

Days of our iLves

Episode 06 | Once Upon a Time in... D.C.

Like sands through the hourglass, so are the Days of our i, capital L, v, e, s.

[Chatter and camera flashes in White House Briefing Room]

FRED: Good afternoon, folks.

Good afternoon.

Please settle down.

Quiet down now. Okay, that's much better. I like it. It's so quiet you can hear the gears grinding in Kellyanne's head.

Sean will no longer be conducting these briefings or speaking on behalf of the White House. However, he continues to faithfully serve both his country and his President. From what I understand, he's now skimming jism from the hot tubs at President Trump's Mar-A-Lago resort in Palm Beach.

Before we continue, I just want to let you all know that I'm feeling a little queasy. I apologize in advance if I suddenly vomit. Let me assure you it's neither nerves nor the thought of Sean Spicer's new job. Before I came out here, I was force-fed two Trump Steaks in the Oval Office. The President did it himself, with his extremely large hands.

So right about now, you may be asking yourselves, "Who the fuck is this guy?"

My name is Fred and I'm the new White House Press Secretary.

I know you all have a lot of questions. I'll get to them all. But I'm just going to talk for a while and you may find I answer a lot of those questions in the process.

If you'd like to know what ridiculous "qualifications" President Trump was fixated upon when he made the decision to hire me, I actually have a fantastic answer. The President and I first met back in the mid-1980s when I was the youngest play-by-play announcer in the history of the New Jersey Generals. We started on a purely professional level, but we became lifelong friends after an attempt to tag-team a cheerleader on a charter flight to Oklahoma City. I think Doug Flutie might have been in on the action, too.

I'm going to circle back to the "Mile High" thing a little later.

Obviously, this all happened before I was Out. Or woke.

Days of our iLves

All you need to know, for now, is that the President admired both my judgment and my discretion following our airborne mini-orgy. He also thinks I'm a fantastic communicator.

And let's not overlook the fact that his father and I share the same first name. That really impressed him. These are the qualities the President is counting on to get his message back on track.

Right off the bat, I'd like to address a rumor that has been making the President very unhappy. *Unhappier*. As we all know, there was a lot of fake news chatter over the course of the campaign about the President's supposedly tiny little hands. Unfortunately, this has persisted through the transition and well into President Trump's first term.

I'd like to finally put this matter to rest.

I have a document here that I'd like you all to read.

[Loud bang!]

It's a study commissioned by the Republican National Committee, which clearly proves that the President's hands fall well above the expected size range for Caucasian males.

Of course, if you subscribe to Bill Maher's theory that President Trump is the offspring of a human woman and a male orangutan from the Brooklyn Zoo, a claim the President vehemently denies, then it's true he would fall a little lower on normal distribution curve.

To help illustrate the enormity of his hands, the President spent most of yesterday tracing them on these sheets of paper you see on the easel beside me.

I'd now like to invite a number of distinguished guests, all of them fantastically average individuals, to place their hands against the tracings for comparison's sake.

Please give a warm welcome to Sean Hannity.

SEAN HANNITY: What we're about to show you.... this is only the beginning. Buckle up.

FRED: Ted Nugent.

TED NUGENT: Thanks for having me on. I bring and celebrate truth, logic and common sense with you.

FRED: James Woods.

JAMES WOODS: If you try something that is small... and you fail... What do you have?

Days of our iLves

I'd venture to say not much.

FRED: And Scott Baio.

SCOTT BAIO: I've got so much, so much time to talk about Donald Trump, a man that I believe in.

FRED: No, you don't. Cut the chit-chat, Chachi. Just place your hands on the tracing and move along.

SCOTT BAIO: He's a big man. He's physically big.

FRED: So, there you have it. Only one of them has hands larger than the President's abnormally large hands. Congratulations, Nuge! That's science, folks.

But let's face it, shall we? We're all grown ups here. And we all know that when you inaccurately refer to the President's small hands, what you're really talking about is his penis.

That's okay. Get the giggling out of the way.

I would now like to call your attention to another study, this one cross cultural and multi gender, that unequivocally refutes the supposed direct correlation between the size of a man's hands and the size of his penis. It's simply not true.

Which brings me to my final point.

While the President's hands are pretty big, the lurid speculation about the President's dick deficiencies are 100% accurate.

However, the characterization of the Presidential wang as a "tiny little dick" is completely inappropriate and disrespectful.

I have consulted the Surgeon General about what I saw, or rather what I did not see, in the lavatory of a 737 more than 30 years ago. He has now confirmed that the proper medical term is "micro-penis"—at least until the term "nano-penis" catches on.

I'm hoping that you can all move to quickly adopt this more politically correct terminology when referring to the President's genitalia.

As a general rule, it's not the size of the wand that matters, it's the magic it makes. Though in this specific case, no magic.

Days of our iLves

So, the presidential dick shaming stops now.

Needless to say, President Trump was unable to hold up his end of the bargain during the attempted midair menage-a-trois, forcing the co-pilot to tap in at a crucial moment.

I believe this was a deeply humiliating experience for President Trump, and my unwavering silence over the last 30 years has allowed me to win his trust and ultimately led to this very exciting opportunity.

I can also confirm that the CIA has been searching for the President's knob since the early 90s.

Mueller is reportedly looking too, but I can assure you he won't find anything.

At this point, we've got better odds of tracking down George Bush's WMD in Iraq.

While I'm at it, I might as well clear up this whole Stormy Daniels thing.

The truth is, the President did pay her the hush money, but it wasn't to keep her quiet about the sex, but rather the lack thereof. For reasons I've already discussed.

It is my sincere desire to hit the reset button in the White House's relationship with the media, which has been strained, to say the least.

I'd like to move past all this fake news nonsense, and I offer you this information as a gesture of good faith.

I should add that the President's missing member should not be a matter of any great national concern, since no one is interested in actually engaging with it, including Melania.

This is not the Clinton administration. That Dick was so busy it had its own Secret Service agent.

Ok, I'm ready to take some questions now.

One at a time, one at a time. Please stop shouting.

REPORTER: Can we expect to have briefings more often now, since there have been a little bit of changing atmosphere here?

FRED: This husky voice was born to run. I'll be talking to you every chance I get. You'll have a hard time shutting me up.

Next, Fox-y lady.

Days of our iLves

FOX REPORTER: Did you say how long the President and First lady will be staying in Palm Beach? Is this like a quick trip or...

FRED: The President will depart tomorrow on Air Force One and remain in Palm beach until he's comfortable that Sean Spicer is capable of keeping the hot tubs jizz free. Both Scott Baio and Don Jr have been spending a lot of time there, so it's a real concern.

You in the front--with the box of Timbits.

There's no Tim Hortons in D.C. Please tell me you didn't drive all the way to New York City for those.

STUTTERING REPORTER: No, there's a Tim-Tim-Tim-Timmy's on a ma-ma military base in Ma-ma-ma- Maryland. I got special cu-cu-cu-clearance.

FRED: What's your question?

STUTTERING REPORTER: I'd like to know muh-muh-muh-more about Sha-Sha-Sha-Sean Spicer's new employment situation. Is he like a soup-soup-soup-supervisor or is he actually skimming the je-je-je-jism himself?

FRED: Please tell me you're a print journalist.

STUTTERING REPORTER: No, I'm with see-see-see.

Sorry, CBC Radio.

FRED: I should have known. In answer to your question, I'm pretty sure he's hands on.

Go ahead, CNN.

CNN REPORTER: Two former press secretaries to presidents have gone on to run for elective office after they left the podium up there, both unsuccessful. Would you ever consider relocating and run for office yourself?

FRED: Although I am an American by birth, I am only here temporarily as a personal favor to President Trump. My heart remains in the Yukon, my adopted home, where the politics are not quite as fucked up as they are here. Sure, pretty fucked up. But still, what's one ex-heroin dealer Premier compared to this national disaster?

If anything, I may return to the Yukon and explore a run for Member of Parliament in the event that my dream job of hosting a local morning radio show doesn't pan out.

Days of our iLves

Next question.

You--with the kangaroo.

AUSSIE REPORTER: Mick Dundee, Australian Broadcasting Corporation. If a grand jury was to issue a subpoena for—

FRED: As I have previously stated, the Surgeon General has informed me that the appropriate medical term is "micro-penis." We should do our best to avoid using "sub-penis" or any other slang to refer--

AUSSIE REPORTER: Sorry, I think you misheard me. Maybe it's the accent. I didn't say "sub-penis" as in smaller than average penis. I said "subpoena" as a legal order. So, once again, if a grand jury was to issue a subpoena for President Trump's tiny little—

FRED: Watch it, Dundee.

AUSSIE REPORTER: Do you think it would actually show up? Is it even possible?

FRED: We've got a team of lawyers and microbiologists working on that question as we speak. We're talking about the brightest minds in the United States. And Rudy Giuliani, too.

But based on my personal observations, I'd say it's simply not possible.

Next! You, with the evil vibe.

GRIM REAPER: Steve Bannon, Breitbart News.

FRED: Steve, who gave you credentials?

GRIM REAPER: I made my own. I still have keys to the back door. I'm wondering if you can comment on the rumors that agents of the Obama deep state have been targeting incoming administration staffers.

Specifically, I'd like your thoughts on the possibility that a new liberal truth serum was cooked up by George Soros and Hillary Clinton on a dirty weekend in the Czech Republic.

TRUMP: Hello, everybody.

FRED: Ivanka. Jared. I said what?

TRUMP: That's enough. That's enough.

Days of our iLves

FRED: Oh, shit! Mr. President.

TRUMP: That's enough. Put down the mic.

FRED: You know, Steve, that certainly seems increasingly plausible.

TRUMP: You are a rude, terrible person. You shouldn't be working. That was fake news. It's, frankly disgusting. Thank you all very much. Appreciate it.

FRED: There's no need to get physical, guys.

Apparently, I gotta go.

I'd like to call my embassy.

Hey, can I steal one of those Timbits....

TELEVISION HOST: All right, so an unexpected development there at the White House briefing room. There was nothing on the schedule for this afternoon in the way of briefings. And then just about 30 minutes or so ago....