

OC WEEKLY

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realize that not all of the faces in that box are willing to
out with Flavor Flav or stick cockroaches down their
for their 15 minutes. Watch him do standup live this
end at the Grove—no eating of cow balls necessary.

l McHale at the Grove, 2200 E. Katella Ave., Ana-
him, (714) 712-2750; www.thegroveofanaheim.com.
8 p.m. \$30-\$45. —AMANDA PARSONS

//COMEDY//

Class It Up

The Killers of Comedy



The Killers of Comedy are not for the faint
of heart. Made up of contributors to the
Howard Stern Show, the group takes a
no-holds-barred approach that hits
audiences with jokes that Dane Cook
wouldn't tell with Ray Romano's mouth.

The show begins with Shuli, an Israeli-born funnyman
who touches on Judaism and smoking weed, and contin-
ues with the Reverend Bob Levy's foul-mouthed audi-
ence-baiting, Yucko the Clown's sex-and-race gags that
would make Richard Pryor blush and former *Stern* pro-
ducer/Newport Beach resident KC Armstrong's tales of
misfortune. Like all good acts, the finale is where it's at.
That's when Beetlejuice, beloved member of Stern's Wack
Pack, asks females from the crowd to come onstage so he
can eat bleu cheese from their asses. Each performance is
littered with references to the gangly King of All Media,
but there is enough material for those unfamiliar with
the program to be as grossed-out as those who under-
stand every inside joke.

The Killers of Comedy at the Rhythm Lounge, 245 Pine
Ave., second level, Long Beach, (562) 435-4288; www.rhythm-lounge.com. Meet-and-greet, 7:30 p.m.; show,
9 p.m. \$30; meet-and-greet, \$80. —RYAN RITCHIE