



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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The Greedleville Gazette

or:

Bizarre Goings-On, Strange Happenings, and Other Curious Events

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The Oldest Town in America That Doesn't Exist

Genesis: Chapter 3, Verse Whatever: The Death of Michael Bay

by Garrett McMahon

Perhaps you might not have heard this in any conventional news publication, but famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay recently passed away. Indeed, it might be hard to believe, especially to those who knew of his strict diet of carrot juice and Poppycock, not to mention his rigorous daily exercise plan, which consisted of exactly forty nine sit-ups and seventeen minutes of rubbing his stomach and patting his head simultaneously. Sadly, however, the fact remains that famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay is with us no more. The circumstances involved in his tragic passing were, unfortunately, too great for even carrot juice and sit-ups to prevent. Because this unfortunate incident happened in Greedleville, a place where bizarre deaths and other curious events almost always happen. Except, of course, when they happen in Waco, Texas.

It all started in a palatial Los Angeles mansion, owned by none other than famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay. Or maybe it was in Miami. No one knows for sure exactly where these famous Hollywood film directors like to set up their palatial Los Angeles mansions. It was an off day for him, so he decided to pass the time sampling his lifetime supply of Kazakhstani breast milk, the rarest beverage known to mankind, which he purchased using the last of his earnings from his famous summer blockbuster smash *Pearl Harbor*. He didn't have anything to worry about, since he still had plenty of money left over from his last famous summer blockbuster smash, *Bad Boys II*. He was debating whether he should meet up with friends

at the Drunken Puppy, his favorite Antarctic cuisine restaurant, or mosey on down to The Babe in Heat for a little bit of the old "Flooping on the Schecky Dipple," which, for some reason, was what he liked to call a game of darts.

When all of a sudden, a vision of famous Hollywood film producer Jerry Bruckheimer appeared before him. He was dressed in a purple see-through wedding gown, repeatedly striking a goldfish on the dorsal fin with a ball-peen hammer. Of course, famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay wasn't surprised, since he and famous Hollywood film producer Jerry Bruckheimer often collaborated on several famous summer blockbuster smashes, and it wasn't uncommon for famous Hollywood film producer Jerry Bruckheimer to swing by the palatial Los Angeles mansion once in a while, see-through-wedding-gown-clad and ball-peen hammer in hand. However, the last famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay remembered, famous Hollywood film producer Jerry Bruckheimer was away, at a famous summer blockbuster smash shoot, on location in planet Jupiter. So, the famous Hollywood film director eyed the famous Hollywood film producer with a puzzled look.

"Hello, famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay, I can see by the way you're eyeing me with a puzzled look that you don't quite understand my visit to your palatial Los Angeles mansion. Dorsal fin?"

Famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay shook his head no thanks, and famous Hollywood film

producer Jerry Bruckheimer continued.

“A Russian trans-gendered crew member with one arm gave me a DIY astral projector kit, so I’m sailing the plane all the way from Jupiter with love to deliver you a Gabriel,” he said at an incomprehensible rate of fifty two words per second, which was a common way for famous Hollywood film producers like famous Hollywood film producer Jerry Bruckheimer to speak at the time. “Make thee a famous summer blockbuster smash about nine-eleven. People love nine-eleven. Plane, Arabs, boom bang nine eleven! Grundle.” And with that, he took a secret elevator to a location fifty eight feet below Berlin, to a bullet train station which had discount fares for trips to Jupiter.

Famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay didn’t bother to give famous Hollywood film producer Jerry Bruckheimer an answer, possibly because the author of this story didn’t feel like letting famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay speak. Anyway, without further ado, famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay packed his goatskin pouch full of all the pistachios he could eat and started pre-production for the famous summer blockbuster smash, tentatively titled *2-Nine, 2-Eleven: Boom Bang Arab*.

He went into a room in his palatial Los Angeles mansion with a giant map of the world hanging up on the wall, bringing a small dart with him. He blindfolded himself, hoisted the dart in the air, and flooped it on the schecky dipple. When he removed the blindfold, he saw that the dart had struck a certain town he had never heard of before. Greedleville.

Famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay was determined to shoot his famous summer blockbuster smash in Greedleville, never mind he knew nothing about the location. So, he went into his underground book depository, located underneath his palatial Hollywood mansion, and pulled out the latest edition of Encyclopedia Every What-Not. He skimmed the index, looking for the word “Greedleville,” and was surprised to find the article on Greedleville on the very first page, in the “A” section. He spent fifty eight milliseconds perusing the dark, fantastic, troubling history of this mysterious town, and one more milliseconds closing the Encyclopedia Every What-Not. During this brief moment, which was nothing short of exhausting for famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay, he learned that Greedleville was

home to more presidents of the Dungeons and Dragons club at Colgate University than any mysterious town in existence, that, in Greedleville, every resident is required to wear a temporary tattoo of at least one character from *Saved By The Bell* on their left buttock at all times. Most horrifying, or perhaps, not really all that horrifying, so much as just plain strange, anyone who violates this mandate must sing the entire libretto of *The Fiddler On The Roof* backwards, off-key, in a public display.

“Whew,” famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay thought to himself, the author of this story knowing full well that he is now abandoning his former stipulation of not letting famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay speak. “Good thing I practiced singing the entire libretto of *The Fiddler On The Roof* backwards yesterday. All I have to do now is learn to do it off-key, and I’ll have nothing to worry about.”

And with that, famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay booked a plane formerly used by Buddy Holly and took a trip to Greedleville. The pilot was a mute Irishman who played the spoons in a Bjork cover band. Not that this was truly worth mentioning, since there wasn’t much else that was interesting about this man. However, perhaps it was, since it it’s not everyday one hears of a Bjork cover band, let alone a mute Irishman who plays the spoons in one. Nonetheless, he was perfectly able to pilot the plane and safely transport famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay to his destination.

Luckily for famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay, Buddy Holly’s infamously bad luck with planes seemed to have no effect on him. Unluckily for famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay, however, as soon as he stepped off the American Pie, Brian Wilson accidentally threw a machete in the air. This was probably due to the occasional nervous breakdowns he sometimes decides to have on an easy Sunday Morning. At any rate, the machete instantly sliced open famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay’s torso. His left lung, after spotting a sign on a nearby piggly-wiggly for free gumballs, ripped itself out of famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay’s chest and ran as fast as it could to claim its prize. His appendix, probably due to repressed feelings of uselessness and inferiority, suddenly engaged in fisticuffs with its next-door neighbor, the pancreas.

The force of the brawl ended up breaking nearly every single bone in famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay. Lying on the ground, near-death, famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay suddenly saw an ambulance speeding down Crohns Juniper Lane, and was relieved that help was on its way. However, help was actually on its way to rescue the emperor of Canada from choking on a thumbtack, and therefore, the ambulance passed him by, accidentally running over him. This, by the way, ended up breaking the rest of famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay's bones that the fight between the appendix and pancreas failed to break beforehand. Finally, in a cruel, yet humorously coincidental turn of events, a giant asteroid the size of Texas, reminiscent of his famous summer blockbuster smash *Armageddon*, fell from the sky and landed on

top of famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay's right testicle.

With every last ounce of strength that famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay could muster, he slowly lifted his head and desperately spoke what would be his last words: "If... I were a... rich man, I would never... biddy biddy badda baida biddy..."

However, before he could finish, he realized that he had never invited famous Hollywood film actor Ben Affleck to star in his famous summer blockbuster smash.

"God damn it all," famous Hollywood film director Michael Bay grumbled to himself. And at that, he died, and was no more.

1.21 Gigawatts

He awoke and the child was gone. This would not have been a strange feeling to have, if he had children. Just to make sure, he checked his virginity – yep, all there, save that little bit he gave Julie Stevenson that glorious summer at Camp Onatondawa. To this day he has to suppress the urge to giggle at the sight of mashed potatoes.

He got up, and searched his apartment for details. How his physical apartment was to have an answer for his ethereal feelings was beyond his current thought capacity, but he plunged forward anyways.

"What did I do last night?" he asked, as an astounding pain shot in one ear and out the other, much like high school. He collapsed from the pain, and saw a photo album under his couch. After pulling it out, he noticed that there were no photos from his childhood – no photos at all predating about five years ago, his twentieth birthday. He was certain that the book used

By Peter C. Gravelle

to have these photos. He could have sworn that hidden in the front cover he had that horrendous photo of him standing in the bath at age three (he stole it from his mother so she could stop showing it to every girl he brought home). But it was gone. His graduation from high school – there's the pain again – gone. His sixth birthday party where everyone had cake in the backyard on a beautiful summer's day, disappeared as well.

All of a sudden he noticed that he was still wearing his button-down shirt from work. In the breast pocket, a tiny folded slip of paper maliciously sat. On it, in his own childish handwriting, was scrawled, "Hacking the Time Line for Fun and Profit."

He stands up quickly and makes a run for his bookcase, and then passes out. As the warm gray surrounds him he remembers that his blood pressure is too low for such stupid things as alacrity.

He wakes up and the child is still gone. This time



S U B M I T
g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g



he slowly gets up and walks to his bookcase. Wedged in between “Soul Sucking: How to be an ‘Insurance Salesman’ and Get Away with It” and “Fungus – The New Food that Grows On You” he finds a small pamphlet, entitled “Hacking the Time Line for Fun and Profit.” Or at least that’s what he thought it said. The letters kept moving, which wasn’t so bad except when he thought they were saying “Fucking the Lime Time for Han and Profit” which reminded him unhappily of George Lucas’ latest abortion of a film, “Han, Chewie, and the Ewoks Kill the Gungans”.

He opens the pamphlet, and finds more, smaller, moving letters. Why did “moving pictures” spawn “moving text”, he asked himself. He flicked the page with the back of his finger, hoping to create some order, but the increased kinetic energy only made it harder to read. Frustrated, he threw the pamphlet in the freezer and poured himself a glass of iced green tea.

After breakfast, he went back into the freezer and saw the letters had calmed down to a quiet buzzing, and he understood. I mean, he really hated elementary school, but did he have to kidnap himself from there?

Which brought him back to the central problem: the child was gone.

It’s a crying shame the many-universes theory was correct, because otherwise he could find some solace in the fact that he was going to find his younger self, since he still existed in the here and now (It *is* here

and now, right? Or did thirty more years just pass? No, everything is OK). But there were no guarantees now. On one hand, he had to find himself and return himself to whence he came. On the other hand, it didn’t really affect any part of him but his conscience if he didn’t.

* * *

“So, I’m not in the roster at all?” he asked. The clerk shook her head. “Look,” he nearly screamed, “Look at the incoming class of,” and he stopped short when he saw what year it was. “That damned old man,” he grumbled.

He walked dejectedly back to where he was, moments ago, running away from at the top of his abilities. The child kicked a can down the street, turned left and returned to that guy’s apartment.

“Bring me back.”

“But you’re going to hate it.”

“Bring me back.”

“You’ll – I’ll be miserable.”

“Put me back now!”

“Fine.”



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Editors:

Peter C. Gravelle
Pete Lazarski
Tom Samstag
Ray Wallace

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Sponsors:

Steve Healey
Mark Schindlbeck

Writers:

Garrett McMahon

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