

Villains at Work [Real Transcript, 2023]

by

Jove Fontagne

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Pete Buttigieg called up his gayboy lover and asked him if Marky Mark the Zuckerburglar had any more little boys they could buy. The Zuckerburglar replied, “sure, I’ll just hire some more ISIS goons, and shoot up a neighborhood for you. Which kids do you want? We’re doing a special on Paris Hilton’s “Little Hilton” collection right now on our alternate Instagram on the dark web, but little boys cost extra. The prices are listed right there for you. This is going to be so much fun blackmailing you guys next election cycle. Mhuahahahahaha...”

Pete thought that was awfully convenient, and he called up Old Ice Cream Joe at the oval office. “Hey Joe, cancel that kilo of cocaine. We’re gonna need our old shriveled peckers to work well tonight. Make it an order of Viagra, and the kids are on me tonight. Weeeeeee!” Joe replied, “Good, shooting up schoolyards gets old, and the cover-up is a real headache. Burying them ourselves on the whitehouse lawn when we’re done with them makes our little kid sex parties so much more fun. We don’t have to worry about a thing. Weeeee!”

The new cabinet member who was the head of the CIA whispered in Joe’s ear, “are you sure that’s a good idea, Joe? The public is getting wise to us. I mean, the international community is finding out about all the drive-by shootings on The White House. The pillars, Joe – think of the pillars for God’s sakes! This Greco-Roman architecture is so difficult to repair.”

“Put it on my tab,” replied Joe. “I’ve already bankrupted The United States of America. We only have to keep the façade going another fourteen months. I’ll never get reelected anyway, at this rate. I’ll blame it all on the next dumb schlub, like any good president – duh...”

“But Joe, this could actually be the end...” Joe replied, “Bro, I’ve been doing this forever. You know what, just since you asked me that, the cocaine party is back on. Buttigieg doubts my pecker’s prowess. Nobody doubts me! In any case, we still have a bunch of money left over that we stole from that Nobel Prize winner, what’s-his-face. Were you guys able to frame him, sting him, or wack him yet, like I asked you?”

“Joe... the whole planet is trying to help that guy... Plus, his lawsuits are the most legitimate civil lawsuits this country has ever seen... Not only did they embezzle him for millions, but they ripped off all of his patents and copyrights worth billions.

And would you please stop trying to get your crack-head son to out-sexualize him? The ladies love that young strapping Nobel Prize winner. He can’t be covered up. Plus, he’s just too hilarious and strong as an Ox. It’s a fool’s errand to even try.”

“Don’t tell me what to do, bozo... I’M THE PRESIDENT! GET THE COCAINE AND LITTLE BOYS READY IMMEDIATELY, AND DON’T FORGET THE VIAGRA! You might get us some MDMA or something too, if you have the time. Oh, and hurry up and find out if Elon Musk was really born with a vagina or not, while you’re at it. And, why the hell is Taylor Swift a “he” now? By the way, try to stall Buttigieg as long as you can in the reception area, so I get more time with the tight young brown-eyes. GO! What the hell did I hire you for?”

“Yes sir... I’ll do my best. That’s a pretty easy checklist, but Elon Musk murdered half of Thailand to cover up some sort of rubber penis rumor. Without examining his penis, it’s impossible to say. That one might be tricky. I’ll get right on everything else though. What the hell kind of name is that, anyway? I mean, Elon Musk? He/she obviously made that up.”