

**Don and Hillary Compare  
Their Relational Asshole States,  
and then go see  
OSLO (the play)**

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Hillary: You asshole! On your first trip abroad representing America you turn the Saudis and the other royal flotsam and jetsam of the area against 'terrorist' Qatar.

Don: You're just envious because your band of asshole advisors didn't know that Qatar is the central command for Isis/Qaeda world terrorism. Not only did I expose a vicious enemy nation, I did it all by myself, with my own in-depth personal research, except for Ivanka showing me where this speck of desert was, and how, with a population that is 90% indentured servants, it could be such a nasty place.

Hillary: Did Ivanka also tell you where the Pentagon had established the army's Central Command?

Don: Everyone knows that it's in the Panama Canal Zone.

Hillary: You asshole! It's not in Panama, nor is there even a Canal Zone now that John Wayne's wife told him she wanted it returned to her country.

Don: His wife did that? Mine just sits there, though she also sometimes lays there.

Hillary: Well, if she were permitted to speak she would have told you that the US Central Command, with its 10,000 American troops, is by its presence in Qatar not only fighting Isis/Qaeda terrorism but, according to your idiotic assertion, also protecting the very source of that terrorism.

Don: (*grabs his phone*) No wonder my Marine honor guards were giving me a weirdly crooked three-finger salute.

Hillary: Are you calling together your emergency fix-up team?

Don: Naw – A mere bag of shells – I want Ivanka to contact the duke or sheik or the whatever that runs the place and have him come over for a couple rounds of golf.

Hillary: Well, is Ralph Kramden going to at least tell her about the mistake?

Don: Are you kidding? If she throws one of her Ivankiads, I'd never hear the end of it. I think I'll blame the mishap on you liberal assholes hounding me for a comment on the Portland murders while I was engaged in critical high level diplomacy.

Hillary: Like trying to remember the names and titles of the people you were talking to. It would have only taken a short tweet to condemn the crime.

Don: I am the President of the United States. I represent the heart and soul of more than 300 million people. I can't just blurt out any rubbish on the spur of the moment.

Hillary: Haven't you tweeted about having a good shit after breakfast? Surely a few words about a crime that galvanized American concerns would be a simple matter.

Don: I only tweet important stuff shortly before going to bed. It frees up my mind for a restful slumber.

Hillary: There is no such thing as less than empty.

Don: For that wisecrack I'm going to blame the Portland atrocity on you liberal assholes for making it so difficult to obtain concealed carry permits. Those guys were brave, but they lost and as President I must avoid being identified with losers. That's why I only said it was unacceptable. With easy carry permits that army vet would have blasted the cocksucker and I'd have been proud to shake his hand and pin a medal on him.

Hillary: You'd probably step in front of him for the photo op.

Don: Do you think the leader of the free world should permit some joker from Lower Slobovia to block the eyes of the world from seeing the man who is their last best hope?

Hillary: No – as long as you leave their hands free to hold their noses.

Don: Still can't accept that I've had more success in international relation than you had in your entire State tenure. I suppose you've heard that the Saudi chief fired the old fart he had as his crown prince and replaced him with his young son. That's all my doing. I saw this handsome young fellow and thought – Wow! This guy could be a Hollywood movie star. So I told the old man that his son is just the image his country needs to counteract Israeli propaganda. They've duped American women into thinking that Israeli men look like Paul Newman. I said, 'send him to the States, do it now that the stupid five day beard thing is a big fad' – women would be so ga-ga they'd forget that, if it were up to the prince, he wouldn't allow such obscenities as women driving cars.

Hillary: You asshole! Don't you know that the 'handsome' young son is a loose cannon -- a blood thirsty radical fanatic who, along with invading Yemen, may now also do the same to Qatar – one ally attacking another where we also happen to have our Central Command. Do you detect a diplomatic catastrophe there?!

Don: He won't do that. We're friends – I'll tell him to keep his slaughtering instincts in Yemen which, incidentally, had the strong support of our illustrious former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton.

Hillary: That was Kerry! My responsibility was only the continuation of the slaughter in Afghanistan, Iraq, Somalia, and a little bit of Syria.

Don: A ha! You are an asshole for thinking I didn't know of your unique responsibility for Libya. Remember: "We came, we saw, he DIED?" – said with a big shit-eating grin? Is that the proper way for an American Secretary of State to conduct herself with respect to a former head of state who was just murdered by way of having a dagger rammed up his rectum?

Hillary: I couldn't contain my joy –

Don: You mean the dagger up his ass?

Hillary: No, not because of the dagger up his ass! I would have preferred something more humane – like a bullet in his brain. It's just the excitement of diplomacy when administered by the powerful on the weak. They never understand that once they become our enemies they can never make peace with us until we first destroy them. Poor Gaddafi – he thought things had been settled between us, and went on acting independently in his region without seeking our prior approval. We concocted this farce about a planned genocide complete with a rapist army of Viagra stimulated men.

Don: Oh, so that's why you rushed over to Libya – ready to defeat the enemy single-handed!

Hillary: You disgusting vulgarian!

Don: Allow me to inform you that when we released the Wikileaks stuff we deleted some very embarrassing personal stuff.

Hillary: Like what?!

Don: Like you and Podesta --

Hillary: Why, you...!

Don: Now, hush your mouth, sweet-ums. We still have the evidence.

*(brief pause)*

Hillary: I kept telling Bill that he can't keep eating fried pork rinds as his favorite nightly snack and expect, you know, to perform his duties. Now, John, with his olive oil --

Don: Spare me the oil – but that reminds me of an occasion when Bill could still leave his mark. I had the furniture re-arranged in the Oval Office. The first thing Barron notices is a white spot on the carpet. I quickly said something about spilled ice cream. That's Democratic Party presidential etiquette for you. I have a specially selected team to clean up after my messes.

Hillary: Have you not a shred of decency? You must know that Monica had her black dress well positioned for when my Bill spewed. A perfect black and white for the newsprint.

Don: A scheming smart broad, eh? I like women like that. And, you know, for an old broad who was a Secretary of State, you –

Hillary: If you really want an old one, let me give you Madeleine's number.

Don: Really, Hillary, I feel sorry for you –

Hillary: Sorry for me! A miserable asshole like yourself, sorry for me!

Don: Don't take it so hard, Hillary. After I made a few mistakes when my term commenced –

Hillary: A few?! – You came across as a purebred dolt! The President of –

Don: Do you think I wanted this fucking job?! First my Republican opponents were a collection of nuts. – Now I know that the electorate will accept anybody with reasonable sense over a crackpot any day. – Then the Democrats selected a woman who would make the late, great Madalyn O'Hair a superstar in a popularity contest.

Hillary: You mean you didn't –

Don: Hell, no. I had a reality show all worked out where I'd be skewering you and your party of liberal assholes. I could have made at least a billion out of it, instead I'm busting my ass for peanuts doing the most boring shit imaginable. And then there's you – I'm worried –

Hillary: Will you stop with your phoney concerns?! I live a very full and satisfying life.

Don: It's not just you, it's your party of assholes. Because of them I might have to serve a second fucking term. I do not want to spend the last good years of my fucking life reading fucking memos and pushing the asshole congressional leadership of my own fucking party to do something. I told them to pass something, any – fucking – thing – Whatever it is I'll say it's all mine and make it look good.

Hillary: *(smiling)* Oh, poor, Donald...

Don: You'd best wipe that silly smirk off that loser face! You are zero for four. If you can't win now, you never will, and it's all because of your right-wing attack on the election and my firing of Comey.

Hillary: Right wing! With all that Alt-Right trash in *your* administration?!

Don: I'm a businessman, not a politician. Conservative business policies are good for profits. Politics is secondary. I was ready to open doors until all you assholes jumped all over me.

Hillary: Yeah, open doors for Russia --

Don: That's *capitalist* Russia, for crissake. You assholes come across as reborn McCarthyites. What's next? – Getting up in Congress and shaking a sheet of paper with the names of 200 Russian *capitalists* that I've dealt with?

Hillary: You don't get it. A state dominated capitalism is not our kind of capitalism. In our Western system the government is democratically controlled by private enterprise. Goldman Sachs tells me what to do, I don't dictate policy to them. And we won't punish them unless they are a danger to the entire system.

Don: What do you expect from first generation capitalists? Those bullshit phoney communists made the transition. Good for them. After a generation or two they will transition to our form of capitalism. Such Democratic Party idiocy is why I'm afraid of 8 years of this shit. Americans not only don't share your trivial Russia concerns, but they sure as hell do care about your war-mongering threats against a major nuclear power.

Hillary: And they certainly do care about a foreign government messing with our electoral system.

Don: Not as much as they fear the doings of their own government! They, the people, not the government or the mainstream news outlets, welcomed Wikileaks revelations about their government's dirty dealings. They naively felt that maybe it will help slow the crawl towards a police state.

Hillary: You! – Worried about a police state!?

Don: Hell, no! Can't you understand what I've done? I go out there and angrily tell the mob about all sorts of government abuses, never, of course, going into any depth. Wham! I get a bunch of votes. What does that tell me? Boy, we sure as hell *do* need a police state.

Hillary: OK, great, we share common ground on a police state, but what about Russia's involvement in the actual voting process.

Don: Another example of rank, liberal, idiocy. Even the most uninformed American knows of its own government's interference in numerous foreign elections – including that of its closest allies. My calling you people hypocrites is one of my boldest expressions of honesty.

Hillary: And shocking because of its rarity.

Don: I learned a lot from the experience and will be trying out more of it. You probably saw paper ballots being hand counted in the recent French and UK elections. They have the technology to use machines just as we do, but the general public does not trust those machines. All that the political crooks have to do is push a button or throw a lever and hundred if not thousands of votes disappear in a flash. Your Russian election crap will soon be flushed when I make a push for paper ballots in all federal elections, and funding for the same at the state level.

Hillary: And I will support you on that. If our two parties want to steal votes, it will have to be done fair and square by mudslinging and other above board viciousness. But then there is also the FBI –

Don: The FBI! That is worse than your Russian madness. When Comey revealed some concerns about your dirty dealings just before the election, he was charged with being a criminal traitor working for my election. Then when I fire the bastard, he is now as pure as Snowwhite. Don't you know that both he and Mueller are Republicans?

Hillary: Yeah, but not your kind of Republican. Forget about Comey – Now Mueller – You will see him fry your ass!

Don: Ha! Mueller! He has more explaining to do than me. When he testified before Congress under oath about 9/11 he said the FBI had no concrete advance information. In fact, two of the Pentagon bombers were in San Diego living in the home of an FBI informant. The CIA told the NYC FBI office that the two were connected to Osama. Did NY tell San Diego? Who knows, the FBI wouldn't even allow the informer to testify. And whose orders to lie was Mueller obeying? Good, ole, Georgie Bush who was protecting the family connection with the Saudis. Was Georgie impeached for his real crime? No. Was Mueller reprimanded for being an accessory to the crime? No. Can't you see why I worry about you? Russia – They don't care about the trivial, only the nuclear. FBI – Massive public fear of its insidious actions prefers to see it reined in, not worshiped. You rely on the Black vote. The FBI has directly, or by manipulating others, murdered every prominent black leader – Dozens of Black Panthers, Malcolm X, and even pacifist nice guy Martin Luther King, Jr.

Hillary: King? I knew about the others but not King. Did you use your presidential powers to search the records?

Don: Didn't have to. My dad told me about it. He knew the money guy behind it and, no, it wasn't that looney businessman who sort of confessed to it, he was just used as a decoy to divert further investigation.

Hillary: So Ray wasn't hired by the fellow from Memphis?

Don: No, a wealthy businessman from St. Louis made the plan and put up the dough. Geez, the racist scum my father associated with! I'm not following in those footsteps.

Hillary: What about all the barely disguised bigots you've assembled to work for you?

Don: Listen. I never thought I'd be elected so we had to scrape together whatever loyal shit we could find. Gradually the worst of them will be phased out. I'd be happy to associate with Blacks if only there were a few Black billionaires besides those guys selling hair straighteners.

Hillary: They might be just who you need to fix up that flapjack sliding down your forehead. At least making you look less goofy would be something. As for getting you to think before speaking, that's a lost cause.

Don: Haven't you assholes detected my well thought out plan in all of my, oh so controversial declarations. Paris climate change, Nato, the Trans Pacific trade thing, and so on. I'm applying the fundamentals of business practice to international affairs. You Democrats know nothing about hard bargaining. Look at my withdrawal of some of Obama's gifts to Cuba. What did he get in return? Sure, an open Cuba is good for business, but even more so for them. Had you Kennedy-ites managed to murder their leader instead of failing after hundreds of attempts, that would have been a good trade off. Then we could have said, 'now that we've murdered Fidel, we feel it safe enough to deal with you.' Instead you fuck-ups let him get past his 90's and die in his sleep.

Hillary: Yeah, we're not quite the successful cold blooded killers as your George Bush the First who during his term as CIA Director engineered the bombing of a Cuban plane murdering 73 civilians.

Don: Now that's the practical businessman's approach to solving a problem. You liberals pass laws in order to discourage travel to Cuba. Then just give Americans a slight tap on the wrist after they come home with poisoned minds all thrilled about seeing poor Latinos living decently instead of in misery near some pristine Mexican or Brazilian beach. None of that for Big Georgie – He said, you want to see Cuba? Then go see Cuba – and DIE!

Hillary: Am I supposed to believe that your Cuban agenda has nothing to do with Cuban Ex-Pats being your most solid supporters?

Don: No, I won't deny the value of the strong support of my gusano friends --

Hillary: Gusanos? You actually call them gusanos?

Don: I just learned the other day that it's a friendly expression in colloquial Cuban. I plan to surprise them next time I'm in Florida. I don't think Jersey Cubans would appreciate it.

Hillary: By all means use it. It's a term of endearment that roughly means – My dear friends.

Don: Thanks, Hillary, I would have fucked-up the usage. Instead of greeting them with – My gusano friends, now I can give them a resounding – Gusanos! I am One With You!

Hillary: Excellent! That'll keep them hooked. Their vote is yours so I have no qualms about helping an adversary.

Don: We're not really enemies.

Hillary: Of course not. Like Obama said, we want you to do well. While I hate you as a person I still respect you as a class comrade.

Don: I know I rub some of you professional politicians the wrong way because I'm the first billionaire capitalist to serve as president. And I've always done business as if it were a game. Throw out the dice and if they come up craps let the bankruptcy courts screw the creditors. But now I'm trying to learn ways to be more presidential. How American ingenuity can capture the enemy. Save buying or killing them for tough cases. Sessions was telling me how our ingenious fabrication of law can not only be twisted to make any particular crime that we choose legal, but by some strange magic still have it retain the power to convince.

Hillary: Now you're speaking my language.

Don: Really?

Hillary: Surely you must know that I'm a graduate of Yale Law School.

Don: It must have slipped my mind because I couldn't imagine a more oft-putting lawyer than you. Geez – Hillary schmoozing with a jury –

Hillary: Remember that true smear you charged me with – Getting a hundred thousand dollar bribe by way of an investment? That was pure Yale Law School, and being a woman. It went like this – 'Oh, you're such a skilled and successful investor.' Did you notice? I just told the guy, 'you want something from me, then give me some money.' He gets it and says, 'I have excellent information on a solid investment. I can easily get you into it.' Big step forward. 'Oh, I would so much appreciate your help, but I'm short of free cash at the moment.' Now he knows that I want it, but will not put a damn penny of my money into it. He gives me a look of sincere appreciation, one schemer to another, and says, 'no problem, I'll borrow the money and make and manage the investment in your name.' I say, 'gosh, that will be wonderful.' Ten months later I let him know I could use the money to buy a piece of property. A few days later he says, 'here's your \$100,000.' I say, 'Oh, thank you, I don't know how I'll be able to repay my debt for your assistance.' He smiles because he knows damn well he will get plenty back in return.

Don: You didn't go that far?!

Hillary: None of your vile innuendos. I didn't even let him deduct the cost of borrowing the money.

Don: I'm proud of you, Hillary, a fine application of the law of sleazy dealing as expressed in wordplay. Sessions gave me a practical lesson of its power by using the recent Mendez Supreme Court decision as an example. The key issue in that case was – How to wipe the slate clean for two LA police officers who had just violated two sacred constitutional rights in the course of an attempted murder of two innocent people. The cops had been wandering around doing as they pleased in a search for a parole violator. They knew that Mendez and his pregnant, soon to be wife Garcia, were living in a miserable shack that they had slapped together themselves. Shouldn't the cops have obtained a warrant and then announced their presence as the 4th Amendment commands them to do?

Hillary: For miserable shack dwellers whose names are Mendez and Garcia?!

Don: You got it, Hillary, they barged in and saw the shadow of a BB gun that Mendez used to kill rats. Oh, my goodness, our Fearless Fosdicks are so in fear for their safety that they let off 15 rounds at this defenseless couple severely wounding both of them. Of course, a court system run by cops in civilian dress had no interest in charging them, but the Mendez family wanted something in return for being shot to pieces. The case made it to district court which basically accepted that excessive force was used.

Hillary: That's where skilled jurisprudence comes into play. Any dolt can rule that it was excessive because the force used obviously *was* excessive. The really knowledgeable jurists know how to shape it into the desired form. That skill is absent at the district level.

Don: Right. But what I learned is that the shaping has already been done in the form of case law. An appellate court undid much of the verdict but it took the Supremes to brilliantly slap on the icing.

Hillary: I can tell you how they work the system. First they convert each violation into discrete events. If the two violations of the 4th amendment are made part of the excessive use of force, then the cops are cooked because if the police met the Mendez's lawfully, there would have been no shooting.

Don: Yes. And the application of every Constitutional right is skewed every which way by a library of past rulings even though every altercation between humans is comprised of a series of unique components. The Supremes wrote up such a sickening convoluted pile of horseshit that you know they were just rearranging the legal furniture, and the *entire court* voted to let the cops completely off the hook – *all 8 of them* – right to left, liberal to conservative, black and white, even a fellow Latino. And you people were so concerned about my Gorsuch, who was not even sworn in, subverting the court systems' defense of personal rights!

Hillary: They backed up the Mendez ruling with Graham v. Conner, right?

Don: Yeah. Another beauty. A diabetic is about to have a seizure. A friend drives him to a convenience store so he can get some citrus. The place is busy so he rushes out and they drive somewhere else. All this happens in front of a cop who thinks a crime was committed. Calls out other cops. They rough up the pair. None of which would have happened had the cop taken down the license plate number and then checked the store to see that no offense had been committed.

Hillary: And if the innocent finds a flaw in that one, well, then they will throw Johnson v. Glick at you.

Don: Me and Sessions couldn't help but laugh that every attempt to obtain justice was hermetically sealed off. Then I said – 'Hey, Jeff, why do you guys want the South to rise again when you can get away with any kind of shit right now.' And, you know, he got mad! To him it's dishonorable to do anything, no matter how evil, in a sneaky way. A man winks at your wife. You look him right in the eye when you croak him. Then he went on about the glory of those old slave days, and I said, 'now hold on, Jeff – '

Hillary: What?! You are actually opposed to those halcyon years?

Don: – Damn, right! Imagine being stuck with people that you can't fire but have to feed, clothe and house for life times. It's like having a flock of pelicans hanging around your neck. Anyway, this counterfactual shit, making primary what could conceivably happen rather than what actually did happen, is like fake news in the form of a legal system. Say a kid takes a candy bar in a shiny wrapper out of his pocket and a cop thinks it's a gun and shoots him. The cop gets off Scot-free because he *thought* it *might* be a gun. It means nothing that the kid was innocently trying to eat a Milky Way. (*while Don straightens out his binding underwear*) It makes a person worry about how and where he moves around his hands.

Hillary: Like scratching your balls, there, could be a fatal act – even for such a harmless milky way.

Don: I detected an interest and wanted to get everything ready. But now I think I'll check with the Secret Service about a bullet proof cup.

Hillary: At least you have enough sense to think and prepare when it comes to your personal needs. In international relations you are like an overwrought bull in China and every other place you have been. You have no sense of diplomacy.

Don: Diplomacy is just a fancy term for making a deal, and I've done dozens of them.

Hillary: An empire like the Roman, or ours, wouldn't last a generation if it exclusively used bullying tactics to force agreements and concessions.

Don: It's the same in business. Let's say I'm talking a deal with another developer --

Hillary: – or a government entity.

Don: No, I'm talking about equals. Governments are desperate to make money from land or low tax yielding properties. We usually get what we want from them, sometimes even without bribes. But in an equal relationship, like with another billionaire developer, we have to really seem like we are working out something mutually beneficial.

Hillary: I understand, but diplomacy is nothing like that. It is the settling of something the fundamentals of which have already been accomplished. There are no negotiations until the issues have been resolved in practice. Then diplomats of the adversaries meet to hand out the prizes or accept the loss.

Don: That's why I've got a massive push on to beef up our military spending. We've got to shake them up. The dropping of that big mother in Afghanistan was as much for the world to see as it was to kill off a few buggers.

Hillary: That's all very well, but for war dangers, being what they are, we need diplomacy to get the other side to understand their weakness and to surrender amicably. Oslo is playing cross town. That's an entertaining demonstration of what I'm talking about.

Don: Plays are boring in themselves, that's why only boring liberals like them, and a play that *acts out* a diplomatic meeting when I've experienced the boring real thing has got to be excruciating.

Hillary: Ah, but in Oslo, you will see how great writing and staging can make diplomacy thrilling.

Don: Oslo or whatever, it seems to me all politicking. For example, I just learned that the youth who stepped on a homemade bomb planted in Central Park has raised \$85,000 from charitable sources because he and his family couldn't afford a new leg even though they had Obama's *Affordable* health insurance. Yet all you liberals were outraged because I want to get rid of this lying scam.

Hillary: 'Affordable' only relates to the cost of the health insurance.

Don: Ah, and there is an example of sneaky liberal diplomacy. It offends the mob. So I dump Obama's mess, which among other things compels all uninsured to be gouged by slimy capitalist insurers – I can say that because I'm a productive capitalist and not of the parasite variety – or, be slapped with a hefty fine.

Hillary: But that means 22 million more uninsured.

Don: Meaning: 22 million added to the already uninsured, along with millions more *with insurance*, who cannot afford the cost of the type of health emergency that most concerns them. Whether it's mine, Obama's, or any other insurance except what the rich are privileged to have, it means a trip to a begging site like Go Fund Me. I even chipped in 10 bucks for the kid with the blown off leg.

Hillary: How generous!

Don: Hey, that's twice as much as the Koch brothers, and my program at least eliminates the additional injury of the mandated gouging. The mob loves my bold honest action – If they are to be screwed, at least make *that* a free service.

*(brief pause)*

Hillary: Hmmmm – Believe me, Don, hearing your logic I know you will love the play, Oslo!

Don: Okay, Hillary, I'll trust your judgment. But I don't want to be booed.

Hillary: Don't worry. We'll get a discrete box.

*(Hillary and Don leave for Oslo and then return to discuss the show)*

Don: *(with stunned amazement)* What the hell! You mean that's diplomacy in action?! When I call in an employee for instruction, discipline, or firing, I'm not negotiating, even though I sometimes allow them to speak.

Hillary: What you saw enacted was stunning diplomatic battle in which Israel swept the field to total victory, yet not a drop of blood was spilled – at least not in that Norwegian room.

Don: Some battle! They ought to change the title to something like – Fifteen Israeli Agents Versus Two Palestinian Clowns.

Hillary: Me and Bill followed the discussions every step of the way – Larsen was our man, of course. He was just as depicted in the play, simply overwhelmed by the magnificence of what he was achieving – so full of himself –

Don: Yeah – I could smell it throughout the play – but why would the Palestinians do it? It's like someone accepting a bosses polite invitation to fire himself.

Hillary: But I suppose you would still give that person a decent severance.

Don: Absolutely! – Even if I'd rather not, because I must settle the nerves of the people I retain. I want to preserve positive vibes between them and me.

Hillary: A good severance package is just what Arafat desperately needed. Remember, this deal was between Arafat and his clique and not the Palestinian people who for the most part opposed the selloff. Arafat was stuck in Tunis. Virtually broke. The USSR was gone. His Arab brothers could give a fuck about his situation. Had the Israelis been the weaker party in the '47-'48 war, today the surrounding Arab states would be managers of the Palestinian bantustan. The only way Arafat could fund his operations was to sellout his people and in that way receive generous funding from enemy sources in order to replace Israel as the policeman for the snippet of territory he was permitted to govern.

Don: (*thinking*) Hey, maybe I'm wrong trying to keep Arabs and Muslims out of the country now that I see that they are pliable people, and such hard workers, not like the lazy, complaining yahoos that voted for me. Let's say I created a large armed Muslim/Arab police force to serve in their communities. Then I tell them -- 'Hey, we love you and we want you to stay. There is only one condition, you must maintain order among yourselves.'

Hillary: The result would just be interminable strife.

Don: Not if I granted them a Duterte-like edict. 'We will turn our backs on any type of action as long as it's aimed at suppressing threats to the smooth operation of our system.'

Hillary: Well, I think you should save that until we degenerate into a pure banana republic. Did you detect how thoroughly one-sided the two parties were depicted?

Don: Everything is murder and death with respect to the Palestinians. Like they are all bloodthirsty zealots.

Hillary: Even though the original zealots were Jews.

Don: Asf---whatever-his-name-is, says the Israelis should have murdered 400 captive Palestinians. Then he says something like -- 'You do not believe in your cause enough to do what it takes and that is your weakness.'

Hillary: I felt like shouting -- 'Tally up the massacres, you idiot!' Then the character, said to be a fire-breathing communist by reviewers, goes on about rejecting the petite bourgeois construct of the family and his only father is the overthrow of capitalism -- spoken in the most stilted and stupid way as if he just got it out of one of Stalin's comic books.

Don: And why does he keep referring to his adversaries as 'comrades.'? Real communists reserve the term only for fellow communists. Among German communists 'kamerad' is not even good enough, it's meaning is not much more than 'citizen'. No, a German communist would greet an associate with 'genosse.'

Hillary: How would you know that? (*pause*) Do you mean it's true about your grandmother?

Don: Listen, Hillary, I don't mind the talk about my racist father, but if it gets out that granny shot a few proto-fascists during her service in the Bavarian Soviet Republic, it would harm relations with my strongest supporters.

Hillary: Don't worry, you have me over a Podesta barrel.

Don: Hmm -- Sound interesting. And what was that 'we will bury you' said by both negotiators supposed to mean? Can they be serious?

Hillary: You got it right calling them clowns, but that was shoehorned into their mouths because Americans only know Khrushchev said those words on his visit. It was meant to mean superior economic development but was deliberately reconfigured to be a military threat.

Don: You'd think the author would be ashamed to have two important characters say something so frankly stupid when applied to the relative military and economic strength of the two nations. It turns the serious into a farce, yet I saw many liberal idiots in the audience haul out their handkerchiefs for the touching 'peace in the holy land' finale.

Hillary: Yet what you saw was a theatrical display of genuine diplomacy. It achieved an Arafat-led Palestinian Authority bantustan, or perhaps I should say a ghetto led by a Palestinian Rumkowski. The illegal seizure of land as result of the Israel-initiated 1967 war was defacto accepted. Israel now has 60% of the West Bank and expanding, and has managed to increase the settler count from two hundred to eight hundred thousands since the accord. Meanwhile two and a half million Palestinians are crammed into the rest, and another two million in tiny Gaza.

Don: But it never really settled anything. It was just another turn of the screwing of the Palestinians. A true settlement would kind of make everyone happy.

Hillary: I was there at the signing. Arafat was a pathetic spectacle, thanking everyone for accepting his surrender.

Don: Yeah, I remember his smile, it was like seeing my creditors just before they learned I was de-materializing my debt obligations by declaring another bankruptcy. Yet the play was declared oh so – *powerful and haunting, an intellectual thriller, vivid, thoughtful and astonishingly lucid*. I don't understand you liberal assholes. I thought you had more political sense. They threw Hamilton at me right after I was elected. For godsakes, he was a right-winger! Aren't they aware of the Federalist Society?

Hillary: Or the Alien and Sedition Acts.

Don: You mean the Federalists also wanted to kick out illegals.

Hillary: That part was never brought into use, but you would have loved the sedition component. John Adams had several of his critics jailed for merely casting aspersions on his character.

Don: No kidding! Maybe I should get the author of Hamilton to do one glorifying the Hamilton-Adams policy of jailing critics. That way I wouldn't have to waste time twittering my enemies with insults.

Hillary: Not a chance.

Don: What if it's fully funded, and if it's a hit, I'll restore the National Endowment for the Arts?

Hillary: With that offer you show signs of a diplomatic understanding. How to recruit people who otherwise hate you into doing you a service.

Don: I'll get Ivanka on it – women have an affinity for artistic crap.

Hillary: Speaking of crap – what about the assholes that voted for you? You shit all over them even before you were sworn in.

Don: I could give a shit about people so stupid as to think I'd do what I promised.

Hillary: And I laugh at my sort who could be so profoundly moved and morally uplifted by the flagrant staging of a crime.

*(brief pause)*

Don: Do you mean to say that both liberals and conservatives are –

Hillary: Yes, I'm afraid it's so. Both conservatives and liberals are –

Hillary and Don: ASSHOLES!

Don: And since making them so was part of our conscious and deliberate plan, then neither of us can be an –

Don and Hillary: ASSHOLE!

Don: *(taking Hillary by the hand as they depart)* You know, Hillary, I think we could work well together. Now that they are hauling away Confederate statues I might want to do the same with Jefferson Davis P. G. T. Beauregard Sessions. It would be good to replace my AG with a Yale grad rather than keep the one who matriculated at Hot Coffee School of Law.

Hillary: Thanks, Don, but don't you see? We must maintain our roles as deadly enemies. If people came to know that it's all a charade, the political system may collapse.

Don: Of course you're right, Hillary – but maybe something on the sly. You could tell Bill you're going out to see Podesta, but really we might, you know –

Hillary: Only if you bring along your pretty son Barron.

Don: Oh, now you're getting *way* too liberal for me!

[End]

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