

I have family in town this week and I'm pretty much on vacation this week. That being said, I'm going to do my best to not phone it in for all of you. In fact, going to try and keep it light.

Consider this a free association week...which could get scary.

I finally got the full notes back on my script.

The script needs a massive rewrite (which, I knew), and I'm apparently "repetitive" and tend to "overwrite."

Who me? Naaaaahhhh....

So, the notes are what they are. A starting point. There's a lot of work to be done, but it's going to be a lot of fun and I'm looking forward to it. And trust me when I say that I'm not just saying that. This is what we're all here to do. Write. Make movies. If it wasn't fun, we wouldn't do it.

Okay moving on.

Speaking of being repetitive...look, I've said this before, I love all of you guys for actually reading my bullshit. It means a lot.

BUT...

Can you guys STOP writing me and telling me how much you LOVE reading my column and then proceed to ask me a question that I've covered over and over.

For the cheap seats...once again...if a producer says they want to read your script. Great. Good for you. Send it to them. And then forget about them. Move on with your life. Don't follow up, don't call, don't email. If they like it, they will call YOU.

End of story.

I gave my World War II script to a producer friend of mine in January. He literally called me last week and told me he finally got a chance to read it and loved it.

Last week.

I gave it to him in January.

Are ya feelin' me?

Don't sit around for 9 months wondering what's going on. Just move on and be happy when you get a phone call out of the blue one day.

Which, I can honestly say...really makes your day.

Now, I know a lot of you are struggling. I know you really want that brass ring, but you can't force it. You have to let it happen. If you're talented and meant to be doing this...it'll happen.

One way to ensure it doesn't happen? Annoy the fuck out of the people who can make that dream a reality.

Pretty sure that's not the way to make your dreams come true.

Speaking of dreams...I went to Universal Studios yesterday and took the lot tour. I know, technically, I'm working in the industry and really shouldn't get all that excited by being "on the lot," but the kid in me...it just makes me a giddy school girl.

That feeling? Greatest motivator to get shit done.

Hence why I'm looking forward to rewrites. The sooner the script gets finished, the sooner I can drive one of those go karts around the backlot.

Okay, I gotta be honest here. I'm sitting here on the couch, watching TV and trying to give you guys something worthy of reading. But I got nothing. I mean I just told you all about going to Universal Studios. How the hell is that going to help any one?

(unless you're visiting Cali for the first time and you're looking for something to do. Highly recommend it!)

You want to know where my head's at? My head is thinking about why the fuck it decided to rain the two days that my dad decides to come visit? I spend all this time talking about how awesome the weather is out here and that it never rains and boom...jinx!

We were supposed to go to the beach today. Nope. Pouring. So although I'm trying to think of awesome pearls of wisdom to enlighten you about the industry, all I can really focus on is where to take pops now that we can't go to the beach.

Okay, let's try and save this column by turning this into a bit about what to do in the times where you have to write something and you have no idea what to write about.

Uh...I guess just write something. Anything. I know, really selling you here, ain't I?

Quick Tangent: I just used "ain't" to be funny and my spellchecker didn't say shit. Is this where we're at people? Sigh.

Anyway...where was I? Right. Writing something, anything.

I have this funny picture in my head of being on stage at a stand up club and watching a comic bomb. Is that what "bombing" feels like? I kind of want to tap the mic right now and say, "is this thing on?"

Okay, I'm totally going to give up on this column and just finish with a funny Hollywood story. At least you'll get a little entertainment out of this.

So a couple of months ago, I get invited to a red carpet premiere at this little club on Hollywood and Vine. So I get all excited and pick out this awesome outfit to wear on the red carpet.

I was going to rock this awesome T-shirt and a suit jacket...but then the email response said "collared shirts for me.". Fuck! I gotta change my whole plan.

I come up with an acceptable plan B and get down there. I show up and the "red carpet" was tiny as shit, and the only people allowed to walk down it were the actors, producers and the director.

Everyone else? Had to try and slam through this shit entrance and no one had any clue what the fuck they were doing. And we were all industry people.

You think we'd be civilized. Yeah, nope. This one young guy almost started a fight because he was trying to act all cool by getting these two bimbos in without waiting in line. So he pushed his way into the front of the pack and that didn't go over so well.

Luckily, I run into a friend of mine so at least I'm not alone.

It takes us over a fucking hour to get in, which starts to worry me because we're going to miss the movie...right?

It is after all a premiere.

Another one of my friends was already inside and was holding seats for us. Awesome. Until...

We get in and find out...it's not a premiere. It's a fucking party. Where they showed the trailer on a loop on a giant screen...muted, because there's a DJ.

No food.

No open bar.

Not even a discount on booze.

Ya fucking kidding me???

And more importantly, we didn't even know why we were there. There was no presentation. No hand outs. We didn't even know what the damn film was about.

Biggest celebrity sighting? The guy who played the oompa loompa in Tim Burton's Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.

Oh yeah, and the thing that sucked the most? Tons of fucking dudes that wear in T-shirts.

Fucking Hollywood.

Till next week...