

So after a week of trauma caused by having my iPad stolen and my life hijacked, I was finally able to get Apple to unlock my shit and get everything back.

WOOT!

It's so fucking scary how much we depend on technology. I couldn't do SHIT without that email account. After all of this you can guarantee that my shit's locked up tighter than... (insert virginal joke here).

Thanks for all of your "sorry to hear that" emails and the Facebook love. It was much appreciated. If anybody wants to send me an iPad 2...totally cool with it! ;)

No new front on the script. I'm knee deep in rewrites and that's not really that much fun to talk about.

More people came out of the woodwork last week about being afraid of me or to tell me that they have friends who I scare. I have to say, I find it totally adorable. I'd be pinching cheeks and mocking you with baby talk if I had the chance. Booshie, booshie, boo.

Okay, so I have a small confession. I watch the Jersey Shore. I know, shameful. It gets worse. Totally steal lines from that show and use them in everyday life. It always starts out using them ironically but then just kind of grows into the vernacular.

The latest phrase we toss around is "swacking." As in Swag Jacking...stealing someone else's shticks, if you will.

So I was just put on blast by Cheryl for swacking that baby bit above. That's totally her thing. I asked her how she would spell "booshie" and she responds with "You swacking again?" and then called me Ronnie.

I know, I've lost so many of you because you have no fucking clue what I'm talking about. But to the peeps who, like me, love the Shore...you're all peeing your pants cracking up cause you know EXACTLY what I'm talking about and even know a couple of swackers in your life.

On that note...anytime you use "fucktard" in your everyday like. Totally swacking my shit. Just puttin' it out there.

I caught up with a friend of mine the other day. We were in film school together and hadn't really chatted since I moved out here. He's in New Mexico teaching film and I'm out here schlepping along in the industry.

When we were in film school...we both had big dreams of making movies. I was always more inclined to be a little more mainstream, he was more independent. Fuck that, he was a LOT more independent. If we wanted to catch a movie he would vote for some fucking Lars Von Trier piece 'O shit and I would vote for Transformers.

But, we still wanted to be where the movies are made. Los Angeles. For a while we even talked about moving out here together and finding a house to rent...maybe get a group of 4 or 5 of us and make it as cheap as possible and we'd also be building a little community/support group.

Of course, none of this ever happened. He ended up getting married and is about to become a dad in a matter of days.

He's on a different path now and that's really cool for him. I'm happy for him.

Me? I chose the dream. I've lost relationships; I've lost a lot of security and luxury. All to come out here and pursue this crazy notion that I might get the chance to do the thing I've dreamt about since I was a kid.

I'm sure that it probably helps that I have absolutely NO desire to procreate. Actually, the desire to even be married is fleeting at best.

Anyway, I digress...I get it people. I know you want the dream. I know you work all day, come home, put in face time with the family and then stay up all night writing. I get that. And I would never take that away from you and I would never shit on the path you took.

But when you're out here...in it...every day? And you see the people in the industry that are making it. Getting it done. The ones that are breaking in? They're not middle aged accounts who live in Omaha and has a significant other and a couple of kids.

They're not. Sorry.

Most of the people I meet in the industry are single with a slew of horrible relationships under their belt or, in a couple of cases, hasn't had any type of a relationship outside of their pet, in years. Some have been lucky enough to find someone to be with, but I never hear them use the "L word" when the subject arises.

I know a lot of married people in the industry too. Of all the married couples I know, I think only ONE is married to someone that is NOT in the industry. Everyone else found their husband or wife here.

It is what it is.

I know it seems like I'm slamming choosing a family over chasing some dream. I'm not. There was a point in my life where I could have been that person. I could have gotten married and I coulda gone down the road of fatherhood.

If that would have happened then that would have been the life I made. Of course I would have found happiness in that, but I always would have asked that "what if" question. It would have haunted me. The writer in me always thought that if I did do the family thing, the "what if" would spiral into a world of anger, resentment and destruction. And that's not the right environment for a family.

So I should spare them of that and I did.

See? I'm not selfish. I'm following MY dream so that I don't shit on the fake family I made up for the purpose of getting the point across.

Yup. Me and mother Theresa.

Then everyone else.

Accept no substitutes.

Somebody put that on a T-shirt. That's some clever shit.

Back to the original matter at hand. We all choose different avenues of happiness. On the giant scale of "is my life good?" He and I are both at a ten. We just ended up on different pages.

I don't regret anything. He doesn't either.

You made a family. You did that. And that's pretty bad ass.

Major props for doing it.

Now, on the other hand...if by reading this, you realize that you're not ready to give up on your dream and you want to abandon your family, pull up stakes and move out here to L.A.?

Then I say...

Fuck those people! They were only holding you back!

Ladies, they'll get over mommy not being around anymore. Shit, you're easily replaced! Probably with a hotter younger version of you! See? They don't even want you around...going and replacing you in a matter of weeks. Fuck 'em and move on out here. There's still time! And it's so nice and sunny out here. Those kids were only taking advantage of you! And really, you're not even thinking ahead...they're going to forgive you when buy back their love with all of that movie money you'll have. And that husband...what a fucking tool that guy is. He probably doesn't respect that you spent all day cleaning up his shitty, stained underwear. Comes home grabbing at you like a dog in heat. I mean seriously, he probably bitches about your sweats. How can you feel sexy when you've been picking up after HIS dumbass all day and taking care of HIS kids. You won't have that problem out here. There are TONS of young chiseled sexiness out here ready and WANTING to make you feel like a fucking WOMAN again. Don't you want to feel appreciated? Oh they will appreciate you all night and long into the morning. They'll wine you. They'll dine you. They'll listen to you. They'll be chill and think you're just as hot in sweats and a baseball cap as you are in that dress. You can have that!

And guys...come on... There are like hundreds of thousands of hot young chicks out here. And they're freaky. Ohhhh....they'll do shit you've only read about in porno mags! You know that thing that you like...that thing your so-called wife only did once and mostly cause she was drunk on tequila? Yeah, girls out here do that shit every Tuesday. In fact, when's the last time your wife even touched you? When's the last time you've seen her OUT of those ratty ass sweat pants? And those kids...jesus, they're SO

boring with their blah blah this and their blah blah that. Holy shit they lead like totally boring lives and what's worse, they feel the need to tell you about it. Fuck those people! What have they done for you?! Other than kill your spirit and crush your dreams. And you're not even thinking ahead. Get divorced NOW, before you start making all that movie money. That way you don't have to give her half! And how pissed will she be when you roll up to pick up the kids with some girl, who's name probably ends in "i," in the seat next to you...the girl who's fixing her lipstick cause she just blew you on the ride over. Shit, the ex is probably going to answer the door in those nasty ass sweats anyway. And the kids, they'll get over daddy leaving mommy when you buy back their love with all of that movie money AND they'll have interesting shit to talk about cause you're running them down to Cabo for the weekend and getting them their own room so you and iChick can bone like a real couple in Cabo should...standing up against the glass doors of the balcony overlooking the pool area well sipping rum drinks and calling each other nasty names. Oh, iChick LOVES to be called nasty names. You can have that!

See? Doesn't following your dreams sound WAY better than the life your leading now?

Honestly, you people say I'm so scary to talk to but look at all the help I'm giving. It's YOUR best interests that I have here. Sheesh.

Till next week...