Hiko kicks off this week's edition of "Moot Points" with an epic rant aimed at people who drive five miles per hour below the speed limit in the fast lane. He also hits on his fledgling career as a screenwriter, dressing Barbie dolls, the Cavs, the Buckeyes, and his certifiably insane ex-wife. And as always, the disclaimer: not for the easily offended.

OR

That Long Rectangular Pedal On The Right

Today, we salute you, Mr. Drives 5 Miles Below Speed Limit In The Fast Lane Man.

Mr. Drives 5 Miles Below Speed Limit In The Fast Lane Man!

You feel that the best place to make friends is the interstate, so you pull right up next to another car that is going beneath the speed limit, and you stay there for miles on end.

Hey man, how's it goin'?

You are oblivious to common courtesy and that 13 vehicle line behind you. You feel that if you were to alter the pre-sets on your cruise control, you might flip your car into a ditch.

I never get a ticket!

You are solely responsible for seemingly miles of cars tapping their brakes and riding each others' asses – all wondering who the hell is holding up the works. And once you do finally pass that car, you will stay in the fast lane, making every car behind you pass you on the right.

Yes, I see your finger!

I hate you, Mr. Drives 5 Miles Below Speed Limit In The Fast Lane Man. I want to you to die.

Man, I know you're kidding.

I'm not kidding. I literally want to kill you. I want to wrap my hands around your throat and squeeze until I see the life leave your bulging eyes. Then I would toss your limp corpse into the fast lane you've been clogging up for the last 30 miles and chortle as dump trucks and hummers plow you into ground chuck. You put the F*ck You in Traffic, Mr. Drives 5 Miles Below Speed Limit In The Fast Lane Man.

Mr. Drives 5 Miles Below Speed Limit In The Fast Lane Man!

***The other day, I talked to one of my friends that I haven't spoken to in years. In 1997, he and I were both writing screenplays, and keeping pace with our productivity. Now, he was telling me that he was unhappy that he's only completed 3 screenplays the last 2 years. I told him that I hadn't finished any in 7 years. I've hardly even started any.

He asked me why. I told him that I lack the focus, that none of the ideas I have can possibly be entertaining for 120 pages, and that, according to my girlfriend, I suffer from adult ADD.

That was a joke, but then he responded that… you know, that lucky bastard is engaged to a Japanese girl. She knows how to prepare sushi-restaurant quality sushi at home. And her parents don't speak English *at all*. I mean, that is one fortunate man.

I love sushi. And tortilla chips and salsa. Especially green salsa. It's made from tomatillos. Tomatillos are tart. Canada has good butter tarts. Northern Canada must be cold in the winter.

***My daughters always come to me when they can't get their Barbie's clothes on them. And, let me tell you, one of the great pleasures of my life is trying to figure out how to get those frilly Velcro clothes on those little plastic Anna Nicole Smiths. I try, but those stupid ballerina dresses just don't seem to fit them. " *Sorry, honey. I'm not very good at putting these dresses on. I'm programmed to take them off.* "

Hopefully, they're still too young to get daddy's stupid jokes.

***This is being written at 1:30 am on Friday morning, just after the rousing OSU win over Tennessee. Great game – great comeback. But OSU will lose most heinously on Saturday, rendering these fantastic comebacks moot. Since this article comes out on Mondays, recapping a game that is 4 days old and really has no bearing on anything since they lost their next game 2 days ago seems yawn-inducing.

Come on, OSU. Make me eat my words.

***3/20 – Cavs vs. Bobcats "Thoughts":** I completely forgot the Cavs had a game this night, so I didn't get to watch the conception of *Bad Week In CavsTown*. When is the abortion scheduled for? I'm certainly hoping the Cavs don't carry this mutant to term.

***3/21 – Cavs vs. Mavs "Thoughts":** I was working down in my basement, and had the game on a TV down there. As I listened (and occasionally watched), I was convinced that I had been magically transported back in time to the last time the Cavaliers played the Heat. Long stretches of offensive futility… actually, let's explore that.

Their offense was so offensive that the word "Offense" itself took offense at being associated with the Cavs offense. The word "Offense" suggested the following alternative: *The Time When The Cavaliers Are Playing Basketball And Are Not On Defense*.

I hate that the Cavs didn't even show up for this game. Since they had gone on their win streak (well, except for the Bobcats blown save), I've been waiting for their re-match against what is probably the best team in basketball. I wanted to see how we stand against the measuring stick of the NBA.

The answer, apparently, is 5 foot 1.

***3/23 – Cavs vs. Knicks "Thoughts":** Whew. We got the Cavs to the doctor before *Bad Week In CavsTown* could be born. Life's hard enough without being a 13 year old father. Beat up on a team we need to beat. Get some confidence back. Get good games from some of the role players.

I taped this game because I went out for a riveting evening of pool and sushi, but unfortunately caught the final score while sitting at the bar of the sushi joint, so I didn't watch this game on tape all that thoroughly (knowing the outcome and all). It was a satisfying win, nonetheless.

***3/25 – Cavs vs. Nuggets "Thoughts":** Call the doctor. The operation didn't take.

Normally, babies are cute (at least, that's what people say - I've seen plenty of ugly f*cking babies). But *Bad Week In CavsTown* is the most hideously malformed future Steelers fan that I've ever seen. It's got an ear right in the middle of its forehead (I call it "it", because, frankly, I'm afraid to know what it is). It drools what looks like grape jelly. And that third foot growing out of its back… I can only hope that is useful for it kicking its own ass.

First, I hate Carmelo Anthony. I don't know why. I just can't stand him. I wish crotch fungus upon him.

Second, I had a pounding headache last night, like Dom DeLuise was doing the polka on my temples. My girls were at their mother's this weekend, which means that when they come back to me on Sunday nights, they are tired, whiny, and mouthy. My stomach was also in turmoil, despite my strict adherence to a recent anti-Taco Bell statute. And we had run out of beer.

So I was in no f*cking mood to watch the Cavs play like shit. But they did it anyway.

I can't even really discuss it in detail, the game was such a blur of suckitude. Bad defense, bad shot selection, some more poor *Time When The Cavaliers Are Playing Basketball And Are Not On Defense* (although that's not what killed them this time). Ugh.

Did I mention I hate Carmelo Anthony? It felt great to watch him play a fantastic game.

It's looking a lot like the Cavs will be unable to catch the Pistons. C'mon, Cavs. Make me eat my words.

***Speaking of my words (on OSU, not the Cavs), I've decided that I'm going to fry them up in some extra virgin olive oil (EVOO for those in the restaurant biz), with perhaps some green onions, chile peppers, and some calamari. Throw it all on some pasta. Not a bad way to eat words, as far as words go.

Now watch those Buckeye bastards piss on the whole parade and go lose to Georgetown.

***And because no Moot Points would be complete without *News From The Ex*, had a fun little weekend as far as she was concerned. I know that people always joke that their ex's are crazy. And most people assume that's what I do when I refer to my ex. However, unfortunately, I am not joking. Dat bitch be crazy.

Thursday night, she called me (drunk). I have the girls on Thursdays, so at least I didn't have to worry about that part of it. But why she's calling me at 10:30 at night (drunk) to aimlessly chat is beyond me. We've been divorced for 2 years. She's living with her boyfriend, who she has been dating for about 2 years. And, I've made my views of her abundantly clear to her.

I put it out of my mind. No big deal. Maybe she was bored, and her boyfriend was working and all her friends were at the salon and her internet was down and the TV exploded and her magazines were glued together and her car wouldn't start. So, naturally, call up your ex-husband (drunk) and shoot the shit. Why not?

However, the next night was much more disturbing. Since I got my new cell phone (the one with the fancy ring tones), I gave my old cell phone to my daughter to play with. They brought it back to my ex's house, and she promptly took it and went through all my numbers and text messages.

I know this because I got an e-mail from her late Friday night calling me a cheating, lying bastard because she found a text message from my girlfriend that was dated back to 2005, according to her, from a time previous to when she and I split up.

To which I responded:

Not only had we been separated for 6 months at that point, I had already asked you for a divorce and we had already retained our divorce attorney. I have proof of all of this. Check your records. You probably just don't remember accurately because it WAS TWO FREAKIN' YEARS AGO. Now, please go bother your current boyfriend, you FREAKIN' PSYCHO NUTBALL.

To which she responded:

Oh.

Kids: Never ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever ever start dating a crazy person because you think they'll be better in bed. They usually aren't, and then you're just stuck with crazy.

***Quote of the Day: *"Maybe this world is another planet's Hell."* – Aldous Huxley (and several thousand tortured Cleveland sports fans)