

Trumpigula

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. SPACE - DAY

From the Galaxy Andromeda fly alien spaceships shaped like snakes. The head of each giant snake spacecraft is a hand. The fingers move as if grabbing and releasing, the bodies sway like snakes.

Towards the direction the ships fly, the Milky Way looms. The Milky Way gets closer. Earth emerges from the distance. The continents are seen, then New York City, then a college, then a hallway.

INT. A COLLEGE HALLWAY - ELECTION DAY, 2016

MARY, a college student, rushes down the hallway, almost knocking over ANNE, Mary's friend.

ANNE

Whoa Mary! Slow down!

MARY

Sorry Anne! Late for class!

ANNE

Wait! I got that book we were talking about.

Anne hands Mary the book ANIMAL FARM.

MARY

Great! Thanks! Gotta go! Don't forget to vote!

ANNE

Already did. And it wasn't for the male-chauvinist pig!

Mary enters a classroom as class starts and sits at a desk. The PROFESSOR begins her lecture.

PROFESSOR

Today, we're talking about Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus Germanicus. Anyone here heard of him?

No one raises their hand. The class is silent.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
How about Caligula, his more easily  
remembered name?

A few students raise their hands. Mary listens intently as  
the professor speaks.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Caligula was a violent and  
perverted Roman Emperor during the  
1st Century A.D. who was adored by  
the greater public for his  
showmanship. The political and  
social elites abhorred him, though.  
He was grandiose, pompous, and  
eventually demanded to be called a  
God. He bankrupted Rome as he  
humiliated and executed his rivals.  
Sound vaguely familiar?

The class laughs. Someone yells out HE SHOULD BE CALLED  
TRUMPIGULA. The class laughs.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Trump or Caligula? I guess that  
nickname would work for both. They  
do seem cut from the same cloth.

Mary drifts off.

BEGIN FLASHBACK: AUGUST 2016

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Mary talks with her boyfriend MACK as they walk around.

MARY  
Trump drives me flipping nuts. I  
hate how he's so destructive and  
thinks he's so great.

MACK  
It's crazy he's the Republican  
nominee. If Trump were the  
Democrat, the Republicans would be  
vomiting on him. Instead, they're  
just swallowing his puke, looking  
like a bunch of hypocrites.

MARY

The guy oozes enough misogyny to degrade the whole planet. He's a pig-headed know-it-all, never admitting when he's wrong, never apologizing for any of his abusiveness. He seems incapable of self-reflection. Trump is so rotten, the thought of him being president nauseates me. Bleh!

MACK

I hear ya, Mary. We know exactly which cesspool he's from. He's the shock-jocking, smarmy, snake-oil salesman we should run away from. He loves hamming it up so everyone will watch him, so he'll say anything depending on his audience, which means you can't believe a thing he says.

Two women holding hands walk past them, walking a pot-bellied pig wearing a Trump shirt. Mary and Mack laugh.

MARY

Trump is the biggest pig, but it seems like an act, like he's not real, though he's really tapped into people's anxiety. He's so primal in his brutishness that he triggers a sense of security in some, even though they should know better.

MACK

Like your dad?

MARY

He does love Trump. I love my dad and get why he doesn't want Billary elected. I just wish he would take that damn Trump sign down at home.

MACK

We're a modern day Rome, sweetie. If Trump's elected, I just hope we don't follow in their footsteps.

MARY

He promises to make America great! I can't wait!

MACK  
Great at hate.

Mack leans in to kiss and hold Mary.

MARY  
This whole thing is sooo  
depressing.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THE CLASSROOM - ELECTION DAY, 2016

Mary realizes she's drifted off as class ends. The students gather their things, talking about Caligula. Someone yells DUMP TRUMPIGULA! Most people laugh. Mary sighs.

PROFESSOR  
Don't forget to vote, people. The  
common citizens of Rome didn't have  
that right, but we do. Use it!

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mary listens to the radio as she drives, hearing that Trump leads and is predicted to win. She is sad and calls her mom, leaving a voice mail.

MARY  
Hi Mom. Just wanted to talk. I  
can't believe that pig's gonna be  
our president. Did Hell freeze?  
Call when you can. Love you.

Mary turns off the news and turns on PIGS ON THE WING (THREE DIFFERENT ONES) by PINK FLOYD. She sees her dad calling on her phone but doesn't answer. She turns the music up.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary does her nightly ritual. She gets in bed and reads Animal Farm. Scenes from the book unfold, flashing between Mary in bed getting sleepier. She falls asleep.

INT. DIFFERENT BEDROOM - DAY

Mary lies in a bed on her back in the birth position. She sees a DOCTOR, an owlman, between her legs from her POV.

DOCTOR  
Push, Mary! I can see the head! Hooo!

Mary screams.

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
It's a boy! I've never seen such a  
... wiener. Hooo?

Fred, a pigman and the father, walks behind the doctor.

FRED  
And you never will again!

Out of Fred's pants emerges his GRABBER, a long appendage with a hand. It snakes around the doctor.

DOCTOR  
What the...? Hooaaah!

Fred slashes the doctor's throat with a scalpel as Fred grabs the baby TRUMPIGULA, a pigletman with orange hair. Blood splatters the baby. Fred wipes the blood off the baby's face.

FRED  
You will be the one, my dear son.  
You will be feared and adored, and  
I will be the proudest Daddy ever!  
Snort!

The baby coos, snorts, then farts. Fred laughs and hands him to Mary, now a donkeywoman, who cries in joy.

MARY  
I will always love you, my dear  
baby. You are perfect!

FRED  
Trumpigula will be loved by all! He  
will be the great leader the world  
so desperately needs.

Trumpigula suckles from his mom. Trumpigula's grabber grabs her other breast. She looks down.

MARY  
What is that!?

Mary touches the appendage. It appears to be an arm and hand, with little fingers that wiggle around.

FRED

That's his grabber, his most important tool for ruling.

Trumpigula's grabber flails around haphazardly, then finds Mary's face. It pets her gently, then squeezes her nose hard. She yelps, causing the baby to cry.

MARY

Shhh. It's okay, Trumpy, but you shouldn't squeeze so hard.

Trumpigula smiles, snorts, farts, then falls asleep. Mary closes her eyes and falls asleep.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A 5 year old Trumpigula sits on the floor playing with a toy. Mary appears dazed.

TRUMPIGULA

That servant tried to make me clean my room. I got mad at her, Mommy.

Mary looks around at the messy sty and sees a body on the floor. She walks to the dead servant, who has the head of a sheep whose tongue sticks out, a look of terror frozen on the face. A red mark surrounds the neck.

MARY

What did you do, Trumpy!

TRUMPIGULA

I got mad Mommy!

Trumpigula, smiling, runs to Mary and gives her a hug.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I love you Mommy!

MARY

You can't do that! You can't hurt people because you're mad!

TRUMPIGULA

That's not what Daddy said. He said I should never let anyone except you or him tell me what to do.

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

- A) Fred kills the birth doctor
- B) Trumpigula grows bigger and more agile.
- C) Trumpigula uses his grabber to fling toys around, trip servants, and create a lot of disturbances
- D) Fred uses his own grabber violently on others while Trumpigula watches and laughs.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S BEDROOM - PREVIOUS SCENE

Mary cries.

MARY

Oh, Trumpy. I love you so much, no matter what you do.

Trumpigula smiles and snorts.

TRUMPIGULA

I know, Mommy. I'm perfect!

Mary hugs him, closes her eyes, then drifts off.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

An 18 year old Trumpigula talks with Fred. CONNER, a sheepman servant, cleans Fred's office.

FRED

My son, it's time you learned the greatest thing your grabber can do. I know I've told you that being a killer is crucial if you want to be the boss hog. IF YOU'RE NOT KILLING, YOU'RE GOING TO BE KILLED.

Trumpigula says IF YOU'RE NOT KILLING, YOU'RE GOING TO BE KILLED simultaneously.

FRED (cont'd)

There's a way to command people using your grabber. They can see it, but you won't need to kill them if they do.



TRUMPIGULA

Hmm. Maybe so, Daddy-o, but I like the killing. It makes me feel ... powerful, like I can do anything.

FRED

Yes, I know. The problem, though, is if you keep killing people, you're missing out on keeping your minions around. Ever wonder why Conner's been our servant so long?

TRUMPIGULA

Conner? Who's that?

FRED

That servant over there. He's been working here for about 15 years.

TRUMPIGULA

I guess. They all look the same to me. I've killed so many sheepman servants, I've lost count.

FRED

That's my point. Conner, come here.

Conner walks towards Fred, then stops four feet away. Fred's grabber emerges and stretches up in front of Conner. The grabber does THE MESMERIZATION DANCE: the fingers move hypnotically while the grabber sways, flashes different colors, and releases a mist. Trumpigula's eyes widen.

TRUMPIGULA

Whoa! How are you doing that?

FRED

Conner, walk to my son.

Conner walks towards Trumpigula.

FRED (cont'd)

Kiss him. On the lips.

Conner gives Trumpigula a wet kiss. Trumpigula pushes him.

TRUMPIGULA

Get away, disgusting sheepman!

Trumpigula wipes his lips. Conner stands still.

FRED

Conner, clean my office.

Conner continues cleaning the office.

TRUMPIGULA

So he can see your grabber without it falling off and he'll do anything you tell him to.

FRED

Amazing, huh? If you master the mesmerization dance, there's nothing you can't do. You just command that they forget they saw your grabber, and it won't fall off. Plus, you won't have to kill, at least not as much.

TRUMPIGULA

I'm not worried about that, but commanding people to do my bidding? That sounds terrific!

FRED

Yes, it is an awesome skill. We're the richest animen around by a long snot because of that. Anything you want, you can get once you learn to hypnotize peeples with your grabber.

TRUMPIGULA

So what do I do? How do I get it to do the, the mesmerization dance?

FRED

First, you have to get it to do the wiggle, like this.

Fred's grabber perks up and begins to wiggle. Trumpigula's grabber copies. The SNAKE CHARMER SONG plays.

FRED (cont'd)

Now, move the grabber's fingers, like this.

Fred's grabber's fingers begin to wiggle rhythmically. Trumpigula's copy.

FRED (cont'd)

The hardest part is the most important part. You need to will your grabber to flash. Imagine there are lights on it. You need to turn them on.

TRUMPIGULA

Turn them on!? I can do that! ...  
How do I ... do that?

FRED

You need to find the switch in your  
mind. Once you turn it on, it  
should start flashing.

Trumpigula struggles to turn the grabber's lights on,  
getting frustrated.

TRUMPIGULA

Should this hurt? It's painful.

FRED

No. That's strange.

Fred notices Conner is watching Trumpigula's grabber.

FRED (cont'd)

You better turn it on. Conner sees  
your grabber. I really don't want  
you to have to kill him.

Fred laughs.

TRUMPIGULA

I'm trying! This is really hard! It  
hurts! Snot!

Trumpigula sweats. Conner looks concerned. Fred smiles.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Can't you just hypnotize him to  
forget? I'm not gonna let my  
grabber fall off, so if you don't  
want me to kill him...

Trumpigula's grabber flashes.

FRED

That's it! You turned it on! Keep  
it up! Be the master grabber!

Trumpigula's grabber flashes brighter. Conner's eyes glaze.

FRED (cont'd)

You've got it! Make your command!

TRUMPIGULA

Conner! Forget what you're seeing!  
Leave the room!

Conner walks out of the room.

FRED

Nice. To help loosen people up, it sprays a mist, like this.

Fred's grabber sprays the pheromone. Trumpigula struggles. The grabber squirts a little out, then it gushes.

TRUMPIGULA

That's it, huh? Piece of pie! You're right, that trick's terrific! I can get people to do anything with that?

FRED

Yes. Anything. You deserve everything, Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA

That's a fact, Daddy! I can't wait to prowl around knowing this! I wish I knew sooner.

FRED

I wanted you to be a killer first. You've mastered that. I'm sure you'll master your grabber's power.

TRUMPIGULA

Of course. Nothing can stop me now.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - DAY

A 25 year old Trumpigula sits at his desk talking on the phone to THE EDITOR, a Japanese snowmonkeyman, who runs The Daily Manure Turdbloid News.

THE EDITOR (O.S.)

Hello, this is The Daily Manure Turdbloid News, your source of stinky fresh gossip. What you got?

TRUMPIGULA

It's me.

THE EDITOR (O.S.)

Who's that? I get lots of calls.

TRUMPIGULA

Me, Trumpigula, the greatest deal-maker ever, you know.

THE EDITOR (O.S.)

Oh yeah! I heard about that deal you just made, getting the old public school block in mid-town, for like dirt cheap! That's amazing! You really are a master deal-maker. I want your secret!

TRUMPIGULA

You and everyone else. That's why I'm writing my new book, the Fart of the Meal. It's got all my secrets to success, starting with knowing farts are the best part of the meal. Once you learn that, then you'll start making great deals.

Trumpigula farts.

THE EDITOR (O.S.)

Wow, that fits in with our turdbloid. I can't wait to read it. Is that why your calling?

TRUMPIGULA

No, no, no! I wanna know when's the next story about me.

THE EDITOR (O.S.)

You're our biggest draw, Trumpigula! We have stories about you a few times a week. I guess not all of them are about your deals, though. There's so much intrigue around your glamorous lifestyle.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, I've seen that. You print a lot about my nightlife, which is great. People love hearing about me.

THE EDITOR (O.S.)

You're a household name! No one doesn't know who you are!

Trumpigula smiles.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, it's great. I feel my grabber, I mean, my presence, getting bigger and more powerful by the day. I love strutting and watching people gawk at me. You

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 know, I'm the biggest hog around.  
 Zeus's gift to animanity, really.

THE EDITOR (O.S.)  
 Oh! I know! I'm not the only one  
 who wishes I were you!

TRUMPIGULA  
 Keep wishing!

Trumpigula hangs up the phone.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Zeus gave me a grabber, not you! No  
 one can be like me! I'm a winner  
 and will always be. As long as  
 everyone knows that, I'll be ruling  
 planet Irks in no time.

Trumpigula hears a trumpet, then the voice of BLOWSY  
 ARMSOSTRONG, the trumpeter.

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 Oh yeah, my pigman trump. I'm with  
 you on that one.

Trumpigula looks around and smacks his head.

TRUMPIGULA  
 What, am I hearing things now?

Blowsy chuckles. A trumpet plays. Trumpigula's grabber pops  
 out, does a dance, then smacks him across the face, Three  
 Stooge style. The trumpet stops, Blowsy chuckles, and the  
 grabber flops on the desk. Trumpigula looks perplexed and  
 takes a swig from the glass on his desk. Trumpigula taps his  
 grabber, and it zips back in his pants.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Well, that's different.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - DAY

Fred sits at his kitchen table reading the The Daily Manure.  
 The headline says TRUMPIGULA - GREATEST DEAL-MAKER EVER!

FRED  
 I can't believe these stories! He's  
 like a pigman in lipstick and a  
 diamond necklace. The story looks  
 great, but good grief, it's  
 complete snot underneath. I don't  
 (MORE)

FRED (cont'd)  
 want to see my son dressed in drag  
 any more than read this nonsense.  
 Why's he gotta broadcast his  
 exploits? He should stay under the  
 radar... Not like I don't remember  
 being young and careless, I guess.

Blowsy chuckles.

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 Funny you say that, my hammy Fred.

FRED  
 Blowsy?

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 Long time no blowin my horn for  
 you. Luckily, I got another grabba  
 groovin to my tunes. When you gonna  
 tell him? I've been teasing him,  
 but don't want to blow my cova too  
 much, know what I'm sayin?

FRED  
 Blowsy, you know I love you, but  
 that part of me is looong dead.  
 Everything he needs to know is in  
 the safe. I'll tell him about it  
 when he's ready. In the meantime,  
 leave him be. He's no use to you.

Blowsy laughs hard.

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 Fred! You think The Viewers will  
 just leave him be? They don't like  
 what happened to you, or what  
 Trumpigula has become, but they  
 have plans I can't not be a part  
 of. I'll respect your space for  
 now, but at some point, you need to  
 tell him!

Fred puts his head down and cries.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Trumpigula sits at his desk. His phone rings.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Yeah.

FRED (O.S.)

Just read the story about you getting the mid-town public school block. Congratulations, son. You really gonna demo it for, what is it, Trumpyramid?

TRUMPIGULA

Best deal ever becomes the best building ever! I'm tearing down that ratman-infested school to build the greatest pyramid ever! You wanna celebrate with me? Club Luv's having a thing for me tonight. It'll be great.

FRED (O.S.)

Yeah, I've been feeling restless lately. Sometimes an old hog needs to bump his rump.

TRUMPIGULA

Terrific! Be at my place by eight and we'll rock it.

INT. CLUB LUV - NIGHT

The club is crowded and loud. Trumpigula and Fred enter. All eyes train on Trumpigula. Trumpigula notices a flock of SEAGULLWOMEN staring at him. He smiles and nods. Trumpigula and Fred head to the bar. Trumpigula lays a few hundred dollars on the bar for THE BARTENDER, a gorillaman.

TRUMPIGULA

Keep it flowing our way.

BARTENDER

As always, Trumpigula. Grrrila.

The bartender gives them drinks. Trumpigula looks around, smiling, nodding, and pointing to everyone staring at him. He turns his gaze towards the seagullwomen. They all stare at him, giggling. Trumpigula smiles wide and puts his hand on Fred's back.

TRUMPIGULA

Woh, Daddy! Check out those gulls! They want me so badly! I think there's enough to share! Wait here, I'll go prime 'em up.

Trumpigula walks over to the seagullwomen's table.



TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
Oh, you gulls sure are lookers!

SEAGULLWOMEN 1  
We're glad you're liking, burly hog.  
We love looking at you! Ueet!

She places her hand on his arm. He places his hand on hers.

TRUMPIGULA  
I got a great idea. You all are coming back to my place so we can see more of each other. I have something you're all gonna love!

Trumpigula motions towards Fred, who walks over.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
Daddy, we're heading home. You in?

FRED  
Umm, sure, yeah, sounds great.

The group leaves Club Luv in Trumpigula's limo.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S BUILDING - SAME NIGHT

Trumpigula and his posse enter noisily. Tenants shrug annoyed as the group passes by.

TRUMPIGULA  
Isn't this the greatest building you gulls ever seen? I got this in a great deal a few years ago.

SEAGULLWOMEN 1  
(seductively)  
Eet's hog heaven, Trumpiggy. I love it! I can't wait to see your apartment, and your bedroom.

She gives him a kiss. Trumpigula squeezes her rump.

TRUMPIGULA  
You'll be seein more than my bedroom, my Russian gull.

They reach Trumpigula's penthouse and enter. The seagullwomen gush over how beautiful it is.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
On get down party music.

Music turns on. The seagullwomen dance seductively around Trumpigula and Fred. A seagullwomen gives them drinks. The hogmen get disoriented and fall to the ground. SEAGULLWOMEN 1 makes a phone call.

SEAGULLWOMEN 1

Hey Hammy, vee got dem knocked out.

A gang of sharkmen headed by HAMMY, a handsome hammerhead sharkman, enter as the seagullwomen leave.

HAMMY

Not so tough now, are ya, Trumpy.  
You're just a spoiled hogman who'd  
be nothing without your daddy's  
money. Take everything of value,  
boys, and tie these hogmen up.  
We're gonna teach 'em a lesson they  
won't ever forget until they die,  
which won't be long. Heh heh.  
Crunch!

The gang tie up the hogmen and drag them to the balcony. They tie one end of each rope to the railing and fling them over. The sharkmen pee over the edge, trying to spray the dangling hogmen on the head. After a few doses of urine, the hogmen wake up and snort.

SHARKMAN GANGSTER 1

They're awake, boss.

Hammy walks on the balcony, looks down, and laughs.

HAMMY

How's it feel being hog-tied? Not  
what you were expecting bringing my  
gulls to your place, huh?

The hogmen look up with rage in their eyes.

TRUMPIGULA

Hammy! Good to see you! I've been  
meaning to have you over. Looks  
like you beat me to the crunch!

HAMMY

That's right, smoked ham-to-be.  
I've waited for this moment ever  
since you broke my poor sister's  
heart. Business is business, I get  
that, but you made it personal. You  
know how expensive therapy is these  
days!? She's a total wreck! I don't

(MORE)

HAMMY (cont'd)  
 know what you did to her, but I'm  
 sure it was twisted. Now you're  
 gonna pay! Crunch crunch!

TRUMPIGULA  
 Yeah, it looks like I'm in a bind.  
 Don't involve my daddy in this. Let  
 him go. Don't make it more personal.

HAMMY  
 Too late for that, Trumpy. The city  
 will sleep better knowing you two  
 are no more. Nobody's gonna miss  
 ya. We'll be sure to keep your  
 business going, though, once you're  
 gone, so you're welcome.

Hammy smiles, brandishing his shiny, razor-sharp teeth.

TRUMPIGULA  
 I hate being called Trumpy! That's  
 it, Daddy. You tag-teaming this?

FRED  
 With pleasure son. Lead the way.

Trumpigula's grabber emerges. Fred's grabber follows. They  
 snake to the balcony and startle the sharkmen. The grabbers  
 do the mesmerization dance. The sharkmen become entranced.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Tie up Hammy!

The hogmen's grabbers pull them up. The sharkmen henchmen  
 help them to the balcony, then untie them. Trumpigula  
 saunters up to the mesmerized Hammy, then fixes his jacket.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Oh, Hammy, why'd you have to do  
 something so stupid? I had plans to  
 make you my minion, but now, it  
 looks like your days are numbered.  
 Throw him over! Let's see if  
 sharkmen can fly!

The sharkmen fling him over the side. A few seconds later, a  
 thud is heard.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 I guess not. Looks like he lost his  
 head, for the last time. You guys,  
 forget this ever happened. Instead,  
 you found Hammy doing card tricks  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
in Central Park. He told you he was giving up mobstering. He's gonna be The Central Park Card Sharkman, as that's his life's calling. Report back in the morning. I got things for you to do.

The sharkmen gang leaves. Fred looks at Trumpigula.

FRED  
Tell me that's not a normal night for you, son.

TRUMPIGULA  
What, too exciting for you? I had it under control the whole time. With this grabber, I can do anything! I just expanded my territory now that Hammy's splattered. Worked out to a pigly great deal!

FRED  
Yes, son. You've learned to use it far better than I've ever used mine. You're going to have to start teaching me things about it. I'm actually quite impressed you didn't kill Hammerhead's gang. That was smart to enchant them so you can take over his business. Remind me, though, to not go home with you if you're planning to bring back of flock of seagullwomen, deal?

TRUMPIGULA  
I should have known those gulls worked for the sharkmen. Now they work for me, and they'll be taught a thing or three, believe me! I guess you don't want to go back to Club Luv, then? I'm itching for some action, now! Those gulls are gonna be surprised to see me saunter in! This will be a night to remember! At least for me. They won't remember a thing of what really happens to them, but they'll definitely believe it was a night of bliss, Trumpigula style!

FRED

I've had enough, son. Go have your fun, you deserve it. I'm going home to take a loong shower and some sleep. This has been enough excitement for me for a while. Good night, boss hog.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Fred sits at his desk, counting gold coins with his grabber, which keeps going limp. He grabs it and shakes it, but it is listless. Conner walks in and sees Fred shaking his grabber. Conner drops the tray he was holding.

CONNER

Excuse me, sir.

Conner quickly cleans up the mess and walks out. Fred gets up and follows him out.

FRED

Conner. Come here.

Conner stops, slowly turns around, then walks towards Fred. He stops a few feet away from Fred.

FRED (cont'd)

I need to show you something.

Fred holds his grabber and pushes it away. It struggles to stay erect, but stretches up the same height as Conner, swaying like a cobra.

CONNER

Sir! Be careful!

FRED

I am careful. You have no recollection of ever seeing this because I take great care not to give my secret away, unlike my reckless son.

The grabber sways but looks sick. Conner sweats.

FRED (cont'd)

This is a grabber, my faithful servant. I've had it my entire life. It's something that only my family has and is aware of. I would not be who I am without it.

Conner stares at the grabber doing the mesmerization dance. Fred sweats and looks tired. His grabber grows pale and lethargic. Fred moans. His grabber flops to the ground and twitches, then falls off and starts to shrivel. Fred falls.

FRED (cont'd)

Oh, snot!

From the end of the hallway, Trumpigula watches the scene. His grabber punches through his pants, zips down the hallway, then penetrates Conner through the heart. His grabber zips back to him as he runs to where Fred lies.

TRUMPIGULA

Daddy!

Fred lifts his head and sees Conner's body, whose green blood pools around Fred's now shriveled grabber.

FRED

Conner, I'm sorry for what I've done. I'm sorry for it all.

TRUMPIGULA

Wait, what! You always said never apologize, because it only shows weakness. You said if you're perfect, you can't make mistakes so you would never need to say sorry.

FRED

(struggling)

Son. There are things, things I haven't told you, things you need to know about your grabber. It's there for a reason, more than you know. You've come far with it, but there's a bigger story at play. In my safe, you'll find the answers. Promise me you'll learn from me, from my mistakes. Don't be like me.

Fred dies.

TRUMPIGULA

Daddy. Daddy! What answers? What's the combination to your safe?  
Daddy! What answers!?

Trumpigula shakes Fred and slumps over his dead daddy.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Don't do this to me! You always  
 said never make promises if you  
 weren't lying about it. How can I  
 promise you anything without lying  
 about it? Why didn't you tell me  
 about the answers earlier!?

Trumpigula passes out on top of Fred.

INT. FRED'S CORPSE - THAT NIGHT

Trumpigula wakes, looks at Fred, and sighs. He walks to  
 Fred's office, tears it apart, and finds the safe. He tries  
 to open it many ways, including using his grabber.

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 Let me give it a go.

Blowsy plays a tune, making Trumpigula's grabber move about.  
 The grabber does some tricks, then retrieves video tapes.

TRUMPIGULA  
 I'm not watching his dirty tapes!

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 No, my pigman. This is even betta.  
 Check it out. Yo gonna like.

Trumpigula plays the videos.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Whoa! This is our surveillance  
 system! I never thought about that.  
 There must be good stuff here!

Trumpigula watches a recent video of Fred: Conner carries a  
 tea tray that slips. The tea kettle pours on Conner, who  
 screams in agony, falls, and hits his head. Fred rushes to  
 help Conner, then calls a doctor. Trumpigula fast-forwards  
 and sees the doctor arrive while Fred continues to help.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 What's Daddy doing? Why's he acting  
 so concerned about his, his  
 servant? I can't believe this! He's  
 wasting his time! He should just  
 kill him!

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 Yo daddy wasn't always so nice, you  
 know. His grabba became impotent  
 (MORE)

BLOWSY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 because yo grabba overpowered his.  
 The less his grabba worked, the  
 more his heart did. He couldn't  
 control his kindness and started  
 caring about peeples, especially  
 Conner. He couldn't kill him, which  
 made his grabba fall off. He died  
 because he was being nice.

TRUMPIGULA  
 That is despicable! What cruel  
 curse does Zeus play? Hear me now.  
 Never will I be nice unless it's to  
 fool people. Never will I help  
 another unless it helps me more.  
 Never will I befriend a lowly  
 servant, or anyone! Daddy's death  
 won't be in vain. He taught me to  
 be a killer, now he shows me  
 kindness leads to death.

Trumpigula turns off the video and notices a picture of he  
 with his parents. He stares and tears up.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A 13 year old Trumpigula walks in. He sees a note on the  
 bed. He picks it up.

MARY (V.O.)  
 Dear beautiful son. I love you,  
 Trumpy, sooo much, even if I don't  
 understand you and your daddy. I  
 feel this is a dream turning into a  
 nightmare I can't wake from. Plus,  
 I really don't like my donkey head.  
 I'm sorry, but I need to leave. I  
 hope I will greet you one day. Love  
 Always, Your Mommy.

Trumpigula hangs his head down and falls to the floor.

TRUMPIGULA  
 (sadly)  
 Mommy! Ahhhhhhhhh!

END FLASHBACK.



INT. FRED'S OFFICE - PREVIOUS SCENE

Trumpigula stares at the photo, finishing his memory and tears. He wipes his eyes, gets up, walks towards the door, then sees a framed note written by Fred hanging on the wall. The note says: ALL ANIMEN ARE EQUAL

TRUMPIGULA  
(angrily)  
Daddy! Ahhhhhhhh!

30 YEARS LATER

INT. TRUMPYRAMID - DAY

A larger and more hoglike Trumpigula sits at his desk in his office. There's a knock on the door.

TRUMPIGULA  
Come in!

In walks BASTARD CONRAD, a pigman, who heads to the desk.

BASTARD  
Trumpigula! Thanks for letting me in! I know you're busy scheming here in your pyramid, so I really appreciate that. I'm Bastard Conrad, director of programming at Hog Studios. I'm a yuge fan of you!

Bastard holds his hand out for Trumpigula to shake. Trumpigula looks at it and scoffs.

TRUMPIGULA  
Sit down.

Trumpigula points to a chair. Bastard sits down.

BASTARD  
We've been watching you, Trumpigula. We want to take your fame and persona and give you a wider audience. How would you like to have your own television show?

Trumpigula's eyes widen.

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
Yeah, yeah, go for it!

Trumpigula squirms. His grabber winds around him under his clothes, prodding Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA

My own show, huh. What's the catch?  
There's always a catch.

BASTARD

No, no, no! You are the catch.  
Peeples can't get enough of you. We  
just want you to be you. It's  
called Reality T.V.. You just do  
what you do and we film it. It'll  
be a yuge hit! You'll be making  
lots of bacon!

TRUMPIGULA

Ha! You think I need more money!?  
I'm the richest animan around by a  
long shot, guaranteed! You see this  
ginormous pyramid? The view from  
here is terrific! Better than  
anyone's! You see that vault? I can  
barely fit anymore in it, and  
that's just one of my vaults! Piggy  
bank, shmiggy bank. I don't need  
more money. But a wider audience?  
That's what I need.

BASTARD

You're such a winner. We want to  
show the world your perfection.

TRUMPIGULA

The world needs to see me. This is  
how it's going to be. My show will  
be fantastic, really. Greater than  
anything ever was, you'll see. It  
needs a point, though, something to  
show how I do my deals. I want  
people to tremble at my power, to  
worship me, to be their god! Snort!

BASTARD

Whatever you want, we'll make  
happen. It'll be the yugest hit.

TRUMPIGULA

I'm calling the show THE MENACE.  
All you peeples are surrounded by  
rotten menaces. I'm the one who  
destroys them. I'm gonna be like  
Fluke Slystalker wielding his

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
light-saber. Any menace out there,  
I'm gonna chop down.

Trumpigula pretends he's fighting with a light-saber.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
People will see that it's me the  
world needs to stop my country from  
not being great. What's that?  
You're a terrorists? I'm gonna grab  
you by your family jewels until you  
squeal like a donkeyman! I'll turn  
you into a tearerist, you cry-baby  
menace-maker!

Trumpigula puts his fists to his eyes, fake crying.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
Oh, you see how much murder and  
mayhem there is in this country.  
Utterly atrocious! All these hoody-  
wearing hoodlum menaces causing  
crime in the cities. I'm gonna  
shoot them all, gangland style.

Trumpigula pretends he's holding a machine gun, shooting.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
For so long, there's been this  
giant sucking sound coming from  
Canada and Mexico, where they have  
legal brothels. Those Beavermen and  
Cucarachamen are stealing Amarycan  
jobs! I'm gonna roast them into  
burritos and chop suey a la  
Trumpigula! I'll put Amaryca to  
work harder than anybody ever has!

Trumpigula snorts. Bastard is extremely aroused.

BASTARD  
What about those nature wack-jobs?  
The ones who think snailmen are  
more important than pigmen? The  
ones who think all animen are  
equal? The ones who want to turn us  
all into communistas?

TRUMPIGULA  
Salt 'em and fry 'em. They'll be  
escargone!

BASTARD

Ooohhh boy! This must be a dream, Trumpigula! This show seems so petty now. You should run for President, instead!

Bastard whinnies around the room.

TRUMPIGULA

I already am. But I need to do the show first. I want Amarycans to see me in action. I want them to beg for me to run for President because they need me.

BASTARD

This is better than I hoped for. Do we have a deal, then?

TRUMPIGULA

Bastard boy, this is the best deal you'll ever get. Now get the snot out of here! I'll call you when I'm ready. We're filming right in my office. The viewers will see me as looking like their president, and they'll believe I am!

BASTARD

Yes sir, President Trumpigula! I love the sound of it!

Bastard puts his hand out to shake Trumpigula's.

TRUMPIGULA

I don't do that. Germs.

BASTARD

Whatever you say, but it's expected if you're running for president.

TRUMPIGULA

Snot! ... Germs are your menace? Covered. I'll eliminate germs. Boom! Gone!

Trumpigula puts out his hand. Bastard, wide-eyed and smiling, shakes Trumpigula's hand with both of his and kisses his fingers, as Trumpigula winces. Bastard leaves. Trumpigula rushes to his sink and scrubs his hands.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Snot, snot, snot! I hate shaking  
 hands! Peeple don't deserve to  
 touch me unless I'm grabbing them!

Trumpigula grumbles, looks in the mirror, and practices his  
 best menace-destroying dictatorial face.

3 YEARS LATER

EXT. OUTSIDE TRUMPYRAMID - DAY

The streets are packed with people holding signs like  
 TRUMPIGULA KILLS MENACES, WE LOVE TRUMPIGULA!, and  
 TRUMPIGULA FOR PRESIDENT. A helicopter approaches and lands  
 on top of Trumpyramid. Trumpigula exits the helicopter and  
 walks to the mic on the lookout.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Y'all ready to see me end menaces!?

The crowd cheers.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Wait 'til you see this season of  
 The Menace. Destroying menaces the  
 last two seasons was sooo  
 fantastic. Let me tell you, this  
 season will be the best ever!

More cheering.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 I've got a lineup of menaces this  
 season for you, folks. Three drug  
 dealers, four rapists, two illegal  
 aliens who want your jobs, three  
 environmental terrorists, a real  
 live member of IKIS, and three  
 journalists. Plus, of course, a few  
 phonies who are completely  
 innocent. These menaces will  
 attempt to evade me as I track them  
 down. You all know the possible  
 outcomes. They'll go back to jail,  
 they'll attempt to prove to me  
 they're a fake phony, or they'll  
 die!

The crowd roars even louder. They chant PRESIDENT T.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I hear you. They say hogmen aren't politicians, that we're just businessmen, and jackassmen are the politicians. I'm the greatest businessman ever, as you all know. I'm also a community activist busy destroying menaces. I don't know about this president thing. I think my skills are needed doing actual good for you folks. I know, you're all disappointed, but let me at least introduce season three of the greatest show ever, The Menace!

The crowd goes wild. They start chanting TRUMPIGULA. Trumpigula smiles and leaves the stage.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - DAY

Trumpigula sits at a large conference table surrounded by files. Around the table sit the menaces. Trumpigula pounds his fist on the table.

TRUMPIGULA

You're all just a bunch of menaces. Only one of you scum will survive to the final episode of my super popular and Splemmy Award-winning hit show. You know the drill. I got your files here. I know where you excel at creating menaces. I'll send you out into the world to do menace. One by one, I will hunt you and end your menacing. If you're lucky, you'll survive to the final episode. You won't survive past that episode, you know.

The menaces look very serious and nod their heads.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I've been going over your files. Pretty much have them memorized.

Trumpigula points to a menace.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Durkle McFiend. You've been in prison 15 years for dealing drugs at a junior high. You've done solitary confinement nineteen

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 times. You shived your cellmate  
 while he slept, twice. You're  
 pretty much a complete, rotten  
 menace. You think you'll escape me?

Trumpigula smiles.

DURKLE  
 I've watched every episode of your  
 show, not that I had a choice. That  
 said, I've a pretty good idea of  
 your weakness. So yeah, you'll see  
 me on the last episode.

Trumpigula's smile turns to scorn. His face turns red as he  
 angrily shakes his hand, pointing towards Durkle.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Weakness!? I am pure strength! I'm  
 coming for you first, McFiend!

Trumpigula takes a drink from his glass. He looks around at  
 each menace, his expression grows more disgusted looking.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 You're all just worthless menaces.  
 None of you will survive this  
 season. The good people of this  
 country are begging me to take you  
 out. They know only I can keep you  
 and your ilk from making this  
 country not great. Everyone is  
 tired of what you're all doing.  
 Good thing I'm here to save them.  
 Trumpigula always prevails.

The director yells CUT. Bastard walks towards Trumpigula.

BASTARD  
 Great job as always, Trumpigula!  
 You've really picked up the pace  
 this season. I feel chills in the  
 air, that a seismic shift is  
 happening. It's thick and real, and  
 it's for you.

Trumpigula smiles.

TRUMPIGULA  
 You're right, Bastard. Advertisers  
 are tripling the amount they  
 normally pay. They know my huge  
 audience is watching, sending  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 ratings through the roof, that  
 they'd be stupid not to jump on the  
 Trumpigula Train. I'm the biggest  
 star Planet Irks has ever had, and  
 just getting bigger.

BASTARD  
 Oh, I know, Trumpigula. I knew  
 you'd pay off for us. But like you  
 said, it's not about the money,  
 it's about the audience. Yours  
 itches for more. Mmm, oh yeah!

TRUMPIGULA  
 Quiet, Bastard! They're talking  
 about me on Fux News. Turn it up!

A crew member turns up the TV. The menaces take selfies.

FUX NEWS  
 We're back, talking about  
 Trumpigula, like usual. At this  
 very moment, he's filming the first  
 episode of this seasons' The  
 Menace. Peeple are gathered outside  
 Trumpyramid, hoping to catch a  
 glimpse of the menaces, and,  
 really, of Trumpigula destroying  
 them. Some critics think that even  
 though The Menace is reality TV,  
 special effects are used. However,  
 human rights groups are protesting  
 the inhumanity of the show. They  
 allege no one knows where any of  
 the past menaces are.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Hogwash! Fake news!

FUX NEWS  
 Most sensible peeple, though, love  
 Trumpigula's straight-shooting  
 tough-talk. The buzz to get him to  
 run for President grows daily,  
 since Amarycans are tired of the  
 political elites driving Amaryca  
 down. It's obvious Trumpigula is  
 our savior. Peeple want to feel  
 safe again. Peeple want the illegal  
 aliens gone. Peeple want their  
 good-paying jobs back. Peeple want  
 the one person willing and able to  
 destroy the menaces in our lives,  
 (MORE)



FUX NEWS (cont'd)  
 to lead the country back to the  
 great-old glory days, and  
 especially, to get rid of the pork  
 Congress keeps wasting our tax-  
 dollars on. We really want someone  
 with business experience, who knows  
 how to make lots of money. Peeple  
 want President Trumpigula, and Fux  
 does, too.

TRUMPIGULA  
 That's more like it. I feel like  
 Twatting. I just started doing it.  
 I love Twatter. I can say anything  
 and don't need to type more than so  
 many characters. Straight and to  
 the point. I already got a  
 bagillion followers. It's great.

Trumpigula pulls out his phone and Twats THE MENACE IS BST  
 SHW EVR! I'LL DEFEET ANY MENACE THERE EVR IS! NO 1 CAN STOP  
 TRUMPIGULA!

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Twatting is terrific. I already got  
 tons of reTwats on that one.

Bastard pulls out his phone.

BASTARD  
 Ohhh! My mom just reTwatted your  
 Twat, and hash-twagged me!

TRUMPIGULA  
 Your 15 minutes of fame. I'm  
 contagious. Soon, I'll infect all.

INT. TRUMPYRAMID ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Trumpigula Twats with his grabber and eats with his hands.  
 He Twats JUST BACK FROM CLUB LUV. NASTY FROGWOMAN TRIED TO  
 STICK HER TONGUE DOWN MY SNOOT. 1 LESS MENACE ALIFE!

Twatter users reply:

I LOVE CLUB LUV! FOR A GREAT TIME!!!

UM, DID HE JUST CONFESS TO MURDER!?? PLUS USE SPELCHEK!!

I SWEAR I SAW HIM WITH QUEERMIT THE FROGWOMAN TOGETHER  
 TONIGHT! CHECK THE SURVEILLANCE VIDEOS!

Trumpigula struts into his house. His grabber sways as he Twats:

SHOOLDN'T DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENSE APLY TO ME, TO, AND NOT JUST BRAROCK WHOSANE YOMAMMA?

I WAS BORN IN THE USA. THAT WAS THE GREATEST DAY. CAN YOMAMMA SAY SAME? PLUS YOMAMMA HAS NO BALLS.

WHERE'S PROOF HE WAS BORND HERE. HE MAY HAVE TWO FOAL, BUT SIX WOULD BE GREAT. OBLIVIOUSLY THAT GUY'S GOT NO BALLS!!!

He sits down and smiles. There's a knock on the door. Trumpigula's grabber races into his pants. He walks to the door and opens it. Two COPS, boarmen, are there.

COP 1

Sorry to bother you, Trumpigula, it's just that, well, you sent out a Twat that some peepke think means you killed someone, particularly Queermit the transvestite frogwoman, since he, she, whatever, is missing. Did you see Queermit at Club Luv tonight?

TRUMPIGULA

Who?

COP 2

Queermit. She's a transvestite frogman, frogwoman, whatever.

TRUMPIGULA

I don't know what you're talking about. I've been filming my great show The Menace all day.

COP 1

Oh, I love your show! Um, didn't you Twat earlier tonight saying, you know, you were at Club Luv?

TRUMPIGULA

I don't know what you're talking about. I was filming my great show The Menace all day.

Trumpigula's grabber emerges from his pants and does the mesmerization dance, hypnotizing the cops.

COP 2

Trumpigula fights menaces all day.  
He's on our side. Queermit is  
probably a menace, anyway.

TRUMPIGULA

That's exactly what my Twat said.  
If anybody ever says anything bad  
about me, you be sure to stop them.  
Besides, it's all a publicity  
stunt, anyways. You know, fake news  
and all? You can't believe anything  
these days, except me.

COPS 1

Finally, someone who speaks the  
truth! You should run for  
president, Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA

Oh, I already am. I already am.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

PRESIDENT BRAROCK YOMAMMA, a black and white jackassman sits  
at his desk. An AIDE, a white jackassman sits nearby.

YOMAMMA

That Trumpigula guy is really  
irritating. I think he needs to be  
taught a lesson, hmmm? I want to  
roast him at this year's National  
Correspondence Dinner. Send him an  
invitation. Tell him it's a night  
to pig-out and pay honor to him. He  
likes food and being paid.

AIDE

Sir, don't you think it's a bit  
beneath you to respond to him like  
this? He's only going to feel  
encouraged. He's the type of person  
who's best ignored.

YOMAMMA

You're probably right, but damn,  
it'll be fun.

INT. NATIONAL CORRESPONDUNCE DINNER - NIGHT

Trumpigula mills about the crowd who lavish him. Everyone is in good spirits. DICKY DUCKMAN approaches Trumpigula.

DICKY

Trumpigula, good to see you here. Quack. Surprised, quactually, considering all the stuff you've quacked about Yomamma. Quack quack.

TRUMPIGULA

The guys got no balls, but I don't hold that against him, except it makes him the worst president ever. But anyways, I'm not one to miss a ritzy Bar-B-Que or a hot foxywoman. Yowsa!

Trumpigula sees a foxywoman. He pushes Dicky out of the way, then walks towards her. Someone shouts THE PRESIDENT'S HERE.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Me?

Everyone rushes to their seats. Trumpigula moves slowly and is the last one to his seat, making a scene along the way. President Yomamma walks out to the podium while everyone except Trumpigula stands and cheers. Trumpigula is annoyed he cannot see Yomamma, so he stands.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

How could that jackassman who has no balls and no grabber get such adoration? That's really annoying. I can't wait to be the guy up there getting worshiped.

YOMAMMA

Thank you. Thank you. Please. Please. Sit down. Sit down. Careful those seated near Trumpigula, as he might squish you with that great, big booty of his.

Everyone laughs, except Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

What's going on? I'm the one who's supposed to be insulting others. And what's wrong with a great, big booty?

YOMAMMA

It's so good of Trumpigula to make it out of his pyramid-scheme on his magic carpet to join us mortals. Do you suppose he's here to fight menaces? Maybe he knows something our precious NSASS doesn't.

The audience laughs.

YOMAMMA (cont'd)

Well, actually, I know. He's here to plan the remodel of the White House, our uniquely Roman-looking presidential compound. He wants to make it Egyptian! Our beloved and always honest NSASS hacked into his ePhone. Can we see the pictures of the White House he Photoslopped?

The audience laughs hard at the picture on the screen: Trumpyramid overlaid on the White House with Trumpigula and bikini-clad womanimen sunbathing on the lawn.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

What the ...!

Trumpigula wears a stern, red face. His grabber bursts out, causing carnage in the room. The daydream ends. Trumpigula sits in the chair with the crowd still laughing.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Take a chill-pill, pigman. Don't blow yo top. Use the anga. You've got yo grabba. You'll get the last laugh at that jackassman foo'!

YOMAMMA

Trumpigula, sir, with all due disrespect, The Menace is not reality but a snotty, animated, TV sitcom. You have no idea what dangers our country faces. You live in a pretentious bubble. Your only interest is your own selfishness. I may not have balls as big as a hogman, but you have no worth.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Oh, ouchee. That's a zinger, since you've felt worthless eva since yo mommy left cause she didn't value you. Now you grab everything to up

(MORE)

BLOWSY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 yo worth. I know yo never able to  
 appease the worthlessness you  
 always feel. I'm sorry, man.

Trumpigula puts his head down. Yomamma keeps joking, his  
 voice indistinct. People laugh harder and harder, in slo-mo.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)  
 I will be president. I'll get the  
 last laugh, if it's the last thing  
 I grab.

EXT. TRUMPYRAMID - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) The streets are filled with Trumpigula supporters celebrating.
- B) An airplane that appears to be burning flies above.
- C) A parachutist jumps out and lands on top of Trumpyramid.
- D) It appears the parachutist is Trumpigula.
- E) The crowd goes wild.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The crowd goes wild. Trumpigula wakes from his nap on his  
 couch upon hearing the roar. His grabber pops out and knocks  
 him off the couch. He stands, farts, and walks to the window  
 to see the crowd below as his grabber sways near his head.

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
 Yeah, my hogman, that's all for you.

The crowd chants TRUMPIGULA. Trumpigula smiles smugly and  
 walks out to the lookout on top of Trumpyramid. The camera  
 rolls. The giant video screens show the speech.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Did you see that? That was  
 terrific. Terrific! That's what I  
 call a reentry, folks, because I'm  
 telling you, I'm entering the race  
 to run to be your president of the  
 United States of Amaryca!

The crowd loudly cheers.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
None of the politically-correct jackassmen politicians can stop the menaces invading this not great country. All they do is lie and lie, especially Yomamma, who everyone agrees is the worst president ever! The truth is, he and the rest are making my country worse, folks. Worse and worse, every day. Sad really, so sad.

He pauses for dramatic flair, then roars hog-wildly.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Do you want your daughters to be raped by illegal aliens!? Do you!?

THE CROWD roars NO!

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
No, you don't! Yomamma and the rest are letting rapists, criminals and terrorists into this country, as I speak! Unbelievable! They need to be stopped, now! Do you want your lousy jobs to be stolen by some goon in China or Mexico or whatever Zeus-damned country they're snotting in? Do you!?

CROWD  
 No!

TRUMPIGULA  
 Then why are you letting the jackassmen do that? They need to go, now! When I'm your President, I'm gonna build a wall around this country that will keep you and your jobs here and make Amaryca great!

The crowd cheers, but not so loud. Various shots of the animen's reactions occur during the speech.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Folks, the politicians ruining this country are letting any old brown cowman in. They don't care if those people are deplorables! They don't even care if they don't speak English or they wear funny-looking hats! They don't care if they don't  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 pay taxes and are stealing from the  
 system!

These brown cowmen are now lurking  
 in my country. They aren't anything  
 like me. I need to find out who all  
 of them are. When I'm making the  
 rules, each and every one of them  
 will be identified and shipped out  
 of this country to where they  
 belong.

A group of brown cowmen look shocked and scared as other  
 animen stare at them.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 When I'm President, none of those  
 bad peeples will even get close to  
 the border. Read my lips: no  
 terrorist is gonna enter this  
 country unless they're heading to  
 the gas chamber!

There's a whole religion out there,  
 folks, which wants you dead, as in  
 off with your head! They don't just  
 want your jobs or your daughters,  
 either. They want my country!

That ain't gonna happen on my  
 watch. I'm gonna grab them by the  
 balls and blaspheme them with my  
 pork hands. Allah ain't gonna take  
 them when they die after I'm done  
 with them, so help me Zeus, folks.  
 So help me, every god imaginable!

THE VIEWERS, the gods above, smile and point at each other.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Folks, it's not just snotty  
 foreigners who are menacing this  
 country. There are peeples here,  
 peeples unworthy to call themselves  
 Amarycans, peeples who are some of  
 the most terrible peeples. Peeples  
 you see on the streets. Peeples you  
 see in the stores. Peeples living  
 right next door to you.

I'm talking about those communistas  
 and buttcrack-smoking hippies.  
 They're a menace to your children

(MORE)



TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 and my way-of-life! They're causing  
 crime in the streets, folks, and  
 passing regulations that keep me  
 from conducting my business.

Those streets where you all meet,  
 babble and prostitute your wares,  
 they prowl with mayhem and abandon.  
 Those regulations they pass are  
 keeping me from drilling and  
 cutting and using this planet the  
 way Zeus intended. Instead of  
 making lots of money, they want the  
 water and air and snailmen to take  
 what's mine. They are making you  
 weak and stealing my money! They  
 are sending you down the drain and  
 making me very mad!

I tell you this, folks. When I'm  
 your President, I'm sending all  
 those menaces down the drain,  
 including the lying, crooked,  
 jackass political elites destroying  
 my country, followed by a gallon of  
 Drain-Go. They're going bye-bye.

He waves towards an imaginary drain while pretending to pour  
 the drain cleaner down. He then pretends to pee in the  
 drain. The crowd laughs.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 You're lucky this is your last  
 drink, you rotten, menacing elites.

I'm putting the lying political  
 Establishment on notice. You're all  
 going to be fired, and if you fight  
 me, you'll be fired up in my Bar-B-  
 Q, which, by the way is huge! I use  
 it all the time to cook up  
 Trumpburgers, made with the finest  
 choice byproducts. You know you  
 want my meat, folks, and I want you  
 to have it. Vote for me and you  
 deserve it.

Trumpigula's grabber wildly snakes around under his cloths.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 I know you all want me to be your  
 leader now. It feels like I am, so  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 I will be. I will lead this  
 porkulist movement from this moment  
 on. I will not rest until all the  
 menaces are eradicated or I'm  
 sitting in the White House. But,  
 first things, first. Tell your  
 friends and families to join me!  
 Anybody gives you flack, you smack  
 them in the snout until their snout  
 flies out. They are either with me  
 or against me. I will not tolerate  
 menace enablers. Do I make myself  
 clear!?

The crowd goes nuts. Trumpigula looks agitated from all his  
 grabber's movements.

SPINNING NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

- A) TRUMPIGULA WOWS THE WORLD
- B) WE NEED PRESIDENT TRUMPIGULA
- C) TRUMPIGULA OR THE HAM?
- D) HEIL TRUMPIGULA
- E) HELL NO!

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trumpigula lays on his couch watching SEE AN ENEMY NEWS.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
 Everybody's wondering, what's this  
 hogman doing running for President?  
 Pigmens run the businesses. The  
 jackassmen are the politicians.  
 Every animen has its place in  
 society. He's liberally upending  
 conservative tradition here. It's  
 bound to cause chaos.

Some love Trumpigula, though, and  
 for a look at some of those  
 sentiments, we take you to scenes  
 on the streets of Hamatten around  
 Trumpyramid, where Trumpigula made  
 his dramatic entry earlier today.

The news shows scenes of the festivities on the streets. They interview several attendees.

SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH VARIOUS ANIMEN:

- A) I'VE LIVED IN AMARYCA FIVE YEARS. TRUMPIGULA INSPIRES THIS IMMIGRANT THAT WITH HARD WORK I, TOO, CAN ACHIEVE THE AMARYCAN DREAM.
- B) (heavy New York accent) I'M ONE OF THE LUCKY GULLS WHO'VE WORKED FOR HIM FOR YEARS. HE'S TAUGHT ME LOTS, LIKE JUST BECAUSE I'M A LOOKER DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T WORK HARD.
- C) WHO WOULD BELIEVE A BILLIONAIRE HOGMAN WOULD HAVE THE AUDACITY TO HOPE HE COULD REACH HIS DREAM TO RULE OUR COUNTRY? ME!

Trumpigula smiles with each interview.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2

Though he has a small fan base, most others see him as a greedy, selfish pigman, unable to resist temptation, and basically doomed by The Fates to spend eternity in Hades when he finally leaves his fortune for the land below, save by the grace of Zeus.

For a look at his fan's views, we're joined by Dr. Krispin Smartstinger, famed sociologist who studies the right-wing views defining Trumpigula's campaign, and the social inequalities his campaign exploits.

INT. KRISPIN SMARTSTINGER'S HOME OFFICE - EVENING

KRISPIN SMARTSTINGER, a honeybeewoman sociologist, looks into the camera.

SMARTSTINGER

Listening to Trumpigula's speech today was chilling. I have to admit, even I felt tingles buzz me. It was the kind of speech we've never heard, but it felt so familiar in its primal belligerence. It made people's good parts get itchy. When we look back

(MORE)

SMARTSTINGER (cont'd)  
 at this era, I think our statistics  
 will show a resounding birth bump  
 nine months later. They ought to  
 call it the Trump Bump. Bzzz.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

Trumpigula listens to Smartstinger's comment and laughs.

INTERCUT B/N SMARTSTINGER, THE TALKING HEADS AND TRUMPIGULA

SMARTSTINGER

Trumpigula buzzed in to the rescue  
 after sexually demeaning President  
 Yomamma. His support among white  
 right-wing nationalists is what  
 drives his poll numbers up because  
 they like the way he treats  
 Yomamma, womanimen, minorities, and  
 basically everyone not a white guy.

They look at Trumpigula as an  
 authoritarian who will restore law  
 and order that the right-wing  
 thinks is in disarray. They see  
 illegal immigrants and lost jobs  
 due to out-sourcing and wonder  
 what's gone wrong.

Trumpigula learned to scapegoat  
 groups in order to gain support  
 among a certain segment of society.  
 That he has groups as enemies only  
 makes him look stronger in the eyes  
 of his followers. He's feeding into  
 the myth of the strongman.

His problem: he alienates so many  
 other groups that are adamantly  
 opposed to him personally.

TRUMPIGULA

If you knew about my grabber, you  
 wouldn't be saying that. I'll be  
 swaying lots of groups to my side,  
 honeybeewoman. I'll even sway  
 you're sociological rump. Snoort!

Trumpigula's grabber caresses the T.V. image of  
 Smartstinger.

## SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1

It does seem most peeples hate him.  
 Trumpigula's horrible reputation  
 makes his unpopularity rating  
 higher than any candidate ever to  
 run for President.

## SMARTSTINGER

He's a winner there, at least.  
 Also, now the political and social  
 landscape is dominated by  
 Trumpigula's controversial  
 campaign. The whole world is  
 talking about him. That only  
 benefits him. As far as he's  
 concerned, it's all about the buzz.

He's fed high on the hog his whole  
 life being the boss hog. He has no  
 real experience being poor and  
 struggling, but it's only natural  
 for the authoritarian friendly and  
 education-deficient peeples to fly  
 towards him. He will be a force to  
 reckon with. I predict an  
 unpredictable campaign season.

## TRUMPIGULA

Wow, for a womaniman, this  
 Smartstinger sure is smart. The  
 only thing she doesn't know is that  
 my grabber guarantees me victory.

## SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2

The fact that the majority of  
 Amarycans despise Trumpigula  
 because of his glitzy flamboyance  
 and utterly annoying behavior does  
 little to deter him. I think you're  
 right, Dr. Smartstinger, this  
 should be a campaign season to  
 remember.

EXT. TRUMPIGULA CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

Trumpigula is on stage rallying his supporters.

## TRUMPIGULA

That's right folks, you heard me  
 say it a bagillion times. Let me  
 tell you again, that while Brarock  
 Whosane Yomamma might have two

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
foal, six would be great. So, obviously, he has no balls! This is why he's made Amaryca so ungreat, and why you should choose me to be your leader. Have you ever seen hog balls? It takes two hands to hold them, folks. I've got more down there than all jackassmen combined.

Trumpigula points towards his crotch. The crowd roars as Trumpigula's grabber snakes around him, hidden under his cloths, poking its fingers out, spraying a mist.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
This is sooo terrific. I get all these amazing feelings being surrounded by you peepole who do whatever I tell you to. It's amazing. I feel like a rock star, only sexier. Amazing, really. I can't wait to be the leader of you all, who will then do anything I tell you to. Amaryca will be a great country, finally, when I'm in command.

Now, to mess with the Establishment and show how conservative we are, let's all do the Hokey-Pokey, now. Come on, you know how.

*You put your right wing in.  
You take your left wing out.  
You put your right wing in  
and you shake it all about.  
You do the hokey pokey and  
the world goes upside down.  
That's what it's all about.*

Trumpigula gleams over his crowd as they all do the hokey-pokey, singing along.

BLOWSY (V.O.)  
You da man! That's what it's all about! Don't forget I know what you're thinking. You can't be having them pull their pants down. The Viewers' kids are watching!

What you need to do is say this:

THOSE ALIENS OUT THERE, I WILL  
DEFEAT THEM! WHEN THEY ARRIVE...

Trumpigula's eyes grow wider in dismay. He repeats.

TRUMPIGULA

Those aliens out there, I will defeat them! When they arrive, you must listen to me and destroy them. They want to grab my almost great country, but we will stop them. You, me, and my Trusty Memba'.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Trumpigula strokes up and down his body, trying to contain the grabber that attempts to poke out. Trumpigula looks annoyed.
- B) The crowd cheers, holding up signs saying TRUMPIGULA THE GREAT, BANISH THE ALIENS, and WHERE'S THE MEAT?
- C) Womanimen flash him.

Trumpigula waves and walks off stage.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trumpigula lays on his couch watching Fux News.

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 1

Today, Trumpigula proved he's ready to lead Amaryca into greatness. Not many politicians can sing, let alone choreograph their campaign rally to do a hokey dance. The Hokey-Pokey is what it's all about, Amaryca, and we need to hokey-pokey the aliens invading this country. If they won't assimilate into our hokey ways, then we will pokey them out of our country.

TRUMPIGULA

Wow, that's way heavier than I thought. I just like being able to get peeples to do what I say. But Fux nailed it. The Hokey-Pokey is what it's about. Assimilate or die.

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 2

That's why Trumpigula now leads the Reakchublican delegate count. With one more debate left to seal the

(MORE)

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)  
 deal, everyone's wondering, will he call Joke Bush a retard, again? Will Det Luzer's wife be compared to a dogman? Will Trumpigula say, WHEEERE'S JONNY? to Jonny Carson's cousin, Dr. Flem Carson, the fifth time? Of course, Wittle Marble Spewbio', as Trumpigula calls him, has long dropped out since he couldn't keep it up, so no little jokes.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Unbelievable! All these Reaker chumps. Easy meat! They would never survive as businessmen. I can't wait to destroy them tonight.

INT. REAKCHUBRICAN DEBATE - NIGHT

The Reakchubrican candidates are on stage debating who is the most conservative.

DET LUZER  
 I'm the only one up here who was voted in by the Teabag Party, guys. I have a record of conservatively over-reacting. So there.

FLEM CARSON  
 What we need is a neurosurgeon, me, so we can finally lobotomize the liberals. Top that, guys.

JOKE BUSH  
 I am not my brother George. Guys?

TRUMPIGULA  
 Let me tell you something, boys. You see people wave WHERE'S THE MEAT? signs at my rallies, which I love. Either they haven't found the concessions selling tasty Trumpburgers, or they wanna know what I'm packing.

Trumpigula grabs his crotch.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Well, it's right here. My Trusty Member's bigger than you'll ever squealing know. It's magical,  
 (MORE)



TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 folks, and it will literally grab  
 any menace and kill it. Amaryca  
 will be great for once, when I'm in  
 charge. Remember that!

The crowd gasps, then laughs. Trumpigula's grabber sprays  
 mist out from Trumpigula's cloths. The other candidates hang  
 their heads down. Mary sits in the audience and looks sad.

MARY (V.O.)  
 Oh, Trumpy. I love you, but you're  
 breaking my heart. I wish I never  
 left you mommyless. Neigh.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trumpigula lays on his couch, watching See An Enemy News.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
 To talk about your schnitzel at a  
 debate is just the most asinine  
 thing a presidential candidate  
 could do. Children are watching  
 these debates, you know.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2  
 Some say his cock-talk implies  
 Trumpigula will screw the country  
 over harder than anyone. Mostly, it  
 endears him to the working class,  
 who keep electing jackassmen after  
 jackassmen, and still the world  
 sucks. Since Trumpigula is so well-  
 endowed and filthy rich, he must be  
 amazing, they believe. Since he  
 actually destroyed menaces all on  
 his own, why not give him nuclear  
 weapons and classified information?  
 Let him use his giant hog balls to  
 screw over the menaces. Let the  
 great times roll for Amaryca!

TRUMPIGULA  
 For once you're right!

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
 Don't forget about the way he talks  
 about Trumpburgers. It's an  
 ingenious marketing scam that makes  
 his speeches palatable to that so-  
 called working-class. The audience  
 (MORE)

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1 (cont'd)  
 is always hungry for more, but even  
 the food he sells is junk.

Since Trumpcookies and Trumpbeer  
 usually sell out at his rallies,  
 photographers have pictures of  
 people at his events putting on  
 noticeable weight over the campaign  
 season. Nutritionists have  
 officially coined a term for this  
 weight gain. It's called the Trump  
 Plump.

Trumpigula looks proud.

TRUMPIGULA

That's because I'm making Amaryca  
 great! Everyone will plump up with  
 my stuff, that's for sure. The rest  
 of your thoughts are human snot.

Trumpigula turns the channel to Fux News.

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 1

Everyone just needs to chill out  
 and give Trumpigula a chance. Do  
 not judge the poor, er, rich guy,  
 or lest you be judged. Don't  
 believe all you hear about  
 Trumpigula, except on Fux News. You  
 know you wish you could be like  
 Trumpigula, anyway. Admit it.

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 2

Besides, it looks like Trumpigula's  
 delegate lead is insurmountable.  
 Obviously, most Reaker voters don't  
 judge Trumpigula badly, probably  
 for fear of living in a glass  
 house. Against all odds, this has  
 allowed the outsider candidate to  
 be the Reaker front runner. It  
 really speaks volumes to the  
 leadership qualities Trumpigula  
 possesses. Not many people with so  
 much baggage can inspire such a  
 following. It's rather miraculous,  
 like Trumpigula is blessed by Zeus.

TRUMPIGULA

Exactly! That's why I have my  
 grabber which makes me the ultimate  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
deal-maker. Nothing can stop me  
from becoming ruler of the world.

SPINNING NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

- A) TRUMPIGULA WINS REAKER NOM
- B) ONE MORE STEP TO PRESIDENT TRUMPIGULA
- C) WHAT, ME SNOT WORRY?
- D) TH-TH-THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - DAY

Trumpigula sits at his desk. M I DENSE, the governor of  
Indianne, sits in the opposite chair.

TRUMPIGULA  
So Dense, they tell me you're a  
team player. Don't ask many  
questions. Just want to do the will  
of Zeus, that right?

GOVERNOR DENSE  
Oh, gosh, I guess I do wear my  
heart on my sleeve. I only want to  
do what Zeus guides me to do, which  
is to obey his word as written in  
the Holy Fables.

TRUMPIGULA  
Yeah, perfect. You know I'm blessed  
by Zeus, right?

GOVERNOR DENSE  
Well, you aren't specifically  
mentioned in the Holy Fables. What  
you say might be interpreted as  
hubris.

TRUMPIGULA  
Hu-bris?

GOVERNOR DENSE  
Yeah, where someone has too much  
pride and arrogance.

TRUMPIGULA  
I only have Truth. Wanna see Proof?

GOVERNOR DENSE

Proof?

Trumpigula's grabber emerges and sways toward Dense, who touches it.

TRUMPIGULA

Don't do that! What are you thinking? Nobody does that!

GOVERNOR DENSE

What is it? It's so warm and fleshy.

TRUMPIGULA

You're asking too many questions.

Dense keeps staring at the grabber, his finger pointing.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Well, I guess I can tell you because I'll make you forget about it, anyway. Funny, I've never talked with anyone about it. Kind of weird, this, but whatever.

So Zeus has blessed me, duh. This grabber gets me anything and everything, but it also keeps me from showing it to the world, since it'll fall off if people see it and I don't kill or hypnotize them.

So I have to keep it under wraps. Even though this thing might stretch to the moon and back, for all I know, I have to keep it in my sight out of sight from everyone else. Imagine how snotty that is!

Dense makes a thinking face.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

It's in some ways a burden. It's not easy being Zeus's blessed, but I'm willy to make the sacrifice.

So, now I'm gonna be president, and, let me tell you, I really don't like to work, so I need you to do my bidding. You know the system. Show me how to screw it up.

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

We're going to destroy the Establishment for good, and help dissolve the United States of Amaryca as we know it because it's so horrible. It'll be great. We'll destroy anything that keeps me from becoming the emperor Amaryca needs.

GOVERNOR DENSE

Well, I don't know. That's not what I read in the Holy Fable.

Trumpigula's grabber starts the mesmerization dance.

TRUMPIGULA

You were saying what a great idea.

GOVERNOR DENSE

Emperor Trumpigula, what dost thou commandst of me?

Trumpigula sits back and smiles.

TRUMPIGULA

Perfect. You're a keeper.

INT. REAKCHUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVICTION 2016 - NIGHT

Trumpigula mingles with his party members. All of them cater to him completely. Loud music blasts in the room. Someone yells TWO MINUTES TO TRUMPIGULA'S EPIC SPEECH. He walks to the edge of the stage. The music stops and the MC speaks.

MC

Are you ready for the greatest President of the United States of Amaryca?

The crowd goes wild.

MC (cont'd)

Then get ready for the one and only gift from Zeus, our savior, the hogman who always gets what he wants, and we'll get what we want because we want what he wants. Someone who I personally find very appealing, someone who I look up to, someone I'd trust my own daughter with. Blenda, please stand so Trumpigula can see you. Thanks sweetie-pie. The guy who don't lie,

MC (cont'd)  
 (singing)  
 TRUMPIGULA

The crowd starts chanting his name. Trumpigula saunters out and gives the most hammy entrance ever. He walks to the mic.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Yes, yes. That's me! Oh, so  
 beautiful to hear! Ahhh. I, I think  
 I love, yeah, I love this! That's  
 the truth! Keep it coming!

Trumpigula's grabber is winding around him under his cloths, caressing him.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 I don't want this to stop. But,  
 enough. Really. Shut it.

The crowd stops chanting his name.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Ok, so here's the deal. You are my  
 army of followers and you will do  
 whatever is needed for me to win. I  
 really don't care what it takes,  
 because I'm gonna make Amaryca  
 great, so anything you do is worth  
 it. Just try not to get caught. I  
 might pay your legal fees if you  
 do, so keep that in mind.

The Demoncraps have their weak and  
 girly nominee, Silly Slikcon. Can  
 you believe that? Thank Zeus that  
 Burning Nanananders was undermined  
 by the Demons, giving us Silly, the  
 same one married to Slimy Willy  
 Slikcon, by the way. I've known  
 Slick Willy for years. Nice guy, but  
 boy, he's slimy. Silly's no better,  
 though she's way funnier than Slimy.  
 Still, easily defeatable.

You saw what I did to the menaces  
 and the Reaker candidates, so you  
 know what I'm gonna do to Silly.  
 She's going down, even if I need to  
 grab her down. I'm pretty much  
 President Trumpigula now,  
 considering that.

The crowd starts chanting PRESIDENT TRUMPIGULA. He smiles.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
So, really, the next few months  
will be a cake-walk. Once I'm  
officially recognized as President,  
Amaryca will finally be great!

10 YEARS EARLIER

INT. ASSEXX HOLLOWOOD TOUR BUS - DAY

Trumpigula rides on the bus, bantering with a few Assexx  
Hollowood representatives, including BILLY BLUSH, a catman.

TRUMPIGULA  
I moved on her. Actually, she was  
down in Palm Beach. I moved on her  
and I scored. I'll admit it. I  
mounted her. She was married.

BLUSH  
That's huge news.

TRUMPIGULA  
Francine, no this was, oh who  
knows, I moved on her. Very  
heavily. In fact, I took her out  
cage shopping. She was a bunnywoman  
and wanted to get a kinky cage. I  
said I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY HAVE  
SOME KINKY STUFF. I took her to my  
place. I moved on her like I  
usually do. It was great.

The bus pulls into the parking lot.

BLUSH  
Sheesh, your girl's hot as a  
burger. In the purple.

Blush points to a bunnywoman dressed in a tight purple  
blouse standing in the parking lot. Trumpigula and Blush  
high-five each other.

TRUMPIGULA  
Whoa! Yes! Whoa! That's what I'm  
talking 'bout. I got the best job,  
and it only gets better everyday,  
being able to grab anything and  
anyone I want, whenever! Hubachuba!

BLUSH

Yeah, that's her in the purple.  
What lips and legs. You want some  
Tic Tacs? You're breath stinks. No  
offense. Just looking out for a  
bro.

Trumpigula glares at him.

TRUMPIGULA

You don't know who you're talking  
about. I don't need no breath  
mints. I've got everything I need  
already packed in my pants.

Let me tell you, when I start  
kissing her. You know, I'm  
automatically attracted to  
beautiful. I just start kissing  
them. It's like a magnet. Just  
kiss. I don't even wait. And when  
you've got a grabber, they let you  
do it. I can do anything.

BLUSH

Whatever you want.

TRUMPIGULA

Grab them by the kittyhole. I can  
do anything and anyone at any time.  
It's beautiful.

The bus stops. The animen get off. Trumpigula gives the  
bunnywoman a big hug, squeezing her tail.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trumpigula sits at his desk. SSSSMELLYASSSSS CONWAY, a  
snakewoman, sits in the chair opposite.

TRUMPIGULA

So Conway, they tell me you're the  
slimiest snakewoman around. That  
you can bend and contort and twist  
yourself and facts like no other.

Conway sways in her chair. Her tongue flicks out randomly.  
She never blinks.

CONWAY

Here'ssss the thing, Trumpssster,  
which, by the way, sssoundsss  
(MORE)



CONWAY (cont'd)

sssimilar to dumpssster which is where you'll be throwing the entire Esstablishment sso you can be the leader of a country that's gotten sso rotten, not even a handsome hogman sssuch ass yourssself will even eat here any more sso you fly to Russia where you see how great thingsss are and jussst want to make Amaryca great, too, which is a great thing to want to do, sso anyone who ever sssaysss anything nasssty about you will sssuffer my wrathhh, since I can needle my way through any crevissss you show me, and find my intended victim. Flick.

Trumpigula's grabber pinches him out of the trance he was placed in while Conway was speaking.

TRUMPIGULA

Whoa! I just had a feeling of what it's like to be on the receiving end of my grabber. Not a fun place, let me tell you. You're good, just the person I need to help clean up the Asssexx Hollowood tape messsss.

CONWAY

Yesss, I know exactly what to do. Pluss, having a womaniman be your campaign chief is just what you need. Most womanimen don't want sssome guy grabbing their kittyhole, by the way. Me, I don't care, so away we go. I'm here for whatever you need me for.

Conway leans in swaying and flicks her tongue a few times.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Anything. Flick flick.

Trumpigula leans back with a disgusted look on his face.

TRUMPIGULA

Be a good girl. Clean up my mess.

INT. TRUMPIGULA CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Conway is being interviewed by See An Enemy News.

CONWAY

That'sss exactly what I mean. It wasss locker room cock-talk, the kind of ssstuff mosst normal and healthy animen, maybe not you, and many womanimen, by the way, enjoy talking about, you know, lockerssss and the thingsss that rhyme with lock you want to ssstick inssside of them, too, sso there, which iss where we are now, Trumpigula leading in all of the pollsss because peepel respect hisss pole and ability to make dealsss like nobody'sss bussinesss, which is why after you go to a locker room, you take a shower sso you feel clean, which iss what Amaryca will be with Pressident Trumpigula, the cleanest pigman and greatesst leader ever. Flick flick flick.

Water is thrown on the hypnotized talking head, who snaps out of it.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1

So you don't deny Trumpigula said what was on that tape, fine. Has he ever tried to grab your kittyhole?

CONWAY

The whole point of everything iss to undersstand that tapes make sounds when you play them and sssoundsss are thingsss we hear with our earsss sso while sssometimessss thingsss sseem confusssing itsss because the media makesss a lot of sssoundsss that jussst shouldn't be heard, sso all that matterssss is that Trumpigula will be Pressident with me being hisss official mouth piece for him to usse at hisss pleasure. Fliiick.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1

I'll take that as a yes. With this sexually explosive information on top of the all the lying; the cheating those he had contracts with; the adultery; the pedophilic comments and incestuous innuendos; the bigotry, sexism and racism; the

(MORE)

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1 (cont'd)

ties with organized crime; the nasty things he said to his fellow animen; the narcissistic and condescending comments; the flip-flops and inconsistencies; his impossible-to-fulfill promises; and all the things most decent people try to warn and turn their children against, why in the world would you think Trumpigula is fit to be leader of the free world?

CONWAY

That'sss easy. Sssilly and Ssslick Willy Ssslikcon are worssse. Flick.

INT. TRUMPIGULA CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - ERECTION NIGHT

Trumpigula and his top campaign lieutenants are celebrating: SCREAMEN MANNON, PRINCE REAMUS, and others loaf about. The TVs all show Trumpigula has been declared the winner.

MANNON

It looks like our enemazation of the nation's grabbed a hold. Good thing you found brightfart.com when you did, considering your campaign was getting clogged. We only use the best enema doctors, you know.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah. I gotta admit, I was a bit skeptical. You live like me, and you just think you'll live forever. I never realized I need such regular enemas. I was getting bogged down there at the end, but you made me feel like a new hogman. I really feel no woh right now.

MANNON

No woh? No woh. Where have I heard that... Oh yeah! The New Old World Order! You ever hear about that?

TRUMPIGULA

The old world, like mafia stuff?

MANNON

Sort of. Pretty much yeah. What NOWO is is the new old world order, you know? Back to days when people

(MORE)

MANNON (cont'd)  
could do whatever the hump they  
wanted! We're talking robber baron.

TRUMPIGULA  
Robber baron! I love it! So  
basically the new order will be  
like it was before Amaryca had  
regulations preventing me from  
exploiting others for my own  
benefit? That's exactly my  
campaign! That's what makes Amaryca  
great. I guess it's making Amaryca  
great again, now. Shazzam!  
NOWOMAGA! New Old World Order Makes  
Amaryca Great Again. It's perfect.

MANNON  
Exactly. Which is why having me  
here giving you these great ideas  
and regular enemas is sooo  
important. Gotta make that a  
regulation. NOWOMAGA.

TRUMPIGULA  
Part of me making Amaryca great is  
the enemazation of the nation.  
Yomammacare, Shmomammacare!  
Analtractcare, here we come!

MANNON  
REAM, The Registry of Enemas for  
Americans Mandate, will insure we  
track everyone, which we can then  
use for all kinds of things. Since  
we're trying to purge the  
Establishment, we will get rid of  
all the snot keeping this country  
from being great. All those stupid  
regulations, all those ethics laws,  
all that education, they all just  
need to be flushed away like a  
great, giant enema. NOWOMAGA.

TRUMPIGULA  
See to it, Screamen. You're the  
right man for the job.

MANNON  
Will do. By the way, congrats on  
being erected President. I'll make  
sure you keep it up as long as it  
takes.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, whatever. Let's go to the Great Hall of Trumpyramid. It's time for me to declare victory.

INT. THE GREAT HALL OF TRUMPYRAMID - ERECTION NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) The hall is crowded with supporters celebrating. Music blasts.
- B) Trumpigula enters the hall. People go nuts.
- C) Trumpigula's grabber chaotically snakes under his clothing, almost ripping through his pants.
- D) Trumpigula smacks it hard. The grabber disappears.
- E) Trumpigula gets woozy and falls down.
- F) His bodyguards rush in and pick him up.
- G) He stands, gets his bearing, then gives a thumbs up.

TRUMPIGULA

Someone spilled a drink and I slipped, okay?

The crowd cheers and chants his name. Trumpigula walks to the microphone, looking dazed.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

(low energy)

Hi guys. Thanks for showing up. Can you believe this? Like, I'm gonna be President. Wow.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

Does this mean I have to work?  
Where the Hades is my grabber?

The audience looks puzzled. Someone thinks WHAT HAPPENED TO TRUMPIGULA? and yells WE LOVE YOU, TRUMPY! WE GET YOU!

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.) (cont'd)

What's happening!?

Trumpigula's head spins. He hears a trumpet blare. His grabber races out and slithers up under his shirt to his shoulder.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

I love you, too, each and every one of you, really, I do.

Trumpigula looks surprised, happy, then disgusted.

TRUMPIGULA

I love you, too, each and every one of you, really, I do. You will never know how humbled I am to stand here in front of you. It was a tough, worthwhile fight, and all of the jackassmen I fought, I thank and compliment for being such wonderful jackassmen. I love you all. You're all great.

Though I easily could, I'm not going to lock you up, Silly. I promise, like I've never promised before: honestly. No slammer for her, folks. We're gonna need her to unite with me, right now. We're all Amarycans and we need to fight together to make this country great, forever.

Trumpigula starts looking more alive. His grabber is active.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

We're not going to build a wall around the country, folks. That would be stupid and a waste of money, and not even work, anyway. I don't know who thought of that dumb idea.

All the illegal immigrants living here, you can stay, as we need you to make the country great. I don't blame you for wanting to be in this now great country, anyway. I would rather die than live where you came from, believe you me.

Trumpigula is very energized and animated. His grabber, too.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

You, media. I know you said a lot of nasty things about me I'm sure you regret. I accept your apology. I may have said a few bad things about you in the heat of the moment

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

because you made me very mad, but really, you made me and you are sooo precious for that. So really, I thank you. I couldn't have done it without you. A true gem in this now great country, folks. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. They're tough as nails and we're gonna need that for nailing aliens.

All you sows and hens and other beautiful womanimen, you know I love you. You are the most important. Even I had a mommy who I loved more than anything. Even with menstrual moodiness, you're all great, no matter what anyone says or does otherwise. I'll protect you all so you can have babies like you're supposed to. I can help you with that. I may be busy, but having babies is national security.

The womanimen are aroused. Many wave as his grabber sprays.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Speaking of you children, I know you all talk with your friends about me. Some of you might think I'm a bit creepy, but don't be scared of me. You need to get off your Eyepads and serve our country. There's a war coming, and you need to be ready, otherwise, well, healthcare under Yomamacare is a complete pathetic disaster, so if you're hurt, you're on your own.

You religious nuts who believe anything wacky, I need you to believe me. Your innumerable gods want you to follow me. They don't want you to be swept under the rug by the coming war, folks. When the time comes, I need you to have unquestioning faith in me.

You peeples who don't look like me, don't act like me, don't think like me, don't have as much class and money as me, and who generally don't like me, you need to get over it. Our very survival is depending

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 on all of us. There's a cataclysm  
 coming and no amount of Kumbaya is  
 going to destroy that menace.

All of you, unless you come  
 together under me, your lives as  
 you know it will end, and you will  
 suffer under the consequences of  
 not uniting with me.

He smiles. The crowd is silent. Most people look concerned  
 but slowly start to applaud. Trumpigula smiles, waves and  
 walks away from the podium, trying to suppress his grabber.

SPINNING NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

- A) HE'S COMPLETELY LOST IT
- B) IS THIS A NIGHTMARE?
- C) WANTED: NEW STORYTELLER
- D) HOLY SNOT! WE'RE ALL DOOMED!

EXT. TRUMPYRAMID - DAY

The streets are filled with protesters. They carry signs  
 saying NOT MY PRESIDENT, PREDATOR TRUMPY'S NOT FOR ME, WE  
 WILL NOT UNITE WITH TRUMPIGULA, and FIGHT OR DIE.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Trumpigula talks on his cell phone with the President of  
 Russia, GRABIMIR SNOOPIN, a weaselman, occasionally looking  
 down to the protesters below. He is very happy. He holds the  
 book DIARRHEA OF A BLIMPY KIDD.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Yeah, I got it. What a great gift,  
 Grabimir. Glad you still like Grog.

INT. THE RUSSIAN KRUMBLIN - NIGHT

Snoopin talks into his phone, smiling.

SNOOPIN  
 Oh, yah, Grog is great, for sure!  
 Me so glad you turned me on to da  
 blimpy kidd. He sooo funny!



INTERCUT BETWEEN TRUMPIGULA AND SNOOPIN TALKING ON THE PHONE

Trumpigula chuckles.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah. Reminds me of those times we romped around Russia before you were the bigwig. I helped you get erected then, and now you return the favor! You are a true friend, Grabi. Someone I relate with on a base level, which is really great.

SNOOPIN

Da. Me feel da same vay. Me is sooo excited you let me have me Soviet Reunion. Me campaign slogan is STRONGER AND HAPPIER TOGETHER. With everyone else falling apart, like the European Union and the United States, ve Rooskies and you vill have the greatest empire! Ve vill rule di world!

TRUMPIGULA

Well, remember, Grabi, I'm calling the shots. I will rule the world. You rule the Soviet Reunion for me.

SNOOPIN

But of course! Vi would have it no other way! Dat is vi vee hacked Silly's email server and spread those fake news stories to confuse everyone. I made Silly her own vorst enemy by showing the world how much like dem she is. Peeple hold vomanimen to a much higher standard than animen. They didn't vote for her because she was too much like them!

TRUMPIGULA

That's the nicest thing anyone's ever done. I'm sure it helped.

Snoopin begins choking up.

SNOOPIN

Eets a fact, comrade, that I veel so lucky to have met you. Vin I met President Slickon as KGBG agent guarding that drunkard President

(MORE)

SNOOPIN (cont'd)

Boorish Shmeltsin, I felt such humiliation that capitalism destroyed communism. Both our countries ver bloated with debt, but yours learned to grind other countries down to exploit their vealth better than vi did, with your pleasurable materialistic culture that I hate so.

Thus, ven old Soviet Union crumbled, vi came crawling to Slikc Villy, begging for money. I had to stand in the same room with both Slikcon and Shmeltsin stinky and hungover. Slikcon said to that slob Shmeltsin VE'LL LOAN YOU DI MONEY, BUT YOU GOTTA KISS ME FEET AND LET ME GIVE YOUR DAUGHTER A TOUR OF ME VITE HOUSE. Shmeltsin puked all over me shoes as Villy laughed loud. I never felt such anger.

Snooping's face is red. Trumpigula chuckles.

TRUMPIGULA

That sounds like the the Slikcyman I know! He's a riot! I'm sad you don't like him, but I guess I don't like him these days, too. Anyhoo, I'm just glad you were able to help get me back all my assets and secure them after Glasnost plundered my investments.

Trumpigula spits.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I can't believe I lost everything. Let me tell you, I learned that I better pay attention to the jackasses around the world trying to grab my stuff, and especially who were trying to stop conflicts. I make so much money in the defense industry. A lot of it stopped coming in when the cold war ended. Worst time ever.

SNOOPIN

Dah! Dat's a fact!

## TRUMPIGULA

I'm glad I met you when you were in town. Since Shmeltsin didn't give Slikcy his daughter, I figured why not loan you what you needed to rise in ranks and become dic, er, president of Russia. Why wouldn't I fund your Soviet Reunion? I know a good deal when I see one... I have investments all over the world, you know, with minions in other countries running my empire. All of these guys are on my beck-and-call, but it was you, President Grabimir Snoopin, who came through with the Silly leak.

## SNOOPIN

Cracking down on Glasnost was necessary step for Soviet Reunion. You know I know how much you love golden showers, so I spread di Silly leak with honor. I owe you so much, Trumpigula. It was also great pleasure to stop Silly, who eez so opposed to di great Soviet Reunion. She only wants to protect civil disunions wherever possible. So, so sad. You and me vill always be great friends, Trumpigula.

## TRUMPIGULA

Dah. That's a fact. I'll talk at you later. My new cabinets here, ready for a grilling.

A gaggle of animen enter the room. They babble among themselves saying I'M HOPING TO POLLUTE THE EPA. I'M UP FOR SECRETARY OF MISSTAKE. I'M HERE TO GIVE HIM HIS MONTHLY ENEMA. Trumpigula sits at his desk looking annoyed.

## TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Quiet!

The room goes silent.

## TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

You're all here to make what needs to happen happen. If you mess up and become my menace, I'll grab you by the balls. Got it?

The animen say YEAH, U HUH, and SURE DOOO. DR. BLASTER, Trumpigula's proctologist, says I HAVE ANOTHER ENEMA TO LUBE IN AN HOUR, CAN WE GET ON WITH IT? Trumpigula growls.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
Like I was saying! Quiet!

Trumpigula's grabber emerges from his pants. Some animen smile with excitement. Some look terrified. All stare at it.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
It's with great pleasure to anoint you all to Team Trumpigula. Some of you will fail and suffer the consequences. Some will be here just to go along on the ride. A few will sparkle and receive the ultimate blessing from the son of Zeus, me.

Trumpigula's grabber does the mesmerization dance. Everyone's eyes glaze over. Some animen look to be in ecstasy.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
Before we get started with the grilling of my cabinet; Dr. Blaster, get busy.

Trumpigula points to his rear. Dr. Blaster gives Trumpigula an enema while Trumpigula conducts his grilling.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
(grunting)  
My man Screamen and I have a new campaign hit, something that will make all the animen of Amaryca feel no woh. Let me tell you, I'll let him tell you about it. It's great. Ooohhh!

Mannon stands up. Trumpigula grunts and puts his head down, looking very uncomfortable.

MANNON  
Thank you, my dear Trumpigula. Our great leader, in fact. He has the foresight to see, as you see even he's a firm adherent of, that regular enemas are key to us seeing the future we've hoped for for so long, now. It's called NOWO. New Old World Order. Say that. NOWO.  
(MORE)

MANNON (cont'd)  
 NOWO. Say that, everybody. NOWO.  
 NOWO. Trumpigula, a little help?

Trumpigula is exasperated.

TRUMPIGULA  
Just say NOWO!!!

Everybody starts saying NOWO chaotically.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Screamen! Help! Listen to Screamen!

MANNON  
 OK, guys, stop.

They all go silent.

MANNON (cont'd)  
 OK. I got this. Listen to me.

Mannon sings NOWO to the tune of WE WILL ROCK YOU by Queen.

MANNON (cont'd)  
 Easy right. Just

Mannon sings NOWO again. The others join in and rock NOWO.  
 Trumpigula looks very at ease while they sing the NOWO song.

MANNON (cont'd)  
 You guys! That was perfect. You're  
 born for NOWO! Wadaya think, my  
 Furorous one?

TRUMPIGULA  
 (painfully grunting)  
 Yeah, great! Sing it again!

EXT. TRUMPIGULA VICTORY TOUR RALLY - DAY

TRUMPIGULA  
 So there you have it, folks. That's  
 what I'm talking about! President  
 Trumpigula. What more could you ask  
 for? I know. NOWO. What's that you  
 ask? NOWO! Our plan to get rid of  
 menaces is right on track, as soon  
 as Yomamma leaves my White House.

First things first. More nuclear  
 warheads to fight off enemies. We  
 can never have enough. My missiles  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 will be longer, fatter and able to  
 shoot a bigger payload farther than  
 anyone's ever. Woh for our enemy.  
 NOWO for us.

I'm telling you folks, NOWO now  
 that I'm running the show. I'll be  
 getting rid of your menaces, one by  
 snotting one, folks. NOWO! I'll be  
 getting you all jobs. NOWO! I'll be  
 getting government out of your  
 lives. NOWO! NOWO! NOWO!

Now sing with me here, folks. Sing  
 it like you mean it.

Trumpigula sings NOWO. The crowd joins in and rock it.  
 Trumpigula's grabber winds under his jacket, spraying mist.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trumpigula lays on his couch watching See An Enemy News

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
 Even though the majority voted  
 against Trumpigula, this completely  
 atrocious pigman will become the  
 next president because, for some  
 dumb reason, we still follow the  
 antiquated Erectoral Smarty-pants'  
 System. We follow an old rule  
 written to appease slave-holding  
 states, where those states would be  
 able to override the majority when  
 voting for the President because,  
 duh, the people in the middle of  
 the country are the real Amarycans  
 with real erections, so they're the  
 ones who deserve to have the  
 President they want erected.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2  
 The time has come for the Erectoral  
 Collage to not pattern what the  
 states' erectoral votes were per  
 state, but instead erect a  
 President that represents the  
 country's citizens' overall vote.  
 Since each state already has their  
 representatives serving in  
 Congress, it's time to have the  
 head of the country represent the  
 (MORE)

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)  
 whole country, not the states.  
 Therefore, the country's majority  
 should erect the President.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
 A President Trumpigula is one of  
 the craziest outcomes Amaryca's  
 Founders could ever have imagined.  
 In fact, the Founders warned  
 against such a thing and intended  
 the Erectoral Collage to prevent  
 such an outrage by neutering a nut  
 like Trumpigula, not anoint him.  
 The system failed to prevent the  
 reprehensible. It's time to neuter  
 the Erectoral Collage.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Hogwash! It wasn't the Erectoral  
 Collage's fault, snotwads! They're  
 all mesmerized by my grabber, just  
 like those old poll workers who  
 stuffed the ballot boxes for me.

Trumpigula laughs. He turns the channel to SNMUC News.

SNMUC NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
 We have in the studio tonight  
 Trumpigula's campaign manager,  
 Ssssmellyasssss Conway, to explain  
 the confusion Trumpigula's  
 transition team seems to be having.  
 They keep contradicting each other,  
 giving the impression to the public  
 that nobody knows what the snot  
 they're talking about.

CONWAY  
 Ssssertainly the presssss  
 dissstortsss the truthinesssss of  
 our reality. The Amarycan people  
 overwhelmingly voted for NOWO and  
 to have ussss be the onesssss who  
 they'll listen to, sssso anything  
 anyone sssaysss to you which may or  
 may not be true, when that  
 sssscandal Ssssilly wassss in  
 wassss way sssooo much way  
 worsssse, and, by the way,  
 Trumpigula jussssst made a deal that  
 ssssaved thousandsssss of jobsssss  
 from being ssssent away to ssssome  
 third world country sssstealing our  
 (MORE)

CONWAY (cont'd)

jobssss and raping our country,  
 becausssse using taxxx incentivessss  
 issss not corporate welfare, even  
 if it'ssss part of Trumpigula'ssss  
 empire, which, by the way, isss in  
 the blindessst trussst, you can  
 barely sssee it, which isss why you  
 can't look at the recordssss, assss  
 they're hiding, sssso, mind your  
 own business if you got one, we'll  
 let capitalisssm work itsss magic  
 while we guide it with an invisible  
 hand that'sss not a grabber,  
 whatever that isss, never heard of  
 one, Trumpigula isss the wielder of  
 all that mattersss, so if you don't  
 hear it officially from me or  
 Trumpigula, than it doesssn't  
 matter what ssssomeone elssse  
 ssssaid, anyway, becausssse nobody  
 believesss you, media, only what  
 we ssay isss the way it issss,  
 anyway. We have a mandate, so  
 there. Flick. Flick.

Trumpigula looks to be in a trance. His grabber ssslaps him  
 out of it.

TRUMPIGULA

Wow. She charms every time. Gotta  
 be careful around that one!

The SNMUC NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 wears sunglasses because he's  
 blind. He scoffs.

SNMUC NEWS TALKING HEAD 2

Actually, since Trumpigula is  
 clueless about most things, he  
 flip-flops as he changes his mind  
 on a whim, chronically. Of course  
 that will lead to conflicts between  
 the Trumpigulators. What's worse is  
 Trumpigula has nominated so many  
 pigmen to head agencies which once  
 regulated their pigindustries, it  
 seems he's intent on passing  
 Trumpigulations which will gut  
 regulations that protect workers,  
 communities, the environment, and,  
 most definitely, the future  
 generations of animen.  
 Trumpigulations seem aimed to  
 benefit the billionaire class which  
 (MORE)



SNMUC NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)  
 makes a lot of money exploiting  
 people and resources to get rich.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, so?

SNMUC NEWS TALKING HEAD 2  
 Of course, this all pleases the  
 "fart-right", the extreme stinkers  
 of all the Reakers, who think that  
 any government is bad government.  
 They also believe that with proper  
 flatulence, the world will be  
 purified of all the evil that  
 plagues it. They have been  
 performing forced enema's on  
 protesters they capture, which  
 legal experts think is torture and  
 illegal. They say Amaryca's  
 principles are being shaken to the  
 core. What is Trumpigula doing to  
 stop them?

CONWAY

Oh, so you never fart or have  
 consstipation? Most Amarycans  
 aren't elitissst like you. Their  
 bowelsss sssuffer from lack of  
 proper anal-tract care, which  
 Trumpigula plans to fixxx. Every  
 Amarycan will get cheap accesss to  
 as much anal-tract care as they can  
 sssstomach. Everyone will feel  
 great. They can't wait for that  
 day. Ssssss!

Trumpigula smiles and tears up.

TRUMPIGULA

Oh, that's a fact. Trumpigula will  
 be great. I can't wait until he's  
 our leader!

Trumpigula's grabber slaps him.

BLOWSY(V.O.)

Snap out of it, piggyman! You are  
 the great Trumpigula!

SPINNING TWAT:

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL, INCLUDING TO MY MANY ENEMIES AND THOSE WHO HAVE FOUGHT ME AND LOST SO BADLY THEY JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. LOVE!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - INAUGURATION DAY

Trumpigula stands in the bleachers, surrounded by important jackassmen and Supreme Court Justices. They all have glazed-over eyes. Everyone surrounding him is hypnotized.

TRUMPIGULA

That's right, folks. I'm now your ruler. You all are gonna love every second of it. First, I'm gonna shut down air travel for anyone on my enemy list since they're all terrorists. It's long, which means those few still allowed to fly will have, like, no waiting at all. It'll be fantastic. Then I'm getting rid of Yomamacare and replacing it with free enemas for all, even my enemies get free enemas. You'll love it. Now, get out of my way. I've got a lot of NOWO your way coming.

SPINNING TWAT:

A) I SAID ONLY PROTEST IF I LOST! MY GRABBERS MAD LIKE A COWMAN DISEASE NOW!!!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Protesters and Trumpigulamers march in the streets.
- B) The Trumpigulamers aggressively demand the protesters stop complaining.
- C) Brown-Nose Trumpigulamers suppress dissent by directing their flatulence towards the protesters.
- D) Most protesters retreat while crying and gagging.
- E) Brown-Noses perform the Mobile Enema Technique (METattack) on those they capture.

SERIES OF SHOTS VOICE OVER:

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

I always take time each day to think about all the great monuments being built for me. My absolute favorite is the Washington Manument Upgrade because every time I saw that phallic looking monument, I thought, that needs some accompaniment. The giant statue of myself being erected next to Wash Man, with my giant statue hand grabbing the manument, as if wielding a speareener, is a definite enhancement.

- A) Protesters try to stop the construction of the Washington Manument Enhancement, holding signs like GOT REVERENCE?, WHERE WOULD ZEUS DOO DOO? HERE! and THERE GOES THE GAYBORHOOD.
- C) The boarmen police force is pushed back by protesters.
- D) The National Guarddogmen march in and pee and barf on the protesters.
- E) Brown-Noses arrive to back up the National Guarddogmen.
- F) The National Guarddogmen run away when the Brown-Noses start farting.
- G) The protesters cheer as they outnumber and squash the authorities.
- H) The protesters occupy the Trumpigula Manument construction site, and shut down the work. They paint it with graffiti, chip away at it, and line it with exploding turd bombs.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - SAME DAY

Trumpigula sits at his desk. He hears the protesters cheering. He turns on the T.V. and sees the protesters occupying the Trumpington Manument site.

TRUMPIGULA

What do they think they're doing!?  
Do I have to take care of  
everything myself? My grabber's  
gonna bust some rumps for their  
irreverence towards my holy statue!

Trumpigula gets up and walks out of the White House followed by the secret service.

EXT. TRUMPINGTON MANUMENT SITE - SAME DAY

Trumpigula arrives at the construction site. The crowd sees him and starts yelling and throwing things at him.

TRUMPIGULA  
I command you to stop!

Trumpigula looks troubled.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)  
Grabber, where the Hades are you?

Trumpigula gets hit in the head with a rock. The secret service rush to him and whisk him away.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - SAME DAY

Trumpigula lays on the couch with an ice pack on his head. The T.V. shows protesters occupying the construction site.

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
We have some important news to bring you. NASAL just announced an emergency press conference. We will be joining that in a few minutes.

TRUMPIGULA  
Good! Anything but watching those guys destroy my statue. Just when I need my grabber most, it just ups and leaves. What am I gonna do now?

INT. NEW ZEALAND RADIO TELESCOPE - LAST NIGHT

An astronomer looks at the picture on the screen, puzzled as he focuses on elongated shapes that look like grabbers.

ASTRONOMER 1  
What is that?

ASTRONOMER 2  
Birdman poop?

ASTRONOMER 1  
I already checked. The shapes are moving. Look how far they've traveled the last three nights?

He shows the other astronomer the animation.

ASTRONOMER 2  
Wild! They're moving at light speeds. Whatever they are, they're wiggling and zooming towards Irks!

ASTRONOMER 1  
Cool! This is going on Instawambam!

The astronomer posts the GIF to Instawambam. A moment later a reply comes in.

ASTRONOMER 1 (cont'd)  
Whoa! Steven Hogking just Twatted out my post! Holy moly! He says those are spacecraft!

ASTRONOMER 2  
What!?

ASTRONOMER 1  
Here, listen.

The astronomer plays a recording of what HOGKING said.

HOGKING  
(computerized)  
I told you so. You should not be surprised there are other life forms in the universe and that one of them would one day discover Irks and attempt to colonize it. It would be stranger if that did not eventually occur. Oh snot.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Trumpigula lays on his couch. The T.V. shows the construction occupation. He picks up his phone.

TRUMPIGULA  
Terrific! Steven Hogking just sent me a Twat! Glad I follow that guy.

Trumpigula sees the GIF.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Those look like grabbers! What!?  
 And where the Hades is mine!

Fux News switches on the NASAL press conference.

NASAL SPOKESMAN  
 Ladies and gentlemen, quite an eventful week. Normally we wouldn't interrupt a big story like the occupation of the National Mall with a story about space, but this is something everyone needs to know, now. Forget NOWO. It has been confirmed by Steven Hogking. An alien armada is approaching.

Before long, the world will confront aliens. Unless people unite and organize, we'll probably be over-run. Considering the circumstances, we think uniting is statistically improbable since the country is so divided against Trumpigula. We advise everybody to go horde tissues, as there will be a lot of nose-blowing our way coming. NASAL over and out.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Great! Just what I need. Where the Hades is my grabber!

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 1  
 Okay! Well, that is as big of story as it gets. It looks like the alien invasion Trumpigula spoke of during his acceptance speech was true. He was right all along, like we always told you. Snot. We're getting reports of widespread looting worldwide as people panic. If only we had someone to unite us instead of divide us like Trump

The power goes out. Trumpigula panics and stands up. He looks out the window and sees chaos.

TRUMPIGULA  
 I wish I had my mommy. Why did she run away, like my grabber?

MARY

That's all I've been waiting for you to say, Trumpy.

Trumpigula turns around and sees Mary glowing.

TRUMPIGULA

Mommy? Are you my ... mommy?

MARY

Yes, my baby, you who are so perfect to me that I have never stopped loving you, despite all the rotten things I've watched you do during so many scenes, flings, and things obscene. I am the one who gave birth to you. I am yo' mamma.

Trumpigula snorts through tears as he runs into Mary's arms.

TRUMPIGULA

Mommy! I can't believe it's you! I missed you so much!

MARY

I wanted to say hi, but you were rather caught up with your grabber. I noticed it's been gone. You seem ... different.

TRUMPIGULA

I am. I was a mad pigman because you left, and then Daddy died, so was mean to everyone, especially womanimen. I honestly thought Brarock Yomamma had no balls. I feel embarrassed and really, really stupid, for having truly believed such silly nonsense ... Mommy, I vow to make that right to Yomamma.

MARY

Beautiful. That's called remorse.

TRUMPIGULA

Wow. I really feel ... remorseful.

Mary holds her son tenderly, giving him kisses on the forehead.

MARY

I'm glad you're having an epiphany, Trumpy. It's definitely way past

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)  
 time, but I'm really here to help explain the story, to give you some answers, and help you kick some alien rump. Your daddy told you about the safe. You wanted the combination. It's 1, 2, 3. Go open the safe and find what you need to know. I love you Trumpy. Good-bye.

Mary vanishes. Trumpigula looks very angry. Mary reappears.

MARY (cont'd)  
 Don't worry, Trumpy, I'm always here with you, as long as you keep me in your heart.

TRUMPIGULA  
 I will, Mommy. I won't let anger grab a hold. I love you.

MARY  
 Do your best, Trumpy. Baby steps. I will see you soon, my son.

Mary vanishes. Trumpigula has tears down his cheeks. He looks very overwhelmed. He wails, sobs, then snorts loud.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Mommy gives me hope. Maybe I don't need my grabber to unite my fellow animen. At least ... I finally can open that safe up!

Trumpigula runs to where he stores Fred's safe. He dials the combination and opens the door. A green light shines out from the vortex Trumpigula is sucked into. He yells WAAAAAH!

EXT. SPACE

Irks is seen from space. It zooms in to New Rome while the NARRATOR speaks.

NARRATOR  
 Are you tired of shows that drag on and on and on, taking up precious commercial time? Do you find yourself falling asleep during even the most exciting and funniest parts? Are you wondering where to find the lowest insurance rates now that Trumpigula is President? Well,  
 (MORE)



NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 we Flimflammers have the answers to  
 all your woes.

The Narrator looks at THE DIRECTOR in the studio where the commercial is being filmed.

THE DIRECTOR  
 Cut! Go get Gestapo, that freaky  
 geckoman!

INT. GALACTIC STUDIOS

Trumpigula emerges from the portal into a different television studio. He looks around in confusion. Many people work. THE PRODUCER, the lionman in charge, walks to him.

THE PRODUCER  
 There he is! Ahh, he's even cuuuter  
 in person! Grrr!

The Producer pinches Trumpigula's chubby cheeks. Trumpigula swats The Producer's hands away and looks around.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)  
 Where the snot am I?

THE PRODUCER  
 You're in The Galactic Studios,  
 Trumpy! We've been waiting for you  
 for years. You finally figured out  
 the combination! We tried to make  
 it as simple as possible.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Yeah. Yeah, I did.

THE PRODUCER  
 Trumpy, no lying to this lionman.  
 We can read your thoughts here in  
 the Great Studio in the Sky.  
 Nothing wrong with your mommy  
 helping you. Hades, if my mom were  
 still alive, she'd be keeping my  
 den clean like she used to, Zeus  
 rest her soul.

Trumpigula gazes around the control room and sees the monitors broadcasting scenes taking place on Irks.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)  
 Are these guys, like, gods? It  
 seems like heaven up here.

## THE PRODUCER

Well, you could say that. We witness all of your lives, and pass judgment based on The Viewers' ratings. Some of you make it one season, some 100. Who's to know why? It's The Viewers' will. We just do what they say. I'm not one to cross Zeus, Venus, or any of the other gods, capisce?

Trumpigula looks sad and withdrawn. He feels himself falling. He takes a few deep breaths. He peers into the screens on the wall, one by one, watching the people in the scenes fighting each other. He looks sadder and has tears.

## TRUMPIGULA

(sadly)

Are they really all fighting ... over me?

## THE PRODUCER

More like because of you, Trumpy, and things have gotten even better since people found out an alien armada's on the way. It's been great for a while, like you promised. We've had record ratings. We expect the ratings to be even greater once the Flimflammers show up to fight y'all. Grrrrrrr!

## TRUMPIGULA

Ratings? I know about ratings and there's no way they could ever be higher than what I get.

## THE PRODUCER

Trumpy, Trumpy, Trumpy, you ignorant pigman. That is utter hogwash. Let me explain the situation. We are the ones who gave you the show you turned into The Menace. It was okay, but The Viewers expected more.

The uncivil war you're having is great. It's sooo terrific and tragic and funny that we're producing a documentary about it as we speak. That'll satisfy our advertisers for a while, at least until you do battle with the

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)  
 Flimflammers. You better not  
 disappoint us with that one.

Trumpigula looks confused.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Are you guys actually televising  
 all the chaos on Irks because The  
 Viewers like to watch the drama?

THE PRODUCER  
 Comedy, you schmuck! Ha ha ha ha!

A trumpet is heard. In walks BLOWSY, an elephantman, playing  
 a trumpet. Trumpigula's grabber emerges from his pants and  
 bobs to Blowsy's music. Blowsy stops playing and smiles.

BLOWSY  
 Yeah, yeah, my main pigman, so good  
 to finally blow fo you in person.  
 I'm Blowsy Armsstrong. These cats  
 here say I'm the greatest trumpet  
 playa eva, but that kind of praise  
 makes me feel weird inside, you  
 know what I'm saying?

Blowsy blushes, smiles, and strokes his long, gray  
 elephantman trunk.

TRUMPIGULA  
 You're the guy I hear in my head!  
 And that trumpet!

BLOWSY  
 The one and only. Blowing my horn  
 is something I need to dooo, dig?

Blowsy blows out a super-fancy riff, making Trumpigula's  
 grabber do a wild jig.

BLOWSY (cont'd)  
 I've had this gig waaayyy before  
 you were a cute wittle baby piglet.  
 I've been making yo' grabber do its  
 thang from day one. Kind of weird,  
 man, I know, but hey, it's a good  
 paying gig. And this trumpet they  
 gave me, wow, man, the best  
 instrument I've eva blown.

Blowsy hands the trumpet to The Producer.

## THE PRODUCER

We couldn't think of anyone better than Blowsy to get your grabber to get its groove on. You have some control over it, but that's easily overridden when Blowsy plays that trumpet. You'll also see that your grabber's out of your control here, because, in our time, it's on our dime. Blowsy may be humble, but he's expensive as Hades.

## TRUMPIGULA

Why would you want to control my grabber, which, by the way's been missing? Know anything about that?

## THE PRODUCER

Your grabber got up and went because you took advantage of it. That's not our deal. Deal.

Trumpigula blushes.

## THE PRODUCER (cont'd)

Grabbers have been in your family for generations. Your great, great, great, great, great-granddaddy, the man you were named after, was abducted by the Flimflammers. They implanted the grabber in him to control him, and thus the world. Every time they blew the trumpet, his grabber got up and went wherever they wanted. It worked for several generations, until this trumpet was stolen by my father.

The Producer holds up the golden trumpet.

## THE PRODUCER (cont'd)

My father produced failing show after failing show, like Donald Trump's The Pretentious, the animated Brady Brunch and Munch, and the 1976 Reakchublickin Convention. He needed a breakthrough, or else they were going to send him to Fux Television. No one escapes Fux.

He heard about the trumpet and flimflammed the Flimflammers by

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)  
 offering to upgrade their trumpet's software with Crapple's iOS 10. It caused the trumpet to freeze up, so they threw it away. He grabbed it, wiped the trumpdrive and installed his own code to control the grabbers.

He hired Blowsy, when he wasn't so high-on-the-hog, and started his hit show, The Three Trumpuppets, featuring your great-granddaddy, your granddaddy and your daddy. It still's regarded as being one of the best slap-stick sitcoms ever made, after The Three Splooges, of course. Nobody slaps stick like those guys!

Trumpigula laughs and says HADES NO!

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)  
 Using their grabbers, they tried to outdo each other in hilarious episode after episode. It lasted 14 seasons, but ended abruptly when your daddy got greedy. Fred tricked his daddy and grand-daddy into exposing their grabbers, and they fell off. He was just trying to be funny, but they ended up dying from the shock, and the shock your father felt for causing that to happen changed him to bad for good, for bad, forever, until the end.

He used to be a complete goof-ball ham. He'd never again use his grabber to be funny. The trauma he felt made him become bitter, angry and greedy, kind of like you, getting meaner and meaner, you know? Blowsy tried to get Fred's grabber to do our bidding, but Fred fought the urge until his grabber would no longer hear the music play. He just wanted to use his grabber to amass power.

Trumpigula lowers his head.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Like Dark Hader using the force for bad. Poor Fluke and Flaya.

## THE PRODUCER

Mmm hmm. The Viewers were super patient, considering the years without any grabber programming after your daddy rebelled. When you were born, we were given new hope that you would come through with some quality programming. We thought maybe you would take on your grand-daddy's humorous traits, instead of being like Darth Fred.

Tragically, your fate was sealed in blood the moment you were born. The Viewers realized you weren't a comedian, so cultivated your darker, dramatic qualities. They allowed The Menace to air not because of the ratings you got on Irks, but because of what the outcome of that show was intended for, so you'd get a following of people enraptured by your celebrity. There's a reason fans are fanatics. They'll do anything for you, regardless of how ridiculous you really are.

## TRUMPIGULA'S

My fanatics do what I want because of my grabber.

## THE PRODUCER

True for you. Had you not had your grabber, you would just be a regular, old, boring pigman. Regardless, The Viewers wanted you to have a cult because they think watching your fanatics is funny and so you would be seen as legitimately winning the presidency. They knew you could win using just your grabber, but people would have been suspect of how you won if we didn't build your fame.

There's nothing special about you, Trumpigula, except you have a grabber. Don't get too cocky about it, either. It could easily disappear from your life, like it did, if you take it for granted.

Trumpigula looks like his heart dropped. He stumbles. The Producer struggles to help him up.

TRUMPIGULA

That's been my worst nightmare, losing my grabber. I would be a nobody. Have I really been that much of a greedy hogman? Maybe my lot in life was just based on luck, not a complete blessing from Zeus. Maybe I've been too proud and vain about it all. Maybe I should've appreciated what I had, rather than flaunt it and rub it in people's faces. I probably shouldn't have ruined so many people's lives just to keep grabbing more and more. I feel like a complete loser.

THE PRODUCER

(Tenderly)

Somethings aren't random, Trumpy. You're the only one who's you, but you could've been anybody, and that anybody would still be exactly like you. You're a product of your life, based on your constraints. You believed having a grabber was a blessing. Maybe it's a curse. You're the most powerful animan ever, but you gave your spirit-power to you're grabber. Do you even have a sense of yourself?

In some ways, you're nothing but your grabber now, like a cartoon character. What's your character, Trumpigula? Are you really more concerned about your ratings that you would do anything? As a producer, I love that, but personally, I can't help think how pathetic and deplorable you really are. Plus, you're not even funny!

Trumpigula looks greatly depressed. He vomits.

TRUMPIGULA

This wasn't what I thought I'd find opening my daddy's safe. I thought I'd gain more power, not feel like a total jerkface. I wish I'd never opened that damned safe.

## THE PRODUCER

I'm not meaning to be mean. I just want you to be more than your grabber. I want you to add great character to yourself. I want to help you use the power you've accrued for more than just your own benefit. You have a difficult path. While it's easy to become a glutton, it's a lot harder to give up those things and make sacrifices for others. We need you to do that, though, because you're about to face the most difficult challenge you and planet Irks have ever seen.

Blowsy puts his hand on Trumpigula's shoulder and squeezes. Trumpigula goes limp and sighs.

## BLOWSY

My tightass pigman, since yo so concerned about ratings, look at it this way: yo ratings now are not dependent on the old Trumpigula, but the more relaxed Trumpigula you need to become. We let you masta using yo grabba because we knew you needed to learn how to use it, even if it meant you were bad to the bone in the process. You've been such a jerkface using yo grabba because you missed yo mamma, we dig. Now it's time to grab yo hogman rump and get with the program. No one likes a bully.

The Producer nods his head.

## BLOWSY (cont'd)

We knew you needed to satisfy yo lust for all things to become the pigman you are today. We needed you to want to be President more than anything. We needed you to do what it took to actually win. Russians Smushians, my trump-diddly-doo one. They had nothing to do with you winning. That was you and mostly me. There's a war coming, Trumpiggyman. I can only blo fo yo grabber so much, tho. I'm ready to retire. You need to play with it on yo own, dig big pigman? You need to  
(MORE)



BLOWSY (cont'd)  
 gain complete grabber control with  
 yo own blowin.

The Producer hands Trumpigula the trumpet, who takes it.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Whoa! This thing just vibrated!

BLOWSY  
 It's saying HELLO. It likes you!

Trumpigula puts the trumpet to his lips and blows. It sounds like an elephant dying. His grabber starts shaking.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Ow! Damn thing hurt my grabber!  
 I've never felt anything but  
 pleasure from that thang! I'm not a  
 musician. That's for the birdmen,  
 and cool-cat elephantmen like you.  
 Plus, that was painful.

BLOWSY  
 Hogwash! Man, you became President!  
 Everybody always thought only  
 jackassmen could be politicians.  
 That was yo idea to run, and it was  
 pretty much all you who won. I was  
 there blowing fo you, but only when  
 I saw you falta. You became the  
 boss hog on yo own, anyway. I was  
 mostly there for the good times. I  
 was even off-the-clock since you  
 weren't part of the regular  
 programming. I always thought you  
 were so entertaining to watch and  
 play with, even if The Viewers were  
 never really yo fans. I'm sure,  
 with lots of practice, you'll be  
 blowing that horn like a pro, with  
 all that hot air of yo's. Man,  
 don't eva give up!

THE PRODUCER  
 He's right, Trumpy. We needed to  
 make sure you had the meddle in the  
 middle to do what it's going to  
 take to defeat the Flimflammers. We  
 couldn't think of anybody more  
 qualified for the job than the king  
 of flimflam, Trumpigula. You!

Trumpigula blushes.

## TRUMPIGULA

Umm. Thank you? I think that's what you're supposed to say. I feel like saying that, at least. Thank you.

## THE PRODUCER

That's called humility, Trumpy. You've suppressed those feelings for sooo long, I'm glad to know that there's still a remnant left in you, that you're not just a complete waste of cells. That means you can feel shame and remorse, feelings you'll need to power your grabber for selfless reasons. You need to use your grabber for the good of others, so you'll need compassion as well. You're going to have to want to risk your life facing the Flimflammers. They aren't easy to deal with.

## TRUMPIGULA

Deal? Like, I need to bargain with them? I'm great at making deals!

## BLOWSY

We don't know what it'll take, man. It's all unprecedented. You might be able to strike a deal with them, or you might need to destroy them. Whatever it takes to make sure they don't take yo grabba and the trumpet. We need those to remain a part of you, or else it's game ova.

## TRUMPIGULA

As long as I got my grabber, I'm good to go. I tell you this, though. I'm not letting some flimflaming alien race set foot on my planet and threaten my peeples. If what I'm feeling now is real, I love them too much to let the Flimflammers destroy them. I'll do what's needed to be the wining wiener and put on the greatest show ever on Irks. I'll destroy the Flimflammers, if it's the last thing I do, and rock the ratings, like always.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Trumpigula talks with his Thief of Stash PRINCE REAMUS.

TRUMPIGULA

If the Flimflammers win, Irks will be turned into a D-rate planet. Only Seico Insurance commercials will be filmed and broadcast. I'm not going to let a freaky-looking geckoman peddling insurance be Irks' biggest star. I need to unite all the creatures, including the general geckomen population. They're all in jeopardy and they need to be organized, toughened, and motivated to fight our common enemy, the Flimflammers from Andromeda. If Irkslings keep fighting each other, the Flimflammers will have a field day. We'll be roasted like a ham on Christmas. Considering most of the world hates me more than anything, this'll be tough knowing I can't use my grab

Trumpigula stops mid-word. He points towards Reamus.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Reamus, announce a press conference for today. If I fail to get everyone united, I may as well give Gestapo the geckoman the limelight, as there won't be a Flimflammer fight, just a slaughterhouse jive.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - SAME DAY

The room is packed with reporters. Trumpigula walks in. Everyone shuts up. Trumpigula walks to the podium.

TRUMPIGULA

I called you all here for an important reason. I know you're all nervous, what, with The Uncivil War, the imminent alien invasion, and having me be your leader. I know I've said some really tough things, maybe even a little mean. I wasn't the greatest example of what a leader should be, I admit it. I

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 apologize for everything and I  
 resolve to show you the new  
 Trumpigula, not the jerkface I was.

The reporters look at each other, startled.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 I've realized a lot about myself  
 these last few hours. I feel like I  
 a different person. I need to make  
 atonement with you all about that  
 if we're going to move forward as a  
 united team, which is absolutely  
 crucial, as our very survival is at  
 stake, folks. We aren't a black  
 Amaryca. We aren't a white Amaryca.  
 We aren't a pigmen Amaryca and we  
 aren't a snailmen Amaryca. We are  
 the United States of Amaryca. I see  
 that clearly, now. I'm sorry,  
 Brarock Yomamma. You were  
 completely right, all along. I  
 shouldn't have castrated you,  
 claiming you had no balls.  
 Obviously, it took a lot of balls  
 for you to run for President in  
 this colorist country. I just felt  
 castrated by you, thus my  
 insensitivity in my attempt to show  
 the world my balls. That was all  
 due to my insecurity, was  
 completely wrong and selfish, and  
 most definitely took our country  
 off track while you were President.

EXT. HAWAIIAN BEACH - SAME DAY

Yomamma watches the press conference on his ePad sitting in  
 a lounge chair. He has tears in his eyes.

YOMAMMA  
 I forgive you. Snot, we've all done  
 things we're not proud of.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - SAME DAY

Trumpigula continues the press conference.

TRUMPIGULA  
 I wonder what wonderful things we  
 all may have accomplished if we,  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 okay, I hadn't succumbed to our, er, my fears, and instead united under Yomamma to try to make Amaryca great for everybody. We, sheesh, I squandered a golden moment, for sure. I ask for everyone's forgiveness. I also will add to Brarock's inspiring message. We also aren't Amarycans and we aren't Russians. We aren't Deists and we aren't Atheists. We are all Irkslings. That is what matters. I know this is ironic and hypocritical, but since we can't go back in time, and we shouldn't continue on the same path of divisiveness since we're about to be attacked by the Flimflammers, can we agree to refocus our hatred towards these Andromedan aliens, the existential threat to all of us Irkslings? They are our enemy.

EXT. SPACE

The Flimflammers spaceships sway into the solar system. They pass Saturn and flick and throw fragments of Saturn's rings at each other, play fighting. Trumpigula keeps talking.

TRUMPIGULA (O.S.)  
 I'm not being an alienist, either. We can't just sit back and let them take over Irks. That would really irk me. This is the real deal, folks. It's unite or die. This is our chance to rise above our disagreements and discover the wonder of fighting together to defend our world, like President Yomamma wanted all along. Will you, please, agree that that's a worthy goal? We need to show the Flimflammers that we're not just going to sell out and let them take us over. We need to show them that the cost of doing business here far exceeds the value. We can't let them make us their colony. If that happens, kiss the Amarycan Dream goodbye. You all won't even be extras in their commercials. You'll  
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 all just be serving Gestapo and his  
 Seico friends.

Here's the honest to greatness  
 deal. Our national security  
 apparatus has determined who the  
 enemy is, why they are coming and  
 what will happen if they succeed in  
 their plans. We've developed a  
 weapon we believe will defeat them,  
 called The Grabber, that I myself  
 will wield, just to show you that I  
 will do battle, too, but we still  
 need the help of all you Irkslings.  
 We're all going to need to do our  
 part to prevent infestation.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

The animen train for battle while Trumpigula keeps talking.

TRUMPIGULA (O.S.)  
 You dogmen, the Flimflammers are  
 gonna try to get you to eat Pureama  
 Dogman Chow. Don't do it! Use your  
 puke power to overwhelm them. They  
 hate puke that's not their own. You  
 sheepmen, the Flimflammers are  
 gonna try to sell all of us fake  
 wool, flooding the market with  
 their inferior product. You need to  
 quadruple your wool production so  
 that the price of wool goes down,  
 so that your product is able to  
 compete. Peeple love wool, but it's  
 really way too expensive. Even I  
 can barely afford it, not really.  
 I'm very rich. Snot, I promised to  
 not rub that in your faces any  
 more. I'm sorry, folks. All animen  
 are equal, regardless of how much  
 wealth someone has. Remember that.

You birdmen, the Flimflammers are  
 gonna try to force us all to listen  
 to Yawny over and over again. We  
 need you to create works of art the  
 world has never seen or heard. We  
 especially need a great war song to  
 blast in their faces. All us animen  
 need to help one another. You  
 jackassmen need to start writing

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 laws that actually help people  
 rather than yourselves. You pigmen  
 need to run your businesses  
 ethically, not just to make the  
 quickest and dirtiest buck. You  
 snakemen need to keep your tongues  
 and oil to yourselves, as that's  
 way distracting to everyone else,  
 and, honestly, really scary.

All the animen hold hands while Trumpigula plays his trumpet  
 whole-hog. They all get busy improving themselves.  
 Trumpigula practices his trumpet for days on end.  
 Eventually, he falls down exhausted.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Trumpigula wakes up looking like Donald Trump. He looks  
 around. The Oval Office is different than Trumpigula's.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Why does it look and smell so  
 different?

Trumpigula sniffs as he walks to a mirror on the wall.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Holy Mother of Zeus! What the Hades  
 happened? I look so snoting nasty!  
 Like something a dogman dragged in,  
 ate, and puked. What kind of  
 tortured world am I in? Yuck!

Chief of Staff REINCE PRIEBUS runs in.

PRIEBUS  
 Mr. President, Sir! We have a  
 situation. The protesters are  
 getting worse. They're about to  
 break through the White House  
 gates! We need to evacuate you,  
 immediately!

Trumpigula pulls his pants from his belly to look at his  
 crotch.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Snot! How can I do anything with  
 this!? I'll be damned if I'm  
 trumped by this stump!

Trumpigula calmly looks out the window at the protesters at the gates.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

This is a test to see if I can do this out without using my grabber. That would build my character.

Trumpigula turns to Priebus and smiles.

TRUMPIGULA

You will not see this big piggy run from those humanimals. I'm the mighty Trumpigula! I'll go talk with them. I'm sure we can deal with whatever issues they have. Hades, it worked with the animen in my world, why not now? I'll just show them how much I've changed.

PRIEBUS

With all due respect, Sir, they hate your guts, for good reasons. I, I don't think you'd be able to reason with them. Besides, I have no clue what you're talking about. You just reamed us for telling you Congress wasn't happy you've secretly been, um, seeing Putin.

Priebus quotes SEEING with his fingers and looks down.

TRUMPIGULA

You probably deserved it, but I'm sorry if he, if I screamed at you. Sometimes our temper gets the best of us. The rest of what you say is nonsense, you ugly creature.

Trumpigula sighs.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Sorry, you're not that ugly, and maybe they dislike me a bit. What's the worst thing that could happen?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Trumpigula walks out onto the White House lawn, commanding the Secret Service to stay back. Trumpigula pulls out his bull-horn and talks. The protesters get louder and start shaking the fence harder. Trumpigula gets angry and screams.



## TRUMPIGULA

NOWO!!!

Trumpigula's grabber shoots out powerfully and waves menacingly high above his head, pulsating and flashing colors. It sprays pheromones and mesmerizes the crowd. They calm down, let go of the fence, and go silent.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Look, folks, I know you're upset with me, but I'm not actually him. I think this is just a dream I'm having. You guys aren't real.

A rock is thrown and hits Trumpigula in the head.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Ow! Okay, not a dream. Maybe I'm from a different dimension, or something. I'll have to ask Stephen Hogking. I'm just using this guy's body, but I think that's my grabber up there, though maybe this guy has one, too, huh? Whatever. The point is, I've been a big dick. But, there's a reason. I was chosen to save the world because I have a great grabber, not in spite of, but because of who I am. Deal. I have.

The protesters look confused.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

My superpower makes only me able to be the leader required during these hard times. My grabber's going to save us. That's its destiny. I'm merely here for the ride. I'm at its mercy. Though my grabber corrupted me, made me a greedy pigman, mesmerized my people, and rigged the election to get me elected, it only did it so it could be our savior. It really just wants to keep Amaryca great and is willing to do what most of us do when we know we're right: lie, cheat, and steal. There's no one more experienced with those qualities than yours truly, me.

That's why Amaryca has always been great to some people. It's never

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 been about giving a voice to everyone. It's always been about letting the powers that be do what they need to. To grab other people's stuff. To lie, cheat and steal as needed to make Amaryca the richest. To fight for our values, forcefully. Amaryca is better than the rest for that reason, but that won't last if we let the Flimflammers deceive us with their lying, cheating and stealing. We need to show them we are the masters. We need to fight them using greater tricks. We're about to be overrun by aliens, and unless you all get over your stupid, petty differences, and realize you're part of the same team, you're going to be eaten.

The crowd gasps. People yell ALIENS! WHAT KIND? PROBABLY CANADIANS, EH? The crowd starts chanting HELL NO! CANADIANS BLOW! Trumpigula's grabber recedes into his pants. The people leave the fence, shouting BUILD THE WALL! BUILD THE WALL! SHOW THEM WE'VE GOT BIGGER BALLS!

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Trumpigula wakes from his dream.

TRUMPIGULA  
 Woh! I'm glad I'm not that guy! He's a complete and total jerkface. Luckily, I saved his sorry hide with my superior deal-making skills. I guess that means I passed the test. Piece of pie. I wonder how everyone else is doing?

Trumpigula calls in Reamus.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 I want a full status update. How are my fellow animen progressing? I wanna make sure we're covered on all fronts.

REAMUS  
 I do have a report, sir. Most of Irks appears prepared. Let's see. I think you'll be glad to know your  
 (MORE)

REAMUS (cont'd)

fellow pigmen have agreed to be less greedy in their money-grubbing. You were right. By treating workers better, the workers have done a better job. Since the sheepmen are now paid a living wage, they easily quadrupled wool production. Since wool is now a lot cheaper, people can actually afford to buy good pairs of socks, meaning their feet will stay warmer in the winter and breath better in the summer. That means people will be happier. Less numbness and toe fungus is always a good thing.

TRUMPIGULA

Okay, I see. Tell me I'm right. Since people are happier and saving money buying wool, they can afford quality dog food, meaning the dogmen are barfing a lot less. Less mess means less accidents, means there is no more snotty music on the radio. Better music means all the difference. The jackassmen in Congress have no reason to write snotty laws anymore, so everyone should be extremely happy. Boom! A happy feedback loop!

REAMUS

Wow, sir, for once you are right. I'm sure you'll also want to know you and Congress's approval ratings are stellar. No one has ever reached 99% approval rating, but you have, sir. Congratulations.

TRUMPIGULA

I actually thought it would be 100% approval. What's going on?

REAMUS

Sir, it's the l%ers. The snakemen. Even though Ssssmellyasssss Conway is on your side, the other snakemen just sit there flicking their tongues and not blinking. They're really menacing, Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, they are. But the menace we're focusing on is the Flimflammers. We'll deal with those nasty, unforgiving snakes later. What matters is everyone else has stepped up. I could only be a little prouder.

REAMUS

Sir, can I just say, thank you. I haven't wet my pants today. I appreciate you being nice.

TRUMPIGULA

Reamus, I'm sorry for how I treated you. Thank you for reminding me why that's important.

REAMUS

I'm just glad the invasion didn't happen under Silly's watch. We'd all be shivering in terror and wondering which room in the White House Slikc Willy was wiggling in, instead of knowing your destiny is to save Irks.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The Flimflammer spaceships approach Irks's orbit. They stop just high enough to be seen and heard from Irks.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Trumpigula's grabber hears the roaring and stretches out from his pants with it's finger's outstretched.

TRUMPIGULA

Down, boy. I know you're excited. We'll get them soon enough.

Trumpigula sits at his computer and turns on his webcam.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Testes, testes, one, two. Is this thing on?

Replies arrive on his computer.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 Okay, good. Fellow Irkslings. The  
 moment has arrived. All that's left  
 is victory!

A roar is heard from all animen on Irks. The roar shakes the spacecrafts. The Flimflammers land on Irks' surface.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Various animen face Flimflammers, trying to sell "snot".
- B) Some animen succumb and are sucked into the snot zone.
- C) Most animen resist and prevail in the their battles.
- D) Some Flimflammers try to flimflam each other, getting stuck in a flimflam feedback loop.
- E) The remaining Flimflammers rush Trumpyramid.
- F) Snakemen, led by Ssssmellyasssss Conway, snake out of their holes and stick their forked-tongues into the Flimflammers' faces, poking them in the eyes. They spray snake-oil on the Flimflammers.
- G) Flimflammers shriek and flee in terror into the pit of dogman puke in Central Park.
- H) Catmen barf on top.

EXT. TRUMPYRAMID - DAY

Trumpigula watches the battles from Trumpyramid. A spacecraft flies towards his pyramid perch. Out of the spaceship emerges a DRAGONMAN, ridden by BIG DEAL BOSS, the boss Flimflammer, who wears a mask like Dark Hader.

BIG DEAL BOSS  
 Trumpigula! I am Big Deal Boss with  
 a great deal. Give me your trumpet  
 and grabber, and I'll let you live!

Trumpigula laughs hard.

TRUMPIGULA  
 You're going to have to do better  
 than that! Deal!

BIG DEAL BOSS

We'll altho let you see your mommy  
and daddy!

Trumpigula's confident look turns to sadness.

TRUMPIGULA

I like that part! Let me see Mommy  
and Daddy, and I'll let you live!

Big Boss flinches and says softly THITH GUY'TH GOOD.

BIG DEAL BOSS

Bad deal! You will die!

The dragonman shoots a burst of lighting towards Trumpigula, which hits the lightning rod. Trumpigula plays The Star-Spangled Banner, jazz style. His grabber flashes red, white and blue and thrusts to the dragonman, tickling him. The dragonman giggles hard, making his grabber shoot out.

DRAGONMAN

Thtop it!

The dragonman's grabber battles with Trumpigula's grabber. His grabber dodges the dragonman and his fire. Trumpigula blows his trumpet furiously. The dragonman flies away. Trumpigula breathes deep, then heads to the safe's portal.

INT. THE GALACTIC STUDIOS - DAY

Trumpigula is met with loud cheers and applause. The Producer walks towards him and shakes his hand.

THE PRODUCER

That was great! The Viewers loved it! Your people fought with such courage and fortitude, and such good attack strategies. And those snakemen? We never saw that coming! We thought they were just being big, silent jerfaces not listening to you, but it looks like they were just practicing. That was great thlapstick! But you, Mr. 100% approvalman! The way you dealt with Big Deal Boss, even resisting seeing your parents, that was pure patriotism, beautifully topped off with your trumpeting. We even had some of our production crew here crying when you hit that really

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)  
 high note, where the Thtar is finally getting thtrangled. And your grabber performance, top notch. We can't wait until you finally defeat the Flimflammerth.

Trumpigula steps back from The Producer.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)  
 It's him!

THE PRODUCER  
 Oh, you think you're thooo thmart! You can't outsmart me, though, can you, since I know exactly what you're thinking. Plus, your grabber is impotent to you here.

TRUMPIGULA  
 I should have known you're the Big Deal Boss. No producer can resist having endless commercials produced by someone else, letting you to sit around doing nothing. Plus, I recognized your voice as the dragonman rider. You and the dragonman have a similar lithp.

THE PRODUCER  
 You're right, as always, Trumpy. Our lithp tends to rub off on each other when we hang out, that dragonman and I. I've been producing shows forever. I'm tired, though. I really need a vacay. Somewhere nice, like Florida. I hear there's this thwanky club, Mar-a-Lamo, that's to-die-for.

Trumpigula makes an approving look.

TRUMPIGULA  
 You could say it's to kill for. That's how I got it, at least.

THE PRODUCER  
 Sooo, don't be mad, but I told the Flimflammers you stole the trumpet, in the ultimate con, making them hate your guts more than even your worst Irks' nemeseseseseth. I planned to get a Blemmy producing their attack on Irks and finally  
 (MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)  
 get the vacation I was promised by  
 The Viewers. The Flimflammers would  
 get Irkth and I wouldn't need to  
 work anymore. It's a lot of  
 pressure, being a producer. But  
 alas, you ruined my plans! For  
 that, I will have my revenge!

TRUMPIGULA  
 Can I at least see my mommy and  
 daddy, before you take my grabber?

THE PRODUCER  
 That was the deal. Agreed.

Mary and Fred appear, holding hands outstretched towards  
 Trumpigula. He walks into their arms and weeps.

TRUMPIGULA  
 I miss you sooo much. I'm  
 tired. Can we go home now?

THE PRODUCER  
 After you thurrender what's now my  
 grabber. A deal's a deal.

Trumpigula sighs and hands his trumpet to The Producer.  
 Trumpigula looks at his grabber.

TRUMPIGULA  
 It's been a good run, me and you, a  
 lot of great memories, more than I  
 member. Luckily, I have the videos  
 of you and me doing our thang. I'll  
 miss you, old pal, but I miss my  
 mommy and daddy more, so there.

Trumpigula pulls down his pants. The camera focuses on him  
 and broadcasts his performance. The Viewers' rating meter  
 escalates. A trumpet plays. Blowsy enters, wailing away on  
 WHEN THE SAINTS COME MARCHING IN. Trumpigula's grabber  
 wiggles. The Viewers' rating meter escalates. The Producer  
 stares and becomes mesmerized and very aroused.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)  
 We'll give you one dance with the  
 grabber and you pinky-swear promise  
 to leave us alone. Deal?

The Producer grins.



## THE PRODUCER

As long as it's a loooong thloooow  
one, then yeah, we got a deal.

Blowsy smiles.

## BLOWSY

I got just the numba fo you  
lovebirdmen.

He plays WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD. The Producer and the grabber dance. The Viewers' rating meter escalates, then pops. Trumpigula turns to his parents. His parents smile fondly. Mary has tears in her eyes.

## TRUMPIGULA

Will you come back home with me?

Fred and Mary look at each other and smile.

## FRED

He still doesn't know, does he?

## MARY

Donnie, dear, this is all a dream.  
You need to wake up from your nap  
now. Those protesters are still  
outside the gate. I think you have  
a real problem on your plate.

Mary looks intently at Trumpigula.

## MARY (cont'd)

No, you can't bring the grabber  
with you. Use your other head to  
figure out how to make America  
great, nicely. Don't let this dream  
be for naught, or else you will end  
up like Caligula.

Donald Trump wakes up from his nap on the couch in the Oval Office, sweating profusely, looking deeply troubled. He grabs his crotch.

## MARY (O.S.)

Don't disappoint your mommy,  
Donnie. Think of my great  
grandkids. Use your other head.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END