

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 works 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 abusive and thinks
 he's so great.

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

MARY

I wonder how he treated his mommy since the guy oozes enough misogyny to pollute the whole planet. Poor her. He's probably always been 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. It seems like an act, though, like he's an evil cartoon character who's tapped into people's base anxiety in order to feel powerful. He's so primal in his brutishness, triggering 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 so 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, calls her mom, then leaves 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 whinnys, 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 people with your grabber.

TRUMPIGULA

So what do I do? How do I get Grabby to do the, the Ms. Mary nation dance?

FRED

The mesmerization dance. First, I get Mr. Grabber 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)

Then I move my Mr.'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

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
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 Grabby
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 peeples 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 peeples 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 SHONG INSANITY, a snowmonkeyman who runs The Daily
Manure Turdbloid News.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

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

TRUMPIGULA

It's me.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

Who's that? I get lots of calls.

TRUMPIGULA

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

SHONG INSANITY (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.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

Wow, that fits in with our turdbloid smoothly. 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.

SHONG INSANITY (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.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

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

Trumpigula smiles.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, it's great. I feel Grabby, I mean, my presence, getting bigger and more powerful by the day. I love strutting and watching people gawk at me. You know, I'm the biggest hogman around. Zeus's gift to animanity, really.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

Oh! I know! I'm not the only one who wishes I were you!

TRUMPIGULA

Keep wishing! Here's your headline for tomorrow. Trumpigula Struts At Club Luv Tonight Pictures Tomorrow. Send Ooo Ooo Ah ah, that foreign chimpman photographer. He's easy to push around.

Trumpigula hangs up the phone.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Zeus gave me Grabby, 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 Stooges 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 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 ya. Luckily, I gots another grabba groovin to my tunes. When ya gonna tell him? I've been teasin him, but don't wanna 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! Ya think The Viewas will just leave him be? They don't like what happened to you, or what Trumpigula became, but they have plans I can't not be a part of. I'll respect yo space fo now, but at some point, you need to tell him!

Fred puts his head down and cries.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NEXT 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

Squirreley Temples, as always, for surely, 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
hogman. 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 vit
 Krussian accent)
 Eet's hog heaven, Trumpiggy. I love
 eet! I can't vait to see penthouse,
 and your bedroom.

She gives him a kiss. Trumpigula squeezes her rump.

TRUMPIGULA
 You'll be seein more than my
 bedroom, my Krushyan 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 which
 they drink. 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 handsomely well-
 dressed hammerhead sharkman, enter. 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 onto the balcony, looks down, and laughs.

HAMMY

We heard you liked golden showers while being hog-tied! You probably wish it were my gulls' and not my goons' pee, I bet, but better than nothing.

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. Bidness is bidness, I get that, but you made it personal. You know how expensive therapy is these days!? She's a total wreck! Can't even take normal shower or bath. She's a sharkwoman, for Neptune's sake! 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 bidness going, though, once you're gone, so you're welcome.

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

TRUMPIGULA

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

FRED

With pleasure son. Lead the way.

Grabby and Mr. Grabber emerge, snake up 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 and untie them. Trumpigula saunters up to the unmesmerized 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 hammered his head for the last time. You guys, forget this ever happened. Instead, you found Hammy doing card tricks in Central Park. He told you he was giving up the mob. He's gonna be The Central Park Card Sharkman now. Report back tomorrow. I got things for you to do.

The sharkmen gang leave. 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 Grabby, 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

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
 you're planning to bring back of
 flock of seagullwomen, deal?

TRUMPIGULA
 I should have known those gulls
 worked for Hammy. 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 get
 some sleep. This has been enough
 excitement for me for a while. Good
 night, boss hogman.

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 to the hallway.

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 Mr. 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. 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. Fred's grabber twitches then flies out the window.

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

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
 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!? Daddy!

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, ya know. His grabba became impotent because yo grabba overpowered his. The less his grabba worked, the mo his heart did. He couldn't contro his kindness and started carin about peepke, especially Conna. He couldn't kill him, which made his grabba fall off. He died because he was bein 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

(MORE)

MARY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 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 and
 try to wake up. I hope to greet you
 one day. Love Always, Your Mommy.

Trumpigula hangs his head down and falls to the floor.

TRUMPIGULA
 (sadly)
 Mommy! Ahhhhhhhh!

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 TV. You just do what
you do and we film it. It'll be a
yuge hit! You'll be makin 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
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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 people are surrounded by rotten menaces. I'm the one who destroys them. I'm gonna be like Fluke Slystalker wielding his 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 hoodly-wearing hoodlum menaces causing crime in the cities. I'm gonna shoot them all, like the gangster president of the Killippines does.

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

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 For so long, there's been this giant sucking sound coming from Canadoobie and Sexico, where they have legal brothels and legal Mary Wanna. Those Beavermen and Cucarachamen are stealing Amarycan jobs! I'm gonna roast them into

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 burritos and chop suey a la
 Trumpigula! I wanna 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 it with both of his hands and kisses Trumpigula's fingers. Trumpigula winces. Bastard leaves. Trumpigula rushes to his sink and scrubs his hand.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Snot, snot, snot! I hate shaking hands! People don't deserve to touch me unless I'm grabbing them!

Trumpigula grumbles, looks in the mirror, and practices his most menacing 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, 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 great 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 Blemmy 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
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
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 meth at
a high school dance. You've done
solitary confinement nineteen
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.
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
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. Peeples 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! I know where they are.

FUX NEWS

Most sensible peep~~e~~, 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. Peep~~e~~ want to feel safe again. Peep~~e~~ want the illegal aliens gone. Peep~~e~~ want their good-paying jobs back. Peep~~e~~ want the one person willing and able to destroy the menaces in our lives, 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. Peep~~e~~ 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. Short 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! NOT EVEN YOMAMMA!

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Twatting is terrific. I already got tons of reTwats on that one.

Bastard pulls out his phone.

BASTARD

Ohhh my gosh! 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 TUNG DOWN MY SNOUT. 1 LESS MENACE ALIFE!

Twatter users reply:

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

UM, DID HE JUST CONFES TO MURDUR!?? PLUS USE SPELCHEK!!

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

Trumpigula struts into his penthouse. 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, both chubby boarmen, are there.

COP 1

So sorry to bother you, Trumpigula, sir, 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. HONKY 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 CORRESPONDENCE 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

Seriously, the guy's 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 foxwoman. Yowsa!

Trumpigula sees a foxwoman. 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
(MORE)

YOMAMMA (cont'd)
 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 my 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 Honky
 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 Honky House he Photoslopped?

The audience laughs hard at the picture on the screen:
 Trumpyramid overlaid on the Honky 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 yo anga. You've
 got yo grabba. You'll get the last
 laugh at that fake zebraman foo'!

YOMAMMA
 Trumpigula, sir, with all due
 disrespect, The Menace is not
 reality but a snotty, animated, TV
 (MORE)

YOMAMMA (cont'd)
 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, ouchy. That's a zinger, since ya feel worthless eva since yo mamma left 'cause she didn't value you. Now ya grab everythang ta up yo worth. I know ya neva able ta appease the worthlessness ya always feel. I'm sorry, animan.

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 fo youuu.

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 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 Butchina or Sexico 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
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
Inglesh or they wear funny-looking
hats! They don't care if they don't
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 people 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. Allahlahlah ain't gonna
take them when they die after I'm
done with them, so help me Zeus,
folks. So help me, every godmen
imaginable!

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

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

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

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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

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, spraying its mist.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I know you all want me to be your leader now. It feels like I am, so 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 Honky 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? Pigmen 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 Brooklyn accent) I'M ONE OF THE LUCKY GULLS WHO'S 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 FOR HIM.
- 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 clueless fan's views, we're joined by Dr. Krispin Smartstinger, famed sociologist who studies the right-wing views defining Trumpigula's campaign, and

(MORE)

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)
the social inequalities his
campaign exploits.

INT. KRISPIN SMARTSTINGER'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

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 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 mistreats 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

(MORE)

SMARTSTINGER (cont'd)
 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. Bzzz.

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 TV 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 hogman. He has
 no real experience being poor and
 struggling, but it's only natural
 for the authoritarian friendly and
 education-deficient peeples to fly
 recklessly 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
 Grabby guarantees me victory.

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2
 The fact that the majority of
 Amarycans despise Trumpigula
 (MORE)

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)
 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
 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
 hogman 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 the 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.*

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

*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.)

Youuu da man! That's what it's all about! Don't fo'get I know what ya thinkin. You can't be havin them pull their pants down. The Viewas' 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 very 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,
(MORE)

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 1 (cont'd)
 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
 Reakchublickin delegate count. With
 one more debate left to seal the
 deal, everyone's wondering, will he
 call Joke Blush 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, probably.

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

INT. REAKCHUBLICKIN DEBATE - NIGHT

The Reakchublickin 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 BLUSH

I am not my brother George. Guys?

TRUMPIGULA

Let me tell you something, little 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, 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

(MORE)

SEE AN ENEMY NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)
 amazing, they believe. Since he actually destroys menaces all on his own, why not give him nuclear weapons and classified information? Let him use his giant hogman 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 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.

(MORE)

FUX NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)

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 Grabby which makes me the ultimate 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 Sindiana, 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 Fable.

TRUMPIGULA

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

GOVERNOR DENSE

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

TRUMPIGULA

Hu-bris?

GOVERNOR DENSE

Yeah, where someone has too much pride and air-ogance.

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. May I give it a hug?

TRUMPIGULA

You're asking too many questions.

Dense keeps staring at the grabber, his finger pointing.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

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

Dense gives Grabby a loving hug as Grabby pats his back.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

So, Zeus has blessed me, duh. Grabby 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.

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

So, I have to keep it under wraps. Even though this thing might stretch to Andromeda 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 as he keeps hugging Grabby.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

In some ways it's 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.

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. REAKCHUBLICKIN 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 PUSA
ever?

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,
the next President of the United
States of Amaryca

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 and goes completely quiet.

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.

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

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 sillier 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. ASSEX HOLLOWOOD TOUR BUS - DAY

Trumpigula rides on the bus, bantering with a few Assex 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 said I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY HAVE
 SOME KINKY STUFF so 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 sssimilar to dumpsssster which is where you'll be throwing the entire Essstablishment sssso you can be the leader of a country that's gotten sssso rotten, not even a handsome hogman sssuch ass yoursssself will even eat here any more sssso you fly to Krushya where you see how great thingsss are and jussst want to make Amaryca great, too, which is a great thing to want to do, sssso 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 Grabby. Not a fun place, let me tell you. You are great, 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

(MORE)

CONWAY (cont'd)
 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 sststuff 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 sstick inssside
 of them, too, ssso there, which
 isss where we are now, Trumpigula
 leading in all of the pollsss
 because peeple respect hisss pole
and ability to make dealsss like
 nobody'sss bussnesss, which is
 why after you go to a locker room,
 you take a shower ssso you feel
 clean, which isss what Amaryca will
 be with Presssident Trumpigula, the
 cleanest pigman and greatessst
 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 isss to undersstand that tapes make sounds when you play them and sssoundsss are thingsss we hear with our earsss sso while sssometimessss thingsss sseem confussing itsss because the media makesss a lot of sssoundsss that jussst shouldn't be heard, sso all that matterssss is that Trumpigula will be Presssident 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 no but you wish he would. With this sexually explosive information on top of the all the lying; the cheating those he had contracts with; the pornstar sex; the pedophilic comments and incestuous innuendos; the bigotry, sexism and racism; the 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
(MORE)

MANNON (cont'd)
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
clogged in the end, but you made me
feel like a new hogman. I really
feel no woe right now.

MANNON
Know woh? No woe. Where have I
heard that... Oh yeah! NOWO, The
New Old World Order! You've 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
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! The
NOWOMAGAN! The New Old World Order
Makes Amaryca Great Again Now. It's
perfect. And catchy!

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

TRUMPIGULA
Part of me making Amaryca great is
the enemazation of the nation.

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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 edujaculation, they all
 just need to be flushed away like a
 great, giant enema. The NOWOMAGAN.

TRUMPIGULA
 See to it, Screamen. You're the
 brightfart 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 Grabby?

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!? I want Grabby!

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 as he
 repeats Blowsy's speech.

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 and
 destroyed, I thank and compliment
 for being such wonderful
 jackassmen. I love you all. You're
 all great losers.

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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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
 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. Truly. 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 godmen 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. Give me your devotion, or else.

You people 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 deal. Our very survival is depending on all of us. There is 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 Krushya, GRABIMIR SNOOPIN, a weaselman. Trumpigula looks 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 eez great, vor sure!
Me sho glad choo turned me on to da blimpy kidd. He shoow funny!

INTERCUT BETWEEN TRUMPIGULA AND SNOOPIN TALKING ON THE PHONE

Trumpigula chuckles.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah. Reminds me of those times we romped around Krushya 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 veel da shame vay. Me eez shoow excited choo let me have me Showmiet Reunion. Me campaign slogan is STRONGER AND HAPPIER TOGETHER. Vit everyvon elsh valling apart, like da Yourapeein Union and the United States, ve Krushkies and
(MORE)

SNOOPIN (cont'd)

choo vill have da greatest empire!
Vee vill rule da world!

TRUMPIGULA

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

SNOOPIN

But of course! Vi would have it no
udder vay! Dat eez vi vee hacked
Shilly's email server and spread
doze vake news shtories to convuse
everyvon. I made Shilly her own
vorst enemy by showing da world how
much like dem she eez. Peeple hold
vomanimen to a much higher standard
dan manimen. They didn't vote vor
her cause she vas too much like
dem!

TRUMPIGULA

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

Snoopin begins choking up.

SNOOPIN

Eets a vact, comrade, dat I veel
sho lucky to have met choo. Vin I
met President Shlickon as KGBG
agent guarding that drunkard
President Boorish Shmeltsin, I felt
such humiliation that capitalism
destroyed communism. Bote our
countries ver bloated vit debt, but
chores learned to grind udder
countries down and exploit der
vealth better than vee did, vit
chore pleasurable materialistic
culture dat I hate sho.

Dus, ven old Showmiet Union
crumbled, vee came crawling to
Slikc Villy, begging vor money. I
had to stand in da shame vroom vit
bote Shlikcon and Shmeltsin shtinky
and hungover. Shlikcon said to dat
slob Shmeltsin WE'LL LOAN YOU THE
MONEY, BUT YOU GOTTA KISS MY FEET
AND LET ME GIVE YOUR DAUGHTER A
TOUR OF MY HONKY HOUSE. Shmeltsin

(MORE)

SNOOPIN (cont'd)
 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! Your accent was perfect.
 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
 those trying to stop conflicts. I
 make sooo 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 not a lie! Cracking down
 on Glasnost was necessary step vor
 Showmiet Reunion.

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 Krushya? Why wouldn't
 I fund your Showmiet 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 hack and leak.

SNOOPIN

Choo know I know how much choo love golden showers, so I spread da Silly leak vit honor. I owe choo sho much, Trumpigula. It vas also great pleasure to stop Shilly, who eez so opposed to da great Showmiet Reunion. She only vants to protect civil disunions wherever possible. Sho, sho shad. Choo and me vill always be great friends, Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA

Dah. That's not a lie, too. I'll talk at you later Grabi. Grabi. Ha! You know I have Grabby, uh, never mind. 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 NO GOOD FOR SECRETARY OF MISTAKE. 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
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 woe. 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 rear 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.
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 were born for NOWO! Wadaya think, my Furorous one?

TRUMPIGULA

(painfully grunting)

Yeah, great! Sing it again!

EXT. TRUMPIGULA KNOCKED HER SILLY 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 Honky House.

First things first. More nuclear warheads to fight off enemies. We can never have enough. My missiles will be longer, fatter and able to shoot a bigger payload farther than anyone's ever. Woe 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. His grabber winds under his jacket, spraying the 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 have 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 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
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 all mesmerized by Grabby, 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 peeple
 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
 ssssandal 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
 jobsssss and raping our country,
 becaussss using taxxx incentivesssss
 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 recordsssss, assss
 they're hiding, sssso, mind your
 own business if you got one, we'll
 let capitalissm 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 matterssss, so if you don't
 hear it officially from me or
 Trumpigula, than it doesssn't
 matter what ssssomeone elsssse
 ssssaid, anyway, becaussss nobody

(MORE)

CONWAY (cont'd)
 believessss you, media, only what
 we sssay isss the way it issss,
 anyway. We have a mandate, so
 there. Flick. Flick.

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

TRUMPIGULA
 Wow. She charmsss 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 pigdustries, 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
 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
 (MORE)

SNMUC NEWS TALKING HEAD 2 (cont'd)
 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 FROM TRUMPIGULA!

EXT. HONKY 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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
 Enhancement 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 spearener, 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 turd bombs.

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - SAME DAY

Trumpigula sits at his desk. He hears the protesters cheering. He turns on the TV 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? Grabby's gonna
bust some rumps for their
irreverence towards my holy statue!

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

EXT. TRUMPINGTON MANUMENT SITE - SAME DAY

Trumpigula arrives at the construction site via helicopter. The crowd sees him then yell and throw things at him.

TRUMPIGULA

I command you to stop!

Trumpigula looks troubled.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

Grabby, 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. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - SAME DAY

Trumpigula lays on the couch with an ice pack on his head. The TV 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 Grabby most, it just ups and leaves. What am I gonna do now?

INT. NEW ZEALAND RADIO TELESCOPE - LAST NIGHT

A platypusman astronomer looks at a computer screen, puzzled as he focuses on elongated shapes that look like grabbers.

ASTRONOMER 1

What are those?

ASTRONOMER 2

Runny Birdman poop?

ASTRONOMER 1

I already checked. They're moving too fast. Look how far they've traveled the last three nights?

He shows the other astronomer, a koalawoman, the animation.

ASTRONOMER 2

Wild! They're zooming at astronomical speeds. Whatever they are, they're wiggling 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 broadcastings and attempt to colonize it. It would be stranger if that did not eventually occur. Oh snot.

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Trumpigula lays on his couch. The TV shows the construction site occupation. His phone dings so he picks it up.

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. The crowman director of NASAL perches on a podium.

NASAL SPOKESMAN

Caw caw! Ladies and gentlemen, quite an eventful week. Normally we wouldn't interrupt a big story like the cawcupation 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 Cawking. An alien armada is approaching.

Before long, the world will cawnfront aliens. Unless people unite and organize, we'll probably be over-run. Cawnsidering the

(MORE)

NASAL SPOKESMAN (cont'd)
 circumstances, we think uniting is statistically improbable since the cawntury is so divided against Trumpigula. Caw caw! We advise everybody to go horde tissues, as there will be a lot of nose-blowing our way cawming. NASAL over and caw caw caw caw.

The crowman's cawing fades out as he flies away.

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

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 peeple 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 Grabby?

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 sooo 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 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. He farts, giving him final relief.

TRUMPIGULA

Mommy gives me hope. Maybe I don't need Grabby 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 Hamatten 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 even during the most exciting and funniest parts? Are you wondering where to find the lowest insurance rates now that Trumpigula is President? Well, 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. I can read your thoughts here in the Great Studio in the Sky. Nothing wrong with your mommy helping you. Hades, if my mommy were still alive, she'd be keeping my den clean and bringing home the best kills, 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, godmen? 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 godmen, 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

(very sadly)

Are they really all fighting ... over me?

THE PRODUCER

More like because of you, Trumpy, and things have gotten even better since peepke 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 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 ya in person. I'm Blowsy Armsstrong. These cats here say I'm the greatest trumpet playa eva, but that kind of praise

(MORE)

BLOWSY (cont'd)
 makes me feel weird inside, ya know
 what I'm sayin'?

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

TRUMPIGULA
You're the guy I hear in my head!
 And that trumpet! You mean I'm not
 crazy?

BLOWSY
 Oh, yo crazay and I'm the one and
 only. Blowin my horn is somethin 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 befo you
 were a cute wittle baby pigletman.
 I've been makin yo grabba do its
 thang from day one. Kind of weird,
 man, I know, but hey, it's a good
 payin 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 was
 missing? Know anything about that?

THE PRODUCER
 Your grabber got up and went
 because you gave it no R-E-S-P-E-C-
 T. That's not our deal. Deal.

Trumpigula blushes. The Producer sighs in sympathy.

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)

Let me explain. I'm sure you're clueless. Your family has had grabbers since your great, great, great-granddaddy Trumpuny, the man you were named after, was abducted by the Flimflammers while he was taking a mud bath. They implanted the grabber in him with the intent to use it to control him and thus the world. Every time they blew the trumpet, his grabber got up and went, wherever they wanted. Trumpuny loved it. That worked for several generations, until this trumpet was stolen by my daddy.

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 2016 Reakchublickin Convention. He needed a breakthrough, or he'd be shipped to Fux Television by the Viewers. Everyone wants Fux until they get it, then they're trapped no matter how hard they try to get out.

Daddy's salvation was he flimflammed the Flimflammers by offering to upgrade their trumpet's software with Crapple's iOS 69. It caused the trumpet to overload, 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 13 seasons, but ended abruptly when your daddy got too playful. Fred stole the trumpet and played it so hard he overloaded their grabbers. He was just trying to be funny, but they ended up dying from the shock of their grabbers blasting off, and the guilt 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 Dark 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

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 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,
 including cast their vote for you!

TRUMPIGULA'S
 (sadly)
 My fanatics do what I want because
 of Grabby, not because they like me.

THE PRODUCER
 Bingo. Had you not had your
 grabber, you would just be a
 regular, old, boring pigman that
 everyone hated. But since you have
 a grabber, 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. Snort. 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 shouldn't have ruined so many
 people's lives just to keep
 grabbing more and more. I feel like
 a complete and total great loser.

THE PRODUCER

(Tenderly)

Some things 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
 believe having a grabber is 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

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
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 ya sooo
concerned about ratin's, look at it
this way: yo ratin's now are not
dependent on the old Trumpigula,
but the more relaxed Trumpigula ya
need to become. We let ya masta
using yo grabba cause we knew ya
needed to learn how to use it, even
if it meant ya were bad ta the bone
in the process. Ya've been such a
jerkface using yo graba because ya
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 and everyone else in the studio nod their heads.

BLOWSY (cont'd)
We knew ya needed ta satisfy yo lust
fo all thangs ta become the pigman ya
are today. We needed ya ta want ta be
President mo than anythang. We needed
ya ta do what it took ta actually
win. Krushyans Smushians, my trump-
diddly-doo one. They had nothin ta do
with ya winnin. That was you and
mostly me. There's a war comin,
Trumpiggyman. I can only blow fo yo
grabba so much, though. I'm ready ta
retire. You need ta play with it on
ya own, dig big pigman? Ya need ta
gain complete grabba control with yo
own blowin.

The Producer hands Trumpigula the trumpet, who takes it.

TRUMPIGULA
Whoa! This thing just vibrated!

BLOWSY
It's sayin HELLO. It likes ya!

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

TRUMPIGULA

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

BLOWSY

Hogwash! Animan, you became President! Everybody always thought only jackassmen could be politicians. That was yo idea ta run, and it was pretty much all you who won. I was there blowin fo ya, but only when I saw ya falta. You became the boss hogman on ya own, anyway. I was mostly there fo the good times. I was even off-the-clock since ya weren't part of the regular programmin. I always thought ya were so entertainin ta watch and play with, even if The Viewas weren't yo fans. I know, with lots of practice, you'll be blowin 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,

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 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 and empathy as well. You're going to have to want to risk your life facing the Flimflammers. They're not 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, animan. It's all unprecedented. Ya might be able to strike a deal with them, or ya might need ta destroy them. Whatever it takes ta make sure they don't take yo grabba and the trumpet. We need those ta remain a part of ya, 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 people. 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 winning 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. HONKY 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-rated 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
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 all the creatures, including the
 geckomen. They're all in jeopardy
 and 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 hamman on
 Christmas. Considering most of the
 world hates me more than anything,
 this'll be tough knowing I can't
 use 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. HONKY HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - SAME DAY

The room is packed with babbling 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
 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
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
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. The important thing is to keep your chin up and move forward. Hades, though, had I done a fraction of what you do they'd a hung my hide.

INT. HONKY HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - SAME DAY

Trumpigula continues his press conference to impress.

TRUMPIGULA

I wonder what wonderful things we might have accomplished if we, 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 aren't Amarycans and we aren't

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Krushyans. 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 all just be serving Gestapo and his Seico friends. We all need to do and doo doo our part to prevent infestation.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

The animen train for battle, practicing their poop powers, 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. Plus, don't forget to use your doggie doo against them.

Speaking of doo doo, you sheepmen have some that are like pellets. Go, practice readying, aiming and firing because 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 and is able to compete. People love wool, but it's really way too expensive. Even I can barely afford it, not really. I'm very rich. Snot, I promised not to rub that in your faces any more. I'm sorry, folks. Look, all animen are equal, regardless of how much wealth someone has. Remember that.

You birdmen, the Flimflammers are going to try to force us all to listen to Yawny over and over again. We need you to create works of fart the world has never seen or heard. We especially need a great war song to blast in their faces along with your runny turds. Fly high and bombs away.

All of us need to be great to each other. You jackassmen need to start writing 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. Think of all the waste you're leaving behind! That's not great. 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 and sing Kumbaya 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? Yucky!

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 up. What kind of tortured world am I in? Double 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 cursed 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, then points at Priebus and smiles.

TRUMPIGULA

You will not see this big piggy run from those humorassmen. 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 on the head.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Owwy! 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's got one, too? 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 erected, it only did it so it could be our savior. It really just wants to make 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 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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. HONKY 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
 and will get him reelected. 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
 (excitedly smiling)
 I do have a report, sir! Most of
 Irks appears prepared. Let's see. I
 think you'll be glad to know your
 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 for
 the pigmen. Since the sheepmen are
 (MORE)

REAMUS (cont'd)

now paid a living wage, they easily quadrupled wool production. Now wool is lot cheaper, princes like me can actually afford to buy good pairs of socks, meaning their, er, my feet will be warmer in the winter and breath better in the summer. That means I'll be a happier Prince. Less numbness and toe fungus is always a good thing.

TRUMPIGULA

No, a great thing! NOWO is working! Tell me I'm right. Since peeples are happier and saving money buying wool, they can afford quality dogman food, meaning dogmen are barfing a lot less. Less mess means less accidents, means there is no more snotty music on the radio. Better music makes all the difference. The jackassmen in Congress have no reason to write snotty laws anymore, so everyone is extremely happy. Boom! A happy feedback loop because of me!

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. 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. Do something to them!

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, they are. But the menace we're focusing on is the Flimflammers. We'll deal with those nasty, unforgiving snakes later.

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

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 am 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 Honky 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 wiggling 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. This thing on?

Replies arrive on his computer via Madeyoulook.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Okay, terrific. 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 to battle.

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. "Ssss!" the snakemen roar.
- G) Flimflammers shriek and flee in terror into the pit of dogman puke in Central Park. 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 ITH 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-Strangled Jammer, Jimi Hendrix-like. His grabber flashes red, white and blue, thrusting to the dragonman to tickle him. The dragonman giggles hard and his grabber shoots 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 and says to Big Deal Boss.

DRAGONMAN (cont'd)

You're not paying me nearly enough for that! What kind of thucker do you think I am!

Trumpigula breathes deep and 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 jerkfaces not listening to you, but it looks like they were just practicing. Totally 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. Some of our production crew cried when you hit

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 that really high note, when 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.)
He's Big Deal Boss!

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 Big Deal
 Boss! What producer can resist
 having endless commercials produced
 by someone else, letting you to sit
 around doing nothing? Plus, I
 recognize your voice as the
 dragonman rider. You and he have a
 similar lithp.

THE PRODUCER
 You're right, like never, Trumpy.
 Our lithp tends to rub off on each
 other when we hang out, that hot
 dragonman and I. I've been producing
 shows forever. I'm tired. I really
 need a vacay. Somewhere nice, like
 Floodrida. 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 Flimflammerth
 would get Irkth and I wouldn't need
 to workth 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 Grabby?

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'th 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
 pal, a lot of great memories I
 can't remember. Luckily, I have the
 videos of you and me doing our
 thang. I'll miss you, but I miss
 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 TOOTING IN. Trumpigula's grabber
 wiggles. The Viewers' rating meter escalates. The Producer
 stares at it and becomes mesmerized and very aroused.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 We'll give you one dance with
 Grabby 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 Grabby dance romantically. 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.
Trumpigula is not real. 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 Grabby 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.

THE END