

Trumpigula

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. SPACE - DAY

From the Planet Amommyda fly 8 giant spaceships shaped like snakes. The head of each ship is a hand. The fingers move as if grabbing and releasing, the bodies slither. Zoom into the Solar System, Planet Irks, Amaryca, and an Appalachian mine.

INT. A MINE - DAY

Enslaved ANIMEN (sheepmen, cowmen, chickenmen, et al: human body/animal head) mine crap. Rumbling and singing fade into hearing. Debris falls on their heads. They hum to the song.

SINGING ARMY (V.O)
 Trumpigula, like an Emperor of
 Rome, grabbed everything to fill
 his great home. Ruled the whole
 world and did it all alone.
 Everything was his. He'll eat you
 to the bone. Trumpigula!

EXT. OF MINE

Towards the mine march a mass of prisoner animen in front of BLIMPY KIDDS (BKs, kidd soldiers.) BKs sing.

SINGING ARMY
 Trumpigula is rich as could be.
 Hordes all his wealth but flaunts
 it so we'll see. Surrounded by the
 finest golden luxury. Opulent his
 life and that's all right with me.
 Trumpigula!

Commander STINGGY (SNG, honeybeewoman) leads the horde. Upon her rides TRUMPIGULA (T, boss hogman) smirking.

SINGING ARMY (cont'd)
 Trumpigula declares he is the best.
 Killing everyone who ruffled his
 crest. Spreading lots of fear from
 the east coast to the west. He's in
 total control. Hear him thump his
 chest. Trumpigula!

The prisoners look sad as they sing their own song.

SINGING PRISONERS

Trumpigula, you lost it again. Mr.
Sensitive, you whiny pigman. Waahh!
Waahh! Trumpigula, were your
feelings hurt? For our kids future
we'll fight your evil squirt.

They reach the mine opening SNG hovers over. BKs force
captives in, squirting unruly ones w/ diarrhea. W/ heads
hung low and noses plugged, they pass beneath T. He sneers.

SINGING ARMY

Trumpigula's gonna grab you
anywhere. Takes what he wants
because he don't care. Greedy and
stone-cold for NOWO is his flair.
Zeus blesses his soul and his
gorgeous orange hair. Trumpigula!

From T's shirt pokes out GRABBY (GBY, an appendage w/ a
hand, attached to T.) He pushes it back under his shirt.

SINGING ARMY (cont'd)

Trumpigula is great at causing
pain. Spreading lots of hate to
those who he maimed. Worshiped and
adored by those who feel the same.
If you disagree, he'll lock you up
in chains. Trumpigula!

SNG looks sad. GBY pokes out and emits a mist. SNG gets
entranced. The prisoners sing.

PRISONERS

Trumpigula, have you no remorse?
Are your sleepless nights spent in
sad discourse? Trumpigula we
tremble in fear. With your great
grabber our end is near.

A turkeyman picks up a rock and gobbles.

TURKEYMAN

Dump Scumpigulalala gobble gobble!

He throws the rock at T. It hits SNG.

PRISONERS

(chanting)
Dump Scumpigulalala!

SNG sees the culprit, points her stinger, and sprays venom.
He screams and is pushed in the mine by a BK. They shut up.

TRUMPIGULA

Whadiditelya, folks. Amaryca is finally great! You shouldn't have become my menace, saying otherwise. Have fun mining crap for me! Hit it Stinggy. I got Fux to watch at my Honky House, and Blastered will be there soon. I'm feeling clogged.

EXT. IN THE SKY HEADING TO WASHINGTON D.C.

SNG flies. GBY pokes out, mists the herd below, and pets SNG's head. T looks below and smiles. Forests are felled, replaced with factories. Farms are filled with brown cowmen, slaving away. Old brown cowmen are led to the factories. From the factories, lines of trucks w/ TrumpMeat and TrumpDogmanChow logos stream in and out. Piles of spotted-snailmen shells dot the side of the road. He imagines Benjamins billowing from the smokestacks into his piggy banks. He farts, causing turbulence, and almost falls off. His legs clutch SNG tighter. He pulls out his phone and twats: I TOLD YOU NOWO WORKS! MAKES ME THE BEST PUSA EVER!

BLOWSY ARMSOSTRONG (V.O.)

President!? You're Emperor! ETPI!

TRUMPIGULA

Eat pie? Now? ... Oh! Emperor
Trumpigula of Planet Irks! Yesss!

T twats: LIKE I SAID, MAKES ME THE BEST ETPI EVER! He sniffs the air, sees the swamp below, and smiles.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Nothing like the smell of old swamp
gas. Looks like money down there.

Swampmen guard the bubbling swamp, spraying swamp juice at protesters trying to drain it. Mayor RUDEGUY GHOULIANI (RG, Tasmanian devilman) waves and yells to T flying over.

GHOULIANI

Everything's under control, ETPI!

From the swamp emerge more swampmen. RG gives them orders.

GHOULIANI (cont'd)

Go! Destroy the Establishment that makes Amaryca so ungreat. Unravel the rules, one by one. Replace them with Trumpigulations.

Turmoil is everywhere. Rebels chant, hold signs, and fight the TRUMPIGULAMERS (TLmrs, T's fighters.) T beams.

TRUMPIGULA

Keep fighting for me. I'm worth it!

The Honky House (HH, White House) comes into view. Outside the fence, protesters swarm, shaking the fence and chanting.

PROTESTERS

Dump Scumpigulalala!

T grimaces. SNG lands on the HH lawn. T jumps off her back.

TRUMPIGULA

How am I gonna relax with all that ruckus! Stinggy, Go! Grab my blimpy kidds and spray those menaces!

She flies and shoots venom over them. BKs follow and spray diarrhea. The rebels close their eyes and scream as the poisons hit. They panic and stampede each other to escape. T sneers and walks into the Oval Office.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

He lays on the couch and turns on Fux with Insanity and See Aunt Enemy News (SAEN). GBY snatches him a snack. SHONG INSANITY (SI, skunkman) talks on the right TV.

SHONG INSANITY

Another great day in Amaryca ruled by Emperor Trumpigula. And it just keeps getting better. Gotta love the stink!

A knock on the door perks T up.

TRUMPIGULA

Blastered, that you?

DR. BLASTERED (DB, porcupineman proctologist) strolls in. GBY emerges from T's pants, snakes up, waves to DB, and does THE MESMERIZATION DANCE (MD, the fingers move hypnotically as GBY sways, flashes different colors, and releases a mist.) DB's eyes glaze over. T turns up the TVs, pulls down his pants, and bends over his desk. DB gives T an enema. T snorts and grunts.

SHONG INSANITY

Today, Congress passed the Registry of Enemas for Amarycans Mandate, finally! REAM has replaced Yomamacare with Analtractcare, and everyone is covered! The best part of REAM? It pays pigdustries to do whatever the snot they need to create jobs and make lots of bacon. No business has no excuse to not take advantage of government now. The enemazation of the nation is medicine we swallow with pride. All thanks to ETPI. He truly is a pigman blessed by Zeus. NOWO.

TRUMPIGULA

(grunting)

And a firm be...liever. You'll thank me, people, one day. You'll be sorry you were so me...an to me. Blastered! Go ea...sy!

On the left TV, SAEN broadcasts. The host is a HEADLOUSEMAN.

SAEN TALKING HEADLOUSEMAN

REAM supersedes the pigmen running agencies that regulate their pigdustries. It's bad enough that Trumpigulations have gutted regulations that protect workers, communities, the environment, and, most crucially, the future generations of animen. That all benefits the millionaire pigmen exploiting people and resources to get rich. Now taxpayers gotta pay them to do their job?

TRUMPIGULA

Snot! Richman wel...fare is great!

DB finishes. T takes a deep breath and exhales, pulls up his pants, and looks out the window. The protesters are gone. Brown cowmen clean the mess. BLOWSY ARMSOSTRONG (BLO, voice in T's head) beams into T's hearing.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Trumpy, ya sure are nasty! Just rememba, there's aliens comin. You'll all be doomed les ya get people ta love each otha. Don't get
(MORE)

BLOWSY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 cocky bout what ya doin. Ya aren't
 a godman like ya think.

TRUMPIGULA
 Shut your trap, crazy guy in my
 mind. I'm ETPI and don't listen to
 no one. Especially one who don't
 show his yaphole. Come out already!

BLOWSY (V.O.)
 Youuu just don't learn, do ya
 pigpen? Youuu ain't nothin without
 me blowin. With just one song
 Grabby's done. Then what you think
you'll become?

TRUMPIGULA
 Keep your hands off my grabber. I
 am ETPI and Grabby's master. It
 does all I command. So, hose off,
 wuss, I'm the boss hogman.

BLO plays trumpet. GBY dances out, shakes its hand saying UH
 UHHH!, gives T the finger, and zips back into nothingness. T
 falls to the floor in a crumpled mess, crying.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Not again! Waahh!

BLOWSY (V.O.)
 Pooor fooo. You really messed up
this time. Ya don't give it any
 respect. Grabby is done!

BLO's laughing fades out of hearing. T turns off the TVs,
 lays on his couch, and falls asleep weeping.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY - 70 YEARS EARLIER

MARY (pigwoman) lies in bed on her back in the birth
 position. A DOCTOR (owlman) stands between her legs.

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 (hogman) walks behind the doctor.

FRED

And you never will again!

Out of Fred's pants emerges his MR. GRABBER (MG). It snakes around the doctor.

DOCTOR

What the...? Hooaaah!

MG slashes the doctor's throat with a scalpel as Fred grabs the baby, a piglet with orange hair. Blood splatters the baby. Fred cleans him.

FRED

You will be the one, my dear son.
Feared and adored. I will be the
proudest daddy ever! Snort!

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

MARY

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

FRED

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

T suckles from his mom. GBY grabs her other breast. She looks down.

MARY

What is that!?

Mary touches the snake-like hand w/ wiggly fingers.

FRED

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

GBY flails and finds Mary's face. It pets her gently and squeezes her nose. She squeals. T cries.

MARY

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

T smiles, snorts, farts, and sleeps. Mary falls asleep.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S MESSY BEDROOM - DAY - 5 YEARS LATER

T sits on the bed reading DIARRHEA OF A BLIMPY KIDD (DBK). On the floor lies a sheepwoman: tongue sticking out, a look of terror on the face and a red mark around the neck. Mary enters and shrieks.

MARY

What did you do, Trumpy!

TRUMPIGULA

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

T, 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.

Mary cries.

MARY

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

T smiles and snorts.

TRUMPIGULA

I know, Mommy. I'm perfect!

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

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY - 16 YEARS LATER

T yaps at Fred. CONNER (sheepman servant) cleans the office.

FRED

Son, quiet. It's time you learned the greatest trick your grabber can do. I know I've told you being a killer is crucial if you want to be the boss hogman. What's our

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
 commandment? IF YOU'RE NOT KILLING,
 YOU'RE GOING TO BE KILLED.

T syncs IF YOU'RE NOT KILLING, YOU'RE GOING TO BE KILLED.

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
 (scornfully)
 Conner? Who's that?

FRED
 That servant over there. He's been
 working here for 16 years.

TRUMPIGULA
 I guess. They're all the same. I've
 killed so many, I've lost count.

FRED
 That's my point. Conner, come.

Conner walks to Fred and stops four feet away. MG emerges
 and does the MD for Conner. T's eyes widen.

TRUMPIGULA
 Whoa! How are you doing that?

FRED
 Conner, walk to my son.

Conner walks towards T.

FRED (cont'd)
 Kiss him. On the lips.

Conner gives T a wet kiss. T pushes him away, hard.

TRUMPIGULA
Get away, disgusting sheepman!

T wipes his lips. Conner stands still, making a kissy face.

FRED
Conner, clean my office.

Conner's face relaxes and he cleans 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 they forget they saw your
grabber, and it won't fall off.

TRUMPIGULA
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
snout 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 wiggle, like so.

MG perks up and wiggles. GBY copies.

FRED (cont'd)
Then I move my Mr.'s fingers.

MG's fingers wiggle rhythmically. GBY copies.

FRED (cont'd)
The hardest part is the most
important. I will my grabber to
(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
flash. Imagine it has lights. 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'll
start flashing.

T struggles, getting frustrated.

TRUMPIGULA
Should this hurt? It's painful.

FRED
No. That's strange.

Fred notices Conner watching GBY.

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!

T sweats. Conner looks concerned. Fred smiles.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
Hypnotize him to forget! I'm not
gonna let Grabby fall off, so if
you want him to live...

GBY flashes.

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

GBY flashes brighter. Conner's eyes glaze.

FRED (cont'd)
You've got it! Make your command!

TRUMPIGULA

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

Conner walks out of the room.

FRED

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

MG sprays the pheromone. T struggles. GBY oozes a little
mist, then it squirts out.

TRUMPIGULA

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

FRED

Yes. Anything. You deserve
everything, Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA

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

FRED

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

TRUMPIGULA

Of course. Nothing can stop me now.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - DAY - 3 YEARS LATER

T sits at his desk, dialing the phone.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

Hello, *Daily Manure Turdbloid News*,
your source of stinky fresh gossip.
What you gas up?

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! Just printed about that deal you 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.

T farts.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

Wow, that wafts in with my turdbloid real smoothly. Can't wait to read it. That why your calling?

TRUMPIGULA

No, no, no! But print it. Tell me when's the next story about me.

SHONG INSANITY (O.S.)

You're our biggest draw! We run stories about you a few times a week. Not all are about your deals, though, heh heh. There's so much intrigue around your glamorous lifestyle. People love hearing about you. No one doesn't know who you are because of me.

T smiles.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, it's great. I'm a household name. 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 today. TRUMPIGULA STRUTS AT
CLUB LUV TONIGHT PICTURES TOMORROW.
Send Ooo Ooo Ah ah, that foreign
chimpman photographer of yours.
He's easy to push around.

T hangs up the phone.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Zeus gave me Grabby, not you! No
one can be like me! I'm the winning
wiener and will always be. As long
as everyone knows that, I'll be
ruling planet Irks in no time.

T hears a trumpet, then the voice of BLO.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Oh yeah, my pigman trump. I'm with
you on that one.

T looks around and smacks his head.

TRUMPIGULA

What, am I hearing voices now?

BLO chuckles. A trumpet plays. GBY pops out, dances, then
smacks him across the face, Three Stooges style. The trumpet
stops, BLO chuckles, and GBY flops on the desk. T looks
perplexed. He taps GBY, and it zips back into 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

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
 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.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. TOP DECK OF CRUISE SHIP - DAY - 40 YEARS EARLIER

Fred lounges near a pool with his granddaddy ANGUS, mostly uncovered. Their skin is sunburned. His daddy ANDERSON walks away, showing his butt barely covered by a skimpy bathing suit. Fred pulls out a bag hidden in his towel and puts it by Anderson's lounge chair. He sits back and giggles.

ANGUS
 What's in the bag, boy?

FRED
 Just a gag gift for Daddy. Need to get him back for making me eat that rotten apple with the wormman inside. That was the grossest thing.

ANGUS
 Heh heh. Yeah, but it was very funny! We got good ratings from the Viewers for that one.

FRED
 Laugh it up, porkball! Just wait til you see what I got planned.

Anderson walks back, laughing and oinking.

ANDERSON
 You'd think being on a boat would make it hard to tinkle, but it was smooth sailing. Only missed a little, like usual... What's in the bag? Doonuts?

FRED
 Must be something good. While you were gone, one of your lady fans came looking you, that fine foxwoman you like. Said she wanted to give you that.

ANDERSON

Oh, really? Let's have a look-see... Well, I'll be! Cuban cigars! These must be from Sheila. She's an angel, and a devil, if you know what I mean, wink-wink, nudge-nudge. Hey, there's also a bottle of my favorite scotch!

FRED

Tasty! Let's light 'em up!

Angus looks suspicious but takes one after Fred lit his. Anderson passes the bottle of scotch around and they swig.

ANDERSON

This is the life. Cruising the Scarypeein on our own show, having fans give us all kinds of good stuff. It doesn't get much better.

Fred uncovers a trumpet hidden in his towel and plays it.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

What the!?! How'd you get Blowsy's trumpet?

His and Angus's grabbers snake out and dance wildly, syncopated and sexy.

ANGUS

OK, very funny Fred. You got your revenge. Knock it off now! He's getting you back for making him eat that wormman last week. Fred, I didn't do anything! Keep your granddaddy out of this!

FRED

You laughed, too!

The music draws people over, who see the grabbers dancing.

RANDOM COWMAN

Those things ... are real! Thought they were just special effects! Look at them mooove it!

ANDERSON

Fred, this is not funny!

Anderson and Angus panic. They approach Fred, but their grabbers block their way. Fred is in a trance.

ANDERSON (cont'd)
Quick! Do something! Someone!

The cowman moos and sits back, watching the show.

ANGUS
Blowsy, help!

Anderson and Angus fall to the floor. Their grabbers tower over everyone, dancing to the funky trumpet blowing. They scream as their grabbers detach. They grab them. BLO (elephantman) runs to the deck and sees the scene.

BLOWSY
Fredsta, what are ya doin'! Stop!

BLO stretches his trunk and swats the trumpet away. Angus's and Anderson's grabbers pop off and shoot into the sky, wiggling away and disappear. BLO grabs Fred.

BLOWSY (cont'd)
What did ya do!?! No, no, no!

Fred, entranced, emerges out as BLO shakes him.

FRED
Blowsy? What's going on? Why are you shaking me? Last I remember was playing your trumpet. Must have hyperventilated and passed out.

BLOWSY
Fred. Ya shouldn't have played it. We told you that. Look!

BLO points to hogmen lying on the ground. Fred runs to them.

FRED
Popsies!

ANDERSON
(breathing hard)
Some joke, son. Heh heh. Looks like the show's over. Hopefully we get good ratings for this.

FRED
What did I do!?!?

ANGUS
(gasping)
I didn't know you could play, boy. Remind me, though, never go to your
(MORE)

ANGUS (cont'd)
concert if you're playing Blowsy's
trumpet, deal?

FRED
Doctor! Somebody! Help my Popsies!

BLO puts his hand on Fred's shoulder.

BLOWSY
Fredsta, no docta can help. They've
been canceled. The show is ova.

END FLASHBACK

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Fred sighs heavy, looking sad. BLO chuckles.

BLOWSY (V.O.)
Why so sad, my hammy Fred?

FRED
Blowsy? Blowsy Armsstrong!?

BLOWSY (V.O.)
Long time no blowin my horn for ya.
Luckily, I got 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 when he's
ready. In the meantime, leave him
be. He's no use to you.

BLO 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 Trumpiggy
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 needa tell him!

Fred puts his head down and cries.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

T 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 best building ever! I'm tearing down that ratman-infested school to build the greatest pyramid yet! 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. T and Fred enter. All eyes train on T. He sees a flock of SEAGULLWOMEN staring at him. He smiles and nods. The hogmen head to the bar. T lays a wad of money on the bar for THE BARTENDER (gorillaman) who smiles, showing his big teeth.

TRUMPIGULA

Keep it flowing our way.

BARTENDER

Squirreley Temples, as always, for surely, Trumpigula. Grrrila.

They get their drinks. T looks around, smiling, nodding, and pointing to everyone. He sees the seagullwomen staring at him, giggling. T smiles 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.

T struts over to the seagullwomen's table.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Oh, you gulls sure are lookers!

SEAGULLWOMEN 1

Ve're glad you likey, burly hogman.
Vee love looking at you! Ueet!

She places a claw on his arm. He places a hand on her wing.

TRUMPIGULA

I got a great idea. You're all coming
back to my place so we can see more
of each other. I have something
you're all gonna love! You scratch my
back, and I'll...hurt you if scratch
me too hard.

T motions towards Fred, who walks over. T guzzles his drink.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Daddy, we're heading home. You in?

FRED

Umm, sure, yeah, sounds great.

The group leaves Club Luv in T's limo.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S BUILDING - SAME NIGHT

T and his posse enter noisily. Tenants look annoyed as they pass by. They reach T's penthouse and enter. The gulls gush over how beautiful it is.

TRUMPIGULA

On get down party music.

Music turns on. The seagullwomen dance seductively around T and Fred. A gull gives them drinks. They drink. The hogmen get disoriented and fall. SEAGULLWOMEN 1 makes a phone call.

SEAGULLWOMEN 1

Hey Hammy, vee got dem knocked out.

A gang of sharkmen headed by HAMMY (handsomely well-dressed hammerhead sharkman) enter. The seagullwomen leave.

HAMMY

Not so tough now, are ya, Trumpy.
Just a spoiled hogman who'd be
nothin without your daddy's money.
Tie these hogmen up, boys. 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 ties and drags them to the balcony. One end of the rope is tied to the railing. They fling them over. The sharkmen pee, trying to spray the dangling hogmen on the head. After a few doses of urine, they wake up and snort.

SHARKMAN GANGSTER 1

They're awake, boss.

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

HAMMY

I heard you liked golden showers
while being hog-tied! Probably wish
it were my gulls' and not my goons'
pee, but better than nothin. Thanks
for advertising your presence at
Club Luv tonight. Nice havin' time
to prepare your demise.

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 wanted this ever since you
broke my poor sister's heart.
Bidness is bidness, but you made it
personal. You know how expensive
therapy is these days!? She's a
total wreck! Can't even take a
normal shower or bath. She's a
great white sharkwoman, for
Neptune's sake! Now you're double
gonna pay! Crunch crunch!

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, I'm in a bind. Leave Daddy out of this. Don't make it more personal.

HAMMY

Too late for that, Trumpy. The city sleeps better knowing you two are no more. Nobody's gonna miss ya. We'll be sure to keep your bidness goin, though, so you're welcome.

Hammy smiles, brandishes his shiny teeth, then crunches.

TRUMPIGULA

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

FRED

With pleasure son. Lead the way.

GBY and MG emerge, snake up to the balcony, and do the MD. The sharkmen become entranced.

TRUMPIGULA

Tie up Hammy and pull us up!

The sharkmen pull them up and untie them. T walks to the unmesmerized Hammy and straightens his jacket.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Oh, Hammy, why'd you do something so stupid? Had plans to make you my minion, but now, your days are numbered. Throw him over! Let's see if sharkmen can fly!

The sharkmen grab him. He protests. They fling him over. Hammy screams. A few seconds later: THUD.

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. Told you he's giving up the mob. 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 T.

FRED

Is that a normal night for you, son?

TRUMPIGULA

Meh, so so. 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

You've learned to work it far better than me. You're gonna have to start teaching me things. I'm quite impressed you didn't kill Hammerhead's gang. Very smart to enchant them so you can take over his business. Remind me, though, to not go home with you if you're bringing back a 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 take it you're not going back to Club Luv, then? I'm itching for some action, now! Those gulls are gonna be surprised seeing me swagger 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 wash off this piss and take a looong mudbath. 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 coins with MG. It keeps going limp. He grabs and shakes it, but it's listless. Conner walks in, sees Fred shaking MG, and drops the tray.

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.

FRED (cont'd)

I need to show you something.

Fred holds MG and pushes it away. It struggles to stay up, but slowly sways the same height as Conner.

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.

MG 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 only my family has and is aware of. I wouldn't be who I am without it.

Conner stares at MG doing the MD. Fred sweats and looks tired. MG grows pale and lethargic. Fred moans. MG flops to the ground, twitches, then falls off. Fred falls.

FRED (cont'd)

Oh, snot.

From the hallway's end, T watches. GBY punches through his pants, zips down to Conner and penetrates him through the heart. GBY zips back as he runs to Fred.

TRUMPIGULA

Daddy!

Fred lifts his head and sees Conner, whose green blood pools. MG 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 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!?

T 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 the answers earlier!? Daddy!

T passes out on top of Fred.

INT. FRED'S CORPSE - THAT NIGHT

T wakes, looks at Fred, and sighs. He walks to Fred's office, rips it apart, and finds the safe behind a painting. He tries to open it many ways, including using GBY.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Let me give it a go.

BLO plays a tune, making GBY move about. It does some tricks, then retrieves videotapes from a shelf.

TRUMPIGULA

I'm not watching his dirty tapes!

BLOWSY (V.O.)

No, my pigman. This is even betta. Check it out. Yo gonna like.

T plays the videos.

TRUMPIGULA

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

T watches a recent video of Fred: Conner carries a tea tray that slips. The tea kettle pours on him. He screams, falls, and hits his head. Fred rushes to help, then calls a doctor. -T fast-forwards.- The doctor arrives. Fred helps.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

What's Daddy doing? Why's he acting so, so concerned about 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. Couldn't contro his kindness. Started carin bout people, 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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.

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S BEDROOM - DAY - 13 YEARS EARLIER

T walks in, sees a note on the bed, and picks it up.

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

T hangs his head down and falls to the floor.

TRUMPIGULA
 (sadly)
 Mommy! Waahhhhh!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - PREVIOUS SCENE

T stares at the photo and tears. He wipes his eyes, gets up,
 walks towards the door, and sees a framed note hanging on
 the wall: ALL ANIMEN ARE EQUAL.

TRUMPIGULA
 (angrily)
 Daddy! Waahhhh!

40 YEARS LATER

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - 40 YEARS LATER - DAY

A more hoglike T sits at his desk. A knock on the door.

TRUMPIGULA

Come in!

In walks BASTARD CONRAD (pigman) who walks 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 T to shake. He scoffs.

TRUMPIGULA

Sit down!

T points to a chair. Bastard sits down.

BASTARD

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

T's eyes widen.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Yeah, yeah, go for it!

GBY winds around under his clothes, prodding T. T squirms.

TRUMPIGULA

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

BASTARD

No, no, no! You are the catch. People can't get enough of you. We just want you to be you. It's called Reality TV. You 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

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
ginormous pyramid? The view from
here's the best! You see that
 vault? I can barely fit anymore in
 it, and that's just one of them!
 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 gonna be. My show will be
 fantastic! Greater than anything
 ever was. It needs a point, though,
 something to show how I do my
 deals. People will tremble at my
 power. They'll worship me, their
 godman! Snort!

BASTARD
 Whatever you want, we'll do.

TRUMPIGULA
 The show's called THE MENACE. All
 you people are surrounded by rotten
 menaces. I'm the one who destroys
 them, like Fluke Slystalker
 wielding his light-saber. Any
 menace out there, I chop down.

T pretends he's fighting with a light-saber.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 People will watch me stopping my
 country from not being great.
 What's that? You're a terrorists?
 I'll grab you by the family jewels,
 make you squeal like a donkeywoman!
 I'll turn you into a tearerist, you
 cry-baby menace-maker!

T puts his fists to his eyes, fake crying.

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

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
shoot them all, like the gangster
president of the Killippines does.

T pretends he's holding a machine gun, shooting.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
For years, there's been a giant
sucking sound coming from Canajah
and Sexico, where they have legal
brothels with Mary Wanna. Those
Beavermen and Cucarachamen are
stealing Amarycan jobs! I'm gonna
roast them into burritos and chop
suey a la Trumpigula! I'll put
Amaryca to work harder than ever!

T snorts. Bastard is extremely aroused, drooling.

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

TRUMPIGULA
Salt 'em and fry 'em until they're
escargone!

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

Bastard whinnies around the room.

TRUMPIGULA
I already am. But I need the show
first. I want people to see me in
action. They'll beg me to be PUSA.

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! I'll call you when I'm ready.
We're filming here in my office.
The viewers will see me looking
like a president, and believe I am!

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

Bastard puts his hand out to shake T's.

TRUMPIGULA
 I don't do that. Germs.

BASTARD
 Whatever you say, but it's expected
 if you're the president.

TRUMPIGULA
 Snot! ... Germs are your menace?
 I'll eliminate them. Boom! Gone!

T puts out his hand. Bastard, wide-eyed and smiling, shakes it with both of his hands and kisses T's fingers. T winces. Bastard leaves. T rushes to his sink and scrubs his hand.

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

T 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 w/ fans holding signs like TRUMPIGULA KILLS MENACES, WE LOVE TRUMPIGULA!, and TRUMPIGULA FOR PUSA. A helicopter hovers above TrumPyramid (TPYRMD). T's stunt double repels out. T walks to the mic on the lookout.

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

The crowd cheers.

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

More cheering.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I've got a lineup of menaces. Three drug dealers, four rapists, two illegal aliens, 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 run for their lives from me as I track them down. You all know the 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 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 I'm 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 and chants TRUMPIGULA. T smiles and leaves the stage.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - DAY

T sits at a large conference table surrounded by files. Around the table sit menaces. T 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'll hunt you and end your menacing. If you're lucky, you'll survive to the final

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
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.

T points to a menace.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
Durkle McFiend. You've been in
prison fifteen 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?

T smiles.

DURKLE
I've watched every episode of your
show. I know your weaknesses. So
yeah, you'll see me at the end.

T's smile turns to scorn. His face turns red as he angrily
shakes his hand, pointing towards Durkle.

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

Durkle gulps. T drinks from his glass. He looks at the
menaces. 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 you.
Good thing I'm here to save them.
Trumpigula always prevails.

The director yells CUT. Bastard walks towards T. He sneers.

BASTARD
Great job as always, Trumpigula!
You've really picked up the pace
(MORE)

BASTARD (cont'd)
 this season. I feel chills in the
 air, that a seismic shift is
 happening. It's thick and real, and
 it's for you.

T's scowl turns to a smile.

TRUMPIGULA
 You're right, Bastard. Advertisers
 are tripling the amount they
 usually pay. They know my huge
 audience is watching, sending
 ratings through the roof. They'd be
stupid not to jump on the T Train.
 I'm the biggest star Planet Irks
 ever had, and just getting bigger.

BASTARD
 Oh, I know, Trumpigula. I knew
 you'd pay off for us. B-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, as usual. Right now,
 he's filming the first episode of
 this seasons' *The Menace*. People
 are gathered outside TrumPyramid,
 hoping to see the menaces, and,
 really, of Trumpigula destroying
 them. Some critics say even though
The Menace is reality TV, special
 effects are used. However, human
 rights groups are protesting the
 inanimanity of it. They allege no
 one knows where past menaces are.

TRUMPIGULA
 Hogwash! Fake news! I know where
 they are.

FUX NEWS
 Sensible people, though, love his
 straight-shooting tough-talk. The
 buzz to get him to run for PUSA
 (MORE)

FUX NEWS (cont'd)
 grows daily. Amarycans are tired of the political elites driving Amaryca down. It's obvious Trumpigula is our savior. People want to feel safe again. People want the illegal aliens gone. People want their good-paying jobs back. People want the one person willing and able to destroy the menaces in our lives, lead the country back to the great-old glory days, and especially, get rid of the pork Congress keeps wasting our tax-dollars on. We want someone with business smarts, who knows how to make lots of money. People want President Trumpigula, and so does Fux.

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.

T 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 YOMAMA!

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

Bastard pulls out his phone.

BASTARD
 Oh my gosh! My mommy 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

T twats with GBY 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!

Twitter 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!

T struts into his penthouse. GBY gets a snack as he twats:

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

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

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

He sits and smiles. A knock on the door. GBY hides. He walks to open the door. Two COPS, tough poodlemen, are there.

COP 1

S-so sorry to bother you, sir, it's just that, well, you sent out a twat that some people think means you killed someone, particularly Queermit the transvestite frogwoman, since he/she croaked. Did you see Queermit tonight?

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.

GBY emerges and does the MD, enchanting the cops.

COP 2

Trumpigula kills menaces. He's on our side. Queermit's weird, anyway.

TRUMPIGULA

That's what my twat said. Besides, it's all a publicity stunt. You know, fake news? If anyone says anything bad about me, shoot them.

COPS 1

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

TRUMPIGULA

Oh, I already am. I already am.

EXT. STREETS OF HAMMATTEN - DAY

SNUFFLE (SNF, hedgehogman) snuffles as he posts fliers saying: QUEERMIT, A GOOD FRIEND MURDERED! SEEKING EVIDENCE LINKING TRUMPIGULA TO THIS CRIME. SEND TIPS TO SNUFFLE.SNOWBALL@TRUTH.COM. He wipes his eyes and mutters.

SNUFFLE

I know you killed Queermit. You're the real menace, making hedgehogmen look bad. You'll be sorry!

He blows his mini-hogman snout. Nearby, Mary grabs a flier.

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

PRESIDENT BRAROCK YOMAMA (YO, black-furred jackassman) sits at his desk. An AIDE (white-furred jackassman) sits nearby.

YOMAMA

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 Correspondunce Dinner. Send him an invite. 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 beneath the presidency to respond to him? It'll only encourage him. He's the type of person who's best ignored.

YOMAMA

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

INT. NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE DINNER - NIGHT

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

DICKY

Trumpigula, good to see you here.
Surprised, quactually, considering
all the stuff you've quacked about
Yomama. 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!

T sees a foxwoman. He pushes Dicky out of the way, and struts towards her. Someone shouts THE PRESIDENT'S HERE.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Me?

Everyone rushes to their seats. T moves slowly, making a scene, and the last one to sit. YO walks to the podium while everyone except T stands and cheers. He's annoyed everyone's above him, so stands.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

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

YOMAMA

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

Everyone laughs, except T.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

What's going on? I'm the one who insults others. And what's wrong with my great, big booty?

YOMAMA

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.

YOMAMA (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 eyePhone. Can we see the pictures of the Honky House he Photoslopped?

The audience guffaws at the projected picture: TPYRMD on the HH with T and bikini-clad womanimen sunbathing on the lawn.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

What the ...!

T wears a stern, red face. GBY bursts out and zips to YO, grabs him by the tail and swings him in the air. He whinnies as he's thrown into the punch bowl, face-first. GBY tears apart everyone in the room. The daydream ends. T sits in the chair with the crowd still laughing at YO's jokes.

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 foo!

YOMAMA

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

The crowd gasps, then laughs hard.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Oh, ouchy. That's a zinger. You've felt 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.

T puts his head down. YO keeps joking, his voice indistinct. People laugh harder and harder, in slow-mo.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

I will be PUSA. 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 T supporters celebrating.
- B) An airplane that appears to be burning flies above.
- C) A parachutist jumps out and lands on top of TPYRMD.
- D) It appears the parachutist is T.
- E) The crowd goes wild.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

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

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Yeah, my hogman, that's all fa youuu.

The crowd chants TRUMPIGULA. T smiles smugly and walks out to the lookout on top of TPYRMD. 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, fólks, because I'm
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
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 Yomama, 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, then roars hog-wildly.

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

The crowd roars NO!

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
No, you don't! Yomama 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 PUSA, I'm gonna
build a wall around this country
that'll keep you and your jobs here
and make Amaryca great!

The crowd cheers, but not so loud.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
Folks, the politicians ruining this
country are letting brown cowmen
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 in. They don't care if they're
 deplorables! They don't care if
 they don't speak Amarycan or wear
 funny-looking cowbells! They don't
 care if they don't pay taxes and
 steal from the system!

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

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 These brown cowmen now lurk 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.

He emits a high-pitched squeal only heard by colorists. They
 gather in the dark corners of the spinnernet.

DARK WEB TROLLMAN
 Did you hear his dogman whistle!
 He's a colorist like us! We must
 make sure he becomes president!

T continues his rant.

TRUMPIGULA
 When I'm PUSA, none of those bad
 people will even get close to the
 border. Read my lips: no terrorist
 enters this country unless they're
 heading to the gas chamber!

Brightfart.com posts the headline: FART-RIGHTERS UNITE! OUR
 GAS IS NEEDED. They link to the REAM website.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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 porky hands.
 Alalala ain't gonna take them when
 they die after I'm done with them,
 so help me Zeus, folks. So, help
me, every godman imaginable!

THE VIEWERS (godmen) in heaven laugh. M I DENSE (Sindiana governor) views at his home, perks up, and looks at his wife.

GOVERNOR DENSE

Maybe he's not too bad. Perhaps he follows the Holy Fable for real.

T wails away on his stage.

TRUMPIGULA

It's not just snotty aliens menacing this country. There are people here, unworthy to be Amarycans, who are some of the worst. You see them on the streets and in the stores. They live right next door to you. Communistas and buttcrack-head hippies. They're a menace to your children and my way-of-life! They're causing crime in the streets, and passing rules keeping me from conducting my business. They're anticrapitalists! Those streets where you meet, babble and prostitute your wares, they prowl with mayhem and abandon. Those laws they pass keep me from drilling and cutting and using this planet the way Zeus intended. Anticraps! 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! Anticraps! They are sending you down the drain and making me very mad!

Pigdustry leaders oink in approval and write checks to T.

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 play-pouring drain cleaner down. He fake pees 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)

The lying political Establishment is 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 to grill TrumpBurgers. The finest choice byproducts around. You know you want my meat, folks, and I want you to have it. Vote for me and you deserve it going down your throat.

GBY wildly snakes under his cloths, spraying its mist.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

You all want me to be your leader, so I am. I'll lead this porkulist movement. I won't rest until all the menaces are eradicated or I'm lying in the Honky House. But, first things first. Tell your friends and families to join me! They give you flack, you smack them in the snout until their snout flies out. They're either with me or against me. I won't tolerate menace enablers. Got it!?

The crowd goes nuts. He looks agitated as GBY goes crazy. He gives the white pride hand symbol and leaves the stage.

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

T lays on his couch watching SAEN.

SAEN FISHMAN HOST

Everyone's wondering, why's a hogman running for President? Pigmen run the businesses.

(MORE)

SAEN FISHMAN HOST (cont'd)

Jackassmen are the politicians. Every animen has its place. He's liberally upending conservative tradition. It's bound to cause chaos. Some love Trumpigula, though. For a glimpse of those sentiments, we take you to scenes on the streets of Hamatten around TrumPyramid, where Trumpigula made his dramatic entry earlier today.

SAEN shows scenes of the festivities on the streets.

SERIES OF VARIOUS ANIMEN BROADCAST:

- A) A lemurman hoots: I'VE LIVED IN AMARYCA FIVE YEARS. TRUMPIGULA INSPIRES THIS IMMIGRANT THAT WITH HARD WORK I, TOO, CAN ACHIEVE THE AMARYCAN DREAM. HOOYAYA!
- B) A seagullwoman w/ heavy Brooklyn accent squawks: I'M ONE OF THE LUCKY GULLS WHO'S WORKED FOR HIM FOR YEARS. HE'S TAUGHT ME LOTS, LIKE JUST CAUSE I'M A LOOKER DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T WORK HARD FOR HIM. UEET!
- C) A dogmen w/ his pack howls: WHO WOULD BELIEVE A BILLIONAIRE HOGMAN WOULD HAVE THE AUDACITY TO HOPE HE COULD REACH HIS DREAM TO RULE OUR COUNTRY? ME! WOOF!

The dogman gets excited and pukes. T smiles with each interview. He grimaces when the dogman pukes.

SAEN TALKING HEADLOUSEMAN

Though he has a small fan base, SAEN people see him as a greedy, selfish pigman, unable to resist temptation, and 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 snot defining Trumpigula's campaign, and the social inequalities he exploits.

INT. KRISPIN SMARTSTINGER'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

KRISPIN SMARTSTINGER (Dr.S, honeybeewoman sociologist) smiles.

SMARTSTINGER

Listening to Trumpigula's speech today was chilling. I 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 statistics will show a resounding birth bump nine months later. Dibs on calling it the Trump Bump. Bzzz.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

T listens to Dr.S's comment and laughs.

INTERCUT B/N DR.S, THE TALKING HEADS AND TRUMPIGULA

SMARTSTINGER

Trumpigula scapegoats groups to gain support among the fart-right. He buzzed into the race after racistly and sexually demeaning President Yomama. They like the way he mistreats Yomama, aniwomen, minorities, and basically everyone not a straight white-furred guy. They see him as an authoritarian who'll restore law and order the fart-right thinks is in disarray. They also feel an influx of undocumented migrants means more job competition. They see companies out-sourcing work to other countries and wonder what's gone wrong with Amaryca to let this happen. Having all these enemies makes him stronger to his followers. His problem: he alienates so many others who are adamantly opposed to his ideology, or lack of one. 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. Snooort!

GBY caresses the TV image of Dr.S.

SAEN FISHMAN HOST

It does seem most people 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. Now, the political and social landscape is dominated by his controversial campaign. The whole world's obsessed. That only benefits him. It's all about the buzz. The more buzz, the better. Bzzz. Um, excuse me. It's just, I'm supposed to be non-biased, but he has me in such a tizzy. He's fed high on the hog his whole life being the boss hogman. He has no experience being poor or struggling, but it's only natural for the authoritarian-friendly and intellectually-deficient people to fly recklessly towards him, like a mothman to a flame. Usually, those mothmen get incinerated. It's rather sad to say, but he'll be a force to reckon with. I predict an unpredictable campaign season.

TRUMPIGULA

Wow, for an aniwoman, this Smartstinger's smart. The only thing she doesn't know, Grabby guarantees me victory.

SAEN TALKING HEADLOUSEMAN

The majority of Amarycans despise Trumpigula because of his glitzy flamboyance and utterly annoying behavior, but that doesn't deter him. I think you're right, Dr. Smartstinger, this should be a campaign season to remember.

INT. SNUFFLE THE HEDGEHOGMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

SNF watches the interview with Dr.S.

SNUFFLE

I need to talk with her. I bet she's smart enough to believe the truth. Lucky I put those fliers up.

He puts down an old picture of T, with GBY exposed.

EXT. TRUMPIGULA CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

T is on stage rallying his supporters.

TRUMPIGULA

That's right folks, you heard me say it a bagillion times. Let me tell you again, Brarock Whosane Yomama might have two foal, but six would be great. So, obviously, he has no balls! That's why he's made Amaryca so ungreat, and why you want 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.

T points at his crotch. The crowd roars. GBY snakes under his cloths, poking its fingers out, misting.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

This is so terrific! I get amazing tingles being surrounded by you people who do whatever I say. You too? That's fantastic. I feel like a rock star, only sexier. I can't wait to be your leader. Amaryca will finally be great, when I'm in command. Now, to mess with the Establishment and show how conservative we are, let's all do the Hokey-Pokey, now. Come on, you know how.

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

T gleams over his crowd as they hokey-pokey, singing along.

BLOWSY (V.O.)

Youuu da man! That's what it's all about! Don't forget, I know what ya thinkin. You can't be havin them pull their pants down. The Viewas' kids are watching! You need to say: THOSE ALIENS OUT THERE, I WILL DEFEAT THEM! WHEN THEY ARRIVE...

T's eyes grow wide in excitement. He repeats.

TRUMPIGULA

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

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) T strokes up and down his body, trying to contain GBY attempting to poke out. T 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.

T waves and walks off stage.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

T lays on his couch watching Fux with Insanity.

SHONG INSANITY

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

TRUMPIGULA

Wow, that's way better than I thought. I just like being able to get people to do things. But Shong

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
nailed it. The Hokey-Pokey is what
it's about. Assimilate or die.

SHONG INSANITY
That's why Trumpigula leads the
Reekchublickin 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 he 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. Shucks.

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

INT. REEKCHUBLICKIN DEBATE - NIGHT

The Reekers are on stage debating who's most conservative.

DET LUZER
I'm the one backed by Teabagers,
with a record of conservatively
over-reacting. So there.

FLEM CARSON
What we need is a neurosurgeon, me,
so we can finally lobotomize the
libtards. Libotomize! Top that!

JOKE BLUSH
I'm not my brother George?

TRUMPIGULA
Let me tell you fake little reekers
something. 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.

T 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. 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. GBY sprays a mist out from T'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. Snort.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

T lays on his couch, watching SAEN.

SAEN HORSEWOMAN PANELIST

That was just the most ridiculous thing a presidential candidate could do. Children are watching! I had to ground my big Jimmy for arguing with his classmates about who had the biggest ... Trusty Member. They actually pulled down their pants in class! Even though my son won, I don't want him bragging how he's hung like a horseman. Good heavens! These Reekers ought to be ashamed getting behind such a nasty animan! He's ruining our children!

SAEN SQUIRRELWOMAN PANELIST

And it's not just mental ruination. He promotes an unhealthy diet. No nuts at his rally but the nutty way he brags! And the way he talks about his meat. Eww! It's a gross way to make his speeches passable. So nuts! Yet his fans crave more. TrumpCookies and TrumpBeer always sell out. Studies of his rallies show people getting fatter over the campaign season. Nutritionists call it the Trump Plump. The hogman has

(MORE)

SAEN SQUIRRELWOMAN PANELIST (cont'd)
 no nuts at his rallies, save those
 who attend, and that's disastrous!

T 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 snot nuts.

T turns up Fux with Insanity, with guest host CAMI, a
 CHAMELEONWOMAN. She's colored orange and tan.

CAMI
 Everyone needs to chill out and
 give Trumpigula a chance. Don't
 judge the poor, er, rich guy, lest
 you be judged. Don't believe all
 you hear about him, except on Fux.
 You know you wish you were him,
 anyway. Admit it.

Cami changes color to red, white and blue.

CAMI (cont'd)
 Some say his cock-talk means he'll
 screw the country harder than
 anyone ever has, endearing him to
 the working class. They've elected
 jackassman after jackassman, but
 still the world sucks. Since
 Trumpigula's so filthy rich, he's
 amazing and above corruption. He's
 already destroyed menaces on his
 own, so let's give him nuclear
 weapons and classified information.
 He'll use his giant hogman balls to
 screw the menaces harder than
 anybody. Let the great times roll
 for Amaryca!

SHONG INSANITY
 At this point in the game,
 Trumpigula's delegate lead is
 insurmountable. Obviously, Reekers
 don't judge him badly. Against the
 odds, the outsider candidate is now
 the Reeker front runner. This turn
 of events really speaks volumes to
 the his leadership quality. Not
 many people with so much baggage
 can inspire such a following. It's
 (MORE)

SHONG INSANITY (cont'd)
rather miraculous, as if Trumpigula
really 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 planet Irks.

EXT. SNUFFLES' GARDEN - AFTERNOON

SNF shuffles in a hedgerow, searching around. Dr.S buzzes
about, probing flowers. Occasionally, they look at the other
and smile.

SMARTSTINGER (V.O.)
Maybe Snuffle's right. It would
explain a lot about Trumpicky.

She laps nectar and sees SNF digging through leaves. He
finds a wormman and gobbles it. She gags.

SMARTSTINGER (V.O.) (cont'd)
If only he ate nectar and not
wormmen. I guess we're all unique.

SNUFFLE (V.O.)
It's gotta be here somewhere. Where
did Mary put it?

SNF backs into Dr.S, poking her with his spines.

SMARTSTINGER
Owwy! You just poked me!

SNF blushes.

SNUFFLE
I'm sorry. Sometimes I hate being
so pokey. Especially these days.

Dr.S smiles.

SMARTSTINGER
I like your spines, Snuffle. And
your snout. It's ... sexy.

They both blush.

SMARTSTINGER (cont'd)
At least you don't have a stinger,
like me. I've had to defend myself
(MORE)

SMARTSTINGER (cont'd)
against creeps, but if I actually
stung anyone, I'd die. Rather
tragic either way... Hey, is that
what you're looking for?

She points to an object covered by leaves.

SNUFFLE
Yes! Good eye!

SMARTSTINGER
Well, they're compound. Seeing
things as they really are is my
strength. It's all about the eyes.

He nods, grabs the lock box and unlocks it. Inside are
photos and videotapes. He pulls grainy photos out. They show
GBY poking out from T's shirt, waving.

SMARTSTINGER (cont'd)
That is really odd. What is it?

SNUFFLE
I don't know, but I think it's his
trusty member, whatever that is.

SNF pulls out a videotape.

SNUFFLE (cont'd)
Do you have a tape player? We
should watch these, but nobody has
machines to play tapes anymore.

SMARTSTINGER
No, but there's gotta be one at the
university, maybe the history
department. Come on, let's go!

SNF smiles.

SNUFFLE
Yes, please. And thanks for
trusting me. I have a feeling we're
opening a can of wormmen. They're
my favorite treat, but I hope
you're okay with that.

SMARTSTINGER
I accept that. Finding Truth is my
goal. Well, that and finding honey.

She buzzed and blushed.

SMARTSTINGER (cont'd)

We all have our vices. One last lap.

She sticks her proboscis into a flower and laps nectar. SNF smiles and blushes.

SMARTSTINGER (cont'd)

Nothing like a sugar buzz. Hop on!

He climbs on her, she flaps her wings, and they fly away.

INT. SMARTSTINGER'S OFFICE - EVENING

They watch a video, eyes wide. It's Angus and Anderson's farewell show. Fred plays the trumpet. His popsies scream as their grabbers tear off. The Three Trumpuppets theme song plays as the ending credits roll.

SMARTSTINGER

Was that fake, or a reality show?
Really good, but truly bizarre.

SNUFFLE

That was TrumpIcky's daddy, Fred,
playing the trumpet. I think it was
real and TrumpIcky has one of
those, those grabbing things. Let's
watch another tape.

She puts a tape in. It's Fred's home surveillance. A young T snoops around Fred's office. Conner walks in.

CONNER

Sir, Master Fred doesn't like you
snooping through his stuff.

TRUMPIGULA

Oh yeah!? Whadaya gonna do bout it?

Conner is silent, then runs for the door. GBY shoots out and closes it, cornering Conner. GBY puts its hand around Conner's throat, but doesn't strangle him.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Hades! Why can't I kill you!?
Luckily I got the MD.

T hypnotizes Conner and the recording ends.

SNUFFLE

Creepy! How do we defeat that?

Dr.S sighs.

SMARTSTINGER

I don't know, Snuffle. But we'll figure it out. We can't let him get away with that.

She buzzes in sadness. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

SNUFFLE

It's rather overwhelming.

She falls into his arms, and hugs him. The pokey creatures hold each other, trying to avoid the spines and stinger.

SPINNING NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

- A) TRUMPIGULA WINS REEKER 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

T sits at his desk. M I Dense sits opposite.

TRUMPIGULA

So Dense, they tell me you're a team player. Don't ask questions. Just do the will of Zeus. True?

GOVERNOR DENSE

Oh, gosh, I guess I wear my heart on my sleeve. I only do what Zeus says: 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 mentioned in the Fable. What you say is 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?

GBY 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 warm and fleshy, and kind of pleasant. May I hug it?

TRUMPIGULA

You're asking too many questions!

Dense stares at GBY, licking his lips and pointing at it.

GOVERNOR DENSE

I always thought I'd fear the serpentman, but here he is and I want to cuddle him. Is that normal?

T sighs.

TRUMPIGULA

OK, one hug. I'll just make you forget about it, anyway. This is not normal, but I'm not normal.

Dense leans in and embraces GBY.

GOVERNOR DENSE

Um, is this Satan the serpentman? Hmm, maybe I really can't resist temptation. Gosh darn.

T looks thoughtful.

TRUMPIGULA

It's funny. Never talked about it with anyone. Kind of weird, but whatever. I'm kind of weird. So, that's Grabby, not Satan. No clue who that is. Grabby stays under wraps, though, which is why you've
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 never heard about it. Maybe Satan's
 like that, too? Sounds like a rival.

GOVERNOR DENSE
 Explains why I've never seen Satan.
 You poor guys.

Dense and GBY still lovingly hug. GBY pats his back.

TRUMPIGULA

So, Zeus blessed me, duh. Grabby
 gets me anything and everything,
 but also keeps me from showing it
 off. It'll fall off if others see
 it and I don't kill or mesmerize
 them. It might stretch to Amommyda
 and back, but has to stay in my
 sight out of sight from everyone
 else. Imagine how snotty that is!

Dense makes a thinking face as he keeps hugging GBY.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 It's a burden. Not easy being holy,
 but I sacrifice. I'm gonna be PUSA
 and let me tell you, I don't like
 to work. You do my bidding. You
 know the system. Wreck it. Destroy
 the Establishment for good.
 Dissolve this horrible United
 States thing. It'll be great. We'll
 kill anything keeping me from
 becoming the Emperor Amaryca needs.

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

GBY gives the MD, Dense's eyes glaze over and he drools.

TRUMPIGULA
 You were saying what a great idea.

GOVERNOR DENSE
 Blessed Emperor Trumpigula, what
 dost thou commandst of me?

T sits back and smiles.

TRUMPIGULA
 Perfect. You're a keeper. Go! Get
 your people behind me, their godman!

INT. REEKCHUBLICKIN NATIONAL CONVICTION 2016 - NIGHT

T mingles with his party members who cater him. Loud music blasts. 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 your next PUSA?

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. Someone who I personally find very appealing, who I look up to, who I'd trust my own daughter with. Blenda, please stand so He can see you. Thanks sweetie. The guy who don't lie except under oath or on Blenda if he wants. I want him. You want him. We all want him, oh so badly. Your next President of the U S of A ... Trumpigula!

The crowd sings his name. He 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! Love me!

GBY winds around him under his cloths, caressing him.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I don't want this to stop. But, enough. Really. Shut it.

He does the throat-slash cue. They shut up.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Okay, so here's the deal. You're my army of followers. You'll do whatever's needed for me to win. Anything you do is worth it. Just try not to get caught. I might pay your legal fees if you do, so remember that.

People in the crowd fist-bump each other.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

The Demoncraps have their weak and girly nominee, Silly Slicon. Can you believe that? Totally asinine! Girls aren't physically able to be erected into PUSA, didn't she get the memo? Thank Zeus Burning Nanananders was undermined by the Demons, giving us Silly. She's married to Slimy Willy Slicon, by the way. I've known Slic Willy for years. Nice guy, but boy, he's slimy. Silly's no better. You saw what I did to the menaces and the Reeker 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 PUSA now.

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

T 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, near my killer golf club Mar-a-Lame-o. I scored a hole in one. I admit it. I mounted her. She was married, but he didn't know she blew me until I told him. You should've seen his face! Said he'd kill me, but then forgot about it! Classic T!

BLUSH

That's huge news. Wow, how great!

TRUMPIGULA

Francine, no this was, oh who knows, they all feel the same. I moved on her. Very heavily. Took her cage shopping. A bunnywoman and wanted to get a kinky cage. I said I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THERE'S SOME VERY KINKY STUFF so took her to my place. I moved on her like I do all the hot aniwomen. It was great, plus, never had to see her again!

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, looking at her watch annoyed. T and Blush high-five each other.

TRUMPIGULA

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

BLUSH

Yeah, that's her in the purple. What lips and legs. Want some Snic-Snacs? Your breath stinks. No offense. Just looking out for a bro

T glares at him.

TRUMPIGULA

You don't know who you're talking about. I don't need no stinking breath mints. I've got everything I need packed in my pants. Let me tell you, when I start kissing. I'm automatically attracted to beauty. 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 anywhere at any time.

Tears fall from his eyes as he smiles. The bus stops. They get off. T gives the bunnywoman a big hug and tail squeeze.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

T sits at his desk. SSSMELLYASSS CONWAY (CON, 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.

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

CONWAY

Here'sss the thing, Trumpssster, which rhymes with dumpssster, where you'll throw all the Establishment sso you can be leader of a country that's sso rotten not even a handsome hogman like you will even eat here sso you fly to Krushya where you see how great thingsss are and jussst want to make Amaryca great, too, which is a great thing do, sso anyone who ever sssaysss anything nasssty about you will sssuffer my wrathhh, since I can needle my way through any crevisss you show me, and find my victim.

She flicks. GBY prods T from the trance CON put him in.

TRUMPIGULA

Whoa! 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 Assexx Hollowood tape messs. Sheesh, I thought honesty was the best policy. What's wrong with me having my way with aniwomen? I

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 guess I lie about it now. Say the
 recording was a fake.

CONWAY
 No! You were trying to impress
 Billy Blush since he'sss President
 Blush's nephew. You wanted to meet
 George sso you could volunteer to
 make Amaryca great.

TRUMPIGULA
 That's genius!

CONWAY
 Yesss! Me as your filthy campaign
 chief iss what you need. Mossst
 womanimen don't want random guysss
 grabbing their kittyhole, by the
 way. Me? Don't care, sso away we
 go. I'm here for all your needsss.

CON leans in swaying and flicks her tongue long towards T.

CONWAY (cont'd)
 Anything. Flick flick.

T leans back with a disgusted look on his face.

TRUMPIGULA
 Be a good girl. Clean up my mess.

INT. TRUMPIGULA CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

CON is interviewed by SAEN.

CONWAY
 It wass locker room cock-talk, the
 kind mossst normal and healthy
 animen and many womanimen enjoy
 talking about, you know, lockerssss
 and the thingsss that rhyme with
 lock you want to sstick insside
 of them, sso there, which iss
 where we are now, Trumpigula
 leading in all of the pollsss
 because people respect hisss pole
 and ability to make dealsss like
 nobody'sss bussinesss, which is
 why after you go to a locker room,
 you take a shower sso you feel
 clean, which iss what Amaryca will
 be with Pressident Trumpigula, the
 (MORE)

CONWAY (cont'd)
 cleanest pigman and greatesst
 leader ever. Flick flick flick.

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

SAEN FISHMAN HOST
 So you don't deny Trumpigula said
 what's 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 sssometimes
 thingsss sseem confusssing itsss
 because the media makesss a lot of
 sssoundsss that jusst shouldn't be
 heard, sso all that matterssss is
 that Trumpigula will be PUSA with me
 hisss official mouth piece for him
 to usse at hisss pleasure. Fliiick.

SAEN FISHMAN HOST
 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 porn-
 star 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 Ssslic
 Willy Ssslicon are worssse. Flicks.

INT. TRUMPIGULA CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - ERECTION NIGHT

The TVs declare T the winner. He and his top campaign hacks celebrate: SCREAMEN MANNON (SM, loud baboonman), PRINCE REAMUS (rhesus monkeyman), and others loaf about. SM screams when he speaks.

MANNON

It looks like our enemazation of the nation has grabbed on. Good thing you found brightfart.com when you did, considering your campaign was bogged. We only use the best proctologists, you know.

T covers his ears, nods his head and screams back.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah. I admit, I was skeptical. You live like me, and you think you'll live forever. I never knew I needed regular enemas. I was clogged in the end, but you made me feel like a new hogman. I really feel no woe.

MANNON

Know woh? No woe. Where have I heard that... Oh yeah! NOWO, The New Old World Order! You've heard about it!

TRUMPIGULA

The old world, like mafia stuff?

MANNON

Sort of. Pretty much yeah. NOWO 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 stuff.

TRUMPIGULA

Robber baron! Love it! So, the new old world order is Amaryca before rules kept me from using everything 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! NOWOMAGAN! The New Old World Order Makes Amaryca Great Again Now. It's perfect. And catchy!

MANNON

Exactly. That's why having me here giving you great ideas and regular enemas is so important. Gotta make that a regulation. NOWOMAGAN.

TRUMPIGULA

Making Amaryca great is the enemazation of the nation. Yomamacare, Shmomammacare! Analtractcare, here we come! Everyone's ass should look like a baboonman's.

SM looks at his red and swollen ass, smiles, and nods.

MANNON

Right again! We Brightfarters wrote legislation called REAM, The Registry of Enemas for Amarycans Mandate. It's very right-wing. We'll track everyone, which we'll use for all kinds of things. The most important is ensuring and insuring regular enemas for everyone. It'll make it more comfortable for them as we perform an enema on the federal government. Since we're trying to purge the Establishment, we'll get rid of all the snot and rigidness keeping this country from being great. All those stupid regulations, all those idiotic ethics laws, all that dumb edujaculation, they'll be flushed away like a great, giant enema. NOWOMAGAN. Simple, really.

T still covers his ears. He nods, arms flapping like wings.

TRUMPIGULA

See to it, Screamen. You're the brightfart man for the job. Plus, your ass. Wow. Love it!

MANNON

Thanks. It's my pride and joy. By the way, congrats on being erected PUSA. I'll make sure you keep it up as long as it takes, NOWOMAGANman!

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

The hall is crowded with supporters celebrating. TVs play.

SAEN TALKING HEADLOUSEMAN

Most people didn't vote for Trumpigula, but we follow the old Erectoral Collage system. They say it's because Amarycans in the middle of the country have the real erections, so they're the ones who get the PUSA collaged their way, not the Coasters. However, each state already has representatives in Congress. It's time to have the head of the country represent the whole country, not the states. The President should reflect the country's real majority vote. So, Silly Slicon should be PUSA.

People in the hall gasp and chant: TURN IT OFF! T enters. They chant: TURN HIM ON! GBY snakes chaotically under his clothes, almost ripping through his pants. He smacks it hard. GBY disappears. He gets woozy and falls down. His bodyguards rush in and pick him up. 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. T walks to the mic, 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 HIM? and yells WE LOVE YOU, TRUMPY! WE GET YOU!

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.) (cont'd)
 What's happening!? I want Grabby!

T's head spins. He hears a trumpet blare. GBY 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.

T looks surprised, happy, then aghast copying Blo'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 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 wonderful. I love you
 all. You're great losers. Though I
 easily could, I'm not gonna lock
 Silly up. I promise, like I've
 never promised before: honestly. No
 slammer for her, folks. We're gonna
 need her to unite with me, right
 now. We're all Amarycans and we
 need to fight together to make this
 country great, forever.

T looks more alive. GBY is active under his clothes.

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.
 Who thought of that dumb idea? All
 the illegal immigrants living here,
 you can stay. 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.

T is very energized and animated. GBY is, too.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 You media said a lot of nasty
 things about me I'm sure you
 regret. I accept your apology. I
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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 so precious for that. I couldn't have done it without you. A true gem in this now great country, folks. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. They're tough as nails and we're gonna need that for nailing aliens.

Reporters in the room look at each other in disbelief.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 All you sows and hens and other beautiful aniwomen, 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 GBY sprays.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Speaking of you children, I know you all talk to your friends about me. Some might think I'm 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, or else, well, healthcare under Yomamacare is a complete pathetic disaster, so if you're hurt, you're on your own.

Kidds watching on their eyePads turn them off and enlist.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 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 swept under the rug by the coming war. When the time comes, you need unwavering faith in me. Give me your devotion, or else.

Governor Dense holds his wife's hands, smiling w/ tears.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

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.

People get worried looks on their faces.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

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. People look concerned but slowly start applauding. T waves and leaves the podium, trying to suppress GBY. Detractors watching at home boo at their TV's and start plotting.

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!

INT. SMARTSTINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr.S is on the phone, lapping honey while she talks.

SMARTSTINGER

Hi Snuffy. Just finished reading Scumpigulalala. It's really good. I can't believe you wrote it so fast.

SNUFFLE (V.O.)

Thanks Smarty. You know I'm miffed by it all. It was cathartic writing the book. He has so much material to draw from, it wrote itself.

SMARTSTINGER

We'll, I missed you while you were locked up in your apartment. Gotta follow your muse, though.

EXT. SNUFFLES' GARDEN - DAY

SNF smiles. He's planting flowers and eating wormmen.

SNUFFLE

We know how he got erected PUSA. I figured, why not write a political parody about him and incorporate his trusty member into the story.

INTERCUT B/N DR.S AND SNUFFLE

SMARTSTINGER

It's pretty raunchy, but it is about TrumpIcky. It's not just frivolous though. You bring in ideas that'll make people think.

SNUFFLE

I wanted it to be like Diarrhea of a Blimpy Kidd. I figured if it's written naughty, maybe he'll read it and see he shouldn't be so bad. Maybe he'd redeem himself if he has a mirror to look into.

SMARTSTINGER

He needs to read it. We should get him a copy.

SNUFFLE

That would be cool, but how?

SMARTSTINGER

Maybe I can book an interview with him. For an academic article about his politics. It's worth a shot.

SNUFFLE

I don't know, Smarty. Probably not smart being in the same room as him, seeing he has that grabber thing. I could just send it to him.

Dr.S taps her tarsi on the desk and has a displeased look.

SMARTSTINGER

Hmm. Okay. Anyway, are we still on for tomorrow night?

SNUFFLE

That's the one thing that makes me happy. I can't wait.

SMARTSTINGER

Great! I'll see you then. Have a good day, Snuffy.

SNUFFLE

Thanks Smarty. Buzz on.

They hang up. Dr.S finds the number to TPYRMD and calls.

SMARTSTINGER

Hello. My name is Dr. Krispin Smarstinger... Yes, the sociologist from TV. I was hoping to interview Trumpigula for an article I'm working on... Oh, really? Well, that would be wonderful. I can be there tomorrow. Thank you so much!

EXT./INT. TRUMPYRAMID - DAY

Dr.S wades w/ a smile through the protest in the streets. People hold signs: NOT MY PRESIDENT; PREDATOR TRUMPY'S NOT FOR ME; WE WILL NOT UNITE WITH TRUMPICKY; and FIGHT OR DIE. They chant DUMP SCUMPIGULALALA. She's let into TPrymd. She finds T's office. She knocks on the door and enters.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

T gleams when he sees her.

TRUMPIGULA

Smartstinger! I know you. I like watching you on TV. Not surprised you wanna see me.

He licks up drool dripping from his snout. She's nervous and repulsed. She gulps and takes a deep breath.

SMARTSTINGER

Thanks. And congrats on your win. Say, I have a gift for you. It's a book called, um, Scumpigulalala.

TRUMPIGULA
 Scumpigulalala? What, are you
 trying to be mean or funny?

He grabs the book from her and throws it in the trash.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Garbage. Get out.

Her face gets red and wings vibrate fast. She stands up, turns away, and flies at him, stinger first. GBY swoops out and grabs her, the stinger inches from his face. Venom drips.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Whoa, whoa, no you don't! That was a mistake. Feisty, aren't you? A suicide mission to assassinate me. Nice stinger, but you, not. I like that. You'll make a mean addition to my army. Might make you a commander, if you're smart.

Her wings buzz but calm after the MD. Her compound eyes glaze over. She looks like a drone. Her stinger withdraws.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 I'll keep you around. Give you extra doses of MD. You're now my right-hand honeybeewoman. Use those eyes to watch my back. You see anything menacing me, spray venom at it. No need to have your stinger get ripped off. Don't want you dead, Stinggy.

He pats SNG's back as she moves behind him, taking guard. She looks out the window at people fighting the dogmen police below. T's phone oinks. He smiles seeing who's calling, GRABIMIR SNOOPIN (weaselman President of Krushya.)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Grabi! So glad you called!

He clutches a Diarrhea of a Blimpy Kidd book.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Yeah, I got it... Oh, I know... Was actually just reading it when I was rudely interrupted by a now new trusty member... You hear that, too... They're cheering for me outside, it's great! They love me so much! It's also a great book.

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

What a great gift, Grabi! Glad you're still reading The Blimpy Kidd. I was so busy beating the system to become PUSA. Didn't even know there was a new DBK out. Usually, I steal an advance copy.

INT. THE KRUSHYAN KRUMBLIN - NIGHT

Snoopin talks on his phone, smiling.

SNOOPIN

Oh, yah. Eet's great book, vor sure! Me so glad you turned me on to da blimpy kidd. He so funny and raunchy as ever! Me hack dee author's computer and stole dee parts too naughty to publish. We are dee only vons who have copy.

INTERCUT B/N TRUMPIGULA AND SNOOPIN TALKING ON THE PHONE

T chuckles. He looks below out the window, smiling.

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 feel da same vay. Me eez so happy you support me Showmiet Reunion. Me campaign slogan is STRONGER AND HAPPIER TOGETHER. Vit everyvon else valling apart, like da Yourapeein Union and da United States, ve Krushkies and you vill have da greatest empire! Vee vill rule da world!

TRUMPIGULA

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

SNOOPIN

But of course! Me would have it no udder vay! Dat's vi vee hacked Silly's server and spread doze vake news stories to convuse everyvon. I made Silly her own vorst enemy. People hold vomanimen to a much higher standard than manimen. They didn't vote vor her cause she vas too much like them!

TRUMPIGULA

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

Snoopin begins choking up.

SNOOPIN

Eets a vact, comrade, dat me so lucky to meet you. Vin me meet President Slicon as KGBG agent guarding that drunkard President Boorish Shmeltsin, me velt such shame dat crapitalism killed Communistas. Both our countries ver bloated vit debt, but yours learned to grind countries down and exploit their vealth better than vee did, vit your pleasurable materialistic culture dat I love/hate so. Ven Showmiet Union crumbled, vee came crawling to Slic Villy, begging vor money. I stood in da same room vit both Slicon and Shmeltsin stinky and hungover. Slicon 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 puked on me as Villy laughed loud. I never velt such anger.

Snoopin's face is red. T 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 me.

T spits.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I can't believe I lost so much. Let me tell you, I learned to pay attention to the jackasses around the world trying to grab my stuff, especially those trying to stop conflicts. I make so much money in the defense industry. A lot of it dried up when the Lukewarm War ended. Worst time ever.

SNOOPIN

Dah! Dat's not a lie! Cracking down on Glasnost vas necessary step vor Showmiet Reunion.

TRUMPIGULA

I'm glad I met you when you were in town. Since Shmeltsin didn't give Slicky his daughter as collateral damage, 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 stuff all over the world, you know, with minions 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

You know me know how much you love da golden shower, so me spread da Silly leak vit honor. Me owe you so much, Trumpigula. It vas also great pleasure to stop Silly, who eez so opposed to da great Showmiet Reunion. She only wants to protect civil disunions wherever possible. So, so sad. You and me vill always be great friends, Trumpigula.

TRUMPIGULA

Dah. That's 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.

Snoopin hangs up and falls into a memory.

FLASHBACK - 1996

EXT. STREETS OF HAMMATTEN

Snoopin walks on 5th Ave. He looks overwhelmed by it all.

SNOOPIN

All dees stores in all dees
buildings. So much stuff! Me so
want it! Dis Amarycan thing's ...
nyet so bad.

He sees TPrymd and his jaw drops. He speeds up his pace.

INT. TRUMPYRAMID

Snoopin is led into T's office. He takes a deep breath and looks in ecstasy.

TRUMPIGULA

Grabimir Snoopin. Grabi. I like
that. They tell me you're a real
Communista and hate this Glasnost
thing. That you want it dead.

SNOOPIN

Oh, dat's a vact! Long live USSR!

Snoopin salutes.

SNOOPIN (cont'd)

Vot eez dat yummy cologne me smell?

TRUMPIGULA

My fart. Speaking of, you read DBK?

SNOOPIN

DBK? Code vor Don't Become Krushya?
I love eet! Ve stay USSR, or else!

TRUMPIGULA

You're talking over my head. It's
Diarrhea of a Blimpy Kidd, Grabi,
the story of a big kidd named Grog
who's super great. Has diarrhea
power he uses against menacing bad
guys. It's so funny!

Snoopin makes an inquisitive face.

SNOOPIN
Die a real power?

TRUMPIGULA
Oh yeah, totally loose stools! It's great! A series of books I love. But that's not why you're here. I need you to end this Glasnost nightscare and make your country great again, like it used to be. In return, you rule it for me. You in?

SNOOPIN
Oh, dat eez best news all day! Me see vot me missed me whole life. Me want to become da screwer of Krushya and rule everyvon in a Showmeit Reunion! And also, DBK. Me want to read DBK!

T opens a DBK book and reads. Snoopin listens contentedly.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

T ends the same flashback. A gaggle of animen enter babbling among themselves. I'M HOPING TO POLLUTE THE EPA. I'M UP FOR NO GOOD FOR SECRETARY OF MISTAKE. I'M HERE TO GIVE HIM HIS WEEKLY ENEMA. T sits at his desk looking annoyed.

TRUMPIGULA
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 and squeeze. Got it?

The animen say YEAH; UH HUH; and SURE DOOO.

STINGGY
Glad I'm a honeybeewoman.

DR. BLASTERED

I have another enema to lube in an hour, can we get on with it?

T growls.

TRUMPIGULA

Like I was saying! Quiet!

GBY emerges and does the MD. Some smile with excitement. Some look terrified. All stare at it. Dense is in ecstasy. His arms are raised in praise.

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 just come along for a ride. Some will sparkle and receive the ultimate blessing from the son of Zeus, me. One better be gentle on my backside. No porking me with your pine! Or else, Stinggy here will spray venom in your face.

He points at DB, scowling.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

Speaking of, I have a new henchman. Meet Stinggy. Stinggy, meet everyone else.

He motions towards SNG.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

She thought she was smart, but I outsmarted her and taught her a lesson. Learn from that. You report directly to her. I don't wanna deal with your problems. She's smarter than all you combined. Now, Dr. Blastered, get busy blasting.

T points at his rear. DB walks behind him, giving an enema.

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.

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Ooohhh! Blastered, go easy or
 Grabby will go slasher!

SM stands up. T grunts and puts his head down, looking very uncomfortable. SM scream talks.

MANNON
 Thank you, my rear, er, dear
 Trumpigula. Our great leader has
 the foresight to see, as you see
 he's a firm adherent of, that
 regular enemas are key to the
 future we've hoped for for so long.
 It's called NOWO. The New Old World
 Order. Say that. NOWO. Say that,
 everybody. NOWO. Trumpigula, help.

T's exasperated, plugging his ears.

TRUMPIGULA
Just say NOWO!!!

They yell NOWO chaotically.

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

MANNON
 Okay, guys, stop.

They go silent.

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

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

MANNON (cont'd)
 Easy right. Just

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

MANNON (cont'd)
 You guys! That was perfect. You
 were born for NOWO! Whadaya think,
 my Furororous one?

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

EXT. TRUMPIGULA KNOCKED HER SILLY VICTORY TOUR RALLY - DAY

T is on stage in Marysville, Floodrida. The arena is filled with water. People float in canoes, feasting on TrumpJunk.

TRUMPIGULA

There you have it, folks. President T. What more could you ask for. I know. NOWO. What's that, you ask? NOWO! My plan to kill menaces is right on track, as soon as Yomama leaves my Honky House. First thing: more nukes to destroy my enemies. My warheads will be longer, fatter and able to shoot a bigger payload farther than anyone's. Woe for my enemies. NOWO for me. Second thing: I'll get government out of your lives. NOWO! I'll get you all jobs. NOWO! I'll get you all free enemas. NOWO NOWO NOWO! Now sing with me, folks. Sing it like you mean it.

T sings NOWO. The crowd joins and rocks it. GBY winds under his jacket, misting. SNF paddles around, bumping into TLmrs singing NOWO. They glare, yell, throw things at him, and rock his canoe. SNG sees the commotion and bolts from her perch above T towards SNF. She grabs him by the collar and flies him out of the arena.

SNUFFLE

Smarty! I've been worried sick about you! Thanks for rescuing me! I thought I was a goner. Those fanatics in there are really scary!

SNF snuffles. She's silent and drops him. He yells, then splashes in the swamp. She flies away.

SNUFFLE (cont'd)

Smarty! Stop! It's me, Snuffle! Don't watch his grabber! Please, honey, remember who you are!

T sees her fly into to the arena, smiles, and points at her.

TRUMPIGULA

That's my honeybeewoman, Stinggy, up there. Get to know her, folks. She's smart, sexy and completely loyal. Plus, her honey... Mmmmmm!

SNF hears T's voice echo out of the arena. He vomits, cries and wipes his snout.

SNUFFLE

I'll be back, my sweet love.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

T lays on his couch watching SNMUC News. SNG guards nearby.

SNMUC BONOBO MAN HOST

We have in the studio tonight Trumpigula's filth manager, Ssssmellyasssss Conway, to explain the confusion within his transition team. The Trumpigulators keep contradicting each other left and right, signaling nobody knows what the snot they're doing.

CONWAY

The fake presss disstortss the truthinesss of reality. The Amarycans overwhelmingly voted for NOWO and to have usss be the onesss they'll listen to, sssso anything anyone sssaysss to you which may or may not be true, when that sssscandal Sssilly wasss in wasss way ssssoo much worssse, and, by the way, Trumpigula jussst made a Hades of a deal that sssaved thousandsss of jobsss from being sssent away to sssome third world country, becausssse using taxxx incentivesss isn't corporate welfare, even if it'sss part of Trumpigula'sss empire, which, by the way, isss in the blindessst trussst, you can't sssee it, which isss why you can't look at the recordsss, assss they're hiding, sssso, mind your own business if you got one, we'll let crapitalissm work itsss magic while we guide it with an invisible hand. Trumpigula isss the wielder of all that mattersss, so if you don't hear it officially from me or him, than it doesssn't matter what ssssomeone elssse sssaid, becausssse nobody believesss you, media, only what we

(MORE)

CONWAY (cont'd)

sssay isss the way it isss. We have
a mandate, so there. Flick.

T is entranced. GBY slaps him out of it.

TRUMPIGULA

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

Another SNMUC host, a MOUSEMAN, wears sunglasses. He scoffs.

SNMUC BLIND MOUSEMAN HOST

Actually, since Trumpigula is
clueless about everything, he flips
as his mind flops. Of course, that
leads to Trumpigulators fighting
each other. The only thing they
have in common is their fascist
view. That pleases the fart-right,
the extreme stinkers of all the
Reekers, who think any government
is bad. They also believe with
proper flatulence, the world will
be purified of all the evil that
plagues it. They've forced enemas
on captured protesters, which legal
experts say is torture and illegal.
Shouldn't that be considered
terrorism? Amaryca's principles are
being shaken to the core. What is
he doing to stop them?

Trumpigula snorts and chuckles.

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, so? That's the method to my
madness.

Stinggy cocks her head and buzzes.

CONWAY

Oh, so you never fart or have
consstipation? Most Amarycans
aren't elitissst like you. Their
bowelsss sssuffer from lack of
care, which Trumpigula plans to
fixxx. Everyone will get cheap
accesss to as much Analtractcare as
they can bear and feel great. They
can't wait for then. Quit pisssing
on the NOWO parade, you fake-newsss
traitor. Ssssss!

T smiles and tears up. SNG cocks her head more and buzzes.

TRUMPIGULA

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

GBY slaps him and mists SNG.

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

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

TRUMPIGULA

Wow, folks. Biggest crowd ever! Now
I'm the Ruler! Feel that warm
sunshine. First thing, I'm shutting
down air travel for anyone on my
enemy list. They're all terrorists.
There's lots, so those few still
allowed to fly will have, like, no
waiting. It'll be fantastic.
Second, say bye-bye to Yomamacare
and hello to Analtractcare. Free
enemas for everyone! Even my
enemies get free enemas. Now, line
up. Lots of NOWO your way's coming.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

T watches Fux with Insanity. On screen is a heard of goatmen
families caravanning from Canajah to the border.

SHONG INSANITY

Trumpigula was right. A horde of
stoned goatmen is invading Amaryca.
Thousands of these stinky animen
are walking right through the
(MORE)

SHONG INSANITY (cont'd)
border with their hungry kidds. We
need the wall built, now.

TRUMPIGULA
Kidds? Thousands!? Finally, my
faith in myself pays off. My blimpy
kidd army is here! I knew I was
blessed by Zeus. Yes! Stinggy,
we're gonna grab those kidds and
make me an army with diarrhea
power. It'll be so funny! Well, go!
Make that happen already!

EXT. AMARYCAN GREAT PLAINS - DAY

T flies atop SNG, watching the kidd army march below.

DRILL SERGEANT
Who's the one we listen to?

SINGING ARMY
It's Trumpigula, you fool. Left
death. Right is best.

They point their rumps to the left and spray the foulest
diarrhea. T almost vomits seeing that.

TRUMPIGULA
Beyond my wildest dreams! Let's see
what I can doo doo now!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Protesters and BKs march in the streets.
- B) BKs demand protesters stop and spray them with diarrhea.
- C) Brown-Nose (BN) TLmrs direct flatulence at protesters.
- D) Most protesters retreat while crying and gagging.
- E) BNs perform Mobile Enema Technique (METattack) on captives.

SERIES OF SHOTS VOICE OVER:

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)
I love all the great monuments
being built for me. My absolute
favorite is the Washington Manument
Enhancement. Every time I saw that
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.) (cont'd)
 phallic looking thing, 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, like wielding a
 speareener, is a true enhancement.

- F) Protesters gather at Washington Manument. They hold signs: GOT REVERENCE?, WHERE WOULD ZEUS DOO DOO? HERE! and THERE GOES THE GAYBORHOOD.
- G) Boarmen police force is pushed back by protesters.
- H) National Guarddogmen march in and pee and barf on protesters.
- I) BNs arrive to back up NG.
- J) NG run away when BNs fart and BKs spray diarrhea.
- H) Protesters cheer as they outnumber and squash everyone.
- I) Protesters occupy the Trumpigula Manument (TMan) construction site, and shut down the work. They paint it with graffiti, chip away at it, and line it with bombs.

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - SAME DAY AS FIRST SCENE

T lays on his couch. He hears protesters cheering and turns on the TVs. He sees protesters occupying TMan.

TRUMPIGULA
 Whadathey think they're doing!? I
 have to do everything myself!
 Grabby's gonna bust rumps for their
 irreverence towards my holy statue!

T gets up and walks out of the HH followed by security.

EXT. TRUMPINGTON MANUMENT SITE - SAME DAY

T arrives at Tman via helicopter. The crowd sees him, then yell and throw things at him.

TRUMPIGULA
 I command you to stop!

T looks troubled.

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

SNG flies to him, forming a shield around him with the BKs. SNF sees her hovering, rolls in a ball, and barrels through the BKs towards her, stopping in front of T. He peers out of his armor and sees SNG above.

SNUFFLE
Smarty! It's me, Snuffle!

SMARTSTINGER (V.O.)
Who is this guy?

SNF uncurls and stands up, facing T. SNG points her stinger at SNF.

TRUMPIGULA
Who and what are you? You have a hogman snout, but it's so puny!

SNUFFLE
I'm Snuffle Snowball, hedgehogman.
I'm here for Smarty, my love.

TRUMPIGULA
Ha! See? She works for me!

T turns to SNG. Her stinger drips venom. She's shaking.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
Spray him!

She hovers closer to SNF, stinger out.

SNUFFLE
Smarty, I love you! Remember!

She looks at T, shakes her head, and sprays T in the face. He screams. She grabs SNF, and flies away.

SMARTSTINGER
I love you, too. First, I need to take a shower. That was the most disgusting time of my life!

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - SAME DAY

T lays on the couch w/ an ice pack on his swollen face. He squints through beady eyes at the TVs. They show him being sprayed in the face and protesters occupying Tman.

SHONG INSANITY

We have even more stinky news to bring you. NASAL just announced an emergency press conference. We'll be whiffing that in a few.

TRUMPIGULA

Great! Anything but watching those guys destroy my statue. Just when I need Grabby most, it ups and leaves me down. What am I gonna do now?

INT. NEW ZEALAND RADIO TELESCOPE - THE NIGHT BEFORE

A platypusman astronomer looks at a computer screen, focusing on elongated shapes that look like grabbers. Nearby is a KOALAWOMAN astronomer.

PLATYPUSMAN

What are those!?

KOALAWOMAN

Runny Birdman poop?

PLATYPUSMAN

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

He shows her the animation.

KOALAWOMAN

Wild! They're zooming at astronomical speeds. Whatever they are, they're wiggling towards Irks!

PLATYPUSMAN

Cool! This is going on Instawambam!

The astronomer posts the GIF. A moment later, a reply comes.

PLATYPUSMAN (cont'd)

Whoa! Steven Hogking just twatted out my post! Holy moly! He says those are spacecraft!

KOALAWOMAN

What!?

PLATYPUSMAN

Here, listen.

The astronomer plays a recording of what HOGKING wrote.

HOGKING
 (computerized)
 I told you so. You shouldn't be surprised there are other life forms in the universe and they would one day discover Irks broadcastings and attempt to colonize it. It would be stranger if that didn't occur. Oh snot.

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

T lays on his couch. The TV shows the Tman occupation. His phone oinks. He picks it up.

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

T sees the GIF.

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

Fux News shows the NASAL press conference. The Mississipeein crowman director of NASAL perches on a podium, then drawls.

NASAL SPOKESMAN
 Caw caw! Ladies and gentleamen, quite an eventful week. Normally, we wouldn't interrupt a big story like the awcupation of the National Mall with a story about space, but this is something everyone needs to know, now. Forget NOWO. It's been confirmed by Steven Cawking. An alien armada is approaching. Before long, we'll cawnfront aliens. Unless people unite and organize, we'll be over-run. Cawnsidering the circawmstances, we think uniting is statistically improbable since the cawntry is so divided against Trumpigula. Caw caw! We advise you to horde tissues, as there's 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!

SHONG INSANITY

Okay! Well, that's as big as it gets. The alien invasion Trumpigula spoke of is true. He was right all along, like we always told you. Snot. We're getting reports of widespread looting worldwide as people panic. If only we had someone to unite us instead of divide us like Trump...

The power goes out. T panics and stands up. He looks out the window and sees chaos. GBY pops out, grabs his phone, and twats: TRUMP'S A CHUMP. I'M OUTTA HERE! then vanishes.

TRUMPIGULA

Wahhh! 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.

T turns around and sees Mary glowing.

TRUMPIGULA

Mommy? Are you my ... mommy?

MARY

Yes, my baby. I've never stopped loving you, despite all the rotten things I've watched you do during the scenes, flings, and things obscene, because I'm the one who gave birth to you. I am yo' mamma.

T snorts through tears as he runs into Mary's arms.

TRUMPIGULA

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

MARY

I wanted to say HI, but you were rather caught up with your grabber, which I hate. I see it's 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 Yomama had no balls. Doh! I feel embarrassed and really stupid, for believing such silly nonsense ... Mommy, I vow to make that right to Yomama.

MARY

Beautiful. That's called remorse.

TRUMPIGULA

Wow. I really feel ... remorseful.

Mary holds her son tenderly, and gives him forehead kisses.

MARY

I'm glad you're having an epiphany, Trumpy. It's way past time, but I'm here to help explain the story, give you some answers, and help you kick some alien rump. You wanted the combo to the safe. It's 1, 2, 3. Go open it and find what you need. I love you Trumpy. Good-bye.

Mary vanishes. T 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. T looks overwhelmed. He wails, sobs, then snorts loud. He farts, giving final relief.

TRUMPIGULA

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

T runs to where he stores Fred's safe. He dials the combo and opens the door. A blue light shines out from the vortex T is sucked into. He yells WAAAAAH!

INT. SNAKESHIP STUDIO

A TV commercial is filmed showing GESTAPO (freaky-looking geckoman) goofing around.

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.

INT. GALACTIC STUDIO - ELSEWHERE

The vortex drops T into a busy TV studio. Dozens of TV monitors broadcast. THE PRODUCER (TP, lionman) greets him.

THE PRODUCER

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

TP pinches T's cheeks. T swats his paws and yells BACK OFF!

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

Where the snot am I?

THE PRODUCER

You're in the Galactic Studio, Trumpy! Been waiting a long time. You finally figured out the combo!

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah. Yeah, I did.

THE PRODUCER

Trumpy, no lying to this lionman. We can read your thoughts here in the Great Studio in the Sky. Nothing wrong with your mommy helping you. Hades, if my mommy were still alive, she'd be keeping
(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 my den clean and bringing home the
best kills, Zeus rest her soul.

T watches the monitors broadcasting scenes on Irks.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)
 Are these guys, like, godmen? It's
 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, Mars, or any
 of the other godmen, capisce?

T looks sad and withdrawn. He feels himself falling. He
 takes deep breaths and peers into the monitors, one by one,
 watching people fight each other. He gets sadder and tears.

TRUMPIGULA
 (very sadly)
 My kidd army. They're still at,
 squirting everyone for me.

He wipes tears and blows his snout, snorting loud.

THE PRODUCER
 More like because of you, Trumpy,
 and things have gotten even better
 since people found out the
 Flimflammers from Amommyda are on
 the way. Everyone's at everyone's
 throat in total chaos freaking over
 that! The best part? Your blimpy
 kidds' raunchiness. Their stools
 are loose, but their cohesion is
tight. Rather invincible.

TRUMPIGULA
 That has to be the worst thing I've
 ever done. They're just kidds, they
 should be with their parents, not
 running loose. What was I thinking?

THE PRODUCER
 Don't feel too bad. It's been great
 for a while, like you promised.
 Record ratings. We expect the
 (MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 ratings to be even greater once the
 Flimflammers show up to fight
 y'all. Grrr!

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 expect more. The uncivil
 war you're having is great. It's so
 terrific and tragic and funny that
 Can Burns is producing a
 documentary about it as we speak.
 That'll satisfy our advertisers for
 a while, at least until you battle
 the Flimflammers. You better not
 disappoint us with that one.

T looks confused.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)
 They're televising the chaos on
 Irks because the Viewers like drama?

THE PRODUCER
 Drama! It's comedy, you schmuck!

He laughs hard and slaps T on the back. A trumpet blasts. In
 walks BLO playing it. GBY emerges from T's pants and bobs to
 Blo's music. He stops playing and smiles.

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

BLO blushes, smiles, and strokes his long elephantman trunk.

TRUMPIGULA
You're the guy 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?

He blows out a super-fancy riff, making GBY do a wild jig.

BLOWSY (cont'd)

I've had this gig waaayyy befo you were a cute wittle baby piglet. 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, the best instrument I've eva blown.

BLO hands the trumpet to TP.

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. Your grabber's out of your control here, because in our time, it's on our dime. Blowsy may be humble, but 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.

He does a finger wag and hip jog. T blushes. TP sighs.

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)

Let me explain. I'm sure you're clueless. Your family's had grabbers since your great, great, great-granddaddy Napoolean freed animals from a farm long ago. The Flimflammers hybridized animals with humans, making animen aware of their enslavement. Napoolean was abducted by the Flimflammers, who implanted the grabber in him. They used it to control him and thus the

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 world. Every time they blew the trumpet, his grabber got up and went, wherever they wanted. He loved it. Allowed him to become the boss hogman and ensured humans would never be overlords again. The Flimies controlled the grabbers for several generations, until this trumpet was stolen by my daddy.

TP holds up the golden trumpet.

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 My daddy produced failing show after failing show, like the first Reekchublickin Convention, the animated Brady Brunch and Munch, and Donald Trump's The Pretentious. He needed a breakthrough, or to Fux TV he'd be exiled. Everyone wants Fux until they get it, then they're stuck and out of luck.

He fake-strangles himself.

Daddy's salvation was flimflamming the Flimflammers. He offered to upgrade their trumpet's software with Crapple's iOS69. Caused the trumpet to overload, so they trashed it. 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!

T laughs and says HADES NO!

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 Using their grabbers, they tried to outdo each other. Lasted 13 seasons, until your daddy got too playful. Fred stole this trumpet and played it so hard he overloaded their grabbers. He was trying to be funny, but they died from the shock
 (MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
of their grabbers blasting off. The
guilt your father felt for causing
that changed him to bad for good,
for bad, forever, until the end. He
was good at the end.

T tears and looks down. TP put his paw on T's shoulder.

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
He was a goof-ball ham, but never
again used his grabber to be funny.
The trauma he felt made him bitter,
angry and greedy, like you, getting
meaner and meaner, you know? Blowsy
tried getting Fred's grabber to do
our bidding, but Fred fought the
urge until his grabber no longer
heard the music play. He just used
his grabber to amass power.

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.
When you were born, we were given
new hope you'd be quality
programming. We thought maybe you'd
take on your grand-daddy's humorous
traits, instead of being like Dark
Fred. Tragically, your fate was
sealed in blood when you were born.
The Viewers realized you weren't a
comedian, so cultivated your
darker, dramatic qualities. They
aired The Menace not for ratings,
but 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 silly
you really are, including vote!

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

THE PRODUCER

Bingo. Had you no grabber, you'd be a regular, old, boring pigman everyone hates. But since you have one, the Viewers wanted you to have a cult because they think watching your fanatics is funny and you'd be seen as legitimately winning the presidency with fame. There's nothing special about you. It's your grabber. Don't get cocky about it, either. It can easily disappear from your life, like it did, if you take it for granted.

T looks like his heart dropped. He stumbles. TP struggles to help him up.

TRUMPIGULA

That's my worst nightmare, losing Grabby. Snort. I would be a nobody. Have I really been such a greedy hogman? Maybe my lot in life is dumb luck, not a blessing from Zeus. I'm too proud and vain about it all. I should've appreciated what I had, rather than rub it in people's spaces. Why'd I ruin so many lives just to keep grabbing more and more? I'm a complete and total not-great loser.

THE PRODUCER

(Tenderly)

Somethings aren't random, Trumpy. You're the only one who's you, but you could've been anybody, and that anybody would still be like you. You're a product of your life, based on your constraints. You believe having a grabber's 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 self? In many ways, you're nothing but your grabber, like a cartoon character. What's your character, Trumpigula? Are you really so concerned about ratings you'd do anything? As a producer, I love that, but personally, I think you're pathetic

(MORE)

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
and deplorable. Plus, you're not
even funny!

T 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. To add great character to
yourself. Use the power you've
accrued for more than just your own
benefit. You have a hard path. It's
easy to be a glutton, but a lot
harder to give up those things and
make sacrifices for others. You
need to do that, though, because
you're about to face the most
difficult challenge you and planet
Irks have ever seen.

BLO puts his hands and trunk on T's shoulders and squeezes.
T goes limp and sighs.

BLOWSY
My tightass pigman, since yo so
concerned about ratings, consider
this: yo ratings now are not
dependent on the old Trumpigula,
but the more relaxed Trumpy. 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. Ya were a jerkface
because ya missed yo mamma, we dig.
Now it's time to get with the
program. No one likes a bully.

TP and everyone else in the studio nod their heads.

BLOWSY (cont'd)
Ya needed to satisfy yo lust fo all
thangs ta become the pigman ya are
today. We needed you to want ta be
PUSA mo than anythang. We knew you'd
do what it took ta actually win.
Krushyans Smushians, my trump-diddly-
(MORE)

BLOWSY (cont'd)

doo one. They had nothin ta do with ya winnin. That was you and mostly me. There's a war comin, Trumpigster. I can only blow fo yo grabba so much, though. It's time I retire. You need ta play with it on ya own, dig big pigman? You need to gain complete grabba control with yo own blowin.

TP hands T the trumpet.

TRUMPIGULA

Whoa! It just vibrated!

BLOWSY

It's sayin HELLO. It likes ya!

T puts the trumpet to his lips and blows. It sounds like a dying elephantman. GBY starts shaking.

TRUMPIGULA

Owwy! 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-cat elephantmen like you. Plus, that was painful.

BLOWSY

Hogwash! You became PUSA! 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 know, with lots of practice, you'll be blowin that horn like a pro, with all that hot air of yo's. Animan, 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!

T 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 humility, Trumpy. You've suppressed those feelings for so long, glad to know there's still a remnant left, that you're not a complete waste of cells. That means you can feel shame and remorse, feelings you'll need to power your grabber for selfless reasons. You need to use it for the good of others, so you'll need compassion and empathy, too. You need to wanna risk your life facing the Flimies. They're hard 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 unprecedented. Ya may 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 with ya, or else it's game ova.

TP nodded.

THE PRODUCER

If you earnestly use your grabber for good, it won't fall off if others see it. Grabby will know your true intentions and decide whether it stays or pops off. Your heart controls your fate.

TRUMPIGULA

As long as I got Grabby by my side, I'm good to go. I tell you this, though. I'm not letting some flimflamming 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 those menacing aliens destroy them. I'll

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
obliterate those snotty Flimies, if
it's the last thing I do, and rock
the ratings, like always.

T looks at GBY.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
Grabby, my pal. I can't do this
without you. I'm sorry I was such a
big jerkface to you. I'm aiming to
be better. Will you come home and
help me defeat the Flimmflammermen?

GBY is still, then waves to BLO.

BLOWSY
Bye-bye, Grabby. Yo on yo own with
that guy now. Seems like he might
be alright, at long last.

He looks at T.

BLOWSY (cont'd)
Stay true and we'll see ya soon.

TRUMPIGULA
Thanks, Blowsy, and thanks for
bringing Grabby back. I won't
disappoint you.

GBY snakes into him, making T do a jitterbug.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
Hubba chubba! That's what it's all
about!

He dives into the vortex and disappears.

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

T talks with his Thief of Stash PRINCE REAMUS.

TRUMPIGULA
If the Flimies win, Irks will be
turned into a D-rated planet. Only
Seico Insurance commercials will be
filmed and broadcast. I'm not gonna
let a freaky-looking geckoman
peddling insurance be Irks' biggest
star. I need to unite all the
creatures, including the geckomen.
They're all in jeopardy and must be
(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 organized, toughened, and motivated
 to fight our common enemy. If we
 keep fighting each other, the
 Flimies will have a field day.
 We'll be roasted like a hamman on
 Christmas. Considering most hate me
 more than anything, this'll be
 tough knowing I can't use Grab...

T stops mid-word, biting his lip. He points towards Reamus.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Reamy, call in the blimpy kidds.
 They're done wreaking havoc and
 reeking on everyone. We need them
 to start training for an even
 greater battle. I knew their
 diarrhea power was more than just
 funny. It may be our only chance at
 survival. It's a long snot, but
 maybe Smartstinger will help.

REAMUS
 Sir, that's brilliant! Your kidds
 have been rather messy around here,
 so I'm relieved. I'm a prince,
 after all. Usually it's just us
 monkeymen flinging doo doo.

He wipes poo from his brow.

TRUMPIGULA
 So you do. Sorry about that. But
 whatever. 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 w/ blabbing reporters. T walks in.
 Everyone quiets. He reaches the podium, sweaty, and drinks.

TRUMPIGULA
 I called you here for a great
 reason. You're all nervous, with
 the Uncivil War, the imminent
 alien invasion, and having me be
 your leader. Sheesh. I've been
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 mean. A bad example of a leader.
 I'm sorry for everything and
 resolve to be the new Trumpy.

The reporters look at each other, startled.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Please allow me to introduce
 myself, I'm a pigman of wealth and
 taste. I've been redeemed and I
 found myself. I vow not to be a
 disgrace. Trumpigula's now long
 gone. Now call me Trumpy. Together,
 we will kick the ass of the
 flimflaming fools, you'll see.

The press rock their heads in a beat, feeling sympathy.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 I've become a different person
 these last few hours. I need to
 make atonement so we can move
 forward as a united team. Our
 survival's at stake. To give you a
 fig leaf and be honest, I need to
 show you something. It might be
 startling, but give you confidence
 we're not going in alone.

GBY pops out and waves, then slithers out from T's shirt.
 Everyone gasps. Dense smiles and waves back.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Everyone, meet Grabby, my trusty
 member I've mentioned. Grabby,
 meet, well, some you already know.
 Meet everyone else. Grabby comes
 from a long line. Napoolean was the
 first wielder fighting off humans.
 Now, I'm the wielder in defense
 against the Flimy overlord threat.
 Don't hate me 'cause you ain't me.
 I may be different, but I'm still
 an animan with value to offer.

People's mouths still hang. Grb mists and peeples relax.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 We aren't a black or white Amaryca.
 We aren't a pigman or snailman
 Amaryca. We are the United States
 of Amaryca. But we aren't Amarycans
 or Krushyians or deists or

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
atheists. We're Irkslings, bumbling on this planet without a clue why, so let's just be great to each other, okay? All animen are equal, the only commandment that matters to make us a great world. I'm sorry, Brarock. You were right. I shouldn't have said you were castrated. It took big balls for you to grovel for President in this unfairly colorist country and occupy the Honky House while I twatted you down. It's better to get along and work together than be jerkfaces to each other. Duh.

EXT. HAWAIIAN BEACH - SAME DAY

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

YOMAMA

I forgive you. That was my message from Day One. Snot, we've all done things we're not proud of. The important thing is keep your chin up and move forward. I shouldn't have said you had no ... trusty member. I'm quite impressed. Hades, though, had I done a fraction of what you do, they'd a hung my hide, yup. Bastards.

INT. HONKY HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - SAME DAY

TRUMPIGULA

I wonder what great things we'd have done if we, okay, I hadn't succumbed to our, er, my fears, and instead united under Yomama to make Amaryca great for everyone. I squandered a golden moment, for shower. I ask for everyone's forgiveness. 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 hate since we're about to be attacked, can we agree to refocus our anger towards the Flimies?

EXT. SPACE

The Flimflammer (FF, alienmen) snakeships sway into the solar system. They pass Saturn, and flick and throw fragments of Saturn's rings at each other, play fighting. T keeps talking.

TRUMPIGULA (O.S.)

I'm not being alienist, either. You wanna sit back and let them take over Irks? That would really irk me. This is the real deal. Unite or die. Our chance to rise above our disagreements and discover the wonder of fighting together to defend our world, like President Yomama wanted. Will you, please, agree that's a worthy goal? We need to tell the Flimies we're not selling out and letting them take us over. We'll show them the cost of doing business here far exceeds the value. We won't become their colony. If that happens, kiss the Amarycan Dream goodbye. You won't even be extras in their commercials. You'll just serve Gestapo and his Seico friends. We all need to do and doo doo our part to prevent infestation. My blimpy kidd army will show you how. Smartstinger, will you and your beau honor me by leading the kidds?

EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

The animen train for battle, practicing their poop and puke powers. SNG and SNF lead the training.

TRUMPIGULA (O.S.)

You dogmen, the Flimflammers are gonna make you eat Pureama Dogman Chow. Don't do it! Use your puke power to stop 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 like pellets. Go! Practice readying, aiming and firing. The Flimflammers are gonna

(MORE)

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

try to sell us fake wool, flooding the market with their inferior product. You need to quadruple your wool output so 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 I have. Remember that.

You dirty birdmen have some of the nastiest turds. It carries parasitemen who lay eggs in frogmen, deforming them so they're easy-pickins. Yes, you eat deformed frogmen infested with parasitemen eggs. When you poop, frogmen swim through it, getting infected by parasitemen who lay their eggs in the frogmen who get deformed and are easier to catch. It's a vicious cycle. Talk about germ warfare, guys. That's gross. We'll talk after this little alien war. Deal? For now, though, you just fly high and drop your plops from the sky, right into those Flimflammers' eyes, copy? Our scientists, despite attending poorly funded public schools, are super-smart. They're developing the greatest parasiteman ever to deform those Flimies. They'll be devastated once they're mutated. They don't fall under the Geneva Convictions, so we can torture them more than we normally torture enemies, so no whining, you bleeding heart liberals. We're dooing this for your snotty kids!

As good as that is, it's not your most needed skill, birdmen. The Flimies will try to force us to listen to their cheesy Seico commercials over and over and over again. You need to compose great works of fart the world has never heard. A great war song to blast in their faces. Pop, plop, splat music

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (O.S.) (cont'd)
 that's actually good, birdmen. Quit recycling the same song using a different voice. Our sanity is on the line. Pretty please, with a billion bucks on top. Seriously, we're boosting our defense budget for the farts, so don't go cheap.

All of us need to be great to each other. You jackassmen need to start writing laws that 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 spewing! That's not great. You snakemen need to keep your tongues and spewed oil to yourselves, as that's way distracting to everyone else, and, honestly, really scary.

For someone who doesn't deserve to be your leader, I'm asking a lot, but here we are. Show me how great we can be, together on one team. No bawking like chickenmen and we'll defeat the approaching space force.

All the animen hold hands and sing Give Piece of Pie a Chance while T plays trumpet whole-hog. They get busy improving themselves for days. He falls down exhausted.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

T wakes up looking like Donald Trump. He looks around. The Oval Office is different than T's.

TRUMPIGULA
 Why does it look and smell so different? Yuck!

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

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Holy Mother of Zeus! What the Hades? 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 MICK KNIFEY runs in.

KNIFEY

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

TRUMPIGULA

You mean Honky House gate.

KNIFEY

Well, we try not to be so blatantly racist, but yeah. You're our main honky and need to keep you safe.

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

TRUMPIGULA

Snot! How can I do anything with this!? I'm cursed if I'm trumped by this stump!

T looks out the window at the protesters at the fence.

TRUMPIGULA (V.O.)

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

T turns, points at Knifey, and smiles.

TRUMPIGULA

You won't see this big piggy run from those humorassmen. I'm the mighty Trumpy! I'll 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.

KNIFEY

Sir, like me, 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 yapping about. You just reamed us for telling you Congress wasn't happy you've secretly been, um, seeing Putin.

Knifey 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.

T 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

T walks across the lawn, ordering the Secret Service back. He pulls out a bullhorn, causing feedback. The crowd gets louder and shakes the fence more. T gets angry and screams.

TRUMPIGULA

NOWO!!!

GBY shoots out powerfully and waves menacingly high, pulsating and flashing colors. It sprays 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 at me, but I'm not him. I think this is a dream. You guys aren't real.

A rock is thrown and hits T 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. 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 me the leader needed during these hard times. Grabby's going to save us. That's its destiny. I'm just here for the

(MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 ride. I'm at its mercy. Grabby corrupted me, made me a greedy pigman, mesmerized my people, and rigged the election to get me erected, only so it could be our savior. It wants to make Amaryca great so does what we all do when we know we're right: lie, cheat, and steal. There's no one more experienced with those qualities than yours truly, me.

Amaryca has always been great to some people. It's never been about giving everyone a voice. It's been about letting the powers that be grab other people's stuff. To lie, cheat and steal to make Amaryca the richest. To fight for crapitalist values, forcefully. Amaryca is the best for that reason, but that'll end if we let the Flimies deceive us with their lying, cheating and stealing. Let's show them we're the masters. Let's fight them using greater tricks. We're about to be overrun by aliens, and unless you get over your stupid problems, and realize you're part of the same team, you're going to be eaten.

The crowd gasps.

THE CROWD
 Aliens! Probably Canadians, eh?
 Hell no! Canadians blow!

GBY recedes. The crowd marches away, chanting.

THE CROWD (cont'd)
 Build the wall! Great and tall!
 Show them we've got bigger balls!

INT. HONKY HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

T wakes from his dream.

TRUMPIGULA
 Hades! Glad I'm not that guy! He's a total jerkface. Luckily, I saved his sorry hide with my great deal-making skills and passed the test.
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I wonder how everyone else is doing. Reamy? Please come in.

Reamus runs in.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)

I want a full status update. How are people doing? I wanna make sure we're covered on all fronts.

REAMUS

(excitedly smiling)

I do have a report, sir! Most of Irks is prepared. Let's see. You'll be glad your fellow pigmen are not being so greedy in their money-grubbing. You were right! By treating workers better, the workers are doing a great job. Sheepmen are now paid a living wage, so they easily quadrupled wool production. Now, wool is a lot cheaper, and poor princes like me can afford to buy good pairs of socks. Their, er, my feet will be warmer in the winter and breath better in the summer. That makes me a poor happy prince. Less numbness and toe fungus is a good thing.

TRUMPIGULA

No, a great thing! AntiNOWO is working! Tell me I'm right. People save money buying wool, so can afford quality dogman food, meaning dogmen are barfing a lot less. Less mess means less accidents, means there's 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 created by me!

REAMUS

Wow, sir, for once you're right. As a cherry on top, your approval rating is stellar. No one has ever reached 99% approval, but you have!

TRUMPIGULA

I actually thought it would be 100%. What is going on!?

REAMUS

Sir, it's the 1%ers. The snakemen. Even though Ssssmellyasssss Conway is with you, the other snakemen just sit there flicking their tongues and not blinking. They're really menacing, Trumpy. Do something to them!

TRUMPIGULA

Yeah, they are. But the menace we're dealing with is the Flimflammers. We'll get those nasty, unforgiving snakemen later. At least everyone else has stepped up. I could only be 1% prouder.

REAMUS

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

TRUMPIGULA

Reamy, I'm sorry how I reamed you so hard all the time. Thank you for reminding me how that's painful.

REAMUS

I'm just glad Alien Day didn't happen under Silly's watch. Oi vay, we'd be shivering in terror, wondering which Honky House room Slic Willy was slimeing in, instead of being saved by you.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The FF snakeships orbit Irks, high enough to be seen and heard from below.

INT. TRUMPIGULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

GBY hears the roaring and stretches out with wiggly fingers.

TRUMPIGULA

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

T sits at his computer and turns on his webcam.

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 Testes, testes, one, two. Am I 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, shaking the snakeships. FFs land on Irks' surface to battle.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW PORK CITY

Dr.S hovers w/ other hbeewomen. SNF huddles w/ other hhogmen. Hundreds of BKs stand behind. They face the FFs. The hbeewomen spray a honey venom trail to Central Park (CP). Many FFs lap it up and follow the trail. SNF and his crew roll through other FF, knocking them down. BKs spray diarrhea on them. More FFs arrive.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Various animen face FFs, trying to sell crap.
- B) Some animen succumb and are sucked into the crap zone.
- C) Most animen resist and prevail in the their battles.
- D) Some FFs flimflam each other, creating a screeching FF feedback loop.
- E) The remaining FFs rush TPYRMD.
- F) Snakemen, led by CON, snake out of holes and stick their tongues into FFs' eyes. They chomp their mouths and spray snake-oil on the FFs.
- G) FFs shriek and flee in into the pit of dogman puke in CP.
- H) Hbeewomen lead their FFs to CP, who fall into the puke pit. Catmen barf on top.
- I) All animen poo in the pit. Parasitemen hatch and burrow in the FFs and eat their stomachs. FFs eat each other.

EXT. TRUMPYRAMID - DAY

T watches the battles from TPYRMD. A snakeship flies towards his perch. From the ship emerges a DRAGONMAN (DM) ridden by BIG DEAL BOSS wearing a Dark Hader mask, talking like him.

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!

T laughs hard.

TRUMPIGULA

You're gonna have to do better than that! Deal!

BIG DEAL BOSS

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

T's confident look turns to sadness.

TRUMPIGULA

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

Big Deal Boss flinches and says softly THITH GUY ITH GOOD!

BIG DEAL BOSS

Bad deal! You will die!

DM shoots a burst of lighting towards T, hitting the lightning rod. T plays The Star-Strangled Jammer, Jimi Hendrix-like. GBY flashes red, white and blue, thrusting to DM and tickles him. DM chuckles and his grabber shoots out.

DRAGONMAN

Thtop it!

DM's grabber battles with GBY. It dodges DM and his fire. T blows his trumpet furiously. DM flies away, panting.

DRAGONMAN (cont'd)

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

T breathes deep and heads to the safe's portal.

INT. THE GALACTIC STUDIOS - DAY

T is met with loud cheers and applause. TP walks towards him and shakes his hand.

THE PRODUCER

That was great! The Viewers loved it! You all fought with such courage and fortitude. And awesome attack strategies. And those snakies! We never saw that coming! We thought they were big, silent jerkfaces not listening to you, but 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 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.

T steps back from TP.

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's impotent to you here.

TRUMPIGULA

I should have known you're Big Deal Boss! What producer resists endless commercials produced by someone else, letting you to sit around doing nothing? Plus, your lithp sounded like the dragonman rider.

THE PRODUCER

You're right, like never, Trumpy. The dragonman's lithp rubs on me when we hang. He's a hot thriller!

T nods.

THE PRODUCER (cont'd)
 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-Lame-o, that's to die for.

T makes an approving nod, smiling.

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

THE PRODUCER
 So, don't be mad, but I told the
 Flimflammers you stole the trumpet,
 in the ultimate con, making them
 hate your guts more than your worst
 Irks' nemeseseseseth. I planned
 to get a Blemmy producing their
 attack on you and finally 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 T.
 He runs into their arms and weeps.

TRUMPIGULA
 I've missed you guys so much. I'm
 tired. Can we go home now?

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

T sighs and hands his trumpet to TP. T looks at GBY.

TRUMPIGULA
 It's been a good run, me and you,
 pal. A lot of great memories I
 can't remember. Luckily, I have
 (MORE)

TRUMPIGULA (cont'd)
 videos of you and me doing our
 thang. I'll miss you, but I miss
 Mommy and Daddy more, so there.

He sheds a tear and pulls down his pants. The Viewers' rating meter ups. A trumpet plays. BLO enters, playing WHEN THE SAINTS COME TOOTING IN on a platinum trumpet. GBY dances. The rating meter rises. TP stares at GBY, enchanted.

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

TP grins.

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

BLO smiles.

BLOWSY
 I got just the numba fo you
 lovebirdmen.

He plays WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD. TP and GBY dance romantically. The rating meter rises, then pops. T turns to his parents who smile fondly. Mary has tears in her eyes.

TRUMPIGULA
 Let's go home guys!

Fred and Mary look at each other and smile.

FRED
 He still doesn't know, does he?

MARY
 Donnie, dear, you're dreaming.
 Trumpy is not real. You need to
 wake up from your nap. Protesters
 are still shaking the gate. You
 have a real problem on your plate.

Mary looks intently at T.

MARY (cont'd)
 No, you can't bring Grabby. Use
 your other head to make America
 great, nicely. Don't let this dream
 be for naught, or like Caligula,
 you'll end badly.

INT. @THEREALWHITEHOUSE, OVAL OFFICE - DAY

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

DONALD TRUMP
Shit! It was just a dream!

MARY (O.S.)
Don't disappoint your mommy,
Donnie. Think of my great
grandkids. Don't squander your
chance to make humanity great.

Trump gets up and grabs the book *Trumpigula* from the trash can by his desk. He sits down and reads the book.

THE END