

**BARRON**

**a tale of love, loss & legacy**

written by

Nicolas Curcio

Bellevue // Jeff Portnoy

"My children could not love me more if I spent fifteen times more time with them."

*-Donald J. Trump*

**OVER BLACK**

A CROWD roars to life. Drunk with anticipation - and maybe other things, too.

CROWD (O.S.)  
USA! USA! USA!

CUT TO:

**INT. HILTON HOTEL, MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY - NOVEMBER 9, 2016**

All we see is red. Proud 'Mericans sporting hats and signs and t-shirts with the promise of Making America Great Again. On stage, MIKE PENCE addresses the mob -

MIKE PENCE  
Ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you the president elect of the United States of America - Donald Trump.

The crowd goes fucking bananas as the THEME FROM "AIR FORCE ONE" fills the room. Patriotic as SHIT.

Then, like a scene in a movie where you see the fucked up dystopian future before the time traveler goes back to prevent it...

We watch as the TRUMP DYNASTY takes the stage - their fearless leader, DONALD TRUMP, steps up to the podium.

DONALD TRUMP  
Thank you. *Thank you very much...*

I'm not going to type his victory speech out, because, well - we don't need to relive that shit. But while we're on the subject, it's probably a good time to let you know that Donald will only exist in the periphery of this film.

So fear not, dear reader - *you're in safe hands.*

We quickly move across the stage to find the hero of our story: little BARRON TRUMP (10). The spitting image of his father. Also the *only* one in the family who isn't wearing a smile right now...

BARRON (V.O.)  
I know what you're thinking: *Air Force One?* Really?? And trust me, I'm totally with you.

Barron squints into the crowd as cameras FLASH aggressively.

BARRON (V.O.)  
 My name is Barron Trump. And even  
 though I'm only ten years old...

Barron shifts his attention to a nearby AMERICAN FLAG -

BARRON (V.O.)  
 I'm old enough to know that today,  
 America became a very F'd up place.

CUT TO:

**A SERIES OF NEWS CLIPS**

- As we cycle through VARIOUS CHANNELS, all reacting to the  
 rather shocking news...

ANCHOR 1  
 This just in, Donald Trump has  
 taken the state of Ohio-

*FLIP!*

ANCHOR 2  
 Donald Trump continuing to baffle  
 analysts as he wins North Carolina,  
 Florida, Wisconsin-

*FLIP!*

ANCHOR 3  
 I can't believe I'm saying this,  
 but Donald J. Trump has officially  
 won the presidency-

BARRON (V.O.)  
 The news people were *shook* by my  
 father's victory. Even the New York  
 Times said that Hilary Climpton had  
 an 85% chance of winning.

- Armies of TRUMP SUPPORTERS pump their fists at various  
 RALLIES. MAGA country. Mad at the world.

TRUMP SUPPORTERS  
 (chanting)  
*Send them back! Send them back!*

BARRON (V.O.)  
 It turns out Americans don't vote  
 based on politics - they vote based  
 on *fear*.

(MORE)

BARRON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And as Master Yoda says...fear is  
 the path to the dark side.

- CROWDS OF PROTESTORS march in solidarity, carrying SIGNS  
 like "HATE LOVES TRUMP" and "NOT MY PRESIDENT."

BARRON (V.O.)  
 Look, the truth is there are a lot  
 of people out there who hate my  
 dad...

- We finally land back on Barron on stage at the Hilton.

BARRON (V.O.)  
 But no one - and I mean no one -  
 hates him more than me.

CLOSE on his tiny hand as he balls it up into a FIST...

SMASH TO TITLE:  
BARRON

**EXT. COLUMBIA PREP, UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY - SPRING 2015**

A year and a half before shit hit the fan.

We're at a prestigious prep school for the children of  
 politicians and other wealthy folk. An AMERICAN FLAG waves  
 proudly out front.

CHILDREN (PRE-LAP)  
 I pledge allegiance, to the flag...

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - CLASSROOM - DAY**

A room full of UNIFORMED STUDENTS recite the Pledge of  
 Allegiance in unison. Hands over their hearts, like tiny toy  
 soldiers.

We move through the class to find Barron - the only one not  
 mouthing the words to this morning ritual. MRS. HAWTHORNE  
 (40s, severe) tracks this.

**LATER**

Hawthorne aggressively scribbles today's lesson on the board:

***CAPITALISM***

At his desk, Barron's in his own little world, doodling various key images from *Star Wars* in his notebook (X-wings, the Millennium Falcon, etc).

MRS. HAWTHORNE

Now class, who can tell me what capitalism means?

RUFUS (9, freckly kiss ass) raises his hand.

RUFUS

It means America's the best.

CHUCKLES from the students. Barron rolls his eyes.

BARRON

*Sheeple.*

MRS. HAWTHORNE

That's very true, Rufus. When the founding fathers came to America...

Mrs. Hawthorne's American dream bullshit trails off... then - *THWAP!* A crumpled up paper ball SMACKS Barron in the face.

He looks up, clocks TANNER HAMPTON (10, Ivy League frat star in training) - holding back a devilish smirk. Barron decides to let it slide. Goes back to his doodling and... *THWAP!* *Another one.* Right to the eyeball.

This time, Barron hisses across the room -

BARRON

*Cut it out, Tanner!*

MRS. HAWTHORNE (O.S.)

Barron.

Barron looks up at his teacher - *busted.*

MRS. HAWTHORNE

Are you paying attention?

BARRON

Yes, Mrs. Hawthorne.

MRS. HAWTHORNE

Then what did I just say?

All eyes on Barron.

BARRON

You were saying that...the founding fathers believed capitalism to be the most effective economic system that also represented the core American values.

MRS. HAWTHORNE

(surprised)

That's right. Would you care to elaborate on that, Mr. Trump?

BARRON

I mean, it's a good idea in theory, but capitalism is kinda messed up, don't you think?

MRS. HAWTHORNE

*Pardon me?*

Barron's the type to always speak his mind, even in the face of the Empire. So, he forges onward -

BARRON

Well...the wage gap in our country is the worst it's ever been. And the rich just keep getting richer. I think if George Washington could see us now, he'd be ashamed.

Students GASP in horror.

BARRON

And you know, Thomas Paine was in favor of universal income. He called it the Citizen's Dividend-

MRS. HAWTHORNE

*Enough!!*

Mrs. Hawthorne SLAMS a book down on her desk in disgust - she's red-faced and ready to snap. Barron might as well have just taken a giant steaming shit on the American flag.

MRS. HAWTHORNE

What you're referring to is called *socialism* and I won't tolerate it in my class - nor will I allow you to deface the principles of this great country!

BARRON

But Mrs. Hawthorne, I was just-

MRS. HAWTHORNE

Take yourself to Principal Katz's office immediately.

Barron sighs, accepts his fate. Grabs his briefcase and heads out. Exchanges a *fuck you* look with Tanner on the way.

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER**

Barron sits in front of PRINCIPAL KATZ (70s, tweed blazer, the kind of guy who exclusively drinks Chardonnay).

PRINCIPAL KATZ

I think it's very noble of you to have your own opinions, Barron - especially those that contradict the majority of your colleagues, but what have I told you about disrespecting your teachers?

BARRON

I wasn't disrespecting her! I was just giving my opinion...

PRINCIPAL KATZ

I'm afraid that when you're a student, those are one and the same. And what's this I hear about you protesting the Pledge of Allegiance now?

BARRON

With all due respect, sir - I think the Pledge is a tool used to 'docternate children. I also find the use of the words *under God* offensive to anyone who doesn't believe in him.

PRINCIPAL KATZ

Do you believe in God, Barron?

It's a genuine question -

BARRON

Not the one who gives awards to celebrities and kills kids with cancer.

That he *definitely* regrets asking. Katz tries to get them back on track -



PRINCIPAL KATZ

The Columbia Prep Handbook states that every student is required to participate in the Pledge.

BARRON

But this is America - shouldn't I have the freedom to *not* participate?

Katz leans back. Simultaneously frustrated and impressed.

PRINCIPAL KATZ

You're becoming quite the little debater, aren't you? You remind me more and more of your father by the day.

Barron's been hearing this his whole life - and it still visibly stings him every time.

BARRON

I'm *nothing* like my father.

Katz can tell he's struck a nerve. He moves past it -

PRINCIPAL KATZ

Look Barron, you'll have plenty of chances to fight the system when you're older, but there's a time and a place for everything - you catch my drift?

Barron nods gently. He knows Katz is just doing his job - and in the grand scheme of things, he's one of the good guys.

BARRON

Yes, sir.

And with that, Barron grabs his briefcase and heads off. Katz sits there for a beat, then opens up his "special" desk drawer. Pulls out an empty bottle of Chardonnay.

PRINCIPAL KATZ

Cynthia-

CYNTHIA (20s, pantsuit) rushes inside.

PRINCIPAL KATZ

I'm out of grape.

**EXT. COLUMBIA PREP - BLACKTOP - DAY**

Children run rampant on the blacktop. Near the handball court, Barron haggles with Rufus - who's clutching a bag of homemade RICE KRISPIE TREATS.

RUFUS

But...my mom packed these for *me*.

BARRON

What'd I tell you, Rufus? You have to think of it as a 'vestment! That means today you lose, but tomorrow you win. Do we have a deal?

Barron offers up his CARROT STICKS with a big, businessman-like smile. Rufus mulls it over. He doesn't understand how this makes *any* sense - but finally agrees to the trade.

RUFUS

*Fine.*

The boys exchange snacks - and Barron heads off victorious.

BARRON

Nice doing business with you!

Rufus hangs back. Eats a carrot stick. Does *not* enjoy it.

**LATER**

Barron sits on a bench, rice krispie in one hand and a copy of Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States* in the other. Undoubtedly the source of his "wokeness."

But instead of reading, Barron stares across the blacktop, fixated on *someone* sitting on the nearby swings. And that someone is ISABEL LUNA (10, Latinx, eccentric loner).

She's also by herself, swinging softly and bobbing her head to music provided by her pink earbuds. Barron takes a deep breath. Tries to hype himself up -

BARRON

You can do this.

Finally, he straightens out his tie and marches over.

**MOMENTS LATER, AT THE SWINGS**

Barron hovers awkwardly for an extended beat before clearing his throat. Isabel looks up, removes a single earbud -

BARRON  
Good afternoon, Isabel. What are you listening to?

ISABEL  
*Yeezus.*

BARRON  
Uh, is that even a word?

ISABEL  
It's only the single greatest album of all time! Here-

Isabel offers up one of her earbuds. Barron eyes it cautiously.

BARRON  
Is that...sanitary?

ISABEL  
*It's Kanye West.*

Barron finally puts the earbud in. Then - "BOUND 2" by Kanye fills his eardrums and ours...

KANYE  
(rapping)  
*"Close your eyes and let the world paint a thousand pictures...one good girl is worth a thousand bitches, BOUND."*

ISABEL  
It's deep, right?

Barron couldn't give two shits about the song, but because Isabel is staring into his eyes right now - it's the best thing he's ever heard.

BARRON  
*Sooo deep.*

ISABEL  
I think Ye's real strength is producing beats. I've been teaching myself how to use ProTools, actually. Who knows - I might even collab with him someday.

Barron smiles, hands the earbud back.

BARRON

Hey, Isabel - there's something I wanted to ask you.

(beat)

Would you be interested in hanging out sometime? After school, I mean.

ISABEL

Are you asking me out on a playdate?

BARRON

(gulp)

I suppose I am.

An agonizingly tense beat. Isabel studies Barron for a moment. Poor kid looks like he's about to pass out.

ISABEL

I'll have to ask my parents. But they're pretty chill.

Barron looks like he's about to lose it - but he does his best to play it cool.

BARRON

Cool! Yeah. That's...*chill*. I'll see you later. Or whatever. Bye!

Barron walks off before he spouts anymore stupidity - completely beside himself. After he's gone, Isabel reveals the tiniest smile.

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - GYMNASIUM - LATER**

Fencing practice - also known as P.E. for rich kids. The students are dressed in all white, sparring with swords. Barron battles it out with a RANDOM KID. Scores a point. *He's not half bad!*

RANDOM KID

Nice footwork.

BARRON

Thanks.

On the sidelines, an overpaid COACH hoots and hollers -

COACH

Switch partners!

Barron removes his helmet, wipes sweat before realizing who he's matched up with next. *Tanner fucking Hampton.*

TANNER  
Prepare to lose, Tiny Trump.

BARRON  
It's not a competition, Tanner.

TANNER  
This is America - *everything* is a competition.

Then, there's a WHISTLE - forcing Tanner and Barron into action. Tanner's style is more aggressive, while Barron's *fast* and on the defense -

Finally, Tanner JABS Barron in the chest, scoring first.

TANNER  
Child's play.

The boys square up again. But this time, Barron foresees Tanner's moves - dodging this way and that - and scores! 1-1.

TANNER  
You're gonna regret that.

They get into it once more, neck and neck, until Tanner finally KICKS Barron's legs out from under him! A *cheap shot*.

Barron falls backwards and hits the mat HARD. Tanner steps forth, looming over him with an evil smile -

TANNER  
And that's what you get for being a *socialist*. Smell ya later, Tiny Trump.

Tanner walks off, snickering. Barron rolls around on the mat for a while, GROANING in pain.

#### **EXT. COLUMBIA PREP - AFTER SCHOOL**

Barron heads across the front lawn, waves to someone in the distance. Leaned up against a fancy BLACK CADILLAC is his bodyguard FREDERIK (30s, big boy with an even bigger heart).

They exchange fist bumps and Barron hops inside.

#### **INT./ EXT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron stares out the window, watching the school disappear. Leaving this place is his favorite part of the day.

BARRON  
What's the scoop, Frederik?

FREDERIK  
Not much, little buddy. Had another talk with Maggie today about you know what...

BARRON  
You're gonna be a great dad.

FREDERIK  
I just don't know if I'm ready for that kind of responsibility, you know? Anyway, how was school?

BARRON  
Well...I talked to Isabel-

Frederik SLAMS the brakes - the car SCREECHES to a halt.

FREDERIK  
You what?!

BARRON  
Multiple sentences. In a row.

FREDERIK  
Did you ask her out on a playdate?

BARRON  
I kind of blacked out for a minute, but I think so. And I think she said yes?

FREDERIK  
This is *major!* We gotta celebrate. Wanna roll through McD's for some McFlurries?

BARRON  
Why does it feel like you always find a reason to celebrate over McFlurries?

FREDERIK  
Oprah says every day is a gift.

**EXT. TRUMP TOWER - LATER**

Establishing shot of Trump Tower. We'll use forced perspective to make it look smaller than it really is - just to piss Donald off.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Barron and Frederik navigate the busy lobby, Butterfinger McFlurries in hand. The place is bustling with TOURISTS and BUSINESSMEN and perhaps even a few SKETCHY LOOKING MEN speaking Russian.

FREDERIK

*The Force Awakens* is going to be absolutely lit. JJ Abrams is a fan!

BARRON

Just because he's a fan doesn't mean he'll make a good film. I mean, this is the holy grail we're talking about. *Star Wars* is sacred-

FREDERIK

It's a franchise - by its very definition, it can't be sacred.

As they reach the ELEVATOR BANK, one opens and out walks motherfucking KANYE WEST - alongside his own bodyguard, ROMEO (an even bigger boy than Frederik).

KANYE

Lil' B! What's good, fam?

Barron looks around. Realizes Kanye is talking to...*him*??

BARRON

You're...Kanye West.

KANYE

Best believe it, little wizard. I was just upstairs with your pops. Big D knows how to keep it real - we both got that dragon energy.

I *really* wish I could take credit for that dragon energy bit, but Kanye actually tweeted that shit.

KANYE

When is NBC gonna hook you up with your own TV show? You finna be a star, just like your old man. A mean, green ratings machine.

Barron chuckles awkwardly.

BARRON

To tell you the truth, Mr. West, I'm not really interested in reality television.

Kanye LAUGHS mockingly at Barron, like this is the stupidest thing he's ever heard.

KANYE

You can fight it all you want, but we're *men* - we all become our fathers eventually. And the sooner you accept that, the better off you'll be.

Barron sits with this for a beat. So many emotions. Frederik can sense it's time to wrap things up.

FREDERIK

We should probably get going, right little buddy?

Barron snaps out of it. Nods gently.

KANYE

Yo, I'm gonna make Madison Square Garden my bitch next month. Consider yourself on the homie list, B!

Kanye flips the peace sign and heads off with his bodyguard. Barron and Frederik head into the elevator and stand in silence - *because what the fuck can you even say about Kanye West?*

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - BARRON'S FLOOR - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Yes, you read that right. Barron's "room" consists of an ENTIRE FUCKING FLOOR of Trump Tower. It's a grandiose space, complete with expensive gadgets and gizmos.

On the coffee table, there's an elaborate LEGO CITYSCAPE on display - it's a *staggeringly* accurate replica of New York City, with the titular Trump Tower at its center.

Frederik and Barron lounge on the couch, watching *Game of Thrones*.

BARRON

Frederik - was your father a bodyguard too?

FREDERIK

No clue. He bailed on my mom before I was born. Why do you ask, grasshoppa?

A quiet beat.



BARRON

No reason.

FREDERIK

Hey, is this about what Kanye said earlier? That guy's clearly off his meds. And he doesn't even know you.

BARRON

But what if he's right? What if I'm destined to end up just like my dad and there's nothing I can do about it?

FREDERIK

Kid, you're literally the smartest person I've ever met. You can grow up to be whatever and *whoever* you want - got that?

Barron smiles. Reassured.

#### **INT. BARRON'S OFFICE - THAT NIGHT**

Barron sits at his desk, watching DOZENS OF CAMERA FEEDS on his computer screen - various rooms scattered throughout Trump Tower. From the odd and unflattering angles, it's pretty clear these are "spy cams."

Barron cycles through the various channels. We see...

- A BUSINESSMAN getting a blowjob from his SECRETARY.
- A DISGRUNTLED WOMAN arguing with an HR REPRESENTATIVE.
- Donald Trump's PR TEAM having an important meeting inside a large CONFERENCE ROOM.

Barron stays on this last channel. CRACKS a La Croix and sits back. We ZOOM INTO THE FOOTAGE...

#### **INT. TRUMP TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

At the head of the table, there's a thick-necked man - whiskey in hand. Pretty clear he's the HEAD PR REP.

HEAD PR REP

We've got twenty-four hours to come up with something, so get your thumbs out of your asses! No offense, Jared.

LAUGHS all around as JARED KUSHNER throws his hands up in defense -

JARED  
Laugh it up, dickwads.

Next, a MAN IN A MUSTARD SHIRT goes on a tirade -

MUSTARD SHIRT  
I still don't see what the big deal is. Gwen Stefani's got tits *and* she's sold a million albums - why wouldn't NBC pay her more for *The Voice* than Donald on *The Apprentice*?

Now, a CHAINSMOKING MAN speaks up -

CHAINSMOKER  
If Donald wants a certified PR boost, he should just release that tape he's hoarding.

HEAD PR REP  
Tape? *What tape?*

MUSTARD SHIRT  
I heard he paid a fortune for it, keeps it in a safe up in the penthouse. My guess? It involves pissing and hookers.

JARED  
There is no tape. That's fake news-

CHAINSMOKER  
I heard it's Ivanka getting demolished by some NFL star. No offense, Jared.

JARED  
Goddammit - the next person to crack a joke at my expense is fired! Now if anyone's got a *legitimate* idea on how we can get Donald more money, I'm all ears.

Silence for a beat. Then:

CHAINSMOKER  
*Fuck it* - let's have the bastard run for president.

Suddenly, the ENTIRE ROOM bursts into LAUGHTER at this obviously absurd idea. But Jared is clearly intrigued...

**BARRON'S OFFICE**

Barron shakes his head in disbelief at the absolute tomfoolery he's just witnessed. Then, an ALARM on his phone RINGS loudly. The reminder: *Skin Treatment w/ Mom.*

He hurries out of the room.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - MELANIA'S FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

The elevator DINGS as Barron steps off and enters the foyer of Melania's quarters.

BARRON  
(Slovenian)  
<Mother?>

Yeah, Barron Trump speaks fucking Slovenian.

MELANIA (O.S.)  
<I'm in the bathroom.>

**INT. MELANIA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The bathroom is bigger than most apartments in New York City. Melania's in an expensive silk robe near the tub, shaving her legs.

Barron enters, framed by an obligatory MRS. ROBINSON SHOT a la *The Graduate*. He studies her exposed thigh for a beat - then turns his head away, embarrassed.

MELANIA  
<A woman should never be ashamed of her body, Barron. Now come.>

Barron walks over and strips down to his tighty whities. Then, his mother begins to apply a homemade CAVIAR MOISTURIZER to his skin.

You literally cannot make this shit up.

MELANIA  
<How's school? The kids aren't picking on you again, are they?>

BARRON  
<No, Mother.>

MELANIA

*<Good. By the way, your father has arranged for you to meet with Olga - last year's Little Miss Russia.>*

BARRON

*<What? Why?>*

MELANIA

*<Olga's family is very close with Putin. We wouldn't want to upset them.>*

Barron finally nods in defeat.

BARRON

*<When are you going to leave him?>*

Melania's taken aback by the question. It's one she's been avoiding for years.

MELANIA

*<It's not the right time.>*

BARRON

*<You always say that.>*

She sighs. Rubs her hand through Barron's hair.

MELANIA

*<I have to stay, Barron - so that you can have a better life. Someday, you'll understand.>*

Melania kisses him on the forehead and walks off.

Barron stays behind, stares at himself in the mirror for a long moment. Thinking about his father. His future. And his stupid date with a Russian beauty queen.

#### **INT. BARRON'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING**

Barron CRUNCHES into an apple, looks out his window at an army of NEWS TRUCKS and REPORTERS. Frederik enters from the kitchen, pop-tart in hand.

FREDERIK

Place looks like a dang circus.

BARRON

What else is new?

Barron grabs the remote. Flips on the NEWS -

ANCHOR (O.S.)

We're here at Trump Tower for a special announcement. And here comes Donald now...

**ON THE TV**

The infamous escalator entrance. Donald and Melania wave to their adoring "fans" - who have each been paid accordingly.

Neil Young's "*Keep On Rockin' in the Free World*" BLARES - because this was before Neil told Donald to fuck right off.

On STAGE, Donald gropes IVANKA TRUMP, then takes the podium. And the rest is history.

**INT. / EXT CADILLAC (MOVING) - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Frederik whips through traffic at increasingly unsafe speeds.

FREDERIK

I mean *look at me!* I'm not White House material - I'm a fast food addict with a high school diploma.

BARRON

Frederik, you're panicking-

FREDERIK

Of course I'm panicking! This job is all I have!

BARRON

And you're *amazing* at it. Remember the time that drunk perv was exposing himself on the street? And within seconds, what did you do?

FREDERIK

I...tackled him to the ground.

BARRON

That's right! And that other time, when that other drunk perv was exposing himself at Coney Island - what did you do?

FREDERIK

I...*also* tackled him to the ground. Okay, so I've dropkicked a couple flashers. That doesn't mean your dad would promote me to the Secret Service.

BARRON

Look, this is just another one of his crazy publicity stunts. I heard the PR team talking all about it. He's not *really* running for president and you're not going to lose your job.

But Frederik isn't sold - he continues to hyperventilate.

BARRON

(idea)

What if we run through McD's for some McGrids? Would that make you feel better?

FREDERIK

But you'll be late for school.

BARRON

So what? You can write me a note.

Frederik connects with Barron via the rearview mirror. Finally smiles.

**INT. MCDONALD'S - LATER**

The boys chow down on some McGriddles and hash browns. Through the nearby glass window - they can see into the McDonald's PLAYPLACE - rambunctious TODDLERS going completely apeshit in the ball pit, etc.

Then, Frederik spots something that no one else has: one WILD CHILD has gone rogue and somehow climbed up into the overhead rafters...

FREDERIK

*Holy guacamole* - how'd that kid get up there?!

BARRON

I'm not gonna lie - that's pretty impressive.

Frederik quickly BANGS on the glass window, trying to alert the PARENTS standing around -

FREDERIK

HEY - THERE'S A KID UP THERE! LOOK ABOVE YOU, YOU DUMB IDIOTS!

But they all ignore Frederik. Finally, he SPRINTS into action... bursting through the nearby door -

And just as the WILD CHILD FALLS FROM THE RAFTERS - *Frederik catches him!* Barron APPLAUDS, gives Frederik a THUMBS UP through the window.

Finally, a CONCERNED MOTHER runs up, takes her child. Only a little late to the party, lady...

**EXT. COLUMBIA PREP - BLACKTOP - DAY**

Kids run circles around Barron, who's watching a NEWS CLIP on his phone. Various political pundits talking about Donald's campaign announcement. The absurdity of it all. *Back when this was all one big joke...*

Just then - a HYPER KID tags Barron.

HYPHER KID  
Got you! I got you! Go to jail!

BARRON  
*Gladly.*

Barron walks off to "jail," located...

**UNDERNEATH THE JUNGLE GYM**

A bunch of unenthused students lounge around, all stoked to be in "jail" so that they don't have to play anymore. Amongst said students, Barron spots Isabel.

He walks over, sits next to her, like it's NBD.

BARRON  
Guess they got you too, huh?

Without looking up -

ISABEL  
Guess so.

Isabel continues to avoid eye contact. *What the hell?*

BARRON  
Is...everything alright?

ISABEL  
I don't know - *is it?*

BARRON  
Are you pranking me or something?

Just then - Rufus stumbles onto the scene, out of breath.

RUFUS  
I did it! I freed you all from  
jail! YOU'RE FREE! AND YOU'RE FREE!

Without even saying goodbye, Isabel walks off. Rufus hovers  
over Barron -

RUFUS  
Aren't you happy? You're free!

BARRON  
I heard you. Stop yelling.

Barron storms off -

RUFUS  
*You're welcome, jerks!*

**ON THE BLACKTOP**

Barron catches up to Isabel...

BARRON  
Hey, did I do something wrong?

She finally faces him -

ISABEL  
You mean like the fact that your  
dad is running for president so he  
can round up all the immigrants?

And suddenly, everything makes sense.

BARRON  
Look...Donald Trump is my father,  
but I swear, I barely know the guy.  
He's been M.I.A. my whole life. And  
as far as what he said about  
immigrants, I'm against everything  
he stands for.

Isabel eyes Barron suspiciously. Sussing him out.

BARRON  
*Please - you've got to believe me.*

After a long beat -

ISABEL  
I'm sorry I snapped at you.  
Immigration is a topic my family  
and I don't take lightly.



BARRON  
Trust me, neither do I. So are we  
still friends?

With a smile:

ISABEL  
*Friends.*

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - BALLROOM - THAT NIGHT**

In a stylized TRACKING SHOT straight out of *Goodfellas*, we glide through an extravagant DINNER PARTY inside Trump Tower, the whole family in attendance.

Here's Jared Kushner and Ivanka Trump, bickering quietly -

JARED  
All I'm saying is I'd feel much  
more comfortable if he didn't grope  
your ass on stage, alright?

IVANKA  
He's my *father*, Jared. Don't be a  
pervert.

JARED  
Oh, now *I'm* the pervert?!

And here's TIFFANY TRUMP, ranting to Melania -

TIFFANY  
How would you feel if someone told  
you they wouldn't be photographed  
with you because you were too fat?

MELANIA  
Your father loves you, Tiffany.

TIFFANY  
Bullshit! He only loves his money.

Now ERIC TRUMP shows his wife LARA a series of PHOTOS on his phone - and she looks horned up as hell.

ERIC  
This is me, right after I slayed  
the elephant. I looked him right in  
the eyes until the lights went out.

LARA  
*Fuck, that's hot.*

Finally, at the end of the absurdly long table, we find Barron seated next to OLGA (12) - the Russian child beauty queen. She's wearing way too much makeup for her age - and is a good foot taller than him.

BARRON

So you, uh, won a beauty pageant?

OLGA

This is true. For talent, I juggle egg, then - I *crack* into omelette. And I call it...egg show.

BARRON

Wow. That must take a lot of practice.

OLGA

Yes, I practice egg show every night before bed. So, Barron - are you looking for simple girlfriend, or lifelong wife?

Barron CHOKES on his caviar. Time to tap out.

BARRON

Will you please excuse me, Olga?

OLGA

Bring back eggs! I will show you my talents.

Barron quickly speed walks away from the table, but he's intercepted by DONALD TRUMP JR. -

DONALD JR.

Where do you think you're going, Mr. Cool Guy?

BARRON

Out of my way, Jr.

But Jr. cuts him off again -

DONALD JR.

Let's get one thing straight. When dad becomes president, I'm the first boy - got that?

BARRON

You do realize the first boy doesn't mean the favorite, right?

DONALD JR.  
Are you *stupid*? Of course it does.

BARRON  
And don't you think you're getting a little ahead of yourself? Dad's not actually running for president.

DONALD JR.  
Shows how much you know.

Barron eyes Jr. carefully. Can't tell if he's bluffing.

BARRON  
What do you mean?

DONALD JR.  
NBC thinks his politics are "hateful" and "prejudice" - whatever that even means. Anyway, they're pulling the plug on *The Apprentice*. So we're pivoting.

BARRON  
Pivoting? *Pivoting how?*

DONALD JR.  
Our analysts ran the numbers. Dad has a real shot at the presidency. So - we just booked two more rallies.

BARRON  
That's- that's not possible.

DONALD JR.  
Anything is possible, SB.  
(then)  
That stands for Second Boy.

BARRON  
Yeah. I got that.

Barron rushes past Jr. and gets the *fuck* out of there.

ISABEL (PRE-LAP)  
So let me get this straight...

**INT. BARRON'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Barron's on an emergency SKYPE CALL with Isabel. DEFCON 5.

ISABEL (O.S.)

Your dad "faked" a presidential campaign just so NBC would give him a raise, but because of the racist crap he said, they cancelled his show - so now he's gonna run for president for real - and people actually said they'd vote for him?!

BARRON

That's the gist of it. Isabel...my father is a bad, bad man. I mean like, Darth Vader bad. And if he becomes president, a lot of people are going to get hurt - including my mother.

A beat. Then, Isabel has an idea -

ISABEL (O.S.)

Maybe there's a way to stop him.

BARRON

*How?*

ISABEL (O.S.)

My parents watch this show called *House of Cards*. It's all about politics and other boring crap. People sabotage each other all the time. Mind games. 'Nipulation.

BARRON

If my father ever caught me doing something like that, he'd probably send me away for life.

ISABEL (O.S.)

But if he's really as bad as you say he is, I'd say this is pretty freakin' important, wouldn't you?

(beat)

What if I helped?

Now *this* gets Barron's attention -

BARRON

Seriously? You'd do that?

ISABEL (O.S.)

Duh. We could be partners.

BARRON

And if we get caught?

ISABEL

*Heck 'em.*

CUT TO:

**TRUMP CAMPAIGN MONTAGE - SET TO KANYE WEST'S "STRONGER"**

- Various NEWS CLIPS show PUNDITS dismissing Donald openly.

PUNDIT

All I'm saying is - we better be ready for the fact that Donald Trump might be leading the Republican ticket.

The entire panel BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER.

- Meanwhile, Donald Trump ramps his rallies up to 11 as he stirs up aggressive crowds and incites violence, again -

DONALD TRUMP 1

If you see somebody getting ready to throw a tomato, knock the crap out of 'em, will ya? Seriously!

And again...

DONALD TRUMP 2

Try not to hurt him. If you do, I'll defend you in court, don't worry about it!

And again.

DONALD TRUMP 3

And you know what? The audience swung back. And I thought it was very, very appropriate.

- MICHAEL MOORE appears on various NEWS PROGRAMS, warning people of the upcoming apocalypse. *But no one listens.*

ANCHOR

Most of our analysts have predicted that Trump's odds of winning the 2016 election are virtually impossible, Michael.

MICHAEL MOORE

Look, we're sitting in our little bubble having a good laugh at this shitshow, but the truth is that Donald Trump appeals to a lot of people in this country. It'd be a mistake to write him off as a joke.

- Finally, Donald Trump wears his signature smug smile while his supporters eat up his bullshit:

TRUMP SUPPORTERS

(chanting)

*BUILD THAT WALL! BUILD THAT WALL!*

**END MONTAGE - END MUSIC**

**EXT. COLUMBIA PREP - CAFETERIA - A FEW WEEKS LATER**

Barron and Isabel share earbuds (and a creme brulee) while watching *House of Cards* on an iPad.

BARRON

I like the way this Frank Underwood fellow thinks.

ISABEL

Kevin Stacey is *easily* the best actor of all time. I heard he's also like, the nicest guy ever in real life.

BARRON

Okay, what have we got so far?

Isabel pulls up her notes -

ISABEL

The only thing I wrote down is "push someone off a train."

BARRONS

Definitely too illegal.

(thinking)

What about a tax invasion?

ISABEL

What's that again?

BARRON

It's when you lie about your taxes, and the government invades your house to arrest you.

ISABEL  
A tax invasion. Of course!

BARRON  
Who was that girl that got in trouble for hacking into the school and changing her own grades? Maybe she can help.

ISABEL  
You mean...*Roberta Norton*?

BARRON  
Yeah, isn't she the granddaughter of some computer engineer?

But Isabel doesn't seem too keen on the idea -

ISABEL  
Maybe we try somebody else.

BARRON  
What? Why?

ISABEL  
(finally spilling)  
Last year, she passed me a note that said she liked me - and I threw it away.

BARRON  
*Dangggggg*. That's cold.

ISABEL  
Look, it's not like I'm against lezbeans or anything. I just couldn't read her handwriting. Anyway, I'm pretty sure she still hates me.

BARRON  
I bet she barely remembers you.

**EXT. COLUMBIA PREP - PLAYGROUND - LATER**

Barron and Isabel stand on the sidelines, watching a group of kids playing FOUR SQUARE, taking it way too fucking seriously.

**ON THE COURT**

ROBERTA NORTON (11, short curls and coke bottle glasses) lets out a guttural VICTORY SCREAM with her finishing move -

ROBERTA  
*Get out of my house, fool!!*

Then, Roberta clocks Barron and Isabel watching from the sidelines. She approaches.

ROBERTA  
Greetings, Isabel. What brings you to the four square court? Here to break my heart again?

BARRON  
(whispers)  
*She remembers.*

ISABEL  
I come in peace, Roberta.

BARRON  
Barron. Pleased to meet your acquaintance.

Barron extends a handshake - but Roberta refuses it.

ROBERTA  
Well this is richer than a trust fund baby on his eighteenth birthday. You're dating a Trump now?

BARRON  
Uh, we're just-

ISABEL  
Look, Roberta - we need your help. It's technology related.

ROBERTA  
It's 2015. Many things are technology related.

Isabel sighs, frustrated with Roberta's smartass remarks.

ISABEL  
Is there somewhere more private we could talk? *Please?*

Roberta considers it -

ROBERTA  
Meet me in the computer lab in five minutes.

Roberta stomps back to the court -



BARRON  
(to Isabel)  
She seems nice.

ROBERTA (O.S.)  
Serve it up and prepare to die,  
pipsqueak!

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - COMPUTER LAB - FIVE MINUTES LATER**

Barron, Isabel and Roberta sit in the very back row of the lab - their faces lit by the glow of the computer screens.

ROBERTA  
So what do you guys need? Key  
cards? Better grades? Wiped  
tardies?

ISABEL  
It's something a little  
more...*serious*.

ROBERTA  
(intrigued)  
I'm listening.

BARRON  
As I'm sure you've heard by now, my  
father is running for president.  
Isabel and I...have decided to  
sabotage his campaign.

ROBERTA  
Double crossing your own family?  
That's hardcore, man.

ISABEL  
We were hoping you could help us  
create a tax invasion.

ROBERTA  
You want me to hack into your dad's  
records and try to find evidence of  
fraud - is that what you're asking?

BARRON  
Could you do that?

Roberta mulls it over.

ROBERTA  
Of course I *could*. Although, it's  
highly unethical.  
(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
(to Isabel)  
As is breaking someone's heart.  
(to Barron)  
And it ain't gonna be cheap.

BARRON  
Money is no object.

Roberta BREATHES onto her glasses dramatically - then wipes them clean.

ROBERTA  
Let's get started then, shall we?

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - BARRON'S LIVING ROOM - AFTER SCHOOL**

Barron and Isabel sit on beanbags, watching as Roberta CRACKS her knuckles and begins typing absurdly fast on her laptop.

BARRON  
So...how does this work? Do you need the wifi password or-

ROBERTA  
I'm already in.

BARRON  
Like, in in?  
(to Isabel)  
Dang, she's good.

ROBERTA  
Alright, let's see here. I'll just try to access the servers and...  
(beat)  
Huh.

BARRON  
What's "huh?"

ROBERTA  
Someone just kicked me out.

Barron hovers over her -

BARRON  
Well can you get back in?

ROBERTA  
Can you give some space, bro?

BARRON  
Sorry.

Roberta tries again. Begins TYPING UP A STORM. Then -

ROBERTA  
What the *frickin' heck!*

ISABEL  
Can you see who it is?

ROBERTA  
Not *who*, but I can see *where*. Looks like the IP address is coming from...Russia.

***Dun dun dun.***

ISABEL  
Why would someone in Russia be protecting your dad?

BARRON  
I have absolutely no clue.

ROBERTA  
This is way past my pay grade, man.

Roberta gets up, closes up her laptop.

BARRON  
Wait, hold on - there's gotta be someone you know who can help us.

ISABEL  
*Please*, Roberta.

Roberta considers it, finally caves -

ROBERTA  
There's some South Korean dudes in my *WoW* guild. They can hack into pretty high-level stuff. But I'm warning you, they're kinda crazy.

BARRON  
I'm willing to risk it.

Roberta eyes Barron with concern, like he has no idea what he just agreed to.

ROBERTA  
Suit yourself, dude.

Barron walks her out -

And when he turns back, he sees that Isabel is walking around his place, eyeing the various POSTERS on the walls. She lands on one in particular: a one-sheet for *Return of the Jedi*.

ISABEL  
What's this?

BARRON  
That's the third film in the franchise. Well, it's the sixth episode, but it's the third one that came out.

ISABEL  
That seems dumb and confusing.

Isabel points to SLAVE LEIA -

ISABEL  
And this bikini looks like it was designed by pervs.

BARRON  
That's because it's Leia's slave outfit - she's forced to wear it by Jabba the Hutt.

ISABEL  
Jabba the *who*?

BARRON  
The slug guy.  
(pointing)  
*Him.*

Isabel CRINGES -

ISABEL  
Ew. I hate his fat face.

BARRON  
He's one of the galaxy's most powerful and corrupt gangsters.

*Sounds familiar, eh?*

ISABEL  
What is it you like so much about these space movies?

Barron reflects on this for a super serious beat -

BARRON

Because even when the Rebels are outnumbered, they always find a way to defeat the Empire - and restore order to the galaxy.

For a moment, Isabel seems oddly touched by this. Then -

ISABEL

You are the biggest nerd on the entire planet.

**INT. BARRON'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

It's late and Barron's still awake - his face illuminated by the blue glow of his phone. He's going through his father's TWITTER FEED. It's a steady stream of hate fueled bullshit, with some hilarious typos thrown in here and there.

Finally, Barron can't keep his eyes open any longer, and as he nods off, we CUT TO...

**BARRON'S DREAM**

Barron wanders through the EMPTY HALLWAYS of some eerily prestigious building - the space is vast and never-ending...

Then, he hears something -

A WOMAN'S SCREAM

Barron books it down the hallway, turning corner after corner, finally realizing he's inside -

THE WHITE HOUSE

Now, he stands before the OVAL OFFICE. Most definitely the source of the scream. He pushes open the door to reveal...

PRESIDENT JABBA THE TRUMP - a slug-creature with the body of JABBA THE HUTT and the head of DONALD TRUMP - a disturbing, surreal sight...

Jabba the Trump YANKS A CHAIN - which is revealed to be attached around SLAVE MELANIA's neck. She's wearing the iconic golden bikini - choking in pain...

SLAVE MELANIA

*<Go back to bed, Barron.>*

BARRON

*<But he's hurting you!>*

Jabba the Trump LAUGHS as he continues choking his slave wife-

JABBA THE TRUMP  
HA HA HA HO HO HO

Then, Barron *CHARGES* at his slug-father -

And begins PUMMELING HIM with PUNCHES -

But Jabba the Trump is unaffected - and he WHIPS HIS SLUG-TAIL AT BARRON - KNOCKING HIM BACK TO THE FLOOR!

BARRON  
(down for the count)  
<Mother...>

Jabba the Trump YANKS THE CHAIN HARDER as Melania's SCREAMS haunt Barron's dreams...

SMASH BACK TO:

#### **BARRON'S BEDROOM**

As he jolts awake. Out of breath. Scared out of his mind.

Then, he smells something. Pulls the sheets back to reveal - *he wet the bed.*

#### **INT. BARRON'S LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron, now dressed in a silk robe and slippers, carries a heap of wet sheets - and tosses them into the washer.

#### **INT. BARRON'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron CLICKS on the TV. More coverage of his father's campaign. The election is rapidly approaching. And like any good cult leader, Donald's following is growing.

*Fuck.*

#### **INT. COLUMBIA PREP - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY**

Barron and Isabel head down the hallway before class. Barron looks like shit. YAWNS like a lion.

ISABEL  
Didn't sleep well?

BARRON  
You could say that...

Just then, they notice a GROUP OF STUDENTS gathering suspiciously in the distance. *That's weird.* Barron pushes his way through to find the CROWD gathering around a BLOWN UP PHOTOGRAPH taped up on the wall...

It's of TWO NUDE WOMEN posing erotically - and someone's written a message, too:

**FIRST (NAKED) LADY**

And finally, Barron puts two and two together...

BARRON  
*Ohmygod.*

Right on cue, Tanner pokes out from the CROWD -

TANNER  
I gotta hand it to you, Tiny Trump - your mom is gonna be the hottest first lady ever.

BARRON  
Where did you find this?!

TANNER  
Uh, it's all over the news.

Barron has a mini panic attack as the students LAUGH and POINT at his very naked mother. He TEARS the poster off the wall before storming off.

TANNER  
Hey, that's no way to treat a lady!

More howling laughter from the peanut gallery.

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - COMPUTER LAB - SOON AFTER**

Barron, Isabel and Roberta are back in the COMPUTER LAB. Pulling up recent NEWS ARTICLES -

BARRON  
"Korean hackers leak previously buried nude photos of Melania Trump from French Magazine..."

Barron shoots a look of blame at Roberta.

ROBERTA

Don't look at me! I told you those guys were crazy. You didn't listen.

BARRON

But how was I supposed to know they'd do...*this*?!

ISABEL

Did your friends find anything at all that could help us with the tax invasion?

ROBERTA

Negative. But hey - this is what you guys wanted, right? For your dad to look bad?

BARRON

Not at the cost of my mother's naked body being put on display for the whole world to see!

Just then, the BELL RINGS. Roberta grabs her backpack -

ROBERTA

Well, I've got a science test. Good luck, dudes.

BARRON

Wait, you're just gonna leave? We need to fix this!

ROBERTA

Rule number one of the internet - once something's out there, it's *out there*.

And Roberta heads off, leaving Barron and Isabel alone.

BARRON

Can kids have heart attacks? I think I'm gonna have a heart attack.

ISABEL

It's not your fault, Barron. You were just trying to help-

BARRON

It's literally *all* my fault.



ISABEL  
 Hey - did things work out for Frank Underwood right away?

Barron breathes. Shakes his head.

ISABEL  
 These things take time. We'll get him. I promise.

Barron nods with uncertainty. *He fucking hopes she's right.*

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - CLASSROOM - LATER**

Barron sits slumped in his seat. Still feeling the judging eyes of his peers all over him. Just then, someone tosses a folded up PIECE OF PAPER onto his desk -

He unfolds it to find yet *another* printed photograph of NUDE MELANIA. Barron CRUMPLES the photo, but before he can dispose of it, Mrs. Hawthorne walks by, SNATCHES it away -

MRS. HAWTHORNE  
 Passing notes in class, Mr. Trump?

BARRON  
 Wait, Mrs. Hawthorne-

She opens it up. And her expression says it all.

MRS. HAWTHORNE  
 This is *incredibly* inappropriate.

BARRON  
 You think I don't know that?

MRS. HAWTHORNE  
 Don't take that tone with me.

BARRON  
 What, *this* tone?

But before Mrs. Hawthorne can start yelling, Barron simply gathers his stuff and walks out.

MRS. HAWTHORNE  
 Where do you think you're going??

BARRON  
 I'm sending myself to the principal's office.

The door SLAMS - *and he's gone.*

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron storms into the office and sits down in front of Katz.

KATZ

Barron, what brings you-

BARRON

I need to hide out for a while.

Katz is surprisingly cool with this.

PRINCIPAL KATZ

Right. I'm assuming this is about the photos going around?

BARRON

Great - even the principal has seen my mom naked.

PRINCIPAL KATZ

You know, Barron - in Europe and other parts of the world, it's perfectly natural to celebrate the female form.

BARRON

It's not natural, it's *gross*. I hate it and I hate this stupid school.

Barron crosses his arms, forms a frowny face. Angsty as hell. Then, Katz has an idea...he opens up his special drawer. Pulls out a bottle of wine and two coffee mugs.

Barron stares at his principal in utter disbelief.

BARRON

What's...happening right now?

PRINCIPAL KATZ

In Europe, it's *also* perfectly normal for children to have a sip of wine with lunch. And since you've had quite a day...

BARRON

Principal Katz, we could both go to jail!

PRINCIPAL KATZ

I won't tell if you don't.

Katz pours Barron the *tiniest* sip of Chardonnay.

PRINCIPAL KATZ  
Go ahead. Try it.

Barron eyes the mug suspiciously.

BARRON  
Is this some kind of test?

PRINCIPAL KATZ  
No test. Just a toast. *To bad days.*

They CLINK mugs and Barron tries his first sip of wine. CRINGES as if he drank pure gasoline.

PRINCIPAL KATZ  
How do you feel?

Barron considers the question for a solid beat -

BARRON  
*Better.*

PRINCIPAL KATZ  
And we call that: the miracle of the grape.

BARRON  
(beat)  
Principal Katz, what did your dad do for a living?

PRINCIPAL KATZ  
Why - he was principal of this very school until I took over. Why do you ask?

Long pause. Then, Barron holds his mug out, stone-faced:

BARRON  
One more alcohol, please.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - BARRON'S OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER**

Barron sits at his desk, absentmindedly watching the surveillance monitors, like there's nothing good on TV.

Then, *something* catches his eye - a WOMAN exiting DONALD'S PENTHOUSE. Fur coat, high red heels. This is **DESTINY** (21, elegant as fuck).

Barron's chair SQUEAKS with interest as he slowly sits up...

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron rushes out of the ELEVATOR and looks around - finally clocks Destiny exiting the building. He follows.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron trails Destiny, keeping a safe distance. But after a CROWD OF TOURISTS obscures his view - he loses her.

Barron runs up ahead, surveys the scene - *nothing*. His eyes track over to an UPSCALE HOTEL...

**INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron stands at the FRONT DESK. He can barely see over it.

BARRON

Excuse me, did a woman just pass through here? High heels, fur coat, big...*personality*?

The HOTEL WORKER eyes Barron suspiciously.

HOTEL WORKER

I'm afraid I can't give you that information.

Barron pulls out a WAD OF CASH from his wallet. Tries to discreetly hand it over.

BARRON

Are you sure about that?

HOTEL WORKER

Should I call security, little boy?

BARRON

Or should I call the police - considering you've just allowed a protestant onto the premises?

HOTEL WORKER

Do you mean a *prostitute*?

BARRON

That's what I said. Now what'll it be, mister - jail or no jail?

The Hotel Worker stares at Barron for a beat, stunned. *Who the fuck is this little shit?* He finally leans in, whispers:

HOTEL WORKER  
33rd floor.

**INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - 33RD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron wanders through the long hallway, on the prowl for anything suspicious. Finally, he hears something - VOICES - coming out of room **3329**.

Barron creeps up to the door - nestles his ear to it...

DESTINY (O.S.)  
You like that?

WHIMPERING MAN (O.S.)  
*Yes. I like it very much.*

DESTINY (O.S.)  
Tell me how bad you are, Senator.

WHIMPERING MAN (O.S.)  
*I'm so bad. Punish me!*

The Whimpering Man lets out an embarrassingly loud **ORGASM** - and we're gauging Barron's reaction here: he's equal parts disturbed and fascinated.

Then, Barron shuffles away from the door as he hears the **CLACKING** of heels approaching. He plants himself a safe distance around the corner, **HIDING** behind the ice machine.

The door **OPENS** -

DESTINY  
See you next week, Arthur.

And she heads down the hall, cleaning her hands with a wet wipe. Barron peeks around the corner, watching her...

But Destiny, seemingly sensing Barron's presence, stops dead in her tracks -

DESTINY  
Who's there?

Barron **DUCKS** into hiding again. Waits...

DESTINY  
I know you're watching.  
(finally)  
*I've got mace!*

Barron finally pops out and reveals himself.

BARRON  
(totally serious)  
*Do...do you have a spider-sense?*

DESTINY  
Just killer instincts. Look, if that was your dad in there, I don't know what to tell ya-

BARRON  
No- I'm Barron. *Barron Trump?*

DESTINY  
*Well ho-ly shit.* I don't know how I didn't put that together. You look exactly like him.

BARRON  
I wouldn't say *exactly...*

Barron steps closer, lowers his voice -

BARRON  
Look, I know this might sound crazy, but-

DESTINY  
Let me guess - you're gonna Frank Underwood your own pops' campaign and want me to spill all the dirty things he's done to me?

BARRON  
(shocked)  
How are you doing this?!

DESTINY  
I've seen it all, kid. Now if you'll excuse me...

She turns and walks off. Barron follows -

BARRON  
Wait, do you have any interest in detailing your experiences to me? I could get you a book deal, maybe some interviews-

DESTINY  
Sorry sweetie, but I've signed my life away to your old man. I'd be in court for years if I squeal.

BARRON

I have money. Tons in my savings-

DESTINY

Keep your money - buy something nice for your girlfriend. A lady killer like you *must* have a girlfriend, right?

BARRON

Well, not exactly.

DESTINY

I'm sure there's *someone* you've got your eye on.

BARRON

There is. But...I don't know how to take our relationship to the next level.

DESTINY

Clueless young love - how romantic. You seem like a smart kid. I'm sure you'll figure it out.

Barron's got one last idea -

BARRON

New proposal: I buy you lunch and you tell me everything I want to know about the female species.

She thinks it over. Checks her fancy watch.

DESTINY

Make it steak and you've got yourself a deal, sweet pea.

**INT. FANCY STEAK HOUSE - LATER**

An upscale STEAK HOUSE on the Upper West Side. Super fucking expensive. Bubbly water only. You get the idea.

Barron sits across from Destiny, watches her power through a filet mignon like an absolute champ.

DESTINY

(mouth full)

Tell me more about the girl.

BARRON

Her name is Isabel and she's the most beautiful creature I've ever laid eyes on. We're friends...but I think there's something there. Something *special*.

DESTINY

I'll spit some wisdom for you, kid. The biggest problem between men and women is a lack of communication. If they were better at it, I'd be out of a job. So - you need to be upfront, honest, and *communicate* your true feelings to her.

BARRON

Communication. Copy that.

DESTINY

Second, you can't just ask her to be your girlfriend. You've got to make an event out of it. You've got to woo her. Take her out on the town. To dinner, maybe a show. When the moment is right, gift her some jewelry - and boom - ask her to be your bae.

BARRON

"Be my bae..." Okay. I think I can do that.

DESTINY

And one last thing - if she says no, that's the end of the line. None of this romantic comedy bullshit where you persist until she finally surrenders, alright? That shit is toxic.

Barron nods in agreement.

BARRON

I can't thank you enough for your help, Destiny.

DESTINY

Don't mention it. Love is simple. People tend to overcomplicate things.

Destiny finishes her steak, BURPS loudly, drawing stares from nearby RICH SNOBS.



BARRON

You know - you remind me of my sister, Ivanka. I feel like you two would really get along.

DESTINY

Funny you should mention that - your dad said the same thing.

*Yikes.*

**EXT. ISABEL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING**

A beautiful, 3-story home out in the suburbs - an hour or so from the city. Barron's CADILLAC pulls to a stop out front.

**INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS**

Frederik looks back at Barron - the kid looks scared shitless. First date jitters.

FREDERIK

You alright, little buddy?

BARRON

I'm perspiring. *Heavily.*

FREDERIK

Hey - you got this.

BARRON

What if they think I'm a racist?

FREDERIK

Barron, you aren't your dad - you're you.

BARRON

(deep breath)  
Here goes nothing.

**EXT. ISABEL'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron KNOCKS on the door, waiting for what seems like an eternity before Isabel's mom SAMANTHA (late 30s, warm) greets him with a smile.

SAMANTHA

You must be Barron.

BARRON  
 (voice cracks)  
 Yes, ma'am.

Barron looks back at Frederik once more - who gives him a big ol' THUMBS UP before he heads inside...

**INT. ISABEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Samantha leads Barron into the house -

SAMANTHA  
 That's a *beautiful* suit, Barron.

BARRON  
 Thanks. It's Armani.

And finally, they arrive in the LIVING ROOM - where Isabel's father **HUGO** (40s, Mexican-American, thick dad-stache) sits on the couch, a beer in hand.

SAMANTHA  
 Honey, this is-

HUGO  
 The man of the hour. I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Trump.

BARRON  
 (shaking)  
 Good things, I hope?

HUGO  
 Well, that depends - are you here to deport me?

SAMANTHA  
*Hugo.*

HUGO  
 What? I'm just jokin' around.

Barron CHUCKLES nervously. Samantha tries to lighten the mood-

SAMANTHA  
 So where are you and Isabel off to tonight?

BARRON  
 We're going to a Broadway show.

SAMANTHA

Isn't that romantic! And you'll be supervised, I presume?

BARRON

Yes, ma'am. My bodyguard will be with us the whole time.

HUGO

Let me ask you a question, kiddo. You really think Mexico's gonna pay for this wall?

ISABEL (O.S.)

Dad! Are you harassing Barron?

*Finally* - Isabel appears at the top of the stairs.

HUGO

We're just talking, mija.

Barron lights up as he watches Isabel head down the stairs in a beautiful black dress. It's the first time he's seen her in anything other than a uniform - and he's *shook*.

SAMANTHA

(tears)

My little girl is all grown up.

ISABEL

Mommmmmm.

(to Barron)

We should probably get going, right?

Barron nods aggressively, like - *yes please for the love of God get me the fuck out of here.*

ISABEL

Bye, Mom! Bye, Dad!

BARRON

It was a pleasure meeting you both.

Barron and Isabel hurry out the door. After the kids are gone, Samantha gives Hugo the death stare.

HUGO

*What?*

SAMANTHA

He's a ten year-old boy, Hugo. Cut him some slack.

Hugo sips his beer dismissively.

**INT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - LATER**

Frederik chauffeurs the kids through town. Barron and Isabel sit in awkward silence in the backseat.

ISABEL  
Sorry about that. My family's kinda crazy.

BARRON  
Are you kidding? I don't think you have any idea what crazy is.

Isabel looks out the window - watches as they pass THE THEATRE.

ISABEL  
I thought we were seeing Hamilton?

Barron holds back a smile -

ISABEL  
You guys aren't kidnapping me, are you? I have a taser.

BARRON  
Do you really?

Isabel showcases a PINK TASER on her keychain.

ISABEL  
Birthday gift from my dad.  
(pointing it)  
Now tell me where we're going or I'll zap you!

BARRON  
Madison Square Garden. Backstage passes. *Kanye West*.

At first, Isabel looks too shocked to speak. Then - she SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

**EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT**

Barron, Isabel and Frederik roll up to the VIP ENTRANCE near the back of the venue. A SECURITY GUARD blocks the way.

SECURITY GUARD

This is a VIP entrance only. You'll need to go around the front, like everyone else.

BARRON

We are VIP. It's under "Lil' B."

Suddenly - the Guard looks starstruck.

SECURITY GUARD

You're Lil' B? Holy shit - can I get a selfie with you?

BARRON

Sure?

Barron poses accordingly, throws up a peace sign while he SNAPS a photo. Then, the gang heads inside...

**INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron, Isabel and Frederik huddle up on the side of the stage. They're literally RIGHT next to the action.

ISABEL

I'm fully freaking out right now.

Then, the LIGHTS GO DOWN and the audience ROARS. And finally, Kanye West appears - SUSPENDED IN THE AIR BY WIRES - his arms held out like Jesus.

KANYE

(screams into mic)  
I AM A LITERAL GOD!

The crowd goes apeshit.

KANYE

This first song is dedicated to a very special young lady. Isabel - this is for you.

As the INSTRUMENTAL FOR "BOUND 2" kicks in...Isabel dies and goes to heaven.

**INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - GREEN ROOM - AFTER THE SHOW**

Frederik helps himself to a buffet of snacks - chips, popcorn, and candy - while Isabel paces around the room in circles. A nervous wreck.

ISABEL  
I changed my mind. I don't want to  
meet him. Let's just leave. Barron?

But Barron's distracted by a LAPTOP that's been left on a  
nearby desk. He inspects it carefully...

ISABEL  
(quietly)  
Don't touch that!

BARRON  
I'm just looking...

Barron slides his finger along the trackpad - killing the  
screensaver. There's not even a password in place.

ISABEL  
You literally just touched it!!

Kanye's browser is opened up to his **Twitter**. *And he's still  
signed in.* Barron looks to Isabel - and she knows exactly  
what he's thinking.

BARRON  
Twenty nine million followers,  
Isabel. We could send any message  
we want. *Anything.*

Isabel's torn. *This is a huge opportunity...*

ISABEL  
Do it fast.

And Barron launches into action.

BARRON  
Frederik, lock the door!

Frederik obeys - and Barron begins composing a TWEET:

BARRON  
(typing out loud)  
"If you vote for  
@RealDonaldTrump"...then what?

ISABEL  
Then you're a dumb idiot.

BARRON  
That's not edgy enough-

ISABEL  
Just hurry up and write something!

Just then - *KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.*

KANYE (O.S.)  
Open up! It's Ye.

FREDERIK  
(quietly, to Barron)  
Little buddy?

BARRON  
Stall him for a minute.

FREDERIK  
One second, Mister Kanye! I'm  
trying to unlock the door-  
(stumbling for this)  
But my fingers are greasy from  
these potato chips - let me get a  
napkin!

KANYE (O.S.)  
Open the damn door, fool!

Barron finally finishes typing the tweet -

BARRON  
*Done!*

Then, he closes up the laptop and does his best to act natural - while Frederik unlocks the door...

And Kanye walks inside with Romeo. Thankfully, he's wearing a big dumb grin - and doesn't suspect any foul play.

KANYE  
Ya'll up to no good in here?

Isabel tries to hold it together as her idol approaches -

ISABEL  
It's so nice to meet you, Kanye. I  
just wanted to say that you've  
changed my life. I've been teaching  
myself ProTools, too.

KANYE  
Thanks, little lady. Send over your  
stuff, I'll have a listen.

Isabel nearly loses it over the offer. Kanye makes his way over to Barron - boom - *handshake hug.*

KANYE  
Glad you could roll through, B.

BARRON

Great show, Mr. West. I especially loved the part where you autotuned your voice and sang about the injustices of the world.

KANYE

You know me. Gotta keep it real.

Just then - Kanye's phone BUZZES.

KANYE

One sec - my publicist is calling.  
(answers)  
Yo, let me hit you back. I'm hanging with some-

A dramatic beat as Kanye seemingly gets some bad news. Barron eyes Isabel...

KANYE

The fuck you mean it'll "alienate fans?" *What tweet?*

BARRON

Well, Kanye...thanks again but we've got school in the morning so we're just gonna take off-

KANYE

(snaps)  
Romeo.

Romeo closes the door, blocks the exit. Kanye hangs up, pulls up Twitter on his phone -

KANYE

(reading)  
"Anyone who votes for @realDonaldTrump will burn in hell for all of eternity."

Frederik and Isabel shoot Barron a look - like *Jesus, kid!*

Kanye clocks the laptop, then looks accusingly to Barron - genuine anger in his eyes now.

KANYE

Did you disrespect my Twitter page?

Kanye looms over Barron. Frederik tries to intervene -

FREDERIK

Hey, go easy on the kid-



But Romeo grabs Frederik, holds him back.

KANYE

Why would you do me like this, B?  
You know me and your pops are *tight*  
*as hell*.

BARRON

Don't you get it? If he becomes  
president, he'll destroy us all!

KANYE

(laughing)  
You've got it all wrong, fool. Your  
pops is gonna save us. He's the  
truth. *The light*. So imma delete  
this blasphemy right here-

Kanye dramatically DELETES the TWEET on his phone.

KANYE

And poof! It's gone like the wind.

BARRON

Rule number one of the internet,  
once something's out there, *it's*  
*out there*.

KANYE

Unless you're Kanye West.

Barron looks to Isabel - *what does that even mean?!*

KANYE

It pains me to say this, Lil' B -  
but you and your friends are  
officially off the homie list.

Isabel grabs her heart, like she just took a knife to the  
chest.

KANYE

Romeo, get 'em outta here.

ISABEL

Wait- can I still send you my  
beats? Can I get your email?!

Romeo quickly corrals everyone out of the room. Frederik  
grabs a handful of popcorn before being dragged out.

**EXT. ISABEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Barron's at the front door with Isabel. What a night.

BARRON  
I'm *really* sorry, Isabel.

ISABEL  
Barron, you had the chance to reach thirty million people with the click of a button. I mean - that's a huge opportunity.

BARRON  
It's not just that, though. Sometimes...I feel like there's this voice inside of me, telling me to do bad things. It's like a curse.

ISABEL  
The Trump curse?

Barron nods somberly.

BARRON  
I just...I really wanted tonight to be perfect. But instead, I got you blacklisted by your favorite musical artist.

ISABEL  
If he's voting for your dad...  
*then heck 'em.*

Barron manages a tiny smile, then reaches inside his suit pocket - pulls out a JEWELRY BOX.

BARRON  
I meant to give this to you at the concert. Before we got escorted out.

He pops it open, revealing: a gorgeous DIAMOND NECKLACE. Isabel's eyes bulge - this thing looks *really, really, REALLY* expensive.

ISABEL  
Barron, I don't know what to say...

BARRON  
You don't like it?

ISABEL

I do, it's just...it's something my mom would wear, you know? I'm pretty sure a mugger would beat me up and steal it.

BARRON

(fake smile)

Oh. Yeah, you're probably right.

Awkward silence.

ISABEL

Well, I should get to bed.  
Goodnight, Barron. Thanks again for the concert.

BARRON

Goodnight, Isabel.

And she disappears into the house.

**INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron SLAMS the door. Stays silent for a beat.

FREDERIK

So...?

BARRON

She rejected the necklace.

FREDERIK

Keep your head up, little buddy.  
The diamonds were a big swing.

BARRON

Too big, apparently.  
(beat)  
How'd you get *your* wife to like you, Frederik?

FREDERIK

Didn't have to do much. It was love at first sight.

Barron sighs. *That isn't helpful.* Just then, they hear Donald's name on the car radio -

BARRON

Hey, turn it up.

Frederik pumps the volume -

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Donald Trump has just passed the threshold required to secure his delegates for the Republican ticket. Trump and his running mate, Mike Pence, are set to be announced as the official ticket nominees next month at the Republican National Convention...

BARRON

I can't believe it. He's doing it.  
*He's really doing it.*

FREDERIK

Wanna drive through-

BARRON

No. Just take me home, Frederik.

Frederik nods, drives off.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - MELANIA'S FLOOR - NIGHT**

Barron heads towards his mother's bedroom, stops at the door. Peeks through the crack to find...

MELANIA

Weeping on the bed. An absolute mess. Surely the result of the latest news.

Barron watches her for a beat, then leaves the JEWELRY BOX outside her door - and quietly creeps off into the night.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - PRESS ROOM - BACKSTAGE - THE NEXT DAY**

Barron and Frederik sit around backstage while PRODUCERS and TEAM TRUMP VOLUNTEERS zip around in a frenzy. The swirling shitstorm that precedes any live event.

FREDERIK

This is a *highly* stressful environment.

BARRON

Exactly why I never want to be on TV.

Just then, Barron notices a SPEECHWRITER (40s, bald, underpaid) running over to nearby PRODUCER -

SPEECHWRITER

Where's the teleprompter guy? I've got Donald's revised speech.

PRODUCER

Down the hall. Make a left.

And as Barron watches the Writer disappear down the hall, he has an idea...

BARRON

I need you to cover for me.

FREDERIK

But the broadcast is about to start-

BARRON

I'll be gone two minutes, tops.  
Tell them I'm in the bathroom.

Frederik's still not convinced...

BARRON

Who cleaned up your mess when you puked up Butterfinger McFlurry all over the elevators?

FREDERIK

You did.

BARRON

And who lied about being your biological son so you could get the father's day discount at Arby's?

FREDERIK

You did.

Barron pleads with his most Pixar-esque eyes -

BARRON

Two minutes. *Pleeeeeease.*

And Frederik can't help but cave.

FREDERIK

Two minutes! Or I'm comin' after ya.

Barron scurries off, into the...

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Creeps down the hall. And into the...

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Barron quietly enters the room - clocks a NERDY TECH GUY (30s, stache and pedo glasses) typing up Donald's new speech into the TELEPROMPTER.

He hears Barron's footsteps, turns around -

NERDY TECH GUY

You're not allowed to be in here.

BARRON

My father owns the building - I'm allowed to be wherever I want.

(with authority)

Also, I need to make some changes to the speech.

NERDY TECH GUY

Look kid, I don't have time for your little jokes. Get the hell-

BARRON

*Do I look like I'm joking?*

NERDY TECH GUY

That's it, I'm calling security-

The Man picks up his PHONE -

BARRON

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Barron edges forward...

BARRON

Security comes in here, I tell them I wandered in by accident, looking for the bathroom. I tried to leave, *but you wouldn't let me.*

NERDY TECH GUY

What the fuck-

BARRON

I tell them everything you did to me. How scared I was. And how you smiled the whole time.

(MORE)

BARRON (CONT'D)

My father's lawyers will make sure you end up in jail - a life sentence. And I'm sure you've heard what they do to little kid fiddlers in jail.

Nerdy Tech Guy nearly swallows his tongue. He shakes his head in disbelief -

NERDY TECH GUY

(stuttering)

Are you off your medication, kid?  
No one's gonna buy that-

BARRON

I'm the son of one of the most powerful men in America. You're a creep with pedo glasses and a dirty stache that probably took two months to grow. Who do you think they're gonna believe?

Nerdy Tech Guy comes to the ultimate realization that this kid is right.

NERDY TECH GUY

And when they ask what happened?

If Barron had a pair of sunglasses, he'd put them on before delivering this next line:

BARRON

*Blame it on the democrats.*

Nerdy Tech Guy visibly GULPS. Prepares to take dictation. Off Barron's very Walter White-esque smile...

SMASH BACK TO:

**INT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron returns to Frederik - who's sweating bullets now.

FREDERIK

There you are! Cutting it awfully close, little buddy.

BARRON

Told you I'd be back.

They exchange discreet fist bumps.

PRODUCER (O.S.)  
Donald flying in - t-minus fifteen  
seconds!

CUT TO:

**NEWS FOOTAGE**

ANCHOR 1  
Donald Trump ended his speech early  
tonight due to technical issues  
with the teleprompter. His  
detractors on Twitter were quick to  
point out that Trump previously  
slammed President Obama as being a  
"teleprompter guy."

*FLIP!*

ANCHOR 2  
Sources close to the Republican  
candidate said the incident was a  
technical issue, but Trump has some  
theories, citing that he believes  
he was "hacked by the democrats."

*FLIP!*

ANCHOR 3  
In other news, fans of "The Force"  
are headed to theaters this weekend  
for the start of a new trilogy in  
the *Star Wars* franchise, with *The  
Force Awakens*, the seventh film to  
date...

We PULL OUT from the NEWS FOOTAGE to reveal it's on a  
FLATSCREEN TV aboard a...

**INT. TRUMP PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Barron and Frederik sip from champagne flutes filled with  
apple juice and watch the NEWS CLIPS of NERDY FANS gathering  
by the thousands for the new *Star Wars*.

Nearby, Melania sleeps soundly in her 24k gold eye mask.  
Donald's in the bathroom shitting. *Obviously.*

BARRON  
We should be getting our *Star Wars*  
on right now - not flying to stupid  
Paris for brunch!



FREDERIK

Remind me who your parents are meeting with again?

BARRON

I dunno, some Russians. Their daughter *realllly* like eggs. Also, I think she wants to marry me.

FREDERIK

*Yeesh.*

(beat)

Hey, do you think the McDonald's in Paris serves croissants instead of fries?

They both reflect on this for way too long.

**EXT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - DAY**

On the secluded outdoor patio area of a fancy French restaurant, Barron is yet again forced to spend time with Olga while the adults discuss business inside. Baguettes and shit are spread across their table.

Frederik's off on the other side of the patio, on the phone with his wife.

BARRON

What do you think our parents are talking about in there?

OLGA

I think they are discussing election strategies. My father is very good at winning American politics.

BARRON

But...our elections are decided by a democracy.

Olga chuckles to herself -

OLGA

Everyone knows that whoever has money can buy U.S. presidency.

Barron looks down at his plate in frustration.

BARRON

*Stupid founding fathers.*

OLGA

You seem upset by this. Do you not want to live in the big white house?

BARRON

It's...kind of hard to explain.

OLGA

(beat)

May I ask question?

Barron nods.

OLGA

It seems you have no interest in marriage with Olga. Is this true?

Barron gets awkward, starts fumbling his words. Trying to be gentle -

BARRON

I mean...I think you're really nice. I do. I just...there's sort of already someone back home that I like.

OLGA

I see. Then you must follow heart.

BARRON

We could be friends, though.

OLGA

Friends. Yes. I'd like this.

They shake hands. But Barron can tell Olga is a bit bummed.

BARRON

Hey - you know what I'd love to see right now? Your...*egg thing*.

OLGA

(excited)

You want to see egg show?

BARRON

Heck yeah I do.

(to Frederik)

Frederik, can you go get some eggs from the chef?

FREDERIK

Coming right up, little buddy.

OLGA  
Bring hot skillet, too!

CUT TO:

**AN UNKNOWN POV**

As *someone* watches Olga and Barron laughing via a LONG CAMERA LENS. Most definitely some no good paparazzo. Various PHOTOS are SNAPPED as they continue to laugh and talk.

**INT. TRUMP PRIVATE JET - LATER**

The gang jets back home. Brunch in Paris. Just like that. Being rich is fun.

FREDERIK  
I've never seen *anyone* handle eggs like that. I mean, she must be some sort of prodigy, right?

BARRON  
Some people are born with special egg skills, I guess.

FREDERIK  
So - when we touch down, we head *straight* to the theater. And stay off your phone. No spoilers!

Barron nods in agreement, then looks over and clocks the PILOT flirting with an exotic FLIGHT ATTENDANT -

BARRON  
Excuse me sir, shouldn't you be flying the plane right now?

PILOT  
Your dad wanted a turn.  
(winking)  
Don't worry, the thing practically flies itself.

Barron and Frederik share a look of pure WTF.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER, TIMES SQUARE - THAT NIGHT**

Swarms of STAR WARS FANS (complete with costumes and toy lightsabers) exit out of a packed screening. Eventually, we find Barron and Frederik - both dressed in JEDI ROBES.

FREDERIK  
Soooooo...?

Barron mulls it over for a prolonged beat -

BARRON  
Meh.

FREDERIK  
*Meh?! Come on, what else could you possibly want in a new *Star Wars* film?*

BARRON  
That wasn't a "new" film - it was a soft reboot of *A New Hope* and you know it.

FREDERIK  
I'll respond to that - right after I take a leak.

Frederik heads into the nearby BATHROOM. Barron lingers amongst the JEDIS and FANBOYS.

TANNER (O.S.)  
Well look who it is.

Barron looks up to find Tanner approaching...

TANNER  
Nice dress, Tiny Trump.

BARRON  
This is a *cloak* - and it's exclusively worn by Jedi Masters.

Tanner gets in his face -

TANNER  
You're no Jedi Master - you're just a weak little *biotch*.

BARRON  
I'm warning you, Tanner...

TANNER  
I'm sooooo scared.

CLOSE on Barron's HAND as he makes a FLICKING motion - and suddenly...

A TOY LIGHTSABER is MAGICALLY PLUCKED from a nearby child -

And SOARS through the air before PERFECTLY LANDING in Barron's hand!

BARRON

Walk away - or you will face the righteous sting of my saber.

Tanner smiles an evil smile -

Then, ANOTHER TOY LIGHTSABER - this time owned by an OVERWEIGHT FAN - *SHOOTS* across the hallway - right into Tanner's hand.

Barron positions himself in a fencing stance - and his toy lightsaber is revealed to be no toy at all as the GREEN LUMINESCENT BLADE comes to life - VVVVWWWOOOOOOOOM!

Bystanders start to gather as Tanner does the same - his DOUBLE RED LIGHTSABER now on display.

TANNER

You're dead.

Tanner CHARGES AT BARRON -

And the two boys begin DUELING IN THE PACKED HALLWAY!

Barron LEAPS here and there with the agility of a Jedi Master - simply too fast for Tanner to keep up.

As the two boys fight their way through the space - a DOPEY FAN DRESSED AS JAR JAR BINKS gets in the way -

And accidentally gets his HAND CHOPPED OFF VIA BARRON'S LIGHTSABER!

BARRON

Crap! I'm sorry!

Barron tries to escape the crowd, heads through a nearby door, which leads to -

THE PROJECTION ROOM

Where the boys battle it out in the darkness - cinematic as fuck with the BEAMING LIGHT emanating from a massive FILM PROJECTOR -

Finally, Tanner becomes enraged - and RAISES HIS HAND - as the FILM PROJECTOR IS RIPPED FROM THE GROUND -

BARRON

*Don't do it, Tanner!*

TANNER

AGGGGHHHH

And Tanner uses all of his strength to HEAVE THE PROJECTOR AT BARRON -

Who narrowly dodges it as the HEAVING MACHINE BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL -

And as the dust clears, the boys now land back in...

THE MAIN THEATER LOBBY

Where Barron decides to end this once and for all.

He BLACKFLIPS ONTO THE TOWERING POPCORN STAND - looming large over his nemesis...

BARRON

It's over. I have the high ground.

TANNER

You underestimate my power...

BARRON

*Don't try it!*

Because he didn't learn anything from Episode III, Tanner LEAPS into the air towards Barron -

And with one fell swoop - Barron SWINGS HIS LIGHTSABER - severing Tanner's torso from his legs.

The CROWD GASPS in horror as Tanner SCREAMS IN AGONY...

Wait - can you cut a ten year-old kid in half if it's just a dream sequence?? *Whatever.*

CUT TO:

THE TWO BOYS

Back in the HALLWAY near the crowded theater - as **Barron snaps out of his DAYDREAM...**

And faces Tanner in reality.

Tanner SHOVES Barron against the wall now - who's unwilling to fight back...

TANNER

Come on, do something!

And just when it looks like things are about to get ugly for Barron -

FREDERIK (O.S.)  
Whoa there, little man!

Frederik returns from the bathroom - cuts a path between the boys.

FREDERIK  
Let me guess - you're Tanner  
Hampton.

Tanner looks up at Frederik - a massive, intimidating force compared to his scrawny ass.

TANNER  
That's right. I'm a friend of  
Barron's.

FREDERIK  
*Friend?* Didn't seem like it from  
what I just saw.

TANNER  
We were just messin' around, right  
buddy?

Barron doesn't offer Tanner any phony backup.

FREDERIK  
Let me give you some advice, kid.  
Just because you *can* push somebody  
around, doesn't mean you *should*. I  
mean - look at me. I could push you  
around right now, but I'm not  
gonna, because I'm merciful as  
heck.

TANNER  
You can't touch me. You're old.  
You'd go to jail-

FREDERIK  
Section 2980 of the Bodyguard's  
Handbook states that if you lay a  
hand on my subject, I'm legally  
allowed to take you out, no matter  
your age.

Tanner's nearly pissing his pants now.

FREDERIK  
Now scat, you little turd.

TANNER  
 (to Barron)  
 This isn't over.

Tanner runs off, disappears into the crowd.

FREDERIK  
 Whatta little punk.

BARRON  
 The "Bodyguard's Handbook?"  
 Frederik, that was *impressive*.

FREDERIK  
 You like that, huh? It just came to  
 me. Maybe I should get into improv.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - BARRON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER**

It's late as Barron heads inside. On his couch - there's  
 Melania, waiting for him. Her makeup's smeared. Looks like  
 she's been crying for days.

BARRON  
*<Mother, are you alright? Did  
 someone hurt you?>*

She sniffles. Shakes her head.

MELANIA  
*<Your father knows about the  
 teleprompter, Barron.>*

Oh, fuck.

MELANIA  
*<Why did you do it?>*

BARRON  
*<I was...just trying to help. I  
 know how upset you've been. I know  
 you don't want this.>*

MELANIA  
*<It doesn't matter what I want.  
 It's too late now.>*

BARRON  
*<It's not too late! We can stop  
 him! Let me fix this!>*

Melania shakes her head -



MELANIA

*<It's over, Barron. I tried to talk some sense into him, but he wouldn't listen...>*

A confusing beat as Barron tries to parse this out.

MELANIA

*<Your father has decided that you will finish out the rest of the semester at a Military Academy in Alaska.>*

BARRON

*<What?! No, he can't- if he really wants to send me away, he should tell me himself!>*

MELANIA

*<You know that's not how he operates.>*

Barron shifts gears. Goes into last resort mode.

BARRON

*<Wait. Please. You've got to let me talk to him. I'll apologize! I'll do anything!>*

MELANIA

*<I'm afraid there's nothing we can do. Your plane leaves on Monday morning.>*

Melania wipes her smeared makeup, and walks out - leaving Barron alone in the dark.

**LATER**

Barron calls Isabel via Skype. After a never-ending number of rings, she finally answers -

BARRON

Isabel. It's good to see your face. Listen, something terrible has happened. My dad found out that I messed with his teleprompter. And now he wants to send me away.

ISABEL

Away to where?

BARRON

I don't know, some military camp in Alaska. I don't know when I'll be back. But I just...I have to tell you that I like you. I really, really like you. And even it takes a hundred years, I'll come back for you.

Barron is expecting a dramatic reaction here on par with *Romeo and Juliet*. Two young lovers, declaring their affection for one another right as they are torn apart by unfair circumstances...

But instead, Isabel is surprisingly cold to this revelation.

ISABEL

I had feelings for you too, Barron. But you broke my heart. And I don't know if I can ever trust you again.

BARRON

What?? Wait, what are you talking-

ISABEL

Check your texts.

CLICK. She hangs up.

Barron's phone BUZZES. A text from Isabel - it's a link to a TMZ ARTICLE. The headline: "The Tiniest Trump cozies up with Russian Beauty Queen in Paris."

BARRON

Oh, no-

Barron clicks through, finds PHOTOS someone took of him talking to Olga at the restaurant in Paris. The platonic nature of their relationship was *not* captured at all. In fact, they look like young lovers on some fancy date.

BARRON

No, no, no! This is fake news!

Barron goes into a rage and CHUCKS his phone across the room. Then, he SMASHES his LEGO NEW YORK CITYSCAPE to smithereens.

CLOSE on the Lego Trump Tower - completely obliterated.  
*Metaphors!*

And finally, Barron buries himself in his pillows, and allows himself to do something for the first time since he was a baby - *he cries.*

**THE NEXT DAY**

Daylight now, but the curtains are drawn.

Cartoons on the TV. Ice cream sandwich wrappers litter the floor. Chocolate all over Barron's tiny little face.

This is rock bottom.

Just then, Frederik enters. Eyes the space, concerned -

FREDERIK

It's noon o'clock, little buddy.  
Why's it so dark in here?

Barron offers no response.

FREDERIK

And jeez kid, how many ice cream sandwiches did you eat? You're gonna be sick.

BARRON

Sickness cannot affect me anymore, Frederik. I'm a dead man walking.

FREDERIK

Dude. *What??*

BARRON

My dad found out about the teleprompter. On Monday morning, I'm headed to Alaska.

Frederik plops down on the couch next to Barron. In shock.

FREDERIK

*Holy spumoni.*

BARRON

You can say that again.

A long beat.

FREDERIK

So - what's the plan?

BARRON

No plan.

Barron reaches for another ice cream sammy.

FREDERIK

Of course there's a plan. There's always a plan. Can we send someone in your place? Or maybe we go on the run, start a new life on the-

BARRON

*Cut it out, Frederik.*

Barron means it. Frederik retracts into his shell. Emotionally wounded.

BARRON

It's over. The Empire won. We lost. There's no other way to put it.

FREDERIK

So that's it? You're just gonna sit here, eating ice cream sandwiches and watching cartoons until they send you off? What about Isabel?

BARRON

She's ignoring me. Stupid TMZ set me up. Now I know why Kanye hates them so much.

Frederik shakes his head and gets up. Stops at the door -

FREDERIK

The Barron I know wouldn't have given up so easily.

Frederik walks out. Barron finishes the last ice cream sandwich - GROANING in pain.

Then, he reclines. Drifting in and out of consciousness...

CUT TO:

### **BARRON'S DREAM**

Barron's running up a STAIRWELL inside the White House, pursued by STORMTROOPERS!

Barron DODGES their blasters, reflecting some back with his lightsaber, continues onward -

Until he bursts through the final door onto the ROOFTOP DECK of the White House - where there's a dramatic thunderstorm unfolding.

It's the end of the line for Barron. Because up here, waiting for him, is...

DARTH DONALD

DARTH DONALD

There is no escape, Barron. It's time to put an end to this and join the dark side!

BARRON

I'll never join you! I'm a Democrat!

DARTH DONALD

When I was your age, I too was a Democrat...

BARRON

No! *That's impossible!*

Darth Donald approaches, pushing Barron closer and closer to the edge...

Until there's no where left to go -

DARTH DONALD

This is your destiny, Barron. Join me and we can rule the Republican party as father as son. Together, we can Make America Great Again!

Barron is trapped. *This is it.* He makes a decision -

BARRON

I'd rather die than join you.

Right on cue, THUNDER overhead. And finally -

Barron lets himself FALL BACKWARDS OFF THE ROOF -

He moves in SLOW MOTION -

*down*

*down*

*down*

CUT TO:

**INT. BARRON'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Barron screams in his sleep -

BARRON  
NOOOOOO!

He finally wakes up. Catches his breath for a beat. DRY HEAVES. Runs to the bathroom, and we hear him VOMITING off screen.

One too many ice cream sammies.

Finally, the toilet FLUSHES and Barron returns to couch, pale as a ghost and covered in sweat. He FLIPS to the NEWS - where a panel of NEWS ANCHORS discuss Donald's unstoppable campaign.

ANCHOR 1 (O.S.)  
Donald Trump is continuing to poll strong even after the latest teleprompter snafu, leading us to wonder - can anything stop Team Trump?

ANCHOR 2 (O.S.)  
I'd say the only thing that could derail his campaign at this point is a sex tape, and even then...I'm not so sure.

The anchors both LAUGH.

And we can practically hear the bell go off in Barron's brain. *The tape!* Why didn't he think of that before??

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

Barron sits on a bench in Central Park, waiting. Finally, Isabel appears. Takes a seat next to him.

BARRON  
I was starting to worry you wouldn't show up.

ISABEL  
I'm in a hurry, so whatever you're gonna say, make it quick.

BARRON  
Look, Isabel - I know what it looks like.

(MORE)

BARRON (CONT'D)  
But that article is complete BS.  
Olga is a family friend. And  
*nothing* happened between us.

Isabel sticks with the silent treatment.

BARRON  
Okay, *truthfully* - I think she  
wanted to be my wife. But we were  
completely wrong for each other. I  
told her straight up that I had  
feelings for someone else.  
(beat)  
You're the only person in the world  
who sees me as my own person, and  
not a clone of my father. I care  
about you a lot, Isabel-

ISABEL  
I care about you too. But do you  
have any idea how horrible it is  
seeing the boy you like on the  
cover of TMZ with some hussie?

Barron's taken aback. Because when you're ten, admitting you  
"like" someone is A BIG FUCKING DEAL.

BARRON  
Wait...*you like me?*

ISABEL  
Of course I do. Isn't it obvious?

Barron blushes all over again. But then, he remembers -

BARRON  
I wish we had more time.

ISABEL  
We've got the weekend. What do you  
wanna do?

BARRON  
I want to put an end to this. I  
want to finish our mission. Once  
and for all.

ISABEL  
Then let's rally the heckin'  
troops...

**BEGIN HEIST PLANNING SEQUENCE - SET TO KANYE WEST'S "POWER"**

- Barron, Frederik, Isabel, and Roberta are all gathered in Barron's LIVING ROOM.

BARRON

As you all know, my father has proven to be immune to all our previous attacks. But we still have one option left.

Barron dramatically RIPS A SHEET off a whiteboard to reveal two words scrawled in marker: **THE TAPE**.

BARRON

A while back, I heard about a mysterious tape he keeps locked in a safe on the penthouse floor.

ISABEL

What kind of tape?

ROBERTA

I've got a few guesses...

BARRON

Whatever it is, he paid a lot of money to keep it hidden. We are going to steal that tape and leak it to the press, destroying any remaining chance my father has of winning.

- Barron spreads out pages of BLUEPRINTS now.

BARRON

This is the floor plan for the penthouse. There's a security guard who monitors this desk 24/7.

FREDERIK

An *armed* security guard, might I add.

ROBERTA

Dude, you don't have a gun? That seems kind of lame.

BARRON

Jedis don't use blasters - and they're still awesome.

FREDERIK

Boom - what he said.



- In Barron's OFFICE, the gang watches a live feed of the PENTHOUSE LOBBY - the TWO SECURITY GUARDS trading shifts.

BARRON

They trade off every six hours.

Isabel looks closely - sees the guard chugging his DIET COKE.

ISABEL

Guy loves his Diet Coke.

FREDERIK

(lightbulb)

I used to add crushed up sleeping pills to my grandma's Diet Coke when she was being cranky. She'd sleep all day.

BARRON

Great idea. Frederik, you're on Diet Coke duty.

(then)

Roberta, status?

Roberta pulls up DONALD TRUMP'S iCal on her computer.

ROBERTA

It looks like we've got a brief window tomorrow morning while he's at a fundraising brunch for the NRA.

BARRON

*Perfect.* Step 1 - we distract. Step 2 - we infiltrate. Step 3 - we escape. And remember, if anything goes wrong...

EVERYONE ELSE

*Blame it on the democrats.*

**END SEQUENCE - END MUSIC**

**EXT. TRUMP TOWER - THE NEXT MORNING**

A busy morning - NEW YORKERS cussing each other out. Taxis gridlocked. We track down the sidewalk to find Barron - disguised in sunglasses and a baseball cap.

He stands inconspicuously amongst the crowd. Finally, the order comes in via his BLUETOOTH EARPIECE -

ROBERTA (O.S.)  
Solo to Skywalker. Commence Phase  
1.

BARRON  
Skywalker commencing Phase 1.

Barron walks over to a nearby HOMELESS MAN.

BARRON  
Excuse me, sir. How'd you like to  
make a thousand bucks?

The HOMELESS MAN eyes him curiously.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

At the TRUMP TOWER CAFE, Isabel sits at a table, disguised via a PINK WIG, pretending to read a celebrity gossip magazine.

Then, Isabel clocks the Homeless Man wandering into the busy lobby - he DROPS the DUFFEL BAG nonchalantly and walks off.

ISABEL  
(bluetooth)  
The eagle has landed. I repeat, the  
eagle has landed. Kill the security  
feeds.

**INT. BARRON'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Roberta's turned Barron's office into a makeshift command post. Monitors up. Bluetooth headset on.

ROBERTA  
Copy that. Killing security feeds.

We watch as Roberta KNOCKS OUT the SECURITY CAMS in the building, one by one.

ROBERTA  
Security down. Requesting  
permission to make the call.

BARRON (O.S.)  
Permission granted.

Roberta CLICKS a button and sits back as a COMPUTER GENERATED DONALD TRUMP VOICE interacts with the 911 OPERATOR -

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
911, what's your emergency?

COMPUTER GENERATED TRUMP (O.S.)  
Yes, this is Donald Trump. I'm  
rich. Very, very rich. And I'd like  
to report a potential bomb threat  
in the Trump Tower lobby.

It sounds just like him. Also, you know this technology  
exists, right? Shit is out of control.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
We're dispatching a team right now,  
Mr. Trump.

Roberta leans back, satisfied.

ROBERTA  
*Showtime.*

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - LOBBY - SAME TIME**

Frederik stands near the elevators, waiting nervously.  
Finally, a SECURITY GUARD rallies the attention of everyone  
in the lobby -

SECURITY GUARD  
This lobby is now being evacuated  
for a security breach. Please  
remain calm and exit the building  
in an orderly fashion.

As TOURISTS scatter this way and that, completely panicked,  
Frederik steps into the ELEVATOR, cool as ice...

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - PENTHOUSE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

The Penthouse DESK GUARD chugs his Diet Coke, watching a live  
feed of the chaos in the lobby. Gets on his walkie -

DESK GUARD  
The hell's going on down there?

*KSSSSSHHHT.* Static. Then -

GUARD (O.S.)  
Potential bomb threat - probably  
bullshit. Remain at your post until  
this blows over.

DESK GUARD

Copy that.

Just then, the ELEVATOR DINGS and Frederik steps off.

DESK GUARD

Freddy Boy! Hey man, where's your gun at? Oh, that's right - you *don't have one.*

Frederik hangs his head in embarrassment. It's clear Donald's guards shit on him all the time for being weaponless.

DESK GUARD

Hey, let's do it like the Wild West. Come on! Ready, set, *draw!*

Desk Guard pulls his GUN on Frederik - laughs his ass off at his flinching reaction.

DESK GUARD

Seriously - you gotta get armed, bro. It'll make a man out of you.

Frederik accepts the verbal beating. Remembers his mission.

FREDERIK

("acting")

Hey - did you see the feds are down there? Those guys mean *serious* business.

Desk Guard wanders over to the WINDOW - curious.

DESK GUARD

Shit, I coulda been a fed if I wanted...just too much bullshit paperwork.

While he's distracted at the window, Frederik discreetly opens a baby ziplock baggie, pours WHITE POWDER into the can of Diet Coke...

### **A LITTLE BIT LATER**

The PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR DINGS - Barron, Isabel and Roberta step off to find Frederik holding up the unconscious Security Guard, moving his limbs around like a puppet.

FREDERIK

Guys, check this out-  
(impression mode)  
*I'm a dumb, stupid security guard and I carry a gun, whoop-de-doo.*

BARRON

Jeez, Frederik - how much did you give him?

FREDERIK

A little extra for being a jerk.

The gang finally heads over to DONALD'S DOOR -

BARRON

(to Roberta)

How long do you need?

ROBERTA

Sixty seconds and we're gucci.

Roberta places a dummy KEY CARD in the slot - which is connected to a small iPad. On the SCREEN: a decoder program runs - 25%, 50%, 75%, then... **"Access Denied."**

She tries again. Same shit.

FREDERIK

What's happening??

ROBERTA

I think our Russian friends have returned.

BARRON

Hack them back!

ROBERTA

Not how it works, but I'm on it.

Roberta continues working. Just then -

MAN (O.S.)

Hey!

A second SECURITY GUARD appears via the elevator.

BARRON

*Crap.*

New Guard clocks Sleeping Beauty, slumped over at his desk, immediately pulls his GUN -

But Barron steps forward, not phased in the slightest...

NEW GUARD

Keep your hands where I can see them!

BARRON

Let's slow down a minute, buddy.  
You do realize who you're pointing  
a gun at right now, don't you?

NEW GUARD

(nervous)

You've incapacitated one of our  
men. You're a threat to security-

Barron gets EVEN CLOSER...

BARRON

I'm a *child*. Are you really gonna  
shoot a child?

The Guard pulls his walkie -

NEW GUARD

I've got some kids up on the-

**BZZZZZZZZZZTTTT!**

Suddenly, he falls to the floor, unconscious, as we REVEAL:  
Isabel behind him, holding up her PINK TASER.

ISABEL

Oh God! *Am I gonna go to jail?!*

BARRON

Don't worry, kids can't go to jail.

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Guys - I'm in!

The KEY PAD on Donald's penthouse door turns GREEN. Barron  
and Isabel give each other the obligatory *go time* nod - and  
head inside...

**INT. TRUMP'S PENTHOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Inside Donald's lavish foyer, everything is coated in GOLD.  
We spot an original Picasso on the wall. On the ceiling  
speakers, a slow jazz version of Creed's "CAN YOU TAKE ME  
HIGHER."

Barron signals to Isabel - *follow me* - and they quietly head  
up the stairs...

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

As they slowly step down the hallway, Isabel can't help but notice the PHOTOS lining the walls - odd snapshots of the Trump Klan.

There's a photoshoot of Barron as a baby, asleep in his crib, covered in 100 dollar bills. And one of Ivanka as a teenager, sitting on Donald's lap - his greasy paws all over her.

And of course, Eric and Donald Jr. in the Outback, smiling as they pose next to various DEAD ENDANGERED ANIMALS.

BARRON

Don't ask.

Barron and Isabel finally arrive at their final destination, and push Donald's bedroom door open...

**INT. DONALD'S MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The place is a delightfully distasteful disaster. Bedsheets made of real gold, and greasy KFC buckets strewn across the bed.

A WWE HALL OF FAME placard with Donald's name on it is on a nearby dresser, along with way too many photos of Ivanka...

ISABEL

Where do you think the safe is?

BARRON

Well, in movies, it's usually hidden behind a piece of art.

Isabel and Barron look to the "art" in the room - it's all posters of SUPERMODELS and PORNSTARS. Barron heads over to one in particular - STORMY DANIELS. A glamorous bikini shot.

BARRON

Gotta be this one.

ISABEL

What makes you so sure?

BARRON

My dad likes blondes. Trust me.

Barron and Isabel carefully REMOVE the heavy framed poster from the wall. And of course...there's the SAFE.

BARRON

*Bingo.*

ISABEL  
What about the code?

BARRON  
There are a few simple combinations  
which comprise almost 20% of 4  
digit passwords.

ISABEL  
*Seriously?* God, people are dumb.

Barron tries the combos out: **1234. 1111. 0000.** *No luck.*

ISABEL  
Plan B?

BARRON  
Birthdays.

Barron keeps trying combos. Comes up cold.

ISABEL  
What does your dad care about more  
than anything in the whole world?

Barron thinks hard, scans the room. Finally lands on a promotional POSTER for *The Apprentice* - Donald smiling and giving a cheesy thumbs up.

BARRON  
(realizing)  
January 8, 2004. That's when his TV  
show first aired.

Barron enters **1804** and the safe OPENS - revealing mounds of cash, a collection of passports, and a single VHS TAPE.

Barron grabs the TAPE - Barron and Isabel both stare at it for an extended beat. It's incredibly obvious that neither has ever seen a VHS before.

ISABEL  
Why's it shaped like that?

BARRON  
I don't know. Maybe there's a USB  
port somewhere?

ISABEL  
Let me see.

Isabel inspects it curiously. Meanwhile, Barron finds something else inside the safe - it's an old PHOTOGRAPH. Weathered and folded up.



Barron opens it up and his eyes go wide upon seeing...

A PORTRAIT OF 10 YEAR-OLD DONALD - the spitting image of Barron. It's completely uncanny. Barron inspects the date scrawled in the corner of the image: *July, 1956.*

Even Isabel is disturbed by the likeliness -

ISABEL  
Now *that* is creepy.  
(beat)  
Barron? Are you okay?

Barron is definitely not okay. In fact, he's completely paralyzed by the photograph...

ISABEL  
Crap!

Isabel points to the overhead CCTV MONITOR in the corner of the room: TWO PEOPLE are now headed up the stairs!

ISABEL  
We have to put this back. Hurry!

Isabel gestures to the STORMY POSTER - waiting for Barron to help, but he is *frozen* - crippled by the truth of what he's feared all along -

ISABEL  
*They're coming!!*

The TWO FIGURES get closer and closer on the CCTV...

And at last, Barron finally snaps out of his state - he places the photograph in his pocket, closes up the safe, and helps Isabel put the POSTER back on the wall.

Then, they both frantically search for a place to hide -

BARRON  
Under the bed!

They crawl underneath it, just narrowly evading the TWO VISITORS...

**BARRON AND ISABEL'S POV UNDER THE BED:**

A pair of GUCCI LOAFERS slide into the room, followed by HIGH HEELS that CLACK elegantly on the marble.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
Can I get you something to drink?  
I've got a great scotch, *the best.*  
(MORE)

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Single malt Macallan. Eighty grand  
 a bottle.

STORMY DANIELS (O.S.)  
 I told you I'm only here to sign  
 your permission slip, Donald -  
 which you apparently keep in your  
 bedroom...

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
 What can I say? I do all my  
 business in the bedroom.

Donald walks over to the dresser, shuffles some papers.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
 This agreement means you're waiving  
 your right to-

STORMY DANIELS (O.S.)  
 Yeah, yeah. My lawyer already gave  
 me the spiel.

She waltzes over. Scribbles her name down.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
 Wonderful. I'll send this over to  
 Cohen and we'll get you paid.

STORMY DANIELS (O.S.)  
*Great.*

As her heels CLICK CLACKITY CLACK towards the door -

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
 Stormy, before you go...how about  
 one last sloppy joe? For old time's  
 sake.

STORMY DANIELS (O.S.)  
*Are you kidding me?*

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
 I just came from brunch. You know  
 bacon makes me horny.

A prolonged beat. Even though we can't see her face, we can  
 take a wild guess how she looks right now.

STORMY DANIELS (O.S.)  
 Go fuck yourself, Donald.

After she's gone, Barron and Isabel hold their breath as  
 Donald walks over, sits down on the bed - UNZIPS his pants.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
*Ungrateful bitch.*

Then, as the bed starts shaking - Barron and Isabel eye each other in absolute horror.

*What the fuck do we do now?!*

But thankfully, Donald's CELL RINGS - and he's forced to put his dick away.

DONALD (O.S.)  
 This is Donald.  
 (sighs)  
 Sure, put her through.

Donald ZIPS up his pants.

DONALD (O.S.)  
 Hilary! So good to hear from you.

Donald's voice trails off as he walks down the hallway. And when the coast is clear, they get the FUCK out of there.

**INT. BARRON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The whole heist gang is circled up, waiting as Frederik hooks up an old VHS PLAYER to Barron's TV.

FREDERIK  
 Glad I kept this thing.

BARRON  
 What do you call it again?

FREDERIK  
 V-H-S.

Barron, Isabel and Roberta all shrug in confusion.

BARRON  
 Alright gang, consider this your final warning - what you're about to see may disturb you.

ISABEL  
 (covering her eyes)  
 I can't look.

Frederik puts the TAPE in...

**ON THE TV**

There's some STATIC. And finally, the tape rolls.

But surprisingly, there's no Donald-Dong. There's no naked people at all, in fact. There's simply a GIANT BUS that rolls up to an undisclosed cameraman. And we're hearing MICS that have been left on...

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)

No, it's true. I did try and fuck her. She was married. And now I see her - she's got the big phony tits and everything...

GIGGLES from another man. *Billy Bush*. The BUS finally pulls to a stop.

BILLY BUSH (O.S.)

That's her! That's your girl.

DONALD TRUMP(O.S.)

You know I'm automatically attracted to beautiful - I just start kissing them. *I don't even wait*. And when you're a star, they let you do it!

BILLY (O.S.)

Whatever you want.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)

**Grab them by the pussy.** You can do anything!

## LIVING ROOM

Nobody speaks for a while. They're all *completely shaken* by Donald's language.

ISABEL

*He...he said the p-word.*

FREDERIK

He said "grab them by the p-word."  
That's way worse.

ROBERTA

Congrats, dude. No one in their right mind will vote for your dad after hearing this.

Isabel places a congratulatory hand on Barron's shoulder.

ISABEL

You did it, Barron. You beat him.

BARRON  
No, we beat him.

Barron attempts to force out a satisfied smile, but it's clear he's equally horrified by his findings. Such is life.

BARRON (V.O.)  
To whom it may concern: enclosed in this package you'll find a previously unearthed videotape of one Republican Presidential candidate admitting that he freely sexually assaults women.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - LATER**

Barron and Isabel arrive at a mailbox on the streets of New York. Stand there for a beat. Dramatic as hell.

BARRON (V.O.)  
I hope you find his comments as disgusting as I do - and above all - undeniable evidence that he is not the type of leader our country needs right now. Sincerely, L. Skywalker

Barron PLACES THE PACKAGE into the mailbox.

BARRON  
That's it. It's finally over.

A beat as Barron and Isabel reflect on this bittersweet moment. They've succeeded in their mission - but know that by tomorrow, they'll be on opposite ends of the country.

ISABEL  
What time does your flight leave tomorrow?

BARRON  
"Eight am, sharp."

ISABEL  
Well, we've got one night left. You got anything in mind?

Off Barron's smile -

**INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - VIEWING DECK - NIGHT**

Barron and Isabel take turns looking through the VIEWING SCOPES, overlooking the entire city.

A beautiful blur of moving lights.

ISABEL  
Everything looks so small from up here.

Barron looks up at the stars now -

BARRON  
Did you know that Earth and all the galaxies we've ever observed only make up 5% of the universe?

ISABEL  
*Whoa.*

BARRON  
We think we're so important. That everything revolves around us. But in reality, we're just tiny little specks of sand. Not even sand. *Dust.* We're nothing.

ISABEL  
Are you saying I'm nothing?

BARRON  
No. You're definitely *something*.

They share eye contact for a prolonged magical movie moment. Then, Isabel closes her eyes -

ISABEL  
Consent.

Barron takes a deep breath, leans in, and kisses Isabel. It's quick, but it's everything.

Afterwards, they both avoid eye contact, blushing.

ISABEL  
Did we do it right?

BARRON  
I think so.

Beat.

ISABEL  
I wish you could stay.

BARRON  
Me too. But we'll find a way to  
make it work.

ISABEL  
Stupid adults. Always messing  
everything up.

BARRON  
*Heck 'em.*

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - BARRON'S BEDROOM - BUTTCRACK OF DAWN**

CLOSE on a fancy-shmancy ALARM CLOCK as it strikes **6:00 AM**.

Then - *BANG BANG BANG!* Someone at Barron's DOOR. He shifts in  
his sheets.

Again - *BANG BANG BANG!*

BARRON  
I'm coming!

**AT THE FRONT DOOR**

Barron opens up, squinting at the hallway light. One of  
Donald's SECURITY GUARDS stares him down.

BARRON  
My flight isn't until-

SECURITY GUARD  
Your father would like to speak  
with you.

Barron rubs sleep from his eyes.

BARRON  
*In person?*

The Guard nods. Barron reflects on this for a beat.

Simply stunned.

BARRON  
Let me put on my slippers.

**INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Barron takes the slowest elevator ride of his life. Looks up at the Guard curiously -

BARRON  
Did he seem mad, by chance?

SECURITY GUARD  
He always seems mad.

BARRON  
*Right.*

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - DONALD'S PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The Guard leads Barron to Donald's office. Gestures to enter. Barron heads inside...

**INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Barron finds his father sitting in an OMINOUSLY OVERSIZED CHAIR, facing the window, overlooking New York City - the sun now creeping up through the skyscrapers.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
Sit down, Barron.

Barron obeys.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
This is my favorite time of the day. Do you know why?

BARRON  
No, sir.

DONALD TRUMP (O.S.)  
Because the winners are awake, making money - while the losers are still asleep.

A long, pregnant pause as Donald swivels around in his chair - making his first real appearance in the film.

RAYS OF SUN backlight Donald like an angel. Lens flares and shit. The director's gonna go ham here.

DONALD TRUMP  
I know what you did, Barron.

And Barron's heart drops.



DONALD TRUMP

The fake bomb threat. The sneaking around. I know everything. And I know you've got that tape.

But he remains steadfast - *fuck the Empire.*

BARRON

You're too late. I've already sent it to the press. Everyone's gonna hear what you said.

DONALD TRUMP

Is that right.

Donald gets up, slowly walks over to the window. A monologue surely incoming....

DONALD TRUMP

When I was your age, my father didn't pay much attention to me. He was always working, always closing deals. One day, I decided to skip school and take the train to Manhattan. I wanted to see *The Searchers* with John Wayne. I always liked that guy. He was in charge. A true American.

Barron listens carefully, but has *no fucking idea* where this is going...

DONALD TRUMP

I covered my tracks perfectly. Drafted up a fake letter on my dad's typewriter, dropped it by the school, and hopped on the train. I thought I fooled everyone. But when I got back, my mother told me Dad wanted to see me in his office. Boy, I was pissing my pants. *How the hell did he find out?* I couldn't believe it. So I go up to his office. And you know what happened next?

Barron shakes his head.

DONALD TRUMP

He said, "Donald, I know what you did." I was ready for the beating of a lifetime, I really was. But he didn't raise his fist.

(MORE)

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Instead, he pulled me in close...and he hugged me. I'll never forget the look on his face when he said - "Son, you really are a Trump."

(beat)

You see, my act of deception brought us closer than ever...

Donald looks Barron directly in the eye now.

For the first time, maybe ever.

DONALD TRUMP

There's been times I wasn't so sure about you, Barron. Times where I thought I'd failed as a father. But now, after seeing what you're capable of - the planning, the ploying, the pure *genius* of it all - you've proven to me without a doubt that **you really are my son.**

Finally, Donald pulls Barron in for a hug - nearly squeezing the life out of him.

BARRON

You're...not mad?

DONALD TRUMP

Don't get me wrong, if you cross me again, I'll destroy you. But right now, you need to keep nourishing that brain of yours - which would be completely wasted at some military academy.

BARRON

So - I can stay in New York?

DONALD TRUMP

For the time being, yes.

Barron can't believe this shit. What a twist, amirite?

BARRON

One last question: why would you hold onto the tape for all these years? Why wouldn't you just destroy it?

DONALD TRUMP

(shrugs)

Why do serial killers keep mementos of their victims? I got a kick out of watching it every now and then. Never thought my own flesh and blood would use it against me.

(then)

Now go get ready for school, son.

Barron nods, then turns to walk out. When he reaches the door-

DONALD TRUMP

Oh, and Barron-

(thumbs up)

*Keep up the good work.*

**INT. COLUMBIA PREP - HALLWAY - LATER**

Isabel hangs out by herself, waiting for class to start. Emo as hell about Barron's departure. But suddenly - Barron comes RUSHING through the hallway!

ISABEL

Barron! Shouldn't you be on a plane right now-

BARRON

We made a mistake.

ISABEL

What are you talking about?

BARRON

My dad found out that I took the tape. And he wasn't mad. He was proud! He said that I proved to him without a doubt that I really am his son.

ISABEL

That's...*horrible.*

BARRON

I have to get the tape back and destroy it. I have to show him that I'm *not* a Trump!

ISABEL

I'm coming with you.

Barron and Isabel turn to head down the hall, only to find...  
TANNER FUCKING HAMPTON - blocking the way.

TANNER  
Going somewhere, Tiny Trump?

BARRON  
This *really* isn't a good time,  
Tanner.

TANNER  
Not so tough when your big fat  
bodyguard isn't here to fight your  
battles, huh?

Tanner PUSHES Barron - *hard*.

ISABEL  
Leave him alone, Tanner!

TANNER  
Go back to Mexico, you dirty  
immigrant.

GASPS from the crowd.

BARRON  
Take it back.

TANNER  
Come on. Just like your old man  
says, right?

BARRON  
Apologize to Isabel right now!

TANNER  
What are you gonna do, punch me?  
Come on, give it your best shot.

The boys are now nose to nose - and Barron knows he can't  
physically win this fight.

He has to think up a new strategy...

BARRON  
No. There's no point.

Tanner looks at him puzzlingly.

BARRON  
Sure - you could beat me up. Give  
me a wedgie. Do any number of  
things to make yourself feel  
better. But in the end, it won't  
matter.

TANNER

The heck are you talking about?

BARRON

*The planet, you dumb idiot.*  
Overpopulation, carbon missions,  
plant and animal 'stinction. Earth  
will run out of resources by 2050.

TANNER

That's a bunch of bull. You're just  
trying to scare me.

BARRON

Google it. The marine crisis,  
pollution, shrinking forests,  
'dangered wildlife - we're screwed,  
man. And that's *if* we don't blow  
ourselves up in a nuclear war.

TANNER

Nuclear...war?

BARRON

Ever heard of a little place called  
North Korea? They could launch  
their *entire* arsenal of nukes  
tomorrow - and even if a small  
percentage were to make it through -  
we'd all be dead.

Tanner looks *genuinely* scared now. Barron's existential  
bullying is working...

BARRON

But let's say *none* of that happens -  
you're still left with the fact  
that someday, everything you know  
and love will be gone forever. Your  
parents, teachers, pets and all the  
rest.

*(finish him!)*

So go ahead and beat me up, just  
know that in the end, it won't save  
you. In fact, it'll only make you  
weaker.

Barron's monologue has physically backed Tanner into a  
corner. The information is simply too much for his tiny brain  
to process.

And in a state of pure existential dread, Tanner begins  
WEEPING uncontrollably.

Then, all of the students LAUGH at Tanner, pointing, filming his meltdown on their PHONES and posting it to SOCIAL MEDIA.

BARRON  
(to himself)  
Wow, I can't believe that worked.

ISABEL  
Barron, come on!

Isabel and Barron SPRINT down the hall - escaping...

ISABEL  
That was some Kevin Stacey level acting! Where'd you come up with that crazy story?

BARRON  
Story? That was all true.

**INT. THE WASHINGTON POST - LATER**

Barron and Isabel rush into the MAIL ROOM, where an INTERN (20s, Brooklyn hipster) is sifting through various packages -

BARRON  
Excuse me, I mailed a package here - but I need to retrieve it. It's about the size of a videotape. Return address should say "L. Skywalker."

HIPSTERN  
You mean...*this* package?

Miraculously, Hipstern produces the tape, but SNATCHES it away when Barron grabs for it.

HIPSTERN  
Not so fast. I can't just let you steal our mail.

BARRON  
Listen, I'm at a fork in the road right now. My entire *destiny* rides on whether or not I get that tape.

HIPSTERN  
Then I'd say you better start convincing me, kid.

BARRON  
How much do you want for it?



Barron boosts her up - and she climbs in. Then, she pulls Barron up. Together, they SHUT THE LID just as Hipstern cuts through the alley -

Not suspecting a thing as he continues past them...

And when the coast is clear, Barron and Isabel climb out, covered in trash.

Finally, Barron ceremoniously STOMPS out the tape, SMASHING it to bits, ensuring no one can ever release it.

BARRON

Alright. Now it's over.

Barron stares at the smashed plastic for a beat, contemplating his decision.

ISABEL

You did the right thing, Barron.

BARRON

Let's hope you're right...

Barron and Isabel turn around and head back to school.

And now, the opening piano notes of Kanye West's epic "RUNAWAY" ring out, carrying us through the remainder of the film...

BARRON (V.O.)

You're probably wondering how the tape got released, considering I smashed the living crap out of it.

**INT. TRUMP TOWER - MELANIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Melania sits at her desk, clearly struggling to make an important decision.

BARRON (V.O.)

And I'm not really sure, to tell you the truth. All I know is someone close to my father must have made a copy...

And finally, Melania opens up her desk drawer, pulling out a DUPLICATE COPY OF THE TAPE. Then, she leaves the room with purpose.



**INT. HILTON HOTEL, MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

It's ELECTION NIGHT - the scene from our cold open, but we're BACKSTAGE - moments before the Trump family walked out. Barron watches his mother weep openly.

Tears of shame. Regret. And years of bad choices.

BARRON (V.O.)

In the end, it didn't matter that my dad said "grab them by the p-word." People still voted for him anyway.

**EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Barron watches as his father is sworn in. A SWEEPING OVERHEAD shot shows us how poorly attended the Inauguration is...

BARRON (V.O.)

When my father was sworn in, he had them photoshop the pictures to make it look more crowded than it really was. Because *that's* the kind of stuff he really cares about.

**EXT. STREETS OF AMERICA - DAY**

Armies of POWERFUL WOMEN carry signs like "PUSSY GRABS BACK" etc. Barron marches alongside Isabel, who carries a PRINCESS LEIA SIGN captioned "WE ARE THE RESISTANCE."

BARRON (V.O.)

Though the tape failed to defeat him, it still started a national conversation - and even an entire movement...

CUT TO:

**VARIOUS NEWS CLIPS**

Detailing the #MeToo movement -

The downfall of Harvey Weinstein, Bill Cosby and other serial sex offenders, hidden in plain sight throughout the entertainment industry...

**INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

Kanye West and President Trump shake hands and pose accordingly - both seasoned pros, thriving on the attention.

Finally, Donald signs Kanye's MAGA HAT while the media obsessively SNAPS photos, their brains melting over this bizarre and absurd meeting of the minds.

BARRON (V.O.)

Oh yeah. This happened.

Afterwards, Kanye passes by Barron. The two eye each other like arch rivals -

KANYE

What'd I tell you, B? Your pops is the leader of the free world - and I don't see no apocalypse in sight.

Kanye pulls off his red MAGA HAT - and offers it up to Barron.

BARRON

Take it. I think you need this more than I do.

But Barron shakes his head, standing his ground -

BARRON

You might have been right about the election, Mr. West - but you're dead wrong about me. I'll never be like him. And you can put that on my gravestone. Yo.

After a beat - Kanye extends a fist.

KANYE

Respect.

BARRON (V.O.)

And I got us back on the homie list.

**INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Barron shakes hands with an FBI AGENT.

BARRON (V.O.)

I've also made some new friends.

FBI AGENT

As always, thanks for your cooperation, Barron. We'll keep you posted on the Russian investigation.

BARRON

Do you think you have enough information to put my father in prison?

FBI AGENT

Only time will tell.

As the Agent heads out -

BARRON

Hey - what are you guys calling this thing? Is there, like, an official codename or something?

He leans in, whispers:

FBI AGENT

Operation "Crossfire Hurricane."  
You know, like the Stones song.

Barron chuckles to himself -

BARRON

You're kidding, right?

FBI AGENT

What else would you call this shitshow like this?

This was *literally* the FBI's codename for the Trump Investigation. Fucking amazing, I know.

**INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Barron walks over to the microwave, but he's cut off by STEVE BANNON, who's hoarding a bunch of HOT POCKETS.

STEVE BANNON

Out of the way, kid.

Barron glares at Bannon - mentally marking him as a bad egg.

BARRON (V.O.)

And some enemies, too...

**INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BARRON'S QUARTERS - DAY**

Barron builds a new LEGO CITYSCAPE - this time of Washington D.C., with the titular White House at its center.

BARRON (V.O.)

It's been about a year since I gave up my life of spying, blackmailing, plotting and ploying. And things are going pretty well.

Frederik pokes his head inside Barron's room - now dressed in a SLICK SUIT. Secret Service status.

FREDERIK

You've got a visitor, little buddy.

In walks Frederik's wife, MAGGIE (30s) - holding their newborn baby.

FREDERIK

His name is Luke.

Barron and Frederik share a knowing look.

**EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE GARDENS - DAY**

Barron and Isabel take a stroll along the gardens -

ISABEL

So do you know all of the deepest darkest government secrets now?

BARRON

Pretty much. Is there anything you wanna know?

ISABEL

Hmm. Are aliens real?

BARRON

Yeah, but they don't look anything like the ones in the movies.

ISABEL

Government mind control?

BARRON

Real. And *surprisingly* scientific.

ISABEL

And the illuminati?

BARRON  
Kanye runs the meetings, actually.

Isabel LAUGHS.

ISABEL  
How's everything at your new school?

BARRON  
Kind of quiet. I've been sort of keeping a low profile.

ISABEL  
Wow, you really *have* changed.

BARRON  
I like to think I've enrolled myself in Trumps Anonymous.

**INT. BARRON'S NEW PREP SCHOOL - DAY**

Barron stands in front of a small group of students. Written on the chalkboard behind him: YOUNG DEMOCRATS CLUB

BARRON (V.O.)  
I've also become somewhat of a leader myself.

**INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

Barron sits at yet another family dinner, surrounded by his many brothers and sisters -

BARRON (V.O.)  
The truth is, nobody gets to choose their family - but you *can* choose whether or not you want to follow in their footsteps.

A HEAP OF MASHED POTATO flies across the table and NAILS Barron right in the face. REVEAL: Don Jr. pointing and laughing -

DON JR.  
*Suck it, SB!*

Barron readies a SPOONFUL OF MASHED POTATOES in retaliation - but finally decides against it.

BARRON (V.O.)

And whether or not you fight back -  
or take the high road.

CUT TO:

**NEWS CLIPS**

NANCY PELOSI formerly announces Donald Trump's impeachment inquiry - and Donald continues lashing out at the press, citing the whole scandal as nothing more than a witch-hunt.

BARRON (V.O.)

Like I said before, on November 9,  
2016 - America became a very F'd up  
place. And I suppose now...all we  
can do is wait and see what  
happens.

**INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

Barron stands in the empty OVAL OFFICE, staring at a photo of  
PRESIDENT DONALD J. TRUMP.

BARRON (V.O.)

I know that I have a lot in common  
with my father. We look alike, wear  
the same clothes, and even have the  
same haircut. But at the end of the  
day, I'm not him...

**EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ROOFTOP DECK - DUSK**

Barron watches the sunset. A glowing orange orb in the sky.  
He stares up at it, just like Luke in *A New Hope*.

A boy, just getting started in fulfilling his destiny.

BARRON (V.O.)

*I'm me.*

FADE OUT.