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Donald Trump Gone Wild!!

By James Terry II

Ka-boom! Boom! Boom! 3 loud concussive booms that were explosives went off within yards from the podium on which The New Supreme Leader Donald J. Trump was standing. Knocking himself out and 2 Overseers going offline, emitters falling to the ground! Security , carbon based humans and sentient holographic shareholders alike, within 35 feet diameter of the craters blast zones, were showered in blood, flesh, bones, circuitry construction materials and microscopic bomb fragments. The smoke was acrid, carbide filled the air and caused respiratory failure in multiple survivors in need of medical attention.

"All I seen was 3 flashes, people go down and white light blindness. 30 to 40 seconds must have passed. When I recovered full sight back, the auditorium band pit was missing. Holograms panicked, going offline and security details materialized out of the ethereal; Hustling The New Supreme Leader from harms way!"

"Shit! It appeared that The Secret Service experienced mass casualties themselves to their Alpha team." Damn! Did I just witness an assassination attempt here live?", testified Luke Taylor to PTN (Planetary Television Network) anchor Lisa Ling.

The play opens in a moment of intensity and confusion. Trump's detail has been breached. Beta 2 team skirted Trump away to an ambulance that is secure, always traveling with the motorcade. Urgently Trump prompts his detail...

Trump: Where's Lazarus X? Get Lazarus! Now!

Beta Detail Agent 2 (Nick Sparks) : Sir, an electromagnetic pulse occurred from the three bombs. Our neuropathic coms are down. We have boots on the ground trying to locate essential personnel.

Trump: And Lazarus?

Beta Detail Agent 2 (Nick Sparks) cont: Your personal Alpha detail has confirmed two Killed In Action (KIA) and one Missing In Action (MIA). Due to his last known position, we assume Lazarus is the MIA. From his vantage point, he may be in hot pursuit of any hostiles.

Mike: Of the decoy Eagles, intelligence suggests regretfully no survivors from either detail. Security and decoys are a total loss though.

Trump interrupts.

Trump: Mike, have the planets flags drawn half mast out of respect for this time of mourning.

Mike: Yes Sir.

Nick Sparks attention has been elsewhere - is receiving vital information on a device. He gesticulates for attention.

Nick Sparks: One peculiar occurrence has been identified. Both John and Mark's gelpacks of The 3 Overseers' holographic remains were genetically verified after being found at delegate detonation sites. John's at our Eagles 2 and Mark with Eagle 3's. Their emitters were incinerated.

Trump: Sparks, are you telling me someone may have been compromised and/or our itinerary was leaked?

Mike Pompeo slams his hand down on the table, filled with subdued panic.

Pompeo: God damn it. Sir - freedom to speak freely?

Trump clearly has no time for formalities. As Supreme Leader he commands quick reckless action.

Trump: Go Mike! This is an active crime scene. We cannot sit on our laurels believing attacks have come to an end, not only for the victims sake but the survivors' too.

Mike: Planetary daily briefings occurred at 6 a.m. Venus CST. The Defense Innocuous Department confirmed our security details neuropathway coms were, have been, and continue to come under planet wide hacking. This intelligence was ignored due to complacency.

Trump grimaces - he does not like being held accountable. Pompeo desperately continues.

Mike: Sir, Mr. Supreme Leader! We are in...in...a state of denial, believing we've no true foes and only friends. This administration must take our blinders off! At my discretion, the planets National Guards have been activated under my authority with a systemwide material witness arrest warrant and detention of Poor Richard.

Elaine Cho: (cabinet member), having been unable to get a word in edgewise chides, " Poor Richard."

Trump: Poor Richard?

Mike lays out his evidence.

Mike Pompeo: We must accept facts. We cannot lay out a defense of coincidence that surrounds this terrorist act.

Trump interrupts again.

Trump: The 3 Overseers terrorist?

Mike Pompeo: Yes Sir. Counterintelligence gathered background chatter via metadata collections. The dossier of our Planetary National Security Counselors advisor confirms that John, Mark and that DICK (Digitally Integrated Cervical Kindergarten) we refer to as Poor Richard have had bad intentions against our administration since your Freudian slip caused a crash in the value of N/WIVF Inc. stocks, leading to large sell offs.

Flabbergasted, The New Supreme Leader adds.

Trump: Mike, are you suggesting I am at fault here? Or is it simply a HUGE mistake of our admin?

Mike Pompeo: Sir, we're all to blame here! There is enough to go around. What's of paramount importance is that...that hologram DICK is found.

Lights close the scene.

The curtains open on a man, sitting center stage. A single light illuminates him, leaving the rest of the stage in darkness.

Poor Richard: Dear brothers John and Mark! How long shall I mourn thee?

Behind Poor Richard, a holographic text box appears and reads as follows. Director can choose whether there is a narration reading the text out loud, or if the silence will carry itself.

" The grand deception of using nano holographic projection technology by The 3 Overseers as duplicates had persuaded those in attendance and online live streaming the telecast that indeed both John and Mark were on stage with Donald Trump when the blast went off."

" The scheme was so sophisticated that Trump himself would be forced to testify before a Senate Committee that he felt flesh when shaking their hands. Providence would have it that The 3 Overseers had devised new tech, highly explosive blasting caps disguised as nano flaked of talcum powder, or as it appeared in Trump's mind eye - - dandruff. Poor Richard neuropathically would be sent go signals of "Perched ", needing 2 calls (text) to implement the plan."

Light cue. Poor Richard will stand here and begin a reenactment of this moment in time. The way he moves is ethereal, almost dance like. Potential use of a dance stunt double to portray Trump.

The agreement was that Poor Richard himself would dust off the detonation cap he wove into his collar microscopically.

Receiving both signals, Poor Richard was suppose to lead The New Supreme Leader Donald Trump or his look a like to the pit to wave at the musicians and into eternity. Instead of following through, Poor Richard allowed Trump prematurely, by dusting off dandruff, to detonate the nano c 4. He could have guided Trump to the orchestra pit but instead chose the coward's way out as unbeliever, not willing to sacrifice his sentient life as a true believer.

Agent Lazarus X burst into the space with Poor Richard. Once dimly lit, the stage is now full of harsh light.

Agent Lazarus X: Freeze you holographic mother or I'll blow your fucking emitter all the way to kingdom come.

Poor Richard: How did you find me? Who are you?

Lazarus maintained eye contact with the emitter in his cross hairs.

Lazarus X: You arrogant son of a bitch. I was on stage the whole time, invisible due to being in this wheelchair simply dressed in this, " Make America Great Again! ", red hat. Being a master of disguise, I was concerned about 2 of The Overseers when noticing their emitters were frauds, not carrying the official seal of MIT's Serendipity Binary Code Labs SBCL engraving on it via my cybernetic bionic eye.

It's the small details I'm paid to pay attention to.

Poor Richard: But you failed, agent. Our detonations were synchronized, allowing us to cause maximum damage to all 3 of the Eagles as a precaution because Trump is well known to travel with decoys. So, we win and obviously you're not the greatest agent.

Lazarus X: You megalomaniac DICK! Don't let the wife beater, red hat, blue jeans, and wheelchair fool you. I'm no Kanye West impersonator. I'm watching you closely, prepared to fire if you so much

as even perspire, let alone make a sudden move and its curtains for you.

Poor Richard, bewildered, yet maintaining a calmness.

Poor Richard: What makes you so confident In not wearing a suicide nano bomb?

Lazarus X: I made an error at first, surreptitiously observing you and doing genuine surveillance on the 2 decoy holograms posing as your brothers. Then too late, I realized; One of these things doesn't look like the other. Trump detonated what must have been a micro blasting cap. Was it the dandruff?

Growing impatient, Poor Richard speaks up.

Poor Richard: You must have been perplexed trying to figure out a motive for sentient flesh holograms to make a successful assassination attempt against your administration. It was a culmination of Freudian slips and the signing of a bill into law that affected N/WIVF Inc's bottom line that led The 3 Overseers to plot to kill The New Supreme Leader.

Lazarus motioned with his service revolver for Poor Richard to raise his hands and turn around, so as not facing him in order to take him offline.

Epilogue

Once again, our stage carries a hologram (standard projection prop) box for the audience to read the epilogue notes. Cue Lazarus and Poor Richard in a dance for the light. The contrast between stillness and chaos should catch the viewers eye. This moment should be and feel choreographed to the following direction.

After the detonation , protagonist Lazarus X saw Poor Richard stealthily move into the background with such a calm amongst a panicked crowd that Lazarus was reassured when he witnessed Poor Richard fleeing the scene. Someone had to pursue any potential suspects. Trump and his surrounding entourage all appeared unconscious but alive, not moving due to explosion.

Rolling through the maintenance corridors in hot pursuit, the open area offered no concealment for Poor Richard.

Now, there wasn't much left for Lazarus X to do. He had his confession, and so, hat in hand. He reached up, grabbed Poor Richard's emitter and using the Death Con 3' s voice recognition feature, he said the secret words to put this ordeal to an end. He spoke the last sentence Poor Richard would ever hear.

Lazarus X: You're fired!

Authors note: What's a Jester without a court? But, a Fool without an audience. Your feedback, critiques and companionship is welcomed. Each one teach one. Listen to artist: Eminem Song: Beautiful and send me a message. Email: JT2stop@gmail.com.