"Governor Bush, you in there?" "Sure as shootin', but I'll be right out. Hey, they got real Charmin here! Darn, I love these luxury hotels." "Governor, since this is Election Night, I thought you might want to turn on the TV. "

"Good idea. See if there's a football game on. Remote's right next to the pork rinds. And open me another Lone Star, will ya?"

"I meant to watch the returns, Governor. Your ma called and said there's was some kind of problem."

"Geez, that woman is driving me crazy! All right, all right. Flip the darn thing on. Here, I'll do it. So, where's the election? All I'm gettin' are people in their bathin' suits carryin' around Tiki lights."

"That's Survivor coverage on all the networks. They only show the election on C-SPAN2."

"All right, here we go. Oooh, who's this tall drink of water?"

"Her name's Deborah Norville."

"See if you can get her phone number, will ya? But don't tell the missus."

"... and our top story of the night is a bigger shock than when you accidentally drop your blow dryer into the bathtub. And don't you hate that? So what happened was, the public got so turned off by this election thing that they just stayed home. Can you believe it? Voter turnout is, like, one percent or something. So the winner is Ralph Nader, who got 341 write-in votes across the country, mostly from people driving by on their bicycles ... ."

"Whhaat?? How'd the heck did this happen? No one bothered to vote for me?"

"Sorry, Governor. We had one guy lined up, but it turned out he thought your Dad was running again."

"Did you offer him a couple bucks?"

"Yeah, but he said he was switching to Buchanan."

"... and Libertarian Harry Brown finished second in the balloting, tied with write-ins for Jesse Ventura, Jesse Jackson, Jesse Helms, and Ed Koch. Now, let's meet a group of bored election workers who are pitching pennies with Connie Chung. Connie ... ?"

"Sorry, Governor."

"This is terrible! What happened to those death-penalty/compassionate-conservative voters? What about our slogan, 'Pull the Switch, Even If You Feel Bad'? And I even said I'd rebuild the military!"

“The Pentagon already gets 256 billion dollars. How about rebuilding an igloo, like Al Gore?”

“But we did so well at the conventions.”

“Everybody knew they were fixed. And even Gore couldn’t get any votes after Clinton held that drunken press conference and said he was marrying Monica Lewinsky.”

“Wait! It’s not too late! I could still go on the Letterman show and wrestle a chimp!”

“Sorry, Governor. And your father’s on the phone.”

“Uh oh. Here it comes. Hello ... Dad?”

“Dubyah, you nitwit! I knew you’d screw this thing up. I’m lookin’ at a front page headline. Know what it says? ‘Dad and Lad Do Bad, Been Had.’ I shoulda let Jeb take over the family business and sent you to Florida.”

“But, Dad—”

“Georgie, it’s your mother on the other line. I told you a thousand times to stop smirking. Now, look what happened.”

“Ma, I wasn't smirking!”

“Dubya, there’s only one way to pull this horseshoe out of the fire now. We’re gonna have to buy us some votes. Babs, log on to eBay.”

“Let me just find my reading glasses. How many should we get?”

“Better make it a million. And hurry up, before Barbra Streisand gets wind of this and drives up the bidding.”

Copyright 2000 by Garry Lee Wright. All rights reserved. GLW’s on WGN (AM radio 720) Chicago. Listen and email at wgnradio.com.