

# skizzleplex - "Scottie likes to watch The Wheel"

Banzai! - \$7.92!

Issue 9 - That's 3 less than 10!

Issue 9 - Well, eight down and I still haven't gotten a TV writing job from this bullshit. Thanks Hollywood! Anyway, things here at the home office are pretty good. Our expansion into the Bangalore metropolitan area is on track with the projected figures, no complaints there. And don't forget to give a big Skizzleplex welcome to our new Assistant Photo Editor, Jonas Schnickenberger, whose resume I found in my spam filter folder. Glad to have you on board, Jonas! The theme of this issue is "reconciliation: the silent killer" - The Editor



"You'll never get rid of me, Douchebag!"

**(I found this list of regrets I had as a kid when my family went to Disneyland. It's kinda cute and I guess it's true what they say, "Kids say the craziest fucking shit.")**

my vacation regrets - by eric filipkowski, age 11

- 1.) I should have gotten chicken fingers that day at ESPNZone instead of the burger. I remember being like, "oh the chicken fingers don't even come with fries, that won't be enough food!" but then I only ate like half my burger and hardly any fries, plus the lady at the next table got chicken fingers and they looked really good.
- 2.) When nobody else would go on the swinging cars at Mickey's Fun Wheel, I gave in and went on the non-swinging one with them, even though it was super boring. It would have been better to go on one that swings, even though I'd have to go alone.
- 3.) I should have just gone to see World of Color with everyone else. I know I was like, "No, I'm gonna stay here at Disneyland and go on a bunch of rides by myself", thinking that in the single rider lane I'd get to ride like ten times as many rides as everyone else, but the lines weren't even that long anyway and when everybody got back from World of Color, they wouldn't shut up about how great it was and it seemed like they only wanted to go on the rides I had just been on!
- 4.) When that old man fell in the pond by the hotel and was yelling for help, I should have thrown him a life preserver or gotten a stick for him to grab or something instead of just sitting there watching him drown. I know I had always said I wanted to see that, but in reality, it was super boring. Also, maybe he was rich and if I had saved him he would have given me a reward, you know?
- 5.) I totally should have picked Tuesday to be 'stay at the hotel and go in the pool day' because when we did it on Friday, it totally rained and was stupid and we just stayed in the room all day watching cable. Boring!



**\*Editor's Note\* Though Mr. Filipkowski states that he "found" this letter that he wrote when he was 11, in actuality, the restaurants and attractions mentioned were not even in existence during that time. Furthermore, the details of such are remarkably similar to the account given to his coworkers and I in the Skizzleplex break room last Wednesday of the trip he took to the Disneyland Resort with his girlfriend on October 14, 2010**

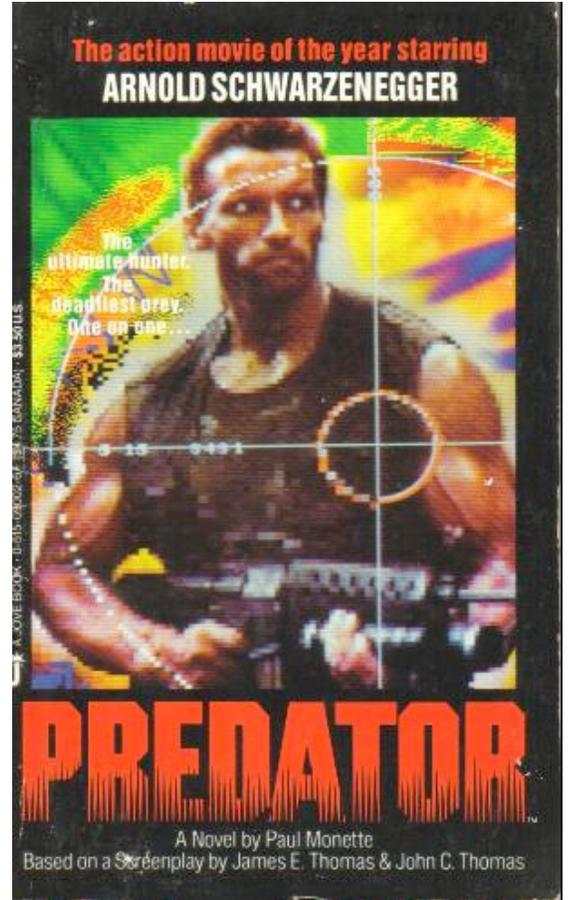


My secret super power: I am able to tell with 100% accuracy whether someone was a magician as a child, just by looking at a single picture of them!

# STORY CORNER!!!

How I became so unpopular - by Eric Filipkowski

When you have Marfan Syndrome and very few social skills, it's nearly impossible to pin your lack of success in your peer group on a single person, so instead I will pin it on three: Paul Monette, John C. Thomas and James E. Thomas. You see, when Mr. Paul Monette adapted the screenplay for the 1987 Arnold Schwarzenegger action film, Predator, from the screenplay written by John C. Thomas and James E. Thomas, he may have done an admirable job of capturing the dynamic energy of a cinematic roller-coaster ride, but ultimately, these jerks screwed me over big time. You see, I was what you might call a 'fragile' child and any overly-violent movies tended to scare the shit out of me and give me nightmares. To this day, I've probably only seen 2 or 3 actual 'horror' movies. Anyway, when I was about 12 years old, all my friends went out and saw this movie together. They invited me, but I made up some excuse about the dentist and pretended to be really bummed I was missing it. This wasn't the end of it for me, because after they all saw it, they wouldn't shut up about how awesome it was. "When are you going to see it, Eric?" they asked. "Hey Eric, you gotta go see Predator, it's fucking awesome!" they would say. "Eric, you should really go see the movie 'Predator' starring Arnold Schwarzenegger." You get the point. So then I came up with this brilliant idea! Even the scariest book in the world isn't that scary, so I would go out and buy the novelization of the movie and then lie to my friends and tell them that I saw it! It was the perfect plan! Except for the fact that this fucking prick, Paul Monette, decided to change some of the story! He left out certain scenes and added ones of his own invention. I think he even removed all references to certain characters from the movie! Well, nobody told me you could do that! I basically thought it was like what you saw on the screen, only in a book. So when I finished the book and then went and told my friends that I saw it, I was greeted with a barrage of high-fives and "right ons!". It warmed my little messed up monkey heart, it did. Until they asked me to name my favorite part and I proceeded to describe something THAT WASN'T EVEN IN THE GODDAMN MOVIE!!! "What the fuck are you talking about? That wasn't in the movie!" they said. I tried to backtrack, I tried to say I was just joking, but they were on to me. Plus, it didn't help that I had written a glowing review for the book on Amazon.com, which my friends later found. Which I later revised to reflect my dissatisfaction with the lack of synergy between the book and the movie! From that moment on, I was a social outcast. Because I had "medical problems", they couldn't just beat me up outright, but sometimes the alternative can be even worse. Being forced to eat your lunch alone or with the drama kids is a fate I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. Unless that 'worst enemy' is Paul Monette, John C. Thomas or James E. Thomas. Those guys can rot in hell. Now, I know what you might be thinking. "Well, really your only beef is with the guy who did the adaptation, those other guys who wrote the screenplay had nothing to do with the book." You may be right, but I have my own personal moral code that I follow, by which I insist on making sure that any novelization of any screenplay I have written is a factually accurate depiction of my work, as it was shown on-screen. That's just the kind of guy I am.



"I'm going to Walmarts to get some smokes!" - Gary, a mentally-challenged co-worker, in reply to my query about what he was going to spend his paycheck on.

Dear Guy Who Works At The Apple Store,

I bet you're pretty proud of yourself, huh, brah? P0wning me like that in front of my girl? Let me tell you something, that was completely unacceptable. I was looking for a case for my iPad. You're there to help, not to 'zing' me when I ask you if you have any cases that let you hold the iPad up to your head like it's a giant iPhone. "Oh yeah, this one here would work great if you're in some stupid improv group or something." Good one, chief. You know who's in a stupid improv group? You, that's who! Because nobody who's seen us live would dare say that Jus' 4 Laffs is a 'stupid' anything. We do cutting edge improvisational comedy based on the teachings of Del Close. So now who looks stupid? You think they just hand out 'Honorable Mention' trophies at the Portland Improv Fest? Because I don't. And for the record, that iPad/iPhone bit KILLED when I did it at Chuckles Comedy Hut the other night. So I guess it just goes to show what you know. I mean, you work at the Apple Store and apparently you're not even very good at that, because you had on the light blue shirt. You're giving people (bad) advice on what iPad case to buy, for fuck's sake! I mean, if you had on a black shirt or even the darker blue ones, I could respect your skills, at least as far as working in the Apple Store goes, but that baby blue tee you had on screams 'n00b'. So yeah, you may have gotten a good one in and maybe I didn't think of a solid comeback until we were already in Forever 21 looking for a new hoodie for my big show last week at the Comedy Store (Belly Room), but whatevs. I know if you ever got on that stage and we did battle there, where it wasn't your home turf, I would smoke your ass. Peace out. Oh, also I told your boss that you were mouthing off to customers, so if you got fired, that was me. Your move, hotshot.



- Asterios Kokkinos, founder/master of smokin' phonies, Jus' 4 Laffs

### **Confessions!**

Well, in the June/July 2010 issue, we asked for your deepest, darkest secrets and you certainly didn't hold back. All we've got to say to you is that you all are a bunch of sick puppies! Nah, just kidding! But here's the juiciest confessions we received! And as promised, it's all anonymous!

- "Sometimes, after I wipe my ass, I hold the toilet paper right up to my nose and smell it, just to gross myself out. If anyone found out, they'd probably have me murdered in France, but set it up to look like it was an accident caused by overzealous paparazzi." - Princess D.
- "I like to shoot guns at stop signs. Because I'm a wealthy golfer, I have the ability to go all over the country, so literally every time you see bullet holes in stop signs, it's probably because of me. I'm really the only person who does that." - Tiger W.
- "When I was running for President in the 2000 election, the Secret Service gave me a special cell phone that couldn't be traced by anyone or anything. I would frequently call random, small town libraries all over the country and request that they special-order obscure and expensive books that I would never go to pick up and read." - Al G.
- "All my friends are having babies now. I secretly feel that the only reason they do this is so that they can go in the kid's room when it's sleeping and slap it in the face, just to see it cry. Then they hold it and tell it that they're sorry, knowing it will never remember what happened. Can you imagine that feeling of total power?! But the joke's on them, I get to do that anyway, without having kids of my own. It's called 'babysitting'!" - Oprah W.

Hey, did you find this in the garbage?  
Do you want to receive new ones?  
Email [skizzleplex@yahoo.com](mailto:skizzleplex@yahoo.com)

## Cool Times - by My Granny Fanny

With the mid-term elections just around the corner, I wanted to give some advice to the youths who may be dumb enough to read this piece of crap. I know your MTV and your Rock Dancers all say it's "cool" to vote Democratic, but how cool is living in a nanny state? I live in a place where some asshole tells me when to go to bed and checks my sheets for piss, so let me tell you: it's not cool at all. I don't know squat about any issues except one: Democrat Tom DiMazzio, 4th district, wants to make it illegal for people like me to ride my skateboard without a fruity-looking helmet. Those things are strictly for squares. So I'm voting Republican across the board, even though they're against abortions, which I love. At this point, what do I care? My plumbing doesn't work anymore and you know Granny Fanny gots to get aggro.



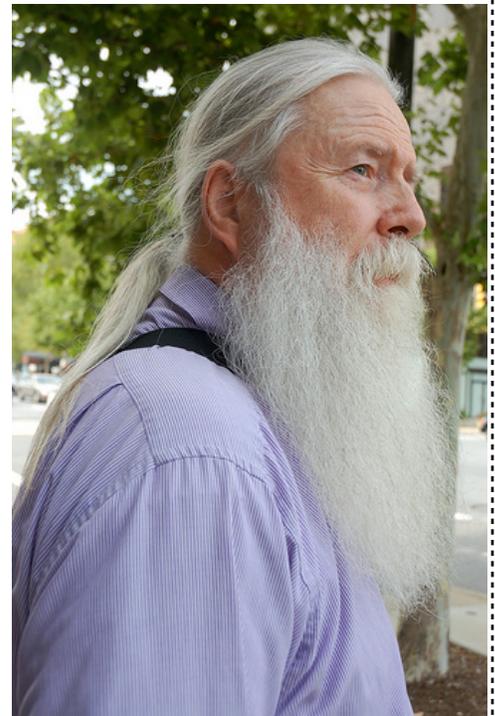
"Nollie bigspin heel-filp revert to manual to 720 triple-flip to remo slide laser flip out, bitchaz!" - My Granny Fanny

## The Project To Restore A Sense of Whimsy To the World!

When you think you're going to have deadly heart surgery, but then it gets cancelled at the last second and you have to reschedule it, you really start to see things differently. I've always taken it for granted that with my perfect health, I'd probably live forever. Or at least until 130 or something. But lately, I've been thinking about my legacy. And here is what I leave to the world.

In case you haven't noticed, Ol' Mother Earth has been down in the dumps lately. War, famine, floods, earthquakes, 9/11, etc. People need to take the time to appreciate the good things. And with that, I give you... The Project To Restore A Sense Of Whimsy To The World!!!

- If you've got a friend who's a "Grumpy Gus", sneak into his garage in the middle of the night and paint his whole car bright yellow, with a big, black smiley face on the hood! Just try being grumpy with a car like that!
- Make your Christmas wish list to Santa and print out a hundred copies at Kinko's. Then walk around town, handing them out to every old man with a big white beard that you see! Don't forget to say "Merry Christmas!" And giving him a cookie couldn't hurt either! ;)
- Get to work early and throw out all the junk food in the break room, replacing it with healthy, delicious snacks like carrots and broccoli. Trust me, your co-workers will thank you!
- Rent a van and kidnap a random woman off the street. Tie her up in your basement and tell her all the terrible ways you're going to torture her before you kill her. Then shout, "Just kidding!" as a bunch of your friends come out of the shadows with balloons and streamers. Imagine how overjoyed she'll be to find out she's not going to die! Not everyone gets a 'second chance' at life like that! A rare gift, indeed.



"Ho Ho Ho!"

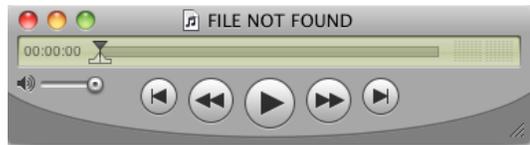
# Inventor's Bench

A magic wand so that I don't have to  
have heart surgery.

All inventions copyright Eric Filipkowski. Any interested parties seeking to partner in the manufacture of these great ideas should contact me.  
"C'mon, let's make some dough!™" - Eric F.

## ***That's Rockin'!*** by Greasy Jay Greaseball

Pyromania? More like 'Kleptomania'! Normally I love Def Leppard, but tell me that "Photograph" and "Armageddon It" aren't the same exact song, pretty much! Don't believe me? Listen below!



[Unfortunately, as you can see, the file for "Armageddon It" was not available, since Def Leppard apparently doesn't sell music online. I was going to get a backup copy from Reality Show Producer, Dave Cortez (Rock of Love, From G's To Gents, Fly Girls), but he flaked on me and I wasn't able to get it in time before we went to press. Sorry - Jay]

## Mongolian BBQ: Recipe For Disaster (and/or fun)! by Dan Rosenberg

# 大便

As a Chinese-American who is also Jewish, I have grown up eating at Chinese restaurants all over the tri-state area. My favorites are the buffets but a close second are Mongolian BBQs. When I was a child, I was dining at one such establishment when I saw a specific combination of meats, vegetables and sauces mixed together and quickly cooked on the large cast iron griddle. The proportions were such so as to actually ignite and explode, raining chaos and noodles over all the patrons of the restaurant. I have spent the last twenty years of my life trying to duplicate this phenomenon and I think I have finally gotten it just so. So if you're looking for a delicious meal served with a side of good ol' fashioned mischief, this may be the prank for you!

From what I've figured out, the mixture is below, but remember to follow the recipe **exactly**:

- 4 oz. of noodles
- 1 part lamb
- 2 parts chicken
- 3 tbsp soy sauce
- 1/2 tsp rice vinegar
- 3-4 medium sized broccoli spears
- 2 red pepper slices
- a whole bunch of those little baby corn things
- 1 tbsp of that Kung Pao sauce
- 2 tsp sesame seeds
- a dash of sesame oil

And voila! There you have Dan Rosenberg's patented Mongolian BBQ Explosion 5000! Just remember that these items will be extremely hot and leave anyone in the vicinity with severe burns, so make sure to excuse yourself and run for it, before the actual cooking starts.

## Word Power!

sex |seks|

noun

1 (chiefly with reference to people) sexual activity, including specifically sexual intercourse : *he enjoyed talking about sex* | *she didn't want to **have sex with him***.

- [in sing. ] a person's genitals (used in novels to avoid more vulgar or anatomically explicit terms).

## An Actual Item From Craigslist!

Do you Crave Adventure? (East Los Angeles)



Here's the deal: I have 25 identical Genie Remote Controls (pictured). You email me at the address below [redacted -ed.] and I will send you 1 (one). Then you drive all over the greater Los Angeles area looking for my house. When you find it, you enter the garage, sign the waiver at the little table by the door and the game is afoot! Inside my home are numerous top-shelf luxury items. We're talking all the best brands and everything is new, straight out of the box. Anything you can take with you is yours!

The catch? Oh right... ;)

So the catch is that I have filled the house with various Rube Goldberg-esque "security systems" to stop you. Think "Home Alone" meets the "Saw" movies.

Oh, the other catch? Well, the house is filled with 100's of tiny, hidden cameras, catching all the action. And that waiver you signed? You guessed it! This is all being filmed for a reality show pilot I have sold to Fox. So not only could you end up being fabulously wealthy, you could also be a star!

This is all in the waiver, but the lawyers want me to stress to you that there is a very real chance of serious, grievous, potentially fatal injury to your person, should you wish to participate. So only the most serious and capable candidates should attempt this.

## hiPstER cOmEDy CoRNeR

Hey, remember when Arnold and Dudley got molested by Mike Seaver's grandfather who owned the bike shop? LOL!

Let's all move to terrible neighborhoods and brag about how everyone there is more 'real'!

Hey, remember that train Ricky Schroeder had that went through his house and outside in his yard? How come he literally never rode that thing?! I'd be on it all the time! Plus, he started crying when he killed a deer! STFU!!!

Hey, remember that Brady Bunch where Bobby idolized Jesse James until his dad had that old guy come over and tell him how Jesse James killed his father? And he's all like, "What?! Criminals use guns to kill people?!? I never knew that!" ROFL!

These are all things that happened on TV shows and by me recalling our shared experience of watching them, that counts as comedy!

**Carpe diem!**

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