

# If I Did It

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what might have  
happened in  
the last seven years

the  
kittenpants  
anthology

Darci  
Ratliff

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Limited Edition Preview

# Jokes I Made Up Today

## **What's the difference between an onion and Star Jones?**

Nobody cries when you cut open Star Jones.

## **How do you get a blowjob from Tara Reid?**

Stop not letting her give you a blowjob.

## **What do you get when you cross Samuel L. Jackson and double negatives?**

You don't not get a bad mother-fucker, motherfucker.

## **What do you get when you cross diet pills with crystal meth?**

Lindsay Lohan's phone number.

## **Why doesn't Tom Cruise like psychiatry?**

Because e-meter thetan Xenu gorp battlefield Klingon.

## **What's the difference between a dead homeless guy and Demi Moore?**

One gets fucked in the ass by Ashton Kutcher and the other was in *GI Jane*.

## **What's the difference between a vagina full of diarrhea and Paris Hilton?**

Nothing.

## **Did you know Rene Russo's in a new movie?**

I didn't even know she was alive.

## **How many *Peter Pan* movies does it take to satisfy Hollywood?**

Apparently infinity.

## **How much money do you think Adam Brody gets paid?**

Who??

## **What's the only thing lower than Nicole Ritchie's dress size?**

Her T-cell count.

## **What did Jenna Jameson get on her SATs?**

Semen.

## **Why did the turkey sign a record contract with Arista?**

He was a jive turkey!

## **Why did *Another One Bite the Dust*?**

Better than eating at Olive Garden.

## **Why did Steve Gutenberg—**

A: Stop right there.

## **What's the deal with Brittany Murphy?**

I know, what a coked-up whore.

## **What happens when you live in Manhattan that doesn't happen when you live in Queens?**

I might visit you.

## **What is 11 + 12?**

Go ask an Asian person — they totally LOVE math!

## **What do you get when you cross liquor with cigarettes?**

In my family you get addicted. And it's a good bet you'll die of cancer.

## **What do you get when you give a British schoolteacher the idea that he has talent?**

Sting.

## **Have you read the new John Grisham novel?**

You mean *Lawyer Trial For the Juror-Judge*?

No.

*Chain Gang Chachi and the Mississippi Boss-Man*?

No.

*Racially Motivated Hate Crime in Swamp-Skunk County*?

**No, *The People Vs. The People Who Read John Grisham Novels*.**

Oooh! Yes. I totally rest my case!!

[murder/suicide].

\* \* \*

# Insulting Intelligents

Your breath is so bad. If breath was a flower, your breath would be the kind of flower a man buys for a woman he hates.

You are so completely non-photo-genic. "Does your face hurt?" is a legitimate concern of film developers everywhere.

Your bike is so lame. Every time you sit on it you have to move your feet forward in a circular motion, just to get it to go anywhere.

You're so immature. You like to have sex with 8 year olds. Wait, I guess that makes you a pervert. Wait, I guess that makes me a pervert.

Your dog is so ugly. She looks as if she fell off the ugly tree and hit one or two of the ugliest branches, which made dents and bruises on her face and fur, and which are, ironically, the only beautiful things about her.

Your cell phone is so cancerous. When you watch *Kindergarten Cop* and Arnold Schwarzenegger says, "It's not a tumor," you have to yell back, "It IS a tumor!" Because you have a tumor. In your head. From talking on the cell phone. Haven't you been listening? Hello? Hellooooo...?

Your cell phone service provider is so unreliable; you probably didn't even hear that last one.

Your ears are so dirty. I only wish you had a mouth to match.

You are so totally useless. If you were to quit your job, the only person who would notice is you. And your wife and family. And the guy that's hired to repossess your car. And the homeless guy you stab to death in a fight over a can of ravioli.

Your penis is so small. Or perhaps your breasts are so large, it only looks small by comparison.

Your web design skills are so inferior; it's like that year at the Art Institute was totally wasted on you.

You're so blind. When Stevie Wonder met you he was like, "Dude, you are totally blind." And you were like, "How would you know, Stevie Wonder? You can't see me." And Stevie was all, "I never said I was Stevie Wonder — how did YOU know?" And as it turns out, you've both been faking it for a very long time.

You are so evil. You've received rejection letters from Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, the Dalai Lama, Sting, the ghost of Charles Schulz, and *Penthouse Forum*.

Those pants are so ugly. Why not just make a big sign that says, "I have horrible taste in pants!" Then you could cut the sign into a pattern, and sew it into a pair of pants and wear the sign-pants instead of those pants.

Your photographs are so blurry that I wish I hadn't already used Stevie Wonder in that earlier insult.

You drive so slow. My grandfather drives faster than you. Yes, my grandfather is Mario Andretti. So what? He is still a grandfather and you are still a quadruplegic.

Your belief in God is so ridiculously fervent. Even God is like, "Jeez! Cut me some slack, 'Job!'"

Your bible references are tiresome and make me lose respect for you as a writer.

You are a sausage bedazzler. When language came to the lotion paper you think smarty-pants but now you can't Spiderman at all.

Your ability to shotgun beer is matched only by your inability to follow 12 simple steps.

You're such a hillbilly. You think *The Hills Have Eyes* is a documentary. About you.

Your bottled water is completely full of bullshit; corporate, yuppie, marketing bullshit. And a touch of feces.

You're such a slut! When Della Reese heard how many people you slept with, she refused to "touch" you.

Yer so dum. Yoo kan onlee reed wurdz that ar spelld fonetiklee.

You are so retarded. You've probably seen *Vampire In Brooklyn* a hundred times. And you're only distantly related to Eddie Murphy.

You make the worst toast. What is so fucking hard?

\* \* \*



(8.00)

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## Joe Bob Briggs

Joe Bob Briggs, former host of TNT's *Monstervision*, which showcased the best kind of cheesy B horror flicks, possesses an encyclopedic knowledge of film and endless behind-the-scenes stories and jokes. Years ago I read his comments on a movie called *Mad Monkey Kung Fu*, and well, I never looked back. Due to some sort of crazy malfunction, *Monstervision* was canceled. Perhaps as a result of some new found spare time, he agreed to be the subject of the first Kittenpants interview.

### **What actually happened with TNT? Can you give us the scoop?**

They fired me. They didn't really tell me why. They had been treating me like an ugly stepchild for about two years, so it wasn't a big surprise.

### **Many people have been asking if you'll get another TV show on another network. Is that something you're interested in?**

Well, it would have to be the right show. When you've been on TV as long as I have, there's no reason to rush right back out there. People ask me this more than any other question, but give me a break. I just finished this show!

### **Whose letters are more fun to read: The devoted fans praising you to no end, or the bitter comic book nerds who challenge your authority and intellect on every nit-picky detail?**

Slavish praise is always preferable.

### **Are you often recognized on the street?**

It happens, but mostly in New York and Los Angeles and airports. I can go to the mall in Raleigh and no one notices.

### **You do a great job of responding personally to your fans. Have you ever had crazy fans that have misbehaved?**

I've had one real stalker, a psychotic woman, and I've had people who amuse themselves by writing to me ten or fifteen times a day. I've had people who send me pornography or, in some cases, just schizophrenic ravings. I can't say I've ever been scared, even with the stalker. I don't mind being approached,



(11.02)

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## Bruce Campbell

For those of you who aren't familiar with Bruce Campbell, start by renting *Evil Dead*, then *Evil Dead II*, then *Army Of Darkness*, then repeat. Then look for everything else he's been in. There's a lot. Most everything directed/produced by [high school pal] Sam Raimi, for example, including recurring roles on *Xena*, *Warrior Princess* and *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys*.

Besides acting and directing for TV, Bruce has written a book, *Confessions of a B Movie Actor*, and is working on a short documentary about his own fans: *Fanalysis*. Bruce oversees his official website and personally responds to emails from fans, who range from science fiction boys to lusty middle-aged women.

**How many times have you been asked if you will be in the new *Spiderman* movie?**

I can't count that high.

**Do you have any plans to work with Clint Howard?**

Many plans, but they're very hush-hush. If I told you, I'd have to kill you.

**Do you have a favorite evil robot/evil computer movie?**

Yes, the robot from *Lost in Space* — the 60's TV show — scared the hell out of me with those flailing arms. Aaaaaah!

**Why don't I see you on talk shows more often?**

Because my lips are sewn shut as part of a restraining order from my fifth wife. Talk shows aren't cool if you can't talk. You dig?

**On *Jack of All Trades* do you ad lib lines like "Over my leathery butt crack," or does someone actually write that into the script?**

That was a combo of an ad lib and a tweak from the director of the episode, but yes, I enjoy having the latitude sometimes on shows to do that. That's what we actors do.

**Did you get any flak for your "homophobe boss" role on *Ellen*?**

No, not at all. Why? Are you gay? Do you have a problem with gays? Are you a homophobe? Are you afraid to kiss your own kind?

**I don't have a problem kissing anyone! Except Bud Cort, and he totally dropped the charges.**

My policy toward gays has always been the same: Be kind... rewind.



(1.02)

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## David Cross

I had been trying to contact David for a while; finally, I met him at a Stella show, and he agreed to be interviewed. I think this is the most questions we've ever sent anyone.

### **What was the first record you ever bought?**

It was either *The Who By Numbers*, or The Sweet, *Desolation Boulevard*. I was a huge Who and Sweet fan, so there.

### **What was the first concert you ever saw?**

The Kinks at the Fox Theater in Atlanta. I was fifteen and my friend and I figured this way-too-easy scam to pull. We volunteered to be ushers. We brought a little uniform (black pants, white shirt and red vest) and listened to the 45 minute "lesson." Once the opening act went on (a young man by the name of Johnny Cougar) we just ditched our vests and ran into the crowd, never to be seen again. It was embarrassingly easy.

### **What's your favorite Tenacious D song?**

The 5 Needs.

### **What's your favorite Corn Mo song?**

The first one I ever heard. It was as if an angel whispered a life-saving lie into my earholes.

### **What's your favorite Three Times One Minus One song?**

2 True 4 U 2 C U + Me 2

### **Favorite Janeane Garofalo movie?**

It hasn't come out yet but it's called *The Latin From Manhattan*. Janeane stars as one-time porn queen Vanessa Del Rio. The movie also features Ben Kingsley, Bill Paxton and an animated Rhea Perlman (Mrs. Danny DeVito).



(2.03)

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## Todd Barry

Todd Barry is funny. The Bronx-born stand-up comic is co-hosting a weekly show in NYC called TINKLE with fellow funny men David Cross and Jon Benjamin. The show, which so far has sold out every performance, features a variety of stand up talent, some musical acts, and way more hard-core gay porn than I expected.

Benjamin: "Todd Barry, to me, is like that coat you bought years and years ago that has been sitting in your closet, all moth-eaten, but you refuse to throw it out, probably just out of laziness, but maybe a little bit of sentimentality. That's Todd to me. You can never throw him out."

Cross: "What nobody knows about Todd is that he is an awesome ventriloquist. Really! He doesn't like to do it onstage (for obvious reasons) but if you ever see him in the street or at a restaurant, you've got to make him do a little bit for you. It'll blow you away. He's amazing."

### **Who are your comedy heroes?**

I don't like that question.

**Okay. Have you heard this joke before? Q: What's white and goes up and down in a crib? A: My ass.**

No, but that shows how a joke can be super politically incorrect while still being super hilarious.

### **Do you have any plans to work with Clint Howard?**

Plans? Try dreams.

### **Are you related to Fred Berry? Can you at least dance like Re-Run?**

Am I related to a black man who spells his name differently than me? AHAHAHA! LOL! That's a funny question, KITTENPANTS!!! WOOOOOO!

### **What is the first record you ever bought?**

I don't know what my record purchase was. But my first "cool" records were *London Calling* by The Clash, and *Repeat When Necessary* by Dave Edmunds, a guy who you probably don't know about.



(1.05)

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## Brian Posehn

You may not recognize the name, but you'll never forget the face of Brian Posehn, comedy's tallest, deepest-voiced, dearest nerd. After years of writing and performing on *Mr. Show with Bob and David*, Brian later came to be known as "Kevin the mail clerk" on TV's *Just Shoot Me*, and his love for heavy metal has led him to roles in music videos and the latest Rob Zombie movie.

From his website: "If you had told me in 1984 that I was going to shoot a video with Anthrax in twenty years, I would have kicked you in your dick and pushed you back into your time machine."

For the first time since Gary Gygax, I felt a little interview-unqualified, so for the metal questions I brought in another Brian whose knowledge of metal (and coincidentally, D&D) is far greater than mine.

*with special metal correspondent, Brian Flynn*

### **How tall are you?**

Six foot, six: the height of the beast.

### **How did you first get involved in *Mr. Show*?**

I was friends with David before I moved to L.A. I met Bob through him, right when I got down here. We all hung out a lot back then — practically every night. I was just around and tall when they were working on live sketches. That was an amazing time. Walking into that writers' room that first time, I knew something special was happening.

### **How did the *Hooray for America!* tour compare with the original format?**

Way less stress; that was one of the most fun experiences of my life. The shows were awesome. The crowds were so fun. *Mr. Show* fans are the coolest people in the world. And driving around America on a huge tour bus with Bob, David and Ennis was a good fucking time. That bus smelled like Patrón tequila, weed, and feet. I don't know why.

### **Tell us something awesome that happened behind the scenes at *Mr. Show*.**

Once, John Ennis and I got high with Snoop Dogg in front of our writing bungalow while those other assholes were shooting a scene. That was awesome.

### **Do feel that you get typecast into the same type of roles?**

I don't know what you mean. I've played weird mail boys, surly convenience store clerks and slightly retarded people. All over the map, I'd say. I'm fine playing weird guys that work at menial jobs. I want to start doing it in dramas.

# Who Dat?

## Bad Celebrity Knock Knock Jokes

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Tempest Bledsoe.  
Tempest Bledsoe who?  
Tempest Bledsoe much she  
passed out.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Richard Pryor.  
Richard Pryor who?  
Richard Pryor hands off that  
crack pipe.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Mel Gibson.  
Mel Gibson who?  
Mel Gibson awful lot of himself,  
and it shows in his performances.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
James Spader.  
James Spader who?  
James Spader \$20 for sex.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Malcolm Jamal Warner.  
Malcolm Jamal Warner who?  
Malcolm Jamal Warner, but she  
wouldn't listen.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Major Dad.  
Major Dad who?  
Major Dad go down on me.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
The Fonz.  
The Fonz who?  
The Fonz just beginning, now that  
Chachi's here!

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Ed Begley.  
Ed Begley who?  
Ed Begley, Jr.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Damon Wayans.  
Damon Wayans who?  
Damon Wayans-ide me.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Howie Long  
Howie Long who?  
Howie Long to see the end of those  
Radio Shack commercials.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Rob Lowe.  
Rob Lowe who?  
Rob Lowe jobs hurt my penis.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Peter Falk.  
Peter Falk who?  
Peter Falk like a beast at 20.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
William Shatner  
William Shatner who?  
William Shatner mouth.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Peter Fonda  
Peter Fonda who?  
Peter Fonda joint on the ground  
and smoked it.

Knock Knock.  
Who's there?  
Luke Perry.  
Luke Perry who?  
Luke Perry. I was on *Beverly Hills*  
*90210*.  
I've never heard of you.

\* \* \*

# Laundry 2K3

*Are your clothes dirty? Are they dizzirty? Are they even dizzir-tay? Shit yeah, they are. But you're an extreme dude or dudetress, so chuck that Tide and Clorox in the same turd-slot you threw your Linkin Park CDs as soon as the clock struck 2003. That's right, you're washing clothes in 2K3, muthafucka, and this ain't your wrinkled old granny's way of doing laundry. Unless, of course, your wrinkled old granny is none other than Dave Mirra, in which case: Holy fuck, hombre!*

Follow these directions, and in no time, your laundry will be more dudical than waterfall-climbing is going to be in like two months.

## Step 1.

The days of separating your clothes by color are gone, baby, gone. Throw everything in together. And I mean everything: shirts, pants, shades, skateboards, even if it's not dirty, put it the frig in that washing extreme.

[Note: Your washing machine is now called a "washing extreme." It is different from a typical washing machine in name only. Fuck yeah, it is.]

## Step 2.

Add one can of Red Bull energy drink. I'm talking about the whole, unopened can, my main slice!

## Step 3.

Add one actual red bull. They're easier to find than you think. If the bull you find is too big for your washing extreme, find a

bigger bull. You didn't misread that. If you think putting a bigger bull in a place that was too small for a smaller bull is impossible, then I guess that secret Tony Alva told me about you was true. Now get a bigger bull, pansy-pants!

## Step 4.

Swim the perimeter of any Great Lake, aside from Superior. If anyone suggests you swim Lake Superior, give him or her a nipple tweaking he or she won't soon forget.

## Step 5.

You're almost there, bros and broettes. The fifth step involves inviting Steve-O from Jackass over, giving him one-and-a-half times as much OxyContin as he asks for and allowing him to take no less than three whizzes in your washing extreme.

## Step 6.

Hang to dry!

\* \* \*

# Haircut 100

Okay. I admit it. I went to Supercuts. I got a sort of shitty over-the-ears/Beatles/70's kind of cut. I was going for something different, but this is what the highly trained Supercuts professional decided would look best on me.

When I got home, my roommate took one look and said, "Nicholas Bradford called. He wants his haircut back!" Then he laughed for, like, 20 minutes. He was, of course, referring to the character that Adam Rich made popular on TV's *Eight is Enough*.

What a dick.

I went to my room, and sure enough there was a message on my answering machine from Nicholas Bradford! No, not Adam Rich — the character he portrayed had somehow achieved consciousness and given me a phone call! The message went something like this:

"Hey this is Nick. Seriously, man, I need my haircut back. These stupid cunts I live with won't shut the fuck up about it — and that's just Willie Aames and Van Patten. Listen, I'm just an ethereal 11-year-old, brought to life by my own sheer force of will. So I'm not gonna kiss your ass or threaten to kick it. I need my haircut back. In a few years I'll be doing coke and sporting a dangly earring — you can have it back then. Tubular, bro!"

I thought about it and bleached my bangs. Fuck yeah!

\* \* \*

# Tony! Toni! Toné! Trivia

## Part one

- Tony! accidentally invented mustard one spring afternoon in 1911.
- Toni! quit the group briefly from 1984 to 1985 when he landed the role of Joshua Rush on television's *Knots Landing*.
- Try as he might, Toné! has never successfully cleared the first level of Ms. Pac-Man.
- To this day Tony! thinks that all Supreme Court cases are decided by a game of sudden death Chutes and Ladders.
- Toni! believes that candles grant wishes.
- Contrary to popular belief, Toné! did not pay a mob of sixty-three radish farmers to burn Nitty Gritty Dirt Band records outside of Carlos Santana's mansion on Christmas Eve.

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# Outgoing Messages

*With the increasing popularity of answering machines and voicemail comes an increasing need for hot, clever, offensive, informative or just plain funny outgoing messages. Below are some suggestions. Feel free to use these outgoing messages as you please, without having to pay royalties!*

I'm not here, so have a beer on me [sound of beer being poured into a glass]. Too bad beer gives you a bad case of the farts! [fart sound] (beep)

Thank you for calling Taco Sauce Eaters Anonymous. We don't exist, but wouldn't that be some shit if we did? (beep)

Hi, and thanks for calling [Name]. Seriously, I really appreciate the call. I appreciate it so much, that I'm going to do you a favor, friend. In the movie *Die Hard*, the "terrorists" aren't really terrorists, they're smart crooks trying to trick the feds into helping them open the vault. Oh, and at the end Bruce Willis kills all the bad dudes and goes home with Bonnie Bedelia! Now you don't have to see that flick! (beep)

Howdy, Bunghole! The 21st century called! It said to email me! (beep)

Greetings, fellow headbangers! This is Ricky Rachtman. I'm probably at a Dangerous Toys concert, or just maybe I'm banging at a Vinnie Vincent gig. Or perhaps I'm even rocking to some Faster Pussycat! Psyche! This is [Name], not Ricky Rachtman. That dude's a fruitball! (beep)

Kids are dying all over the world and you're wasting your time playing around with the goddamn phone. You should be ashamed of yourself. (beep)

I won't lie to you, caller, times is tough. Times is tough all over, and that goes double for the answering machine industry. So, it shouldn't come as any surprise when I tell you that I fired my answering machine four months ago. It was a real beauty too, with all the bells and whistles. It was like something outta *Star Wars* or some shit. Anyway, now all I gots is this one that accidentally murders every caller at the sound of the beep! (beep)

John? (beep)

[Machine gun sound effect] Ah! They gots me, pallie! My 'ol friend the mob done me wrong. [Machine gun sound effect] I can't believe theys done me wrong after alls the love I's given 'em. [Machine gun sound effect] Ah! That smarts, pallie. Keep ya nose clean, kid! [Machine gun sound effect] (beep)

Hello. Thank you for your call. Due to you calling, we are closed. Please do not ever call back. [fart sound] (beep)

\* \* \*

# LIL STINKER

BY  
VOMIT  
TOAD.

