

MASH UP

written & created by

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(c) 2025

Comedy spoof

FADE IN:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The PREZ sits behind a desk and adds his signature to very important documents as an entourage of his closest cabinet stand around him.

VOICE OVER

*What we are witnessing today is our new President signing away our countries assets. Yes, it is true folks, he is genuinely bankrupting America as I speak. But that's not all, he is also in the process of negotiating a peace deal with the warring countries in eastern Europe.*

PREZ

(looks into camera)

It's going to be a great deal- a great deal for all, you just wait and see. It will make our country so great again you won't believe your eyes.

EXT/INT. AIR FORCE ONE - TRAVELLING - DAY

Resplendent in a ball gown HILARY CLINTON fixes a black cigarette into a long white holder.

She lights up. Her hard gaze focussed towards the Prez. She spits words and smoke in his direction.

HILARY CLINTON

Can'tcha just die like anybody else?

PREZ

YOU! You're in big trouble. BIG, BIG TROUBLE! (furrows a brow)  
Huge trouble. So immense you won't believe your eyes when it actually happens!

Prez attempts to climb out of his seat but gets stuck.

HILARY CLINTON

We had the body switch planned  
all along.

PREZ

Ha! You can't replace me. America  
will not allow that to happen.  
You just wait and see what  
happens if you try to replace me.

HILARY CLINTON

It's been done before, many  
times.

PREZ

Says you. Body switched who?

HILARY CLINTON

My poor excuse for a husband.  
Right after the-

(deep voice)

I did not have sex with that  
woman.

(snarls)

He now sits in a whiskey jar,  
next to the Roswell aliens.

PREZ

You mean those aliens are real? I  
wanted to release the truth about  
that but they went wild with a  
black marker.

HILARY CLINTON (ASIDE)

(into camera)

Ha-ha! I tell him I've pickled  
Bill's bad behaviour and he's all  
hyped about Roswell.

(to Prez)

They were just kids!

PREZ

Are you one too?

Glowing orbs streak past the plane, illuminating their  
orange faces.

Hilary blows a series of smoke rings that disperse before  
they reach him.

HILARY CLINTON

I'm the go between. The communications channel. The deal maker, or breaker, which ever way you want it.

The Prez face glows brightly.

PREZ

I can cutcha a deal. I enjoy the back and forth of a brisk negotiation, just as long as I get what I want.

HILARY CLINTON

You say one thing and do another.

PREZ

I'm growing into the role as a politician.

HILARY CLINTON

You'll look just great when we've body swapped you.

PREZ

Body swapped me with who? My wife will object.

HILARY CLINTON

She's already a body swap, you fool.

PREZ

No! What about my boy?

HILARY CLINTON

Hybrid. He's actually twice as tall as you may think. They make 'em big on Zodd.

PREZ

(discombobulated)

Is this a nightmare?

HILARY CLINTON

Nope. It could be the making of you, unless you want to join Billy boy in a whiskey jar? Just think about it, you'll have your own glass jar. You can stew in your fantasies. We're not monsters! We can make things perfect again.

PREZ

Sounds like an ultimatum. Body swap or bow out, permanently.

HILARY CLINTON

You've got it.

PREZ

Who do I swap with?

HILARY CLINTON

You'll look the same to the casual observer. On the inside, but you'll be an English guy, Chuck Spunt.

PREZ

I can't be him. He's a blind fool.

HILARY CLINTON

Well, you can open his eyes. When we're not controlling you that is.

PREZ

Ah! I don't believe you. You've lied before - I've read your emails. You're a compulsive liar!

HILARY CLINTON

That maybe so. But you don't hold the cards any longer. This isn't Truth or Dare? It's life or death  
(pauses)  
Choose quickly.

PREZ

(sings & repeats)  
Oh baby, baby - How was I supposed to know - that something wasn't right.

Hilary Clinton touches her ear as a connection is made. She struggles to hear over the Prez's warbling.

HILARY CLINTON  
Is Chuck Spunt ready to engage  
with us? -We have a winner!

The Prez undergoes a fearful transformation. The body of Chuck Spunt appears and steps inside that of the Prez.

Trump's blue eyes flash purple as two become one.

Shaking his head to clear his confusion, the Prez looks the same but wears a discombobulated expression.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - NIGHT

The white haired PREZ of America stands alone on a neatly cut lawn.

He ruminates with a glass of brandy in hand, as he puffs on a fat Cuban cigar. He watches the smoke from his cigar as it disperses.

The phone inside the top pocket of his shirt vibrates.

He brings the phone to ear and briefly listens before he stamps his foot in anger.

PREZ  
(on phone)  
You tell that imbecile that I  
said if he doesn't get his ass  
over here quicksmart he'll wish  
he'd never been born!  
(listens)  
I don't give a rats arse what he  
says. Just get him over here! I  
need this doppelganger here with  
me.

He abruptly ends the call.

From above a spotlight beams down upon him.

With a look of deep bewilderment he looks up and covers his eyes.

PREZ  
What the hell is that? Is that  
the Chinese checking up on us?

He hears the sound of a distorted female voice.

V.O

*No, it is not the Chinese.*

PREZ

Who, then?

V.O

*It's way over your head - Excuse the pun.*

PREZ

No, no, no. You don't have any cards, whoever you are. Only Chuck Spunt and myself hold all the cards. In fact, we are the cards. Ask him if you can find him.

Within the blink of an eye his brandy glass drops to the lawn, along with his lit cigar as he vanishes into thin air.

INT. PRISON CELL. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - LIT

His eyes suffused, his open mouth frothy with his own saliva, Prez stands in chains in a striped prison outfit.

PREZ (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Hey! What's going on?!  
Lemme outta here!

Silence.

PREZ (CONT'D)

I'm the President of the United States of America! You cannot do this!

More silence.

PREZ (CONT'D)

You'll pay for this, whoever you are!

Even more silence.

PREZ (CONT'D)

You have no idea who you're dealing with! When I get outta here you'll know about it for sure, you worm eating moron! I said, lemme outta here goddammit!

A greater silence.

PREZ (CONT'D)

OK, I give up. I'll cutcha a good deal if that's what this is all about. I did it for the Brits. In fact, we'll pay you just to have you on board. What' d ya say? Just take it, goddammit! Just lemme outta here.

V.O

*In front of you, you will see a hologram showing four kings in the pack . Pick one, then answer the following question to win your freedom.*

PREZ

What the hell is this- Play Your Cards right? I'm the President goddammit! Chuck! Chuck! Chuck!

Super silence.

PREZ (CONT'D)

Is that you, Hilary? If this is your idea of a joke, it's not funny... Lemme outta here!

Four KINGS from each suit of the pack appear in front of him.

PREZ (CONT'D)

But these cards are all pictures of me. What'd ya want me to do, pick myself?

V.O

*You usually do. Now choose a card.*



PREZ

No, you're wrong. I'm the king of hearts. Ask anybody who knows me well... they'll all tell you the same thing- king of hearts.

V.O

*Now answer the following question. Where is Hollywood?*

PREZ

I've never heard of her. And if you think that porn princess is gonna settle anything outta court, you can go and tell her to line up to kiss my ass.

V.O

*Incorrect.*

PREZ

You what?! What is this? You cannot be serious! I have a mandate to do whatever I like.

Silence.

PREZ (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are we, anyway?

V.O

*Alcatraz...*

PREZ

You mean, Alcatraz, as in Alcatraz island?

The sound of distorted laughter.

Prez crouches as he covers his ears and grimaces in pain.

PREZ (CONT'D)

If this is you Clinton, I'll have you licking my ass for breakfast, lunch and dinner... You just wait and see what happens when I get outta here, Bitch!

V.O

*Three cards remaining.*

The three remaining Kings appear in front of his eyes.

V.O

*Pick a card.*

PREZ

King of diamonds, goddammit! Now  
lemme outta here!

Silence.

V.O

*Where would you find Greenland?*

PREZ

I have no idea. They just tell  
about these places. All I know is  
they belong to me.

V.O

*Incorrect.*

More uncontrollable laughter.

Prez covers his ears once more.

V.O (CONT'D)

*Another king.*

PREZ

I hate this fucking game! There's  
only one King - that is me,  
asshole!

V.O

*Pick one.*

PREZ

King of clubs, goddammit!

V.O

*What is the Gaza Strip?*

PREZ

Oh, that's just a titty bar in  
Newcastle, England. I've only  
been there once. I didn't like it  
at all. It was all plastic tits  
and asses... and people who speak  
funny.

V.O

*Incorrect.*

PREZ

You're gonna pay a heavy price  
when I get outta here, you bitch!

V.O

*This leaves just one final card.*

PREZ

Yeah I know-I know. I'm not  
stupid.

V.O

*Incorrect.*

PREZ

Look, I'll give you anything...  
anything you like. Just lemme  
outta here goddammit!

V.O

*Final question.*

PREZ

What is it goddammit?!

V.O

*Where would you find Messiah?*

PREZ

Right here! That's me asshole!  
I'm the Messiah!

V.O

*Are you sure?*

PREZ

Positively sure, why?

V.O

*Incorrect.*

Chuck Spunt appears in front of him. Prez gasps.

CHUCK SPUNT

I hear you have the cards?

PREZ

Where the fuck have you been?  
I've been calling you goddammit!

EXT. LAWN - CONT'D

Prez is thrown to the ground in a heap.

He climbs to his feet and pats himself down.

He shakes his head and grins knowingly as he looks up at the stars.

PREZ (ASIDE)

Phew! That was a close shave.

The phone in his top pocket vibrates. He brings it to ear.

A bright light beams down upon him as he ends the call.

V.O

*Nighty night, Chuckleberry Chump.  
Hahahahaaaha....*

PREZ

Kiss my motherfuckin' ass!

He stumbles as he turns round and falls over a wooden bench.

PREZ (ASIDE)

Shit! Where did that come from?

TBC...