

Reviews for “*Dishpig*”

Winnipeg Free Press, July 2006

In the restaurant biz, the dishpig is the worst job you can get. But for a horrible low-level grunt gig, it sure makes for a hilarious one-man show. Vancouver’s Greg Landucci co-wrote *Dishpig* with Fringe vet TJ Dawe so the script is fast and flawless. Landucci plays out the life of Matt and his experiences cleaning caked-on food and lipstick off plates, silverware, cups, gravy bowls and shooter glasses.

The image of a never-ending barrage of filthy dishes is described auctioneer style, while Dr. Seuss gets his props when the *Dishpig* finally gets noticed by his fellow employees, from the hot waitress everyone wants to the stoners on the prep line.

Anyone who has ever worked in a restaurant will see themselves or someone they know in one of Landucci’s well-developed characters. Those who haven’t might think twice about putting their dirty napkins and bread in a beer glass — think of the poor dishpig in the back.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ - *Rob Williams*

Winnipeg Sun, July 2006

Think restaurant servers got it bad? Try being the poor schlub who gets stuck cleaning up all night. From the stinkhole of his dishpit, serial-McJobber Greg Landucci spins a sharply observed, kinda vulgar and mostly hilarious tale of the indignities suffered by those who toil near the service industry’s bottom rung. Anyone who’s been there -- or even near there -- will have no trouble recognizing the dumpster dopeheads, smarmy sycophants and unattainable waitresses on display. But more impressive are the machine-gun monologues where Landucci (with the help of co-writer T.J. Dawe) shows what it’s like to work elbow-deep in other people’s waste, perfectly nailing the frenzied monotony, murderous rage and survivor spirit that are part and parcel of the minimum-wage milieu.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2 - *David Schmeichel*

