

ABSOLUTELY

Donald Trump Rebuttal
3/7/2011 REV ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Thank you. What a great honor it must be for you to honor me tonight. Especially here, where I've made my name and fortune -- New York City.

Now, if I may be so bold ~~and I am~~ -this is perhaps the greatest night in the history of New York. ~~Only one of the greatest nights for New York.~~ It's definitely right up there with the date of my birth, ~~my third marriage,~~ and the ribbon cutting for my new luxury apartment complex, with breathtaking views of New York's Central Park, ~~and I'm not kidding.~~

~~Hyde Park. It's huge. I call it the Trump "Donald Trump." That's how serious I am.~~
REALLY IS QUITE AMAZINGLY IMPORTANT.
Now, I know what you're thinking... "Mr. Trump, sir, ~~you're a fool,~~ why would you ever do this roast?" Good question. For starters, the amount of money they offered me was so ~~big~~ that it would be a disgrace not to accept, because it's all going to charity.

But the truth is, I specifically hand-picked these recession-era, basic cable, pointless nobodies so that the city I love, "The City That Never Sleeps," could finally get a well-deserved nap. ~~It's time.~~ **THEY ALL LOSE AND I LOVE**

No By the way, now that we're all awake, Snoop, I'd like my wallet back. Oh, and Anthony Jeselnik, a wallet is something you keep money in... Or condoms. Lisa, a condom is that thing full of coke you hide up your ass when you visit your boyfriend in jail.

So, why am I up here with all these people who can't get arrested? Because this dais is the perfect metaphor for where America stands in 2011.

Look at our economy -- barely moving, gasping for air, and desperately clinging to life -- Like Larry King. The only difference is, with Larry, we'll always have a never-ending supply of gas.

You see, like Larry's arteries, times are hard. Americans are discovering no one will hire them... In financial parlance, it's what's known as a "Jeff Ross Economy."

But America, unlike Jeff Ross, still has hope. Because in this land of opportunity, where wealth beyond your dreams can be had, even by a derivative hack like Seth MacFarlane. Seth not only created "Family Guy," he did it three times. And now, he wants to be a singer. Mr. MacFarlane, I've heard you sing. The only ~~way you'll ever draw a crowd~~ ~~with a pencil.~~ Your singing is so bad even Marlee Matlin doesn't want to hear it.

As I was saying, this great country of ours was built on its entrepreneurial spirit. A spirit best demonstrated by none other than the Snoop Doggy Dogg. His is a tale of "Do-Rags to Riches." Snoop was the consummate salesman. He has sold crack, weed, women, Anthony Jeselnik's bicycle, and ~~even a few CDs in the early '90s.~~ **BUT NEVER**

MANY E'D!
And Snoop personally ended the East Coast/West Coast rap feud... By becoming totally ~~incredible.~~ That's why I'm so happy to see Snoop sitting up here with his former rival, (POINTING TO LISA) Biggie Smalls. ~~Who's that? Tavo? Bug? Shaka? L.L. Cool Whip? Busta Toilet? I don't know. You rappers all look alike.~~

CROWD YOU'LL ATTRACT IS FLIES.

**ASSOCIATING WITH LOSER BECAUSE I'M MAKING
ME FEEL EVEN BETTER
ABOUT MYSELF!**

You know, as I look the women on this dais, I hope America is as inspired as I am. In particular, one of these ladies has triumphed over a seemingly insurmountable physical handicap. I speak, of course, of Whitney Cummings.

Whitney, you are so brave. Like so many lower-level comics, you got into this business to get something off your chest. ~~Apparently it was your breasts.~~ Well done. Your dress size is zero, ~~and your bra size is Ground Zero.~~ Seriously, are you Whitney Cummings, or a 14-year old boy dressed up to look like Whitney Cummings... on Halloween?

But even more than cleavage, this country rewards determination and hard work. Look at Marlee Matlin. To get her Academy Award, she had to endure an intimate relationship with William Hurt -- a relationship characterized by years of domestic abuse. ~~Which means she's not only deaf, she just won't listen.~~

You know, as ~~the~~ ^{PERHAPS THE} smartest man in the world, I try to be a role model. Lisa Lampanelli, as the second smartest man in the world, you, too, are a role model. From you, we learn, "If you ever want to be a model, lay off the rolls." I can make those jokes, because I, Donald Trump, struggled with a weight problem. During Lisa's performance, I couldn't wait for her to shut the fuck up!

~~You, Lisa, is not a pig, but a delicately pig.~~ But Lisa, I remain in awe of you. How can anything be as huge, as gigantic, as immense as you, and not have the Trump name on it? Well, citizens, I answer that question in my new book about Lisa, "The Art of the Squeal."

Lisa, or as I call her, "Miss USDA," I want you to be a judge at my next Miss Universe Pageant. You're perfect. Because like the universe, you're constantly expanding, and filled with dark matter.

I'm not saying America isn't without its problems. There are things that have brought shame upon this country -- atrocities we as a nation must atone for. Like the "Jersey Shore." (TO SITUATION) A piece of advice, my greasy friend... You don't need to put all that product in your hair. ~~I've never done anything to my hair, except feed it and let it run around the park every afternoon.~~ I DON'T AND NEVER WILL.

Okay. This has been fun. And if it hasn't, just remember this is all for charity. And I don't mean (INDICATES DAIS) ~~THESE TERRIBLE GROUP OF BLOOD ROTE TALKERS.~~ ~~— Billion.~~ (CHECKS WATCH) I'm sorry, I must go now and make a million dollars somewhere else. But before I leave you all behind, with your disease, your war, your famine, global warming, Restless Leg Syndrome, ~~ginitis~~, bedbugs and all the other things ~~—~~ ~~—~~ I want you to know that as I look down on you from the balcony of my ~~—~~ 50,000 square-foot penthouse atop my solid-gold ~~space station orbiting the earth.~~ I can't help but think of how great this country is... because of me, your next president, Donald ~~—~~ J. TRUMP

Thank you, and good night.

MARLEE, BETTER LULIE THIS SCENE ON CELEBRITY APPROPRIATE.
PERHAPS THE
I DON'T AND NEVER WILL.
THIS TERRIBLE GROUP OF BLOOD ROTE TALKERS. — Billion.
50,000
J. TRUMP
GLAIS TOWER,
(WHICH OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T EXIST) ON THE UNITED STATES
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU