

Schwarzenegger, Davis Square off in No Holds Barred Gubernatorial Debate



By Bicep Smith

As he prepared for an upcoming, one on one, public debate with his new political rival, California governor Gray Davis began to talk shit.

"Can you believe his election campaign is actually called *"Total Recall"*? It's like a bad joke I would have made and *did* make, until I found out it was true and stopped making it. Although I do consider *Total Recall* itself to be one of Schwarzenegger's best films, home to such pithy epithets as, "Get your ass to Mars!", "Screw you Vinny!", and possibly, "I'll shove my fist through your stomach and rip out your goddamned spine!", if you think even a cinematic masterpiece like that is going to make me vote for him, then I've got three tits and a telepathic mutant named Kuato growing out of my stomach. No soup for you, Mr. Freeze."

These were Davis' thoughts as Arnold arrived, hefting an eighteen wheeler which he crushed with his bare hands into a fine powder that he put into his coffee.

"So Mr. Schwarzenegger," began Davis, "my first question to you in this debate is this? What would you do about the problems of border crossing and illegal immigration from Mexico that affects much of southern California?"

"I can lift you!" proclaimed Arnold.



CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN

"Very well then," responded Davis, "but can you lift this great state out of it's deep economic funk? which, by the way, is totally not my fault and is merely indicative of a greater national recession to be blamed on a certain George H-Dog Dubya Bush."

"I'll take Cruz Bustamante and punch him through your eye!" replied Arnold, as he not only drank his coffee in one gulp but also crushed the ceramic mug with his teeth, grinding the erstwhile cup into oblivion.

"This is getting nowhere, Mr. Schwarzenegger. What about after school programs, prescription drug benefits for the elderly, and meeting the state's gigantic energy needs at reasonable cost to taxpayers?"

"Get down, there's a bomb!" screamed Arnold, as he relentlessly tackled Davis to the ground.

From the floor, the nasal, yet calm, governor spoke.

"The only thing that's going to bomb here is your approval ratings as people realize that you've got absolutely nothing to say about the state's key issues...Although you, yourself seem to have more issues than a year's subscription to Sports Illustrated."

As both rose to their feet, presumably in response to the clear lack of bomb, Arnold began again.

"I will be the people's president!"

"You're not even running for president!" exclaimed Davis, now seeming to get a little frustrated. "You can't run for that office since you weren't born in this country, you Austrian, grade A moron. But to be fair, I suppose they will bring up the possibility of a constitutional amendment to change that in a few years if the voters go bananas on Oct 7th and I'm totally recalled, replaced by Reiner Wolfcastle over here."

Arnold continued. "I'm a cop dammit! Bring me your finest meats and cheeses!"



TOP STORY

"Hey, that last part wasn't even from one of your films or one of your catch phrases that your PR staff might have encouraged you to say. What gives?" asked Davis, confused.

"Gives?" replied Ahnuld. "What gives. I'll give you a punch so hard from my fist that Conan O'Brien dies instantly. There was a time when I was the only Conan, but then this girly, puny, Irishman has to think he's funny on national television. I'll take a four leaf clover and break off his arms!"



"Aren't we straying a bit off the topic of the recall election?" asked Davis, impatiently checking his watch.



I Probably Won't Be Back

Now this time, Arnold appeared to be getting impatient. "Next time you talk Gray, I'll pick a crayon at random from this box, and whatever color it is, Gray, Forrest Green, Burnt Cienna or whatever, I'll put my foot through your spinal column and smash your vertebrae through your head!"

Davis, nonplussed spoke bravely. "Aside from tackling me earlier, all I see from you are these veiled threats. Everything is some disconnected statement that ends in violence. And besides, you're not the *Hercules in New York* that you used to be. I'm no giant, but I'm 190 pounds, and I learned a few dirty fighting tricks from Cruz Bustamante during my time here in Sacramento. So cover your balls terminator, and feel the wrath of the *Davisator*!"

As Davis' \$25,000 shoe made contact, the man who was both Commando and Junior collapsed into a writhing heap of Austrian film star.

"Polymimetic alloy!" chimed Arnold, weakly.

"John Connor!" he chimed again.

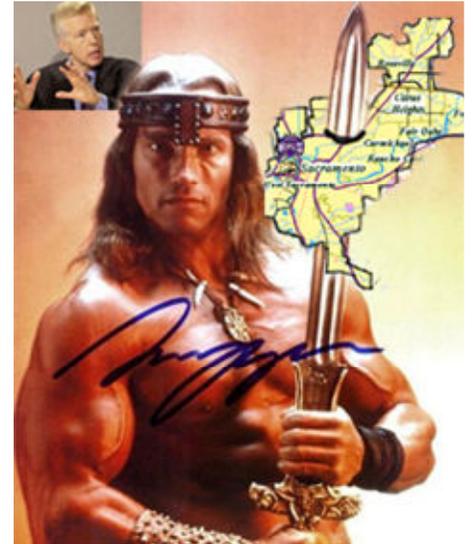
Davis, satisfied, brushed off his diamond lapels and began to walk away from the erstwhile John Matrix/Douglas Quaid/That guy from Eraser.

"Wait," said Arnold, pitifully.

"What is it now?" said Davis, clearly eager to get back to the affairs of state.

"Surprise!" said Arnold, as he quickly got up and hit Davis with Sacramento, the actor's injuries miraculously healed.

"Fooled you!" Arnold began repeating, triumphantly.



X-Men, Eat Your Heart Out

Davis heard Arnold's mantra several times until the former bodybuilder's voice finally cut out as the governor reached low earth orbit and the air molecules responsible for sound transmission became remarkably sparse.

"Well," Davis thought, "At least I can say I've been in space," as he began passing over the gulf of Mexico.

A room full of schizophrenic Republicans quickly took advantage of this opportunity as they sat in a room full of buttons ready to be pressed in the top secret, "Ronald Reagan-Halliburton Star Wars Control Room." Luckily for Davis, the space laser's guidance systems all failed, causing every single radiantly hot beam to miss Gray "Spaceman" Davis by several kilometers. Even more luckily, somehow, former president Jimmy Carter was able to absorb all the lasers into his palms before they could do any damage to any indiscriminately targeted places on Earth.

"Those superhuman Nobel Peace prize powers sure do come in handy." Said Carter, as he politely and conveniently directed the excess power from the lasers to supplement the much depleted power grid in the greater Los Angeles area.