

Okay....so it was a seriously fucked up week but I'll get to that in a moment.

First, let's chat about screenwriting. After all that's what I'm supposed to do, right?

We had our meeting to talk about the draft we turned in. Now, for the record, we were meeting with a producer that is a friend. So it's not like it was a REAL official meeting. We were all pretty lax, yet serious about the project.

With that being said, all of the movie adaptations and stories you've heard about meeting with producers is so fucking true. Dude was rocking his cell phone, texting, checking email, answering the phone...there were only MOMENTS when we had a full undivided attention.

But that's the way this town is and I never took offense to it. I just thought it was funny that we were having such a majorly cliché Hollywood meeting when in reality, we really weren't.

Anyway...it was a great meeting. We hashed out some of the overall issues with the tone and theme. We cracked some of the big questions we had about the characters and the world. Structure was already pretty solid, so his concern was just getting on the same page of what he wanted and was looking for.

The bottom line is this...he wanted the tone to be dark and gritty. More like a Frank Miller graphic novel.

I wrote the awesome animated version of that.

He wanted Batman: Year One.

I wrote Batman: The Animated Series.

How's that for some serious nerd dropage. Ladies, look it up or ask the dude in the Green Lantern shirt next to you. And why are you sitting next to a dude wearing a Green Lantern shirt?

Back to the story...so we talked about it and really got in there, which was good and really needed to happen.

We left the meeting in a pretty positive state of mind. It happened on a Friday, so the entire weekend was chatting about things here and there and working out the structure of the first act (where we really need to set the dark tone) by visually mapping it out on the wall of the apartment using post-its.

So now the re-writes start. I started them on Monday of this week by just cleaning everything up. Taking out the parts we knew we were losing. Taking out chunks of dialog and entire scenes. Easy shit.

The re-writes would had continued if it wasn't for the shitty part of my fucking week mentioned above. Warning, the following story is probably going to be RIDDLED with fucks, shits and other choice words as this happened yesterday and I'm still pissed about it.

That being said...you've been warned...

The Backstory:

A couple of months ago, I came home to find a woman kind of hunched on a stoop by my front door. She looked sorta out of it, but still coherent. I asked her if she was okay and she told me that she was staying with her brother and got locked out.

I ask her if she needs to use my phone to call anyone and she says no, but that she really just needs to go to the bathroom and get a drink of water.

I tell her that she's more than welcome to come and use my bathroom and I'll throw in the glass of water too.

She thanks me and comes up. We chat a little bit...nothing exciting. She uses the bathroom and gets a drink. She asked me if I could help her out with money. Anything I had.

I gave her 20 bucks. She thanked me dearly, commented how nice I was and left.

Never saw her again...until...

The SHITTY FUCKING STORY:

Monday night, I'm falling asleep on my chair when there's a knock at the door. I go to the door and there she is. I'm a little surprised but let her in and ask if she's okay. She tells me that she just got high and that she just needed to sit for a minute. I let her sit on my chair. She asks me if I have any money to help her out and I so sorry, got nothing on me.

I go to my window and light up a smoke and she asks if she can use my bathroom. I say sure.

She goes to the bathroom and stands at the door and says she feels a lot better and that she was glad to see me again and thanked me again for being nice. With that, she was gone.

I thought it was a little weird so I checked my bathroom. Nothing.

Then I checked my closet by the door because I have my sweet ass Canon DSLR camera. That was still there. So she didn't take anything.

I still thought it was a little strange so I got dressed and followed after her. She wasn't anywhere on the streets. I walked around and there was no where she could really go.

I went back upstairs and crashed.

The next morning I wake up and do the thing I always do, lay in bed and scroll through my emails on my phone. There was a strange email from apple asking how to change my password and then a few minutes later another email that says my password has officially been changed.

I thought it was strange but then I chalked it up to spam. Then I started getting a message on my phone that says that my email password is invalid. Normally this would freak me out, but there were so many problems last week with iOS 5 and transferring over to iCloud, that it's been kind of the norm.

I get up and decide that I would try and get my email on my iPad. I walk over to the desk. No iPad.

I start to FREAK the fuck out and look everywhere for it. It was gone.

That fucking bitch took it.

Not only that...those fucking pricks hijacked my iTunes account. I was locked out of everything. I couldn't get into my email, I couldn't get into iTunes, I couldn't get into iCloud.

Not only that, but my entire life was there. My birthday, accounts, apps with passwords saved in them. They had everything. They had enough information to actually change my security questions on my account so I couldn't even get in that way.

I spent 3 fucking hours on the phone with Apple and there was nothing they could do. They protected me by shutting everything down and killing the account but still. They took my life.

Then, there's everything else.

I had pictures on there. Notes. Scripts. Drafts of my scripts. I lost everything.

Never mind the 800 dollars for the iPad itself.

Seriously, fuck my life in the ass people!

So there ya go. That's why my week was shitty. The moral of the story is to never be nice to a meth head and never get your iGadget stolen without a car of big fucking Mexicans there to chase a bitch down.

Sigh. Fuck.

On a lighter note...I got a really nice email from Matt who ended his email saying that he has wanted to write me before but he feels I "really sorta scare the fuck out of him."

Adorable.

Look, straight up...I'm actually a nice guy. I mean come on! I fucking got my iPad stolen for being nice to another human being in need. Can you understand this?

So please, don't let me scare the fuck out of you. You're not a fucktard until you prove you're a fucktard.

"well how do I prove I'm a fucktard, Manny?"

Simple. The easiest way to achieve fucktard status is to write me an email that starts out with "Manny, I just wanted to say I really love your column, I read it all the time and I haven't missed a single week."

Which is awesome to hear.

But then...they ask me a fucking question that not only have I answered in my column but have literally droned on about it SEVERAL times in my column. Fuck I hate that and doing that shit will make you a fucktard.

Other than that peeps...bring on the email. I don't bite. I promise.*

*promises of non-biting does not apply to hot women who want to sleep with me and like to be kinky. Always LOVE those emails!

So can't wait for the weekend.

Till next week...