

Have You Read the Gunrunner?

Written by Dave Howard

Why is Anthony Swipe Calling Me?

The first day of the rest of my life started with a bird crapping on my car. Judging from the trajectory and the sploit I guessed the bird had some kind of flu that I wasn't that unfamiliar with.

It was a Monday, so I had just gotten the beauty washed the day before. My pre-brunch ritual had just been shit on.

I had stopped at 7-11 for coffee on the way to work. I was running late and didn't have time to make it at home. I was running late because I had clubhouse at the Giants v. Dodgers game last night. The game went into extra innings. My team lost. I am from San Francisco. I still had to congratulate Jeff Kent afterwards. I call him "Butt massage" Kent behind his back. We drank Bourbon in the clubhouse afterwards, Jeff left and we went to Cheetas. It was a long night and I needed coffee.

We ran into Jeff at Cheetas. Also.. John Taylor from Duran Duran. Weird. I bought John Tayulr a lap dance which was probably insulting. No, it was dumb. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. If this guy is here, I should buy him a cocktail, ya know something more professional. I sent Jeff Kent a Budweiser. It's all on the studio..

He should be a a villain in something. And get naked. Every 40 year old midwesterner would schedule a girl's night around it.

Now some fucking bird had crapped on my car.

I was late enough that I didn't have a time to clean it. I would call one of the mailroom boys to do it later. When you are the assistant to the president of a studio, you get those kind of blowjob conveniences. Like front row at Dodger stadium. And why the fuck is the radio playing Desperado.. by the Carpenters?

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That is what I do, I am an assistant to the head of of one studio heads. I am an assistant to one of seven studio heads in town.

Which makes me one of the most 100 powerfiul people in town. Though you never read about it.

I got to my phone at 9:18.

I have fourteen messages. I half listened and 3 of them were important. The first was the Homo-In Chief at Variety calling me an asshole four different ways for “not giving him the story.” the second was from my boss bitching me out for being late and the third was from Anthony Swipe.

Anthony Swipe was important. We called him “the Cleaner.” Yes, like Harvey Kietel in “Pulp Fiction”

Funny Story. There was this hooker named “Vanilla” -- Something. She spilled to Anthony, so Anthony had dirt on everyone at the studio. He tried to blackmail everyone. It turned into a really big deal. My boss paid. Everyone else refused... because paying for blackmail is far worse than paying for hooker. Swipe spilt. Everyone got fired and got severance production deals. My boss paid. He is the head of production at the studio.

“Jackie.. it’s Ant-ony... I’m calling for you, call me”

What the fuck is Anthony Swipe calling me for?

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Then I picked up Variety and realized I was now out of a job.