Welcome To The Capitol Grill

Welcome to the Capitol Grill. Our eclectic menu offers a vast assortment of innovative cuisine. Aperitifs are complimentary; and appetizers are served with extreme prejudice. If you have reservations about making reservations, we accept walk-ins (so long as you engage in the requisite amount of groveling). For payment, we accept dignity, insider-trading tips, and cash. Special dispensations are given for wire-transfers to and from the Cayman Islands.

To ensure a memorable dining experience, we have made some bold decisions. Waiters are dressed in brightly-colored clown suits—replete with big, squeaky shoes and honk-able, red noses—to ease the tension. Our pants-optional policy has been a big hit with most patrons. Frequent diners are furnished with velvet-covered handcuffs, a kazoo, and glow-in-the-dark chopsticks. Libations are served on tyrian purple doilies, so you can be confident that this is a sophisticated establishment.

We recommend you start with our Reactionary rump-roast. This particular cut has been caramelized with as much privatization as possible. Meanwhile, our gun-rack of lamb is slathered in rifle grease, then broiled in a crockpot inscribed with the text of the 2nd Amendment (the conditional clause strategically omitted). The main dish is accompanied by your choice of private equity aerate or a simmering stew of day-trader perspiration and fermented alpaca seamen—ideal for those with refined palates and dull minds. Those who sign up for the exclusive America First package will be seated next to their very own inflatable Mitch McConnell doll. (Our life-size Dick Cheney pillows are currently out of stock.)

We're happy to report that our gourmet Pentagon pot pie has received rave reviews. Encased in a golden-brown, military-industrial crust, each portion has the alluring scent of executive compensation with a subtle hint of war profiteering. The entree is accompanied by a splendid pastiche of savory Neocon accoutrements—each of which is prepared with a distinct oligarchic extract. It includes a side of spinach dip, stock options, and a broken moral compass.

If you prefer your corporate interests with a dash of bigotry, then try our spicy MAGA special, which features a delectable Judeo-Christian tapenade. Included is an ethnocentric confit. This is served with a dollop caviar and topped with a smidgen of divine ordinance. Meanwhile, our country-club consommé is made from pure WASP stock, so it is certain to appeal to those who can trace their ancestry directly back to the Mayflower.

Today's featured plate is our highly-acclaimed, high-sodium NRA roulade: a bacon-wrapped carp that has been saturated in Burgundy, with a dash of gun-powder. Generously sprinkled with an optimal blend of ground elephant tusk and machismo, this culinary marvel is popular with patrons suffering from insecure masculinity. (This goes well with our revenge ravioli–best served cold.)

When making your selections, don't forget our zesty "focus on the family" side-dish: a meticulously-carved flank-steak that has been aged for centuries in barrels of rough-hewn American values. This theocratic masterpiece is lightly sprinkled with saffron, oregano, and cherubim tears. It comes with a leather-bound catechism and a small side salad.

Feel like indulging in a plutocratic pot-roast with a side of Christian nationalism? Treat yourself to the 42-ounce Dominionist: an impressive slab of tender beef that has been sautéd in fresh-squeezed American Exceptionalism. The juicy center

tastes of kickbacks and pay-offs…with palpable notes of boysenberry and bribery. The main dish is accompanied by a steaming bowl of Manifest Destiny. (Those who have allergic reactions to fascism are advised to avoid this item.)

Our biggest seller is the rent-seeker sirloin: a prime cut that has been singed on an open flame, then ensconced in speculative excess. Prepared with a K-street reduction, it is topped with a mouth-watering e-suite chiffonade. (For a modest surcharge, you can add finely-sliced octopus labia immersed in tamarind chutney.) As you nibble, be sure to notice the odor of unearned privilege emanating from each bite. The baked potato is stuffed with foie gras and kitten fur, then generously sprinkled with scallions and a sense of entitlement.

That's all from the G.O.P. section. If you prefer your corporatism smothered in a piquant "woke" sauce, consider one of our Democratic entrees. This part of the menu offers a culinary repertoire fit for both caucus meetings and D.E.I. seminars. (Ask the management about catering fees.)

Prominently featured is a sumptuous medley of legalized graft immersed in a simmering broth of sanctimony. Our DNC fare has a notably different flavor from the smorgasbord of Republican counterparts, but—ultimately—includes almost all the same ingredients. We change the dinner-wear and the garnish, but the toxicity is at roughly the same level. (You are invited to upgrade to the "DLC Delight" if you want more flavor; but that will entail a hefty premium.)

You might begin with the peacock au gratin, which comes with a side of mawkish posturing and plenty of cloying lip service. This pairs well with a dry wine, and is perfect for anyone willing to swallow their pride. The entrée is prefaced with a honey-ham that has been marinated for decades in a sweet, corporatist emulsion. It is topped with orange marmalade and served with a side of either carrots or quinoa (though the latter is subject to accusations of cultural appropriation from anyone claiming ancestry from the Incas).

We also strongly suggest our tangy financier purée—guaranteed not to offend. The centerpiece of this dish is pan-seared wolf in sheep's clothing. Each morsel has been steeped in a bland centrist au jus to mask the gritty aftertaste of corporate collusion. Not only is this elegant repast easily digestible, the flavor will accommodate even the most sensitive palates. A nice, added touch is the pickled libertarian shank, braised with the syrupy enamel of venture capitalism.

Feeling more adventurous? Try our anti-union filet, meticulously prepared by overworked street urchins–who, rest assured, have been toiling away at below minimum wage. This artisanal Wall Street infusion is covered in a tart hedge-fund glaze, and is served with an enticing Neoliberal mirepoix. The dish emits the pungent stench of capital gains, so is palatable to both policy wonks and Ayn Rand acolytes. Each serving includes a goblet of chocolate-covered truffles, an untraceable wire-transfer of campaign funds, and plenty of extra napkins.

Don't forget to check out our super-patriotism triple cheeseburger—popular with defense contractors, as it is oozing with the warm juices of jingoism. Each order comes with a complimentary stars-and-stripes bib, equipped with battery-powered neon lights. There are myriad toppings to choose from—including onions, peppers, and macerated integrity. This extra-greasy ensemble goes well with our strongest drink, the Blackwater—which tastes of sour grapes and human rights violations.

There are some caveats to our menu. Our Swiss cheese isn't Swiss, our French toast isn't French, and if you have a Danish, it probably isn't Danish. This should pose no problem, though, as our coconuts aren't nuts and our pineapples aren't apples. (As few enjoy eating crow, we have heavily discounted all raven meat.) In spite of these lamentable shortcomings, patrons find that our heterodox recipes satisfy even the most discerning connoisseur–assuming, that is, that he is intoxicated by the time the main course has arrived.

Note that during the main course, cocktails will be delivered on the backs of tortoises. For all fruity concoctions, bitters are added for any politician who has just lost an election. Our signature cocktail is the Lloyd Blankfein: a unique blend of profit motives and baby apricots. This potent elixir has the unmistakable scent of avarice, with faint traces of wet poodle. It is poured from a mahogany urn into limited-edition Heritage Foundation carafes. (You get to keep the florescent paper umbrella as a souvenir.) This is favored by those who have no qualms with over-leveraged buy-outs and forced acquisitions.

Our house wine is a full-bodied demi-sec known for its earthy tones and an astringent aftertaste of stock-buy-backs. Typicity is determined by spinning a wheel of fortune; vintages are selected by raffle. All old wine is served in new wineskins.

As you delve into this resplendent feast, don't hesitate to request the sonic majesty of a live hurdy-gurdy performance at your table. Bear in mind that at any point, you can enhance your meal with a generous scoop of hedge fund béchamel, brought to

you in a pyrite chalice. Between courses, feel free to sample from our quid pro quo platter, which offers a wide array of tantalizing financial benefits for those who are open to Faustian bargains. Each item is low in cholesterol and high in pretentiousness.

Hankering for a delicacy that'll knock your socks off? Look no further than our think-tank salad, which is tossed under a strobe light by coterie of blindfolded olympic gymnasts, then doused with prodigious amounts of free-market vinaigrette. This is the favorite of congressmen who are searching for a semi-plausible rationalization for their zany policy proposals; and is often enjoyed by corporate lobbyists who don't yet have a congressman on their payroll. As you relish each bite, don't miss the rich fragrance of venality that wafts around the table.

The pâté gives off the distinct aroma of private military contracts—something that does not go unnoticed by top brass looking to pad the Defense budget and Senators seeking campaign funds.

Complete your memorable culinary excursion with a delicious corporate-capture flambé—decorated with an exquisite virtue-signaling drizzle. While enjoying desert, feel free to relax in our V.I.P. lounge, where the ambiance has been carefully tailored to accommodate anyone with monumental levels of narcissism. After-dinner drinks are served on the patio, next to the jell-o wrestling rink, where diners are invited to shoot the breeze and chew the fat. But don't forget, last call is at 5:00 am; as that is when the venue needs to be converted back into a stockroom–considering department store hours typically begin shortly after sunrise.

Note: All recipes are subject to change, depending on the demands of the current election cycle and yesterday's performance of the NASDAQ. We use dynamic pricing; as all items are sold to the highest bidder. Those with any legume allergies are urged to dine elsewhere, as everything we offer is made by and for nuts. Subscribers to our newsletter receive a signed portrait of Henry Kissinger (while supplies last). Unruly customers will be threatened with universal access to public healthcare.