

**Mother of Dragons
by
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INT. TALK SHOW SET - DAY

A typical talk show set, with the host sitting on the left and the three guests on a couch perpendicular to it.

Lights come up, brief bit of neutrally warm music, and then the host smiles and begins.

NEIL

Hello everybody, and Happy Sunday!
I'm Neil Jensen and this is Brunch
Chat. This week, my guests are the
bestselling author of the Ring of
Fire series of graphic novels,
Catherine Foster Chase....

CATHERINE

Glad to be here, Neil.

NEIL

...up and coming comedian Shafiq
"the Freak" Raza...

SHAFIQ

Look ma, I'm on TV!

NEIL

...and presumptive Democratic
Presidential nominee, Secretary
Hillary Rodham Clinton...

HILLARY

I'm coming for you Donald.

NEIL

Now Catherine, your fans have
been... Wait, what did you say?

HILLARY

I said, "I'm coming for you
Donald." And I meant it. Play time
is over, Loser Donald, and I am
coming for your soul. It's just you
and me now, Loser Donald, and you
know what that means? That the only
thing standing between me and being
the leader of the free world is
you. You poor, poor fool.

NEIL

Um, Madame Secretary, maybe you
should--

HILLARY

I have worked for decades to get
the Presidency. I almost had it
before Obama. And now I have had
eight years of denial to vent on
whoever dares to oppose me. And
guess who is opposing me, Loser
Donald? That's right... it's you.

NEIL

I really don't think this is--

HILLARY

The primaries are over. I don't need to pander to the pussies in the Democratic Party any more. And that means I don't have to try to hide my true nature any more. I am a heartless ice-cold assassin who will stop at nothing to get what I want. I am a ball-breaking, castigating, interrogating, castrating ice goddess, as cold and hard as a diamond fresh from the vault, and you are nothing but the last in a very long line of fools I have had to teach to respect me. In short, Little Donnie, I am Queen Bitch of Bitch Mountain, and you are nothing but a piece of shit from Shit Creek. Winter is coming, Little Loser Donnie, and that winter's name is HILLARY. FUCKING. CLINTON. Tell your children start mourning you NOW.

NEIL

Well um.... We have to go to commercial now, Madame uh... That is, Queen um....

HILLARY

That's all right, I'm done. Thank you for having me on your show. It's been a real pleasure being here. But I have to go.

With that, Hillary intones some words of power than disappears in a flash of black lightning.

Four beats of silence, and then...

NEIL

We'll be right back. I think.

THE END