

John Malkovich Preemptively Installed as Puppet Dictator in Iraq



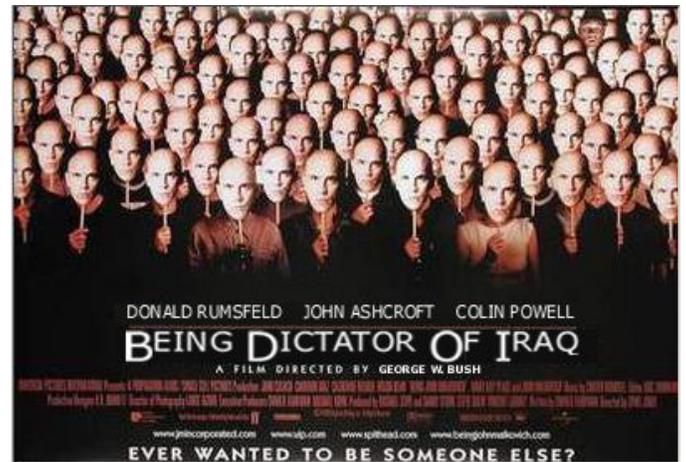
By Johnny Galaxy

In light of recent events in the middle east, and the hastening opening of Saddam Hussein's tyrannical despot/dictator job, the United States government announced today its intentions to preemptively install John Malkovich as puppet dictator in Iraq.

"I was as surprised as anyone," said Malkovich, from his Malibu, California home. "I'm of course, honored, flattered, and I'm prepared to do whatever my country needs, but seriously, how the fuck did I end up on their list? Yes, I support the war on terrorism and the attack on Iraq, but seriously, they might as well have asked a refrigerator, or my taxes, or Sponge Bob to go in there and install Texas style democracy in a place that is about as far as you can get from being Texas. But then again, what do I know? I'm just a really good actor."

We, at The Sci-Onion, were also confused. Thankfully, Donald Rumsfeld and John Ashcroft were happy to clear up the confusion, just as they have always done so thoughtfully throughout the Reagan/Bush/Clinton/Bush years as a public service to the masses.

"You saw that *Being John Malkovich* film, right?" asked Rumsfeld. I nodded yes. "Well, you know how John Cusack's character takes over John Malkovich's body, and then makes him into this really kickass puppeteer, a kind of overly ironic puppeteering of the puppeteer himself?" I continued nodding at an accelerating pace, in a "get the fuck on with it" kind of gesture. "Well anyway," continued Rumsfeld, "Ash-man and I thought it would be kind of funny and ironical if we sort of did the same thing for real in the middle east."



"But this time," added Ashcroft. "John Malkovich is still John Malkovich, but we get to be John Cusack."

"Yeah," chimed in Rumsfeld. "I really admire John Cusack. He was great in *Say Anything*, especially in that positively triumphant scene of him holding up the boom box, even though the rest of the film was kind of random. But anyway, we get to pull the strings in Iraq, if you know what I mean. And I can't think of a better puppet/puppeteer than John H. Malkovich. Like us, he's also really kind of a scary guy...he'll have no trouble instilling fear into the slaves...I mean people...of Iraq, as is deemed necessary by congress/corporate America."

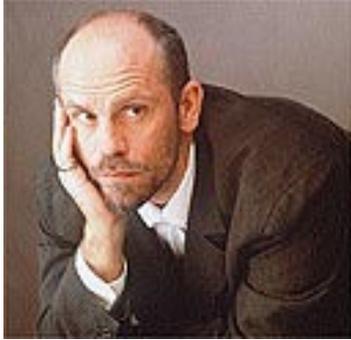
Added Ashcroft, "When Malkovich was quoted as saying he wanted to kill that, thorn-in-our-side, free thinking, London Independent journalist, Robert Fisk, we knew we had our man." Ashcroft then smiled and nearly blinded me as the noon day sun reflected off his front teeth.



"Are you sure you can control him." I asked, thinking it was a pretty relevant question. "He was pretty strong willed in such films as *Dangerous Liasons* and in that "Do You Mock Me?" skit on *Saturday Night Live*."

"Oh, we can control him", said Ashcroft, actually finding a way to look more serious than usual, as he casually brandished an oversized revolver that emerged like a stealth bomber from somewhere inside of his tie. "And if I can't, the Rumsenator can." Ashcroft then sent Rumsfeld a stare so bone-chillingly terrifying that my nose started to bleed. When Rumsfeld's index finger began turning to into a liquid metal lance, I almost fainted.





Malkovich Beginning To Have Doubts About This Whole Thing

After sprinting out the door faster than a circa-1984 Carl Lewis, I found myself quickly back in Malibu, and naturally, I had to see what Malkovich now had to say.

"Now that you mention it, I'm beginning to have some doubts about this whole thing," said Malkovich as he shakily put down his coffee, accidentally spilling some on his Armani napkin. "I mean, I've been told that I can come across as kind of a frightening guy sometimes, and I've even heard that my character in 1993's *In The Line of Fire* with Clint Eastwood was voted as one of the most realistic and disturbing villains ever, but seriously man, those Rumsfeld and Ashcroft characters give me the creeps. That Rumsfeld dude, he's the fucking Secretary of Scary. And Ashcroft, I'm sure he's got at least a pistol or a poison tipped dagger on him at all times. He'd slit my throat in a heartbeat, man. He's about as stable as Iraqi currency..." Pausing, Malkovich added in hushed tones, "...I guess I'll have to learn what their coinage is actually called if I am to lead them."

"John...putting your own life aside for the moment," I began "how would you feel about the political consequences of you becoming the puppet dictator of Iraq, forcefully being played like a violin at the whims of Washington?"

"Well, I've done some made for TV movies that I'm not proud of, and that recent *Johnny English* debacle with Mr. Bean wasn't exactly my finest hour, but like I said, I am a really good actor and I've always wanted to try playing a *real* villain, like, for example, Saddam Hussein. And this would be pretty much like that. Oh, well, I might as well take the job."

"Good," said Rumsfeld, as he hung up the phone after finalizing plans to build Malkovich's new palace in northwest Baghdad, and simultaneously hanging up his military cell phone after placing orders to leave a few plots of choice real estate "unbombed" in Baghdad. "Can't very well have our new King's palace littered with shrapnel and erstwhile bits of Iraqi infrastructure," added the Secretary of Defense. Rumsfeld also noted that the new Malkovitch/Time-Warner/Coca-Cola palace would be shaped partly like a giant Coca-Cola bottle and partly like an issue of Time magazine. This sponsorship agreement was evidently a financial necessity, since after shelling out 75 billion for the war, it was clear that the U.S. would no longer have the money to fund a proper puppet dictator palace, let alone rebuild war-torn Iraq.

"Great," said Ashcroft, "I'm relieved that Malky decided to snag the job. Next on our list was Sheryl Crow. Who the fuck makes these lists anyway?" Ashcroft shouted to no one at all.

Three Democratic giraffes in the extremely-high-ceilinged next room snickered manically as they dropped well aimed nuts and berries on a White House typewriter.



Director's Camera or Advanced Hyper-Scope Sniper Rifle? Always Hard to Tell with Malkovich.