

TRUMPED

by

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INT. T.V NEWS STATION STUDIO

ANCHOR-MAN behind a news desk. Behind him on a screen shows a picture of Donald Trump laying on a pavement with blood on his forehead.

ANCHOR-MAN

..This just in, President Donald Trump has been shot by a police officer.. The bad news is that it was a black police man. God knows we'll never hear the end of this.

His condition is not known.. Other than he is still alive. According to the Metro municipality, there are currently no ambulance's available to attend to him..

Studio screen pops up a picture of a 90 year old black man, scruffy looking street hobo.

ANCHOR-MAN (CONT'D)

..and in a more sad note. If anyone has seen this man they are to contact their nearest police station. Peter West is sought by his children after he went missing Seventy years ago.

INT. HELL - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - ALWAYS NIGHT

A real messy un-organised office. A desk with brown files stacked on it. A distinctive RED old finger dial type telephone, next to an I-Pad. Seated behind the desk is the ACCOUNTANT. He has just finished watching the same news footage of Donald Trump's shooting.

Accountant switches off the T.V. He has shock worry written all over his face.

He's quick to grab his I-pad. Tapping away on it in haste. It rings. RING... RING... RING...

MAIN GATE (O.S)

Main gate.

ACCOUNTANT

CLOSE THE GATE.. CLOSE THE GATE!
RED ALERT.. THIS IS NOT A DRILL!

MAIN GATE (O.S)

Accountant is that yo...

ACCOUNTANT

CLOSE THE FUCKING GATE!

Accountant disconnects the call. In the distant back-ground we hear the sound of an old world war one bomb alert siren "whining" Whooo.. Whooo.. Whooo..

Accountants I-pad rings. He answers.

DEVIL (O.S)

Accountant.. What the fuck is going on?

ACCOUNTANT

SIR.. Donald Trump has been shoot!
His not dead.. YET!

DEVIL (O.S)

SHIT! Is his name in the book?

ACCOUNTANT

SIR! It's Donald Trump.. Cause he is!

EXT. HEAVEN - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - ALWAYS DAY

An open-air office on a fluffy cloud. A real smart organised office. A shiny glass-top desk with two filing trays on it, labelled; PENDING and ACCEPTED. A distinctive RED old finger dial type telephone. Next to it is a gate intercom phone. Seated behind the desk is ST PAUL.. He has just finished watching the same news footage of Donald Trump's shooting.

St Paul switches off the T.V. He has shock worry written all over his face.

He's quick to grab the gate intercom phone. PING... PING... PING...

MAIN GATE (O.S)

Main gate. St Peter speaking.. And this can only be my good friend St Paul. How are yo...

ST PAUL

I'm well Peter, thank you for asking. And I trust you too are well?

ST PETER (O.S)

Yes.. By the way did you ge...

ST PAUL

Peter, sorry for been rude here. We have a situation, and I need you to please close the gate.

ST PETER (O.S)

Close the gate?

(BEAT)

ST PETER (O.S)

Ahh... It's a real big gate!

ST PAUL

Look on the intercom face.. You'll see a button with a picture of a [KEY] - push it.

ST PETER (O.S)

Ah. I see it..

ST PAUL

..Now. CLOSE THE GATE!.

ST PETER (O.S)

But.. We have a que outside. And I think I see Oprah and Father Joseph in line.

ST PAUL

And you going to have DONALD TRUMP in line soon if you don...

The gate intercom dies.

ST PAUL

Peter? Peter... You there?

In the distant back-ground we hear the sound of a church bell "siren" going-off. BONG.. BONG.. BONG..

A deep voice speaks out from above..

GOD (O.S)

St Paul. What in God's name.. I mean my name.. is going on?

ST PAUL

BOSS.. Donald Trump has been shoot! His not dead.. YET!

GOD (O.S)

DARN! Is his name in the book?

ST PAUL

BOSS? It's Donald Trump.. Cause not!

GOD (O.S)

So what's with the panic?

ST PAUL

Cause.. If he decides to right now pray to you for forgiveness. You gonna have to accept.. And let him in!

GOD (O.S)

FUCK.. I mean fudge.. darn.

ST PAUL

BOSS.. You heard anything yet?

GOD (O.S)

NO. Don't think I will.. Least of all from him.

ST PAUL

Ye.. Thing is, in their dying moments they quick to.. Oh no I been a bad boy for 50 years - forgive me God, get me outta this shit and I'll behave. --Fucking hippocrates!

GOD (O.S)

HAY!

ST PAUL

SORRY!.. My bad. Meant to say
fudge.. DARN.

GOD (O.S)

..OH NO!
No.. No.. No.. I have an incoming.

St Paul goes white in fear.

ST PAUL

God no.. Do something - shut your
mind off.. Make as if you never
heard him.

GOD (O.S)

Ahhh.... Just messing with you.
That was Oprah at the gate. I told
her to hang-ten.

On St Paul's desk. The RED PHONE rings. St Paul nearly jumps
out of his wings. Even God startled.

ST PAUL

Boss.. I thing you best come down
here. It's the RED PHONE!

St Paul is quick to grab the bottle of Vodka of his desk and
shove it into a draw.

God appears by St Paul's side. St Paul hesitantly picks up
the phone. Phone to ear..

ST PAUL

..Hellllooo...?

St Paul at once moves the phone a good distance from his
ear.. to the back-ground sound of the caller shouting.

(BEAT)

Silence. God takes the phone to ear..

GOD

Are you done ranting and ragging?

DEVIL (O.S)

Yee... Sorry. STRESS!

GOD

Ye, it comes with the job. Look I know why you calling.. But, his in your book.. So his your problem!

DEVIL (O.S)

Not so fast old timer.. He could be yours too?

GOD

I considered the possibility.. But, He's too arrogant and a righteous ass to pray for forgiveness.

DEVIL (O.S)

Ever wonder what would happen if there was NO HELL? Where do you think the scum of the earth will go? NOWHERE! But remain on earth.

That Zombie movie.. Ahh.. What's his name.. Tom Cruiz..

GOD

..Ah. WORLD WARZ?

DEVIL (O.S)

YES! That one.. Your world will be worse than that.

GOD

..WAIT. Rewind to the part.. NO HELL?

INT. HELL - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - ALWAYS NIGHT

Devil standing at the desk, on the red phone..

DEVIL

..Do you have any idea how many Muslims and Mexicans I house here? That big TRUMP mouth of his down here.. I'll have anarchy in Hell!

Unlike your fence and gate.. Mine is to keep the fuckers IN! All of... Just hold on for a second.

Devil turns to look at Accountant. Accountant is tapping away on his I-pad. He turns it's screen to the Devil. He

puts on his reading glasses.

DEVIL

..Ah, excluding the growing que
outside my gate. 962, 519, 725,
736. NOW..! What side of the gate
would you prefer them to be on?

GOD (O.S)

Okay.. You got my attention!
Likewise he'd destroy Heaven.. He'd
chase my residents running out.

DEVIL

Ye.. And I'm not housing your kind
in my pozzie!

You better pray to yourself that he
doesn't pray to you.. Wait, just
hold a second again.

Accountant slapping the "hazy" television set. On it, a
blurry picture of the news studio.

DEVIL.

Sorry about that.. T.V reception
goes for a ball of shit DOWN here.
No doubt you have clear H.D
SATELLITE feed UP there.

GOD (O.S)

CRYSTAL CLEAR! Hold on..

(To St Paul)

Turn off the bloody cartoon network
and go back to the news channel.

(To Devil)

D. I'm going to have to call you
back.

DEVIL

And not when his dead! You still
got my number, right?

GOD (O.S)

Ye, 0800 666

INT. T.V NEWS STATION STUDIO

Anchor-man behind a news desk. A picture of Donald Trump on a screen in his back-ground. Laying on a hospital bed with just an I.V attached to his arm. A nurse by his bed side, and an overweight private security guard at the door eating a hamburger.

ANCHOR-MAN

..After all attempts to get an ambulance to Donald Trump failed. He was brought into state marmoreal hospital by taxi.

His condition is still unknown as he is still to be attended to by a doctor.

To give us more on the story we crossing over to our reporter, Jane Brown. Live from state marmoreal.

Anchor-man adjusts his ear-piece.

INT. STATE MARMOREAL HOSPITAL

Camera view of Donald Trump on the bed. And the nurse that's now seated one a bedside chair reading a magazine. Ear-phone's on, she's swaying her head to whatever song she's listening too.

ANCHOR-MAN (O.S)

Jane...?

Same camera view.. No Jane.

ANCHOR-MAN (O.S)

Jane... You there?

CAMERA MAN (O.S)

Ahh.... She went home. Something about no overtime pay.. And needs to feed her cat..

ANCHOR-MAN (O.S)

Well okay then.. Can you tell us if you hearing anything from the other reporters there? What is the scene like outside the hospital?

CAMERA MAN (O.S)

There is no scene outside.. There's actual no one outside, and I'm the only reporter here. Wait.. I'm a camera man!

The camera goes off view of Donald Trump and the nurse as it tilts down to view to floor before been switched off.

INT. T.V NEWS STATION STUDIO

Anchor-man adjusts his ear-piece.

ANCHOR-MAN

Well.. You can't say we not the first to bring you the news. We'll bring you more on this story as soon as we get another reporter down there.. And find a doctor.

EXT. HEAVEN - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - ALWAYS DAY

St Paul mutes the T.V.

ST PAUL

What you gonna do Boss?

God picks up the red phone. Dials.. Phone to ear..

GOD

D. It don't look good.. Don't think he is going to make it!

DEVIL (O.S)

SHIT! Why don't you just do your thing. You know.. Give him an extension.

GOD

What good will that do! Tomorrow his shot again.. Heart attack.. Besides, it's not fair on the living. They all-out parting in high expectations.. Just for him to pull through!

DEVIL (O.S)

Then we leave him to wander the earth in spirt.. Ghost.

GOD

You really do have no heart.. The NIGHTMARES he'll give those pure young children.

FREDDIE CRUGER will have nothing on him!

DEVIL (O.S)

Mmm.. Catchy. DONALD'S GONNA GET YOU WHEN YOU SLEEP...

ACCOUNTANT (O.S)

MONSTER INC.. The sequel - The screams of Donald..

DEVIL (O.S)

Accountant..

ACCOUNTANT (O.S)

Yes Sir..

DEVIL (O.S)

SHUT UP!

(To God)

I got an idea.. It's a long shot but what about ZUEST. We could send him ther...

ZUEST (O.S)

I HEARD THAT! And I'm not interested in the two of yours problem!

DEVIL (O.S)

Really know...
Maybe God of ANTLANT...

ANTLANTIS (O.S)

NOT GOING TO HAPPEN!

NEPTUNE (O.S)

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!

SANTA CLAUSE (O.S)

HO.. HO.. - NO!

DEVIL (O.S)

OKAY.. OKAY.. The whole lot of you
- I got it!

GOD

Mmmm... The spirt of American
Indian Chief, RED FEATHER owes me a
big favour.

RED FEATHER (O.S)

No.. Not that a BIG a favour.

DEVIL (O.S)

What the fuck is this.. Is there no
longer privacy in having a private
conversation.

What are we even speaking on a
phone for.. Does this phone even
work?

CLICK!

GOD

D..? You there?

DEVIL (O.S)

Yes I'm still here. And you can put
the phone down.

CLICK!

GOD

Now what was the deal with the
phone?

DEVIL (O.S)

Our idiot script writer; Barry
John. Loves to dramatize.. RED
PHONE!

GOD

Give him a break. His still
learning.. I mean look at this shit
his writing..

TOOTH FAIRY (O.S)

Cough.. Cough.. Are you guys done?

You know you both idiots, right!
--REINCARNATION!

DEVIL (O.S)

WHAT..?

GOD

She's right! REINCARNATION!
When he dies I can send him back to
earth as anything I wish!

DEVIL (O.S)

YES! You idiot.. The God of all
wisdom - Ye, right!

GOD

Watch it horns..

DEVIL (O.S)

Can I pick! PLEASE.. PLEASE..
--DOG.

ZUEST (O.S)

--DONKEY.

ANTLANTIS (O.S)

--SQUID.

NEPTUNE (O.S)

--MONKEY.

HERCULES (O.S)

--COCKROACH.

VENUS (O.S)

--BACTERIA.

TOOTH FAIRY (O.S)

No.. No.. My idea - MY CALL!

GOD

Fair enough.. What will it be?

ST PAUL

HAY! Shooo... The news is back on.

INT. T.V NEWS STATION STUDIO

Anchor-man behind a news desk. Footage of Donald Trump on a screen in his back-ground. His sitting up on the bed, looking very well and full of life.

ANCHOR-MAN

..This just in. Donald Trump is out of danger. In fact, he never was. The bullet had only clipped his head putting him unconscious

..and in a more happy note. The missing 90 year old hobo has been found wandering aroun...

EXT. HEAVEN - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - ALWAYS DAY

St Paul mutes the T.V.

GOD

All that stress for nothing..

DEVIL (O.S)

..Thank heavens. Excuse the pun.

GOD

Well D. Nice chatting with you again.. I think.

DEVIL (O.S)

Ye.. Say, we still gotta have a chat about all these Catholic Priest pediphile's I'm housing here.

GOD

Ye.. Not know. A lot of ears around here!

DEVIL (O.S)

Say.. Toothless. What were you going to pick? You know.. If he had died.

ST PAUL

..HOLY SHIT!!

St Paul watching on the T.V - A doctor by Donald Trump's bedside, pulls out a revolver and fires six shots point blank into his head.

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM LAND - DAY

[P.O.V] A blurry brown vision comes into focus.. In our face
- A fresh coil of shit.

O.S

WHAT THE FUCK.. SHIT!

BILLY, a shit fly eating from a nearby fresh one. He looks over his shoulder to the voice.

BILLY

What the hell DONALD! You'd swear
it's your first shit meal.

DONALD

NOOOOO.....

FADE TO "BROWN"

- THE END -

NOTICE: The script writer going by the alias name of; Barry John, has gone into hiding.. A cave somewhere in South Africa.