

PLEASE RT

TWO YEARS AND CHANGE OF SOCIAL MEDIOCRITY



tweets by

ADAM BERTOCCI

author of **Two Gentlemen of Lebowski**

"Incredibly talented" — Broadway World "A younger Woody Allen" — Film Threat

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Please RT:
Two Years and Change of Social Mediocrity
by Adam Bertocci

“Brevity is the soul of wit.”
— Polonius, *Hamlet*, Act II, Scene ii

All tweets featured in this compilation were drawn from my Twitter account, [@AdamBertocci](https://twitter.com/AdamBertocci), between October 2010 and the end of 2012.

Some tweets featured in this compilation have been lightly edited for format or clarity.

No tweets featured in this compilation are worth reading.

Unsorted

The Long Version:

I think one of the joys of Twitter, besides updates from your favorite celebrities, is the lack of organization. Left untended, a Twitter feed is a Burroughs cut-up of genres switching every 140 characters, a chronological panoply of near-Cassaveteian shifts in tone where the only thing linking any two adjacent posts is the time they were conceived by utterly separate souls. You find something funny (or attempting to be so) shoved up against serious matters just a tweet away from sports or politics or any other topic under the sun.

None of the tweets in this section have anything to do with each other and maybe that's as it should be. I genuinely worry that my grouping of the later ones by subject sort of gives away the joke a bit, or robs you of that crucial element of surprise. I mean, what's funnier, a joke about ducks after a joke about bears, or the fifth or so joke about ducks in a row?

(I'd like it on record that I totally didn't realize I was typing "ducks in a row" until it happened.)

(I'd also like it on record that I do actually know a few jokes about ducks, for what it's worth.)

(Anyway.)

I wonder what sound effect plays when crickets tell a joke that no one likes.

Ironically, I don't know the back of my hand very well.

We never hear about the _young_ switcheroo.

Knowledge is half the battle. So if you know two things, lots of people die.

who the fuck is Merriam and how did he get attached to Webster's Goddamned dictionary

How to find out your porn star name: appear in a pornographic movie, read the credits.

Exciting news! I've been chosen as one of People Magazine's "7 Billion Under 7 Billion".

I have a pretty great collection of porcelain figurines. #hummelbrag

New job managing sports arena going well. "Kiss Cam" still popular. Mixed reactions to "Passive-Aggressive Exchange Avoiding Truth Cam".

If they stop printing newspapers, how will time travelers learn where they've ended up?

As a white person, doing something like THIS.

It disturbs me that I hear the word “infection” preceded by “urinary tract” more often than all other contexts combined.

Advice on overcoming adversity: First off, don’t fucking call it that.

Idea for magazine: Postmodern Bride.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE: A wild raccoon, trapped in a cage.

If Food Lion ever merged with a supermarket brand with a human mascot they could totally be Food Manticore

Deeply disappointed that they’ve never found out who the lazy Susan is named for.

I still can’t read “So-and-So Hospitalized” without thinking that they were turned into a large building where doctors work.

For nine months, I was a man trapped in a woman’s body.

Never go to bed angry. Unless it is at the bed. Then you can spend the whole night gloating that you are crushing your hated enemy.

I was a precocious child. When I was eight, I was already disappointing my parents at a fifth-grade level.

I’m getting really sick of the candy company ignoring my suggestion to make M&Ms with horseradish inside

I should write down what I wear every day cross-referenced to my personal journal so I’d know which, if any, of my garments are “lucky”.

I see the glass as half full... OF FAILURE AND BROKEN DREAMS

We’re not laughing at you. We’re laughing WITH people laughing at you!

As someone whose alma mater lost to Penn State in football, let me state without bias that Penn State’s pride in football is stupid.

My friends swore to me they’d never try to feed me to jungle cats, but then they did anyway. I think what hurt most was the lion.

Got part of my thumb that vaguely resembles your nose!

They should remake “Bye Bye Birdie” and have the pop star give one lucky girl a last retweet before getting killed in Iraq.

The jerk store called, and it's had to close because it can't compete with Amazon.

I think the main thing to take away from this is that we should reduce all human experiences to simple bullet points.

Laughed my ass off. Bled uncontrollably from hips and upper thighs. Collapsed in a gushing, bloodsoaked lump, will probably die soon.

Went back in time to kill Hitler as a baby. It didn't work out, I'll explain the details later, but I did get this bitchin' Tyrolean hat.

Try to look for the good in everyone. That part tastes the best.

I hate working the receiving dock at the fertilizer depot. All I do is take shit from people all day.

Just went to Toys R Us and there were only 985,237 toys that I could play with. Suing for false advertising.

I'm sort of afraid that I'll die alone. I was always hoping I'd take two or three of you fuckers with me.

man one of these days I'M gonna be the one who does a good job on the Johnson file and then I can need that report on MY desk by Monday

Employees must wash hands before returning to work. Freelancers can just shrug, wipe hands on pants.

You never hear about Eyjafjallajökull any more.

I don't want to name names. Other things I don't want to name: lakes. It's not like they come when you call them.

It occurs to me that I never answered the school bully's question, about why I was hitting myself.

It's all fun and games until somebody gets hurt. Even longer, if you're playing hurtball.

You never see any "Red Dawn"-themed weddings.

They never made Wine-and-Cheese-Partyables.

Under communism, would My Little Pony be Our Little Pony?

As a person who states their profession or position up front before speaking, I am often interviewed for news reports.

Everything happens for a reason. A terrible, awful reason.

“I never promised you a rose garden.” — person whose promises to you were notably quiet on the matter of ornamental horticulture

You always hurt the one you love. I guess I never realized how much I loved that squirrel I just ran over.

Although honored by his position of responsibility and respect, deep down, Admiral Crunch really missed just running his own ship.

Idea for philosophy: secular kittyism.

Part of me wants to go clubbing this weekend, but I’m not sure where we’d find the baby seals.

Just once I’d like to hear a medicine commercial with the courage to claim that their product IS right for everyone.

“Don’t take this the wrong way” — person about to offend you, or a pharmacist

ever notice how people who list multiple jobs always have “educator” as one of them

It takes all jorts to make a world.

I wonder if that guy ever married that thing I suggested he marry on the grounds that he loved it so much.

To be honest, you shouldn’t drop the soap even if you’re NOT in prison, because you might slip on it and fall.

Vexillography is such a cool word for a thing

The capital of Vermont is Montpelier. - - - It’s funny because it’s true.

It’d be really embarrassing if you started a business selling hotcakes and then it didn’t do very well.

Sometimes I forget that Eskimos are real people and not just something I learned about in fourth grade

There’s no lie repeated more frequently than “no pun intended”.

To be honest when I read Field & Stream I mostly skip the field parts

I'm sick of all the thoughtless prejudice toward helicopter parents. My father was a helicopter.

Some day we'll look back on this and laugh. Unless one of us is telling a joke that's okay now but future-us would find racist.

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if only he believed in himself?

When God closes a door, He's pooping.

Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater. Be 'green' and recycle both baby and water in separate containers.

I for serious have no idea why they never made a superhero based on the noble ibex

Actually, honey badger cares deeply, but is afraid to let himself get hurt again.

"All I really needed to know I learned in kindergarten." — nuclear engineer who attended very difficult kindergarten

Nudist colony rises up, overthrows tyrannical government, becomes independent nude state

Time heals all wounds, except decapitation.

It's so SAD that the local business I never actually supported is closing! I loved going in there and not buying anything SO MUCH!

"I wanna change the world, one person at a time." — person who will not change the world in any way

I have a fear of intimacy. I think it's because when I was a kid intimacy broke into my house and killed my father.

If at first you don't succeed, blog about it at length.

Ruing the day. Just like that guy told me I would!

Idea for charity: Locks of Hate. You'd grow your hair really long, they'd weave it into rope and strangle someone with it.

God helps those who help themselves. Also, attractive people.

Having difficulty finding a "Baby's 56th Christmas" ornament.

Remember, violence is never the way to solve a problem. Mind games, emotional abuse and blackmail are far more efficient and fun.

Slow and steady wins the race. Except against fast and steady. Or just plain fast if the race is short enough.

Remember, you can fuck up anything you put your mind to.

A candle loses none of its light by setting your neighbors on fire.

There once was a man from Nantucket / Who died, tragically.

Even a stopped clock can fall off the wall and kill someone.

Really loving New York Fascism Week! All the hottest new designs in black boots and jackets with lots of medals on them!

Live each day as if it is your last. That means that every day you should die.

Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss, you'll drift for a while and probably die someplace.

Every rose has its thorn. And then a bunch of other thorns.

When life gives you lemons, kill yourself.

I always try to keep in mind the story of the ant and the grasshopper. — They were both crushed by a human. The end.

The best things in life are freaks.

“It'll be a free country.” — annoying school kid in 1775

A shark is for life, not just for Shark Week.

it occurs to me that I am still not living my childhood dream of owning a Kit-Cat Klock

I wrote this great article about waterways near Bangor and Augusta, but I can't get it accepted by the Maine-stream media.

Before the moon landing what did we say for “We can put a man on the moon, but we can't (do a thing I want)?”

(Dec 22 2011)

Solstice? Damn near killedstice!

“Again, COMPLETELY unaffiliated with Parade magazine.” — editors of trade journals of interest to the floats-and-processions industries

“Numbers don’t lie.” — the number 6, promising the letter Q he’ll still respect her after

They told me living well was the best revenge. And, you know what, slaughtering my enemy really upped my quality-of-life.

I wonder if ophthalmologists ever get nostalgic about their eye school days.

(Dec 31 2011)

Wait, the ball drop is at _Times_ Square? After I spent all week camping out at Village Voice Square?

I wonder if Lewis or Clark ever were all, like, “Thank you, but I’d really like to talk about my solo work now”

oh sweet channel 17’s gonna show “El Quinto Elemento” tonight, you should watch it if you want to see a good movie and also you’re Mexican

Twitter

The Long Version:

You ever read one of those God-awful local newspaper columns from the hand of a kindly-looking great-auntly type, the kind of person who still joshes herself about her computer illiteracy by saying, "I feel like roadkill... on the information superhighway!"

Yeah, that's me, all the time, about Twitter. ("Sometimes I feel like Twitter... is for the birds!") That's about the level of comedy we're aiming for, folks.)

There are people who are really, really, really good at Twitter. I'm not one of them, which you've probably already realized by reading this thing. I only signed up for Twitter to protect my name, and only started actively using it because my publicist made me. (Book publicist, not personal. I had to deal with my own drug abuse and torrid relationships with onetime Disney starlets.)

Man I remember when retweet was the punchline in a shitty joke book I had and there was a picture of a bird and he was a general with a hat

Only 57 more followers until I have 57 followers more than now!

On the surface, writing a tweet, but in reality, defining my social media brand and enhancing the conversation with you, the consumer.

Some day we'll look back on this and tweet.

Awwww, thanks! RT some random fuck who complimented me: @AdamBertocci (text of compliment)

#FF Dead people, as that will raise your 'following' count, making you seem genuinely interested in other people without clogging your feed.

this tweet is a crucial component of my social media strategy

RT if you believe that doing so will even temporarily assuage the pain of living in a cold and bleak universe that cares nothing for you

#FF corporations and brands and such

Twitter's getting too much for me to follow of late. Can I ask you all to keep your tweets under 115 characters for a bit? Thanks.

I bet horses read a Twitter feed with stupid out-of-context shit from OUR ebooks, too.

I will not take political posts seriously unless your Twitter avatar is a fist that is clenched so as to demonstrate how serious you are

Three spambots with identical hot-girl avatars followed me and then got deleted and it's like the setup to the worst porno ever

RT if you agree with a vague, emotional statement.

Posting "you only live once" in an abbreviated, hashtagged format. #YOLO

#FF Someone with a YouTube channel devoted to "their comedy", as nine times out of ten they'll make you feel better about your own life.

#FF I don't know, probably some douchebag.

#FF a bunch of smug white technophiles between the ages of 21 and 35

WHY HAS NO ONE MADE A TWITTER MEME WHERE WE REPLACE ONE WORD IN A MOVIE TITLE WITH ANGELINA JOLIE'S LEG

Church signs were the original Twitter. Short, simple messages designed to attract followers.

Russian novelists woulda done well on Twitter, they're used to dealing with 140 characters.

Live-tweeting the making of this Tweet. Okay, right now, I'm typing it. It's going well. And... posting... nnnnnnow!

#FF An account posting advertisements for handbags and SEO solutions. After all, they were kind enough to follow you.

All the spammers Tweeting at me in the last 24 hrs got their accounts deleted. WHY DO I DESTROY EVERYTHING I TOUCH

There should be a Meisner-training Twitter bot. When you tweet, it just tweets back what you said, expressionless.

Twitter has officially reached the overwhelming point where there are too many Tweets for me to keep up with. I follow 55 people.

#FF Your dreams! Believe in yourself and you can accomplish anything!

#FF That girl you liked in high school. But first, change your Twitter icon to a cool guy, riding a motorcycle.

(Jul 15 2011)

#FF Nobody, because it's all about 'adding people to your circles' now.

#ReplaceMovieNamesWithVoldemort Voldemort. (The original movie was “Deliverance”.) I don’t understand this game.

<-- just unlocked no fucking badge on Foursquare at all.

RTing a political article, but with hashtags like #WTF and #fail afterward, so as to offer useful and insightful commentary.

This tweet comes with a free digital copy

Promoted tweets are that guy who comes over to you and your friends’ conversation mid-party and just smiles uncomfortably

RT some fuck or other: an advertisement

I’m donating absolutely jack shit for every RT this gets.

Saying something, then RTing someone else making pretty much the same statement, thus doubling the impact of my incisive argument.

RT if you take pride in thinking for yourself

(Nov 9 2011)

I hope you all enjoyed my live-tweeting of the Country Music Awards, which I didn’t watch and therefore said nothing about.

Posting something, then putting “Please RT!” after it so you’ll know what to do.

Technology

The Long Version:

I do love a good joke about social media and the digital realm we make our way in. My day job and my hobbies both consist largely of sitting in front of a computer avoiding spurts of creativity and/or actual work. This leads me to coin a disproportionate number of witty observations about technology. Look, I bet when what's-his-name went to live in a cabin at Walden Pond for two years he came back with some real knee-slappers about things that are made out of logs.

Thoughtfully inviting all my Facebook friends to an event in a city in which they do not live.

Somehow, Google returns no results for “enlightened self-Pinterest”.

I like to think the birds aren't so much angry as just disappointed.

The iPad newspaper will never take off until we see an iPad in a movie spinning rapidly toward camera.

Wikipedia Leaks Thousands of Documents on “Final Fantasy” Characters

Friend's FB status woulda been absolutely perfect for an Internet meme reply, except she wouldn'tve understood. #firstworldproblems

It took Microsoft Word a surprisingly long time to determine if ‘craphole’ was a word.

It's annoying to use a program called Excel to track how much you suck.

Deeply thankful that, while Google Buzz may be going away, my posts are mine to keep.

As a Nigerian prince trying to get money out of the country, I'm increasingly disappointed by people's reluctance to help others.

What if I agree to the terms, but not the conditions?

Every time I read how today's kids don't understand floppy disks / rotary phones I wonder how I grew up understanding horse-drawn carriages.

I am disappointed to learn that Pinterest is not a forum for fans of Harold Pinter

Ah, summer! When the sun is high and boys start carefully checking every new picture that girls post on Facebook.

It's always sad to be the person who informs your Facebook feed that someone famous died.

I swear this weekend I'm actually going to read those changes to the Google Privacy Policy and Terms of Service.

I hate when people use small individual subreddits to show that Reddit is terrible, since it ignores the fact that all of Reddit is terrible

Whenever Gmail lets spam into my inbox I feel betrayed. Like that time you were five and realized that grownups can't fix everything.

Sometimes old jokes translate well to the digital age. Like the "how to keep an idiot in suspense" gag. Another effective classic is... (1/2)

I'm surprised One Weird Trick isn't a band name yet.

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took an Instagram photo of them."

Just did something in accordance with a corporate brand's social media program, and now you're going to hear about it.

This tweet is actually a gif and if you take too long reading it it suddenly flashes another image and frightens you.

(update on someone's Kickstarter campaign about which you give nary the most miniscule possible fuck)

Circlejerks, Internet Trends and Other Things That Got Old Fast

The Long Version:

Let's put it this way—the more you laugh at these, the more likely it is that your feeds are full of truly ghastly individuals. You know, the kinds of people who think their trite observations are fresh, their endlessly-rehashed memes are independent thoughts and that referencing “Idiocracy” makes them brilliant social critics—and all they need now is your approval of their stunning intelligence. Consider this, in short, my ‘no’ vote on the question of if the connected world is making us smarter. I mean, hell, you paid for this dumb thing, a pre-Internet society would never have allowed that.

“It used to be one kind of weather and now it is a different kind of weather” — everyone in New York, later today

(Nov 11 2011)

You know, people, you can set your clocks and see a bunch of 1s in a row ANY TIME YOU WANT

“Hey guys! Did you know that I am a smarter and morally superior person than most, in every conceivable way?” —your Facebook friends

I don't think Nickelback is a very good band, please praise me for my incredible taste and intellectual prowess

(Nov 3 2011)

Internet yesterday: People distracted by Kardashians are stupid. Internet today: DO A BARREL ROLL

(Nov 6 2011)

If you Google “do the right thing”, it throws a trash can through your window.

My extensive understanding of the Dunning-Kruger effect really shows how much smarter I am than everyone else.

HEY GUYS LOOK HOW LITTLE INTEREST I HAVE IN THIS THING I KEEP POSTING I'M NOT INTERESTED IN, BOY AM I UNINTERESTED

(Feb 6 2012)

man now we all gotta stop posting that we don't care about the Super Bowl and start again posting that we don't care about the Kardashians

(Mar 10 2012)

TOTO 2012: I demand that the United States intervene in the blessing of the rains down in Africa.

(Mar 16 2012)

Huh. I guess not everyone was done jerking off over #Kony2012.

(Mar 17 2012)

Apparently the #KONY2012 guy masturbated in public due to criticism of his movie.—
Now you people know why I defend the Star Wars prequels.

If you watch a movie backwards, events occur in a sequence differing from the one you might be used to.

MOVIE TRIVIA: every day ever is the day that Marty McFly arrived in the future

Kurt Vonnegut and Uncle Dolan walked into an Apple store. Everything was expensive, and nothing hurt.

“You know what? I’m not even going to argue with you any more.” — person about to argue with you for at least three more posts

Culture

The Long Version:

Sadly, some of my favorite tweets ever, ones I really would have loved to reprint here, got left out of this publication because they quoted song lyrics in their original form a little too extensively to be parody, in my highly conservative view. I'm skittish about lawyers. I have my reasons.

Anyhoo all these jokes are pretty self-explanatory. So let's get to it, shall we?

As a movie character who is angry, knocking a lot of stuff over and/or throwing it across the room.

Every time a celebrity gets pregnant, editors at People magazine lose sleep wondering if "Oh Baby!" really is the best possible headline.

"¿Quiééééén eres? ¿Quién? ¿Quién? ¿Quién? ¿Quién?" — The Who, in Spanish

I know why your caged bird sang last summer.

Say what you like about commercial jingles but Goddammit one day when I need carpet installed I won't even have to look a company up.

VIDEO GAME SPOILER: in every fucking first-person game I ever play the hero flails about incompetently and then dies

Making progress on my sweet mashup album "Adele Biv Devoe"

But why did no one sing a song wishing that Jessie's girl would make her OWN decisions, and maybe not identify herself by her boyfriends?

But wait, there's less!

"I am large, I contain multitudes." — Walt Whitman and also yo' mama

Someone should do a mash-up of "Ice Ice Baby" and Linkin Park's "In The End". Listen to either song and tell me the other wouldn't fit.

I tried to sing a song of myself, but it came out like "Flashdance".

Apparently Adele is going to find someone like me. That guy sounds pretty cool. He and I should hang out sometime.

Why were the '85 Chicago Bears so eager to remind us they weren't looking for trouble? What were they hiding?

“I! Can’t! Drive! Eighty-eight-point-fiiiiive-one-three-nine-two!” — Sammy Hagar in Europe

Bobby Brown left Whitney Houston’s funeral early. Apparently he wanted to beat the crowd.

I like a disproportionate number of movies with “Breakfast” in the title.

Hey, I just met you / And this is crazy / But I have trouble / With rhyming lyrics.

I find it admirable that “Tyra Mail” continues to soldier on despite not receiving a penny of federal funds

Actually, she’s merely an okay freak, but Rick James is nothing if not courteous.

(Feb 2 2012)

Dear Andie MacDowell in Groundhog Day, you do _not_ always drink to world peace. Don’t lie.

Still not entirely clear on how Montell Jordan and his closest associates do it.

Why have we never gotten a shitty movie of Amelia Bedelia?

“Never give up on your dreams” is such bullshit ‘cause that’s exactly when your magical guardian deus ex machina pops in and helps you

Idea for thing: “Atlas Crunked”

ever notice how Wheel of Fortune is always on tour but you never see anyone picking up a big ol’ wheel from baggage claim

Holes of Glory

#pornparodiesoflesserknownkubrickmovieswhichwhilelackingsoftheauteurssbetterknown tropes nonetheless remain essential viewing

Natasha Lyonne’s expression on the American Reunion poster is totally “holy shit I’m still alive, I was surprised too”

What will be the first shitty romantic comedy to be hastily retitled “Call Me Maybe”?

Just got kicked off a reality show for wanting to make friends.

Who would win in a fight between Lights Poxleitner and Bruce Boxleitner? (difficulty: no magic)

As a TV sitcom producer, I believe marriage should be defined as a schlubby guy and a hot wife.

Deep down you know the answer to “why aren’t there more _____ characters on TV” is “because we haven’t figured out their shitty catchphrase”

All I’m saying is we haven’t TRIED founding a religion based on the tenets of the Diff’rent Strokes theme song.

I firmly believe that the road to financial success begins with “The Secret”. It’s true! By not buying “The Secret”, you save \$23.95.

Hey, if that purple Muppet knows the pink ones won’t let him scat on “Mahna Mahna”, why does he keep performing with them?

“The Fifth Element”, “The Sixth Sense” and “The Seventh Seal” sound like they’re a series. But they’re not. . . . OR ARE THEY?!

Someone really needs to do an alternate-history Terminator where the T-800 is sent back in time to protect John Kimble.

They should have M. Night Shyamalan direct the Oscar telecast, that way all the awards would be surprises.

Back to the Future was such a big success, why didn’t Hollywood cash in with a bunch more movies about going back in time to fuck your mom

I would totally see a movie that was just nothing but iconic archival footage of the 1960s, set to “All Along the Watchtower” on loop.

You never hear anyone say of something, “That’s not particularly Raven.”

I bet old musicians are mad they never did a song called “Buy This Product”... think of the royalties they’d be getting on commercials now.

Kate Hudson, Jennifer Hudson and Ernie Hudson should make a movie together. You could argue with me, but you’d be wrong.

If Anne Archer ever quits acting, she’d have the perfect name to be a superhero. Or an anarchist. Maybe both.

Ow-l-Creek-Bridge girls, they’re undeniable, Ambrose Bierce, he got it on lock.

I wonder if there’s a Rebecca White out there, who is confident in her seat choices and is not looking forward to the weekend.

It is Friday. It is Friday. It is imperative that we get down on Friday, while recognizing the peer pressure driving weekend anticipation.

Should it be spelled Kesha or Ke\$ha? In the UK, is it Ke£ha, or Ke(£0.6117)ha to reflect the exchange rate?

Idea for horror movie: Nice Native American family moves into a house built on sacred white-guy burial grounds.

Visiting my friend, the sitcom character. Hoping the applause will be good when I enter.

I keep hearing that line in “Physical” as “I took you to an Internet restaurant.”

Fuck money, get bitches. #rapforcontrarianinvestors

It confuses me when multiple commercials use the same trite song. #firstworldproblems

Taking Eddie Money home tonight, as per repeated requests.

Have structured settlement but need cash now. Desperately seeking advice from busloads of opera singers.

Bringing sexy back, as the sexy I purchased is defective but covered under warranty; plan to exchange for sexy of equal or lesser value.

When I listen to “Silent Running” by Mike + the Mechanics it makes me wish I really was with the High Command
and I was fighting in this weird apocalyptic future war in space that was also the 80s

Sam Wainwright, stop trying to make hee-haw happen! It’s not going to happen!

I bet if Rock Master Scott was trapped in a fire and knew he would die, he’d close his eyes and smile, and think, yes, this makes sense

Funky Arkadina #ToneLōcSongsAboutChekhovCharacters

“You don’t have to bite my head off.” — Titan’s son

if Most Valuable Primate was such a good hockey player then why did they not make a team of just monkeys

I am not a Belieber, because I cannot believ without ebidence.

Seeing Chamillionaire rolling; hating.

I'll believe that violent movies lead to real-life violence once it's proven that romcoms lead to cute, kooky ladies who fall down a lot.

Nerd Shit

The Long Version:

You really can't go wrong with a Star Wars reference.

“Oh yeah? Well, I’m pretty great too. Fuck all y’all.” — whoever starred in Detective Comics #26

So whatever happened to that big glowy ball that Boss Nass got from the Queen? Did the Empire seize it? It looks expensive.

(Feb 9 2012)

I wonder if the 3D for the “Phantom Menace” re-release makes it easier to spot Sofia Coppola.

(Jul 11 2012)

The Avengers : shawarma :: The Amazing Spider-Man : branzino : The Dark Knight Rises :: ???

If the critics don’t like Green Lantern, they’re gonna say, “I wish he could have imagined and created a better movie.”

You’re making me angry. You’d like me when I’m angry, though, as I remain civil and reasonable even under the circumstances.

I bet they could do a 7th Star Wars episode real cheap, just put the cast in a living room and let ‘em flash back to clips from the last 6.

Did you hear the one about the dirty “Star Trek” movie? It’s rated NCC-1701.

“Not all those who wander are lost.” — thing Tolkien would have said to his wife if she made him ask for directions

I wonder if the guy Luke was supposed to get the power converters from was mad that he didn’t show.

(Aug 11 2011)

I hate when racists complain “Spiderman should be white”, because Spider-Man is HYPHENATED, God dammit.

It’s ironic that Anakin sacrifices so much to bring about the Revenge of the Sith, when really, living well is the best revenge.

Advice for students: Flash cards. Write down the facts and concepts you need, then shout them as soundbites in between Queen lyrics.

Given the budget and the cost of effects at the time, I'd love to know how George Lucas convinced Fox to spend actual money on dejarik.

"I know the technology's new and we have no Goddamned idea if this movie will work but I really need that laser space chess scene"

"You are my sunshine, one of my two sunshines." — mommies on Tatooine

Sometimes I use humor as a shield. But only 'cause one of those orange tube monsters in the sixth dungeon ate my shield. Fuck that level.

There are surprisingly few articles condemning the fat-shaming of Bombur

I'm surprised "bulls-eye womp-rats in my T-16 back home" never became a euphemism for masturbating.

Idea for political satire: five people are thrown into unconstitutional detention and learn that they're not so different after all.

Having difficulty finding live updates for the South Dakota Chili Cook-off. #SDCC

I bet every time political campaigns sit down to decide on a theme song there's always that one guy who won't shut up about St. Elmo's Fire.

Peter Jackson obtains film rights to The Legend of Zelda; plans to split the film into eight pieces and hide them all over the kingdom.

"It's an older code, sir, but it checks out." — security policy that makes no fucking sense
Meanwhile, on the Imperial Facebook, people are getting hacked, changing their passwords and still posting advertisements for shoes.

Apparently they've changed Facebook. Now its eyes blink and there's a longer establishing shot of Jabba's palace.

The saddest thing is that Picard and that guy could have just compromised, and said four and a half lights. That way everybody wins.

The Film Industry

The Long Version:

This may veer a little bit toward inside baseball, or at least way-too-esoteric humor for 97% of sane individuals, but, like most abject failures trolling Twitter, I'm a screenwriter. And a filmmaker, and other things you frankly couldn't give a good Goddamn about.

A lot of my pals are in the same boat as me, so they found these funny. I say this merely to illustrate a point: sometimes the funnier something is to a select group of people, the less funny it is to everyone else. If you don't believe me, write some killer gags about your line of work and see how they play at open mic night. This is why singular, fresh and unique works of art rarely succeed, but we can all enjoy a good chuckle about a chicken crossing the road for reasons known only to him.

Most movies are 3D. It's just that the third dimension is time. It's these newfangled 4D movies you gotta watch out for.

I wanna write a TV spec script that's nothing but uncomfortable silences for half an hour. The best part: it could apply to multiple shows.

I didn't make the Black List, but I'm doing very well on the Purple List, the list I make each year of the best Adam Bertocci scripts.

In film school you track how many AFI 100 Greatest Movies you've seen. After film school you bitch about how many don't deserve to be there.

Heard about a movie I need to watch, failed to add to list, forgot what movie was. Good. List too long already. #firstworldproblems

If I ever pitched a Hollywood movie, to be unique I would have the protagonist be someone who stopped at something.

Holiday disaster. Many of my friends are TV and movie characters, and I forgot to buy enough festive boxes with lids to put their gifts in.

In twenty years movie posters will start saying, "From the industry that brought you (good movie)..."

I bet there's a lot of money in the round-stickers-they-put-on-Macbooks-to-cover-the-logo-in-movies-and-TV business.

Idea for sitcom pilot: Two characters in a room. One tells a joke. Run laugh track for 22 minutes while actors wait.

Prediction: Within five years, there will be a slasher or thriller movie called "Hashtag".
Prediction 2: It won't be a very good movie.

Can't sell my screenplay about how 144 and 168 are both divisible by 12. Why is Hollywood only interested in the lowest common denominator?

Science

The Long Version:

I honestly know very little about science, but I have a real weakness for this kind of thing. Maybe it's because I want to feel smarter than I am.

“Now that’s what I may or may not be talking about!” — Schrödinger’s 90s Sitcom Character

I wish I’d kept up with studying science. My physics teacher said I had a lot of potential. Then I fell off the chair.

Someone just asked me if I knew the formula for nitric oxide. I had to say NO.

The pictures are nice, but mostly I read physics journals for the particles.

I was trying to explain how space is curved, but it came out wrong and now space thinks I think it’s fat.

There are 10 kinds of people in this world. Those who understand binary, those who don’t, those who don’t get jokes, and seven others.

Politics

The Long Version:

A lot of this could probably fall under the section making fun of Internet circlejerks, to be honest with you.

I'm exactly the right size to fail.

When fascism comes to America, it will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.

I agree with your political convictions. Please RT, possibly prefacing with vociferous agreement or praise.

Don't believe everything you read. Instead, only believe things that reinforce your pre-existing viewpoints.

If only a 19-year-old would explain to me their opinion versus mine in terms of the pills from "The Matrix".

I'll believe corporations are Village People when they dress in fun costumes and sing songs.

The workers control either the means of production or a real snappy pair of overalls

Live free or bitch about it on the Internet.

I wish to see a film where the Grand Wizard indeed has such powers as that title would imply. He could battle a Magical Negro.

As someone who has seen a YouTube video, let me explain to you how to correct society's ills.

It is better to post on the Internet about dying on your feet than to live on your knees.

(May 1 2011)

WHEN WILL OBAMA PRODUCE THE DEATH CERTIFICATE

Unspeakably depressed that I've been beaten to the "when will Obama capture Carmen Sandiego" joke.

I hope someone else universally reviled dies real soon so I can do "I'mma let you finish".

I'll believe corporations are people when one says 'Attending' to my Facebook event and then doesn't show up

The Articles of Confederation are the most hipster of American legal documents.

I for one am against "Livin' on a Prayer" in public schools.

I observe corporations and natural persons to differ, please RT in praise of my incredible wit

Televising the revolution just to shut the naysayers up.

I will never stop fighting for what I believe in. By “fighting,” I of course mean posting judgmental horseshit on Twitter.

You must BE the glib Gandhi-quoting slacktivist you wish to see in the world.

Nostalgia

The Long Version:

I was born in 1982, which means I'm one of a special generation that cannot shut the fuck up about things marketed to them at a fairly young age.

Seriously, when they created the Internet back in the old days, I wonder if they understood that it wouldn't really take off until the '90s, when people would start preparing the archives for the eventual nostalgia boom.

Why did the people of Cartoons never overthrow their King to form a People's Democratic Republic of Cartoons

Going sledding with my stuffed tiger, then urinating on a Ford logo.

Angelfire was such a cool name for a mid-90s Webhost

I shouted "DO IT ROCKAPELLA" but they weren't in the room with me so even if they did sing the song I didn't hear it #firstworldproblems

Ever notice how much the "Clarissa Explains It All" theme sounds like Nyan Cat?

I wonder if MC Skat Kat ever gets jealous that @PaulaAbdul continues to eclipse him.

<-- stopped believing, and is now getting a strict talking-to from Journey.

If all you have is a Hammer, everything looks like parachute pants.

This is your weekly reminder not to forget about the lead singer of Simple Minds.

A purist, I continue to prefer Old Jack Swing.

You never see AOL keywords on movie posters any more.

if you're my age and want to feel old try guessing the resolution of the hottest picture you downloaded in high school, like, 1024x768 I bet

I just learned that "guys are only after one thing" does not refer to a rare misprinted Mox Ruby from early sets of Magic: The Gathering.

I still find the whole "Death Egg" storyline of Sonic 3 & Knuckles that most unique hybrid of cinematic, thrilling & hilarious

Being politically moderate, I condemn extreme radicals. And indeed all 1990s kids on skateboards.

I'll never forget where I was when I learned that MTV's Kennedy'd been shot.

One day the long-lost Chocolate Fire will finally return and challenge Vanilla Ice to a thousand-year duel for the fate of the universe

There was a problem and Vanilla Ice didn't solve it. Now what the fuck am I supposed to do.

I look back on high school with a lot of regret, particularly about not finding that cool club where everyone hung out eating Apple Jacks.

Remember that time we did something evoking 80s/90s nostalgia? That was awesome.

Romance

The Long Version:

I once read that the best kind of Twitter joke is one that manages to tell a little story in 140 characters. I wish I could remember where I read that, but social media has fried my long-term memory and in general ruined my attention span.

Dating a slutty hydra in hopes I'll get heads.

She asked if I was looking for casual sex. I said all right, immediately changed into a polo shirt and khakis.

I believe that there is one perfect person for everyone. How she'll find time to date all of us, I don't know.

It sucks when you have TWO good jokes to post on a girl's Facebook status except they don't work as a pair and also she's unattractive

Hey babe, if I could rearrange the alphabet, you wouldn't be beating me in Scrabble any more. Fucking smug, stuck-up bitch.

Sometimes I like to look into a beautiful woman's eyes and think, "Those are holes cut into her skin so that I can see her insides."

She said she hoped we could still be friends. I was pretty excited, 'cause I need some friends to help me move furniture next week.

Topics I Can't Leave Alone

The Long Version:

Some of these were unconscious; I guess I just keep coming back to the same topics and constructions across the years because I find them fruitful. If you retread the same joke every six months or so, you can probably get away with it—but put them all together on one page, laying bare and obvious and painfully unclever what should have been subtle, you've proven that either you're a talentless hack or a great candidate to write for television.

That said, we really must address the “Bel-Air” thing. You wouldn't believe how funny I still find that shit. I need an intervention. Or maybe just someone to toss me out the door of Twitter while I shout, “Aaah!”

(Aug 12 2011)

Why was 6 afraid of 7?... .. Because he's racist.

(Jan 26 2012)

Why do jokes in base 8 suck? — — — Because 7 10 11!

•

(Dec 13 2011)

Remember — words can hurt. Another thing that can hurt: ice picks, to the skull.

(May 15 2011)

A little learning is a dangerous thing. Also dangerous: cocaine.

(Oct 10 2011)

Love will tear us apart. Other things that will tear us apart: industrial threshers.

(Jun 27 2011)

Character is what you do when no one's watching. Another thing you do when no one's watching: masturbate.

•

(Jul 28 2011)

Sometimes I feel like the Lyman in the “Garfield” series of her heart.

(Nov 28 2011)

Cyber Garfield hates Cyber Mondays.

(Apr 25 2012)

Since we've been keeping cats as pets for ages, how far in time would you have to go back before people wouldn't understand Garfield?

(Aug 2 2012)

“I hate Mondays. Or maybe Sundays; I can’t be sure.” — Camus Garfield

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(Nov 30 2011)

Not _everybody_ was kung fu fighting. Resist peer pressure.

(Sept 10 2011)

I wonder if Little Sammy Chong was jealous of Billy Chin’s nickname.

•

(Jan 13 2012)

I wonder if that FBI dude ever looks back on that graphic he made and thinks, “You know, the Photoshop craquelure was probably a bit much.”

(Mar 24 2012)

I love how the FBI warning on movies has a specific thing about oil rigs.

•

(Oct 1 2012)

Don’t you remember? We built this retirement community on ragtime and traditional jazz.

(Dec 29 2011)

Counting the money underneath the bar, then riding the wrecking ball into various area instruments.

•

(Apr 4 2012)

“Yo, FUCK the bird.” — grease

(May 13 2012)

“Yo, FUCK the leading brand.” — commercials

(Jun 28 2011)

I wonder if some days, Tobago’s all, “Yo, FUCK Trinidad.”

•

(Apr 17 2012)

There is no “I” in words that don’t have that letter.

(Dec 2 2011)

Are there any languages where their word for “I” appears in their word for “team”? If so, how’s it workin’ out for them?

(Feb 8 2012)

Remember: There is no “I” in “person who doesn’t deserve a crowbar to the skull.”

(Sept 18 2012)

Goddammit there are NEVER any letters I want in “team”

•

(Mar 7 2012)

“I chopped the tree and I cannot lie.” — Sir Wash-a-Ton

(Nov 9 2011)

“I like big butts; I COULD lie, but I choose not to.” — Sir Mix-A-Lot, explaining morality

•

(Jul 31 2011)

<— has moved in with his auntie and uncle in Bel-Air and will now tell you why in rap form.

(Nov 26 2012)

If Will's auntie and uncle in Bel-Air were so rich why didn't they help Will's poor-ass family BEFORE the whole "one little fight" thing

(Nov 26 2012)

I stole one loaf of bread and the law got scared / And said “You’re going to a prison with Inspector Javert”

Yes, I really made two jokes about that damn song on the same day.

Special Times

The Long Version:

I just like holidays.

I shot a man just to watch him live. It was kind of a weird Opposite Day.

“Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody” — Black Box on Opposite Day

On Opposite Day, Tom Cruise can handle the truth, but doesn’t want it.

(Jan 13 2012)

Friday the 13th was soooooo unlucky for me, you guys! I mean, I woke up, and I was totally trapped in a meaningless and unjust universe!

(Feb 5 2012)

I am excited to see this superb owl everyone’s posting about, as I am so often disappointed by lesser owls.

(Feb 14 2012)

If you think the bitching is bad today, just wait till people complain about not having a tree on Arbor Day.

(Feb 14 2012)

I wonder if polygamists get depressed if they only have one person to spend tonight with.

I think on Halloween Twitter should change ‘Verified’ accounts to ‘Terrified’ accounts because I am not funny.

All I’m saying is come Halloween we’re gonna see a lot of Sexy Bane costumes.

(Nov 5 2011)

PSA: Don’t forget to change your clocks tomorrow. Then, use the extra hour to reflect upon your numerous failings in life.

(Nov 23 2011)

Ah, Thanksgiving Eve! Where we finish our thankful-and-selfish lists, and leave out mashed potatoes for Stuffing Claus!

(Nov 25 2011)

Loving the deals at Wal-Mart right now. I got free pepper spray!

(Nov 26 2011)

Not being thankful for a Goddamned thing because today is not a holiday telling me to.

I don't care if someone tells me "Merry Christmas" or "Happy Holidays". I just wish they'd stop saying "Please untie me".

This has always been sort of a rough time for me and my family, ever since my older brother was killed in the War on Christmas.

"Deck the Halls" has seriously the shittiest lyrics of all the public domain Christmas carols, you guys

Big day at the office, we drew for Secret Satan. I have less than a month to get Tom from accounting to renounce Christ.

#SexAndOccupyWallSt

The Long Version:

Still one of my favorite dumb ideas. This is pretty self-explanatory, except for how I know so much about “Sex and the City”. I promise you that there is nothing I can say in my defense.

(Oct 13 2011)

I feel it is time for our favorite privileged New Yorkers to address the #OccupyWallSt thing. Namely, #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“I couldn’t help but wonder: what about the inequality in our RELATIONSHIPS?”

#SexAndOccupyWallSt

“While Miranda struggled with being in the 1%, I was looking for 40% — off Manolos.”

#SexAndOccupyWallSt

“While Samantha took in the free love in Zuccotti Park, Charlotte was holding out for another Park — Park Avenue.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“Was my problem with big corporations, big government — or just plain Big?”

#SexAndOccupyWallSt

“Of course deep down I knew the government sold us to hell in a handbag. I just couldn’t figure out what brand.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“Samantha! You didn’t camp out with the protest overnight?” “Ladies, I don’t stay the night with ANY man.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“I can’t believe they got arrested for illegally blocking the Brooklyn Bridge.” “I know! Who goes to Brooklyn?!” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“The occupiers wanted to end the Fed. But Samantha just wanted to know who’d end up in her bed.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“When the occupiers said they wanted to settle and stay together indefinitely, Charlotte’s heart melted.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“He was cute, for a 99%-er. He might have been okay for Zuccotti Park. But what about the Za-Za-Zu-cotti?” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Oct 14 2011)

“That afternoon, four single girls exercised their right to freely assemble... for brunch!”

#SexAndOccupyWallSt

“The police came early to clear the park. Meanwhile, Miranda was dealing with someone else who came too soon.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“They didn’t clear the park after all. Why can’t men ever keep their promises?”

#SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Oct 15 2011)

“Today was gonna be an INTERNATIONAL day of protest. So I wore Fendi, Chanel, Vivienne Westwood, a little Hermès...” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Oct 16 2011)

“Of course I already knew who engineered my PERSONAL financial crisis—Marc Jacobs!” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Oct 29 2011)

“Samantha said the protest wouldn’t last the winter. Was the same true about my relationship with Big?” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Nov 5 2011)

“Moving my money out of the bank... and into the shoe stores!” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Nov 10 2011)

“The protesters got their generators back. And I was in the warmest place of all—Aidan’s arms.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“There’s a group _walking_ from New York to DC? Well, ya know, if I can’t get a cab just to go to Brooklyn...” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Nov 15 2011)

“The police cleared the park. Now I had to clear the air with Aidan.” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“If they can arrest protesters for breaking into Duarte Square, why can’t they arrest Big for breaking my heart?” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

“They won’t be able to sleep in the park any more. But, then, men never stay the night, do they?” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

(Nov 17 2011)

“Was it a big day for the protest... or a Big day?” #SexAndOccupyWallSt

Miss America

The Long Version:

I found this pageant utterly bizarre. I don't know why I turned it on that night—it's not like there aren't better places in this world to find women in states of undress—but within minutes I knew I was watching something genuinely strange. It's hard to explain. Watch the show sometime.

Anyway I'm not certain my friends enjoyed the livetweet, but fuck 'em.

(Jan 14 2012)

The #MissAmerica girls who get cut right after swimsuit must wonder if all that getting masturbated over by 12-year-old boys was for nothing

“In today's society, ‘sexy’ is very subjective.” — #MissAmerica contestant showing half her cleavage

And now the pretty girl sings a song in praise of a corporate theme park run by the TV network's parent company. #MissAmerica

And now a hopeful #MissAmerica sings “Memory”, all about mourning faded beauty. Except she sings it in Italian. “Ora e per sempre—Gatti!”

And now, Jessica Pray sings a Christian song. This is her real name. This is a real thing that is happening. #MissAmerica #thedeathofirony

#GangstaFrost

The Long Version:

As the author of [Two Gentlemen of Lebowsky](#), available at fine bookstores everywhere, I often feel the urge to spring impromptu literary mashups upon the unsuspecting population. Some have been more fun than others.

(Oct 23 2011)

“In three words I can sum everything I’ve learned about life—bitches and hoes.”

#GangstaFrost

“Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I popped a cap in the asses of the fuckers in each.” #GangstaFrost

“Something there is that doesn’t love a baller.” #GangstaFrost

“But I have promises to keep, die motherfuckers, die motherfuckers, die.” #GangstaFrost

(Jul 17 2012)

Mrs Dalloway said she would ice the motherfuckers herself. #WoolfGangsta

The Cereal Essay

The Short Version:

I remain convinced of this argument's merit.

(Apr 28 2012)

Whatever happened to Officer Crumb and the Cookie Crisp Crook? Did they kill each other?

In all honesty the '90s cereal landscape is a terrifying dystopia, where literally every brand has a character devoted only to stealing it.

There was never one fucking character who said "I like this cereal so much I'm going to purchase a box with my own Goddamned money."

78% of today's young conservative voters are a result of 90s TV's compelling implication that some lazy scamp was always after their cereal.

Is a man not entitled to the Trix of his brow? "No," says the silly rabbit, "it belongs to me."

In conclusion, the old Objectivism said "A is A"; the new Objectivism says, "Barney, my Pebbles."

Epilogue

(Apr 22 2012)

Just went through all 2,066 of my Tweets saving my favorites in case I ever want to make a book someday. — I wish I was joking. I really do.

About the Author

Adam Bertocci is an award-winning filmmaker, screenwriter, author and social media expert (just kidding! no one is one of those) working in and around New York. His first book, the Shakespearean mashup [*Two Gentlemen of Lebowsky: A Most Excellent Comedie and Tragical Romance*](#), has been praised by *Entertainment Weekly*, *USA Today*, *The New Republic*, *GQ*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Guardian*, *Back Stage*, *Broadway World*, the Royal Shakespeare Company and the Folger Shakespeare Library.

He also dabbles in short fiction for the Kindle. For more in the way of short jokes, try [*Chicken Crossing*](#), an adaptation of the classic tweet-sized gag; for a small, sweet comic fable, try [*The Clinch Cover*](#).

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