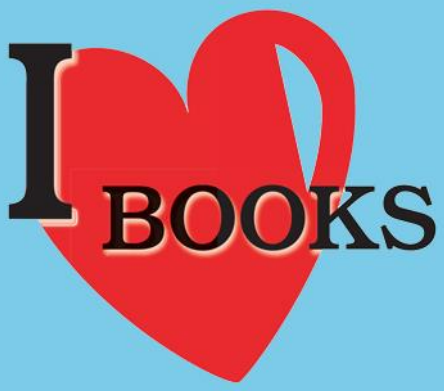


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Chapter 1



DEAD MAN ROLLING

Hi, everybody, I'm Jamie Grimm and here are a couple of things you should know about me right away, since these will probably be my last days on Earth.

One, I'm a comedian.

Two, my cousin Stevie Kosgrov is going to kill me this coming Friday night at eight o'clock Eastern (seven o'clock Central).

Yep. I'm like a carton of milk. I have an expiration date. Because Friday nights at eight is when my new TV show, *Jamie Funnie,* airs on BNC-TV.

And, this time, Stevie might actually have a pretty good reason to destroy me. You see, just for yuks, we're shooting an episode making fun of Long

Beach Middle School's longest-running bully. We're halfway through the first season of *Jamie Funnie,* which tapes in New York, and guess what? My sitcom is a huge hit. Almost as big as the fist Stevie Kosgrov is going to hit me with when he sees this Friday's episode about Skeevy Musgrove! Guess we should've disguised his name better, huh?

My good friend Gilda Gold is directing the Skeevy episode. Our best buds Joey Gaynor and Jimmy Pierce are playing my best buds Joey and Jimmy. Yeah. The TV show is kind of based on my life. It makes things easier.

And much more dangerous.

"Quiet on the set!" calls Gilda. "Aaaaaand, *action!*"

We start the scene.

"Congratulations, Jamie," says Gaynor, sitting in the front row. "You won the Teacher for a Day Contest!"

Turns out, Gaynor is actually a pretty decent actor—way better than me.

Jimmy Pierce? Well, he's a brainiac. He more or less mumbles most of his lines.

"Yeah, Jamie," Pierce mumbles. "Congratulations,

man." (Actually, it sounds more like, "Yuh, Mamie. Math calculations, ham," which is sort of funny, so Gilda doesn't call "Cut" and the scene keeps going.)

"Class," I say, popping a wheelie, "as teacher for the day, I hereby outlaw homework for the rest of the year!"

"Whoa!" says Gaynor, totally in character. "Can you do that?"

"Today I am a teacher. Today I can do anything!"

"Even if it's about tomorrow?" asks the actress playing Jillda Jewel, who's sort of my love interest on the show (not that I have all that much interest in the mushy junk the writers keep coming up with). And, yes, she's kind-of-sort-of based on Gilda Gold.

"Teachers are like Roman emperors," I say.

"You mean they're all dead?" snarls the burly kid playing Skeevy Musgrove. "Just like you!"

Gilda gives the Skeevy actor a cue to raise his gigantic peashooter, which is about the size of an Amazonian blowgun.

"It's time to play dodgeball with spitballs!" he shouts as the prop guys use an off-camera air cannon to blast wet paper wads at me.

I duck, dart, dodge, rock, and roll to avoid all the


I'm ready to roll, Gilda!
Dude, you have wheels. You're always ready to roll.
What's my motivation in this scene?


CONGRATULATIONS JAMIE! YOU WON THE TEACHER FOR A DAY CONTEST!
To annoy everybody else.

incoming projectiles. They splat on the wall behind me and sort of ooze their way down. It's gross, which means it's funny.

Skeevy goes to reload.

"As teacher for the day," I say as fast as I can, "I hereby declare that it's time for dessert!"

All the kids on the set pop open their lunch boxes and pull out cream pies. Then everyone hurls them at Skeevy!

He is *creamed*. By eighteen different pies, all of them made out of 100 percent whipped cream. Gloppy, foamy goop covers his head and dribbles down to plop into his lap. He looks like a whipped-cream abominable snowman.

"And that, class," I pronounce, "is another way to silence a bully. Fill his piehole with pie!"



Chapter 2



THAT'S NOT A SANDWICH, THAT'S A WRAP!

Okay, everybody," says Gilda. "That's a cut and a wrap. Episode number eleven is in the can! We'll edit it, sweeten the sound track, and air it on Friday. After that, *Jamie Funnie* is officially on a five-week hiatus!"

The studio audience cheers. The cast and crew cheer, too. We've been working pretty hard on the show for three months straight. Now we all get to take a well-earned vacation. Instead of being tutored on the set, next week Gilda, Gaynor, Pierce, and I will be heading back to Long Beach Middle School, where the real Skeevy Musgrove still reigns supreme. But these days, Stevie Kosgrov shares

his head bully duties with Lars Johannsen, an eighth-grade giant who moved to Long Island from Minnesota. Lars is so big, I think he used to be Minneapolis.

