

Our Elected Officials in Action

Rahm- (answering) This is Rahm

Rod- Hey Rahm, yeah, it's Rod

Rahm- Uh-huh. What going on Governor, I'm busy.

Rod- Well, it's about that senate appointment

Rahm - We already gave you the list of people we like.

Rod- Yeah. I've been looking the list over. Interesting names. Good people. How's the transition going?

Rahm - It's going fine governor. Are you calling to fucking tell me anything or what cause-

Rod- No, no. I'm just wondering if you have all your picks already made. I heard something about Dashei for HHS. Hey Rahm let's not act like I'm a stranger here.

Rahm - Did I call you a stranger? If I thought you were a stranger you think I'd be interrupting my important fucking business to take this fucking phone call?

Blago - Hey you don't have to get curt with me Rahm.

Rahm - This isn't me being curt, Gov. This is me being fucking busy. Now, what did you call about?

Blago- I'm just feeling you out, seeing if Valerie still wants that senate seat, just wondering what kind of priority that is for the President elect.

Rahm- Actually it's not a priority. Valerie's had second thoughts about the job,

Bag- What? She doesn't want it any more?

Rohm- She's had second thoughts. You want more details call her.

Bag- She won't take my calls.

Rohm- Big fucking surprise.

Blago- What's that suppose to mean?

Rahm- Uh, I don't know, what's it suppose to mean Governor?
A. You're a fucking crook. B. You're a fucking asshole. C. All of the above.

Blago- I'm clean- you know that. You think that fucking Fitzgerald would be twiddling his fucking thumbs if he had shit to go on?

Rahm- I gotta go, Gov. You appoint who you want. We really don't give a shit.

Blago- What if I appoint Valerie? What if she takes it?

Rahmn- What do you want me to say? We'd appreciate it. I'm not going to kiss your fucking ring over it.

Blago- " Appreciate it" Come on, this is a senate seat we're talking about. It's worth a fuck of a lot more then appreciation.

Rahm - You asked us for a list, we gave you a fucking list. You want to make your own list then make your own fucking list. But if you're asking for anything else from me, Barack, or Valerie then you can fucking stop talking right now Rod.

Blago- Wait a sec Rahm. Wait just a fucking minute. Who are you to talk to me like that? I fucking made you.

Rahm - You made me? You made me? Tell me you are fucking joking.

Balgo- No, no you listen to me shit-face. You see this list I got? The names motherfucking Obama fucking wants for the senate. I just ripped it in two. How do you that? Oops, Harris just dropped it in the shredder. Harris?

Harris- Yes Sir.

Rod- Did you just drop that in the shredder?

Harris (muffled) – Yes I did.

Rahm- Do you have me on fucking speakerphone?

Blago- it's in the shredder Rahm. The list is bye.

Rahm- Hold on a sec you got me on fucking speakerphone? Who the fuck do you think I am?

Blago- Who are you? Who are you? You're shit. You hear me? Don't come back to Chicago Rahm, it's not your town any more.

Rahm- Pick up the phone Rod.

Blago- I'll put someone in the senate who will fucking fuck you. I might even put myself in there, how'd you like that Rahm? How you gonna explain that to fucking Barack? Every time he's got to call me up for my fucking vote. He'd have to take my calls then, wouldn't he?

Rahm (screaming) I said pick up the fucking phone.

Blago (picking up phone) I got your attention now, didn't I?

Rahm- Shut the fuck up and listen to me for one second Rod. And I want you to listen carefully, because this is the last time I will ever talk to you. You are fucking dead to me. You've been fucking dead to Barack since 06, now you're dead to me. Know what that means? That means you're dead to my people in Chicago, Daley on down, and all these friends you think you have aren't gonna touch you with a six foot pole.

Blago- Oh now you're the fucking Godfather? Fuck you.

Rahm- No fuck you, Fuck you. Fuck you.

Blago- Fuck you.

Rahm- Listen up asshole. The shit's going to hit the fan, maybe tomorrow, maybe next month, and when Fitzgerald finally brings down the hammer, it's going to be my name that's going through your head. You won't know the hows or the fucking whys but it's gonna have my fucking fingerprints all over it. Now have a great life fatso.

Balgo- Hey Fuck-

Rahm- (click)