Debate

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You, sir, are a squareheaded clown!
My head is not square. It's more of an trapezoid.
Your head, and you, are both square. Your wife is square, too. And those five boys? Square, square, square, square, and square.
If I close my eyes, does it still look square?
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You are about as square as a dance number from a fifty-year-old Lawrence Welk rerun.
The Romney family loves to watch re-runs of Lawrence Welk on a Saturday night. We set up the tray tables and eat our Campbell's tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwiches. Just like middle class Americans.
Yeah, sure! And I suppose on Fridays you eat tuna noodle casserole.
Tuna noodle casserole!? President Obama, with all due respect, the Romney family is Mormon, not Catholic. The least you could do is keep your religious bigotries straight.
So now you're going to lecture me about bigotry? Do you really think the American people are going to take the side of a big, white, square-headed plutocrat who likes to watch Lawrence Welk re-runs against the first genuinely diverse president since maybe Andrew Jackson?
Sorry Mr. President. I got carried away. But just remember, Mormons do not like tuna noodle casserole! And they are definitely not anything remotely like Roman Catholics! And I believe Bill Clinton was the first African-American president.
Look, Governor Romney, I'm really tired and I really don't feel like being here tonight. So could we just talk about something easy or pleasant or non-controversial?
I'm a little tired myself. We could just talk about how much we love America, and how much we do not want our grandchildren to be crushed by massive debt, war, inflation, hunger, poverty, and other scary things like that.
You missed global warming.
Global warming. Ah yes, so I did!
Hey, how about if we debated about the NFL referee screw-up. Or we could talk about whether Simon Cowell has lost his touch.
The Romney family loves all of those Simon Cowell shows. We love the one where all the lower middle class people are trying to become like Beyonce and Jay-Z.
None of them will ever be like Beyonce! Nobody will ever be like her. She is . . . she is just beyond all of us. I mean, she is high, high above me. And she wouldn't even look at you!
So that explains why she never answered my robo-call. Beyoncé, if you are watching, I want to apologize for bothering you and Mr. Z at home the other night.
Look, Governor Romney, let's not dance around each other like this any longer. You and I have some major differences. The American people deserve to know what they are. They are facing the most important choice of their lives this November. We owe it to them to have a genuine debate up here on this stage.
President Obama, I couldn't agree with you more. We need to have a real debate about real issues facing the American people. So you go first.
Ok. The American people want to know which one of us will be most successful in killing the next Osama Bin Laden-like evil person after he or she does something really bad to them. I say that I am that person. I killed Osama. I'm killing people with drone rockets every day. I'll bet you've never killed anyone in your entire life!
I killed a goldfinch with a BB gun when I was 12. I'm just itching to start killing terrorists once I'm elected. I'm good at using the telephone to do things that other men can only dream about doing.
But would you be able to kill a man in his pajamas and then dump his corpse over the side of a ship in the middle of the night.
I'm pretty sure I could do that. Especially a terrorist threatening the American people. Especially middle class American people.
Governor Romney, I am going to miss my evening alone-time if we don't wrap this up soon.
Ok, President Obama, but let me just take a moment to look sincerely into the eyes of the American middle class one last time, and try to convince them that I am their best choice in November.
So what did you boys think?
I think exactly what you think I would think, being the conservative, but not stupid or square-headed, token right-wing columnist for the New York Times.
I think what I have thought since Harry Truman held up that newspaper on election night in '48. What did it say, again?
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I love you, man!
Love you too, bro.