



THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

MY BORING-ASS LIFE

THE UNCOMFORTABLY CANDID DIARY OF

KEVIN SMITH

"Profanely Funny" — The Hollywood Reporter

**EXPANDED AND
UPDATED**

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TITAN BOOKS

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INTRODUCTION

Why the Diary(ah)?

Since what follows is a shit-load of text detailing the minutiae of my daily doings, I'll forego the pages of pithy prose leading up to a retrospect and cut directly to the chase.

How the fuck did this happen?

Very simple: I've got a message board at one of our websites, www.viewaskew.com, that I've been actively back-and-forthing on since 1996. There, I've been engaged in a decade-long discussion with the folks who've paid for my house, my car, all my DVDs, and (quite probably) my wife: the audience for our pictures. For the last ten years, if you were adamant about tracking down the guy who cast the blight on contemporary American cinema known as "the Stink-Palm", a quick web-search would lead you to what's come to be known simply as "the board" — that magical system of ones and zeroes where you could ask the filmmaker in question what symbolism he intended with an ice hockey fight juxtaposed against a character's interrogation of his paramour's sexual history, and wind up with a half-answered query and a solicitation to purchase a t-shirt bearing said filmmaker's face or an action figure molded in his likeness.

Then, one day in March of 2005, a poster (meaning someone who posts on the board) posited a question so stymieing, I had to step away from the computer and truly ponder what my response should be:

"*What do you do all day?*" they inquired.

It was a staggering inquiry — because I honestly didn't know.

I mean, I had a *vague* idea of how my days were spent — and really, it was more of a vague idea of the *results* of my routines: still married, still a dad, still a filmmaker, still fat, still alive. But *how* did I reach these results, I wondered? What were all the exact steps that lead to the status quo, or more day above ground?

So rather than summon a sarcastic reply, I responded with a broad-stroked, moment-by-moment breakdown of that particular day. Question asked, question answered.

Sadly, the answer more than likely intrigued me more than it interested the inquisitor. I wasn't so much taken aback by what had transpired during the fourteen hours or so I was awake, but instead by how... well, *boring* it all seemed. It was rote. It was an every-life, chock-a-block full of inane elements that bore no significant impression of an existence well-embraced. If God was in the details, then surely God didn't exist; because no Supreme Being could suffer a creation of infinite promise who so often opted simply to lay on his bed and watch far too much television.

If all my days resembled the one I'd chronicled for that poster, then it was so dull that it demanded documentation. That way, upon my sure-to-be-premature death, when others would attempt

to fill my daughter's head with tales of how much her father had done and how far he'd gone in his brief life, she could read for herself, in his own words, how little her old man had actually accomplished. Rather than buy into the legend of the convenience store clerk who risked money he didn't have via multiple credit cards he wasn't qualified for, culminating in an early 90s indie film success story and career he didn't deserve, my daughter could read the cold truth about the shlub who begat her. My parting gift to my only child would be a full confession about how underwhelming a human I ultimately was.

And so began the chronicles of My Boring-Ass Life — first as a series of entries on the board and later at its own web locale — www.silentbobspeaks.com (and even later, at my MySpace page www.myspace.com/therealkevinsmith). I was able to stick to the plan of an itinerary-style diary for a few good months before the experiment ultimately morphed into what it is now: a fucking blog like every other fucking blog, offering up unasked for opinions on any number of subjects. I'd hate myself for succumbing to a trend, were it not for the cool shit that came out of it in the process (namely the “Me and My Shadow” multi-parter that chronicled Jason Mewes's battle with addiction).

Still, for the most part, it'll serve its intended purpose: giving my kid a glimpse at a year (or so) in the life of her pater familias. And if it interests you at all, dear reader, then that's just gravy. That is, if you can get through it.

'Cause, y'know — it's kinda boring.

For those unfamiliar with my world, I'd like to offer up a quick reference glossary, so you'll know who I'm talking about when I drop names you're not savvy to.

Jen

This is my wife — she who holds my heart and dick.

Harley

This is my daughter. She just holds my heart.

Gail

This is Jen's mom who lives with us and also acts as my assistant. Having your mother-in-law as your assistant means you'll never chase your secretary around her desk.

Byron

Gail's husband, Jen's step-dad, who also lives with us. Without him and Gail, our lives (or lack thereof) as we know them wouldn't be possible.

Mos

Scott Mosier, longtime friend and producer. Essentially, my first wife.

Jay

Jason Mewes — the thinner half of Jay and Silent Bob and my unofficial firstborn.

Bryan

Bryan Johnson, my oldest and dearest friend; also one of the funniest people I know. Born and raised in my hometown, Highlands, NJ.

Chay

Chay Carter, one of my wife's dearest friends (as well as mine). Also Ben Affleck's Gail.

Cookie

Alex Hilebronner Mosier, Scott's one-time girlfriend and present wife. I call her Cookie because she's a cook. I also once named a character Cock-Knocker because he punched people in the balls. I'm a simple man.

Malcolm

Malcolm Ingram, longtime (Canadian) friend, wing-man, and filmmaker. Director of the documentary *Small Town Gay Bar*.

Jackman

Jim Jackman, another Canuck compadre. Used to be a producer on *Degrassi: The Next Generation*.

Chappy

Bob Chapman, the guy who makes all the stuff that bears my graven image. Owns Graphitti Designs.

Gina

Gina Gozzi Chapman. Owns Bob. She and Chappy also used to run Jay and Silent Bob's Secret Starline West.

Phil

Sometimes Phil Raskind (my über-agent), and sometimes another Phil I don't have in my life anymore.

The other names that don't pop up quite as frequently but might still require explanation of sorts:

Andy (McElfresh), my *Tonight Show* friend.

Xtian, the fella who used to be the moderator at the board.

Endless, his wife.

Gabrielle and **Charlotte**, their kids.

The House is in the Hollywood Hills.

The Office is either the home office (right off my bedroom), or the View Askew West office, a few blocks away.

The Store is either of the two Jay and Silent Bob's Secret Stash retail emporiums: one in Red Bank, NJ, the other in Los Angeles, CA.

The Life is pretty boring-ass.

THE DIARY

21 March 1998: a much thinner, less bald Kevin Smith stands outside the Indie Spirit Awards tent on the Santa Monica beach, across from the Shutters Hotel. He's waiting for his 'date': Jennifer Schwalbach, a comely lass he'd met only a month earlier when, in her role as the youngest journalist at *USA Today*, she'd interviewed him for a piece about the début of his *Clerks* comic book. The pair had hit it off well — so much so that when the interview proper ended, they'd talked for another two hours, completely off the record. Since that day, they'd spent a suspicious amount of hours emailing and logging phone time with one another while Smith conducted Pittsburgh-based rehearsals of his fourth film, *Dogma*, and Jennifer continued to pen articles for the world's biggest newspaper.

This Spirit Awards was the only awards ceremony that season which Schwalbach wasn't scheduled to attend or cover for the paper, so Smith had suggested they hit the awards together, strictly as friends. He sighted the dubious point that he didn't really know anybody out in LA when, in truth, he was supposed to attend those same Spirit Awards, extremely platonically, with awards presenter and *Dogma* co-star Salma Hayek. After pleading his case of cross-country puppy love to the Latina leading lady, Smith quickly dropped the on-screen muse like a hot rock the moment Schwalbach agreed to accompany him instead.

A miscommunication had the pair separated up 'til the start of the ceremony, with Smith waiting outside the tent, just off the red carpet, and Schwalbach — thanks to her press credentials — already inside. Figuring he'd been stood up by the prettiest girl he'd ever met, Smith was about to head inside to see if his previous flick, *Chasing Amy*, would fare as poorly as he seemingly had that afternoon. Then suddenly there at the entry to the tent, like an answer to a desperate man's prayers, stood the angelic Schwalbach, smiling, waving Smith inside, beckoning him to the rest of his life.

As if the gods were conspiring to keep them apart, Smith didn't get to spend much time with Schwalbach at the ceremony; he spent most of the day doing the press-room following his Best Screenplay win. At Spirit Awards' end, Schwalbach drove Smith to her apartment in her Cherry Red Jeep Grand Cherokee, only after Smith assured her it was solely to change out of his suit jacket and jeans into a more comfortable hoodie and shorts. He wasn't, he promised her, making an attempt at any funny business; considering that he felt Schwalbach was altogether out of his league, why would he embarrass himself?

With half a day left before his flight back to Pittsburgh, Smith and Schwalbach spent hours chatting over pizza bread sticks at Jerry's on Beverly. As his departure time drew near, the duo opted to head back to Schwalbach's Pointsettia apartment to run out the clock. There, the flirting shifted into heavy gear with Smith somehow convincing Schwalbach to lay her head, face-up, in his lap, so that he might play with her ears.

The rest, as they say, can be heard on *An Evening With Kevin Smith*.

Today's the seventh anniversary of the first time Jen and I ever kissed and fucked. And fucked. And fucked. And fucked. And fucked. And fucked. And fucked.

This day, more than any other, is proof positive that one excellent lay can change your whole life forever.

Happy Anniversary, Babe.

Now take those fucking pjs off and let's relive a fond memory.

But, y'know — without the heavy chafing.

Monday 21 March 2005 @ 12:06 p.m.

I get up and drop Harley off at school.

I pick up some McDonald's hash browns, two-dozen roses, and both hot and iced lattes for Jen to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the first time we'd ever fucked.

When I get home, I log a post on the board about said anniversary.

I go through the morning email, while watching a series of TiVo'ed *Simpsons*, while Jen continues to organize the poetry reading fundraiser we're hosting at the house for Harley's school.

FedEx delivers a box of *Silent Bob Speaks* books, courtesy of Kristin Powers at Talk/Miramax Books. I peep 'em out and re-read the introduction.

An awesome two-hour session of afternoon delight with the wife.

We go back to email/board stuff/general bid-ness while *The Pirates of Silicon Valley* plays in the background.

Shower at around 2 p.m.

Head to the food store with Jen to pick up some barbecue fodder for dinner.

Drop into Harley's school to watch the end of her karate class. Harley breaks a board. I start fret that my kid can kick my ass.

Do a phoner with producer of NPR segment I'm to tape the next day, in which I interview Roberto Rodriguez and Frank Miller about *Sin City*. We go over the points we want to make sure I hit during the chat.

I barbecue up burgers and chicken, while Byron handles the swordfish.

Family dinner. We're joined by Chay Carter.

I head downstairs to watch some TV and read the board. In the process of doing so, I fall asleep around 8 p.m.

Jen wakes me to go pick up Malcolm at the airport. Mewes and I make the trek out to LAX and pick up the Good Load himself.

On the drive home, we crack one another up with the outlandish premise built off Mewes' meeting with Erin Gray (Wilma Deering from the *Buck Rogers* TV show) the previous day. Ms. Gray

had generously invited Mewes to a ComiCon over in the UK in June. Mewes and I turn it into a what scenario: what if Mewes gets there, only to discover that he's to dress up as Twiki from *Buck Rogers* in complete Twiki costume, minus a face-plate. For the three days, he's expected to follow Ms. Gr around, doing his best Twiki impersonation, never mentioning that he's Jason Mewes. Mewes ups the stakes by insisting I go as well, only to discover the Con's insisting I hang off a chain around Mewes neck and play the role of Dr. Theopolis. We riff on this for the entire ride home.

Back home, me, Mewes, Malcolm and Jen sit around the living room and chat for a bit, before n and Jen turn in.

Tuesday 22 March 2005 @ 12:07 p.m.

I get up around 6 a.m. with a wicked piss-boner. Jen's still sleeping, so there isn't much I can do with it. Jerking off isn't an option, as Harley's taken to sleeping on our couch. Two months ago, in an odd turn of events, she deemed her room too spooky, and refused to sleep in it. To accommodate her, Jen gave her the choice of sleeping anywhere else in the house that made her feel secure, so long as it wasn't Nan and Pop's bed, Mom and Dad's bed, or the couch in Mom and Dad's bedroom suite. First Harley test-drove the living room couch. Then, it was the library floor. And just as she was settling into the guest room, Mewes moved back in, thus negating the guest room as an option. Mewes offered to pay Harley for the use of her room (which is much bigger than the guest room), but Harley insisted on keeping her bedroom as her "playroom", while seeking a place to sleep elsewhere in the house. Somehow, that's become the couch in Mom and Dad's bedroom suite, which means Jen and I have lost a bit of the freedom we used to enjoy at night: Jen's freedom to smoke in bed or on her couch, and my freedom to watch movies with the volume turned way up — not to mention the freedom to walk up and tug one out if I feel the need, prior to the Schwalbach midday special.

I make the dreaded morning climb up the stairs to let the dogs out on the patio, take a leak, then head to my office to check email and read the board.

Harley wakes up, then wakes Jen. I kiss her goodbye and Jen gets Harley ready for school. I continue to putter online.

Malcolm gets up and we all chit-chat in the bedroom for a while before heading out for breakfast at the Griddle. We check to see if Mewes is awake yet, but he's still out cold (for the curious, Mewes tends to sleep in his clothes).

After breakfast, we speed home, and I jump in the shower. Following that, Malcolm and I head over to the NPR studio on Jefferson in Culver City.

On the drive, I talk with Matty, the producer from the Alice Morning Radio show, who's gonna help me with a four-hour test-drive broadcast I'm gonna do in LA the second week of April, and everything works out.

We get to NPR where I meet up with Robert and segment producer Jim Wallace. Robert and I cram into a small recording booth while the techs get Frank Miller on the line from NYC.

Interview goes great. It's about an hour long, and we cover the *Sin City* books, film, and ethos. Both Robert and Frank are articulate, eager speakers, so the hour flies by (Frank tells me I once Catholicized him on my *Daredevil* run, which I find kind of funny). After we wrap, Jim tells me he now gotta somehow cut the piece down to eight minutes for NPR broadcast (the entire interview will run on NPR's website shortly after the piece airs). I pick Robert's brain about using Troublemaker Austin facilities for *Ranger Danger* (as always, he's very accommodating and encouraging) and Malcolm and I head back to the house.

Jen, Malcolm and I sit around bullshitting for a while and re-heat some of the leftovers from last night. Jen's off to the store to pick up some missing ingredients for a Bunny cake she's making for Harley's Fairy Tale Ball tomorrow in school, and Malcolm and I head to the Dome for a three o'clock tech scout with my Stash West partner in crime Bob Chapman, Q&A shooters Zack and Joey, and the Dome rep, Bob.

We tech scout the Dome with the very helpful Arclight folks, and figure out where folks are coming through, when the marquees are going up, what the schedule is gonna be, where the video projector will be stationed, the chairs for the various Q&As, etc., etc.

Malcolm and I head home in the pouring rain and find Mewes playing online poker. Based on the pouring rain, we opt out of the poker tourney at the Geisha House we were supposed to hit tonight at nine.

I find Jen upstairs slaving over the Bunny cake, then head down to the bathroom for a half hour of shit/Nintendo DS session.

We order up some pizza and Jen and I settle into some TiVo.

Talk to Jeff on the phone for about a half hour, going over Vulgarthon and *Clerks 2* stuff.

Call Dwight, too.

We put Harley to bed and head upstairs to the living room. We watch an episode of *The Office* with Malcolm before digging into a little *Amongst Friends*. Mewes joins us after a bit. Twenty minutes in, I start taking shit from everyone else for making them watch the flick. I must be high on something, because I still think the flick's pretty watchable.

Jen and I head back downstairs and crash watching TiVo'ed *Law & Orders*.

Wednesday 23 March 2005 @ 12:07 p.m.

Fucking dogs wake me up again. This time I first take a leak in my bathroom (fuck them, I'm going first), then trudge up the stairs and let 'em out.

I hit the computer for a bit before Jen and Harley get up. When they wake, I'm rushed into the

shower for a trip to Harley's school. Since Jen's got a facial at eleven, we take separate cars to the school. Malcolm and I are charged with safely delivering the Bunny cake.

It's Fairy Tale Breakfast day in Harley's class, which means that all the kids dress up like their favorite character and load up on eggs, sausages, donuts, cookies, juice, etc. Harley goes as Tinkerbell. Me and Malcolm show up after Jen, and Byron and Gail follow us. Mewes wakes up late yet still manages to get to the school in time to catch some costume action. Malcolm just about passes out when he sees Johnny Depp in the class. Depp's there to peep out his ol' lady and kid doing a reading of the classic Mulan fable (not the Disney version). Since he's currently shooting those *Pirates* sequels back-to-back, the Deppster's sporting silver-capped teeth beneath his facial scruff. He seems a little shy but very in love with his family. We exchange a very quiet "Sup", as he heads off to his Valley-side set.

After an hour or so, we escape the Fairy Tale Breakfast, and Mewes, Malcolm, Jen and I grab some Griddle. Jen breaks away early to hit her appointment, and Malcolm and I head over to Las Vegas Blazer on Pico to pick up this week's new DVDs.

On the way back, I stop at the Sprint Store to pick up a new phone. Unlike my last trip to a Sprint Store, this time everyone's pretty helpful, and we're out of there in half an hour, phone in hand complete with old number switched over and address book intact. Oddly, a guy who waited on me and Mewes in a Sprint Store back home in Eatontown now works at this Sprint Store out here. While I'm checking out, I'm chatted up by another Jersey relocater (this one from Wayne). Jersey represents big time, with three out of the ten people in the store hailing from the Motherland, which reminds me that I'm heading home next week. I take a pic with a non-Jersey guy who sped my order along, and we're off.

We hit the office. I have a long convo with Phil and Mos about Panasonic, Final Cut Pro, Apple and whether or not we wanna shoot *Clerks 2* in digital.

I take a few minutes to talk to Devon at *Newsweek* about a possible *Revenge of the Sith* piece they might want me to pen, and then I hit the Avid and start digging back into *Jersey Girl* to pull together the longest cut of the movie I can for Vulgarthon. What I assume will take an hour winds up taking six. It's a real walk down Memory Lane, as I'm seeing footage I haven't seen in at least two years, so long ago was some of the stuff dropped from what would eventually become the movie.

Ten cases of the Silent Bob Speaks books show up at the office, and Mike lays them out for signing. Jen and Harley stop by on their way home from school to inform me that Harley took first place in her Karate class for an exercise in which she performs a series of moves (chaka, is it called?). Jen's had a hardcore facial (not like that, you fucks...) that leaves her skin very sensitive, so much so that we stretch our lips out cartoonishly to kiss, so as not to have my beard scratch her.

Over the course of my editing day, Mos, Malcolm and Phil head off to other stuff, leaving me and Biggie Smalls to hold down the fort. I finally wrap up the rebuild and head home around 7:45 p.m.

drive Jen over the hill to a girl's-night-out dinner with her friends.

Back home, I dig into some barbecue with Harley, Byron and Gail. Mewes shows up, and after setting Harley up in my bed with a new *Dora* DVD and the heat on, I head back upstairs where me and Mewes finally tackle a dining room table full of figures, comics, and posters that've been waiting for our signatures since before England. We listen to some King Diamond and talk about the flick he's starting the day after V'thon — an indie flick called *Bottoms Up*, co-starring Paul Walker and Paris Hilton. Jay's a little nervous, as he's the lead, but feels that by day two or three, he'll be settled into a groove. During a music change-up (from Black Metal to late eighties pop), I tell Jay the story of the summer of '89, when Bryan, Ed and I couldn't get into a party to save our lives, even though we were non-troublemaking non-drinkers.

I head to my office (the one in the master bedroom suite) and check some email for a bit when I get the call from Jen to come pick her up. Back over the hill I go.

On the short ride home, Jen's lamenting over how her face feels like it's been sun-burned courtesy of the deep facial. We hold hands and listen to some Dave Matthews' 'Crash Into Me'.

We move the out-cold Harley from our bed to the couch and pop on some TiVo. We skip the nookie, as her face is still hyper-sensitive, and we can't kiss. Jen's out within five minutes of hitting the bed (after a nearly-fruitless quest to find some ice to rub on her face). Locked out, Malcolm rings the door at around midnight. I let him in then head back upstairs and fall asleep to a TiVo'ed *Law Order*.

Thursday 24 March 2005 @ 12:07 p.m.

Fucking Mulder and Scully. Today, they wake me up at 6:45 a.m. I take a leak, let the dogs out, and then head to my desk-top computer to play catch up with the board diary-thing.

Harley wakes up and joins me at my desk. We watch the *Madagascar* trailer a record eleven times in a row before she heads off to find Pop and breakfast.

I jump onto iChat and IM who I assume is Walt regarding the *Silent Bob Speaks* book, and having a bunch in stock for next week in the east coast Stash when I'm back there for the Count Basie gig. Turns out it's not Walt but Mike Zapcik (Helpermonkey). We get 400 books ordered and I tell him that, post-Basie gig, I'll come back to the store for a signing, if they feel like staying open. They're down with it.

I'm still on iChat holding down convos with Ming, Helpermonkey and Joey (her appearance at Vulgarthon's up in the air, as she may have to leave for Arkansas earlier than expected to start the flick she's directing — which, as you might imagine, is quite the bummer), when I get an IM from Jo Gordon's assistant Leslye about having lunch with Harvey Weinstein that afternoon. Suddenly, the balance of the day changes.

Jen wakes up and summons me and Gail upstairs for a family meeting regarding Easter. Turn out we're having twenty people over for the early dinner, and Jen wants to go over the menu/figure out who's coming exactly and what we need. Malcolm's in attendance too, and he not only comes up with a helpful suggestion regarding feeding the masses Easter Sunday, but also volunteers to go pick up the near-pristine 35mm print of *Chasing Amy* I bought over the phone yesterday for the low, low price of less than five-hundred bucks. This will save me a trip to Palmdale.

Somebody posted on the board that, in his blog, Zach Braff reacted positively to my revelation to the press that I'd love to cast him as Fletch in *Fletch Won*. I forward Jon Gordon Zach's reaction, and he gets me Zach's number.

Gail moves up two phoners I'm supposed to do with McHenry area papers so that I can do the Harvey lunch. Both interviews are meant to pimp the Raue Theater screening. Both seemingly go well.

I jump in the shower, get dressed, and head to the office to pick up Mos for the lunch. As we jump across to Beverly Hills and meet with Jon Gordon (our friend and Miramax exec) and Harvey at Harvey's hotel, I call Zach Braff's cell. Surprisingly, he answers on the second ring. The convo goes something like this...

"Zach Braff?"

"Yes. Who's this?"

"Kevin Smith."

Beat.

"Kevin Smith?! No way!"

"Hello, sir."

"This isn't really Kevin Smith."

"It is. And I'm charmed by the fact that you answer your phone, sir. Are you working on *Scrubs* at the moment?"

"I am. We're between takes. Kevin Smith. This is awesome."

"So can we get together and chat about *Fletch Won*?"

"So the rumors are true?"

"They are, sir."

"Oh God, yes. I must have been really impressive in that PSA."

"I told you then I enjoyed working with you. What's your schedule look like?"

"I'm wrapping *Scrubs* on April 9th. After that, I'll have more time to meet up and stuff."

"So you wanna wait 'til sometime after the ninth?"

"I do. But I need your address. I want you to come to my birthday party."

"Right on. When is it?"

"Like April [DATE GIVEN]."

"I'll definitely be in town."

“Where can we send something?”

“Written invite or email.”

“Written.”

“Send it to [ADDRESS GIVEN].”

“Cool.”

“So you wanna wait ‘til sometime after April 9th to meet, right? Did my number come up on your cell.”

“It did.”

“Then just call that when you’re ready to hook up.”

“I will. They’re calling me to set right now.”

“Later, sir.”

“Bye.”

We get to the hotel and head upstairs with Jon to meet with the big man (or rather, not-so-big man — Harvey’s lost a shitload of weight) in his suite. He opts to head downstairs for a lunch meeting with us instead.

We go over *Clerks 2*-related business (turns out *The Passion of the Clerks* will hold the honor of being the first film put into production at New Co., the temporary moniker of Miramax v.2), as well as Harvey’s feelings about Chapter Two of his epic career: the post-Disney Miramax v.2. He says he’s nervous and excited. I ask why he’s nervous and he says that it sucks to leave behind the 800-movie library and the name they spent two decades building. I say: “There’s more than enough time to build another 800-movie library and a new name — however, this time, make only the good movies.” To which, Harvey smiles and says, “Which means you’ll never make another movie again.” I love this man.

We talk about Zach Braff and *Fletch Won* (a combo Harvey loves) and then go over a list of possible Beckys (the female lead in *Clerks 2*). Harvey keeps pushing Amanda Peet who I agree is great but also know, in my heart, will never do this flick. I also think it’s better to go with an actress who’s less well known. We narrow the list down to a few names before Harvey gives me a peck on the top of the head and pimps off for another meeting. Scott, Jon and I sit around the restaurant for another forty-five minutes going over stuff and waxing rhapsodic about *The Talented Mister Ripley* before we have to head back to work.

At the office, Colleen Benn and Meredith Sachs from Universal Home Video are waiting to go over the *Mallrats* 10th DVD. I tell them I’ll be ready to deliver the re-cut of the movie by mid-April. Phil Benson joins us, and we all go over what will be included on this two-DVD set. Thus far, we’ve got all the contents of the OG DVD, as well as the re-cut, the new documentary (in which we’re gonna talk to everyone this time), the new commentary track, the 10th Anniversary Q&A we’re gonna round up the cast up for and shoot at the Arclight (in the coming months; not at Vulgarthon), storyboards, even a draft of the script, tons of press, possibly the MTV Première Party special — just a bunch of stuff

make the double-dip worth the price. Smalls loads them up with a box of press, tapes, artwork. I even unearth my production binder, which has all the multi-colored schedules, one-liners, and drafts of the flick, complete with notes I wrote in the margins. I'm so glad I'm such a pack-rat; I save everything. Colleen says the street date for *Rats* will probably be in mid-September. Phil and I push hard for them to do a Region 2, but these ladies have no control over that; that's up to UPI — the overseas arm of Universal — and they're mainly into releasing the blockbusters. So if you're Region 2 and you want this new *Rats* DVD, best to start bugging UPI Home Video now.

During lunch, Jon Gordon reminded me of a shot from *Jersey Girl* that I'd forgotten to put back into the movie. I'd called Phil to ask him to slug it in. Now, Phil's showing it to me. I futz with it a little bit (move the sound, shave off the back half of the shot and lay a fade on that motherfucker) and with that, lock the version of *Jersey Girl* we'll be showing on Monday. It's about two hours and twenty-five minutes long, and based on the patchwork nature of it we'll be projecting a BetaCam copy onto the Dome screen that day. It won't be as lush to look at as a film print, but it'll get the job done.

From there, it's over to Phil's office for a brief tutorial on Final Cut Pro. I've never used FCP before (I've been an Avid guy since '96), so Phil hits me with the basics of removing chunks of media from a project, which is all I'll need to hack into *Oh, What a Lovely Tea Party*.

Tea Party is just too long to show at Vulgarthon in its present running time of three hours and forty-five minutes. For home viewing, sure — a VA enthusiast can watch it in a sitting or start and stop the flick according to their schedule. But at the tail-end of a loooooooooooooong day of watching movies, the far-from-'Snowball Effect'-tight/fly-on-the-wall-format of the nearly four-hour *Tea Party* might put motherfuckers to sleep. For that reason, and because we just don't have enough time to fit the monster version into our already-packed 'Thon schedule, Malcolm and I sit down and start the lugubrious task of finding an hour and forty-five minutes to hack out.

It turns out to be not as lugubrious as we thought. By midnight, we've tamed the beast into a half over two hours without any really painful edits. Turns out there was a bunch of fat (mostly of behind-the-scenes angles of various scenes) that just slowly fell away like the pounds on Atkins. Midway through the cut, Malcolm and I are joined by Christian (Xtian to you folks) who is in town for Vulgarthon. Jen swings your beloved Mod, Endless and their two kids by the office before whisking the girls up to the house. The men are left to do the heavy lifting; the heavy lifting of sitting crammed behind a desk and pressing keys on a Mac keyboard.

We call it a night twenty minutes from the end of the doc, and head up to the house. Harley and Gabrielle are already out cold in Harley's barn bed (a bunkbed shaped/designed to look like, you guessed it, a barn), so Team Case opts to leave her here for the night and Malcolm and I take the remnants of their broken family back to the hotel. We gas up the truck on the way home.

Jen's out cold when I get home, so I jump online to check email. As I fall asleep in the process of doing so, I realize it's time to call it a night. I fall asleep watching TiVo'ed *Simpsons*.

Friday 25 March 2005 @ 12:08 p.m.

The dogs play it cool — it's the kids that wake my ass up at 7:30 a.m. Dressed in full princess regalia, Harley and Gabrielle start banging on the door. Jen lets the dogs out, and I stumble to the bathroom with the computer to play catch-up with the diary-thing. I run out of battery juice in ten minutes, so I head back to the bedroom, sack out on the floor, and finish my entry.

Malcolm joins us (after being serenaded awake by Harley and Gabrielle doing their rendition of 'Good Morning, to You'), and we decide to take the girls to breakfast at Jerry's while Jen heads to the doctor's. I shower and we're off.

On the drive to Jerry's, we call Xtian and Endless to see if they're up for breakfast. They've already eaten, so me and Malcolm are on our own with the kids. I'd set my babysitting rate to be in line with my college-speaking rate, but Team Case's eldest is one of those rare good kids, who's low maintenance and easy to be around (but, fuck does she love Sweet & Low).

After breakfast, we head over to the store so I can sign up the remaining 100 or so *WizardWorld* Kevin Smith exclusive figures (we sent a few cases back east for the Red Bank Stash so there'll be some in stock post-Basie gig). Dave and I try to figure out what's creating this nauseating buzz in one of the lights at the back of the store and ultimately figure it's best left to an electrician. Malcolm keeps an eye on the kids while I re-stock the shelves and sign some bobble-heads and *Strike Back* figures. I buy two cases of Kevin figures for family and stuff, and we're off.

Jen calls and asks me to pick up a gift for Harley's friend whose birthday the girls are meant to attend that afternoon. We head across the street to *Aaaah's* and pick up some *SpongeBob* and *Wonder Woman* gear. I stumble across a few of those old school video games that consist of the games built into the joystick (the scrolling games that plug right into the back of your TV and run on batteries) including (to my utter joy) an EA Sports NHL '95 game. Malcolm finds an "I Fucked Paris Hilton" shirt which we think (for twenty seconds) would be funny to give to Mewes (who starts shooting a movie with the fuckee in question on Tuesday), then move on.

On the ride home, [Jason] Lee calls to confirm he'll be rockin' the V'thon *Amy* Q&A mic (there was a question as to whether or not he was gonna be in town, but like a champ, he came through). We chit-chat the whole ride home (he's loving his TV show [*My Name is Earl*]) and he wraps it up by busting some Syndrome to Harley.

We get home and find Team Case chilling with Jen. I head into my office to do a phoner with the *Bergen Record* (to promote the Count Basie gig) and a phoner with *Entertainment Weekly* (to sue Criterion's cock; finally, Criterion's getting some mainstream ink). After that, we head to The Ivy for a late lunch.

Malcolm made the reservation at the wrong Ivy, so we stand there, displaced for a moment in the packed restaurant, at a loss. The Ivy kindly gets us in ASAP regardless. We're seven for lunch: me

Jen, Malcolm, Chay, Trish, Cookie (Mos's girlfriend), Xtian and Endless. I spend most of the lunch jawing with Trish about her new boyfriend.

We head home and after a moment of panic in which Gabrielle's 'Little Baby' (a small stuffed cow) has gone missing, shit's made right and I drop Team Case back at the hotel.

With Harley doing 'Movie Night' down in Gail and Byron's room, Jen and I settle into some of the first peace and quiet we've had since the anniversary. We rock a little *Without a Trace*, which years later, still holds up. It's certainly as farfetched as a child abduction movie can be (it makes *Ransom* look plausible), but totally watchable. I'm checking email through most of the flick, and then close up shop as we settle into that Robin Williams flick *The Final Cut*. It requires a degree more attention than we have to give at that point, as we're both kinda tired. We switch over to TiVo and fall asleep to some *Simpsons* eps.

Saturday 26 March 2005 @ 12:08 p.m.

Fucking dogs get me up at 5:45, but thankfully, Mewes is lingering about upstairs. I let the dogs out of my room (figuring Mewes'll let 'em out upstairs), take a leak, and go back to bed.

Rise from a bad dream at about 8:10, and throw on some clothes so I can get Xtian to the Stas. Once there, X, Bob and Gina put together the pickup bags (shirt, tip sheet, VA Almanac, comic), and sign 500 copies of *Silent Bob Speaks*. After some last minute rearrangement of the shelves, I'm out there (joint opens at eleven, there's already a small crowd outside, and since I look like I slept in my clothes in the back of a car, I'm not in the mood to take pics and stuff).

I swing by the house, pick up Malcolm, and head to the office. Phil and I shift some of the *Jersy Girl* credits around on the Avid, render 'em, and Phil's off and running with the BetaCam output. I head over to Phil's office to finish off *Tea Party* and since Phil's taught me a few more tricks to *Final Cut*, I go back to the head of the flick to do a fine cut, whipping that motherfucker into a lean, tight (yet still oddly loose) one-hour forty-seven. I'm behind that desk from 12:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

Along the way, my Canadian homey Jim Jackman (of *Degrassi* production fame) arrives, and after some initial histrionics from Malcolm (of the "There can be only one!" variety), all three of us mellow out with not one, not two, but three spliffs. Amazingly, I'm still able to edit (albeit more c-r-e-f-u-l-l-y, maaaaaaann...). We order some food (natch) and it's about the best food I've tasted in what feels like eons (everything tastes better when you're baked — even when it's just a bun-less cheeseburger and some chicken skewers). We spend a long time laughing about shit which probably wasn't really all that funny, but fuck, I'm like crying at the time, unable to breathe. I don't spark up very regularly, but when I do a) it's usually with Malcolm, and b) it's usually an excellent time.

We drive home (s-l-o-w-l-y, maaaaaaaannnnn...), making a pit stop at McDonald's for more chicken and beef. I get home and scarf two Atkins S'mores bars (because the first one tasted better

than it usually does, somehow...) and climb into bed beside the slumbering Schwalbach. I'm out in less than a minute.

Sunday 27 March 2005 @ 12:09 p.m.

I wake up around 7:30 to find Harley waking up on our couch, ready to see if the Easter Bunny came. Surprise, surprise — he did (God bless Gail and Jen). Team Quinnster (Jen, Byron, Gail and I) head upstairs for the egg/basket hunt, with Byron firing away on his new Cannon 7MegaPixel SureShot.

Post holiday-lie-endorsement, we're joined by Malcom and Jackman and start the hour-long process of trying to figure out a table configuration for twenty-plus people. The dining room table is pretty long (it seats twelve), but not long enough. So the kitchen table is dragged into the living room, the dual leaves are put in, and we're off and running (with a tiny kids' table between the twain adult tables for the little ones).

I update the diary, shower, and head out to Bristol Farms with Malcolm, Mewes and Jackman to pick up a fruit and cheese platter, as well as some rolls and ice.

We eat at 3:00 p.m. The joint's packed. In attendance: me, Jen, Harley, Gail, Byron, Mos, Cooki, Jay, Chay, Phil, Malcolm, Jackman, Malcolm's friend Andre, Gina (Chappy's still stuck at the Stash), Bryan, Quinn, Andy, Xtian, Endless, Bry's brother Eric, Quinn's buddy Sal, Gabrielle and Charlotte (I'm forgetting anybody, I'm sorry). I stick to the protein.

I talk to Phil for a long time, and later, while everyone's playing poker, Bob Schreck and Diana Schutz (both in town for the *Sin City* première) and Chappy join us for desserts.

I throw everyone out at 9:00 p.m., as we've got an early morning ahead of us.

Jen and I are asleep by 10:00 p.m.

Monday 28 March 2005 @ 12:03 p.m.

I get up before even the dogs, shower, send out last minute emails to Ben [Affleck], [Jason] Lee, Joe [Lauren Adams], and Jeff about the 'Thon. Then, me and Malcolm meet Jay and Jackman at the office so we can load some artwork for the glass cases at the Dome into the car.

I get to the Dome around 7:30 a.m. The line outside is huge (natch). Inside, we're all buzzing with preshow activity, doing tech-checks, marking off reserved seats, etc. Smalls has done a great job of pulling the event together. Nothing is left undone.

I jump outside to do a quick interview with CNN.

I'm astounded by the video projection system. For weeks, we've been sweating what the projected BetaCams and DV tapes were gonna look like on the Dome's massive screen. But Vern and George's amazing machine somehow manages to not only keep all the resolution, but actual

improve the picture too.

At 8:45, Mewes and I head outside to get the bracelets around the wrists of all 830 attendees.

Vulgarthon begins (and is fairly well documented over at News Askew).

I get home a little after two in the morning. Jen and I trade tales of Vulgarthon, and I fall asleep to a TiVo'ed *Simpsons* mid-conversation.

Tuesday 29 March 2005 @ 12:03 p.m.

Fucking bastard mutts. Goddamn 6:45 a.m.!

I cruise the board and the 'net to see what's what re: Vulgarthon, then call in to the Alice Morning Radio show at 8:00 for a promised on-air chat with Hooman (who was briefly in attendance yesterday). They're mid-commercials, so we opt to have them call me back.

I set about wrapping up last week's journal and store it in the new Boring-Ass Life forum, and get current with the new stuff.

Alice calls back, and I chit-chat with Sarah, No-Name, Hooman and Matty about the Vulgarthon.

Jen tells me I've gotta bring Harley to her spring break camp (she's on Easter break from school all week, but she's doing this day camp thing). I'm also to drop Xtian's Gabrielle off at the hotel, but her 'Little Baby' cow has gone missing. Ten minutes later, after said cow is unearthed, Malcolm, Harley, Gabrielle and I are off.

I drop both kids off at their separate destinations, and then call Joey, Dwight and Lee to touch base about the night before. All enjoyed themselves (Lee I wind up getting via email later).

Malcolm and I swing by the Griddle, where I'm supposed to meet Brad and Chris for post-'Thon breakfast. Since I'm already a half hour late and we don't see them outside, we swing back home to grab Jen and Jackman for some Griddle instead.

The four of us Griddle it up, going over the previous night's activities. As we head off, we run into Bryan and Brian (Lynch) and get their thoughts on the 'Thon. As far as we can tell, everyone had a good time.

We pop into Rite Aid for some smokes (for Jen) and gum (for me), then head back home.

I talk to ***** who's come to town for this meeting with the folks at ***** about ***** feature. We plan for her and ***** (her producing partner/husband) to come over to the house at nine tomorrow morning for a pre-meeting before we all head over to *****.

(NOTE: As the above stuff is still in development stages, I've gotta leave the pertinent info out until deals are in place and signed. Sorry.)

I lay down to watch some TiVo and wind up falling asleep 'til four-ish. I talk to Mos for a while to get his thoughts about the Amy Q&A. Afterwards, Jay bombs by after his first day of working on *Bottoms Up*. He fills us in on the shooting, and then me, him, Malcolm and Jackman head to Ba

Fresh to bring home some dinner. There, we run into Bryan and Brian (Quinn) and Brian's friend S at the adjacent Coffee Bean. We chit-chat for a bit, pick up the food, then head home.

Me, Jen, Jackman, Malcolm and Harley chow down. Following that, Jen and I put Harley to bed on our couch, and we close the curtains on the boudoir portion of the master bedroom suite and go into some TiVo. We're both asleep by eight or nine.

Wednesday 30 March 2005 @ 12:04 p.m.

Cursed dogs. 6:00 a.m. I let 'em out, take a leak, then head into my office for email and whatnot.

I shower at about 8:00 and then Jackman, Malcolm and I head to Coffee Bean to grab a box of coffee and pastries/bagels for the meeting. We get back around 9:00 to find Jen fixing up the house/living room for our meeting (fucking champ, that one). ***** and ***** arrive, and they sit down with me and Jackman to talk about what's going on with the ***** feature. All seems on track, as we're all on the same page. At about 10:30, ***** , ***** and I head over to the ***** lot.

The meeting goes insanely well, with the women in charge of both ***** and ***** as well the ***** and ***** , the two folks in charge at ***** in attendance. Everyone seems to want this flick to happen. You couldn't ask for better feedback — even on the subject of me bringing ***** aboard.

***** and ***** head to the airport from the lot, and I head home. Jen's been planting, so she's a bit sweaty and dirty. While she showers, Gail comes up and we go over the schedule for my trip east, mid-west, and north. I fill Jackman in on my morning meeting, and then Jackman and I head to Quizno's for some lunch. Following that, we head to the newspaper stand to grab the *Times (NY and LA)*, *USA Today*, and sundry other papers that headline the Weinstein/Disney split.

We stop by the house so Jen can pick up some dry-cleaning and then head over to the Valley to drop said dry-cleaning off. Afterwards, I drop Jen back at the house and go to pick up Harley from camp. From there, Quinnster and I head to Laser Blazer for this week's new DVDs (it's a slim week for new releases). I chitchat with store-owner Ron about the Vulgarthon (he was there for the first half of it), and then Harley and I are off for home.

I hear from Tony Angellotti (my publicist) that both CNN and KTLA ran pieces on the Vulgarthon, and that the *LA Daily News* is running something tomorrow, and that Marilyn Beck's column is supposed to be running an item about the Craig/UV engagement as well.

Once home, I climb back into my loungin' gear and hit the board/check email. Half an hour later it's dinnertime. Gail cooked a chicken that me, Byron, Jen, Gail and Jackman dig into.

Post-meal, Jackman, Gail and Jen grab smokes on the deck, and I start signing a bunch of *Silent Bob Speaks* that Smalls laid out on the dining room table earlier that day. An hour later, Jackman

ride to the airport arrives. We say goodbye, and it's back to the Great White North for Jim.

I lay down and check email/the board while watching TiVo. At a certain point, I start falling asleep mid-post. Jen brings down some Jell-o which we dig into while peeping a *Law & Order* I've never seen. At the end of it, I'm already falling asleep. I'm out by nine.

Thursday 31 March 2005 @ 12:04 p.m.

Unholy floor-crawlers start the day at 6:48. Thankfully, I hear Byron at the top of the stairs, so all I've gotta do is let the mutts out the bedroom door. I take a leak and hit the board, figuring out when I'm gonna update the blog.

I take my laptop into the bathroom and check email during a good morning shit. I get through a lot of email, but there's somehow still another hundred left to address in the inbox.

Gail calls to let me know Josh Horowitz is calling to finish up his interview. Josh is writing a book about five young filmmakers, and we've already done about two hours on the phone a few weeks ago. This time, we do an hour and change. As he's great at posing queries and listening, the time flies by.

Jen wakes up as I finish the interview. She goes into the morning ritual of riding the couch while sipping coffee and having her morning smokes, while I update the diary.

We opt for a little Newsroom brunch. I take a shower and we're off.

Over turkey meatloaf (me) and artichokes (Jen), I ask the wife if she'd be interested in receiving her birthday/our anniversary gift today instead of waiting 'til next week. Naturally, she opts to get it today, so post-brunch, we head over to Beverly Hills.

I let her take over the wheel to circle Rodeo while I dash into Tiffany to pick up the gift I ordered oh, so long ago, yet couldn't wait another week to bestow. Before it's wrapped up, my Tiffany rep gives me a peek at the goods. As impressive as the box is, what's even more stunning is what's inside the box. What does a fella get the Queen of his world for her thirty-fourth birthday/six-year anniversary? A diamond tiara, of course.

I exit just as Jen's rounding the corner, and I hop into the driver's seat. She tears into the package and goes giddy. It's a nice fit and the design is subtle enough to wear everyday. As much as I was loved four minutes ago, my stock's somehow taken another jump.

We head home and fuck like stoned test bunnies.

I head over to the exo-house office to do an interview about Alanis and the tenth anniversary of 'Jagged Little Pill'. It goes really well. Before and post-interview, I rap with Smalls about the 'Thon.

Back home, I carry the new fireplace screen upstairs. Harley and her friend are in the pool, and Jen's outside planting and hosing down the deck. I sign up the rest of the *Silent Bob Speaks* books that're sitting on the dining room table, then head downstairs and get into the loungin' wear. Smal

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