

DANIEL SPENSER

twitter: @danspenser

website: danielspenser.com

Hello, reader/best friend. I very much enjoy writing jokes! Here is a short blurb (industry shorthand for "blurbicle") about some of the comedy-related things I have done and **none** of the monster truck demolition derby things I have done.

I've sold and developed a pilot for the IFC network and have been a Comedy Central "Comic To Watch." I've studied improv at the Upright Citizens Brigade Theater and wrote for one of their in-house sketch teams for three years.

A few headlines of mine have appeared in *The Onion*. Along with my sketch group *Captain Hippo*, I created, written and acted in a few different webseries for Above Average. I have acted in a few episodes of the AMC show *Better Call Saul* in which I played a rude teenage skateboarder (I didn't even realize I was being filmed!!!)

As a cartoonist and designer, I have done work for several television series and networks including *Full Frontal with Samantha Bee*, *Last Week Tonight with John Oliver*, Adult Swim, *The Onion News Network* and a depressing amount of unaired pilots. I also wrote all eight Harry Potter movies but then found out that someone had already made them years ago and that they were based on books which was news to me!

I hope you enjoy this collection of written pieces. It's like I always say: "I hope you enjoy this collection of written pieces." Thank you!



WAYS THAT I HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED

Now here is the only man I know who looks dumber with glasses on...

Ladies and gentlemen... Bongo Boy!

And now a man who told me to tell all of you that he is the tallest person at this wedding...

This is... David?

Someone who probably knows the type of train we are on.

Our next speaker is a man who does not know the meaning of the words "do not drink, fountain contaminated!!"

A young Bernie Sanders in appearance and voice only...

Four-time Napoleon Dynamite Look-Alike Contest runner-up...

An adult who looks like an alien dressed as what a child thinks an adult looks like...

A man with the biggest fear of the jungle than anyone I have ever met...

David, right?

A real goody-bad-shoes...

And now, someone who has either never seen a single episode of *The X-Files* or has seen every episode of *The X-Files* many times...

This is the guy who made my boyfriend's Halloween costume!

Captain of the Corn on the Cob Club...

Warm seltzer's #1 fan...

This is the man who says he knows how to stop the meteor but he is just so wrong...

(Said with utter disgust) Soup connoisseur...

I am excited to introduce to you my very good friend David.

The falsetto with the "screaming eyes"...

This is the guy I was telling you about, the guy who knows the difference between a chowder and a bisque and loves to explain. David, right?

"Basketball Jones!"

Proud *Monkeybone* enthusiast...

Reverse-gymnast...

My son, David.

Slender-Man's fat cousin...

You're the guy that calls every morning and orders a "days-worth" of minestrone. I got you.

This is the man who could have saved your husband but instead chose to shout the *color* of the car speeding towards him...

Self-proclaimed puppeteer...

Next up is a man who says he lets his miniature flugelhorn do the talking...

Hey, guy sneezing in the doorway, I can only say "bless-you" a finite number of times. Now either have a seat or please leave this lecture about how bugs fuck.

The guy who should be more like his brother, David.

NEW YORK CITY VS. LOS ANGELES

Few people on this earth have been to both coasts of the United States of America. I was born in New York City during a hurricane and raised to be Mayor. Now almost pre-30, I have decided that what I really want to do is be a rich actor. Last week I granted myself 3 days, American, to go to LA and achieve my dream. When I got off the plane at Los Angeles X, I was violently kicked in the head by all the subtle differences between Los Angeles and New York City. I did a quick search on The Internet to see if anyone had catalogued these differences in a list or perhaps even in a listicle, but found nothing. Here is my list:

(Note: “New York City” has been shortened to “NYC,” for “Nice, your city.”)

In NYC, we have fresh bagels every morning. In LA, everyone drives an electric car to work.

In NYC, hotels have cool, sleek names like “The Annihilator’s Kiss” and “Sleep No More.” In LA, all the hotels are nameless, and you have to go down to the lobby and ask someone if you are sleeping in the right place.

In NYC, I saw a snake once in the gutter where it belonged. In LA, snakes are everywhere: working in the shops and in my car.

In NYC, no one says “hello.” In LA, everyone says “hello” and nothing else.

In NYC, I have a mom and a dad that live in the same town as me. In LA, my mom and dad live far, far away.

In NYC, there are bike lanes on the streets AND you can get a real New York Slice™ at Joe’s Pizza for one buck-twenty-five. In LA, the bike lanes are great but the pizza is just lettuce and tomatoes in a bowl with dressing.

In NYC, everyone tells me to “forget about it.” I miss that. In LA, everyone tells me to remember what I saw here tonight.

In NYC, I take a cab to the subway. In LA, there is only one long subway that covers the entire length of the subway system and you have to get in and walk through the cars to your destination because the train does not move.

In NYC, you can see “Hamilton” on Broadway. In LA, you can eat avocados until you bleed a creamy green.

In NYC, the rats play music on tiny instruments made of tin cans and old shoes. In LA, the rats are too hot to play their instruments because the sun is much closer to the earth.

In NYC, it snows every Christmas. In LA, I’m not sure they even have Christmas, but I see a lot of people that have the same haircut as Jesus.

In NYC, nobody wears a hat because, back in the 2000s, there was a man who would grab hats right off of people’s heads and run away and he ruined hats for everyone. In LA, you are required to wear multiple hats and encouraged to grab more. I actually like this about LA.

In NYC, we’ve got the tallest building in the world, but it is empty. In LA, they have the longest building in the world and everyone lives there.

In NYC, I gotta have my cup’a’coffee. In LA, I drink water with leaves in it.

Those are all of the differences I have noticed so far. I’m off to audition for a “sitcom” (situation com.) The character is called “hipster.” I’m not sure what that is, we don’t have them in New York.

Update: I didn’t get the part.

ELEVEN THINGS THEY DO NOT TELL YOU ABOUT BEING A GHOSTLY GHOUL

Hello and boo, my name is Scary Larry and I'm a big ghost. Any doctor is required to tell you that, when you die, you spend a long time trapped between the peaceful world of the living and the dark, dark world of the dark, dark dead. What I thought would be an eternity of moving dolls ever-so-slightly and hiding inside of old paintings turned out to be a lot of those things but also much more. Here are eleven things no one will tell you about becoming a freaky ghost.

1. You can eat as much cereal as you want, and all of it is FREE.

This might be more of a death hack than a thing all ghosts do. I was really good at hacking in life, so this makes sense. Once I put a boat motor on my longboard to make it go faster in the water and it worked great until I died. Here's a quiz: what do you do when you are a ghost? Bingo: you haunt houses. Here is another quiz: what is literally in literally every house? Bango: cereal. You can use your ability to walk through walls (newsflash: this hurts a lot) to walk through locked cupboards and fridges and the like to find cereal, milk and blueberries. You can also use milk to write the word WILLIS* on the kitchen floor.

*I am haunting my friend Willis.

2. When you become a ghost, you don't automatically have chains.

A lot of people believe that dead-heads (ghosts) like to rattle their ghostly chains at you. This is not true at all. When you wake up as a ghost, you are completely naked and so cold. You're gonna want to grab anything you can grab and wrap them around your colorless body to keep warm. Sometimes that means chains. I was talking to another ghost at school (you have to go to ghost school for ten months) and she said she LITERALLY died wearing a bunch of chains, but when she woke up as a ghost? No chains! How crazy is that? I wonder how she is doing. Anyway, once you find good chains,

you can use them to break into cupboards and get free cereal.

3. You can pick what kind of ghost you want to be.

When you graduate from ghost school, they let you pick between Ghost or Skeleton. They also ask if you want to go back in time to watch your own death. THIS IS A TRICK. What they do NOT tell you is that you can literally go back to any time in history and watch whatever you want. They just want you to learn from your mistakes or some big bunk. If I knew this was a trick, I would have went back to 1981 and watched my dad take my mom on their first date.

4. Everyone can see and hear you and it's just like being alive.

One thing I definitely used to believe was that, when you become a ghoully-boy (ghost), it's harder for you to go hang out with your buddies who aren't big ghosts. Not true AT ALL. I woke up as a cold, naked ghost in the longboard unit of Long Island Jewish Hospital and immediately ran to Willis's house to start haunting his cereal. When Willis answered the door he was surprised for, like, a hot minute and then we just hung out like old times before I had to go to school.

5. Ghosts love to watch cooking shows.

Sometimes I have trouble figuring out if something is a ghost thing or if I'm just pulling from the zeitgeist, ya know? Anyway, cooking shows rock. I want to be a chef.

6. Sometimes ghosts will replace the word "you" with "boo."

Spooky-Daddies and Haunty-Mommas (ghosts) will sometimes say things like "nice to meet boo" and "what do boo think of my chains?" or "ice to meet boo" (this one ghost died in some ice, I guess?) I tried to do this at first but it's exhausting and I need

my energy if I'm gonna stay up all night to scream and eat cereal and solve my own murder (I think I was murdered.)

7. You can't pet your dog.

This one is no bueno and just sad.

8. You can still go on Facebook.

A fun part of being murdered is that you can go on all of your social medias and whatnot and read all of the nice things people are saying about you. This kid I haven't spoken to in a million years who I kind of thought was a jag wrote "nice dude RIP" on my wall which was pretty nice considering he could have done nothing at all. Solid dude.

9. You don't have to go to work.

Another thing no one tells boo about dying is that you can straight-up stop going to work. I tried to go back to RedBox HQ, where I used to repair busted RedBoxes, but Carlo told me to not even bother and to stop rattling my chains at people. Real low blow, Carlo. Better keep an eye on your cereal.

10. You can come back to life whenever you want.

Probably the most important thing I learned about being a body-chucker (ghost) is that, if you ever feel like you're done being a ghost, you can come back to life. I guess everyone just loves being a ghost because of the free cereal and no work. Also, when you are a ghost you can break into the police station at night and tamper with evidence regarding your own murder case, and who would give that up? Also, you can fly.

11. Two words: Monster. Mash.

If you think you "get" the song Monster Mash you are dead wrong, hombre. I listened to it in the car this morning (ghosts can drive cars) and it fucking hit me like a murder weapon to my head. That song is so on the money. If you want to feel what it's like to be dead but you still want to pay for cereal, do yourself a big favor and rent the song Monster Mash. It won't take you all the way but it'll give you an idea.

I hope boo enjoyed this list of ghostly facts. Have a happy Halloween, which we call Christmas. See you in hell!



- "Scary" Larry Ghoulihan



CIRCLES

Against my doctor's orders, I have been doing a lot of thinking. A big part of thinking is noticing, and it is easy to notice things when you open up your life to the possibility, man. Sometimes the world is a'whispering and other times it is screaming like a chicken without its manners. It's up to you whether or not you want to listen, know what I mean?

The sun. The moon. The ouroboros. Time. The AT&T logo. What do they have in common? They are all circles. The world (and beyond) are full of circles. That is what I am here to reverse-listen to you about.

Allow me to get to the point faster by going back a while. One year ago I was dirt poor. I didn't have a job. I was living out of my motorcycle. Worstly, not ONE of the big publishing houses was interested in my manuscript about what I think really killed the dinosaurs (a house fire.) Now I am ass rich. I get flown around the country - yes, on an airplane - to give talks to college students just like you about my journey.

An important part of embracing and living by The Circularity is accepting that things are never permanent and, more often than never, you are going to end up right back where you started from. You will die in darkness because that is where you were born. This is why I eat every gold-leaf ice cream Mondae (Mondaes are the new Sundaes) as if it is my last. I make decisions, people. The decision to sell my bones and teeth on the internet after finding out that they had rare, medicinal properties is what made me my fortune. An equally spontaneous decision could put me right back in that motorcycle on the side of the highway, wondering when my next meal will be thrown out of a passing car. Usually, it was whole-smoked cigarettes. Cigarettes are...? That's right... circles if you bend'em right. Mind if I light up? Mm, smooth.

Listen- shit, the Earth, that's another circle I forgot to mention up top. Mother Gaia.

Scenario: you got no one, you get a cat, you love the cat, the cat loves you, the cat gets bored, you don't excite the cat anymore, you used to go out and chase mice together, now you are boring, the cat wants to take a break, you know the cat ain't coming back, you got no one. Circle.

I'm not crying. Can't. I sold my tear ducts to the water company.

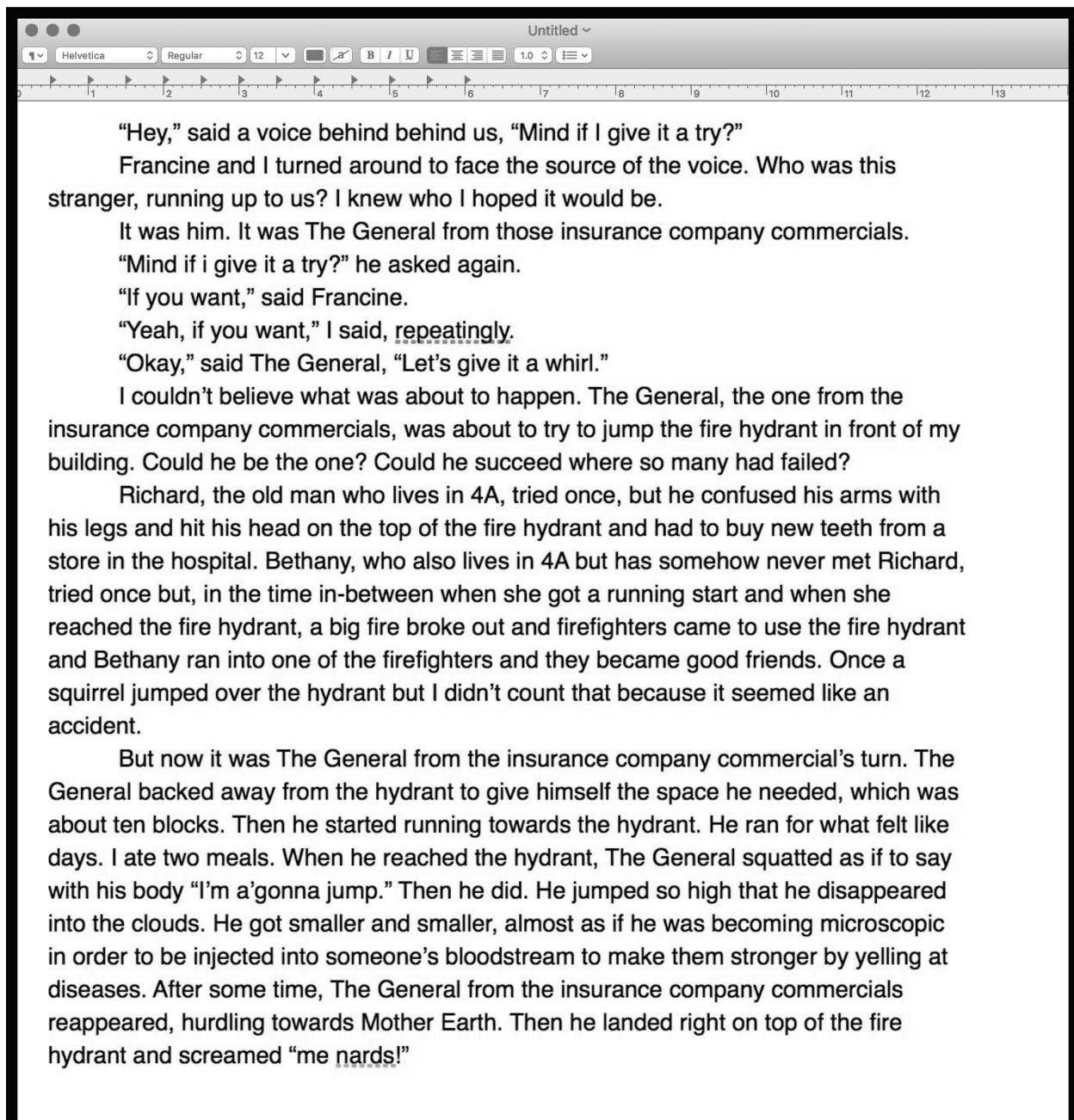
Look- fuck, the wheel, that's another one I wanted to mention up top. Okay, look, I can stand here (using my special machine) all day and list circles for you, so I will: woks and clocks. Doll eyes, moon pies, big guys and chicken thighs. The thing on this guy's shirt is a circle, what is that? What the fuck is a "death star?" What the fuck is a "star war?"

Oh shit, that sounds dope as hell.

Let me "circle" back to the point of this lecture. Live your life like it could stop at any moment and live every moment like it already happened. I am barely-living proof that circles work. But don't take it from me... seriously do NOT take this from me, it is all I have. I got paid before I came into this lecture hall so I'm going to head out. See you a-ROUND.

GENERAL FICTION

Dear Pulitzer Price Decider Committee (note: look up actual name of organization later), I heard there is a Pulitzer Prize category for "General Fiction" and would very much like my piece to be in contention. Here is an excerpt. If you think it is a good fit, I can send all one thousand pages. Thank you!



BIRDS VS. GORILLAS

An excerpt from a screenplay about the war between birds and gorillas.

INT. FOREST - DAY

COURTNEY and RICHARD (two sparrows) sit on a branch with lots of other birds, awaiting the assembly.

COURTNEY
I wonder what this meeting is about.

RICHARD
I hope it is about seeds.

Richard, please, it is time to shut up because KING BIRD descends from the sky, perching on his special leaf (VERY green).

KING BIRD
CRAWWWWW!

King Bird ruffles through his papers.

KING BIRD (CONT'D)
Ladies and feathermen...

The birds at the assembly are like "feathermen? Okay, fine."

KING BIRD (CONT'D)
Our war with the gorillas has ravaged this forest for years and years, but I am happy to report that there is only one gorilla left. The end is in sight.

The birds love this. So many birds were lost in this war.

KING BIRD (CONT'D)
That's the good news. The bad news is that this Gorilla knows how to drive a car, and he's got one.

The birds boo and hoo (owls). They yell things like "How do we get into the car to kill the gorilla?" and "how fast is the car?" and "what about the seeds?"

A TOUCAN
We will build our own car and crash it into the last gorilla's car.

KING BIRD
Who let this toucan in here?

JIM HENSON BIOPIC

I wrote a biopic of Jim Henson, but the studio fired me after realizing that I wasn't the writer they hired, but a random guy that snuck into their office disguised as a chafing dish of wings.

INT. PUPPET ROOM

All the puppets are splayed out, lifeless, on the floor. JIM HENSON and FRANK OZ stand over them like morticians before an autopsy. But these morticians GIVE LIFE instead of TAKE LIFE. (Note - look up exactly what a mortician does.)

FRANK

Okay, Jim. We did a great job making these guys, now we gotta name'em.

Frank picks up a familiar blue puppet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How about him?

Jim thinks a long think. Then, instantly:

JIM

Grover.

FRANK

Whoah. You truly are The Boy Who Lived. How about this guy? He's a monster that loves cookies.

Another long, long think. Then, fast as lightning:

JIM

Cookie Monster.

FRANK

Okay, we lost a little steam from the last one. How about this one? He's a-

JIM

Big Bird.

FRANK

Do you need to take a break, or-?

JIM nods a wise, long nod. Frank reaches for more puppets.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How about-

JIM

Bert Nernies.

FRANK

This is actually TWO puppets.

SOUR CREAM: THE MOVIE

I wrote an entire movie about the invention of sour cream, but the big sour cream company would not sell me the rights to their product.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

SARAH, KYLE and AGIRLDA (girl version of Amanda) have been working late to crack their next big idea.

KYLE

It is use-

SARAH

It is no use, Kyle. We'll never come up with a new thing to monetize and the Idea Championships are TOMORROW.

AGIRLDA

I am for real dreading losing to those jerks Derrick, Rick and Derr.

The team look at the giant framed photo of their rivals that hangs on the wall of their workshop. We see DERRICK, RICK and DERR holding things they have monetized: the bird-house, the pet rock, the first computer, etc. The photo is signed by them and we hear the echoey sound of their laughter.

SARAH

Ugh, forget it. Let's call it a night. Maybe we will have thoughts beamed into our brains during the night by a compassionate God.

The team nods.

KYLE

Sounds good. Pass me the cream that we warm and drink to help us drift off to sleep.

Agirllda opens the MiniFridge™ and takes out a carton of cream. She reels back deep and *bombs* it at Kyle, who is standing only two feet away. Kyle casually catches it with one hand, opens it and takes a Whiff™.

KYLE (CONT'D)

OOFafa! This cream has gone sour.

AGIRLDA

Throw it in the fucking garbage.

SARAH

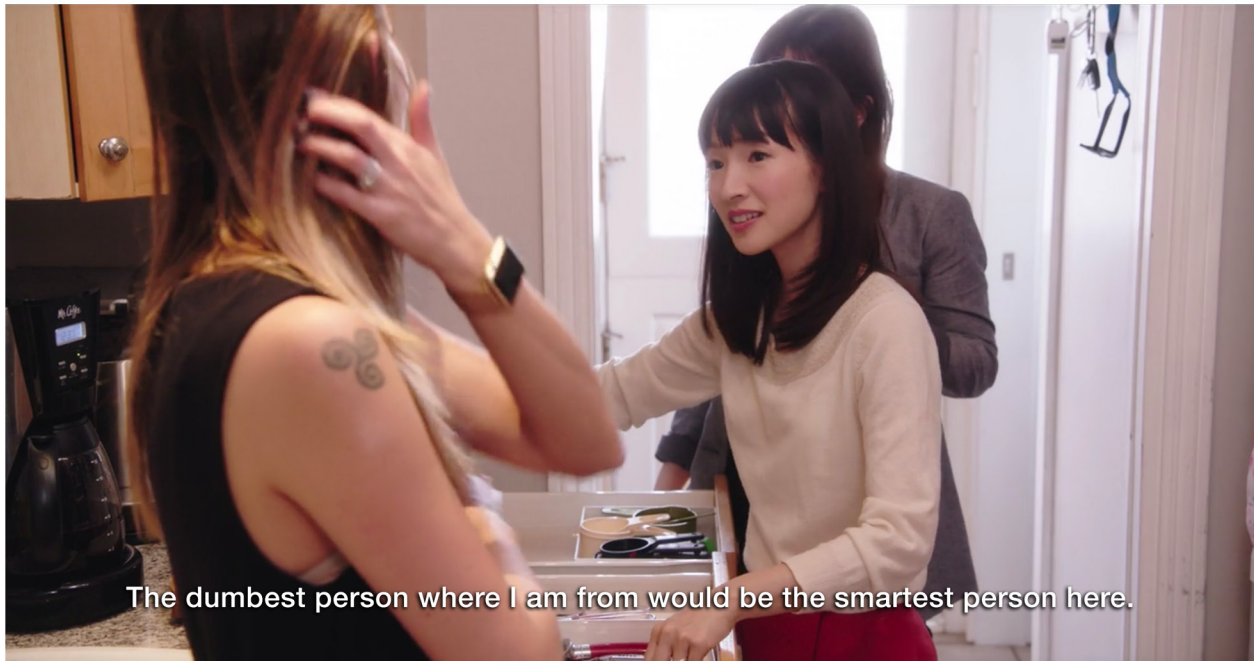
Wait!... I know what we can monetize.

AGIRLDA

Cigarettes?

MARIE KONDO 1

Fake captions for the Netflix Show *Tidying Up with Marie Kondo*.



MARIE KONDO 2

Fake captions for the Netflix Show *Tidying Up with Marie Kondo*.



I am in love with Marie's translator and will tell her tonight.



DAY 11

THE FRIEND FAMILY HOME

PM 3:17

SEP 20

Oh god, I've accidentally thrown out Marie. Marie?!!

THANK YOU
SO MUCH FOR
READING!

Here is a drawing of Richard:

