing.

On being pitched Christmas movies (from article #14)...

...Do you know what I DON'T want to read?

Christmas movies. Funny thing is? I get pitched and sent Christmas movies ALL the time.

You do know that I work for the man who put Gwyneth Paltrow's head in a box, right? The guy who won an Oscar for producing a movie that depicted American soldiers killing innocent women and children in Vietnam?

No, you're right...what am I thinking. Totally, send me your Christmas movie. It's right up our alley.

On being asked if you should use a computer program to shrink your script down (from article #15)...

No, John! What is this guy, a fucktard? Actually, don't answer that. I know the answer and that answer is yes. Here's what you need to do...go over to his house, rip his unnamed computer software out of his hands, get him on his knees like the dog that he is and rub it in his face then, in a condescending tone say: "No, that's a bad boy. Bad! No shitting on the script." After that hit him with it. Hard. Preferably hard enough to give him amnesia so he forgets such an ignorant idea.

Look people, in case you haven't figured this out yet, life is fucking hard. There is NEVER an easy way out. You have to work for everything you want. Roll up your sleeves and do the work.

On my first fight with a reader, Erik (from article #17)...

As a previous Sheriff's Deputy, Military Officer and corporate jet pilot and instructor, I know these words quite well.

Sooooo...the problem is?

I am just selective on when, where and how I use them.

Right! Got it. So others should follow your philosophy as well. You're stuck in the 40's and others should be as stuck there too, right? You know who else thought they were right and stuck in the 40's?

Nazi's.

Hey everyone! Erik wants us all to be Nazi's! You get the shiny black boots, I'll get the gas. Party at my house!

There are few of us readers out here that are what younger folks might consider "Over the Hill"...

I promise to turn down the ZZ Top pops.

Your readers are looking for answers and you are in a position to do so but it can and should be done without arrogance and unprofessionalism.

The Sinatra song isn't called "Your Way," Erik.

On scolding the fellas for not wanting to see Black Swan (from article #20)...

Guys, you don't want to see Black Swan because it's about a bunch of "chicks and ballet"?

Okay...ladies, I need to talk to just the guys for a second...excuse us...

grabs the guys and gets into a huddle...whispers

Okay...I know the flick sounds lame, but there's this scene where Mila Kunis and Natalie Portman totally do it and it's wicked hot, trust me on this. You have to see it...wait...shh...be cool!

looks up...sees the ladies coming back and breaks the huddle up.

...STRONG FEMALE CHARACTERS WITH GRIPPING, EXCITING DANCE SEQUENCES. SHAME ON YOU FOR NOT WANTING TO SEE THIS EXCITING FILM!

Don't worry ladies. Totally handled it. Set them straight.

On using movie lines in your everyday life (from article #25)...

Beyond all of that, the BEST line of the year came from The Town... I was hooked on it because it was in the trailer but even more so after I saw the flick. The glorious line I speak of?

"I'm putting this whole fucking town in my rearview!"

"In your rearview." Has become my advice for anything in life.

Kids gotcha down? "Gotta put 'dem kids in ya rearview."

On the East coast, stuck in a blizzard and coming home to L.A.? "Betcha can't wait to put that town in ya rearview!" (*ironically, the person I said this to was flying out of Boston... so it was extra fun to say.)

Bad day at work? "Fuck I'm so puttin' this place in my rearview at five!"

And you're not allowed to say it without using your best Boston accent imitation. Just makes it more fun.

On kids today and interns (from article #27)...

What the fuck is up with kids today?!

No, seriously. I mean it.

Is there some fucktard machine somewhere just pumping out kids with the sole purpose of driving me up a fucking wall?

So what has caused this tirade on America's youth?

Interns. Fucking interns.

On being an assistant (from article #29)...

It's getting yelled at...YELLED AT...because you failed on securing an item that has never, or will never exist. The item in question? Red post-its. Gee, I can't imagine why Post-it hasn't thought to make RED FUCKING POST-ITS? Hmm...oh right, cause you can't fucking read anything you write on a red Post-it!

It was so bad that the assistant in question, literally, called two separate divisions of the 3M Corporation to find out if they have ever made red Post-its. They don't. Never have. Never will. The color he meant?

Pink.

On writers who are "getting a lot of attention" (from article 31)...

To refresh your memory, I'm getting a lot of interest in this script.

LOVE this sentence. First, I'm going to remind you how many people want this script. Remind me? Really. You're a dick.

Second, if you're getting SO much interest in this script, then why are you grasping at straws by sending it to someone who you clearly feel won't read it?

Yup. I believe you buddy.

On you, the readers, who live it when I pick apart a fucktard (from article #33)...

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!"

On "promising" to read a screenplay (also from article #33)...

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.

On getting into the industry (from article #35)...

It's a fucking crapshoot people. It's a little luck. It's a little who you know. It's a little not acting like a prick to people. It's a lotta patience and it's a little of you grabbing the bull by the fucking horns.

I hate people who look for secrets and inside information. There's no fucking easy way in. I see it ALL the time. People who pay hundreds of dollars to go to some panel and listen to some guy tell them the "ultimate super-secret way to getting your screenplay read!"

Why are you looking for the easy way in?

Here's the fastest way to getting your shit read:

Move out here. Get an internship at a production company. Meet some people. Like REALLY meet them. Don't throw the fact that you have a script.

On placing in an awards competition (from article #39)...

Another thing you have to stop doing...stop bragging about your "placement" in these competitions. You do know that second place is still losing, right? Or worse, the people that tell me they placed in the top ten. Who cares? Still didn't win.

The worst is the people that throw out percentages. "I finished in the top 10% of the Nicholl's!"

Wow. Good for you. Let me lay a little science on your dumb ass. According to the Nicholl Fellowship website, in 2010 they received 6,304 entries. Hmmmm. So if you placed in the top 10%, you're telling me that you came in 630th. Don't ad spin me fucktard, \$19.99 is NOT under \$20.00. I know the numbers so don't make it seem like you're making yourself out to be better than you are. You just come across looking stupid.

Everyone loved Cheryl's perspective on presenting yourself (from article #40)...

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?

On moving to L.A. (from article #45)...

You have to be available to execs 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!

Audrey Kelly's comments on Pitchfests raised quite the eyebrow (from article #46)...

What's hurt the pitchfest scene, as you call it, are the events that have popped up over the years that are more interested in making money than providing a quality event for both attendees and VIPs; that don't care whether a company is legit/qualified/WGA Signatory to hear pitches. At all costs, the attendees must be respected and protected. We hear from movers and shakers all the time who've had a bad experience and won't go to any pitch festival. We hear from aspirants that have gone to other pitchfests where they weren't sure if the assistant sitting across from them was there for a payout or actually interested in their story. These pitchfests [which aren't really pitchfests by the way, because they typically only have 4-6 hours of meetings and 2 days of classes] are giving what we do a bad name and it's unfortunate.

On Pretty Woman (from article #49)...

Speaking of corners...the award, for ALL-TIME WORST CHICK SHIT FLICK OF ALL TIME goes to:

Pretty Woman. FUCK THAT MOVIE.

"But Manny, it's a modern day fairy tale!"

Yeah, which says this: Be a hooker. Fuck for cash and one day a rich guy will come to your rescue, sweep you away from your hooker life and give you the life of luxury. Hey ladies, guess what? You're still a fucking whore! All you did was negotiate your price better than the average street walker.

And really? How long do you give that relationship past the movie? He's a white collar exec and she's... a HOOKER! Not even a Charlie Sheen high priced escort, but a true Hollywood prostitute. At what point do you think Richard Gere snaps at the dinner table?

Julia Roberts: "can you pass the cucumbers darling?"

Richard Gere: "For what? So you can suck them for CASH!"

Come on ladies. Set the bar a little higher. Please.

So there it is peeps, you're big fucking clip show. Do you feel robbed? Yeah, I always did when the Simpsons did it and they've been doing it for 22 seasons! Next time we'll continue with you, the reader. That's right...viewer mail people. A lot of fucktards are going to get their 15 minutes of fame. Want to be one of them? Email me!

Till next week...