

TRUMP ON THE LAM
EPISODE 2: TRUMPING THE FENCE

By
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EXT. MEXICAN WALL - DAY

The Border Wall is made of gold. Gold-plated concrete, glittering razor wire, each panel imprinted with the Great Seal of the United States. It stretches from horizon to horizon, a thin gold line racing along the desert rocks.

A clump of PRESS sits on folding chairs, shielding their eyes from the wall's golden gleam. At their head is DONALD TRUMP, eyes shaded by a cap reading "Made America Great Again!" He leans on the pulpit, struggles to stop himself from panting in the heat. His bronzer has begun to run. The Trump CLAN sits next to him, watching him with trepidatious pride.

TRUMP

Three months ago, Crooked Hilary said this wall would never be built, but nobody believed her. They knew, in their hearts, they knew that not only could I make it.

(he spreads his arms)

I could make it golden! This monument to American Patriotism is merely a signpost on the way to prosperity and strength.

(He takes a bottle of champagne from the podium and walks to the wall.)

God Bless America!

He smashes the bottle on the wall. Polite applause as he returns to the podium.

TRUMP (CONT'D)

I will now accept questions from the press.

A REPORTER stands, opens her mouth, but is cut off by an ominous creaking. Everyone turns to the wall. The champagne-wet panel begins to bend slowly away, dragging the rest of the wall with it...

We watch as the entire wall topples, the collapse traveling down its length into the distance.

Trump stands stunned. He slowly turns to the journalists, eyes darting from face to face. Finally, he smiles.

TRUMP (CONT'D)

I just created two million jobs. You're welcome.

Melania pulls a flask from her purse and begins chugging.

BO (V.O.)
Well, we didn't know who he was of course, he didn't have the hair or a suit or the makeup so he just looked like some gringo grampa.

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

The inside of the truck stop is two domes melded together like bubbles. We move towards the information kiosk where two ATTENDANTS stand. CARLITO, bulky and round like a full-back, and BO, whose muscular form lacks hard angles. They're dressed in a black polos and slacks, the truck stop's logo patched above their breasts.

Bo's narrating with the excitement of someone who hasn't had a story to tell for a long, long time.

They look up to find Donald Trump in his sweats and a "Made America Great Again" hat. He leans into the counter, a little too aggressive, hands splayed. His mouth moves though we cannot hear his voice.

BO (V.O.)
But yeah he came up to us asking if we would tell him when his bus came and we lied and said yeah, cuz otherwise there'd be an argument and I had a migraine.

Carlito stares at Trump.

BO (V.O.)
Well Carlito, he immediately picks up who it is, because of the hands.

His eyes glance down to Trump's beautiful, feminine hands.

BO (V.O.)
They were, like, super, super tiny and he moisturizes so they're the softest.

They nod to Trump who retreats. Carlito continues to stare for a moment then walks out. He follows Trump to the magazine rack, veins already popping across his head and neck. He taps Trump on the shoulder. Trump turns to him.

Once again Bo voices them. Not their exact words but the spirit of them.

BO (V.O.)

And Carlito goes up and says. "Hey, hey man: You Donald Trump?"
 And Trump's like shaking his head a little going "No, no."
 "Really? Cause you sound like him. And you look like him."
 And Trump just tells him he doesn't want no trouble and for a moment Carlito looks like he might be doubting himself like: Look at this sad old man, why am I scaring him? But then Trump says the one thing he shouldn't've.
 HE said "Huge" you know, like a cow in heat he says "HYUUUUGE"
 And we knew.

Carlito unbuckles his belt, pulls it from his pants and begins whipping Trump with it. Trump covers his face, but his hands are too small to protect himself. He runs, and soon everyone in the truck stop is looking up, as Carlito screams.

BO (V.O.)

And Carlito is just screaming over and over "You're Donald Trump! You're Donald Trump!" And everyone realizes, holy shit he is? And soon, even me, we all rush at him!

Sure enough, every person in the store charges, screaming and yelling, piling over shelves and aisles. Trump grabs a DVD rack and begins to swing it wildly, trying to keep them back as he moves to the exit. He's screaming at the crowd, ducking pelted drinks and knickknacks.

BO (V.O.)

It was mad, man. But this anger and grief and fear and just tiredness was suddenly alive in me, like the Holy Ghost pushing me to get him, to... to make things better.

A bottle connects with Trump's head.

Black out.

INT. TRUCK STOP - PRESENT DAY.

Bo stares into the camera, smiling. Her head is bandaged, she has a black eye, but she radiates happiness.

BO (V.O.)
But he got away.

Beat. Cut to her audience: The Canadians, Driver and Javert. JAVert wears a bandage on the tip of his nose.

He sucks on a blue smoothie. The Driver sighs.

DRIVER
He got away?

BO
Yep.

DRIVER
How?

BO
Dunno, I was in the back. I just
heard the glass break.

They all look to the broken glass doors, a shattered panel covered by a sheet of paper. Javert clutches his head.

JAVERT
Fuck!

BO
I'm sorry.

JAVERT
No not you... Brain freeze/ *fuck*.

DRIVER
And you just let him go?

BO
Oh yeah.

DRIVER
Why?

BO
Because the dumbass ran into the
desert inna track suit.
Motherfucker is deeeaaaaad.

EXT. THE SONORAN DESERT - DAY

The sky is blue, the desert yellow, and where the blue and yellow meet is the little white figure of Donald Trump. He's become slimy with sweat, legs scratched from climbing through scrub grass.

He takes off his hat, flicks sweat from his brow. Replaces the hat, and his face is hidden in shade. Beneath his deathly wheezes, he's singing.

TRUMP
 Enemies, of Freedom, Face the Music
 something something, President
 Donald Trump knows how to make
 America Great Deal from Strength or
 President Trump knows America
 Enemies Donald Trump.

He may be dying. He looks at the sky, sees buzzards circling.

TRUMP (CONT'D)
 (defiant)
 YOU'RE FIRED

The birds give no shits. Trump stumbles and trips into the sage. He closes his eyes.

TRUMP (CONT'D)
 Daddy, help.

And he's still.

Long, long silence. The grind of tires on gravel. They grow louder, then stop.

Beat. Car doors open, slam. Foot steps, enter feet wearing flip flops and tube socks. They walk away. Beat. They return accompanied by a pair of hiking boots and a pair of Crocs. The feet circle Trump. Beat, the boot and flip-flop legs bend, and hands grab Trump by the arm pits and legs. They carry him away as Crocs retrieves his hat.

EXT. PICK UP BED - DAY

A cat meows. Trump moans. He's in a pickup bed. Literally. Someone has put a mattress in the back of this pickup, its springs creaking with every bump in the road.

There are two other people in the pickup. TYLER, chubby man in aviator sunglasses. His body greasy from a coat of sunscreen he is already re-applying.

The other is a woman, SANA, maybe early thirties in a sun bonnet and Under Armor. She wears pink slatted glasses, and fiddles with a near shattered iPhone. Tattoos peek from her collar and sleeves like plumes of smoke. She wears a pair of ripped tights and Crocs.

Next to her is a tied down box. It mrowls sadly, and a paw sticks out to bat the woman's thigh.

Behind all of them is a dust cloud kicked up by the tires.

Tyler leans forward with a damp cloth, rubs it across Trump's chest. The old man smiles, the cloth trails father south.

Trump's eyes snap open and he looks down.

He's naked. Trump attempts to sit up. Both he and the mattress are kept in place by truck ties.

The cloth asexually mops down his left leg.

TRUMP
(groggily)
The fuck you doing?

TYLER
You live!

Sana looks up from her phone smiling.

SANA
(shouting)
He's awake!
(She leans forward over
Trump, raps on the cab
window.)
He's awake!

Groggily Trump reaches up to undo a tie.

TYLER
Easy friend! Easy!

TRUMP
Don't touch me!

Tyler leans back, shows his palms. Trump undoes the ties and sits up.

SANA
Be careful, you lost a lot of
liquids.

Trump attempts to stand but only succeeds in face-planting into the truck bed. He scrambles to his feet again, runs to the back of the truck and leaps out. Tyler and Sana are able to grab him by his legs, leaving him dangling from the back of the truck. He coughs, choking on dust and exhaust. He flails weakly.

The car stops, and Trump is able to squirm from their grasps, jumping from the truck, he lands on his back. He crawls a few paces before turning around, snarling.

TRUMP

I'm nobody's toy! Stay away or I'll
hit you in the face! With my/
fists!

Fwump. Trump's track suit is tossed to his chest. Trump clutches it and looks up. Both Tyler and Sana stand in the pickup bed, hands in the air.

TYLER

We aren't Militia!
(Pause.)
You're safe, we aren't Militia!

SANA

No swastikas or anything!

TYLER

Not even a Confederate flag.
(Beat.)
You're safe friend.

The truck doors open. From the driver's side comes a muscular, epicene woman, head shaved. She wears long cargo pants and an olive long sleeve shirt.

GRIBLEY

The hell you doing jumping out of a
moving truck naked, dumbass?

TRUMP

Your mook over their was rubbing my
body for some nasty business.
Nasty, nastiness I'm sure, I can
tell he wants this body.

TYLER

I don't want to hurt your feelings,
but you're 70.

TRUMP

And yet I've had the most beautiful
women alive. At/ my age too! It's
impressive. I'll tell you that.

GRIBLEY

You were suffering heatstroke. We
needed to cool you down.

TRUMP

So you fondle my nipples.

TYLER

So I wiped you down with a wet cloth with my eyes closed.

GRIBLEY

You were wearing a *sweat suit* in Arizona. You would have died otherwise and you have them now so PUT YOUR PANTS ON.

Beat. Trump stands up and begins to put his pants on.

TRUMP

And the hat?

It's tossed to him by Tyler. He places it back on his head.

GRIBLEY

You're welcome.

TRUMP

Yeah, yeah, thank you for tying me down naked in the back of a pickup truck.

The truck's passenger side door opens. The man, MICHEAL, is chubby, but it's clear that beneath his belly is a slab of muscle. His general bearing feels Wrestlemania, from the long dark hair to the mutton chops. He shields his eyes with a map, waves.

MICHEAL

We calm then?

GRIBLEY

Not really.

MICHEAL

That's fine.

(He turns to Trump.)

Has anyone introduced themselves?

TRUMP

I was just heading out.

MICHEAL

Really? Where to brother?

TRUMP

Mexico.

MICHEAL
 Small world, looks like we're all
 crossing the Welcome Mat.

TRUMP
 The what?

MICHEAL
 You know...
 (He holds his hand up,
 makes a creaking noise
 and the hand slowly
 flattens with him making
 a crash noise.)
 The Mexican Welcome Mat.

TRUMP
 Oh.

MICHEAL
 So, maybe we share a destination.
 Where in Mexico you heading?

TRUMP
 Oh it's all pretty much the same
 isn't it? Tacos and deserts and
 mariachi, anyplace will do.

Tyler snorts in the pickup. Sits down.

MICHEAL
 There's quite the difference
 between Puerto Vallarta and
 Acapulco, my friend.

TRUMP
 I know that. Jesus no one in this
 country can take a joke.

GRIBLEY
 Micheal, just let him go. He
 doesn't want to be here, I'm not
 sure *I* want him here.

MICHEAL
 Grib-dawg-

GRIBLEY
 Gribley.

MICHEAL
 Gribs-to-the-lee, please hon. We
 need to help each other, we're all
 we got these days.
 (MORE)

MICHEAL (CONT'D)

(to Trump)

Tell me your plan.

TRUMP

Cross into Mexico.

MICHEAL

How are you going to dodge the Neo-Nazis roaming the desert?

TRUMP

Well/ I'll

MICHEAL

After that you'll have to cross a border patrolled by the Mexican army, complete with American drone supplements. Cross the Mat and you'll find two types of people: People who want to give you a shitty job, and people who want to force you into a shitty job. So I see it this way: you, an old gringo suffering heatstroke, can trek through the desert, avoid getting shot by professional or hobbyist killers-

GRIBLEY

And a fine "fuck you" back, Mike.

MICHEAL

And then play the great "slave slash job lottery" or
(Points to the truck.)
Hop back in the truck. And we'll help each other out, probably not die.

TRUMP

"Probably" the best you have?

MICHEAL

Certainty is in short supply, brother.

Beat. A caw. The vultures are circling Trump again. He glances at them, then the rocky desert brush ahead. He gives a Clint Eastwood grumble, then walks to the tuck. Micheal smiles and stretches his hand out for a shake.

MICHEAL (CONT'D)

Welcome aboard!

TRUMP
 (Passing.)
 I don't shake hands.

Micheal gives a good natured shrug.

MICHEAL
 You wanna switch places, Ty?

Tyler opens the back of the truck, helps Trump flop in.

TYLER
 I'm good Mi.

MICHEAL
 Well let me know.

TYLER
 I will Mi.

MICHEAL
 Okay, if you're sure. Love you.

TYLER
 Love you too.

With Trump leaning against the cab of the truck, Tyler yanks closed the tailgate. Sana sticks her finger into the cat carrier, soothing.

SANA
 You're a good boy Sim-Sam, you're
 okay, you're fine boy.
 (smiles at Trump)
 Welcome to the band. My names'
 Sana, he's Tyler.

TRUMP
 That's fine.

Beat.

SANA
 And who are you?

TRUMP
 Name's- Fred. Fred Gould.

SANA
 That's awesome! You sound like some
 rock guy from the 80s.

TRUMP

The 80s were a fabulous time
weren't they? Wonderful time,
Reagan knocked it out of the park.

TYLER

You could say that, I guess.

(Beat.)

Anyone tell you sound a little like
Donald Trump?

Beat.

TRUMP

All the time! All the time they
look at me, say, "You know you
could be Donald Trump" And I try to
be humble, "Thank you for the kind
words" and all that, but I'm very
proud that people make that
connection.

(Beat.)

You look a bit like that fat guy-
Chris Farley.

Beat.

TYLER

Thanks.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - NIGHT

The truck shudders its way through valleys and foothills. In the back of the truck Donald Trump's face is lit by the thinning light of Sana's cellphone. Screen cracked, the phone's light has scars of dimness, one such scar cuts Trump's face from ear to chin. Six hours of a ride, and he is still cranky.

Tyler and Sana lean over the phone watching a video, a compilation of HILARIOUS VINES. Tyler is in hysterics, while Sana snickers at his reaction.

TYLER

Oh my GOD!

SANA

Yeah.

TYLER

I love Corgis!

SANA
They're like the perfect dog.

TYLER
If Mike wasn't/ allergic

The cab window cracks open, Mike sticks his face to it.

MICHEAL
We got Militia!

The truck slows down, and with it the radio grows louder.

RADIO A
Roger that good buddy, we're
sweeping the zone now.

RADIO B
You see any zoggers, let me know
yeah? I got some Doc Martins need
breaking in.

RADIO A
Fucking A you bastard, you know how
that shit freaks me out, keep it at
home.

RADIO B
(singing with an irish
brogue)
"You take the high road and I'll
take the low road and I'll be
bagging zoggers before thee!"

As they banter the emigrants get moving. Tyler and Sana grab two duffle bags and vault over the truck's side. Sana reaches back and grabs her cat box.

The front truck doors open wide, and Mike and Gribley bolt out. Mike has clutched to his chest a ham radio, the Militiamen's voices crackling.

Trump doesn't move. He checks the empty cab, engine still running, lights on from the open doors.

Keys in the ignition.

GRIBLEY
Fred! FRED!

Trump has forgotten his name is Fred, so begins testing the cab window to see if he can squirm through into the cab.

A hand grabs his shoulders. Gribley spins him around.

TRUMP

Don't touch me, woman!

But she has already tossed him from the truck. As soon as he hits the Earth, Gribley pulls him to his feet and pushes him through the desert. The others are already some distance away, Sana standing in place, head whipping back and forth as she keeps track of Mike and Tyler's receding forms.

Out of options, Trump begins running. Soon all three are cresting the hill and out of sight.

EXT. SANARAN DESERT - NIGHT

A campfire under a rocky overhang. It's not a big fire, the kind you'd boil tea with rather than cook a meal. They listening to the radio.

Radio silence. Gribley fiddles with the frequencies, but nothing comes through.

MICHEAL

What you think Grib, you're the leatherneck.

Gribley sighs, gently hits the radio.

GRIBLEY

If these guys were, you know, military, I could tell you.

TYLER

But you were in a militia!

GRIBLEY

No I was in a COMMUNITY.

TYLER

Stockpiling guns.

GRIBLEY

Because we knew this was coming.

(Beat.)

Well not Donald Trump specifically but, you/ know, collapse.

MICHEAL

Can you at least take a guess?

Pause.

GRIBLEY

They'll see the truck, so they'll know we're out here, but them searching the damn thing will slow them down. A little. They'll call their buddies and begin searching the desert in earnest. We lucky? This is less a militia than a hunting club. Half-dozen rednecks with more bullets than brains.

SANA

But they could call in a real militia, if you're right.

Beat.

GRIBLEY

What do you mean?

SANA

I was able to catch the news earlier. Bunch of different factions signed a Concord.

TYLER

A what?

SANA

That's what they're calling it, the "Caucasian Concord."

MICHEAL

Of course they call it a Concord, purple/ prose bastards.

SANA

Bunch of people calling it the Aryan Axis. Fun days ahead.

TYLER

Well... shit...

(Beat.)

What a time to be alive.

GRIBLEY

So how long have they been like this?

SANA

Today, basically.

TRUMP

Well we're all white! So you know,
I'm sure that we'll be fine, just
say we're hiking/ or stargazing

MICHEAL

I'm gay.

TYLER

I'm gay with him.

GRIBLEY

I fought them at the Battle of
Dearborn.

SANA

I pass for white. My dad's Iranian.

Beat.

TRUMP

Well... Just... don't mention any
of that then! I mean I couldn't
have guessed that at all. From you
folk!

MICHEAL

If we lie about ourselves then
they've won.

TRUMP

But they actually want to kill you
so-

MICHEAL

What else is new?

Beat.

TRUMP

Well, everybody lies already. So
maybe consider it. Just a little
bit, okay.

GRIBLEY

Noted.

Beat.

SANA

Can't believe we're almost to the
border... Kind of scared. Really
scared actually.

MICHEAL
We're all scared Sansy.

SANA
Are we going to... split up after
this? Because you know...

Beat.

TYLER
I never considered it.

TRUMP
How long you guys been together.

MICHEAL
Couple weeks. We actually met at
the Canadian border. Kind of... eh,
got deported together.

GRIBLEY
I would be in the woods right now
if these idiots hadn't brought the
entire U.S. Army down on my ass.

MICHEAL
And, we stuck together because I
had a map and Gribbs can kill a man.

TYLER
I'd think we'd stay together right?
Like... seems a shame to assume we
aren't yeah?

Beat.

TRUMP
Weeeelllll-

GRIBLEY
You aren't part of the group, no
one will stop you after the hop.

TRUMP
Like I believe that! Like I believe
that anymore, I'm watching all of
you tonight, especially Chris
Farley/ over there,

TYLER
Tyler.

TRUMP
Oh, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE-

Micheal clamps his hand around Trump's mouth. Beat. The hand is lifted.

TYLER

Fred, why are you trying to leave the country?

TRUMP

What kind of question is that?

TYLER

Well, it seems to me you don't have any skin in this game, you're... kind of flippant.

TRUMP

Flippant? Nonono I just keep things in perspective, keep them in the big picture so I don't have to sweat the preventable.

MICHEAL

It must be nice to do that.

TRUMP

Anyone can if they try hard enough.

SANA

Not anymore.

(Beat.)

My Dad was Muslim, and he looked it. Like, really, really looked it, almost offensively. I think even if he was just Iranian he would have been sent to a camp.

TRUMP

Camp is exaggeration.

GRIBLEY

They are camps. I've seen them. They're a fucking human rights violation.

TRUMP

Well just a moment, only suspicious people go to/ the centers.

SANA

So my dad was suspicious?

TRUMP

Maybe!

SANA

My elementary school teaching
father/ was dangerous

TRUMP

Well why was he picked up if he
wasn't huh? Like I said only/
suspicious

GRIBLEY

Because Donald Trump has lost
control of the situation.

(Beat.)

If you look at the leaks, reports
from ex-staff, it is clear Donald
Trump is the most hands-off
President in history. He has
manufactured himself as a
figurehead and allowed those under
him to follow vaguely defined
orders with little to no oversight.

TRUMP

But that's all presidencies, they
all are just the leader/ of a
passionate team of go-getters

GRIBLEY

There *is* no leadership, Fred. When
every major policy is outsourced to
someone else, when the parts of the
beast cease speaking to each other
and only to a deaf and dumb head,
it's going to become a series of
self-regulating, self-mandating
systems.

TRUMP

You know, it's fascinating, so
fascinating how you people seem to
know *everything* about politics all
of a sudden. Real backseat drivers
here who need to learn to drive.

SANA

But it's true! Everybody knows he
didn't really want to be President!

TRUMP

Didn't want to be... who *doesn't*
want to be President?

TYLER

Most people.

TRUMP
Stay out of this Farley.

TYLER
Tyler.

TRUMP
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

GRIBLEY
Fred, at least admit the country is worse.

TRUMP
The country is going through a recession/ and eventually

GRIBLEY
A depression,/ Fred

TRUMP
Don't interrupt me, woman, eventually a bull economy/ is going to rise and happen.

SANA
But that could take decades.

TRUMP
Well the bankers will know what to do! Wall Street knows how to save its tail.

SANA
But Wall Street is the cause of all these collapses! They fucking left the country/ when Trump came into power

TRUMP
Oh yes, blame it on the Bankers, that's all your generation/does, blame it on the hardworking/ men of America

SANA
The hardworkers have lost their jobs, Fred.

TRUMP
Don't tell me, I know/ that, I know that!

GRIBLEY

Then whose fault is it? Somebody
fucked us/ over somebody

MICHEAL

Well I'd say I'm guilty in part.

(Beat.)

I mean, I did vote Trump.

Silence.

Tyler laughs.

TYLER

Good one Mi! Good one! Way to/ cut
the tension.

MICHEAL

Ty, stop.

(Tyler quiets, Micheal
pats his thigh.)

I'm fine.

(To the others.)

I really did vote for him.

Beat.

SANA

You didn't... Mike you're a good
person/ you wouldn't

MICHEAL

Don't play that card. Don't. Voting
doesn't represent a person's
character, so lets not even talk
that/ shit alright.

GRIBLEY

But you're *gay*.

MICHEAL

I certainly am.

GRIBLEY

You're gay and... after how he
acted after Orlando/ how could

TYLER

Gribley I appreciate you as a
person but you do not fucking bring
up Orlando against *my /boyfriend*.

SANA

But you have to admit what he did was wrong Tyler.

TYLER

Well I voted for Donald Trump too, so what, am I a bad gay?

MICHEAL

Ty you voted for Gary Johnson.

TYLER

As if you'd know!

MICHEAL

You specifically said, "Why pick a prick when a Johnson's right there."

TYLER

Mi, I voted for Trump. Okay? Okay.

Beat.

SANA

My dad is dead Micheal.

Beat.

MICHEAL

I'm so sorry, Sana. We both are sorry... I'll be the first/ to admit we

SANA

Why would you vote for him?

Beat.

MICHEAL

Well... I was really angry. At a lot of people. Mostly the government. I mean... It was so broken and I was Bernie or Bust, I was there since the beginning, and I *believed*. But... *they sabotaged him*. The people who are supposed to look out for me *overruled me*. And remember they were saying Trump was going to lose, and he was goofy but I didn't think of him as evil so...

(Beat.)

I just wanted to vote no confidence in the system.

TYLER

That's it, exactly it. A vote for Hillary meant voting for things to stay the way they are but Trump... No Confidence.

MICHEAL

Just wanted to scare Capitol Hill.

SANA

That isn't an excuse.

MICHEAL

No, it's not. But it isn't just me. Over half the country voted Donald, Sana.

(Beat)

That half has a lot to fucking answer for I'm afraid.

Beat.

TRUMP

I'm leaving.

MICHEAL

We don't need this/ now Fred.

TRUMP

The political climate of this group is toxic and accusatory and I am not going to listen to you bad-mouth things you cannot possibly, ever, ever understand.

GRIBLEY

Bye then.

Trump gets up, walks into the dark.

MICHEAL

Fred, the Welcome Mat's the other way.

TRUMP

I'm getting/ the truck.

SANA

The Militia/ might be

TRUMP

They love me. Unlike you bitter losers.

They watch him as he disappears.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - CONTINUOUS

It's close enough to dawn that the black of night has turned lapis blue. Trump stomps through the desert, grumbling to himself. He kicks rocks, glares at the stars, daring anything to make his day worse.

Finally, the pickup is in front of him: The door open, the lights still on, a yellow pool in the oceanic night.

Trump squeezes into the driver seat. The keys are still in the ignition. He reaches for them, but stops horrified.

His hands are *dirty*.

Trump grimaces. Opens the be glove box and pulls out disinfectant wipes. His breath catches, as opens the lid. He touches the first wet wipe and sighs. He cleans his hands with religious delicacy, careful to get beneath each nail and between the fingers.

He lets himself relax after months on the lam, it nearly sends him to sleep. For the first time we REALLY see the cab. The dusty upholstery, the bug-streaked wind shield. Trash covers the floor: remnants of fast food and late night coffees.

There's a picture taped to the rearview mirror. Trumps plucks it away, examines it.

Mountains over browning prairie, in the distance the pixel-shapes of a town. A bit ahead is a line of figures on horseback. They're twisted in the saddles, smiling over their shoulders. Of the horses we see only their butts. The riders wear what looks like bike helmets, but everything else is country. They've all posed: Flexing muscles and sticking out tongues.

At the end of the line, is Gribley.

Trump flips it over.

In precise looping handwriting: Forton, July 2014, John 15:13.

MICHEAL (O.S.)
Nice picture isn't it?

Trump startles. Outside the truck, Micheal smiles. He's still sweaty from running over, skin catching the light. He scoots into the driver's side.

MICHEAL (CONT'D)

Won't tell us what it's about. Is there anything on the back?

TRUMP

The hell you want?

Beat.

MICHEAL

Look. We got mean. We jumped down your throat.

TRUMP

Damn straight you did.

MICHEAL

I'm sorry.

TRUMP

Not like any of it is my fault, not like anyone could have seen this nightmare coming.

Beat.

MICHEAL

Can I look at the picture?

Trump flicks it in Micheal's face. Micheal, examines it, turns it over to read the back. Sticks out his lip. Recognition?

TRUMP

Know these people?

MICHEAL

No.
I think Gribley was into some heavy shit. Acts military but... there was no army at the battle of Dearborn, brother. All those people? Militia.

TRUMP

I thought she hated the Militia.

MICHEAL

Lots of different militias these days.

(He smiles.)

Maybe I found a fellow Marxist!

(Beat.)

(MORE)

MICHEAL (CONT'D)

Joking. I'm just a run of the mill socialist.

Beat.

TRUMP

I'd like you to get out of the truck, "Brother".

MICHEAL

This truck is a dangerous thing. Militia will be keeping their eye out for it.

TRUMP

The Militia won't bother me.

MICHEAL

You sure of that?

TRUMP

Of course.

MICHEAL

Zealots are flip-flopping things, remember one of the first Christians killed Jesus, Mr. Trump.

Trump blinks. He leans back in his seat, hand lowering for the keys.

TRUMP

How long have you known?

MICHEAL

Immediately, like... come on! We've seen your face everywhere for a fucking year, I know it better than my mom's.

(Beat.)

We thought, you know, if you wanted to say who you were, you would.

Trump takes off his cap to rub his face from scalp to chin. He sucks in air, lets it out.

TRUMP

Why? Would you do that?

MICHEAL

Well... I dunno. Give you the benefit of the doubt, maybe you wanted/ to start over.

TRUMP

Everyone wants to kill me!
Everyone.
Were you waiting? Huh? DID THE
FUCKING CANUCKS SEND YOU?

MICHEAL

The what?

TRUMP

Why would you let me in if you hate
me?

MICHEAL

Well Gribley *did* want to kill you.
She picked up this rock and
everything. We were all kind of
into it too, but... we just
realized we were tired. Just...
bone tired.

(Beat.)

We aren't forgiving you. Some
people can hate for their entire
lives. Can't speak for the others,
but I just don't have the stamina
for it. Sometimes I wish I did.
But... I don't.

Silence.

TRUMP

Get out.

MICHEAL

It's a mean, mean world Brother.
Too mean for anyone to walk alone.

TRUMP

Maybe if you're a pussy, but I'm a
Trump. We're made of sterner stuff.

Beat.

MICHEAL

Okay then. Best of luck to you, Mr.
President.

He holds his hand out to shake. Trump hesitates. He might-

A gunshot shatters the windshield. Micheal yells, clutches
his shoulder. The window goes white, opaque. Another shot and
it shatters, cheap foam exploding from the seat. Trump ducks,
turns the key.

The engine doesn't start.

TRUMP
Oh Fuck! Oh FUCK!

The side windows are shattered, and both Trump and Micheal are dragged from the truck, tossed to the ground.

Trump lands on his back, looking up into a shotgun barrel.

Click.

He winces, a flashlight is turned on.

RADIO A
Howdy hoo, libtardo.

Trump chokes and wheezes, so afraid he can't breathe. Behind the light the edges of a face can be made. Coke bottle glasses, glint above a tapered nose.

RADIO B
So, how we gonna *proceed*?

RADIO A
Count of three blow their heads off?

RADIO B
Sounds fair.

MICHEAL
Fuck off! Fuck/ off you inbred, rotten mouthed, goatfuckers, I'll fuck you both in hell!

RADIO A
A one.

RADIO B
A two.

RADIO A
A- Oh my God.

Beat. A boot, kicks off Trump's hat.

RADIO B
Dude, you're making/ me blue

RADIO A
We found the President.

The flashlight turns off. Trump is lifted gently by the arms, until he's standing face to face with his assailant.

He's facing a seventeen year old. The kid smiles, pushes up his coke bottle glasses.

RADIO B
President of what?

The boy lunges forward, buries his face into Trump's deflated bosom. He inhales deeply, as if Trump's chest hair were sweet flowers.

RADIO A
We found Donald Trump.

A beat. Footsteps and the other assailant, a man in his thirties with a round belly and a few blackened teeth, rounds the truck. When he sees Trump he drops his gun.

A moment, then he rushes forward, hugging the septuagenarian with his companion. Trump keeps limp in their embraces.

On the other side of the truck Micheal rises to his feet, clutches his shoulder. He grunts, looks at Trump.

Trump returns the gaze.

Micheal turns and limps away.

Trump watches him leave as he is put back on the ground. His cap is placed back on his head as the Radio Men twitter over him.

RADIO B
I've went to your anaugaration sir,
me and the whole family saw you and
heard you and it/ was the happiest
day in my life sir

RADIO A
Oh my Lord. Mr. President I can't
believe it. What are you doing in
the desert?

For a moment Trump lowers his head, his cap obscuring his face. The Militia await his answer. .

TRUMP
He's getting away.

The Militia go silent. Trump points his chubby finger into the night, towards the shadow of Micheal.

TRUMP (CONT'D)

That man and his friends are
Canadian spies leaving the country.

(He smiles.)

I infiltrated their ranks, you see?
I... I'm on a secret mission.
Thanks for backing me up.

The Militia turn, eyes widening.

RADIO B

Oh shit I/ forgot

TRUMP

After him he's getting away!

The Militia turn, the boy looks to him.

RADIO A

Sir, do you want to come/ with us?

TRUMP

No!

I'll just slow you down. I'll, I'll
wait here, alright?

A moment of confusion, the Militia look to each other.

RADIO A

Okay, we'll call reinforcements
then comeback alright? Fucking
savages live in the desert.

They run away, crest a hill.

We hear their engines roar, Trump jumps back into his truck,
twists the key. Once, twice.

He looks up, sees twin clouds of gray earth as the Militia
chase after Micheal.

He twists the key, the truck rumbles, gasping for breath,
then coughs. Something pops, and smoke pours from the hood.
Trump stares at the smoke.

The sound of motors grows louder.

Trump looks up to find a fleet of Humvees, maybe a dozen roar
around him, painted red and white and blue, flying
Confederate and swastika flags. Their drivers hoot and
holler, begin to circle him, firing rifles into the air as a
chant begins.

THE MILITIA

Trump! Trump! Trump! Trump! Trump!

Donald Trump looks at the frenzied vehicles He gets out of the truck, the drivers going wild as he clambers onto the pickup bed.

He spreads his arms wide, chest swelling with pride. He's the President again.

He grins, even as the dust billows over him, leaving only the swirling lights of the vehicles cutting through their whirlwind.

And the crowd goes wild.