

Regarding last week's column, thanks to everyone who wrote in. Meant a lot. Funny anecdote about the column... apparently I'm not the only one that views their life as a script.

A story broke last week that a guy had gotten a band together to perform his girl's favorite Bob Dylan song outside of her apartment.

How many Rom Com's have that ending? How many times have we seen that scene?

Except...

She had him arrested for harassment and slapped him with a restraining order.

Hmmm... don't remember that happening to 'ole McConaughey.

Anyway...

Finished a script this week. I've been dragging ass on it for a few months now. Had a very solid 30 pages but eventually hit a wall around page 48. I just was not fucking feeling it. I had this scene that was just...well shit. So I did what any writer would do...I avoided it. Did EVERYTHING I could BUT write.

I got asked by a colleague how the script was going. I said what any writer would say, "It's going good. Yeah, good."

Finally, he asked again and he could see on my face that it was not going good. So he asked me if I was stuck.

For the record, I don't believe in writer's block. I DO believe in writer's laze (see above) and writer's "eh." So to admit I was stuck was not something I planned on doing so I told him the truth.

"I'm not stuck, I'm just 'eh' about what I'm writing. I just don't like where it's going."

He asked if I had an ending.

"Totally do! It's going to be bad ass. It's just the getting there that I'm having issues with."

Then he started rambling. Did a whole lot of development speak. He used phrases that started with "You know what this script needs..." and "What the essence of this story is..." and wrapped it up with some over usage of the word "theme."

That discussion got me thinking. Maybe the scene that I was in the middle of wasn't that shitty. In fact some of the things he was talking about actually helped make that scene a little more useful.

I immediately did some rewrites, incorporating some of the things we talked about. Just kind of filled out some of the story so that the shitty scene would work better.

That brought me to page 49 at the start of Thursday. I kind of wanted a distraction from the real world and just wanted to dive into the fantasy world.

So that's what I did for two days straight. Literally. Nothing else.

At the end of Friday night?

Page 99.

Well...let's say 98. I wrote page 99 REALLY late and upon rereading it the next day... yeah, it was really bad. So doesn't technically count.

From 49 to 98 in two days. I had felt like I ran a marathon. My brain was total goo so I took the weekend off.

Came in on Monday... knocked out the last 12 and sent it off for feedback. Got notes that night... did rewrites on Tuesday and sent it out to a few execs that knew I had been working on it and were waiting to give it a read.

It's weird. I've written more than a few scripts. Some of them, over time, have been really good. Others I can't even imagine sitting down and rewriting them.

Not that I haven't tried on a couple of them mind you, but hell... the writing was SO fucking bad (FYI: 24 year old Manny did not know how to fucking write a script!) that I just couldn't bring myself to tackle the task.

Back to the point... I've written some shit but I never had the feeling that I had when I finished this one. Maybe because I wrote the damn thing in such a small amount of time or maybe I just had too much fun writing this one. I don't know, but when I was done I actually felt empty.

This script has been sitting open on my laptop for months and for the first time since I started it I clicked on the X in the upper right hand corner.

Some serious post-partum depression.

So I did what any mother who just gave birth would do... fired up Final Draft and got myself knocked up again with a new script.

Well, strike that...not technically a new script. I had 27 pages down, but I walked away from it to do this other thing that I just finished.

I'm so determined to move to the next stage of my life. Although I work in the industry, I'm not really doing what I want to do. I came out here to be a writer.

Don't get me wrong, I love working in development and I love working with writers, but it's just not what the game plan was.

So now it's time to refocus on my goals and stop fucking around and that's what I'm going to do.

Enough about that.

I've been told that I should tell you this story even though it has absolutely nothing to do with writing. Kind of resisted it, but after thinking about it, I decided that, at the bare minimum, it would at least entertain you.

So here it goes...

I'm a public transportation guy. It's so much cheaper and easier to me and I get so much done rocking the subway, that it just doesn't make sense any other way.

One night I was on my way down to Long Beach to visit a friend. Now in order to get to Long Beach from Hollywood via the subway, you have to go through some pretty sketchy neighborhoods. To get to Long Beach you have to go right through Compton.

Doesn't bother me in the least. When you grow up in a shithole like Detroit... well other people's shitholes pale in comparison.

I was texting on my iPhone and listening to my headphones the whole way. I get one stop away from my destination when this motherfucker literally snatches my phone out of my hand and bolts out the door.

I jump up and start yelling for someone to stop him. No one does. Not even after he barrels into a mother holding a newborn and knocks both of them down. (Baby was fine...no worries there.)

Now here's the thing about me. In the eyes of the medical field, I am morbidly obese. In my mind I'm fat. My friends and family don't think I'm either. However you see me facts are facts...I don't look like I can move very fast.

Well... if that's what you think when you see me, you'd be dead fucking wrong. I'm quick. In all the years of playing tennis, I was always know for my speed.

Now STAMINA. That's a different story. I can fucking move if I have to...I just can't move fast for a long period of time.

So I grab my bag and bolt after him. He's got about a block on me, but I'm catching up. In the process I'm yelling for anyone to stop him.

A homeless guy, with a cart, gets into the chase too.

Then, my peoples rolled up. Car pulls up as I'm running and 4 big fucking Mexicans get out of the car and ask me what he took. After I tell them, they get in their car and speed off after him.

Going back to image. That dude saw me. Saw my phone and made a very big mistake. He thought I wouldn't be able to catch his ass and that I would give up after a block or two.

Not me. Fuck that. I chased him for 3-4 blocks before my body gave out. And at this point I've got a homeless dude ahead of me chasing him and 4 big Mexicans in a car chasing his ass down.

He was fast, but not fast enough to outrun all of that. After 4 blocks of running, he gave up and tried a new strategy... hiding.

Well, you can't hide from the homeless. Homeless dude found him behind a dumpster and yelled out to me that he found him.

By this time I was walking as quick as I could... I was in flip flops after all... as soon as he yelled out to me I jogged to the end of the block. As soon as I got there the fucker took off running again.

I kept yelling to the homeless guy to grab him, but he let him go.

I come up to the homeless dude and ask him why he let him go and he hands me my phone and goes, "Don't worry. I got it back for you."

Then the car of Mexicans pulls up and asks which way he ran off to. I point the way and they take off after him. I have a feeling street justice was about to go down in Compton, but I didn't care. Got my phone back.

Homeless dude even walked me back to the subway station so that, and I quote, "no one would fuck with me."

I guess the moral of the story on this one is community bitches. Don't fuck with it.

Oh yeah and never underestimate a fat person on a subway. They may just chase your dumb ass down.

(Major props to anyone who gets this week's title.)

Till next week...