

As you know, I attended the Great American Pitchfest over the weekend and I have to say, I was a little surprised.

The fucktard factor was way down!

Could it be that, possibly, I'm finally getting through to all of you?

People were well dressed, acting normal and...

Ready for this?

Actually had some decent ideas!

Wow.

Crazy.

What's the world coming to? Have I completely written myself out of a job? Fuck, I hope so.

I got to spend some time with a great deal of you, the readers and have to say it was quite nice meeting all of you. I know you were all disappointed that there weren't more freaks at the fest because you were all looking forward to me blasting some fucktards in this week's column.

Trust me, I'm completely disappointed as well.

But never fear!

The day wasn't a total bust, there were a COUPLE of people that were...hmmm...how do I put this?

**FUCKING CRAZY!**

The craziest out of the bunch was this pair of old dudes...all dressed in purple. One of them looked like the fucking villain from Ghostbusters 2, Vigo.

Well apparently, Vigo was killed in a landslide. Yes, You read that right, he died. While he was dead he was visited by a goddess, half cat, half woman and was told by this goddess to go forth and write the greatest sci-fi movie ever.

(I asked him if she gave him an outline or even a logline to get him started. He wasn't happy with me.)

Well obviously, he was brought back to life and then set out to write such a script.

Hmmm...I think we already have one nutbag scifi religion...don't think we need another that follows a half cat/half woman that's a Battlestar Galactica fan.

(and yes, I just shat on Scientology and don't give a fuck.)

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: If no one ever hears from me again, you know where to look. Start under Travolta's massage table and then check Katie Holmes' cage.)

I don't remember what the pitch was because I was fiddling with my phone in an attempt to capture the pitch on video without them realizing. I was unsuccessful.

The other weirdo in the group was a guy who wrote a sci fi script (are we seeing a pattern here?) where Atlantis was actually the mothership of an alien race and that the island didn't disappear at all, it went "home." Now, many years later, Atlantis and its people are back to take over the Earth.

Sigh.

What do you even say to that?

Now, the last "weirdo" in the bunch is not actually a weirdo. I added the quotations because of the way he was treated all day by everyone that talked to him. They treated him like a weirdo.

And that man was? Jovan. A Michael Jackson impersonator on Hollywood Boulevard.

For those of you that don't know, I live deep in the heart of Hollywood and have done so since I moved to California. It's not for everyone, but I love it. I'll always live, in some way shape or form, in Hollywood or the near outskirts. I dig the vibe and the atmosphere.

That being said, I see these guys EVERY day. So I knew Jovan without actually knowing him. He's hands down the best Michael out there. As for the rest of the impersonators, they really do make up the Boulevard and in a way, I appreciate them more than the tourists do.

Now, I know that they get made fun of a lot, and sure, it's to be expected, but for me...I'm utterly fascinated with the concept. Why do they go out there? Why do they do what they do? Do they actually make any money? What are they like when they're NOT out there?

For the longest time I wanted to do a documentary on these guys and I still might. There have been some done in the past and I just don't think they touch on the things I would touch on.

Of course, given my love for these guys, I sought Jovan out and told him to come to my table and pitch to him whatever he wanted to pitch. I was curious, as most people, what he was there pitching.

While I waited for him, I noticed him at other tables and it was a little crazy how the other executives treated him. A lot of them hopped over to the other side of the table and had their pictures taken with him.

Here's the funny thing...

Dude, that's his JOB. He gets paid for those pictures, but for you, he has to take them for free?

People irritate me sometimes. Okay, you're right...ALL the time.

So Jovan finally came over and sat down and I just started talking to him. I didn't give a shit, I just wanted to know everything about him.

It's pretty fucking interesting.

He's an immigrant from Haiti. As a boy, his family made their way to Florida where his family thrived. He was always in love with dance and, of course, Michael Jackson. Eventually he wanted a career in dance and couldn't get started. A lot of people told him that he looked a lot like Jackson so he sort of fell into making money as an impersonator.

Eventually, tired of doing the impersonating and wanting to be a serious actor, he picked up and moved to California. There he enrolled in the USC theater program. After graduation he continued the theater by auditioning and getting accepted into the master's theater program at Harvard.

Yes. THAT Harvard.

After graduation, he returned to L.A. but found that he wasn't being taken seriously as an actor because of his likeness to the King of Pop. He was also unemployable at any shit job because of his degree.

(The same thing happened to me....I couldn't get a job ANYWHERE with my Master's degree. They don't think you're going to stick around very long when you got that kinda paper. Which is probably true, but we still have to survive, right?)

Anyway, he didn't want to do the Jackson thing anymore, but he didn't really have a choice. He had to make money. So he ended up on Hollywood Boulevard.

I asked him how long he stands out there for...because I only see him briefly. I have no idea what a "day on the job" is for those guys. He told me he's out there almost every day for about 8-10 hours.

Holy fucking shit!

So, finally, I had to ask. I told him he didn't have to give me an exact number but if he could sort of allude to what he brings home doing that all week long.

His answer blew my fucking socks off...

He said that in the summer months, June through September, he can bring in anywhere from 8-10 THOUSAND dollars a month.

That's more than I make!!

And he's not bullshitting. I saw him the next day and talked to him out in front of the Gruman's for a few minutes. In the 5-6 minutes I was standing there he was nonstop. Three different groups of people wanted pictures with him and paid 5 bucks a pop. (Those guys only work on tips, they actually can't charge you for pics, so it's whatever you can give.)

15 dollars in 5 minutes.

Dammit I wish I looked like someone!

If I ever do my documentary, part of the documentary is going to be getting in costume and living it, out there with them.

Ugh, but then I'd have to deal with the general public...oh, and kids...ick! Okay, gotta rethink this.

So there you go...kinda eventful at GAPF, but then again, not really too much. Next up is the Hollywood Pitchfest.

That is if I make it to this year's...but that's another story for another column. ;)

Till next week...