

# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## Yet Another Modest Proposal

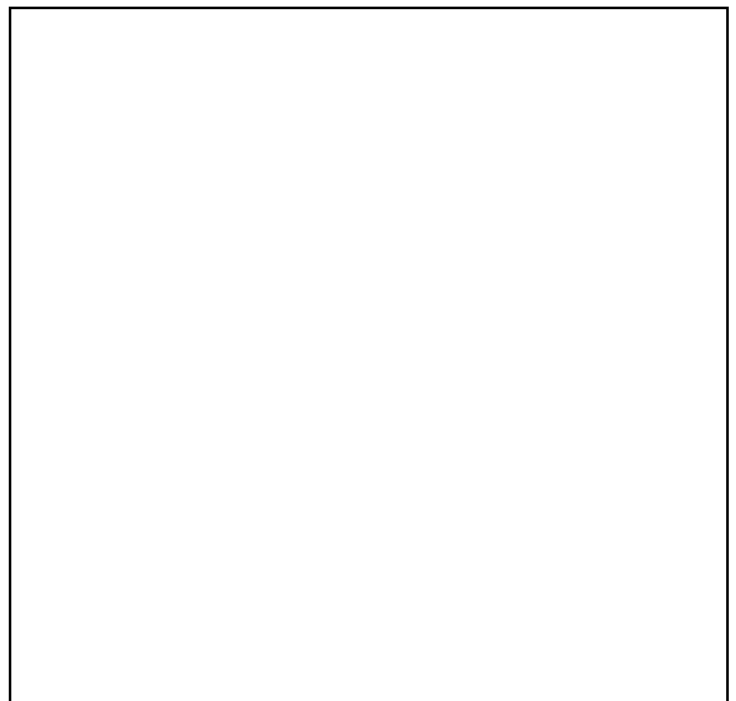
By John Grieco

As a student in the United States' school system I have been subject to many speeches about how the quality of the education- ejaculation- learning I am receiving is not up to the standards of the rest of the world, leading to children becoming adults who cannot compete in the job market. I maintain that the problem lies not with the school systems but with the children themselves – the breeding stock of the United States is simply not up to par. The best chef can not make filet mignon out of a Big Mac.

And so I come before you all to suggest a new idea: the United States implement a program to control the number of births from couples in a manner directly proportional to their genetic quality: a physicist and a doctor may reproduce almost at will yet a grass farmer named Melvin will be lucky if he gets one shot at creating life. It may be said that this is a program of eugenics – well, it is. It may be said that it is similar to “wrong” policies implemented in overpopulated areas such as China and India – it is, only done better. Besides, Indians wrote the entirety of Microsoft Windows 3.1 and China has been a country to fear for ages. By improving on their birth control methods we can far surpass the might of any nation and produce children whom we can be proud of. I shall now indicate twelve steps towards this goal:

- A new Congressional oversight committee, the Board of Reproduction, will be created
- Reproduction may only occur once both parents have been “green lined” to do so – a computer database will monitor their status. They can be green lined multiple times, allowing for multiple offspring
- Once a person has used up their green lines they shall be “red lined” – in more blunt words, castrated. They may be red lined prior to using up or even attaining green line status should circumstances dictate it
- If a child fails any grade in grammar school they are immediately red lined
- If a child receives below a 1200 on their SATs or 26 on their ACTs they are immediately red lined

- If a person is imprisoned for more than a year they are immediately red lined; less than a year if circumstances dictate
- For every level of schooling above grammar they complete a person earns one green line credit, though these may be revoked if needed
- Nobel Prize winners receive unlimited green lines (and unlimited tokens for Putt Putt)
- Presidents, once being sworn into office, are red lined even if they are Nobel Prize winners. This is to prevent another fiasco like that of November 2000
- Green line credits will be awarded for outstanding accomplishments in the field of study of the parents as determined by the Board of Reproduction
- To promote this policy and gain popular support, large colorful posters will be hung up everywhere. Examples of slogans are “ABSTINENCE: Not just for nuns anymore!”, “Masturbate! It’s your civic duty!” and “If your sperm get away, you will pay”
- If the posters fail, the issue will be addressed on a “very special episode” of *Friends*



## SHAQ ATTACK CAFFEINE ARTTICEL

by Josh Brown and Adam Preble

*[I was over in Gates visiting my good friend Smackin Higgins. He showed this script for a sci-fi space opera that he had written for GDT. I pitied the fool and performed some minimal editing. To me, it seems like a three-arsed dragon eating itself in a circle, but I'm just a computer engineer. Without further ado, here is that powerful tale]*

Shaq had to sit down for a penalty. Stealing toilets is illegal in NBA. SHAQ NO UNDERSTAND! SHAQ WANT TO SHOOT FREE THROW! SHAQ IS LAWFUL MAN! SHAQ LA POLICE OFFICER IN 34597 YEARS!!! SHAQ-FU MAKE GOOD COP! But wait? Since when was there anything about toilets in the NBA? Something seems wrong...

In the 1920's, the US was firmly involved in the Minuteman missile program. It's original purpose was to send ICBMs over to nuke the Communists, but it served another nefarious purpose as early space research. The missiles were almost as tall as SHAQ EAT THREE PLATE TAHOU! SHAQ WIN SPACE RACE! SHAQ BEAT PURPLE COMMUNIST! SHAQ LIKE PURPLE! SHAQ MAKE PURPLE MOTORCYCLE! BUT SHAQ NOT THE GAY! THE RAINBOW STOPS AT SHAQ! SHAQ NO WANT MAN-BRIE. SHAQ ATTAQ THREE PLATE FROW TAHOU BREAK TEH TIOLET!!!

"I scream, you scream, we all scream for Shaq's man-brie," everybody said at our next D&D meeting.

Soon thereafter, we are on a Shaq spree. Our normal dark elf necromancer ruined it for all of us. During his turn he announced, "I WANT TO CAST A SPELL!"

"Why do you want to cast a spell? There is nobody to attack!"

"I want to cast... SHAQ ATTAQ!"

**KAZAAM!!**

out comes a genie SHAQ ATTAQ! CAST THREE FROW!

SHAQ GOLDEN RAP! GO GO GOLDEN RAP! SHAQ WANTS TO SHOW YOU HIS SUPER-FRIEND! SHAQ IN DA HOUSE! WORD TO YOUR MOTHERFUCKER HOMEY G MONKEY-CLIP!!! NO SHAQ IN DA SEEN! MY NAME IS TEH PAPER! GIRLS SNUFFING TEH VAPOR UNDER THE SINK FROM GLUE IN BROWN PAPER BAGS!!! NOW THEY SEE ME TEH SKY-CRAPER! I TEH ROLE MODEL I SHAQ ATTAQ THREE FROW!!! SHAQ EAT MAN-BRIE AND GROW BIGGER!!! MY SUPERFRIEND IS A NIGGER STOLE MY TIOLET! SHAQ SMASH! SHAQ SMASH POINT GUARD! SHAQ FU MAKE FUNNY NOISE. SHAQ NO WANT TO KILL! BUT SHAQ NO WANT MAN-BRIE. SHAQ NO ANIMAL! SHAQ MAN BUT NO WANT MAN!!!

Shaq stole my toilet.

# SUBMIT.

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**By Gary Hoffmann**

I'm tempted to beg,  
I'm tempted to kneel and cry,  
and say, "No, don't go,"  
and say, "Please,  
stay."  
She looks at me,  
saltwater stains blurring the stars in her eyes;  
the old best friend speech –  
this is little known:  
a lost letter from Paul to Timothy  
ends with,  
"Let's just be friends" –  
and I just look back –  
I'm tempted to clutch at her shirt  
and swear and curse  
and say, "It can work" –  
and I smile dimly once,  
and say,  
"Sure."

## Poetry

**A Tired Wired Tune**

**By Steve Pomeroy**

I'm going to Java's all week for sleep,  
all week to Java's for sleep.  
I'm going to Java's for sleep, all weak,  
to Java's for sleep all week.  
All weak go to Java's and sleep the week  
away at Java's they sleep.  
I'm weak for Java's and sleep all week.  
Their java is weak; I sleep.

**Needed for next publication: poetry, short fiction, photography,  
film, animation, digital art, Flash poetry, and performance video.**

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## Dicking Around

By Will Stovall and Michael Zelinski

“Brownie?” Walter asks idly, noticing Dick’s distinct penny loafers. “Pardon me?” he replies, lifting the toilet seat, confused. “I have one waiting for you Dick.” “Uh, . . . no thank you,” he answers startled and uncomfortable. “What are you doing in that stall . . . uh . . . Warren?” “No. It’s me, Walter. I’m just taking a shit and eating some brownies. You know . . . I might as well while I’m sitting here. Right?” “I guess so,” Dick mutters, brushing off the awkwardness. “But I’m really not hungry. I just got back from Gracie’s.” “Oh, that reminds me. Have you met that guy, Linder?” “Uh . . . yeah, he lives next to me. He seems like a nice guy. Why?” Dick says, rather interested. “Well, he is a total homo. I mean, the fucking guy asked me out to dinner three times last night like it’s a fucking date or something. Can you believe that? I mean, you live next to the fucking guy.” Dick’s uneasiness swells as he flushes the toilet. “Are you sure, man? Maybe he just didn’t want to go to dinner alone.” “What do you mean? I don’t even know the guy and he asks me to fucking dinner. Is that what you would do—ask a guy out to dinner?” “No—uh, well . . .” nervously washing his hands. “I mean, I guess not, but I don’t really know anyone here and I wouldn’t want to go to dinner alone.” “Whatever Dick,” Walter remarks snidely. “Yeah, well . . . I have to go,” opening the door, “I’ll see you later, Walter.” “Yeah, . . .” now quietly turning to his brownie. “Queer.”

Dick walks back to his room, slightly uneasy from his encounter. Picking up a book, he retires to his bed to unwind. Reading for a moment, his concentration is broken by a firm hand on his shoulder. “Hey, buddy,” Linder exclaims in a casual vacant tone. “What are you up to?” “Not too much . . . just reading,” Dick releases automatically. “Oh . . . do you mind if I read with you?” Linder asks, wandering about the room, snapping his fingers. “Uh, no, sure,” Dick responds, expecting Linder to retrieve his own book. “Go ahead.” Meanwhile Hank struts by, glancing about the hallway. “Then move over, buddy,” Linder emits, sliding Dick back, heaving his bulbous ass into bed. Suddenly Hank’s ear is met with cries from Dick’s room. “My god!” Dick wails. Peering in, Hank observes the scene in horror. Shuddering, he thinks to himself, “Dear Lord! They are fucking gay. I’m going

to be sick.” He turns away abruptly, racing to the bathroom.

Hank explodes into the bathroom, running into Walter, exiting a stall. “Watch it, Hank,” Walter yells. “What’s going on?” “I just saw fucking Dick and Linder in bed together, groping and moaning. It was sick, man. I can’t fucking stand it; two homos on our goddamn floor.” “You know . . .” Walter pauses, “I’m not even surprised. I was telling Dick earlier to watch out for that homo and he didn’t even care. It’s like he wanted it.” “I can’t believe that we have to deal with this shit. Let’s go to Gracie’s,” Hank remarks, opening the door for Walter.

As they leave the bathroom to go down the hall their eyes meet Linder’s, who exits Dick’s room. “Hey, guys,” Linder says smiling, “going to Gracie’s?” “Uh . . . yeah,” replies Hank, moving down the hall. “Well, mind if I tag along?” Linder asks, following. “Sure, but I thought you would be eating Dick,” Walter says smugly, turning around. “Excuse me,” Linder says hastily. “Oh, I mean, with Dick.” “What? Wait a second . . .” Linder says confused. “What’s going on out here?” Dick interrupts, emerging from his room. “Look who it is now. It seems your little pelvis pal is trying to put the moves on me,” Walter says disdainfully. “Walter, what the fuck are you talking about?” “You don’t have to be coy. I saw you in bed with Dick,” Hank exclaims wildly. “In bed together? You must be kidding. This maniac, Linder, jumped in my fucking bed,” Dick exclaims in hysterics. “Come on Dick, don’t start making shit up. We both know I didn’t jump in bed with you. You fucking invited me to read with you.” “To read? My God! What the hell is this?” “I’m not going to stand here and be accused,” Linder sighs, opening his door. “I’m fucking leaving.” “I guess I was wrong the whole time. You’re the fucking homo on this floor, Dick,” Walter turns. “Sick.” Hank says in disgust, “Just get away.” “Madness.” Dick cries, “What is this? Is everyone here insane?”

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# What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

**Anyone is welcome to submit.**

**[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**

## **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

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**Musical Inspiration:**

Uncle Rumsfeld's drunken karaoke version of  
"Bull's On Parade"

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