

Duke Donald

The Absolutely Perfect

Part 2

Preliminary Expectorations

“As a Catholic, I resent your using the word ‘hate’ in a sentence that addresses me. I don’t hate anyone. I was raised in a way that is a heart full of love and always pray for the president. And I still pray for the president. I pray for the president all the time.” ...

“Sadly, but with confidence and humility, with allegiance to our founders, and our heart full of love for America, today I am asking our chairmen to proceed with the articles of impeachment.” ---House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, November 5, 2019.

Free Speech For People and RootsAction call upon Congress to open an investigation to determine whether there are sufficient grounds to impeach President Trump, including:

1. obstruction of justice;
2. violations of the Foreign Emoluments Clause and Domestic Emoluments Clause of the United States Constitution;
3. conspiring with others to: (a) commit crimes against the United States involving the solicitation and intended receipt by the Donald J. Trump campaign of things of value from a foreign government and other foreign nationals; and (b) conceal those violations;
4. advocating illegal violence, giving aid and comfort to white supremacists and neo-Nazis, and undermining constitutional protections of equal protection under the law;
5. abusing the pardon power;
6. recklessly threatening nuclear war against foreign nations, undermining and subverting the essential diplomatic functions and authority of federal agencies, including the United States Department of State, and engaging in other conduct that grossly and wantonly endangers the peace and security of the United States, its people and people of other nations, by heightening the risk of hostilities involving weapons of mass destruction, with reckless disregard for the risk of death and grievous bodily harm;
7. directing or endeavoring to direct law enforcement, including the Department of Justice and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, to investigate and prosecute political adversaries and others, for improper purposes not justified by any lawful function of his office, thereby eroding the rule of law, undermining the independence of law enforcement from politics, and compromising the constitutional right to due process of law;
8. undermining the freedom of the press;
9. cruelly and unconstitutionally imprisoning children and their families; and
10. making and directing illegal payments to influence the 2016 election.

---<https://impeachdonaldtrumpnow.org/case-for-impeachment/why-impeachment/>

"The more scandalous charges were suppressed; the vicar of Christ was accused only of piracy, rape, sodomy, murder and incest." ---Edward Gibbons on Pope John XXIII in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

“This is a story that’s not gonna go away,” Sisnette said, referring to Trump’s ubiquity in the news. “The only way this will go away is when he dies. Hopefully, soon.” ---Gerald Sisnette, CNN Field Production Supervisor, as caught by Project Veritas.

Act I

The Lords Conspire to Impeach the Good Duke Donald; His Murder; the Liz Warren Rebellion; Lord Schumer Beheaded by Pirates



SCENE I. The House of Representatives Chamber.

Sound a sennet. Enter Queen Nancy, and Chief Justice Roberts and Cardinal Romney. Lords Sanders, Schumer, Schiff, and Nadler are already in the chamber.

Enter Lord Trumpster.

LORD TRUMPSTER

All happiness unto my lord the Chief Justice!
Pardon, my lord, that I have stay'd so long.

LORD NADLER

Nay, Trumpster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do here arrest thee of high treason.

LORD TRUMPSTER

Well, Nadler, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my office:
Of what then am I guilty? What swampster me accuses?

LORD SCHIFF

'Tis thought, my lord, you took bribes of Russiya,
And, being Prez, hath stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof our nation hath lost Syria.

LORD TRUMPSTER

Is it but thought so? Who are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from Russiya.

That doyt that e'er I wrested from the Fed,
 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial-day!

No; many a pound of mine own proper resort,
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 Have I disbursed to garrisons,
 And never ask'd for recompence.

CARDINAL ROMNEY

It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

LORD TRUMPSTER

I say no more than truth, so help me God!

LORD SANDERS

In your presidency you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders never heard,
 Thus America was defamed by tyranny.

LORD TRUMPSTER

Why, 'tis well known that, whilst I've been Prez,
 Unless it were a bloody murderer,
 Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
 I never gave condign punishment:
 Terror, indeed, that bloody sin I tortured
 Above the felon or what trespass else.

LORD SCHUMER

My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered:
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge.
 I do arrest you in our nation's name;
 And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 To keep until your time of trial.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

My lord Trumpster, 'tis my special hope
 That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

LORD TRUMPSTER

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
 Virtue choked with foul ambition

And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
 Foul subornation is predominant
 And equity exiled our terrific land.



I know their complot is to have my life,
 And if my death might make this nation great
 again,
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness:

But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no pit,
 Will not conclude the tragedy they plot.

Romney's red sparkling eyes his loser's malice blab,
 And Schumer's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 Sharp Schiff unburthens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart;

And dogged Bernie, who reaches at the moon,
 Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By his fake news doth level at my life:

And you, my nasty woman, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavour hath stirr'd up
 The press to be mine enemy:

Ay, all you laid your heads together--
 Myself had notice of your conventicles--
 And all to make away my perfect life.
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

LORD SANDERS

He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
 Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CARDINAL ROMNEY

Sirs, take way the Trump. Guard him sure.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Exeunt all but Queen Nancy, Cardinal Romney, and Lords Schumer and Sanders.



QUEEN NANCY

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Trumpster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us of the fear we have.

CARDINAL ROMNEY

That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

LORD SCHUMER

But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The Chief Justice will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise;
As yet we have but trivial evidence,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

LORD SANDERS

So that, by this, you would not have him die.

LORD SCHUMER

Ah, Bernie, no man alive so fain as I!

LORD SANDERS

(to himself) 'Tis Sanders that hath more reason for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Schumer,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Donald for the land's protector?



QUEEN NANCY

So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

LORD SCHUMER

Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed?

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Donald, proved by reasons, to our land.

And do not fear for *Quillete* how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intend deceit.

QUEEN NANCY

Thrice-noble Schumer, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Exeunt all, to smother Duke Donald with a pillowful of rhetoric.

Scene 2. The Senate Chamber. Trump's trial is about to begin.

Queen Nancy, Cardinal Romney, and Lords McConnell and Sanders are present, with many others.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Trumpster president
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practise culpable.

QUEEN NANCY

God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

I thank thee, Nancy; these words content me much.

Enter Schumer.

How now! Why look'st thou pale? Why tremblest thou?
Where is our Donald? What's the matter, Schumer?

LORD SCHUMER

Dead in his bed, my lord; Trump is dead.

QUEEN NANCY

Marry, God forfend!

CARDINAL ROMNEY

God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night
The Prez was dumb and could not speak a word.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE swoons

QUEEN NANCY

How fares my lord? Help, lords! Our lord justice is dead.

LORD MCCONNELL

Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

QUEEN NANCY

Run, go, help, help! O Roberts, ope thine eyes!

LORD SCHUMER

He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

O heavenly God!

QUEEN NANCY

How fares my gracious lord?

LORD SCHUMER

Comfort, my sovereign! Gracious Roberts, comfort!

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
 In life but double death, now Trump is dead.

QUEEN NANCY

Why do you rate my Lord of Schumer thus?
 Although the Trump was enemy to him,
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble Trump alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:
 It may be judged I made the man away;
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
 To be a Speaker, and crown'd with infamy!

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

Ah, woe is me for Donald, wretched man!

Exeunt all but Sanders.

Soliloquy.

LORD SANDERS

Now, Sanders, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution:
 My brain more busy than the labouring spider
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
 To send me packing with a host of men:
 With Antifa you but warm the starved snake,
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd and you will give them me:
 I take it kindly; and yet be well assured
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 Whiles I in protest nourish a mighty band,
 I'll here stir up a black-masked storm
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Till on my head the red worker's star,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Doth calm the fury of this mad-bred flow.



And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduced a headstrong half-breed,
 Liz Warren, late of Cambridgetown,
 To make commotion, as full well she can,
 Under title of the new Hillary.

At Harvard have I seen this stubborn Liz
 Oppose herself against a troop of reporters,
 And fight so long, till her thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
 Her caper upright like a wild Morisco,

Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

This she-devil here shall be my substitute;
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of Socialism.

Say she be taken, rack'd and tortured,
 I know no pain they can inflict upon her
 Will make her say I moved her to those arms.
 Say that she thrive, as 'tis great like she will,
 Why, then from Brooklyn come I with my strength
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;

For Donald being dead, as he shall be,
 And Pence put apart, the next is for me.

Exit.



Scene 3. Arlington Metro Station, near the bridge to Washington.

Drum. Enter Liz Warren, Kamala the Butcher, Goodwife Buttigig, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers of attorneys.

WARREN

Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation.
There shall be in Swampstown seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny:
The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops;
And I will make it felony to drink domestic beer:

All the realm shall be in common;
And on the Mall shall my Prius go to plug:
And when I am President, as President I will be--

ALL

God save you, Madame President!

WARREN

I thank you, good people: there shall be no money;
All shall eat and drink on my score;
And I will apparel you all in one livery,
That you may look like comrades,
And worship me, your lady.

KAMALA

The first thing we do, let's kill all the non-lawyers.

WARREN

Nay, that I mean to do.
Some say the bee stings:
But I say, the bee's wax;
For I did but seal to a thing once,
And I was never mine own woman since.
Tear up your student debt!

How now! Who's there?

Enter more attorneys, bringing forward an economist.

GOODWIFE BUTTGIG

The economist of George Mason: he can write and read and cast accounts.

LIZ WARREN

O monstrous!

GOODWIFE BUTTGIG

We took him setting copies for schoolboys.

WARREN

Child abuse! Here's a villain!

GOODWIFE BUTTGIG

Hath a book in his pocket with Greek letters in't.

WARREN

Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Economist

Alex.

LIZ WARREN

Dost thou use to write thy name? Or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Economist.

Madam, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

ALL

He hath confessed to privilege most white: away with him! He's a villain and a traitor.

WARREN

Away with him, I say! Hang him with his laptop round his neck.

Exit the Economist dragged by lawyers.

Enter Lord Pence, in chains, with guards in pinstripe suits.

KAMALA

And furthermore, we'll have Pence's head for selling the Crimea.

WARREN

Fellow lawyers, I tell you that that Pence hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch (not that I have aught 'gainst eunuchs), and more than that, he can speak Russian; and therefore he is a traitor.

LORD PENCE

O gross and miserable Deep State!

WARREN

Nay, answer, if you can: the Russians are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

Lord Pence is gagged and removed.



You that love the commons, follow me. Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Now is Warren queen of this city. And here, sitting upon this turnstile, I charge and command, at the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but white wine this first year of our reign.

KAMALA

I have a suit unto your magnificence.

LIZ WARREN

Be it magnificent indeed, thou shalt have it for that word.

KAMALA

That the laws of Washington come out of your mouth alone.

LIZ WARREN *[after pondering for a time]*

I have thought upon it, it shall be so.

Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the Congress.

And henceforward all things be in common.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger

My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Giuliani, who sold the towns in Ukraine.

Enter more lawyers, with Lord Giuliani in chains.

WARREN

Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. I am the witch's broom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a charter school;
And whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but ABC and CBS,
Thou hast caused blogs to be used, and,
Contrary to the *New York Times*, its rule and dignity,
Thou hast built a Twitter-mill.

It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee
That usually talk of "a noun" and "a verb",
And such abominable words
As no postmodern ear can bear to hear.

Thou hast appointed justices of peace,
To call poor men before them
On matters they could not answer.
Moreover, thou hast put them in prison;
And because they could not read, thou hast hanged them;
When, indeed, only for that cause
They have been most worthy to live.

Away with him!
Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently.



Scene 4. The Senate Chamber

*Chief Justice Roberts, Queen Nancy, and many senators are present.
Noise within. Enter Lord Grassley and a multitude of rednecks.*

LORD GRASSLEY

It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Donald traitorously is murder'd
By Schumer and the Cardinal's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

A noise within

QUEEN NANCY

What noise is this?

Enter Schumer and Cruz with their weapons drawn

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

LORD SCHUMER

The traitorous Cruz with the men of Virginia
Set all upon me, mighty lord.

LORD CRUZ [*To the Commons, entering*]

Sirs, stand apart; the Chief Justice shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Schumer straight be done to death,
Or banished beyond fair Beltway's ring,
They will by violence tear him from your palace
And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say by him the good Duke Donald died;
 They say in him they fear our nations' death;
 And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
 As being thought to contradict your liking,
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

They say, in care of your most lofty person,
 That if your honor should intend to sleep
 And charge that no man should disturb your rest
 In pain of death, or your dislike,

Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That slily glided towards your bench,
 It were but necessary you were waked,
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Schumer is,
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 Our loving Trump, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*Outside*]

An answer from the Chief Justice, my lord of Cruz!

LORD SCHUMER

'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign:
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To show how quaint an orator you are:

And all the honour Cruz hath won
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the judge.

Commons [*Outside*]

An answer from the Chief Justice, or we will break in!

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

Go, Cruz, and tell them all from me.
 I thank them for their tender loving care;
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto our state by Schumer's means:

And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 Schumer shall breathe infection to this air
 But three days longer, on pain of death.

Exit Cruz.

QUEEN MARGARET

O Roberts, let me plead for gentle Schumer!

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS

Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Schumer!
 No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Exeunt all.

SCENE 5. The coast of Maryland. Schumer is captured by pirates as he leaves for exile.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter pirate captain Rush Limbaugh, a Master, a Master's-mate, Mark Steyn, and others; with them Schumer and others, prisoners.

LORD SCHUMER

Stay, peasant; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The Duke of Schumer, Senator of New York.

MARK STEYN

The Duke of Schumer muffled up in rags!

LORD SCHUMER

Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
 Jove sometimes went disguised, and why not I?



RUSH

But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

LORD SCHUMER

Obscure and lowly swain, liberal blood---
 The honourable blood of Tammany---
 Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
 Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at board,
 When I have feasted with the Queen?
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
 And duly waited for my coming forth?

MARK STEYN

Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

RUSH

Convey him hence and on our longboat's side
 Strike off his head.

LORD SCHUMER

Thou darest not, for thy own.

RUSH

Yes, Chuckles.

LORD SCHUMER

Chuckles!

RUSH

Chuckles! Sir Upchuck! Muckboy!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and swampy dirt
 Troubles the silver spring from which our land would drink,
 Now will I dam up this, thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips that kiss'd the Speaker shall sweep the ground;
 And thou that smiledst at good Duke Donald's death,
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to ally a mighty land
 Unto the rebels of a worthless state,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Crimee was sold to Russ,
 The false revolting Isis through thee
 Disdain to call us lord, and Taliban
 Have slain their governors, surprised our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The commons here in the streets are up in arms:
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Is crept into the office of our land.
 And all by thee. Away! Convey him hence.

LORD SCHUMER

O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges!

Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
 Being captain of a radio show, threatens more
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.

It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
 I go of message to the United Nations;
 I charge thee waft me safe cross the sea.

MARK STEYN

Come, Schumer, I must waft thee to thy death.

RUSH

Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Exeunt Steyn and others with Schumer, still orating.

Editor's Notes.

I was listening to [Henry VI Part 2](#) in the car and realized that the malice shown to Humphrey, the Good Duke of Gloucester, by Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, and the Lords is much like that shown to President Trump by the Democratic Party leadership. He is their foulest enemy, popular with the people and an obstacle to their lifelong struggle for control of the realm. They hate each other too, viciously (except that Suffolk and the adulterous Queen are allies), but they are united in their desire to eliminate Gloucester, pious King Henry's uncle and the only person involved who would be content as a private citizen (besides King Henry himself). At this point in the play they arrest Gloucester for treason, but they're worried because their charges are bogus and Parliament will acquit him for lack of evidence when he comes up for trial (Act 3, Scene 1, second half). They conclude he must be killed while he's still under arrest because, in their self-righteous rationalization, even though he hasn't done anything wrong, he's thinking about criminal acts and he would eventually carry them out--- so why wait to execute him till it's too late?

So Suffolk has Gloucester smothered with a pillow while he's sleeping under arrest in the Cardinal's palace. The common people rise up in indignation, and King Henry exiles Suffolk. Suffolk is captured by pirates on his way into exile. The pirates behead him, even though he offers to make them rich with a duke's ransom, because they're so outraged by how badly he has governed as the king's minister. Meanwhile, King Henry's cousin, York, who claims the throne through his grandmother, incites Jack Cade to start a peasant revolt. The revolt is

quelled, but it gives York the excuse to come to London with an army, which starts the War of the Roses; Humphrey is now dead and can protect the King no longer. The war ends with every single character dead except Queen Margaret, who has lost her title, her wealth, her son, her husband, her lover, and her friends. The murder of Gloucester is the beginning of the tragedy. His removal unleashes everyone else's selfish ambition, and unleashes each one's fear that he'll be cut down next--- unless he strikes first.

Shakespeare's history plays tell us how ambitious and unscrupulous people are, then and now. Does it tell us what would happen if we broke with tradition and impeached Trump over trifles?