

# BELIEVE ME

by

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Baha  
Paradox

Then we hear the triumphant strains of *Also sprach Zarathustra* by Richard Strauss (you know, the song from 2001). And from that inky abyss shines a small ORANGE LIGHT.

The sun?

We close in. Upon further inspection, our sun is in fact a LONE SPERM donning a bedraggled ORANGE TOUPEE.

We hitch a ride through the fallopian cosmos as we near an egg with a flashing neon TRUMP hotel sign--

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**You see that? That's a member of what I like to call "The Lucky Sperm Club." You're either born into it, or you're not. That one? That's me. And I got it all. Looks, brains, money, and most importantly, the determination to get whatever I want. No matter who stands in my way.**

TOUPEE head-butts his way to the front of a swarm of spermatozoa. Wraps its tail around one, strangling it. Then dives inside.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**And that day, I wanted that egg.**

CUE: Frank Sinatra's 1946 classic *Five Minutes More*.

Over Old Blue Eyes, we see classic images of post-war America: families with multiple kids, veterans returning from Europe, and conveyer belt upon conveyer belt of the latest consumer goods.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I came into the world on June 14th, 1946 in Jamaica, Queens. The 4th of 5 kids. Lucky number 4. My mom, Mary, was a Scot.**

WE FLASH to a b&w portrait of MARY ANN MACLEOD (then 20's).

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**A real home-maker. Perfect housewife.**

Quick shots of Mary keeping the home running.

DONALD (V.O.)

Cooked and cleaned and darned socks. Did charity work at the local hospital. She didn't come from much money. So, she really hit the jackpot when she married my dad, Fred.

A photo of Donald's father, FREDERICK CHRIST TRUMP, SR. (then 30s).

DONALD (V.O.)

Great man. Smart man. Built his own empire. Threw up houses in Queens, Brooklyn...

Fred hammers shingles into a Levittown house's roof.

DONALD (V.O.)

A real man about town. Ran with the best people.

Fred glad-handing local contractors, business types, and politicians.

DONALD (V.O.)

Fred got it from *his* father. Also a great man. I come from a LONG LINE of GREAT men.

An oil painting of Donald's grandfather, FREIDRICH (then 20s).

DONALD (V.O.)

He's the man responsible for the FIRST EVER Trump hotel.

A rickety shack closer to a barn than a hotel. Rough and tumble gold-miners SPIT tobacco off the porch. One scratches his balls.

DONALD (V.O.)

He was also a renowned restaurateur— very shrewd. Like during the Gold Rush, when the horses in Canada kept up and dying on the trail—

In a snow drift, frozen horses wait for decay. Gruesome.

DONALD (V.O.)

Grand-pop? He saw an opportunity there.

TSSSSSSSST.

A BURGER PATTY SIZZLES on a grill. Behind it, HUNDREDS OF HORSESHOES line the wall.

A SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN drags a MINER by his collar to a bawdy backroom, while he stuffs a BURGER in his mouth.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Best burger in town. But back to me.**

2 INT. TRUMP FAMILY HOME - QUEENS - PLAYROOM - DAY 2

**SUPER: QUEENS, 1952**

Donald (now 6, blonde hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks) plays with his younger brother ROBERT (4).

Robert carefully stacks COLORED BLOCKS in an attempt to build *something*. Over the top of his already immense tower, Donald watches him warily.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**It wasn't big enough. I needed to make it bigger. Biggest tower ever.**

Donald eyes the CARDBOARD BOX that the blocks came in. Snatches it up and approaches his younger brother.

[NOTE TO READER: As we will be following Donald throughout his life, we will indicate his age as follows: CHILDHOOD, TEENAGE, YOUNG and finally DONALD.]

CHILDHOOD DONALD  
 (to Robert, re: the box)  
 You see this?

Robert looks up from his pile of blocks.

CHILDHOOD DONALD (CONT'D)  
 It's pretty cool.

Robert tries to grab at it. Donald quickly retracts the box.

CHILDHOOD DONALD (CONT'D)  
 I'll tell you what. I'll let you play with it. But then I'm gonna need something.

Beat.

3 MOMENTS LATER

3

Little Robert has his head in the box. Meanwhile, Donald has amassed both his and Robert's blocks and is topping off his MASTERPIECE: a mini HIGH RISE. It's Donald's first deal.

He steps back to admire his handiwork when he's interrupted by-- MARY (40s now) in a modest circle skirt dress.

MARY

Come on now, boys. Time to clean up. Dinner's almost ready.

She bends over and reaches to gather Donald's massive construction only to find the blocks have all been GLUED TOGETHER. Donald smirks.

Robert starts to CRY hysterically.

MARY (CONT'D)

Now, now. They're just blocks.

He cries harder, sparking the attention of an ever-watchful FRED (also 40s). Push broom mustache. Top knot suit. Stern.

MARY (CONT'D)

Shhh, shh. It's alri--

FRED

Mary. Don't coddle them.

Obediently, she nods and melts back into the surroundings.

He bends to a knee-- Donald and Robert approach without command-- where he passes the family motto to the next generation.

FRED (CONT'D)

Boys, you have to be strong. You have to be tough. Never apologize. Never complain. Never say you're sorry. You have to learn to be a killer. You have to be a king.

Donald nods in understanding. Robert too young and too soft to grasp the concept.

DONALD (V.O.)

**I took his words to heart, so from a young age, I learned the world was mine to conquer. My playground to do what I want.**

4 INT. TRUMP FAMILY HOME - QUEENS - PLAYROOM 4

Donald (now 12) and his friend PETER BRANT (12) watch *Westside Story* on the small family TV. Propped up on their elbows, they are mesmerized.

Inspired, Donald leaps to his feet. Strikes a pose, brandishing a candy bar as though it were a SWITCH BLADE.

Peter joins him, and they begin to "tangle." As they spin, suddenly they are on...

5 EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY 5

Donald and Peter are now fully dressed as the JETS from their favorite film. Everything is hyper-stylized. Candy bars have been replaced by real SWITCH BLADES. They playfully flick the daggers at each other, SINGING AND DANCING AROUND GAILY.

TEENAGE DONALD AND PETER

(singing)

*When you're a Jet,  
You're a Jet all the way  
From your first cigarette  
To your last dyin' day.*

QUICK CUTS of Donald and Peter enjoying other days in the city:

- Peter buying cigarettes from a bodega.
- The boys flipping through a nudie mag at a newsstand.
- Donald throwing stink bombs in the subway.

DONALD (V.O.)

**The access. The people. The energy.  
Manhattan was the place to be. But  
forces were conspiring against me.  
My adventures to the city came to a  
swift end when I was thirteen. My  
dad thought--**

Fred steps onto the subway platform.

FRED

(to Donald)

You need some discipline.

Fred DRAGS Donald by the ear, off the subway platform and into...

6

EXT. NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

6

A citadel for rich wayward youth. Martial drum and fife ring out.

Quick shots of a regimented schedule:

- Hospital corners on a bed
- Shoes shined to a mirror finish
- Pushups on command

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**It wasn't all bad though. I was**  
**extremely popular.**

Close up on a YEARBOOK from NYMA: pages flutter past us, featuring Man on Campus vibes from a Teenage Trump.

Begin flipbook ANIMATION sequence:

Pages flick open until we see Donald acting in a play.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Top grades. Acted in school plays.**  
**Great at sports.**

More pages fly past as Donald receives academic accolades...

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Best on the baseball team. First**  
**baseman. Batting .350. I was**  
**unstoppable.**

An animated bat CRACKS a home run. Donald does a Babe Ruth around the bases.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Was even voted Ladies Man in the**  
**yearbook.**

The pages STOP at the superlatives. He's right. We land on a photo of Young Donald-- he's with a young woman leaning on a cannon. Isolated from the still image, his mouth moves:

**DONALD (AS PHOTO)**  
**But at the end of the day, I also**  
**knew how to unwind. Work hard, play**  
**hard.**

Cue the manic drum solo that opens The Surfaris' *Wipe Out*.

7 INT. DONALD'S DORM ROOM - NYMA - NIGHT 7

ECU: A hand unscrews a plain lightbulb. Seconds later, a UV bulb is now in its place. Everything bathed in neon purple.

TEENAGE DONALD  
(yelling to roommate)  
Time to hit the beach!

His roommate DAVID SMITH (15) rolls his eyes at Donald, who is now STRIPPING to his skivvies. White ZINC covers his nose.

He lays in his make-shift TANNING BED, enjoying the "Florida sunshine."

The song continues, carrying us to...

Audio prelap: POP!

8 EXT. NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY 8

It's a flashbulb CRACKLING- capturing Donald in full military regalia complete with feathered shako hat. Mary and Fred bookend a beaming Donald under a banner announcing the class of '64.

DONALD (V.O.)  
I guess the discipline did pay off.  
My dad even brought me into the  
fold, grooming me.

9 EXT. VERRAZANO BRIDGE - DAY 9

An ominous sky. Lowering clouds wreath the span of the brand new VERRAZANO BRIDGE. It's pissing rain.

**SUPER: November 21, 1964**

**SUPER: Opening of the Verrazano Bridge**

DONALD (V.O.)  
The rain was coming down for  
hours...

Donald (now 18) stands with his father Fred. It's the unveiling ceremony-- Donald watches closely. Clocks the POLITICIANS who are beaming. Everyone applauds them.

YOUNG DONALD  
(to Fred)  
Who are those guys?



FRED  
Them? The city council.

Beat. Donald's gaze shifts to a sad OLD MAN with his collar turned up. He's dumped on-- both by the rain and the circumstances.

YOUNG DONALD  
And him?

FRED  
The engineer.

YOUNG DONALD  
The guy who built the whole thing?

FRED  
Yes.

Young Donald stares at the engineer for a long beat.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**This 85-year-old engineer who came all the way from Sweden and designed this bridge, who poured his heart into it, and nobody even mentioned his name. Nobody-- except me-- even looked at him.**

Donald's POV: Close-up of the engineer's face. Surrendered to being a footnote in history.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I realized then and there that if you let people treat you how they want, you'll be made a fool. I realized something I would never forget:**

Now, Young Donald TURNS TO THE CAMERA, addressing the audience for the FIRST TIME.

YOUNG DONALD  
I don't want to be made anybody's sucker.

Young Donald POPS a black umbrella over his head. Moves to the railing and takes a long wistful look at the MANHATTAN SKYLINE.

10 INT. TRUMP VILLAGE - HALLWAY - BROOKLYN - DAY 10

Young Donald and Fred walk down an apartment hallway. Paint curls off the wall. What once may have been nice is now grime and mildew.

FRED

I know it's no Manhattan, but this is how we made our name.

Fred knocks on a door. An ELDERLY WOMAN answers. Sees Fred.

She momentarily slips away, returning with an ENVELOPE. Fred takes it from her and nods.

FRED (CONT'D)

See you next month, Mrs. Fratz.

The door closes and they continue on to the next apartment.

YOUNG DONALD

I think we can do so much more.

They arrive at another door. Fred smirks.

FRED

Okay. You knock this time.

11 INT. TRUMP VILLAGE - BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY 11

Mary, in a fur coat, empties the change from a bank of laundry machines. It's pretty grim down here. A halogen seizures.

Donald looks bored-- carries a sack of quarters.

YOUNG DONALD

You know, you could charge a full dollar. Where else are they gonna go?

Mary shakes her head at Donald, disappointed.

12 EXT. EMPTY LOT - QUEENS - DAY 12

Donald and Fred examine the space. Fred unveils BLUEPRINTS.

DONALD (V.O.)

**For the next four years, I worked for my dad. Day after day of the same old shit.**

13 EXT. TRUMP VILLAGE - DAY 13

Young Donald (now 22) stares up at the looming Trump Village, still carrying a sack of quarters.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Then before I knew it, it was 1968.**

CCR's *Fortunate Son* cranks up as BOMBS buffet Trump Village.

SOLDIERS duck for cover around him. Smoke, fire, screams.  
 It's MAYHEM.

But Donald, in a suit, is unfazed by the events around him.  
 Just tightens his tie.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I didn't go to war because it**  
**didn't interest me.**

14 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 14

Donald, in a paper gown, sits on an exam table. He juts out a bare foot.

YOUNG DONALD  
 (shrugging, to Doctor)  
 Bone spurs.

Without missing a beat, the DOCTOR stamps "DEFERRED - 4F" on his draft document.

Satisfied, Young Donald turns to camera.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 And if you want to be taken  
 seriously in the world, you don't  
 need a Purple Heart, you need a  
 degree. So, I went to business  
 school.

15 EXT. WHARTON QUAD - DAY 15

In a yuppie suit, Young Donald strolls the quad of WHARTON BUSINESS SCHOOL at UPENN.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**The best school. Wharton. Now, that**  
**degree alone isn't what made me who**  
**I am today.**  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

**DONALD (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
**You also have to have killer  
 instincts.**

A beautiful CO-ED stumbles-- her books FLY into the air.

In Peter Parker slo-mo, Donald catches her AND all the books. She kisses his cheek in thanks. He smirks at us.

16 EXT. MANHATTAN - BIRDS EYE - DAY 16

A sweeping dramatic shot of the city.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**And I followed mine to the best  
 city in the world. But my dad, as  
 always, had other ideas.**

17 INT. Z STREET OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 17

**SUPER: Trump Organization - Z Street - Coney Island**

A one room business office. No frills, except for a cigar store Indian in the corner.

Donald sits across from his father. Fred's busy with paperwork.

YOUNG DONALD  
 Just look around, dad. This place  
 isn't for us. We need bigger,  
 better. The Trumps need to get out  
 of Brooklyn.

Fred sighs and takes off his reading glasses, exasperated. Creasing a finger to his temple...

FRED  
 We are Brooklyn. We are Queens. You  
 think you're better than low income  
 housing, Donald?

YOUNG DONALD  
 I know I am. We're destined for  
 bigger things. Like the Commodore.

FRED  
 The Commodore? With all the  
 junkies? What are you talking  
 about? Get that out of your head.

YOUNG DONALD

Why? It could launch the Trump name. Our first inroads to Manhattan. Something truly *great*.

FRED

Great? Is it not a great thing to house thousands of people? Give them a roof over their heads? We're helping these people to live out the American Dream.

YOUNG DONALD

And who's helping me live mine?

FRED

Nobody's *stopping* you. In fact, I'd say you've got a leg up on most people. So if you want something, go earn it.

Fred buries his nose back in the books.

DONALD (V.O.)

So I did.

18 EXT. MANHATTAN - 3RD AND 75TH - DAY 18

**SUPER: UPPER EAST SIDE, 1971**

Young Donald (now 25) carries a crumpled cardboard box into a walkup. His older brother FREDDY (33, everything Donald wishes he was) helps carry a mid-century waterfall lamp.

19 INT. DONALD'S STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 19

A tiny studio. Brick walls. Murphy bed. It's no Trump Tower.

Donald and Freddy catch their breath. Freddy cracks a cold beer. Donald side-eyes him.

YOUNG DONALD

So, what do you think of my "Penthouse"?

FREDDY JR.

Just because it's on the top floor doesn't make it a Penthouse.

YOUNG DONALD

That was always your problem, Freddy.

(MORE)

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 People see what you project. I project success, so that's what people see. You... I mean, what happened with the last job?

FREDDY JR.  
 The fishing didn't work out.

He sips his beer.

YOUNG DONALD  
 You're always letting people get one over on you. You're too nice for your own good. A chump. And it's just gonna keep happening if you don't change.

That hangs in the air.

FREDDY JR.  
 Still working for dad?

Donald rolls his eyes.

YOUNG DONALD  
 Yeah. And he's making me President. Only 25 years old.

FREDDY JR.  
 Of your DAD'S company.

YOUNG DONALD  
 Just wait. I'm gonna do what you couldn't. I'm going to be a great leader.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**But then, before I even had a chance to show him, the government had to go and get involved...**

Off Donald's determined stare...

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE spins at us *Citizen Kane* style:

The headline reads:

*"Major Landlord Accused of Antiblack Bias in City."*

A voice we will come to know as OLD-TIMEY reads it for us. He sounds much like the "News of the World" narrator in *Kane*. He is our fact checker and represents the media at large.

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
Major Landlord Accused of Antiblack  
Bias in City!

But wait, this is Trump's story. And he doesn't like someone else taking over.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Who are you??**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
I'm the news! The press! The scoop!  
The facts!

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**News?! Fake News!**

We see the actual newspaper. The headline is REDACTED.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Facts?! Alternative facts! What a  
phony!**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
Not at all! I am telling the truth!  
That's literally the headline!  
October 16th, 1973!! Look it up!

Sound of a SCUFFLE as Old Timey is knocked around.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**As I was saying, the government got  
involved.**

20

INT. Z STREET OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY

20

Fred and Young Donald sit behind a desk.

A YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN COUPLE sits across from them. They are interviewing for a brand-new apartment in Trump Village.

FRED  
And where do you work?

The man answers.

POTENTIAL TENANT  
I'm a welder, sir. In the union.  
Steady job. Consistent pay.

YOUNG DONALD  
Pets?

POTENTIAL TENANT  
None, sir.

FRED  
Kids?

POTENTIAL TENANT  
None, but we're trying.

The woman smiles.

YOUNG DONALD  
Drugs?

POTENTIAL TENANT  
(taken aback)  
No, sir.

Fred eyes them warily.

FRED  
Mmhm. Okay then. I think we've got everything we need. We'll get back to you shortly. When we have an opening.

As the couple leaves, Fred draws a BIG "C" on their application and CIRCLES IT.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**You just try to make it fair, so everyone has a place to live. But the Department of Justice didn't see it the same way...**

21 INT. BROOKLYN FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

21

CUE: Missin' Cousins' cover of Woody Guthrie's *Old Man Trump*.

Fred and Donald sit as their lawyer ROY COHN (50s) cross-examines Potential Tenant.

We CLOSE IN on Roy's face. He froths at the mouth as he speaks, but we don't hear what he's saying. Because...

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Court's boring. But this guy, Roy. Incredible man. The Justice Department said we violated the Fair Housing Act 39 times. Said we placed "codes" on applications of black people.**  
**(MORE)**



**DONALD (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
**They were gonna shut us down. But Roy? Well, if there's one thing I learned from him...**

Donald pushes Fred's head out of the way, turning to CAMERA.

**YOUNG DONALD**  
 When they hit you, hit back harder.

Donald turns back toward the action. Roy rips the JUDGE a new asshole.

**ROY**  
 You've taken the Trump's good name and dragged it through the mud! They're the ones who are owed recompense here. This is slanderous...

He continues on, but we fade out from his voice and into--

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**He counter-sued the Justice Department for 100 million dollars. And they dismissed the suit. I was no racist. Proven in court.**

22 INT. BROOKLYN FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

Stale croissants and hot coffee. Idle chit chat.

Donald approaches a Justice Dept. lawyer, ELYSE GOLDWEBER (27).

**YOUNG DONALD**  
 Come on, Elyse. Be honest, you wouldn't want to live with them either.

Elyse's jaw DROPS to the floor along with a piece of croissant. Off her gobsmacked expression...

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**She didn't have to say it. We both knew.**  
 (beat)  
**Brooklyn was always gonna be a dead end. This just proved it. You're either on the outside of the action, or you're getting tangled up with the government. As for my relationship with Roy, there was a lot that man would teach me...**

23

INT. ROY COHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

Hundreds of GIANT STUFFED FROGS litter Roy's bedroom. A neon green Mr. Toad in a pink jacket sits next to a dark green fellow with a yellow belly. Anatomical drawings of frogs on the walls.

You get it, the whole room is frogs.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**A very strange man. McCarthy...  
Witch Hunt.**

Roy sits on a mini-trampoline, cross-legged and knitting his fingers. It's his lily pad.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**A homosexual, too. But boy, he got  
the job done.**

Donald stands near yet another stuffed frog. He looks uneasy. Pokes it.

**YOUNG DONALD**

What's with all the frogs?

Roy beckons for Donald to sit with him on the floor. Begrudgingly, Donald stiffly squats next to Roy.

**ROY**

A better creature never lived. Most people don't know that a frog has teeth.

Roy flashes his own. Donald squirms.

**ROY (CONT'D)**

Yup. On their upper jaw. It helps them to hold their prey in place until they are ready to swallow it whole.

Donald swallows.

Roy leans in.

**ROY (CONT'D)**

And you'll know they've swallowed because they BLINK.

As he says the word, Roy blinks too.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Once you see it blink, it's too late. You understand?

Donald shakes his head "no".

ROY (CONT'D)  
This is how you need to be. In business. In love. In life.

Roy is kiss-uncomfortable-close to Donald.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You pin something down, keep it where you want it, and devour it when you're ready. And don't let anyone see.

Donald backs his face away, but nods in understanding.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now, frogs also have many predators. Snakes, lizards, birds, shrews, raccoons, foxes, otters, weasels, even fish, turtles...

Roy's mouth keeps moving as--

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**God, he really liked frogs. But his advice would prove extremely useful down the line. Especially: always control the narrative.**

Donald's hand reaches TOWARDS US-- he grabs the camera and maneuvers it away from a droning Roy and out the WINDOW where--

Another NEWSPAPER ARTICLE spins at the screen:

*"Donald Trump, Real Estate Promoter, Builds Image as He Buys Buildings."*

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
"Donald Trump, Real Estate Promoter, Builds Image as He Buys Buildings!"

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Finally! You got something right!**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
 (reading the article)  
 "He is tall, lean and blond, with  
 dazzling white teeth, and he looks  
 ever so much like Robert Redford."

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Redford's got nothing on this.**

24 EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

24

A SILVER CADILLAC weaves through Manhattan streets. In the backseat, Donald reads the WALL STREET JOURNAL-- it's article Old Timey is reading.

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
 "He rides around town in a  
 chauffeured silver Cadillac with  
 his initials, DJT, on the plates.  
 He dates slinky fashion models,  
 belongs to the most elegant clubs  
 and, at only 30 years of age,  
 estimates that he is worth 'more  
 than \$200 million.'"

We see the infamous Cadillac screech to a halt, perfectly framing the license plate: DJT.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**He's right about the models. So  
 many women.**

25 BEGIN SEQUENCE: A NIGHT OUT WITH DONALD

25

CUE: Robert Palmer's *Simply Irresistible* as...

Donald picks up MODEL 1, a BLONDE in a red dress.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Beautiful women.**

As Donald and MODEL 1 enter his car, she now becomes MODEL 2-- a Brunette in a BLUE DRESS.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**But many of them couldn't carry on  
 a normal conversation.**

At dinner, Donald looks bored by MODEL 3, a redhead in an LBD.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Some were vain, some were crazy,**  
**some were wild.**

MODEL 4, permed in shoulder pads, drags a cig as she seductively dances for Donald.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**And so many of them were phonies.**

In Donald's apartment, MODEL 5-- pixie cut with an eating disorder-- crinkles her face at Donald's modest digs.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I quickly found out I couldn't take**  
**these girls back to my apartment,**  
**because to them my place was--**

Model 5 looks disgusted. Says to Donald:

MODEL 5  
*A disaster.*

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**But then one shined above the rest.**

CUE: The Bee Gees *You Should Be Dancing*.

26

INT. MAXWELL PLUM'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

26

A chic 70's watering hole. Kaleidoscopic stained-glass ceilings and walls, Tiffany lamps galore, a menagerie of ceramic animals, etched glass and cascades of crystal. Famous for its chili, burgers and celebrity clientele.

At the BAR, a gaggle of MODELS sip martinis in unison.

Among them, an ethereal glow highlights one: IVANA TRUMP (27, self-possessed, blonde, legs for miles).

In reality, a PLUM'S SERVER spies an off-kilter light. Tips the shade upright, plunging Ivana into darkness.

But Donald is still enamored. He strides from the host stand to the bar, approaching the women.

YOUNG DONALD  
 Excuse me, ladies. I couldn't help  
 but notice you were all standing  
 here at the bar, when you should be  
 sitting at my table.

He winks at Ivana.

27           MOMENTS LATER

27

Donald hosts Ivana and her friends in a corner booth. They all enjoy cocktail after cocktail... except for Donald and Ivana. He clocks her empty wine glass. Mentally noting it. Clearly intrigued by her.

While the women laugh over a joke, Donald stealthily slips away from the table.

28           MOMENTS LATER

28

Ivana calls the waiter over.

IVANA

Excuse me, sir. Could we please have our bill?

WAITER

It's been taken care of.

Ivana looks curiously at the waiter. Turns to her friends.

IVANA

Where did he go? Should we wait to thank him?

One of the TIPSIER girls chimes in.

TIPSY

Nahh, he probably left. Let's just get out of here. We need our beauty rest for the shoot tomorrow.

ANOTHER snarks at Topsy.

ANOTHER

Maybe you shouldn't have had that 5th martini then, sleeping beauty...

The girls laugh.

29           EXT. MAXWELL PLUM'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

29

Ivana, Topsy and the rest spill out of the restaurant. Ready to hail a cab when--

DONALD PULLS UP.

Driving a big, black Cadillac limo. Chauffeur hat tipped down over one eye. It's boyish.

YOUNG DONALD

Ladies...

Ivana whips around and sees him. She can't help but burst into laughter. Donald does too.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)

Hop in.

The women pour into the back of the limo.

30 EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS 30

The Cadillac limo pulls in front of the...

31 EXT. AMERICANA HOTEL - 7TH AVE - NIGHT 31

The girls climb out. Ivana stops at the driver window and leans in.

IVANA

Thanks for dinner. And the ride.

She plants a KISS on his cheek. Donald smiles.

32 INT. AMERICANA HOTEL - IVANA'S ROOM - MORNING 32

A sleepy Ivana, wearing a hotel robe, answers the door--

She's greeted by a WALL of RED ROSES.

A BELLHOP peeks from behind.

BELLHOP

For you, miss.

She takes them and reads:

33 ANGLE ON THE CARD: 33

"To Ivana, with affection. Donald."

She smiles coyly. Like she already knows that...

RING. The room's phone.

She answers.

IVANA

Hello, Donald.

34 INT. LE CLUB - NIGHT

34

Young Donald and Ivana's first date. The restaurant is relatively quiet. The winter OLYMPICS play on a TV in the background.

IVANA

I was born in Zlin.

He stares at her.

IVANA (CONT'D)

Czechoslovakia. The secret police watched us constantly. We were told what to eat, where to work, how to think. I came to America to experience freedom and opportunity. I'm going to do what I want to do and nobody is going to tell me otherwise.

Donald smiles at her no-nonsense attitude.

YOUNG DONALD

I respect that. The American dream is a beautiful thing. Right now I'm working for my dad in Real Estate. Commute from the city to Queens every day. But it's worth it. Every day I get a little bit closer.

In their eyes, you see a mutual hunger, drive and determination. Game recognize game.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)

In fact, there's something I want to show you...

35 EXT. LE CLUB - NIGHT

35

Donald and Ivana leave the restaurant. They are FLANKED by PAPARAZZI. Ivana shields her eyes, confused.

IVANA

Do they think we're someone else?  
What is this?

DONALD

(sotto)

They know exactly who I am. I'm the one who called them.

She looks at him in wonder-- *who are you?*



36 EXT. THE COMMODORE - NIGHT

36

Not what Ivana was expecting. A hooker wipes her mouth on the corner. A homeless man ogles Ivana. She shifts-- very uncomfortable.

IVANA  
What is this?

YOUNG DONALD  
My future.

IVANA  
Your future looks pretty grim.

YOUNG DONALD  
No no. Just imagine. Completely renovated. This location, with a new facade, gleaming windows, the best shops... This place has tremendous potential. I'm going to conquer this city. And this is where I'll start. This is how I'll win.

Ivana looks impressed.

IVANA  
Maybe start by kicking out-- them.

She points to two junkies, arm in arm, falling out of a doorway. But Donald doesn't miss a beat.

YOUNG DONALD  
Let me take you out tomorrow night.

IVANA  
I can't. I fly back to Montreal.

YOUNG DONALD  
Then can I have your number at least?

IVANA  
You don't quit, do you?

YOUNG DONALD  
Not with this building. Not with you. Never.

She smiles.

37 INT. DONALD'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY 37

Young Donald dials a number.

38 INT. IVANA'S MONTREAL APARTMENT - INTERCUT 38

In a cramped apartment, with another MODEL as a roommate, Ivana picks up the phone.

IVANA  
(flirty)  
Well that didn't take long...

We now see that Ivana, in a tank top, has JUST gotten home-suitcase still packed.

YOUNG DONALD  
What can I say, I just can't stop  
thinking about you.

As the conversation unfolds, SEASONS CHANGE THROUGH WINDOWS,  
providing a passage of time.

IVANA  
I just got back from the show.

Out the window, LEAVES CHANGE COLOR.

YOUNG DONALD  
What did you wear?

Outside the Z Street office window, LEAVES FALL.

IVANA  
It's freezing! My thickest sweater.  
And fur.

Snow mounts on Ivana's windowsill.

YOUNG DONALD  
Sounds cozy.

Donald is now at his 65th St apartment, slightly larger than his "penthouse". Snow falls outside.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
I think we could use a vacation.  
Beach or Mountains?

Off Ivana's face, thinking...

39 EXT. ASPEN LUXURY CHALET - MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY 39

An opulent Hemmeter-built chalet very close to the ski lift. Breathtaking mountain views.

**SUPER: ASPEN, COLORADO**

40 INT. ASPEN LUXURY CHALET - MOUNTAIN SIDE - CONTINUOUS 40

An all-out suite including a fireplace, mirrors on the ceiling, and a chinchilla throw on the bed.

Ivana inspects the rooms. Checks a SECOND BEDROOM. Looks at Donald-- she is impressed at his thoughtfulness and lack of presumption.

After a reflective beat, Ivana drops her bags in the SAME ROOM where Donald's belongings are.

She's staying with him.

41 INT. LODGE - MORNING 41

Decked out in the latest 70's ski gear, Donald and Ivana feast on a lavish breakfast.

YOUNG DONALD  
So, do you know how to ski?

Ivana nearly CHOKES on her coffee. Clears her throat. Casually shrugs.

IVANA  
I'm okay.

42 EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - BUNNY SLOPE - DAY 42

With wobbly knees, Donald pizza and french-fries his way down the slope, warming up.

Ivana, on the other hand, is a natural on skis. Effortlessly glides around Donald, giving him pointers.

IVANA  
(sweetly)  
Bend your knees a little more.

Donald does, and his form improves.

YOUNG DONALD  
Wow, thanks.

He puffs his chest.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
I think I'm ready for a blue.

43 EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - INTERMEDIATE TRAIL - CONTINUOUS 43

Donald cautiously makes his way down the BLUE TRAIL.  
Ivana pops off a MOGUL and gracefully lands beside him.  
He looks at her-- shocked.

YOUNG DONALD  
Whoa?!

IVANA  
(nonchalant)  
I almost made the Olympic team.

Donald is both impressed and a little jealous.

DONALD (V.O.)  
I knew then and there that this was  
a woman who had my interest at  
heart. An Olympic hopeful spent an  
entire day in Aspen-- best mountain  
in the world-- on the bunny slope.  
For me. That is a good woman.

44 INT. ASPEN LUXURY CHALET - MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT 44

**SUPER: New Year's Eve, 1977**

Donald and Ivana enjoy a catered dinner in their chalet.  
As the world outside chants down FIVE, FOUR, THREE--  
Donald looks deep into Ivana's eyes.

YOUNG DONALD  
You know, if you don't marry me,  
you'll ruin your life.

Ivana is caught off guard. Drops her fork.

IVANA  
Excuse me?

YOUNG DONALD

Well, I just heard you on the slopes today talking about how much you love diamonds, and it got me thinking...

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a RING BOX. POPS it. A two-carat ring inside.

Off the SPARKLE of that ring to...

45 EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY 45

The SPARKLE of Ivana's eyes. She UNLOADS her bags in front of Donald's 65th St. apartment building. RING fresh on her finger.

46 INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 65TH ST - CONTINUOUS 46

An exhausted Ivana goes to take a load off-- collapsing into a chair when--

DONALD WHISKS HER before she can sit.

YOUNG DONALD

Not yet, Cinderella... You have people to meet.

Suddenly possessing the talents of a Baryshnikov, Donald TWIRLS Ivana magnificently across the screen.

A-la Anna Karenina, the apartment (now clearly A SET) slides away and we pan into a NEW SET-- It's:

47 EXT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - DAY 47

A beloved New York institution at Central Park West and 67th. Horse-drawn carriages in a bucolic setting. Donald and Ivana turn from DANCE to STROLL as they move inside under the red awning.

48 INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CONTINUOUS 48

Like an optical illusion, an ENDLESS table stretches seemingly forever.

The ENTIRE TRUMP FAMILY is seated. Fred, Mary and Fred Jr. we have already met.

New to the movie are Donald's grown siblings:

MARYANNE (40, blonde quaffed hair).

ELIZABETH (35, a younger version of Maryanne)

ROBERT (29, the shy boy from the opening-- hasn't changed much).

Each of them with their own spouses and children. Aunts and uncles for miles.

Ivana takes a seat at the HEAD.

The conversation SILENCES as ALL FACES turn to her.

She gulps. Studies the menu.

Nobody else does. In fact, as the TAVERN WAITER begins taking orders at the far end, we hear in an echoing crescendo, like out of a HORROR MOVIE:

TRUMP COUSIN  
Steak.

MARYANNE  
Steak.

MARYANNE'S HUSBAND  
Steak.

Tavern Waiter moves closer-- CLOSER to Ivana--

TRUMP CHILD  
(precocious)  
Steak.

ROBERT  
Steak.

ROBERT'S WIFE  
Steak.

FREDDY JR.  
Steak. Rare.

Freddy Jr. winks at waiter.

ELIZABETH  
Steak.

FRED  
STEAK.

The last "STEAK" echoes in the air.

Through a fish-eye lens, we await IVANA's order.

Beat.

TAVERN WAITER  
(expectant, to Ivana)  
Ma'am?

Ivana takes a moment. Looks at the menu again. ALL EYES ON HER.

Donald clears his throat.

IVANA  
I'll have the...

Chairs CREAK as everyone leans in a little closer.

IVANA (CONT'D)  
...Filet of sole.

You could hear a cockroach fart.

Silverware CLATTERS to the table. Audible GASPS.

Fred glares at her.

FRED  
(to waiter)  
She'll have the steak.

IVANA  
*I'll have the filet of sole.*

FRED  
Steak.

IVANA  
Sole.

FRED  
Steak.

IVANA  
Sole.

FRED  
Steak.

IVANA  
Sole.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**This went on for hours! I was starving! Why didn't she just get the friggin' steak?! Who cares?!**

49 INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 65TH ST

49

YOUNG DONALD

Why didn't you just get the friggin' steak?! Who cares?!

She stares at him directly, without missing a beat--

IVANA

Donald, if I just go along with everything he says from the beginning, your father is going to control our lives.

YOUNG DONALD

What's wrong with that? He's done nothing but support me. Help me make a name for myself.

IVANA

He didn't support you moving to Manhattan. He doesn't support the Commodore. I don't think he supports you being with me. I met you, I thought you were the kind of man who is destined to make his OWN name. For himself. You were gonna be a winner, right?

Donald stews, steak sauce on his shirt...

50 INT. Z STREET OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY

50

Donald reports for a day at work.

FRED

I'm going to need you to collect rents from the Towers. And then we need to source some plumbers for...

Fred's voice *Peanut's* out into the BG...

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I remembered Ivana's words...**



YOUNG DONALD

Dad, I think it's time for me to become my own man. To carry our name even further. I respect what you've done here in Brooklyn and in Queens. And I respect that you have no desire to go to Manhattan. But it's my destiny.

Fred thinks for a moment. Scrawls something on a piece of paper.

FRED

That Ivana has really got in your head, hasn't she?

Beat.

FRED (CONT'D)

Very well...

Fred rips the check off.

Like magic, the tiny piece of paper GROWS into a GIANT NOVELTY CHECK.

Donald looks like a lotto-winner.

On the check, the amount reads ONE MILLION.

Made out to: DONALD.

He literally STEPS OUT of his father's shadow. In the light, Donald BEAMS.

DONALD (V.O.)

**A million bucks. But in the scheme of things, it's not that much. I even had to pay it back. With interest!**

51 INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 65TH ST - NIGHT 51

CUE: Bing Crosby's *Mele Kalikimaka* as Donald excitedly plants a KISS on Ivana. Giant check in the BG.

52 BEGIN MONTAGE: 52

In SUPER-8, we see Ivana settling into the Trump family traditions.

- Sunday church with the whole family. Pew upon pew of TRUMPS.

- Post-church lunch at Mary and Fred's. Mary's famous meatloaf served while Donald and his siblings shout over each other about business and politics.

- Dinner at Peter Luger, the legendary German steak house in Williamsburg. Steaks for all. Ivana even joins in now. Fred nods to Don -- *that's better*.

53 INT. MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH ON FIFTH AVENUE - DAY 53

**SUPER: April 7th, 1977**

**SUPER: Marble Collegiate Church**

Donald and Ivana marry!

Don in a classic tux.

Ivana wears a simple white 1970's style dress with a rounded tied neckline and ruffled sleeves. An elaborate flowery headband tops off her look.

REVERSE ON THE PEWS

One side is sardines-- hundreds of guests stuffed next to each other.

The other has six people.

With a little "DING!" **SUPERS** pop up above each side.

The crowded one: "**GROOM**"

The not so: "**BRIDE**"

Back to the marriage in progress...

YOUNG DONALD

I do.

IVANA

I do.

They kiss.

The ROAR of the crowd takes us to...

54 INT. 21 CLUB - RECEPTION - NIGHT

54

A blur of smiling strangers-- they all CROWD Ivana and Donald--  
- congratulating.

It's like a Roman banquet-- food and wine galore. In addition  
to the wedding photographer, paparazzi mill about the crowd.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**It was a beautiful wedding. HUGE  
crowd, lots of famous people. You'd  
know them. Important people. But  
let's get to the good stuff.**

55 INT. ACAPULCO, MEXICO - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

55

A giant SEASHELL bed (think Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*) with  
Ivana front and center- AS VENUS.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I knew I had a goddess.**

Seashell bra and neon green MARABOU robe draped over her  
shoulders.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**But she had a GOD.**

The marabou robe drops to the floor.

Followed by seashells CLANKING.

The music from *2001* once again ERUPTS as we watch their  
shadows meet on the wall.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**She got pregnant! And with an IUD!  
Only a God could do that, right?  
Good swimmers run in the family. 9  
months later, Don Jr. was born.**

Cut to a PHOTO of INFANT Don Jr. and a millisecond "WAH!" of  
a BABY CRY. [This is a motif we will use for the birth of  
every one of Donald's children.]

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**But the time for fun and games was  
over- I had to get back to  
business.**

56 EXT. COMMODORE HOTEL - NYC - DAY 56

**SUPER: Commodore Hotel - Manhattan**

A WRECKING BALL takes out the north wall.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**The Commodore was one of my BEST deals. Amazing deal.**

57 INT. PALMIERI'S OFFICE - DAY 57

Donald shakes hands with VICTOR PALMIERI (50s).

**SUPER: Victor Palmieri, former owner of The Commodore Hotel.**

A mock-up of Donald's vision of THE COMMODORE in the BG. Oddly, upon closer inspection, the model is composed of BLOCKS-- just like the ones from Donald's childhood.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I saw an opportunity. But I had to be shrewd about it.**

58 INT. MAYOR BEAME'S OFFICE - DAY 58

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Mayor Beame and Governor Carey wouldn't give me a tax abatement unless I had the cooperation of a hotel chain.**

MAYOR BEAME (Eugene Levy eyebrows, 50s) shakes his head 'no' to Donald, who holds that BLOCK MOCK-UP.

**SUPER: Mayor Abraham Beame, Mayor of New York 1974-1977**

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**As always, I wanted the best. And at that time, the best meant the Hyatt.**

59 INT. JAY PRITZGER'S OFFICE 59

Model still in tow, Donald sits with JAY PRITZKER (40s). Jay also shakes his head 'no.'

**SUPER: Jay Pritzker, Co-founder of Hyatt Hotels**

DONALD (V.O.)  
**And The Hyatt wouldn't work with me  
 unless Beame was on board. It all  
 came down to that tax abatement.**

Donald turns away from Jay-- straightens his tie as he speaks to camera.

YOUNG DONALD  
 Now, for all you dummies out there,  
 a tax abatement is when the  
 government gives you a break in  
 taxes for helping out a dying city,  
 like New York was. To get the  
 abatement, I just had to make this  
 hotel *fan-friggin'-tastic*. Which I  
 did. I did a *great* job. Beautiful  
 hotel. 25 stories. Mirrored glass.  
 Stainless steel.

LOW ANGLE SHOT: The Grand Hyatt Hotel.

**SUPER: ~~THE COMMODORE HOTEL~~**

**SUPER: THE GRAND HYATT HOTEL**

No longer a refuge for junkies and prostitutes. Now gleaming in the sunlight.

DONALD (V.O.)  
**In the end, Hyatt thought I had the  
 tax abatement, and Beame thought I  
 had Hyatt. I got both. With a 40-  
 year abatement. Longest ever. Pay a  
 dollar a year. My dad thought the  
 idea was gonna be a loser. I showed  
 him.**

60 EXT. GRAND HYATT HOTEL - ROOF - NIGHT

60

It's the grand opening. Champagne POPS. Paparazzi snap photo ops.

Donald puffs his chest in front of Fred.

YOUNG DONALD  
 Isn't she beautiful?

Fred glares at IVANA who wears a dangerously low-back dress.

FRED  
 Could dress more like a lady if you  
 ask me.

Donald is offended that Fred is pissing on his parade.

YOUNG DONALD

Excuse me, Ivana *is* a lady. But I meant the building.

But Fred's attention is on FREDDY JR. He's the one POPPING that champagne. And now CHUGGING it. Already blindly reaching for another bottle.

Fred slaps Don on the back as he walks away.

FRED

Yeah, great job, son.

Don sighs. Mayor Beame slots in.

MAYOR BEAME

Gotta hand it to you, you pulled one over on us. But it worked.

They shake hands-- like kids forced to play nice after a soccer game.

Then a sloppy arm DRAPES over Donald's shoulder. It's a very drunk Freddy.

FREDDY JR.

(slurring)

Real glad all eyes are on you now, Don. Feels good to not have the pressure of being "the golden boy" anymore.

Freddy gives Don a NOOGIE-- mussing his hair.

Donald pushes him off, and frantically re-sculpts his quaff.

YOUNG DONALD

Had enough to drink there, Freddy?

FREDDY JR.

What, it's a celebration!

He pulls a FLASK from his jacket. Swigs it.

FREDDY JR. (CONT'D)

You wanna join in for once?

Freddy proffers the flask.

YOUNG DONALD

I'm good.

Freddy starts to well up. Hugs Donald.

FREDDY JR.

It really is so beautiful, man. I am so proud of you, little brother.

DONALD (V.O.)

Oh, Freddy. But it really was beautiful. Even more so, because Ivana was in charge of the decor.

Flashes of the several heinously tacky things Ivana has decorated over the years:

- A gaudy thousand-crystal chandelier.
- 80's hair in a one-shoulder metallic PURPLE gown.
- Terrible COCKTAIL jewelry adorns her hands.

DONALD (V.O.)

She always had a great eye for luxury and taste. And with her help, I was making my way to the top...

- A wall-to-wall leopard room: Ivana hangs A CHEETAH PAINTING.

61 EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

61

Donald Bee-Gees his way down the Upper East Side.

In fact, a local store is blaring *Stayin' Alive*.

Wait, AND NOW, Donald is dancing. Full Travolta. Spinning, shimmying and pointing.

DONALD (V.O.)

I had huge plans. I was gearing up to begin construction on my namesake, Trump Tower. I got another sweetheart deal from the city.

He pauses from his dance-- looks to camera.

YOUNG DONALD

They LOVED The Commodore. They said-

MAYOR BEAME dances into frame for a minute. Donald grabs him, DIPS him--

MAYOR BEAME

Donald, do whatever you want.

And spins Beame back out of frame.

Beat.

CRASH.

To camera once more:

YOUNG DONALD

--So I did.

He does a split.

62 INT. GENESCO OFFICES - DAY

62

Donald meets with JACK HANIGAN (40s).

DONALD (V.O.)

First, I had to purchase the lease  
for the building that I'd  
eventually tear down. The Bonwit  
Teller building.

**SUPER: JACK HANIGAN, CEO OF GENESCO**

**SUPER: (THE COMPANY THAT OWNS THE LEASE FOR THE BONWIT TELLER  
BUILDING)**

**SUPER: JUST STAY WITH US HERE**

Donald takes a seat across from Jack. Jack opens a desk  
drawer and heaves out a FAT STACK of twine-bound LETTERS.

JACK HANIGAN

I believe these are from you.

YOUNG DONALD

And you never wrote me back! So  
that's why I came in person.

JACK HANIGAN

Figured as much. Look, Donald, I'm  
not going to lie to you, Jarman  
screwed this pooch pretty bad.  
We're hemorrhaging. Everything's  
for sale. What's your offer?

Donald takes a piece of paper, scribbles down a number.  
Slides it across the table.



We look at it with Jack:

\$25 MILLION

A grave expression on Jack's face.

JACK HANIGAN (CONT'D)

Donald, Genesco used to be the Jarman Shoe Company. It began in 1924. A family company with family values. Making shoes for families. But that's not why I'm here. I don't care about shoes. Or families. So... Fuck it. You got a deal.

Donald GRINS. But he's not done yet.

YOUNG DONALD

Listen, I'd like to draw up a quick, simple letter that says that I've agreed to buy the property, and that you've agreed to sell it. That way, neither of us can walk away from the deal.

JACK HANIGAN

Sounds fair enough. Betsy! Get in here.

A timid mouse of a woman - BETSY (20s) - rolls in the typewriter.

She begins typing up the letter of intent, which Donald is dictating. But we don't hear the terms, it's all WONH WONH WONH as we are--

63 CLOSE ON JACK'S FACE

63

He's sliding the abacus in his mind.

JACK HANIGAN

STOP!

Betsy and Donald whip their heads.

JACK HANIGAN (CONT'D)

Betsy, add this clause.

Betsy's hand dangles over a key.

JACK HANIGAN (CONT'D)  
This deal is subject to the  
approval of the Board of Directors.

Donald looks unhappy.

YOUNG DONALD  
WAIT BETSY.

Betsy looks even more nervous now.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
Do not add that clause.

JACK HANIGAN  
Do it.

YOUNG DONALD  
No.

JACK HANIGAN  
Add it.

YOUNG DONALD  
Don't add it.

JACK HANIGAN  
Betsy, do it.

YOUNG DONALD  
Don't do it.

Betsy looks queasy.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
(to Jack)  
Look, Jack. I can't live with that.  
In three or four weeks you might  
tell your Board not to approve the  
deal, and that would defeat the  
purpose of this letter. Do you even  
need approval from them to sell?

Jack thinks for a moment.

JACK HANIGAN  
Betsy--  
(dramatic pause)  
You can go back to your desk now.

Betsy looks relieved and scurries out.

The men shake hands. Donald got his way.

64 INT. GENESCO OFFICES - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 64

Donald scrubs his hands raw. Germs.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I had a lot more hands to shake.**

65 INT. CHASE BANK - DAY 65

Donald meets with CONRAD STEPHENSON (40s).

**SUPER: CHASE BANK**

**SUPER: CONRAD STEPHENSON**

**SUPER: (WORKS AT CHASE BANK)**

YOUNG DONALD  
 Connie, I need twenty five mil for  
 the Bonwit Teller lease.

CONRAD STEPHENSON  
 Ok... And you own the underlying  
 land, too?

Young Donald thinks.

YOUNG DONALD  
 Uhhh...

CONRAD STEPHENSON  
 You're gonna need to. You get that,  
 and we got a deal.

Conrad and Donald SHAKE.

66 INT. EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY - DAY 66

Donald meets with GEORGE PEACOCK (50s).

**SUPER: EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**

YOUNG DONALD  
 I've got a vision, George. And I  
 want you to be my partner.

**SUPER: GEORGE PEACOCK**

**SUPER: (NOT A REAL PEACOCK)**

GEORGE PEACOCK  
 What did you have in mind?

YOUNG DONALD  
 50/50. We build the best building  
 ever built. It's gonna have  
 apartments. It's gonna have shops.  
 (beat)  
 I've got the lease. You've got the  
 land. Together, we can make a  
 killing.

Peacock and Donald shake hands.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I had the lease. I had the land.**  
**But this baby needed to be TALL.**  
**There was just one last thing**  
**standing in my way.**

67 INT. TIFFANY & CO OFFICES - DAY

67

Finally, Donald meets with WALTER HOVING (60s, white hair).  
 In tow, Donald has TWO scale models of his proposed Trump  
 Tower.

**SUPER: TIFFANY & CO**

WALTER HOVING  
 What do we have here?

**SUPER: WALTER HOVING**

**SUPER: THE LAST THING STANDING IN DONALD'S WAY**

YOUNG DONALD  
 Here--

He points to a squat, humdrum version of Trump Tower.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 --is a sad version of Trump Tower.  
 It's only got a few small  
 apartments with nothing-burger  
 views. Maybe a shop. Maybe. Sad.  
 This, is if I do not have the air  
 rights from you.  
 (beat)  
 But THIS--

He points to a gleaming version of Trump Tower. Much taller  
 and more regal.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 Is a true beauty. Palatial  
 apartments with picture windows  
 that overlook Tiffany. An atrium  
 featuring the most exclusive  
 shops... it's perfect.

Walter examines the two models, thinking.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 I'm offering you five million  
 dollars to let me preserve Tiffany  
 forever. Nobody can build over it.  
 Nobody can rip it down. Just for  
 selling me something-- air rights--  
 that you'd never use anyway.

He's a good business man-- at least in this room.

WALTER HOVING  
 I hope you do as nice a job as you  
 say you will, Mr. Trump.

Walter and Donald shake hands.

DONALD (V.O.)  
**I had all the pieces. And all it  
 took was some creative deal making.  
 I was ready to get cracking.**

CUT TO:

68 EXT. BONWIT TELLER BUILDING - DAY 68

A POLISH WORKER with no hardhat swings a SLEDGE HAMMER--  
 CRACK!!!

--at the delicate face of an architecturally beloved Art Deco  
 edifice. In one solid swing, there goes history.

69 EXT. TIFFANY & CO OFFICES - SAME 69

Walter returns from lunch with a coffee in hand. He watches  
 with horror as a priceless piece of art is destroyed. The  
 coffee drops to the ground.

70 EXT. BONWIT TELLER BUILDING - DUSK 70

At the end of their shift, OTHER WORKERS prepare for BED.  
 That's right, they slept at the site. No hats. No pants.

71 INT. MAYOR KOCH'S OFFICE - DAY

71

**SUPER: MAYOR KOCH'S OFFICE**

Newly appointed MAYOR KOCH (bald, gin blossoms with a nose to match) sits in his office. An assistant enters, carrying a NEWSPAPER.

ASSISTANT

Mayor, I think you need to see this.

ANGLE ON:

A NEWS ARTICLE detailing Trump's tasteless demolition.

Koch looks disturbed.

72 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

72

Donald picks up the PHONE-- we enter a SPLIT screen with Donald and Koch.

KOCH

Donald, I'm hearing grave things from your construction site. We gave you the abatement because you were going to better the city, not DESTROY it.

YOUNG DONALD

Mayor, with all due respect, you worry about your business, I'll worry about mine.

KOCH

New York is my business. Watch yourself, Donald...

DONALD (V.O.)

That man is a joke. No idea what he's talking about. But I have to say, my demolition contractor was terrible. He didn't know what he was doing. He was an animal. He could have taken the art work down more carefully. To be fair, I was putting a lot of pressure on him to get that fucking building down. I had an empire to build...

73 INT. DER SCUTT'S OFFICE - DAY

73

Der Scutt (40s) lays out BLUEPRINTS on a drafting table.

DER SCUTT

Just like you wanted, she's gonna be real tall.

YOUNG DONALD

Excellent. Any pushback from the community?

DER SCUTT

Yeah. They said it would block too much light. You know what I said?

Donald waits.

DER SCUTT (CONT'D)

You want sunlight? Move to Kansas.

Donald grins. But then the grin fades as he sees:

74 TEENY TINY LETTERS SPELLING "TRUMP" ON THE DRAWING

74

YOUNG DONALD

Why so tiny?

DER SCUTT

Just like Tiffany. Small, discrete, elegant, distinguished.

Donald shakes his head vigorously.

YOUNG DONALD

This isn't Tiffany's!

Donald grabs a PEN from Der's desk and SCRIBBLES in huge letters: TRUMP.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)

Bigger!!! Bigger!!!

Der eyes him.

DER SCUTT

Okay, okay. We can make it bigger.

DONALD (V.O.)

**And it did get bigger. Every day.  
So big.**

75 INT. BONWIT TELLER CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

75

Young Donald shakes hands with some suspicious-looking Italian men. Roy Cohn introduces them.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**We used the best concrete. From the best suppliers.**

In the bg, a concrete truck labeled "BEST CONCRETE" churns.

ROY

Donald, meet the best guys in the biz. They'll make sure your concrete is... hard or, I don't know. But they're the best. I'll let you guys talk.

Donald carries on with the Italians.

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)

(clears throat)

Just wanna pop in here and say, the Tower would become one of the most expensive private concrete jobs in history - running up a 22 Million dollar concrete bill, compared with only 300,000 worth of touch-up steelwork. This at a time when the concrete industry in New York was wholly dominated by organized crime.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**You gotta point, old man?**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)

Nope... nope.. Just chiming in.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Anyway, I kept my men happy.**

A 24-foot pin-up ("SARAH") wearing only a bikini, is PAINTED on the interior wall of the construction site.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**They loved their jobs.**

At the site, it starts to RAIN. The painted bikini WASHES AWAY-- all the men turn to look at Sarah. They CHEER.



**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Everyone loves working for me. Even women. That's right, I even hired a woman engineer.**

76 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

76

BARBARA RES (30s, curly mop of hair) reports to Donald.

BARBARA  
 Six months away from completion.  
 And Donald, I just wanna say..

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Wait for it...**

BARBARA  
 Of all the men I've worked for,  
 you're the only one who seems to  
 have taken an interest in my brain.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**That's right. But to be fair, she was a three at best.**

BARBARA  
 Anyway, have you got ideas for the atrium yet?

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Boy, did I...**

77 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - ITALY - DAY

77

A quarry full of rose, peach and pink marble. Breathtaking.

**SUPER: ITALY**

Donald, Ivana, and Der Scutt walk the perimeter.

DER SCUTT  
 Breccia Perniche.

YOUNG DONALD  
 These white spots. No good.

IVANA  
 I agree. What can we do about that?

Der thinks. Takes out some black tape.

DER SCUTT

We can mark the sections we want.

Donald, Ivana, and Der canvas out, marking large sections of the quarry.

DONALD (V.O.)

By the time we were finished, we'd taken the whole top of the mountain.

Ivana stares at the marble. Puts a hand on her hip.

IVANA

I see a waterfall.

Donald and Der nod.

IVANA (CONT'D)

Eighty feet tall.

Der stops nodding. Donald doesn't.

DONALD (V.O.)

Work isn't everything though. Life has a way...

WAH! FLASH to a photo of baby IVANKA.

DONALD (V.O.)

And so does...

Audio pre-lap: a FUNERAL DIRGE. Takes us to--

78 INT. CHURCH - DAY

78

You guessed it-- a funeral. A photo of FREDDY JR. sits by the pulpit.

Fred, Mary, and all the TRUMP CHILDREN wear black. Teary eyed. Ivana comforts Donald.

DONALD (V.O.)

I saw people really taking advantage of my brother, and the lesson I learned from that, was to always keep my guard up a hundred percent. Freddy never did that. He gave everything. I tend to be the opposite. But I knew I had a responsibility to share what Freddy taught me. With the world.

79 INT. TALK SHOW SET - DAY

79

Donald is interviewed by A TALK SHOW HOST in SHOULDER PADS.

YOUNG DONALD

It's a philosophy of life. Humanity is divided into winners and losers. It's natural selection - you're either chosen to be a winner or a loser.

Shoulder Pads nods with a pursed lip.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)

Freddy was never built for business. He just wasn't good at it.

DONALD (V.O.)

**I, on the other hand, was. And in business, the show always goes on. And what a show it was...**

Burlesque ostrich-feather fans SHIMMY APART to reveal...

80 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

80

**SUPER: ATLANTIC CITY**

A grey, grimy overcast skyline. It's Vegas by way of Walmart. Geriatrics and addicts jockey for slot machines.

DONALD (V.O.)

**People thought I was done after Trump Tower. Not even close.**

Homeless urinate on a McDonald's drive-thru.

DONALD (V.O.)

**Glorious Atlantic City would be where I truly made my mark.**

The URINE spells something on the wall: "T-R-U-"

DONALD (V.O.)

**Trump Plaza Hotel and Casino would be my greatest accomplishment to date. Recent events made me realize the value of family.**

81 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

81

Donald sits with his brother Robert.

YOUNG DONALD

Robert, I want you by my side for this one. I can trust you. You're blood.

ROBERT

You want to be partners?

YOUNG DONALD

Not exactly, but you'll be working for me. Sound good?

This wasn't exactly the deal Robert was hoping for.

DONALD (V.O.)

**So Robert was on board. Now usually, it takes the Commission over a year to license someone to run a casino. But Roy was looking out for us...**

82 INT. ATLANTIC CITY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

82

Breakfast buffet and glittery bras.

Women take it off while a non-plussed Roy Cohn SLOPS a plate of oatmeal.

He sits with two men in suits.

An ARROW pops up above one man's bald head- DING.

**SUPER: Sr. Member, Casino Licensing Board**

Another above a younger exec. DING.

**SUPER: Jr. Member, Casino Licensing Board**

One last DING as an arrow appears over a woman UPSIDE DOWN on a POLE.

**SUPER: Somebody's daughter**

83 INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

83

The same gross McDonald's the homeless guy was pissing on.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Robert and I got our license in**  
**just six months.**

Donald and shovel cheeseburgers, celebrating their achievement.

Donald is pleased with himself, but Robert sees there is much more work to be done.

**ROBERT**  
 It's great that we got our license,  
 but we still don't have a casino.

**DONALD**  
 (re: the burger)  
 So consistently good, every time.  
 Always the same.

**ROBERT**  
 Donald, are you listening?

**DONALD**  
 Sure, sure.  
 (through a mouthful)  
 Robert, I'm not worried-- I've done  
 this a million times.

**ROBERT**  
 That's great, but we need an  
 operating partner. You know,  
 someone to *pay us* to build this  
 "casino".

**DONALD**  
 (still inhaling the  
 burger)  
 Already on it-- Holiday Inn.  
 (belch)  
 I wonder where they get their  
 cheese.

Robert is in awe of his brother.

84 INT. HOLIDAY INN CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

84

Coffee in styrofoam cups. Donald meets with HOLIDAY INN executive MIKE ROSE (50s).

Mike sticks out a hand, greeting Donald like a concierge.

MIKE ROSE

Hey there, welcome to Holiday Inn,  
I'm Mike Rose. How can I help you  
today?

YOUNG DONALD

Hey Mike.

They sit down.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)

So here's the thing. I'm already  
building the casino. All you have  
to do is put your name on it, and  
you've got an elite property on  
your hands.

DONALD (V.O.)

**Thing is, I lied. I lied to Robert.  
And I lied to Mike. I actually  
wasn't already building it. And of  
course, Mike just haaaaad to stop  
by to check up on me.**

85 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

85

A lackadaisical lot. Men smoke and play cards.

DONALD (V.O.)

**...With the rest of the Board, no  
less.**

With TELE-PHOTO vision, Donald, in a hard hat, pinions MIKE  
and his partners from afar.

DONALD (V.O.)

**I had to think fast...**

Within seconds, Donald mobilizes his crew to...

YOUNG DONALD

(to crew)

Look busy!

They just dig up dirt from one side of the site and move it  
to the other.

Mike approaches.

MIKE ROSE

This looks great, Donald. But... is  
that guy over there filling up the  
hole he just dug?

Donald redirects Mike's attention to a beautiful woman strolling past.

YOUNG DONALD  
How about digging *that* hole?

86

INT. FRED AND MARY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

86

Donald and Fred retire after dinner in the living room, while Mary cleans up dishes.

FRED  
Casinos are simply not part of the Trump brand.

YOUNG DONALD  
You didn't think Manhattan could be part of the brand either, but look what I've accomplished there.

FRED  
Yeah, you've kept the *Daily News* quite busy.

YOUNG DONALD  
You're views are antiquated, dad. You've gotta look to the future. This can be very lucrative for us.

FRED  
You're problem is you don't learn from the past. There were plenty of people in 1929 who over-leveraged themselves. Didn't end well for them. It's always better to have a bedrock than to stretch yourself too thin. Can't you just be happy with what you have, Donald? A wife? Kids? A home? Money? Why does it always have to be 'more' with you?

YOUNG DONALD  
Because I don't want to live a life of complacency. I don't want to just clock in and clock out every day until I die. I don't want to just be a footnote in history. Yeah, you're right the *Daily News* does write about me. But one day it's gonna be the *Times*.

FRED

Is that really want you want? To be  
the center of attention?

YOUNG DONALD

It's not that I want it, it's just  
how it is. I'm gonna be successful,  
I AM successful, and people are  
attracted to that.

The set slowly dims, as Fred falls into the shadow and  
Donald's spotlight shines brighter.

FRED

(from the darkness)

Fine. You're a grown man. You can  
make your own decisions.

AUDIO PRE-LAP: The sound of ROTOR WASH.

87 EXT. GREENWICH, CT - DAY 87

From a helicopter, we see the palatial estates of--

**SUPER: GREENWICH, CT**

100 mini-Versailles. Each with its own swimming pool.

88 INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS 88

Donald and Ivana wear radio headsets.

Ivana points to a particularly large estate. GRINS from ear  
to ear: "That's the one."

Donald nods, approving the purchase. No price tag is too high  
for their future.

89 INT. GREENWICH ESTATE - DAY 89

In a *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*-style tour, we wind  
through the halls of the seventeen-bedroom mansion,  
including:

ROBIN LEACH (V.O.)

A dining room, living room,  
solarium, three kitchens, playroom  
for the kids, ten-car garage,  
bowling alley, indoor and outdoor  
pools...



For a moment, the camera catches DONALD eating a BIG MAC. His hand REACHES toward the camera, PUSHING it violently to the--

ROBIN LEACH (V.O.)

...putting green, tennis court, and sauna! Not since the Breakers has there been a finer home.

90 EXT. GREENWICH ESTATE - DAY

90

The place is MASSIVE. A single-cam shot can barely capture it.

DONALD (V.O.)

**It was a great place to build new family traditions.**

91 INT. GREENWICH ESTATE - DAY

91

**SUPER: 1983**

Donald, Ivana, Don Jr. (6) and Ivanka (2) sit at the 20-seat dining table eating breakfast. Stuffed animals fill the rest of the chairs.

Baby Ivanka plays with her CHEERIOS, making a mess. Donald eyes her, annoyed.

Then with an errant swipe, Ivanka FLINGS cereal ALL OVER. One 'O PELTS Donald in the face.

YOUNG DONALD

Ivana, get her under control.

IVANA

Trudy!!

TRUDY (30s, brunette) enters frame-- like ROSIE from *The Jetson's*, she sputter-glides through the dining room. Lifting Ivanka and disappearing.

IVANA (CONT'D)

Anyway, so like I was saying, I truly have a vision for our "new Atlantic City." I think the high-roller suites' walls should obviously be in a burgundy, because power...

As we close in on Donald's face, Ivana's voice FADES.

A GRIMACE forms.

IVANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Donald. Donald! Are you even  
 listening to me?

MATCH CUT TO:

92 DONALD'S SHIT EATING GRIN. 92

93 EXT. TRUMP TOWER - DAY 93

The jagged facade glistens in the sun.

**SUPER: ~~Bonwit Teller Building~~**

**SUPER: Trump Tower**

94 EXT. TRUMP TOWER - ROOF - DAY 94

Champagne pops, hors d'oeuvres are passed. The who's who of  
 80's glitterati mill about-- lots of shoulder pads and bright  
 colors.

Donald is staring right at MAYOR KOCH.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Another topping out party. Another**  
**Mayor having to eat shit.**

Koch dings his champagne glass. The crowd hushes.

KOCH  
 (eating shit)  
 Today is truly a great day for the  
 city of New York. To honor the  
 occasion and the man of the hour,  
 I'd like to read this ancient Irish  
 toast, traditionally addressed to  
 the lord of a newly built castle.  
 Here's to you, Don--

He clears his throat. Raises a glass.

Donald smugly raises a Diet Coke.

KOCH (CONT'D)  
 Seo dhut, is dòcha gu bheil do  
 chaisteal ceud bliadhna...

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I don't know what that meant. But**  
**he was right, it was my castle.**

A matching set to their country house, Donald and Ivana have also upgraded their city residence. The one we know from all the photoshoots.

**SUPER: TRUMP TOWER - PENTHOUSE**

It's mid-construction, but already we see it's three floors of pure opulence. Cream-and-rust-colored onyx floors and a thousand-crystal chandelier. If something could be leafed in gold or upholstered with damask, it is.

A VERY PREGNANT IVANA points at a wall.

IVANA

Cherubs. Like the ones in the Sistine Chapel.

YOUNG DONALD

Warriors. Like Spartacus.

IVANA

Cherubs!

YOUNG DONALD

Warriors.

As they argue, the mural COMES TO LIFE-- animated on the wall behind them-- Cherubs and Warriors engage in battle.

IVANA

Little. Baby. Cute. Cherubs!

An ARROW slices through a Warrior.

YOUNG DONALD

Huge. Tough. Strong. Warriors!

The head of a Cherub falls to the ground.

IVANA

Cherubs!

The wall is practically red now with blood-- now only a lone Cherub and Warrior left. They grit their teeth and RUSH at each other as we CROSS FADE into the near future.

A MURALIST puts the final touches on... A WARRIOR. His face remarkably similar to DONALD'S.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**And I always got my way.**

IVANA (O.S.)  
 (shouting)  
 I hope you enjoy your MEN, I'm  
 sleeping alone tonight!

DONALD (V.O.)  
**She pouted that night. But you  
 better believe she was in makeup  
 the next day...**

CAMERA FLASHES POP

96

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

96

Donald poses for a photographer.

Between shots, MOS, he answers questions from a REPORTER wearing a NEW YORK TIMES badge.

DONALD (V.O.)  
**And so was everyone else.**

MORE PHOTOSHOOTS:

On a staged set, Donald continues to pose, but he's now joined by IVANA. The photographers are on a conveyor belt as Donald/Ivana simply change poses.

- *Town and Country*: A HORSE is walked on set and they are thrown riding helmets.

- *People*: They ham it up with cheesy smiles.

- *GQ*: They both pull classical poses. Donald tries Rodin's *The Thinker*. He can't pull it off.

- Last but not least, THE NEW YORKER. A chic photographer attempts something here:

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 Donald-- Jump!

Donald does his best John Lennon from HELP.

He stumbles on the landing. Ivana stifles a snicker.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)  
 Higher! Think lean!

FREEZE FRAME on the image of Donald stuck in mid-air-- it fades to B&W.

97 INT. ROY COHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

97

Even more frogs. Somehow his collection has tripled.

ROY

Listen, Donald. With this Tower, you need to create an image. A story.

(beat)

What is it that you want?

YOUNG DONALD

I want the Tower to be a success. I want everyone to be talking about it.

ROY

Exactly. And how do you do that?

YOUNG DONALD

Paparazzi?

ROY

Good start. But you need to go bigger. You need to sell them a bigger story. Someone they'll want to take photos of.

Donald thinks.

YOUNG DONALD

Paul Anka!

ROY

Bigger.

YOUNG DONALD

Steven Spielberg.

ROY

BIGGER.

Donald shrugs.

ROY (CONT'D)

What about Prince Charles?

YOUNG DONALD

He's not moving in.

ROY

(insinuation)

Or is he...

Beat.

YOUNG DONALD  
No... really. I tried calling  
Buckingham Palace but...

Roy WINKS obviously.

ROY  
OR IS HE....

Donald finally gets it and nods, in on the lie.

YOUNG DONALD  
Oooooohhhhh.  
(beat, sotto)  
But, he's not really right?

98 EXT. TRUMP TOWER - DAY

98

As Donald's VO narrates, we track with PRINCE CHARLES in  
TRENCH and sunglasses.

PAPARAZZI SWARM.

DONALD (V.O.)  
It's been 50 years at least since  
people could actually live at this  
address. They were the Astors. The  
Whitneys. The Vanderbilts. And now  
you can live with the Trumps.  
Picture this-- you approach the  
residential entrance--

99 INT. TRUMP TOWER - DAY

99

A DOORMAN opens the door for Charles.

DONALD (V.O.)  
..and your staff awaits your  
arrival. Your concierge gives you  
your messages.

A CONCIERGE delivers slips of paper.

With Charles, we wind between sheets of (of course) Breccia  
Perniche marble walls, getting a view of six floors of shops  
and restaurants:

Asprey, Charles Jourdin, Cartier, Martha, Harry Winston.

People with too much money and too much time buy gold-plated TAXI WHISTLES, silver and gold PET BOWLS-- everything lux and shimmering, and completely pointless.

...Including the 80-foot waterfall. Charles walks past, to the bank of elevators.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Quickly, quietly, the elevator**  
**takes you to your floor, and your**  
**elevator man sees you home.**

The elevator man lets Charles off and sees him into an APARTMENT. Charles opens the door to his apartment.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**You turn the key and wait a moment**  
**before turning on the light. A**  
**quiet moment to take in the view -**  
**wall to wall, floor to ceiling -**  
**New York at dusk. Your diamond in**  
**the sky. It seems a fantasy. And**  
**you are home.**

Prince Charles pours a drink, savoring the view.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**(beat)**  
**The Tower was glorious. All 68**  
**stories.**

Old Timey pops back in...

**OLD TIMEY (V.O.)**  
**Fact check! It was 58 stories!**

100 EXT. TRUMP TOWER - DAY

100

As Donald and Old Timey bicker, TRUMP TOWER grows and shrinks in size.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**68!**

**OLD TIMEY (V.O.)**  
**58!**

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**It's 68! I have final cut! What is**  
**this horseshit? This is my show, my**  
**movie, my facts!**

The building stops and freezes at 68 stories.

DONALD (V.O.)

So, like I was saying, on the top three floors: 66, 67, and 68, was our glorious home. It was finally finished. And it was like fucking Versailles. We had Italians hand carve 27 marble columns. Just for the living room. It was huge. YUGE. And it's a good thing we had three floors. We'd be needing the room...

WAH! Another BABY PHOTO. This one is little baby ERIC.

DONALD (V.O.)

The nannies had that covered. Besides, an empire needs its leader. And that was me. I was the leader.

101 EXT. TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL AND CASINO - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY 101

**SUPER: TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL AND CASINO OPENING**

**SUPER: May 15th, 1984**

Trump stands proudly in front of TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL AND CASINO in Atlantic City. By far the tallest building on the skyline. Fireworks explode overhead.

As Donald approaches a podium, we CUE: Kool and the Gang's *Celebration*. It's a stark contrast to the low-angle *Citizen Kane* shot.

On either side are ROBERT and IVANA.

YOUNG DONALD

Soon, the doors will open to my greatest achievement yet. Inside, you will find 614 rooms, a health club, a 750-seat showroom, seven restaurants including IVANA'S--

He nods to his wife. APPLAUSE. She smiles.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)

--She decorated the place, very good job, it's very beautiful. And of course, what you all came for... a state-of-the-art 60,000 square foot casino!

Wild applause.



YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 You're gonna love it so much,  
 you're never gonna wanna leave!

Polite laughter.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 This partnership with my brother,  
 Robert, has been a long time  
 coming.

He nods to Robert, who definitely doesn't look quite as comfortable in front of a crowd.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 Back when we were kids, I remember  
 we collaborated on our first  
 project-- Of course it was with  
 wood blocks-- I think we upgraded  
 this time around.

A few chuckles.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)  
 All kidding aside, I love my  
 brother, and I'm glad he can be a  
 part of this. Welcome, everyone, to  
 Trump Plaza.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I was on a roll...**

The ROLL of Trump Brand dice takes us to...

102

BEGIN MONTAGE:

102

It's the rise of Trump intercut with the decline of Joe Slot-Puller-- all set to Don Henley's *Dirty Laundry*.

- Donald shuttles on a private helo from NYC to Atlantic City. Over and over.
- Joe pulls slot after slot. Over and over.
- Donald shakes hand after hand in boardroom after boardroom.
- Joe pawns off his belongings.
- Donald shovels McDonald's burgers. His waistline GROWS.
- Joe signs away his mortgages.

- Donald works late into the night at his desk. An assistant delivers a Diet Coke.

- Joe is now HOMELESS on the streets of Atlantic City.

DON HENLEY  
(singing)  
Kick 'em when they're down.

END MONTAGE.

103 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 103

A bloated and bloodshot Donald sits in a paper gown.

YOUNG DONALD  
Shortness of breath, tired all the  
time, my knee hurts, plus, not a  
huge fan of this spare tire--

He clutches at his MUFFIN TOP.

The DOCTOR doesn't even look up-- just SCRIBBLES something and hands over a PRESCRIPTION.

104 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - DONALD'S BATHROOM - DAY 104

In his gold bathroom, Donald palms his recently acquired PILLS. From the millisecond DILATION OF HIS PUPILS (think *Requiem For a Dream*) and the flush of his cheeks, we can see a sense of EUPHORIA and ALERTNESS.

DONALD (V.O.)  
**Sometimes it's worth it. It all  
paid off for me.**

INSERT ACTUAL TRUMP CASTLE COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3AjIXRaCPJ8>

105 EXT. TRUMP CASTLE - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY 105

Another Atlantic City casino opening! TRUMP CASTLE.

**SUPER: TRUMP'S CASTLE OPENING**

**SUPER: June 19th, 1985**

Another rapt crowd.

YOUNG DONALD

But I think we've all heard me talk enough, right? This time around, you get a queen for your castle. I give you your CEO, Ivana Trump...

APPLAUSE as Ivana takes the stage.

IVANA

I thank you all so much! I am so excited to be queen!

A MARCHING BAND kicks up! Confetti rains. Ivana takes her leave.

Now off stage, she starts firing off commands to her HEADS OF STAFF.

IVANA (CONT'D)

Kitchen- I want those hors d'oeuvres passed in three.  
Housekeeping- hospital corners on every bed. I'll be checking. The floor- I want them spending money. They want to spend money. This shouldn't be hard. Alright, everyone, let's go! This needs to be perfect.

106 ANGLE ON DONALD:

106

Even though he put her in charge, he looks discomforted by her authority.

In fact, he reaches in and MOVES the camera back to the ASSES of DANCERS on the casino floor.

DONALD (V.O.)

**Who cares about her? This is what we really come to the movies for... Things you can't have...**

107 EXT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - DAY

107

In mimicry of the famed opening shots of *Citizen Kane*, we slow-pan up the Hispano-Moresque front gate of Mar-a-Lago.

DONALD (V.O.)

**Like this. My own Xanadu... Except mine had a better name: Mar-a-Lago.**

A giant letter "T" replaces the familiar "K." We continue the homage as we DISSOLVE through the estate:

Seventeen-acres, 118 rooms, 58 bedrooms, 33 bathrooms, a ballroom, a theater, a dining room and over 110,000 square feet.

108 EXT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - NIGHT 108

Young Donald relaxes poolside on a warm evening in Palm Beach. He gazes up at the night sky.

DONALD (V.O.)

**But I couldn't rest long. The city called my name. The people needed me.**

And he's off in a flash-- what did he just see??

109 ANGLE ON THE SKY 109

AN ORANGE SPOTLIGHT

In the center, a silhouette of Donald's profile. Unmistakable with the toupee and brows. It's THE TRUMP SIGNAL.

Over BATMAN THEME MUSIC, the screen psychedelically spins, and suddenly we're in--

110 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY 110

Continuing in this 60s comic book style, Mayor Koch enters like a groveling child.

KOCH

Donald, it's been six years. The City can't do it. The Wollman Rink, it needs your help.

Young Donald stands from behind his desk, plants his fists at his hips, puffs out his chest, and juts his jaw forward.

YOUNG DONALD

Anything for the city, Mayor. Even though you've been a dick sometimes!

Mayor Koch nods, agreeing.

From his pose, Donald SUPERMANS his hand forward and launches himself out of the window! Flying!

111 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - WOLLMAN RINK - TIME LAPSE 111

And landing gracefully right outside...

**SUPER: WOLLMAN RINK - CENTRAL PARK**

He starts going to work-- literally ripping a PIPE out of the ground with superhuman strength.

Then, in time-lapse, we see construction on Wollman Rink, facilitated with the help of "Best Concrete."

Donald is at the forefront, confidently running this ship: delegating tasks, shaking hands, fielding questions from the press, and sporting his hard hat.

112 END TIME LAPSE 112

113 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - WOLLMAN RINK - DAY 113

**SUPER: NOVEMBER 1st, 1986**

It's the ribbon cutting ceremony.

Young Donald is flanked by PROFESSIONAL FIGURE SKATERS.

Mayor Koch has the floor-- er-- ice.

KOCH

...And completed in only 4 months--  
2 months ahead of schedule. And  
radically under budget. Ladies and  
gentlemen, Donald Trump!

Donald steps forward with a GIANT PAIR OF SCISSORS. Cuts the ribbon.

YOUNG DONALD

Ed, whenever I see a problem, I do  
anything it takes to solve it. In  
this case, I was looking out my  
window-- no rink! No skaters! What  
a tragedy! So I knew I had to step  
in. Sometimes the government just  
isn't a place to get work done.  
Sometimes the people need a  
businessman. I'm just glad New  
Yorkers now have a place to enjoy  
the winter. Happy skating, folks.

The Figure Skaters cross behind Donald, executing perfect triple axels, punctuating his speech.

The crowd cheers WILDLY. He is truly a hero, especially to--

114 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - WOLLMAN RINK - RENTAL STAND - CONTINUOUS

New Yorkers are interviewed by a LOCAL TV NEWS CREW.

First up, is a Little Kid.

LITTLE KID

(to camera)

Thank you, Donald! You saved the city! We are so grateful!

Next is a Male Figure Skater.

MALE FIGURE SKATER

(to camera)

I'm so happy I finally have a place to practice! Donald is the best!

Lastly, a 40-year old Mom.

MOM

(to camera)

Just in time for my son's birthday!

The screen FREEZES-- Donald cuts in.

DONALD (V.O.)

**Whoa whoa whoa. No way, this woman is a six at best. She was definitely a nine at least. Way hotter.**

With that, the MOM is replaced with GIGI HADID.

GIGI HADID

(to camera)

I love you Donald!

She blows a kiss to camera.

115 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - BEDROOM - NIGHT 115

Donald is in bed alone, watching GIGI on TV. Gigi BLOWS MORE KISSES.

The KISSES float THROUGH THE SCREEN-- drifting like emoji LIPSTICK MARKS-- and onto Donald. He WRITHES around as the "kisses" fall on him, a la American Beauty.

His trance is broken by-- IVANA. She's dressed for bed in her usual, a LEOPARD PRINT PJ SET with matching ROBE.

She flops onto the QUEEN BED.

Vis a vis another *Kane* homage, we see Donald and Ivana drifting apart-- literally. This time we mimic the famous sequence at the dining table. But here...

Donald and Ivana start off in the Queen sized bed.

IVANA

Good job with the rink, honey.  
You're a hero.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

Then we--

CROSS FADE TO:

116 A KING BED

116

YOUNG DONALD

Impressed with your work at the  
Castle. You're almost beating the  
take at the Plaza.

She smiles, but they sleep a little FURTHER apart in this bigger bed.

CROSS FADE TO:

117 A CALIFORNIA KING

117

IVANA

You missed dinner again. The kids  
were asking for you.

Without a word, Donald turns on his side, away from her.

CROSS FADE TO:

118 A WYOMING KING

118

YOUNG DONALD

New credit cards came in. Yours is  
on the counter.

They are even FURTHER apart now.

CROSS FADE TO:

119 AN ALASKA KING

119

IVANA

I saw what you ordered on pay-per-view.

She YANKS at the massive covers. It's basically a thousand-count circus tent at this point. They are now on opposite sides of a 9-foot expanse, each staring at opposite walls, backs to each other.

DONALD (V.O.)

**She became an executive, not a wife. One thing I didn't need - another executive.**

120 EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

120

Donald walks down Madison Avenue on his 80's brick cell phone.

YOUNG DONALD

(into his phone)

She's my wife, Robert. What do you want me to do? Fire her?

121 INT. TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL & CASINO - ROBERT'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

ROBERT

(on the phone)

She got a CEO title for opening her legs. I do all the work. It's bullshit.

YOUNG DONALD

Watch your mouth, that's the mother of my children--

ROBERT

Look, if she doesn't get in line, I'm quitting.

Robert's voice fades into the background as we see--

MARLA MAPLES. She's 26, Georgia raised, blonde, bubbly and voluptuous. Pink dress and pink heels. Donald is in awe.



He drops his cell. Robert's voice continues to crank from the sidewalk.

CUE: *Need You Tonight* by INXS.

We PAN up from Marla's feet. We've left reality and entered an 80's MTV music video.

Instead of heels, she's now wearing 80's AEROBICS SNEAKERS with thick white socks.

Up higher, it's TAN TIGHTS and a bright pink leotard. Permed hair. Sweatbands on her wrists.

In true 80's fashion, SMOKE and SPOTLIGHTS dance around her as she SLO-MO seductively aerobicizes.

Reversing on Donald, he is dumbstruck.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**She was the most gorgeous thing I'd ever seen. The legs. I mean, that body. The legs. Just incredible. I had to have her. And I did.**

The song continues through--

122 BEGIN MONTAGE: 122

It's the beginning of Donald and Marla's torrid affair. *Instead of a traditional montage, this will be an in-camera continuous shot.*

- They MAKE OUT viciously in the backseat of Donald's Limo.
- Marla pulls a STRING off a bikini top-- THROWS IT IN THE AIR. They are on Donald's YACHT.
- At TIFFANY'S, Donald buys her an EXPENSIVE NECKLACE.

123 END MONTAGE. 123

124 INT. MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH ON FIFTH AVENUE - DAY 124

Donald is on his KNEES in a back pew. Repentant?

Nope. Marla enters in a dress not fit for church. He GRABS her ASS.

Yeah, this is the same place where he and Ivana got married. Class act.

They sit, barely able to keep hands off each other, as other parishioners stream in for service.

MARLA

(hushed)

When can I get off the yacht? I'm starting to get really seasick. And that one seagull is so mean...

YOUNG DONALD

Soon. I told you, Ivana is going to be there next week, then you can go to the Castle.

Marla whines. Stomping her foot like a child.

MARLA

But Donny...

YOUNG DONALD

Soon, baby. You know I'd do anything for you.

Beat.

YOUNG DONALD (CONT'D)

(flirty)

Left or right pocket?

Marla's eyes dart between Donald's jacket pockets.

MARLA

Mmmm... Both!

She digs her hands into BOTH his jacket pockets, pulling out TWO JEWELRY BOXES! She's giddy. SQUEALS.

Church-goers turn, eyeing them.

125 INT. PETER LUGER - NIGHT

125

Fred sits alone in a MASSIVE BOOTH.

Young Donald rushes in, breathless. Fixing his tie. Late.

YOUNG DONALD

Where is everyone?

FRED

Sit.

He does. Untouched steaks sit in front of them both.

FRED (CONT'D)  
It's just gonna be us tonight.

YOUNG DONALD  
What's going on?

FRED  
Robert tells me you've missed two board meetings now. Ivana's flying blind at the Castle. I heard you missed an interview with the *Times*. Thought that was important to you? What's going on?

A little cracked-out on diet pills still, Donald squirms.

YOUNG DONALD  
What are you talking about?  
Nothing. Everything's fine.  
Business is great. Deals left and right.

FRED  
You need to be serious about this, Donald. This is your life. If you don't take it seriously, nobody's going to take you seriously. If you become high-risk, there'll be no deals left-- period.

YOUNG DONALD  
(mouthful of steak)  
High-risk?!

FRED  
Is it drugs? Is it drinking? I wish I had asked Freddy sooner...

YOUNG DONALD  
Dad! You know me, I'm not weak like that. Never touched a drop. I've got it together.

126 BEGIN ANIMATED SEQUENCE:

126

The LIGHT SNARE of Nelson Riddle-style laid-back jazz takes us to...

Cartoon silhouettes of Donald, Marla, and Ivana.

A la *Catch Me If You Can*, these figures illustrate the complex balancing act of Donald's life.

- Donald removes Ivana from Atlantic City, puts her in Manhattan.

- He takes Marla from Manhattan to Atlantic City.

- Takes Ivana to the yacht. Takes her off the yacht.

- Takes Marla from Atlantic City to yacht.

It gets faster and faster, a few times until Donald's silhouette bends over to catch his breath, exhausted.

127 END SEQUENCE. 127

128 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - LATE NIGHT 128

Donald walks in the front door-- tie loose, sweaty, beat.

Ivana is waiting for him in the kitchen. Eating a yogurt.

IVANA

You're home. Where have you been?

DONALD

Jesus... Every time I walk in it's like the Czech Inquisition.

IVANA

That's not funny. KGB are not funny. Where were you?

DONALD

Making deals.

IVANA

Donald, you're running yourself ragged.

DONALD

I'm fine.

IVANA

You're not.

Ivana sighs, softening.

IVANA (CONT'D)

We need to get away. Reconnect. I've been feeling so distant from you lately. We're both so busy with work, I know.

(MORE)

IVANA (CONT'D)

But I think some time away just the family- you and me and the kids. Robert can watch the casinos for a week--

DONALD

No. I don't know what you're thinking. I've got my eye on another property in AC-- how could you think this is a good time for a vacation?

IVANA

I'm just looking out for you. For us-- the family.

DONALD

Ditch the yogurt.

(beat)

I'm just looking out for you.

He gestures to her figure and walks out. Her jaw drops, offended.

129

INT. FACELESS BANK - DAY

129

Donald struts in the front door.

All the LENDERS look up in unison. They all exchange glances then--

MEEP MEEP

One banker leaves a Road-Runner trail of dust. The others follow.

DONALD'S POV: They all jockey for position-- trying to push their way to the front.

One LENDER-- RICHARD-- throws a bow-- bloodying a nose. He straightens his tie and FLASHES A SMARMY SMILE at Donald.

RICHARD THE BANKER

How much will you be needing today, Mr. Trump?

DONALD (V.O.)

**The banks couldn't give me enough money. I was the hottest investment in town. Anything I touched turned to gold.**

130

INT. DONALD'S YACHT - STATE ROOM - NIGHT

130

In the yacht's bed, Donald and Marla go at it. The bedspread is COVERED in cash.

Marla's wearing nothing but sweatbands on her wrists, ankles, and forehead.

MARLA

Come on, clench! Work it! Show me those buns of steel!

Donald GRUNTS.

DONALD (V.O.)

I had it all. But the best was yet to come. Soon it would be The Year of Trump. The year of The Donald. I'd never felt so powerful.

Their ORGASM takes us to...

A BALL DROPPING on NYE: "1988" GLITTERS IN GOLD.

CUE: *Everybody Have Fun Tonight* by Wang Chung.

To the 80's beat, Donald swipes his credit card, acquiring:

- SWIPE: Donald christens The Trump Princess with a bottle of champagne. It's his biggest yacht yet: a pool, movie theater, disco, three elevators, two dining rooms, 11 staterooms and 210 telephones, even a helipad with the letter T.

- SWIPE: Donald shakes hands with a BUSINESS MAN in front of an Eastern Shuttle sign. The word "Eastern" fades to "Trump."

- SWIPE: He hops in a helicopter. Three more behind it. They all say TRUMP.

- SWIPE. He puts a necklace on Ivana.

- SWIPE. He puts a necklace on Marla. Buries his head in her boobs.

- SWIPE. Ivanka, Don Jr and Eric are thrilled with their new menagerie: dogs, tropical fish, parakeets, turtles, hamsters... In the BG, Trudy the nanny looks annoyed.

- There's more, we don't have to include it all but... he paid \$1 million to join a third baseball league, tried to takeover American Airlines, Universal Pictures and MCA, put more than 1 million into a pilot for the Trump Card (TV quiz show) and pledged \$750k to the Tour de Trump, an 800 mile bicycle race to end in front of Trump Plaza.

- And then a PEN signs a name...

131 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

131

That pen is in Donald's hand. PULL out to see Donald with Richard The Banker.

RICHARD THE BANKER

You know, Mr. Trump, we don't usually allow for someone with your credit to debt ratio to be granted such a sum. You really went on a buying spree...

(beat)

But you must know people. Because I was called out of my happy ending massage this morning and was told to fast track this loan.

Donald grins.

DONALD

Only the best for the best right? Trust me, when I'm done with this property, I'll be printing money.

Richard looks unsure of that.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**They said that nobody should own three casinos. But it was my year!**

[Fact for the reader: The game Monopoly was modeled on Atlantic City.]

So we cut to:

132 A MINIATURIZED ATLANTIC CITY

132

Like it's a board game.

Trump's tiny hand places a third and final piece on the Monopoly board. In addition to a little PLAZA token and CASTLE token, there is now a TAJ token.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**It would be a few years before The Taj opened. For now, my main focuses were the Castle and the Plaza. Robert was taking care of the day to day. I was big picture. It was all running smoothly.**

133 INT. TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL AND CASINO - BOXING ARENA - NIGHT 133

Celebrities and boxing enthusiasts smoke cigars and pass beers as they CHEER for:

TYSON and SPINKS. Mid-fight.

Donald [no longer "Young Donald" -- time has taken its toll] sits next to a pouting Ivana.

SEVERAL ROWS BACK:

Marla! What is Donald thinking?! She's there with a couple GIRLFRIENDS.

Tyson throws a wild haymaker. Spinks is stunned.

ROBERT enters the arena. Spots Donald. Beelines.

ROBERT

Donald!

But he can't hear over the hubbub.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Donald!!

He CLAPS a hand over his shoulder. Donald whips around.

DONALD

Jesus! What is it??

ROBERT

We need to talk!

DONALD

Now?! I'm a little busy.

Tyson jabs Spinks again-- his head knocks back.

ROBERT

Casino licenses are coming back up.  
The board is on us. I haven't seen  
you in three weeks!

Ivana catches that last sentence-- eyes them.

DONALD

You need to relax, Robert.

ROBERT

Maybe I should take lessons from  
you--



Back on his feet, Spinks launches a devastating hook.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
All you do is relax! Shop, and eat,  
and...

He darts his eyes to MARLA a few rows back.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
FUCK AROUND.

Donald pinches his face-- it's a "shut the fuck up" look.

DONALD  
I was wrong to think you could  
handle the pressure. I guess dad  
was right.

Tyson reels back, unleashes a blow-- INSTANT KO.

Robert shakes his head at Donald, disappointed. Sad for him.

Robert walks off, picks up his cell phone.

ROBERT  
Dad, we need to talk...

134 INT. TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL AND CASINO - IVANA'S - NIGHT 134

Donald (different suit, different night) dines with Ivana,  
Fred and Mary. SEAFOOD on the table. A buffet behind them.

Ivana SLURPS an oyster.

Mary CRACKS a lobster claw.

Donald STABS a shrimp with a fork.

Fred just scans the table. His eyes land on Donald.

FRED  
Donald. Come get some Clams Casino  
with me.

DONALD  
Nah, I'm good with--

FRED  
Donald. Clams. Now.

135 AT THE BUFFET

135

As the men talk, they absentmindedly STACK seafood onto their plates.

A SLOP of cocktail sauce.

FRED

I told you not to make a mess.

Donald wipes the side of his plate. Sauce was everywhere.

Fred looks at him like he's an idiot.

FRED (CONT'D)

Not that kind of a mess, Don. A life mess. Not a food mess. Robert called. You can't even pay the bills for your other casinos, and now you've bought the Taj. What contractors are gonna work with you when they know you won't pay?

Donald just piles more shrimp on his plate.

DONALD

I conquered Manhattan when you couldn't. Atlantic city--

He gestures to the room around them. A MAN in a shrimp costume dances.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I made it mine. I don't know why you think I'm a failure. I've done more than you. Certainly more than Robert.

Fred has the same look Robert had. Pity. Donald is lost in his ego.

FRED

I'm not just talking about your professional life, son.

DONALD (V.O.)

**I have to hand it to my dad. He did see that crash coming...**

Donald's plate SLIPS out of his hand-- SHATTERING into pieces. In slow motion, shrimp BOUNCE off the floor.

DONALD (V.O.)

**No, not that crash.**

AUDIO PRELAP: The sound of helicopter in the distance.

Then REAL WIND picks up and whirls around Fred and Donald, shrimp and clams make a seafood tornado. Donald looks up--

CUT TO:

136 A HELICOPTER

136

Shaking.

Inside, THREE MEN with TRUMP CASINO BADGES look worried. The badges read: EXEC OF TRUMP CASINOS, PRESIDENT OF THE TAJ, AND VP OF THE TRUMP PLAZA in big block letters.

One takes a Tums. Offers it to the other men.

Then the main blade and tail rotor SNAP OFF and the chopper PLUMMETS out of the sky. Tums everywhere.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**No, no. Not that crash either.  
Though that was bad. Very bad.  
Those were three fabulous young men  
in the prime of their lives. No  
better human beings ever existed.  
Tragic. They died. All dead.**

Beat.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Anyway, the crash.**

CUT TO:

137 THE SMOKE TRAIL FROM THE FALLING HELICOPTER TRANSFORMS INTO A  
LINE ON A GRAPH

BLACK FRIDAY. The line plummets. Stock brokers scream and cry.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Nope, still not that one. Jesus,  
'89 sucked.**

CUT TO:

138 EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - DOUBLE BLACK DIAMOND TRAIL - DAY 138

CUE: 2 Live Crew's *Me So Horny*.

A very long shot of a pristine mountain. The only movement: A tiny pink DOT.

**SUPER: Aspen - New Year's Eve, 1990**

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Yup... That's the one.**

Closer now-- that pink dot is:

139 IVANA 139

She expertly SWISHES between moguls in a head-to-toe coral designer ski suit with matching fur trim headband.

Unbeknownst to her, though, just 30 feet above, on the ski lift...

140 MARLA 140

Wearing a very similar outfit- except it's all black. Good v. Evil: 80's ski-glam edition.

141 INT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - BONNIE'S RESTAURANT - DAY 141

It's the mid-mountain watering hole and lunch spot for Aspen elite. Bougie rustic interior.

Blissfully ignorant to the shitstorm a brewin', Donald shovels a hearty breakfast: crispy bacon, scrambled eggs and a can of diet Coke.

Also at his table are the kids: Ivanka (8), Don Jr. (on the cusp of 13) and Eric (4).

The WAITRESS delivers a STACK of pancakes with a big "13" candle stuck in the middle. Sets it in front of Don Jr.

They all sing.

ALL  
(singing)  
Happy birthday to you, happy  
birthday to you, happy birthday  
dear Donallllllld.

IVANA blows in from the slope. Donald waves her over.

She joins in for the last line:

ALL (WITH IVANA) (CONT'D)  
Happy birthday to you!!

Don Jr. blows out the candle. Everyone cheers.

As Don Jr. digs into the fresh stack-- MARLA walks in.

Donald's face DROPS at the sight of her.

*Did this fool really invite his wife and his mistress to the same ski vacation?*

From across the room, Marla SHOOTS DAGGERS at Ivana. Steaming. She watches the family eat their meal. Creepy.

142 EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - BONNIE'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS 142

Bellies full, Don and Ivana put their skis back on.

The door SWINGS open, SLAMMING.

Marla, in all her 80's ski-chic glory, STOMPS right over to Ivana. Gets in her face.

MARLA

I'm Marla. And I love your husband.  
Do you??

IVANA

Excuse me?!

MARLA

You heard me. I'm in love with  
Donald. And he loves me.

IVANA

I think you are mistaken.

Worried, Donald tries to lock-in the final piece of his skis-- it won't budge.

MARLA

Donald! Tell her!

He looks up-- really goes at the lock.

Furious, Ivana PUSHES Marla. Like a White Snake video on the ski slopes of Aspen:

IVANA

Get the fuck away from me and my  
family, you crazy bitch!

MARLA  
You're the crazy bitch!

Ever the feisty fitness model, Marla bites right back.

Literally, she bites Ivana's hand.

But Ivana was born poor in Czechoslovakia-- it's on.

On cue, Don Jr. BREAKS INTO TEARS.

DON JR.  
(whining)  
But it's my birthday!!!!

The women CAT FIGHT-- hair pulling, shoving and nail-scratching. Pink and black fur FLIES.

Finally, Donald's ski locks. And without a word, he's OUT OF THERE. Down the slope.

Ivana clocks this. Gives one last SLAP to Marla--

IVANA  
(sotto, no he didn't)  
Nuh unh.

With an expert shove of her ski poles-- Ivana heat-seeks her prey down--

143 EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - BLACK DIAMOND TRAIL - CONTINUOUS 143

Donald has a lead on Ivana. But not for long.

SHOOP! She flies off a MOGUL, SPINNING-MID AIR--

Landing BACKWARDS, in front of Donald. Facing him.

Donald is startled. Stumbles.

But Ivana doesn't miss a beat. She WAGS A FINGER IN HIS FACE. Clearly ripping him a new one.

From their skis, onlookers gawk at the scene.

IVANA  
How could you do this to me?!

Donald is at a loss, shrugs his shoulders. He opens his mouth to speak as we--

SLAM CUT TO:

144 "BEST SEX I EVER HAD!"

144

It's the infamous NY Post front page headline that rocked NYC. Marla's summation of their sex life. A photo of a SMUG DONALD on the cover.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**(clears throat**  
**expectantly)**  
**Eh-hem.**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
 (reluctant)  
 "Best Sex I Ever Had."

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Once more. With feeling.**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
 (trying, but still doesn't  
 want to say it)  
 "Best Sex I Ever Had!"

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**There we go. But, obviously, Ivana**  
**didn't take that so well.**

145 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - DONALD'S BATHROOM - DAY 145

In the onyx bathroom, Ivana furiously packs up her jewels and makeup. Frantic-- she moves to--

146 IVANKA'S ROOM

146

IVANA  
 Ivana, pack a bag, let's go.

147 DON JR.'S ROOM

147

IVANA  
 Don, help with your brother's  
 things.

She's running through the house now-- from the KITCHEN to the BATHROOM to her BEDROOM. Donald chases after her.

DONALD  
 Ivana! Honey, slow down.

Ivana has MEMORIZED the *Post* article. She's reciting lines to him as she collects her belongings.

IVANA

"I had Mister Charm all over me."

She **SHOVES** a bikini into a bag.

IVANA (CONT'D)

"...And it was very hard to say no."

Donald tries to **UNPACK** her. Takes the bikini back out.

DONALD

You know that they write nothing but trash! They just want to sell papers!

She steamrolls him.

IVANA

"When that man wants something, he'll stop at nothing to get it..."

DONALD

I'll tell you what I want-- for you to stop packing! Just slow down and we'll talk about this.

IVANA

No, we won't.

She **ZIPS** a bag and heads for the door with the kids and **TWO NANNIES**.

Don Jr. spins back for one last burn:

DON JR.

You don't love us! You don't even love yourself. You just love your money.

148 INT. LIMO - DAY

148

Ivana sits in silence with Don Jr., Ivanka, Eric, BABI (60's, Ivana's mom), DEDO (60's, her dad), and the newest nannies DOROTHY (20s) and BRIDGET (20).

ECU: Ivana's eyes burn with fury and hurt.

149 EXT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - DAY

149

**STAFF** help Ivana and the family with their **BAGS**.



**DONALD (V.O.)**

**They stayed there for 3 months! But  
I guess it was just as well. The  
media had gone mad!**

150 BY THE POOL

150

Ivanka and Don Jr. do homework on chaise lounge chairs.  
PAPARAZZI helicopters circle overhead.

Ivanka shields her face with a TEXTBOOK.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**They loved the drama. And believe  
it or not, Ivana didn't care. While  
I was in Japan on business...**

151 INT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - LIVING ROOM - DAY

151

Ivana sits down with gossip reporter and friend LIZ SMITH  
(30's).

A recorder is on the table. Liz also takes notes.

IVANA

A breast lift. A face lift.

She starts to cry softly.

IVANA (CONT'D)

Anything to get his attention back.  
Our sex life was just declining--  
not at all like it was in the  
beginning.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**(interjecting)**

**Not true! Believe me, I know how to  
lay pipe.**

Liz puts a hand on Ivana's shoulder, comforting her.

IVANA

I'm devastated, Liz. Devastated.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I taught her everything about  
business. And the first rule:  
strike first, strike loudest, and  
run with the story. And that she  
did.**

The NY DAILY NEWS headline that comes of this interview,  
"LOVE ON THE ROCKS", spins at the screen.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**But I wasn't gonna let her have the  
last word. And hey, as they say, I  
don't care what they write as long  
as they spell my name right.**

152 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

152

Donald sits behind his desk. AN INTERN sheepishly walks in,  
hauling a stack of MAGAZINES and NEWSPAPERS-- hundreds of  
YELLOW POST-ITS jut from between pages.

INTERN

Mr. Trump, sir, as requested, here  
are all the publications that  
mentioned you in the last week--  
all marked.

Donald hungrily reaches for them. LICKS his finger and FLICKS  
a page open--

MATCH CUT TO:

AMERICANS across the country BUYING tabloids and consuming  
the gossip. With every page Donald turns, we see a NEW PERSON  
devouring a NEW HEADLINE:

"The Trumps Speak Out"

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Roy taught me good publicity is  
preferable to bad.**

"Gimme the Plaza!"

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**But from a bottom line  
perspective...**

"Ivana Better Deal"

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Bad publicity is sometimes better  
than no publicity at all.**

"Separate Beds"

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Controversy, in short, sells.**

"They Met In Church!"

And last but not least "Marla's Hideway" which takes us to...

153 EXT. GUATEMALA - PEACE CORP ENCAMPMENT - DAY 153

**SUPER: El Mirador, Guatemala**

Deep in the jungle hides an incognito Marla Maples. She's in a red wig, straw hat and oversized sunglasses. Yeah, this really happened.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**Marla had to get away from it all.  
So she went to the jungle. I don't  
get it either.**

154 QUICK SHOTS OF AMERICANS CONSUMING MORE TABLOIDS 154

- Gossiping by an office water cooler
- A newsstand can't keep up-- they fly off the shelves
- Pages flip

These images multiply faster and faster until--

BLACK

155 A GLISSANDO OF DELICATE PIANO 155

It's the famous opening to Gloria Gaynor's anthem of female empowerment *I Will Survive*.

156 INT. FAMILY COURTROOM - DAY 156

Ivana's eyes BLINK OPEN.

It's a DEPOSITION.

Ivana, foam headphones over her blonde hair, sits beside her lawyer IRA (50s).

Across the table are Donald and Roy.

Ira spits fire at Roy, but we just hear Gloria. Ivana mouths the words:

IVANA  
 (mouthing)  
 Did you think I'd crumble? Did you  
 think I'd lay down and die?

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I lost a lot in that deal. Fourteen  
 million plus child support plus the  
 Greenwich house... Luckily, I had  
 other things to distract me...**

157 EXT. TAJ MAHAL - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

157

**SUPER: April 2nd, 1990**

**SUPER: Grand Opening - Taj Mahal**

Donald stands on a stage with a giant Aladdin-style magic lamp. He rubs it and a GENIE appears on a televised screen behind him.

GENIE VOICE  
 Good evening, master! What is your  
 wish?

Donald hams for the camera.

DONALD  
 To have the best damn casino in  
 Atlantic City!

GENIE VOICE  
 Your wish is my command!

FIREWORKS explode and ELEPHANTS are paraded out. The crowd cheers. We see MICHAEL JACKSON is there, Bubbles in tow, clapping near the stage.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**If only that Genie really could  
 have granted me a wish. Cuz if I'm  
 being honest, it really was an  
 illusion. I wasn't doin' so hot...**

Off a mystical poof of smoke...

158 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

158

Donald sits at the head of a boardroom table.

REVERSE on a sea of name placards from myriad BANKS.

We recognize the one who is front and center - RICHARD THE BANKER.

RICHARD THE BANKER	LENDER 2
Four million!	38 million!

LENDER 3	LENDER 4
Eight million!	635,000!

Other voices join in, shouting the massive numbers of the debts he owes. It's overwhelming as they MELD and GROW LOUDER.

RICHARD THE BANKER

What you've done is immoral. You borrowed money with no intention of paying it back. Your greed is going to tank us all. You're forcing us to eat it while you walk away with millions!

His voice fades out as they all point and yell in SLO MO, spit flecks fly. Then, one by one these MEN transform into HUMAN-SIZED PREDATORS OF THE FROG-- we recall them from Roy's warning.

VFX: Richard the Banker turns into Richard the LIZARD.

Others turn into: A WEASEL, A SNAKE, and A RACCOON.

DONALD (V.O.)

What the banks didn't realize is that they were the ones who had created a moral hazard. This is another 'dummy' lesson. It's an economics term. Learned it at Wharton. Basically, by making me such a big part of these deals, they got in too deep. They had to keep giving me money or they would have lost everything. Their negligence led them to this point so they were racing to cover up messes- mine and their own. In the end, I renegotiated billions for pennies on the dollar. I was the first "Too Big to Fail."

In the boardroom, Donald turns to camera. The lenders/creatures are still in slo-mo.

DONALD

So yeah, I owed everybody money. Just for the Trump Shuttle: 135 mil. Personally guaranteed Bear Stearns 56. The Taj ended up costing me another 35. Plaza was well over 100 million. The yacht, the Greenwich house, Mar-a-Lago... it was bad. But no one caught on. Everyone still thought I was rich.

159 EXT. TRUMP TOWER - SIDEWALK - DAY

159

Donald walks with Ivanka (9). They pass a HOMELESS MAN sitting outside Trump Tower.

BEGGAR

Yo, can I get a dollar?

Donald looks at the beggar and then to his daughter.

DONALD

You know, that guy has eight billion dollars more than me.

A confused Ivanka stares blankly back at her dad.

DONALD (V.O.)

**The 90's were shaping up to be pretty shitty.**

160 INT. TRUMP PRINCESS - STATEROOM - DAY

160

Donald sits with Marla. He is excited as he pitches her an idea:

DONALD

Totally tasteful. Nude, yes. But class all the way. No beaver shot.

Marla looks offended.

DONALD (CONT'D)

NO beaver I said. NO BEAVER. Come on, baby. It's already negotiated with Hef. A million. All we need is for you to say yes.

Marla shakes her head NO.

MARLA

Why does everyone want me posing  
naked?! First my dad, now you...

Donald looks confused.

DONALD (V.O.)

I don't know what that meant  
either. But I didn't have time to  
deal with it. My empire was at  
stake.

Pissed, Donald slams closed a folio. PLAYBOY CENTERFOLDS fly  
out.

DONALD

Fine. But you can say goodbye to  
the Princess.

Marla looks sad.

161 EXT. MARINA - DAY

161

A very obvious STAGE PROP, the Princess is simply a PAINTED  
FLAT.

Two STAGEHANDS enter frame. They lift it up, and carry it  
away.

Blackness and wires left behind.

DONALD (V.O.)

My empire-- just hauled away before  
my very eyes. But I wasn't out of  
the game just yet.

162 INT. ROY COHN'S OFFICE - DAY

162

Donald sits with Roy.

ROY

What did I tell you?

DONALD

Never shake it more than three  
times-- then you're just--

ROY

No! About the frogs.

Donald thinks hard. So many facts...

DONALD  
Frogs come in all sorts of colors?

Roy sighs.

ROY  
"Pin something down, keep it where  
you want it, devour it when you're  
ready, and don't let anyone see."

Donald nods.

DONALD  
Ohh yeah...

ROY  
Donald, everyone saw. You made a  
mess. This Marla thing... not good.  
And your debt.  
(shaking his head)  
But I have a plan.

On the table is--

163 FRED TRUMP'S WILL 163

Roy redlines it.

ROY  
Your father's will. This change  
will make you the sole executor of  
his estate.

Donald nods-- liking the plan.

164 INT. FRED AND MARY'S HOME - QUEENS - DAY 164

Fred (now 85 and ailing) opens a yellow manilla envelope.

The return address shows this is from ROY COHN.

As he reads the CONTENTS, Fred's face slow boils to absolute  
rage.

He picks up a phone. Dials.

165 INT. FRED AND MARY'S HOME - QUEENS - DAY 165

Fred has assembled the whole family: Donald, Elizabeth,  
Maryanne and Robert sit around the dining table.



FRED

(to Donald)

You and your debt will be the end of the Trump name. I tried to warn you so many times.

DONALD

What are you talking about? I am and always have been the most savvy of the family. I was the one you made president of the company-- not them.

ROBERT

What's going on? Why are we here?

FRED

(to Donald's siblings)

Donald's trying to push you out of the estate. Write you out of my will.

Fred passes around the document that Roy and Donald drew up.

MARYANNE

(looking at it)

I'm not surprised.

DONALD

Exactly, the estate *should* be in my control.

MARYANNE

That's not what I meant.

She passes it to--

ELIZABETH

Donald, are you kidding me with this?

DONALD

I don't know what you're all so upset about. I'm the best businessman here-- I'm doing the family a favor--

ROBERT

I don't need any more of your favors. Atlantic City gave me an ulcer.

FRED

Donald, it's time to admit that you've failed. Your illusions of grandeur are just that-- illusions. Great men know when to pack it in. When to quit living beyond their means. When to stop. I'm tired of having to bail you out.

Beat.

MARYANNE

I've already got a lawyer redrafting this. It will guarantee Donald receives no more control over the estate than us.

DONALD (V.O.)

**You see that betrayal right there? Stabbed in the back. Like Brutus. I was just trying to protect them. I could have doubled our money. Tripled it. But they obviously didn't have faith in me...**

166 EXT. TAJ MAHAL - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT 166

The Taj glitters in the night sky.

Fred Trump, carrying a briefcase, hobbles in through the FRONT DOORS.

167 INT. TAJ MAHAL - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT 167

It's a slow night. A few elderly blow their social security checks at the slots. Even the cocktail waitresses look bored.

Fred ambles to the CAGE. A CASHIER (20s, acne) greets him.

CAGE CASHIER  
Good evening, sir.

FRED  
I'd like some chips.

CAGE CASHIER  
No problem, sir. Right away. How much would you like?

Fred carefully removes a FOLDED SCRAP OF PAPER from his coat.  
Slides it through the security barrier.

Cashier unfolds it, gets UNCOMFORTABLE after reading the amount.

CAGE CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Excuse me. I just need to get my boss.

Fred sighs. Leans on the counter.

Moments later, a CAGE MANAGER returns with Cashier. Recognizes Fred immediately.

CAGE MANAGER  
Good evening, Mr. Trump. We'll get you these chips right away.

Seconds later, STACKS upon STACKS are passed through the gate.

FRED  
I'm going to need two security men.

Fred RIFFLES the chips into his briefcase.

SNAPS it shut. What is he doing?

CAGE MANAGER  
Not playing tonight, Mr. Trump?

FRED  
Not tonight.

TWO SECURITY MEN escort Fred straight toward the exit.

WIDE SHOT on the casino floor as Fred and the Guards make their way out the front door.

Beat.

The camera PANS back to the cage, landing on the PIECE OF PAPER.

We now see that it reads:

**3.3 Million**

DONALD (V.O.)  
**It was a good gesture. It hurt to take money from my dad. Again.**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
...Illegally.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Anyway, the rent was due.**  
**Eventually though, I did have to**  
**part ways with some things...**

Again, CUE: *Everybody Have Fun Tonight* by Wang Chung. But this time, it sounds like a dragging audio reel-- warped and eating itself.

Mimicking the rhythm of the prior credit card swipe sequence, an AUCTION GAVEL pounds as Trump is forced to sell:

- POUND: The yacht. At the marina, a sad Donald shakes hands with a SAUDI PRINCE.

- POUND: The Trump Shuttle. A HAND paints over the TRUMP SHUTTLE logo on a plane.

- POUND: The hotel St. Moritz. In front of the hotel, Sad Donald holds a sign: "YARD SALE." Hotel furniture piled behind him.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**The media was relentless.**  
**Vultures...**

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
 Eh hem. I take that personally.  
 (joyously)  
 "Trump in a Slump" "Uh-Owe" "How  
 Much is Donald Really worth?"  
 "Jilted by Lady Luck" "Investors  
 Sue."

With each headline we see FLASHES of the covers. Those same Americans who were devouring Donald's divorce headlines are now LAUGHING at these. Live by the press, die by the press.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**We get the point. But yeah. It**  
**wasn't good. I even had to file for**  
**bankruptcy.**

[Remember how Monopoly was modeled on Atlantic City?]

We return to the Atlantic City game board. But this time a GIANT HAND knocks over the piece that is Taj Mahal.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Within less than a decade, I was**  
**out of Atlantic City.**

Trump Castle-- FLICKED away.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**My empire shrinking daily.**

Trump Plaza-- BRUSHED aside.

Shots of a post-Trump Atlantic City:

- Homeless encampments.
- Daylight drug deals.
- Cheap hookers. Not the fancy ones.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**But what matters in this world is**  
**image. What you put forward. So, I**  
**called on my ace of a PR man, John**  
**Miller.**

CUT TO:

168 DONALD TRUMP

168

Very poorly disguised in a pair of GROUCHO GLASSES- you know them-- black-rims, fake nose, fuzzy mustache.

**SUPER: John Miller, Trump Organization, Public Relations**

John Miller turns to camera and directly addresses us:

JOHN MILLER  
 I know, I'm incredibly handsome. He  
 only hires the best. He needed me  
 when his love life was once again  
 front-page news.

Another NY POST cover spins at us: It's Over - featuring a photo of Marla and Donald.

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)  
 (gleeful)  
 "It's Over!"

169 INT. PEOPLE MAGAZINE OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

169

Cubicles buzz. Keys click and employees gossip.

A bubbly reporter (24, permed, like a gum-popping MEG Ryan) twirls a phone cord.

MEG

Yeah, hi, it's Meg from People.  
Jenny's been sick. I'm sorry. It's  
me now. I'm calling for comment on  
the Marla split.

Beat.

MEG (CONT'D)

Sure, I'll talk to PR.

She twirls the cord more.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH--

170 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

170

John Miller AKA Trump in Groucho Glasses, takes the call.

He disguises his voice. Poorly.

JOHN MILLER

Yes, it's over with Marla. It  
doesn't matter to Donald if Marla  
talks. He truly doesn't care.

Donald pushes the Groucho glasses back up his nose.

MEG

Are you ok, Mr. Miller? Do you have  
a cold?

JOHN MILLER

Don't worry about me. Listen,  
there's an army of women rabidly  
chasing The Donald. Carla Bruni,  
yes. But also Madonna, Kim  
Basinger. Important, beautiful  
women call him all the time. Donald  
is the number one bachelor in the  
city. Any woman would be lucky.

Meg looks repulsed. The SPLIT SCREEN SLIDES AWAY-- just  
Donald/John Miller now. He turns to camera.

JOHN MILLER (CONT'D)

What's the problem? I -- I mean he--  
wasn't a married man.

(beat)

Yet.

171 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - DAY

171

Donald inhales a BIG MAC as he watches the news. Fries balanced on his gut.

**SUPER: February, 1993**

Marla enters.

MARLA

Don, we have to talk.

DONALD

I'm watching the news.

MARLA

I actually have some news... for you.

DONALD

What is it?

MARLA

(smiling.)

I'm pregnant, Don.

DONALD

(outraged)

Excuse me? What happened? I thought you were on the pill?

Marla shrugs and pouts.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I should have known, though. Trump sperm, they're super.**

DONALD

Well, what are we gonna do about this?

MARLA

Are you serious? It's the most beautiful day of our lives!

DONALD

Oh great.

WAH! Flash to a photo of BABY TIFFANY.

172 EXT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - POOL - DAY 172

Marla bronzes herself on a lounge chair tilted toward the sun.

A STAFFER in a button down, vest and tie approaches with a platter and SILVER CLOCHE. He whips off the cover to reveal a BREAST PUMP.

We pull wide to see Maples accept the offering and start pumping.

173 INT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - YOGA ROOM - LATER 173

Marla is zenning out in DOWN DOG. Tiffany giggles and spits in a RAINFOREST JUMPER nearby.

Sage burns. A New Age soundtrack drowns out the conversation in the next room...

174 INT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - DINING ROOM - SAME 174

Donald is with his mother Mary. She's doling out life advice, playing to his ego.

MARY

Ivana is still in love with you,  
you know.

DONALD

I know that.

MARY

So then what's the problem?

DONALD

I have another child now, mother.

MARY

And THREE more with Ivana. I'm no  
math whiz-- but Don...

DONALD

You expect me to just go back to  
her? How would that make me look?

MARY

Like a man who made a mistake. But  
knew the right woman for him. It's  
not Marla. I've heard the rumors. I  
know your weakness-- and it won't  
be long before she finds out.



Mary tilts her head to the room next door where Marla is.

Donald swallows the truth-- but gives nothing away.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I don't know what she was talking about.**

MARY

All I'm saying is: Ivana would likely take you back. It wouldn't be the worst decision you could make...

Off Donald, considering this new deal...

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**But with Tiffany, I had to do the right thing.**

175

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

175

It's Donald and Marla's wedding. Marla dons a \$2 million tiara with 325 inlaid diamonds. Donald is in a classic tux, as always.

An altar is covered in WHITE ORCHIDS and BIRCHES, from which cut-glass teardrops cascade.

The crowd is star-studded. But because we can't get them (some are dead), and also because it's funnier, they will be life-size CARDBOARD CUT OUTS of: Mayor Dinkins, Senator Al D'Amato, Bianca Jagger, Robin Leach, Howard Stern, Rosie O'Donnell, O.J. Simpson and Susan Lucci, Don King and Joe Frazier. Think the album cover for *Sgt. Peppers*.

The paparazzi have their own pew.

Donald lifts the VEIL. This doesn't look like two people in love. But nevertheless...

DONALD

I do.

MARLA

I do.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**The wedding was very lavish. Best of the best. Just because I was broke, didn't mean I'd live like a farmer. But, of course, the best doesn't come cheap. So...**

176 EXT. STUDIO LOT - DAY 176

In the following sequence, Donald SELLS OUT. He will travel from STAGE to STAGE, filming different CAMEOS. Like Billy's wandering in *The Family Circus*, Donald's movement is marked by an on-screen trail.

So, into STAGE A he goes. A RED LIGHT blinks on.

177 INT. FRESH PRINCE OF BEL AIR SET - DAY 177

GEOFFREY THE BUTLER

Sir, it is my distinct pleasure to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Donald Trump.

DONALD and MARLA enter the set to APPLAUSE.

CARLTON

It's the Donald! Oh my god!

Carlton faints.

Donald shakes Phil's hand.

DONALD

I like keeping a low profile.

178 BACK ON THE LOT 178

Donald's trail leads to STAGE B. A red light goes on.

179 INT. THE NANNY SET - CONTINUOUS 179

THE NANNY AKA FRAN FINE

I'm telling you I'm still the same old schlub you met when I came here-  
- Hi Donny!!

She opens the door and KISSES Donald on the cheek.

The studio crowd goes WILD at the sight of him.

Donald's CELL rings. He takes the call.

DONALD

Hello? I told you not to call me on this line again.

ANOTHER cell rings. He answers.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
That's better.

180 EXT. STUDIO LOT - CONTINUOUS 180

Donald's trail leads to STAGE C. A red light goes on.

181 INT. LITTLE RASCALS SET - CONTINUOUS 181

Donald sits on the bleachers talking on the phone to his "son" who is in a soapbox derby race.

DONALD  
Waldo, you're the best son money  
can buy.

182 EXT. STUDIO LOT - CONTINUOUS 182

Donald's trail leads to STAGE D. A red light goes on.

183 INT. LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS SET - CONTINUOUS 183

Donald and Marla are interviewed by Robin Leach.

ROBIN LEACH  
Now Donald, what does Tiffany have  
of yours and what does Tiffany have  
of Marla's?

DONALD  
Well, I think that she's got a lot  
of Marla, she's a really beautiful  
baby. And she's got um, she's got  
Marla's legs. We don't know whether  
or not she got this part yet--

He gestures to his "boobs" -- hands cupped.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
But time will tell.

184 EXT. STUDIO LOT - CONTINUOUS 184

Donald's trail leads to STAGE E. He stops in front of this door. SIGHS deeply. Heads in.

A red light goes on.

185 INT. PIZZA HUT COMMERCIAL SET - CONTINUOUS

185

Imagine late night Skinemax porn with cheesy jazz, echo effects and food-based innuendo.

DONALD

You really think this is the right thing for us to be doing?

He adjusts his bowtie.

IVANA

What will people think?

DONALD

Let 'em talk.

IVANA

(echoing, mouths not moving)

Donald.

DONALD

(echoing, mouths not moving)

Ivana.

DONALD (CONT'D)

It's wrong isn't it?

IVANA

But it feels so right.

DONALD

Then it's a deal?

IVANA

(breaking the mood)

Yes! We eat our pizza the wrong way!

DONALD

Crust first!

IVANA

May I have the last slice?

She reaches for a slice-- he stops her hand.

DONALD

Actually, you're only entitled to half.

Donald takes a BIG BITE of pizza.

DIRECTOR

CUT!!

Donald spits out the pizza.

DONALD

Where's my Big Mac?

Ivana looks at him in disgust.

IVANA

You really do eat like a pig.

DONALD (V.O.)

**And she looked like one after all that surgery. But, anyway... No matter how many cameos I did or commercials I made, I continued to fall. To the very bottom.**

186 EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

186

Donald stares up at his former prized property.

**SUPER: THE PLAZA - MANHATTAN**

In a move reminiscent of the Art Deco edifice destruction, a construction worker pries off the giant T in TRUMP.

It sails into the air, THUDDING at his feet. Sad.

DONALD (V.O.)

**At least I had Marla.**

187 EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE - BEACH - NIGHT

187

A deserted sweep of beach. A POLICEMAN angles a Maglite at a LIFEGUARD STAND.

It illuminates a burly SECURITY GUARD with rumped hair. Seconds later, another head pops out. It's--

188 MARLA

188

In only spandex pants and a sports bra. The two have clearly been canoodling.

Policeman approaches.

POLICEMAN

IDs please.

Marla bats her eyelashes at the cop.

MARLA

Oh good evening officer. We just went out for a quick walk. Left our IDs in the hotel room.

POLICEMAN

Pretty sure the guards at Mar-a-lago will let you in without a key, Marla.

We FREEZE on Marla's gape--

Then a headline spins at us from *The National Enquirer*:

MARLA CAUGHT WITH HUNK - COPS INTERRUPT LATE NIGHT BEACH FROLIC

OLD TIMEY (V.O.)

Marla caught with Hunk! Cops interrupt late night beach frolic!

DONALD (V.O.)

(sighs)

It wasn't long before that marriage was over, too. Marla went back to B-movies. I mean *Maximum Overdrive*? Really? What a resume.

[If we can, would love to show the actual clip of Marla's cameo in the Stephen King flick here].

DONALD (V.O.)

The 90's, though, wouldn't be complete without a final crushing blow.

189 INT. MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH - DAY

189

**SUPER: June 29th, 1999**

A photo of FRED TRUMP is displayed on an easel.

Donald's new girlfriend MELANIA (26) sits in the pews in a plunging black neckline.

Mary, across the aisle, clutches the hand of a grieving Ivana.

Donald pats Melania's hand and makes his way to the pulpit.

JOAN RIVERS gives him a nod.

DONALD

Today is the toughest day of my life. It's ironic, you know, I learned of my father's death just moments after I read a front-page story in *The New York Times* acknowledging the success of my biggest development, Trump Place.

As Donald moves from eulogy to self-aggrandizement, the spotlight over Fred's photo begins to BLACK OUT, and Donald's shines even BRIGHTER.

In fact, the audience shields their eyes from the blinding light.

DONALD (CONT'D)

On this project, as on the Grand Hyatt, Trump Tower, Trump Plaza, the Trump Taj Mahal, Trump Castle, and everything else I have ever done, my father had been 100% supportive. Whenever I was having trouble, Fred was there for me. He always knew I'd come back. I was a winner. I was a killer. I was a king.

He looks at the photo of Fred, but he can't see it anymore. Where he stands is too bright, and Fred's photo now lives in darkness.

DONALD (CONT'D)

(sadly)

Just like you wanted, dad.

(beat)

I will miss that support. I will miss you, dad. But I promise you, when you look down, you'll be proud of me.

In the crowd, we see that this "eulogy" has sparked a round of sour reactions. In particular, Ivana. Robert. His kids. Local politicians. Basically everyone.

190

EXT. MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH ON FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

190

Robert approaches Donald. People mill about.

ROBERT

What was that in there, Don?

DONALD

Thanks, I wrote it this morning.

ROBERT

No-- I mean it was all about you. Eulogies are supposed to honor the dead. That wasn't about dad at all. That was just The Donald Show.

A few funeral attendees CLOCK Robert's tone. Donald doesn't like the gawking.

DONALD

(sotto)

Really, Robert? You're gonna do this here? Now?

ROBERT

All you do is dodge problems. Not this one. You left me holding the bag in Atlantic City. Ivana did all the work at the Castle. You just show up for photo ops and expect all the credit for everything. In reality, you're a joke. You don't see it, but everyone else does.

191 EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - LATER

191

Donald slow-walks down the streets of Manhattan. Absolutely rudderless. It's the opposite of the *Saturday Night Fever* moment.

DONALD (V.O.)

**You're out there alone. I mean, it's not fun. I went from being a boy wonder, boy genius, to this fucking guy who has nothing but problems.**

His sad-sack voyage lands him back at TRUMP TOWER.

192 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - BEDROOM - SAME

192

Donald opens his CLOSET.

DONALD (V.O.)

**I was ready for the millennium. Ready to hit refresh. I filed for bankruptcy, multiple times. Everyone I owed money to? Fuck 'em. But everyone loved me!**

(MORE)



**DONALD (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
**Is that irony? I'm not sure. But it**  
**was great. That's right. I fucked**  
**everyone.**

Puts on a brand-new suit and tie. Looks exactly like all his other ones.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Maybe it was karma. That's what**  
**Marla would have said. But 2000**  
**kicked me square in the nuts.**

193 INT. MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH ON FIFTH AVENUE - DAY 193

ANOTHER funeral. This time, his MOTHER'S photo displayed.

Donald sits in a pew. Crestfallen.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**In the movies, they call this 'The**  
**Dark Night of the Soul'.**

194 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - BEDROOM - NIGHT 194

Donald lays in bed gobbling down fast food and watching TV.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**It's where you just can't sink**  
**lower. You don't get the point of**  
**living. My dad was right. He never**  
**got to see me truly succeed.**  
**(beat)**  
**A Big Mac couldn't even do it for**  
**me anymore.**  
**(beat)**  
**Nothing could.**

A scantily clad LINGERIE MODEL climbs into bed. Donald mounts her, looks bored. Then to camera:

**DONALD**  
**And then it got worse.**

SLAM TO BLACK.

195 A LONG BEAT 195

Audio pre-lap: The all-too familiar JET ENGINE WHIRRING as it slams into the side of the World Trade Center.

SMASH TO:

196 DONALD'S TV 196

9/11 coverage. A tragedy in real time.

197 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - BEDROOM - DAY 197

In a suit, Donald watches Fox News. These are memories seared into the American consciousness, each more devastating than the last.

Minutes later...

198 ANGLE ON THE TV: 198

A WWOR reporter speaks to camera.

WWOR REPORTER

We have Donald Trump on the line.  
Donald--

WIDE ON THE ROOM -- Donald listens on the phone.

WWOR REPORTER (CONT'D)

--You have one of the landmark buildings down in the financial district: 40 Wall St. Did you have any damage? Do you know what's happening down there?

We hear Donald speak, followed by a delayed echo from the TV. The effect is haunting.

DONALD

Well it was an amazing phone call I made. 40 Wall Street actually was the second tallest building in downtown Manhattan, and it was... actually before the World Trade Center was the tallest. And then when they built the World Trade Center it became known as the second tallest, and now it's the tallest.

DISSOLVE TO:

199 EXT. GROUND ZERO - NEW YORK - DAY 199

Donald poses for staged photo-ops alongside GIULIANI. Lifting rubble, talking to FDNY, giving blood. Desperate to be NY's hero again.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**It was a hard time for me. A hard  
time for the country.**

STOCK FOOTAGE:

- Shots of soldiers shipping off. Families in tears.
- Banning French Fries.
- Flags on every surface.

It's a country in mourning, about to hit back with its military.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**And it was clear then, more than  
ever, that we needed to keep the  
American Dream alive. And that  
dream is about capitalism.  
Competition. Every man for himself.**

ECU: A ravenous swarm of Amazonian ARMY ANTS devour a carcass. One TRAMPLES another to get a morsel.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**For me, that meant giving America a  
lesson in real competition. Little  
did I know, Mark Burnett was on the  
same page.**

Pull out to reveal:

200                   EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST - DAY                   200

MARK BURNETT looks contemplative in a director's chair.

In the BG, tanned SURVIVOR CONTESTANTS donning the signature bandana-bras eat shit on an obstacle course. But Mark's focus is fixated on those ants.

A LITERAL LIGHTBULB goes on over his head. His lips softly mouth a word:

MARK BURNETT  
(Mouthing)  
Trump.

A GAFFER then moves the klieg light off of him and onto another set.

Back to the ants. They writhe, almost as one-- piling over each other just to get one more bite...

MATCH CUT TO:

201 AERIAL SHOT OF DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN 201

The ants fade. In their place, New Yorkers mimic their same DESPERATE AND VICIOUS STAMPEDE.

**SUPER: 2003**

CUE: THE APPRENTICE theme music.

DONALD (V.O.)

Manhattan is a tough place. This island is the real job. If you're not careful, it can chew you up and spit you out. But if you work hard you can really hit it big. I mean really big.

202 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY 202

Donald turns from the skyscraper's window, away from the struggling masses below. We track with him as he struts through the corridors of his Triplex.

DONALD (V.O.)

About 13 years ago, I was seriously in trouble. I was billions of dollars in debt. But I fought back and I won - big league. I used my brain. I used my negotiating skills and I worked it all out. And now my company is bigger than it ever was and stronger than it ever was and I'm having more fun than I've ever had. I've mastered the Art of the Deal, turned the name Trump into the highest quality brand, and as a master, I want to pass on my knowledge to somebody else. I'm looking for...

His journey lands him in a MAKEUP CHAIR.

DONALD

(sotto)

I'm looking for...I'm looking for...

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)  
 (thinking)  
 LINE!

A DIRECTOR approaches.

DIRECTOR  
 The Apprentice, Donald. The name of  
 the show. It's The Apprentice.

DONALD  
 (ah-ha!)  
 The Apprentice.

Blush brushes swirl clouds of orange dust onto his face. He  
 picks up A SCRIPT off the vanity, going over the episode's  
 outline.

Behind, electricians wire up set lights on a fake boardroom.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**No surprise. The Apprentice was a**  
**YUGE success.**

203 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY 203

Donald looks over the LATEST NEILSEN RATINGS. The Apprentice  
 is doing extremely well.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Over 20 million people tuned in.**

204 QUICK SHOTS OF AMERICANS CONSUMING THE APPRENTICE 204

- A trailer park family pass a KFC bucket as they tune in.  
 All their faces awash in blue flicker.

- College students pass a bong as they watch.

- Bored housewives pass ROSE.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Then it was 30. I became popular**  
**again by firing people on TV. It**  
**was weird. It ran forever. I was a**  
**star.**

205 BEGIN MOS MONTAGE: 205

Donald's star is resurrecting. His dark night of the soul is  
 over:

CUE: *Can't Stop the Feeling* by Justin Timberlake.

- Donald makes an appearance on SNL dressed in a yellow suit surrounded by cast members in chicken suits.
- At Wrestlemania XX, Jesse Ventura interviews him.
- Donald poses with his STAR on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.
- At the Met Gala, he proposes to Melania with a GIANT ROCK.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**It was a whirlwind. And it felt**  
**good to be back on top.**

206

INT. MAR-A-LAGO - PALM BEACH - NIGHT

206

A \$7 million affair. *Fight Club*-style, we pan around the room, assigning price tags to every element.

ENGAGEMENT RING: \$1.5 Million

DRESS: \$100k

CATERING (includes mountains of caviar): \$110k

24k GOLD WALLPAPER: \$150k

7-TIER CAKE SOAKED IN GRAND MARNIER: \$50k

TONY BENNET sings THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT. Price tag: \$1 Million.

BILLY JOEL sings JUST THE WAY YOU ARE (With retold lyrics: "That's why the Donald is a Trump"): \$1 Million.

Unlike the powerhouse Ivana and megawatt Marla, Melania is sedate, clinging to Donald's arm at the reception. More wallflower than leading lady.

As they waltz:

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I had finally found the woman for**  
**me. It was easy. We didn't fight.**  
**She posed nude without a second**  
**thought.**

SMASH TO:

207 THE ACTUAL NUDE PHOTOS OF MELANIA 207

- Girl on girl from France's *Max Magazine*.
- Full frontal grabbing her lady parts.
- GQ spread-- naked in the cockpit.

DONALD (V.O.)

We settled into married life. Just like my mom, Melania hit the jackpot. She knew her domain and she ruled her domain. She took care of the home and left the business to me.

SMASH TO:

208 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - BEDROOM - NIGHT 208

Donald and Melania in flagrante delicto-- he's taking her from behind. Other positions. Fucking like rabbits.

\*Shudder\*

209 INT. TRUMP TOWER - TRUMP TRIPLEX - DAY 209

A 4-month pregnant Melania sports a baby bump as she slides up and down on a private PILATES REFORMER. Donald heads out for the day.

MELANIA

Where are you going?

DONALD

Some meetings. Then off to shoot a segment.

MELANIA

Who with today?

The camera whip pans back and forth. In the background we can see crew members milling about. Then A BOOM mic dips into frame. What?

*As Donald's life has become one big show, the rest of the film will increasingly be deluged by backstage props, set design and stage equipment.*

DONALD

Billy Bush.

He adjusts his too-long red, scotch-taped tie and disappears.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**But I wasn't done giving back to**  
**America. I had more to teach.**  
**Knowledge. And a bunch of other**  
**things.**

FLASH to an image of TRUMP VODKA.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Things to drink!**

FLASH to an image of TRUMP STEAKS.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Things to eat!**

FLASH to an image of a TRUMP resort in Mexico.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Places to do both those things! You**  
**see, The Apprentice made Trump even**  
**more of a household name. And-**  
**bingo! I had another way to make**  
**money. My name would be on the**  
**building-- or the steak, or the**  
**boardgame--**

FLASH to an image of the Trump Boardgame.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**or the water--**

FLASH to an image of Trump Water. Then in rapid succession we flash to:

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**Eyeglasses. Wall sconces. Coffee.**  
**Menswear. Mattresses. Perfume. I**  
**didn't own these things. I didn't**  
**make these things. I just got paid**  
**to have my name on them.**

FLASH to Trump University Logo.

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**But this... *this* I put my name on.**  
**Because I believed in it.**

As Scientology-techno music plays, the logo FADES into an image of Trump. The following is really the commercial for Trump University.



DONALD

(to camera)

At Trump University, we teach success. That's what it's all about. Success. It's going to happen to you.

Cross-fading images of Donald fixing his tie over and over for some reason.

DONALD (CONT'D)

(to camera)

If you're going to achieve anything, you have to take action. And action is what Trump University is all about. But action's just a small part of Trump University. Trump University is about knowledge and a lot of different things. Above all, it's about how to become successful.

Donald now faces SOME MAN-- we have no idea who. They never say.

DONALD (CONT'D)

(to Some Man)

We're going to have professors, and adjunct professors that are absolutely terrific. Terrific people, terrific brains-- Successful.

Beat.

DONALD (CONT'D)

(to Some Man)

We are going to have the best of the best and honestly if you don't learn from them, if you don't learn from me, if you don't learn from the people that we're going to be putting forward, and these are all people that are hand picked by me-- then, you're just not gonna make it.

Some Man smiles.

DONALD (CONT'D)

(to Some Man)

I think the biggest step towards success is going to be: sign up at Trump University.

FREEZE FRAME on dissolve between the LOGO and Donald's FACE.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I did it and I came from nothing.  
So can you!**

**OLD TIMEY (V.O.)**

(can't let it stand)

Your father loaned you close to a billion dollars. The banks paid you off. If you had simply invested the money from your father, you would have 2.3 billion, not in debt to the Russia-

BOOM! A gunshot goes off.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**I think it's safe to say, we were all tired of him, right? He got-- FIRED. Huh huh. What?! I told you I could shoot a man on 5th Avenue and nobody would care. He's wasn't even on 5th Avenue. Anyway... Learning wasn't the only thing I was bringing into the world...**

WAH! The final baby photo: Barron Trump.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

Poor Barron. Born into a tough time.

210

BEGIN MONTAGE:

210

It's the Great Recession intercut with Donald as star of Apprentice over the seasons; he's getting older. His skin more orange, his hair more shellacked. Very much turning into the man we know today.

The juxtaposition will further highlight the frivolity of Donald's show.

- People with WILL WORK FOR FOOD signs. They chant:

**PEOPLE**

**Main street over Wall street! Main street over Wall street!**

- Donald points at camera.

**DONALD**

**You're fired!**

- On the news, Dire reports from economists.

BEN BERNANKE

September and October of 2008 was the worst financial crisis in global history, including the Great Depression.

Then again--

DONALD

You're fired!

- On CSPAN, Congressional in-fighting as Republicans blame Democrats for the recession.

REPUBLICAN

Your lax immigration policies are the source of this. They're coming over, taking our jobs, taking our benefits...

Once more:

DONALD

You're fired!

- A down-and-out civilian gives a heart breaking testimony on TV.

DOWN-AND-OUT CIVILIAN

I have to choose between my diabetes medication and my mortgage--  
- I don't know what to do.

DONALD (V.O.)

Sad.

(beat)

**But then came the greatest invention since the Big Mac.**

CUT TO:

211 A BRIGHT BLUE SCREEN

211

The silhouette of a WHITE BIRD chirps across.

A flurry of birds. IT'S A TWITTER STORM.

From the fray, one bold BIRD stands out above the rest:

It wears an ORANGE TUPEE. It SQUAWKS-- a screen-grab of Donald's first ever tweet emerges from its beak:

*Be sure to tune in and watch Donald Trump on Late Night with David Letterman as he presents the Top 10 List tonight.*

*Sent at 11:54am on May 4th 2009.*

**DONALD (V.O.)**  
**I finally had a platform to speak**  
**directly to the people.**

212 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY 212

At his computer, Donald types away--

213 ANGLE ON THE SCREEN: 213

He Tweets: A flurry of Twitter birds frenetically bounce around the entire frame as he hits ENTER again and again...

*- Read a great interview with Donald Trump that appeared in The New York Times Magazine.*

*Sent at 5:29pm on May 20th 2009.*

*- "Think. That's the first step. Use all your power to utilize and develop that capability" --Donald J. Trump*

*Sent at 9:50am on August 11th 2009.*

*- Watch me tonight on The O'Reilly Factor at 8 pm and 11 pm EST, FOX News.*

*Sent at 5:44am on March 30th 2011.*

214 INT. THE O'REILLY FACTOR SET - NIGHT 214

Donald is interviewed by BILL O'REILLY. A CHYRON from Fox scrolls a message: *Liar in Chief? Was Obama really born in Hawaii?*

DONALD

If you are going to be the President of the United States, you have to be born in this country. And there is a doubt as to whether or not he was born here. People have birth certificates. He doesn't have one. If he wasn't born in this country, it's one of the great scams.

215 INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

215

Donald basks in the glory of RETWEETS.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**And the people loved me. They realized sometimes the government just isn't a place to get work done. Sometimes people need a business man.**

Then a slew of endorsements come in via Tweet:

*What we need in Washington is a business owner! You should run for President!*

*I was thinking about that time ~ have you ever considered running for president? You would be AWESOME! ~ unemployed since May 09.*

More and more and more pile up. His follower count soars.

In his eyes, you can see this drug taking hold... Visually echoing the moment when he took diet pills.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**They looked at me and they saw the American Dream. They saw freedom, prosperity, peace, liberty and justice for all. That's a big dream. And dreams require perseverance if they are to be realized.**

Off of his Twitter-fame, Donald continues his never-ending press tour, MOS-- appearing on MSNBC, at CPAC, on The View, and other news outlets, talk shows and rallies.

Each appearance shrinks on the screen into one tile of a DIGITAL MOSAIC.

They continue faster and faster until the images compose a rasterization of DONALD'S FACE in blue and red in the style of the Obama Hope poster.

**DONALD (V.O.)**

**With that perseverance, I've risen higher than most everybody. But I've also fallen further. In the end, what matters is that you stand back up. You stand up and you build. For me, that meant towers. Casinos. An empire.**

**(MORE)**

DONALD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My name on every building from sea to shining sea. When I was done with the earth, I also created the stars. I did that with Ivana. With Marla. I did it all on my own. Everything I touch turns to gold. But you know what they said about Midas. He could no longer touch anything that was real. Anything that was human. It all just became gold. It's a lonely life. Wealth does in fact isolate you from other people.

A long beat-- Donald has given too much of his real self away. He puts the mask back on.

DONALD (V.O.)

But even from such a high place, you still learn lessons about the common man. My dad always made sure of that. He kept me humble. I'll never forget that day at the Verrazano bridge: if you let people treat you how they want, you'll be made a fool...

CUT TO:

216 BLACK 216

A long beat.

Then the building echoes of a drunk and BELLIGERENT CROWD.

217 INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT 217

**SUPER: April 23rd, 2011**

**SUPER: White House Correspondents Dinner**

ECU: On Donald's profile. Almost like a Roman coin. Stern in a tux. Half lit. Glaring. At...

218 PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA 218

At the dais giving a speech.

OBAMA

Donald Trump is here tonight!

Laughter and applause.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Now, I know that he's taken some flak lately, but no one is happier, no one is prouder to put this birth certificate matter to rest than the Donald.

More laughter.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

And that's because he can finally get back to focusing on the issues that matter -- like, did we fake the moon landing?

The laughter grows.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

What really happened in Roswell? And where are Biggie and Tupac?

Everyone's in on the joke, except for Donald, who just burns in quiet fury. Obama goes on...

OBAMA (CONT'D)

But all kidding aside, obviously, we all know about your credentials and breadth of experience.

Laughs.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

For example -- no, seriously, just recently, in an episode of Celebrity Apprentice -- at the steakhouse, the men's team's cooking did not impress the judges from Omaha Steaks. And there was a lot of blame to go around. But you, Mr. Trump, recognized that the real problem was a lack of leadership. And so ultimately, you didn't blame Lil' Jon or Meatloaf. You fired Gary Busey. And these are the kind of decisions that would keep me up at night. Well handled, sir. Well handled.

Shots of crowd. Laughter amplifies and becomes more and more malicious. Mocking.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Say what you will about Mr. Trump,  
he certainly would bring some  
change to the White House. Let's  
see what we've got up there--

Up on a screen, a rendered version of the White House with  
TACKY NEON PURPLE SIGNAGE reads TRUMP THE WHITE HOUSE: HOTEL  
- CASINO - GOLF COURSE.

219

ANGLE ON THE IMAGE:

219

Women sip martinis in bikinis inside a palatial fountain.  
They've turned a lifetime of success into a punch line.

Obama continues, but his words fade out as we slowly push in  
on Donald's smoldering rage just buried beneath a  
contemplative smirk, as the laughs echo...

His final words to us are metered, almost a warning:

DONALD (V.O.)

**But perhaps the most important  
thing I've learned about the  
American Dream is the value of a  
second act. Just wait 'til you see  
mine.**

CUE: B.o.B's WE STILL IN THIS BITCH.

And on the word "BITCH"--

SLAM TO CREDITS.