

TRUMP ON THE LAM  
EPISODE 1: TRUMPED UP

By  
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INT. TRUMP TOWERS - NIGHT

A penthouse suite. The party inside stands in a choked silence, sipping champagne and staring straight ahead.

They are watching a TV, on which the CNN ANCHOR struggles to not fidget. Behind him is a red and blue bar graph, the red barely an inch longer. The news anchor absentmindedly wipes his brow with his arm.

ANCHOR

As... as we wait for the final recount we, we turn to senior correspondent Ted Marcus...

(They cut to TED, bag-eyed and unkempt.)

Marcus what are your thoughts on this close election?

Ted licks his lips. Says nothing.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Uh/ Ted?

Ted takes off his microphone, places it on the desk, and walks off camera. Despairing beat.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Right. A... Feeling I'm sure we can all relate to Ted.

As he drones on, the camera scans the crowd before finding IVANKA TRUMP, next to whom sits her brother DON TRUMP. While Ivanka appears to be in a state of shock, Don is pre-gaming champagne like a champ. Ivanka looks around, confused, then leans to her brother.

IVANKA

Don? Where's Dad?

DON

He's not here?

IVANKA

I don't see him.

DON

Well go find him! He's about to be President of the United States!

Ivanka glares at her brother, but passes him her drink before getting up. As soon as she leaves, Don knocks back her champagne.

Ivanka walks down a small hall, we hear the sound of dry heaves and wheezes. Ivanka leans on a door, listens to the wretches. She raps on the door.

IVANKA

Sir?

TRUMP

(from behind the door)  
Occupado!

Chokes, hurls. Ivanka grimaces.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRUMP, hair unfurled, kneels over a gold-plated toilet. The entire bathroom appears to be made of amber, its reflection turning the world piss yellow.

Trump sits back gasping for breath. He reaches to the counter, and brings down a bottle of water, sips.

IVANKA

Do I need to get Melania?

Trump looks behind him. MELANIA is sprawled in the jacuzzi tub, cradling a champagne bottle.

TRUMP

It's fine, sweetheart, you just,  
just let me know when-

There is a roaring cheer. Trump looks to the door. *Hail to the Chief* murmurs beyond the door. He stares at the toilet, a smile cracking his lips.

IVANKA

Sir/ you were just-

TRUMP

I hear them! I hear them! Get your  
ass out there and stall!

Clambering to his feet, Trump goes to the sink. He preens in the mirror, straightening his jacket, folding his hair. For a moment he stares in the mirror, pure admiration in his eyes. He kisses his fingers, presses them to the glass then turns to the tub.

TRUMP (CONT'D)

Melania!

He goes over to his wife, taps her face.

TRUMP (CONT'D)

Melania!

Melania garbles something in Slovenian, but sits up. She pulls her hair out of her mouth, looks at Trump.

MELANIA

I'm sorry Don, you can always run/  
again in 2020 honey.

TRUMP

Baby, I won.

Melania stares at him, confused.

MELANIA

You/ won?

TRUMP

For Christ's sake you need to clean  
up, they're waiting on us/ they're  
waiting to see.

MELANIA

They're waiting on *you*.

She leans back into the tub, staring into the middle distance.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

Come get me when you leave.

Trump's face tightens, but he puts his anger into standing up.

TRUMP

Have fun, then.

He walks to the door, pauses. For a moment he is unsure, but then the chanting begins. A growing cry of "TRUMP", and his bravado returns.

He opens the door. And vanishes in a blast of camera flashes.

TITLE CARD: 8 MONTHS LATER

INT. WHITE HOUSE LINCOLN BEDROOM - DAY

Pale light comes from the windows, fading the room's cream yellow to a shade of jaundice.

Trump stands alone in grey sweatpants and hoodie. He looks out the window, a mixture of fear and sadness. We can faintly hear yelling.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Washington, D.C. is burning, an overcast sky darkened with soot and ash. At the gates of the White House a mob has formed holding placards, tossing stones, shaking at the bars. They demand the same things, though it is phrased a thousand different ways from person to person: Bring us the head of Donald Trump. Jutting from them is a wobbling pole where a straw Trump doll hangs from a noose.

INT. WHITE HOUSE LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trump takes a deep breath, then turns. On the bed he has laid out a backpack containing the necessities: An egg salad sandwich, orange foundation, hair spray, and a half-full bottle of Trump brand water. He zips up the backpack, pulls up his hood, and leaves.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLS - CONTINUOUS

The evacuation is not going smoothly. The halls are choked with SERVANTS and OFFICIALS: attempting to organize, attempting to barricade, attempting to steal something on the way out.

Trump bolts, jumping over a rug left half-rolled, shoving past a pair of maid's purses fat with linen. A crash as a brick breaks through a window in front of him. Finally, he reaches the doors of the Oval Office. He doesn't so much push as ram them open.

The Oval Office is empty. Trump runs to the patio door, and begins to open-

IVANKA (O.S.)

Dad! Dad!

He startles, spinning around back to the door. It's Ivanka, hair pulled back in a ponytail, barefooted and sweating. She looks confused, struggling to understand what she's looking at. Trump sighs, pulls back his hood.

TRUMP

(guilty)

Oh- Ivanka sweetie, what/ brings you?

IVANKA

Dad, what are you doing, you need  
to get/ to the bunker

TRUMP

Well, you see, about that.

He dashes out to the patio, surprisingly spry given his body type. Ivanka is stunned, but only for a moment before running to the door, she makes it in time to watch as her father clammers over the garden fence.

IVANKA

Dad what the fuck are you doing!?  
Dad! Dad!

But he's gone.

EXT. PARKING LOT DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trump topples over the fence, barely able to stick the landing.

There is only a single car here today, white with dark windows, the driver's window rolled down. In the driver's seat is a kind-faced DRIVER in a white tee and a trucker hat. He sticks his hand out and waves.

Trump jogs to the car, hopping into the back.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The seats are covered in cigarette burned pleather. Up front we discover that the DRIVER has a COMPANION. A slightly, more muscular man with a beard jutting out like a chin extension. Trump slams his door shut, and slaps the Companion's seat.

TRUMP

Whadda you waiting for, MOVE!

EXT. PARKING LOT DAY - CONTINUOUS

They drive off into the city.

TITLES

A montage over credits to music (Feeling "Andy Griffith Show Theme" or Sinatra's "That's Life")

The car drives through what remains of D.C. The grass is brown and dry, the cherry trees bare.

They pass the Lincoln Monument, its pillars and walls a battlefield of graffiti scrawl: Begs for equality buried by white power, buried by protest art, and hate symbols. The most prominent is the giant swastika on the Emancipator's chest.

On the bridge to Alexandria, three military grade armored trucks zoom past, sirens blaring. The Driver cusses, overcorrecting to avoid getting clipped.

Trump looks at the window. Many of the stores are empty, boarded up. More fire and smoke rises in the distance. Many have cheap signs showing the Islamic Star and Crescent, crossed with red Xs.

They pass a park, now converted into a Hooverville. Tents and tarps and two by four huts, squat on the earth, the grass torn away by hundreds of footsteps, leaving only mud. RIOT POLICE stalk a line of paupers as others are loaded into a van.

Trump watches it all, but shows no emotion. He opens his bag and takes out his egg salad sandwich.

TRUMP

So... why don't you guys wear those uniforms?

(He bites into his sandwich. Expects a reply. Beat.)

The, ya know, the Dudley Do-Right, thing with the hat? What about horses, are horses a thing still- or did you make horse burgers?

The Driver turns back to him, has a thick Canadian accent.

DRIVER

We still have horses, here and there. Like, ya know, they use horses in New York, Mr. Trump.

TRUMP

I'm glad! Horses are beautiful animals, I always thought I could be a horse, like in a past life, obviously *not* right now.

Beat. He takes another bite.

TRUMP (CONT'D)

Do you get your own horses?

DRIVER

No, sir.

TRUMP

You can tell me, for real do you  
guys have/ your own

COMPANION

Why would we lie to you?

TRUMP

Because it's silly.

COMPANION

What is?

TRUMP

Riding a horse in your little red  
uniforms. It's undignified, and it  
has to ride up, in the crotch it  
has to! Wouldn't be caught dead in  
a uniform/ like that

COMPANION

Mr. Trump-

TRUMP

(mouthful)

Mr. *President*.

(swallows)

Second time you did that. I'm still  
President, you know, boys.

The Canadians exchange glances.

DRIVER

Okay then.

COMPANION

We just/ assumed

TRUMP

Well, you know, I understand, it's  
a confusing situation, very  
nuanced, not sure any lawyer could  
understand. But trust me, I  
understand. I am still President.

COMPANION

Until they notice you're gone.

TRUMP

Yeah, and a little after until  
Pence is/ sworn in.



COMPANION  
Pence is dead.

Beat.

TRUMP  
Who killed him?

COMPANION  
Nobody. Had a heart attack last night.

Beat.

TRUMP  
Last night? Really?

COMPANION  
Yeah.

TRUMP  
Then it's... Speaker of the House?

COMPANION  
Yeah, but fuck knows where the Legislature is hiding. You're down to Secretary of Defense.

TRUMP  
Oh... And this is so embarrassing I can see the face/ but not the name

COMPANION  
Ash Carter.

TRUMP  
Who?

COMPANION  
He's the Secretary of Defense.

TRUMP  
Huh.

Beat. Trump eats his sandwich noisily.

TRUMP (CONT'D)  
How long is this trip again?

DRIVER  
It'll be two days 'til we reach the cabin.

TRUMP

Cabin? What happened to Toronto?

DRIVER

Well, uh, ya see, we decided that  
wouldn't/ be as safe

COMPANION

About a tenth of Toronto is Muslim.  
(Beat.)  
You don't take Hitler to New York,  
ya know?

TRUMP

I'm sorry?

COMPANION

Oh, let's be honest/ here okay?

TRUMP

Honest about/ what?

COMPANION

Don't.

TRUMP

No I'm curious what you're getting  
at.

COMPANION

The concentration camps.

TRUMP

Oh, oh I see, we have a Muslim  
apologist/ in this car.

COMPANION

Yes you fucking do.

TRUMP

The *Department Centers* are a  
necessary/ step to preventing

COMPANION

Department Centers? You shitting  
me?

TRUMP

I have visited many of the Centers  
personally/ and can tell you that  
the detainees are treated with the  
utmost respect, even more than they  
deserve.

COMPANION

Oh fuck off.

DRIVER

Javert.

COMPANION

Seriously fuck off you fucking orange testicle.

DRIVER

Javert.

TRUMP

Excuse me I'm talking.

COMPANION

Oh I fucking *hear* you Mr./ Trump.

TRUMP

*President.*

COMPANION

*Mister Trump.*

(He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a tidy square of loose leaf paper.)

I have a message for you.

TRUMP

You have a message/ for me?

COMPANION

I have a/ fucking message.

TRUMP

You better read your fucking message/ then.

COMPANION

I WILL- Donald J. Trump I want you to know why-

The Driver pumps the brake. Everyone slams forward slightly. His hand shoots out grabbing the piece of paper, wads it up, and tosses it to the floor. The car slows, then pulls over while everyone catches their breath. Trump's hair has flopped over his face like a straw sack. He gingerly pulls it back atop his head. The Companion rubs his forehead.

Beat.

DRIVER  
Shut up Javert.

Beat. He pulls the car out onto the road and continues the drive. Beat.

TRUMP  
When we get to the cabin, I will have words with Mr. Trudeau. Very unprofessional rescue mission, disgraceful.

The Driver and the Companion exchange looks, but continue on their way.

Silence.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Trump snores in the back seat, the Driver and his Companion stare straight ahead. The headlights catch a sign as they pass "Donald J Trump State Park." Beat. The Companion points ahead.

COMPANION  
That looks good.

DRIVER  
Yeah.  
(He begins to slow down,  
pull over.)  
Is it wrong I'm looking forward to this?

COMPANION  
Hell nah.

The Companion reaches into the side of his seat.

DRIVER  
I just... I don't usually look forward to doing this sort of thing. But... you know.

The Companion pulls out a pistol, checks the magazine.

COMPANION  
No, no, it's righteous joy. It's like killing Hitler. Who wouldn't kill Hitler, eh?

DRIVER  
Yeah, I suppose.

The car is parked. The Companion exits the car. The Driver reaches into the side of his own seat, pulls out his own gun. Trump's door is opened.

COMPANION

Mr. President?

(Trump does not stir.)

Mr. President.

Trump does not stir. The Driver rolls his eyes, then slams his palm on the car horn. Trump launches forward, face planting into the front seat. The collision leaves an orange imprint of his face on the seat, like a Cheetos dust Shroud of Turin.

TRUMP

Whuh!? Whuzit Melania?

COMPANION

We're here, Mr. President.

Trump blearily eyes the Companion, then nods. He grabs his backpack and exits the car.

EXT. DONALD STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The side of a road in the state park. On either side is forest and darkness. Trump looks around, squints into the night.

TRUMP

So how far until the rendezvous?

(Beat.)

I said how far until-

He turns to find two guns pointed right at him. His escorts are silent, still.

COMPANION

Pull down your pants.

TRUMP

Fellas what the hell are you doing?

DRIVER

Pants. Down.

TRUMP

I think we both know you don't want to do this, I mean, you guys aren't/ killers or any

Gunshot. The earth in front of Trump's foot explodes. Immediately he is pulling down his pants.

TRUMP (CONT'D)

Okay pants down! Pants down! See, I'm cooperating, I'm cooperating.

COMPANION

On your knees.

Trump gets to his knees.

TRUMP

Guys, I'm not sure who is putting you up to this, but whatever they are offering I can triple, quadruple even! I have so much money, so much, and real estate, beautiful real estate on any coast you can imagine!

The Driver raises his arm, aiming his gun.

DRIVER

Au revoir, you/ fucking cunt.

COMPANION

Whoa, whoa wait!

The Companion sticks his hand in his coat pocket and pulls out his wadded speech. He attempts to unfold it one-handed.

DRIVER

Are you shitting me?

COMPANION

Only take a minute.

The Companion lowers his gun so he can better unfold the paper. He holds it up, attempts to read its contents.

DRIVER

Javert you said/ you wouldn't

COMPANION

I want you to know! Mr. Trump I want you to know why you are being killed. Everyone hates you for destroying this country. Most hate you for your lying/ conniving face

DRIVER

Javert/ stop

COMPANION

Well I hate you, I hate you for time and again bringing us to our lowest level. You turn everyone around you into a statistic that can be used or bullet point in a speech, but you make everyone, everyone, fucking/ sick.

DRIVER

This/ is far from fucking professional.

COMPANION

Sick with hate. You have infected your country with hate. On both sides of the aisle. So it seems only fitting for you to know that you are being killed because of hate. Because I FUCKING hate your goddamn fucking face, and I want to see your teeth explode out the back of your head and-

DRIVER

For Christ's sake save it for your fucking therapist!

The Companion snaps, and body checks the Driver. The Driver fires into the air as he topples, blowing off the tip of his Companion's nose. The Companion clutches at his face, leaning against a tree as he screams.

Seeing his chance, Trump barrel rolls away, he hits the trunk of a tree, crawls so it is between him and the Canadians. Leaning against the tree, he yanks on his pants, trying to pull them up.

BANG. The wood next to his head explodes into shards of wood pulp and bark. Another bang. Trump pulls his pants up, climbs to his feet, and runs, weaving through the trees.

The Driver yells, leaps to his feet firing after Trump. The gun clicks empty twice before the Driver tosses it aside to give chase. The Companion holds a torn strip of his shirt to his face.

COMPANION

Get him! Get HIM!

If Trump was faster, he might have a chance. He is not. He is an old man, clutching his side as he fights back a stitch. The Driver closes in, lunging now and again in an effort to catch The Donald.

One final lunge, and he grabs Trump's hair. He pulls back with a triumphant cry.

And rips it off.

The Driver falls on his ass, Trump's hair wadded in his hand.

Trump, finding his second wind, disappears into the trees.

The Driver roars, tosses the hair as hard as he can. The hair moves an inch in the air, hangs suspended, then begins a slow, feather in water descent.

The Driver tries not to vomit.

EXT. HIGHWAY GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING.

A bleary-eyed MAN in sweat pants is walking his pug around the gas station: rough bricked, mahogany in color, with a blown out electric sign and a thin strip of windows. The pug snuffles the grass, then looks up, barking angrily.

Donald Trump ambles towards them, makeup running in streaks of pasty white. His sweat clothes are damp and he wheezes, much like the pug.

Trump glares at the pug. Barks at it.

The pug gives no shit and lunges on its leash.

Trump continues to the gas station. The dog walker watches, confused: hasn't he seen that man before?

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Grit glitters in the florescent lights. Perhaps a cock roach scuttles into a stall. At a cracked and crooked sink, Donald Trump washes his face. He dries it with his sleeve, leaving a cloying layer of orange. Looking up, he freezes.

In the mirror is an old man. His skin is sickly and grey, puffy in places and sunken in others, with a doughy consistency. The only hair on his head is pale sideburns, thin and wispy. His eyes are swallowed by heavy eyelids, they almost smack when he blinks.

Trump touches the reflection, wounded. He traces the lines of his jowls, the curvature of his brows. For a moment he can't move, transfixed by a deep and heavy sadness.

Then, he gingerly puts his fingers to his lips, puts them to his reflection. He turns to leave.



He stops at the door, hand on the door knob, unsure if he's ready to open it. He closes his eyes. Takes in a deep breath, and opens the door.

EXT. TRUMP STATE PARK

The Companion has built a fire, which he pokes with a stick. The sun rises at his back, and dew clings to his beard. He's patched his nose with a bit of gauze. Some ways off we can hear the Driver.

DRIVER

Yes sir I- I yes. Yes. We- We will.  
I swear, next time you hear of him  
it will be an obituary. Over and  
out..

Beat, silence. The Driver makes his way to the Companion, sits down next to him, stares into the fire. Silence.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Burned yet?

The Companion digs his stick into the fire and lifts up Trump's hair. Flames finger it gently, but the hair remains: eternally starched.

COMPANION

Might be Teflon.

The hair stirs on the stick. It begins to slowly rise, carried by a thermal. The hair floats higher and higher towards the sun.

TRUMP (V.O.)

I'm running for President.

INT. DONALD TRUMP'S OFFICE - 2015

THE DONALD sits at his desk across from DON and IVANKA. They are clearly uncomfortable, looking at their father with shock and concern. Trump sniffs, inspects the children like a quizzical lizard.

TRUMP

Well... come on lay it on your old  
man straight.

The siblings eye each other. Ivanka sighs, leans on the table.

IVANKA  
It's a bad idea, sir.

TRUMP  
No it's not.

IVANKA  
Sir, with all/ due respect.

TRUMP  
It's a great idea. I know, your mother loves it. She thinks it's great.

IVANKA  
Melania was/ drunk

TRUMP  
And she's a smart woman with the tits of a seventeen/ year old girl.

IVANKA  
Jesus Christ, sir.

TRUMP  
Don't worry hon she has nothing on you.

DON  
Well, I think it's a brilliant idea! I mean, what if you win? With your business acumen and-

TRUMP  
Well let's not get over-excited Junior. It's just a blown up press tour. I go in, toss some bread for the pigeons, step out. It's just Trump University.

IVANKA  
On the global stage.

TRUMP  
Regional is all, continental/ maybe

IVANKA  
It will be global Da-... sir. I just... We're doing fine! The Trump brand is gold!

DON  
That should be our/ campaign slogan!

IVANKA

We can do this any other way, sir.  
You have nothing to prove

Trump blinks.

SMASH CUT:

Footage from the White House Correspondents' Dinner, Seth Meyers speaks to the crowd. This should be actual footage from the event.

SETH MEYERS

I like that Trump is filthy rich  
but nobody told his accent!

SMASH CUT

Trump begins to breathe heavily. We can still hear the sound of the audience's laughter

IVANKA

You're a cultural icon.

SMASH CUT

SETH MEYERS

Trump often appears on Fox, which  
is ironic, because a fox often  
appears on Trump's head.

SMASH CUT:

Trump's breathing quickens, we can see his pupils dilate. The laughing grows louder.

SMASH CUT

SETH MEYERS (CONT'D)

Trump said he would run for  
President as a Republican, which is  
funny-

We cut in close to Seth's lips as he finishes

SETH MEYERS (CONT'D)

Because I thought he'd run as a  
joke!

SMASH CUT

Trump is sweating, a single tear falls down his cheek as the phrase "as a joke" echoes like mortar fire through his mind.

IVANKA

Just think it over.

Trump stares at Eric. He slowly gets up. The laughter continues to echo, as he opens a desk drawer and pulls out some TRUMP BRAND WATER.

TRUMP

I thought it over, over and over,  
and guess what: they won't see it  
coming. I know how to play this  
crowd.

(He takes a swig.)

I sold them steaks, and  
universities, and titty girls for  
decades.

(He takes another swig,  
most of it dribbling down  
his shirt.)

I am *GOLD*.

DON

Preach!

TRUMP

THANK YOU JUNIOR! Now get out of my  
office. Daddy needs to make some  
calls.

Eric and Ivanka look at each other, but all three siblings rise and leave the office. Trump watches them go, takes another sip.

EXT. SKY - DAWN

Trump's hairs has eclipsed the sun, becoming a black and crimson shadow with sunlight spraying from its edges. A long suspension, and then it blows away from us, towards the sun. It almost looks like it's sinking into the light. As it vanishes we hear Trump's voice:

TRUMP (V.O.)

In and out, all it is, in and out  
show them my cock, slap it in that  
rat fuck's face, call it a year.  
No. Big. Deal.

It's a ragged pupil, a dot, an after image, and then lost from sight.

End.