

The 2nd General Election debate

22nd April 2010



coverage by @themanwhofell



PREFACE

- 1) Clegg, Cameron and Brown are ushered into a secret room. "It's time you learnt the truth, whispers their guide Krishnan Guru-Murthy.
- 2) Krishnan walks silently through the dank labyrinthine corridors below the SKY building. The others follow, murmuring like the wind.
- 3) Finally, after what seems like hours, they arrive at a heavy stone door. "What you will see within will shock you. It will change you."

4) "Normally men do not get to witness such things. But you three are candidates. The Golden Heretic has summoned you. It is time."

5) The door groans open. "My God," says Clegg. "I never imagined..." gasps Brown. "Mother, help me," yelps Cameron. They are horrified.

6) Lying on the floor of the room is John Major. Or what was once John Major. By this stage, he is mostly machine. His brain is exposed.

7) Major's skin is a shimmering gold. His eyes are diamonds. He speaks: "Welcome, candidates. I am Major. I am all of us. I am death."

8) His voice is a whisper: "I am connected to the un-verse. I see all. Future, past, time, space. I consume them all. I am the Nothingness."

9) Major catches Brown's eye. The Scotsman wheezes and clutches his chest. He is dead before he hits the floor. Major turns to Cameron.

10) Cameron smiles. He can't stop. His flesh bubbles and melts. His face a rictus grin. His eyes pop. He cooks inside his own skeleton.

11) Only Clegg is left. John Major smiles. "Clegg, Clegg, Clegg, whatever shall we do with you?" A low cackle emerges, chilling Nick's bones
To be continued...

THE BUILD UP

The Labour Adviser on Sky appears to be acclaimed thriller writer James Ellroy.

Let's have a competition to see how long you can watch the debate without cumming. I reckon I can make it in the second ad break.

I love reading tweets about how the media analyses other media reacting to a television debate. It's basically just Chinese Whispers.

"Foreign policy? Tricky," says Kay Burley. Yes, Kay. Foreign policy can be tricky.

I really do want a "Churchill or Hitler?" Tshirt. Or buttplug.

People keep saying there are no anagrams of Nick Clegg, but there are LOADS. Like "Ncik Celgg," for example.

I am quite prepared to kill anyone I see on Sky News tonight.

LIVE FROM BRISTOL, THIS IS ALL-STAR FAMILY FORTUNES, WITH YOUR HOST, VERNON KAY.

The theme for the debate is love. Cameron will be writing a sonnet, Brown will be singing a Carpenters song and Clegg will get his cock out.

THE DEBATE ITSELF

Ten seconds in and I've muted Gordon Brown. His monotone waffling was interrupting my tweeting.

Conservative leader David Cameron is stressing the need to help big business. "Without big business, what are we? Just people. Just people."

You cannot hear Clegg for the screaming and clapping. A pair of moist panties lands at his feet.

"My mother was freed from the tyranny of Dutch cooking by noble British chefs," Clegg is on fire.

"We should be ON Europe, and AROUND Europe and ABOUT Europe but not IN Europe," says Cameron.

"I have worked with both Jedi and Sith," retorts Clegg.

"You know, there are nine million bicycles in Beijing. And that's a fact," croons Brown.

Is this nearly over?

"I lent a man in Brussels my Sony Walkman in 1987. I never got it back," decries Cameron.

YES! CLEGG MENTIONS PAEDOPHILES! INSTANT WIN! 1000 POINTS!

"Imagine a European council meeting with David Cameron in charge. He arrives late. He's drunk. He smells," Brown is on a roll.

David Cameron: "What the other two are saying is that it's perfectly ok to let French farmers rape our children."

First oblique cock reference by Clegg. It won't be the last.

The tragedy is that Gordon Brown died peacefully in his sleep in 2008 but no-one had the courage to tell him.

First use of the word "nutters" by Clegg. It won't be the last.

"David is anti-European. Nick is anti-American. I am antediluvian," says Brown, confusing everyone.

This question comes from Abbie Horlicks, aged 8. She wants to know which Justin Bieber song they like most.

Much like Mr and Mrs, all the leaders are sealed in soundproof boxes unable to hear what the others are saying.

"To keep the streets safe in Britain. We have to hit France. Hard and fast. No mercy." shouts Brown.

"If I was your Prime Minister," sings Cameron, to the tune of If I Was Your Girlfriend by Prince.

"My first thoughts will always be with the troops. And the brave farmers and nurses and cab drivers who make this country so safe."

Christ. Every other word Brown says is "Ah". It's like listening to a political speech by Mark E Smith.

"If we want to make Afghanistan safe, we need to overturn the ban on foxhunting." Cameron knows his audience.

"Look Fucko. I'm the Prime Minister and you're just two posh poofs." Brown is getting angry.

"BRING IN THE DRONES," is my new catchphrase.

"Securing our future for the future". David Cameron coins a new phrase.

"Let's move with the times. Hustle and flow. Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up," raps Clegg.

"I met Michael Jackson. He told me we need more nuclear weapons. And children," says Cameron.

"What kinds of Muesli do you eat? Do you like flowers? Aren't bikes lovely?" asks a fucking moron in the crowd.

HA HA HA!! WHAT AN AMUSING AND CHARMING ANECDOTE THAT WAS, MR CAMERON.

No, Clegg, no mention of kids. You're not the Athena man, holding a tiny infant against your rippling pecs. You're a lib dem politician.

"I myself was once addicted to oil," confesses the Gordon. The audience sighs.

I can't go on like this.

"27% of your carbon emissions come from breathing. If we can target breathing, we can save the planet."

"I met some guys yesterday. Some groovy cats. They were cool. They were deadbeats, daddio, you dig?" Brown believes his is Fonzie.

"First you get the renewables, then you get the money, then you get the pussy. Sweet, sweet pussy," squeals Cameron.

"I persuaded the Americans to drop me off at my house, when originally they said they'd only go as far as Whitehall," brags Brown.

I like the way Cameron's hair balances gently on his head, like a nesting dove.

"If I were your Prime Minister" says David Cameron AGAIN. It's almost as though he's taken an A-Level in Neuro-Linguistic Programming.

"You can't keep a lid on sin. You can't keep the devil in a cage. You can't call a dog Lucifer and keep it on a lead," Clegg is biblical.

"Isn't it terrible when people trust an institution and it fucks them over," says Brown, unaware of the invention of irony.

The subtext to Clegg's rebuttal: "I literally could not give a flying monkeyfuck about The Pope".

Nothing makes a politician look old like the way they say "homosexuality".

The last question was asked by an anaemic, seemingly comatose young lady. Her voice only audible by dogs.

"Look. We'll tell you what you want to hear, but we're not going to listen to a fucking word you're saying. Awright, love?"

From a distance, David Cameron looks uncannily like a cunt.

My favourite shots are of Cameron and Brown when Clegg is speaking.

Of course, the real winner tonight is politics.

Cameron: "Politics can make a difference, Mary. But you can't. You're a speck of dust. You're an insect. You're a microbe"

"Public service is about serving the public." Thanks for that, Gordon Brown.

I've switched over the football. It's on a break. There's an advert for Cadburys featuring a Charlatans song. I don't know.

An old woman speaks. "I've seen things you people couldn't imagine. Starships on fire off the shoulder of Orion."

Whenever David Cameron opens his mouth, I expect a hard-boiled egg to pop out.

"Every woman should have a man. A strong, Scottish man, who may not look good on telly, but has inner substance," says Gordon.

"IT IS DISGRACEFUL TO TRY TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE," SAYS CAMERON, WHO OBVIOUSLY HATES THE DAILY MAIL.

"David, David. We're two old soldiers. We both know the rules. You have placed your Aquax into the deadly Yos. You must leave,"

This is inspiring stuff. If I were a young person right now, I would vote Heroin.

BREAKING NEWS: THE LEADERS DEBATE IS QUITE BORING.

The next question comes from a retired cricket umpire, who still dreams of the day his gave Geoffrey Boycott a kiss.

Clegg says: "ArmageDDON". It's a curious word.

"When I was first Prime Minister, I ate a cloud. That cloud gave me magical powers. I am possessed by the spirit of clouds," says Brown.

Nick Clegg is carrying a penknife.

I was told that there would be strippers. But there are no strippers. Another empty promise.

Whilst Brown is speaking, Nick Clegg is pretending to be a cowboy. "Pew! Pew!" he says, shooting his imaginary gun.

"I am an immigrant. But I am also a bigot. How can you resolve this dichotomy?"

"What Nick didn't tell us last week is that he LOVES RAPISTS."

Gordon Brown shaves three times a day. Nick Clegg shaves daily. David Cameron hopes to start shaving in 2017.

"Every immigrant who comes into the country will have to carry around a magical crisp that emits a trace of salt," says Gordon.

David's catchphrase for the second half of the show has been: "There's a real difference between what we're saying." Shut it, Cunto.

"What is art?" asks a Frenchman in the audience. It may well be the ghost of Michel Foucault.

"I am not interested in point-scoring. I am interested in scoring points. Big difference," says Brown.

I always feel comforted when an incredibly posh Eton boy talks on behalf of the British public.

GUESS WHAT DAY IT IS TODAY? IT'S NET INWARD MIGRATION DAY.

Clegg's closing statement: "It the glove does not fit/you must acquit".

This evening Gordon Brown is being played by Michael Elphick.

This is the worst episode of The Weakest Link I've seen in ages.

Cameron: "If you shop at Conservaco, we can guarantee you the freshest, tastiest produce, sourced from local farmers, grown in Britain."

"WE CAN BE HEROES, JUST FOR ONE DAY," shouts Clegg and the screen erupts in tinsel. David Bowie steps out, guitar in hand. Fireworks explode.

What we really need now is in-depth analysis of the leaders debate from Colin Murray.

I tell you what, if I don't get a fucking knighthood for that last hour and a half of tweeting, there's no fucking justice in the world.

THE AFTERMATH

George Osborne is on! "I didn't watch the debate myself, but my maid did, and she said David did terribly well."

MEANWHILE, ON THE SNOOKER

John Virgo: "Steve Davis is rolling back the years." Dennis Taylor: "Do you know who wrote that song? Mick Hucknall and Simply Red."

That was my favourite bit of snooker commentary of all time. Goodnight.

THE END