

THE BUILDER

Written By

Tom Cartier

Contact:

Adam Perry
APA

John Zaozirny
Bellevue Productions



The Trump Siblings in the 1970's. Freddy Trump Jr, standing. Donald Trump, second from the right.

OVER BLACK:

ROBERT (O.S.)
(crying)
Daadddddy! Daaadddy!

TITLE: 1952. QUEENS, N.Y.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A very, very wealthy family lives here, but still-

Our formidable 6'2" patriarch works alone. Wearing a Salvador Dali mustache and overalls, he rewires an electrical outlet.

Beyond him, an entire WALL has been removed. Fresh spring air flows in, and a SCAFFOLD, TOOLS and SUPPLIES are visible as he labors on an extensive D.I.Y. renovation.

This is FREDRICK 'Fred' CHRIST TRUMP SR. (43)

His youngest son, ROBERT TRUMP (3) skinny and blonde, bawling his eyes out, scurries in.

ROBERT
Daddy! Donny stole all my blocks
again!

Fred Sr. kneels down to comfort Robert, and then sternly, with a gruff New York accent.

FRED SR.
Did he!?
(yells to another room!)
DONNY!
(back to Robert)
Let's go see if we can get 'em
back, eh?

Clearly, this is a recurring issue.

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
(towards that room again!)
If I have to come in there one more
time!

Fred Sr. takes Robert by the HAND and together they march off towards the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Fred Sr. and Robert enter this comfortable space both their mouths drop open.

They see a dense, chest-high MONOLITH, that's as ornate and imposing as alphabetized wood blocks can achieve.

FRED SR.

Goddammit!

Standing by this structure, marveling its magnificence-

YOUNG DONALD 'Donny' TRUMP

At 5, he too is blonde, and tall for his age, as Fred Sr. strides toward this tower, ready to dismantle it.

Donald desperately blocks Fred Sr's path-

YOUNG DONALD

No, dad! It's all mine. I built it!

But Fred Sr. shoves past him and grabs at the top block, only to find that it won't budge. It's fixed in place. He reaches for another. IT WON'T MOVE EITHER!

FRED

What is this?!

Fred Sr. glares at Donald, scans the room and sees it:

AN EMPTY TUBE OF SUPER GLUE...

YOUNG TRUMP HAS TOTALLY SEALED HIS VERY FIRST 'BUILDING' TOGETHER!

FRED SR.

WHY DONNY?! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

Fred Sr. SLAPS Donald hard across his face!

Donald's cheek reddens but his gaze remains locked upon this structure in a fierce, unflinching stare-

OLDER DONALD (PRE-LAP)

Look, I don't do this for the money, Freddy. That I can tell you.

MATCH CUT TO:

DONALD (now 25) wearing that same intense look.

TITLE: TWENTY YEARS LATER

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - DAY

Now 6'2" himself. Still the blonde mop of hair. Wearing well-worn coveralls, Donald fast-walks down a cement path carrying an over-sized PIPE WRENCH.

He's followed by his older brother FREDDY TRUMP JR. (33) who smokes a butt. Even though he's the older brother, Freddy is the one who hangs back.

He seems softer, too reserved, a bit un-Trump-like. If anything, he over-thinks before he speaks.

DONALD

You wanna know why I do this?

Freddy rolls his eyes at his little brother's big talk.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I do this to do it. Real estate is my calling. It's in my blood. Other people paint beautifully on canvas or write wonderful poetry.

Ragged and depressed conditions surround them: abandoned furniture, garbage strewn about, rusting cars.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Me? I build buildings, preferably big ones. That's what I do.

They hustle towards a red brick tower off Avenue Z in SHEEPSHEAD BAY, NY: the outermost of the Outer Boroughs.

FREDDY

Donny, I just don't want you to get your hopes up too high.

INT. HOUSING COMPLEX - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Barging into this low-income lobby, striding down a hallway, they pass a cheap PLAQUE with TWO WORDS written very small:

TRUMP VILLAGE

DONALD

Can we stay positive here? Keep a positive attitude? Isn't that what I always say?

This is their father's legacy development, their namesake:

A cheap, plain, utilitarian HOUSING PROJECT totally free of extravagance, color and character, built up solely from functional brick, concrete and wrought iron.

INT. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Donald bounds up a staircase, two steps-at-a-time as Freddy follows: BANG! - through a beige, rusting door, they finally land in a hallway, at another rusting, battle-scarred DOOR:

UNIT #704-A, but before approaching it, Donald pulls Freddy aside, trying to stay quiet.

DONALD

The City of New York is going to award us that development package on the new convention center. It will happen. It has to happen.

For all Donald's stubbornness, Freddy smiles at his kid brother, admires his passion; Donald smiles too.

FREDDY

Dad and I haven't developed so much as a garage in over ten years. You've never actually built anything. And the City of New York just happens to be on the verge of bankruptcy.

Freddy pats Donald on the back; there's real affection here.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I'm just preparing you. We probably don't get this one.

DONALD

You're dead wrong, Freddy.

FREDDY

Fine, don't believe me. But dad's saying it too. He never built anything in The City. Ever. But somehow you will!?

Donald gestures to his pipe wrench; their sad surroundings.

DONALD

That's right. 'Cause I can't keep doing this shit. Not here. Not like this.

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
And I'm not going to spend my life
stuck in dad's shadow. I'm just
not!

FREDDY
And I am?!

Freddy struggles to find the right response.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Donald, this business... The real
estate business is *bullshit*. It
really is. Especially in Manhattan.
That's all I'm gonna to say.

Freddy tosses his butt; Donald frowns at this filthy habit.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Now let's get back to work, ok?

Donald reluctantly nods as they tip-toe over to Unit #704-A.

Like two homicide detectives tracking a serial killer, Donald
and Freddy split off to the sides of the door.

And then slowly, Donald raises the pipe wrench, exposing only
his HAND to what lies behind it and KNOCKS -- *CHOK! CHOK!*

They wait... No answer... Until finally...

They trade nervous glances at one another, and then steel
themselves for the most vicious part of their jobs-

DONALD
Here to collect the rent!

HARD CUT TO:

Soaring aerial images of the MANHATTAN skyline of the 1970's-

HARRISON J. GOLDIN (PRE-LAP)
And now, for the development
package on Manhattan's new
convention center...

Light Applause follows this ANNOUNCEMENT-

Cross dissolve from this gleaming kingdom to DONALD'S EYES.

Squinting. Transfixed on these words, transfixed on the
magical realm that is New York City-

INT. MANHATTAN, NY - HEARING ROOM - DAY

A large WINDOW looks out at this iconic SKYLINE that Donald gazes at, as New York City Comptroller, HARRISON J. GOLDIN, 70's, a waspy white, Ivy League factotum drones from a three-ring BINDER in front of a poster of PRESIDENT GERALD FORD.

HARRISON J. GOLDIN
To be built in the heart of the
West Side at the 34th Street Rail
Yards. We've seen two excellent
bids, from two great companies.

Seated in a gallery, Donald hangs on every word, with Freddy and Fred Sr. (now 63) beside him, and a coterie of other:

REAL ESTATE DEVELOPERS, BROKERS, CONSULTANTS, EXECUTIVES, AIDES, LAWYERS, CITY PLANNERS, REPORTERS, PUBLICISTS, BANKERS, ARCHITECTS, INTERNS, one DEPUTY MAYOR and a former SENATOR, JACOB K. JAVITS, all various ages.

Donald, a mere face in this crowd, turns to his father-

DONALD
(sotto voce)
This is it. Here we go.

The entire ROOM homing in on this decision.

HARRISON J. GOLDIN
But in the end, New York City will
be awarding the winning \$250
million project to Richard Ravitch
at H.R.H Construction.

Donald freezes; this news drives a stake through his heart!

DONALD
What!?

HARRISON J. GOLDIN
He and his team will assume all
real estate development
responsibilities immediately.

Donald stands to interject but a HUBBUB dominates the room.

DONALD
Excuse me, that's incorrect.

A suited AIDE (20) approaches a MAN (30's) sitting four seats down from Donald and HANDS him a thick stack of CONTRACTS.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I need to speak with...

But the Suited Aide ignores Donald, striding away as the COMMOTION envelopes this MAN-

Donald observes him in slow motion: RICHARD RAVITCH-

Tight crew-cut, an offensive lineman's body; and he is now the sun around which all others in this room orbit as the high ranking Professionals press the flesh with him.

RAVITCH
Thanks. We're going to do great things here.

Ravitch milks it for all he's worth, schmoozing away.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
This is the kind of project that will rescue our City.

Studying Ravitch, Donald darkens; he's irate. Then, looking beside him, he sees Fred Sr. and Freddy have disappeared.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NY - WEST 34TH STREET RAIL YARDS - DUSK

Donald stands over the spot where New York City will erect its new convention center: The West Side Rail Yards-

A vast network of train tracks funneling into PENN STATION. Freight engines expire in its dust. The mighty HUDSON RIVER eddies by, and rising over it all: the towers of Manhattan.

Amidst this expanse, Donald stares into the dying sunlight.

Beyond him, Freddy leans against a white '68 CADDY; Fred Sr. sits behind its wheel.

FREDDY
HEY! Let's go! We're gonna hit traffic!

Donald gives one last look at all this: his dashed dream. And then he stands; stalks towards his older brother, wiping his hands on a handkerchief as he goes.

Cleanliness: an obsession with Donald. He's a clean freak.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Now you see what Dad and I have been up against.

Donald opens the car door, extreme disgust on his face.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 You don't just build something that
 big in Manhattan three years outta
 college. That's not how it works.

An awkward silence: it hangs in the air.

DONALD
 I'm gonna walk.

FRED SR.
 Come on. Get in.

DONALD
 No fucking way.

Donald SLAMS the door! Stomps back to towards his beloved
 Rail Yards.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 I've had enough of you two and your
 small-minded bullshit!

FREDDY
 Donny.

DONALD
FUCK OFF!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - BROADWAY & 45TH STREET - NIGHT

TIMES SQUARE. The 1970's. A neighborhood with a death wish.

SIRENS, JACKHAMMERS and YELLING BLAST the ear drums! XXX PORN
 THEATERS, PEEP SHOWS and a FLEA CIRCUS compete for attention
 with JUNKIES, PROSTITUTES and DERELICTS.

Donald evaluates all of this acute URBAN DECAY like the IVY
 LEAGUE GRADUATE that he is, absorbing every nuance.

Piles of garbage... Buckling Broadway theaters... A residue
 of smoke in the air as jumbles of different striving NEW
 YORKERS scamper to and fro at Rush Hour.

THE BIG APPLE: he adores it even as he recoils at the stench.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NY - EAST 42ND STREET - NIGHT

On foot, Donald roams east down a steep urban canyon, past
 GRAND CENTRAL STATION, to finally shuffle by-

THE COMMODORE HOTEL

Soot-covered PIGEONS flap past this crumbling, limestone cavern; it looms over him. An inebriated African-American VAGRANT panhandles along its sidewalk.

But behind this Beggar, young urban PROFESSIONALS steam-roll out of the Grand Central Terminal. Time and time again, they BY-PASS The Commodore Hotel en-route to swankier digs:

A cabal of STOCK BROKERS rush past it; as does a phalanx of mid-west SALESMEN: a bevy SECRETARIES. There are PEOPLE galore, but they avoid this sad hotel like the plague.

And Donald notes this as his *Trump-sense* starts tingling-

DONALD

Wait a second. Wait just a second!

And then his feet start jogging, an IDEA forming. He's running due east now, faster and faster, running home.

INT. JAMAICA ESTATES, QUEENS - KITCHEN - MORNING

Donald enters his childhood home. Judging from the tools and cans of paint, Fred Sr. is working on the space, yet again.

He hears WEEPING & SNIFFLING.

DONALD

Anyone seen pop? Fred...

Donald's mother MARY (61) sits at a TV, bawling her eyes out.

DONALD (CONT'D)

What happened?

From a nook, Donald's kid brother ROBERT (23) chuckles.

ROBERT

(mouths)

Royal wedding.

Twenty years later, Robert is still what's known as a BOSTON TRUMP: long on academia, short on aggression.

Mary turns from the televised wedding of PRINCESS ANNE and MARK PHILLIPS, dabbing her eyes.

MARY

(Scottish brogue)

Just imagine: he goes to bed an equestrian and wakes up a prince.

Donald pulls up a chair, laser-focused on the TV:

Glittering, gold-plated hyper-extravagance and pageantry: the ROYAL FAMILY and their regal outfits; their resplendent excess pours over Donald.

DONALD
It's beautiful.

Robert throws his napkin at Donald's head.

DONALD (CONT'D)
What? It is.
(gestures excitedly)
That's exactly the kind of fucking
grandeur New York City needs right
now! It's tremendous!

MARY
Donald, your language.

DONALD
Sorry, ma, but it's so beautiful.
(kisses Mary on the cheek)
I love it too.

Donald studies the TV a few moments longer.

DONALD (CONT'D)
So where are they? Where's dad?

ROBERT
Avenue Z. Collecting the rents.
(sees Donald frowning)
Why? What's up?

DONALD
Nothing. Just tell them... I took a
day off.

Donald steps away; grabs and dials a wall phone. RINGING.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Roy Cohn's office.

DONALD
Yes, it's Donald Trump. Is he in?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
I'm sorry. He's on a call.

DONALD
I need to speak to him immediately.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Who is this again?

Donald's temperature rises-

DONALD
Donald Trump!

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Hold please.

She puts Donald on hold for an ETERNITY; offensive MUSAK.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, but where does he
know you from?

Donald's teeth grind in anger-

DONALD
He's met me before.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
(pause)
And what's this call in regard to?

Donald boils over!

DONALD
Tell him it's Fred Trump's son!

And now, a very quick wait-

ROY (O.S.)
This is Roy.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - TOWNHOUSE - ROOFTOP PATIO - DAY

Follow a well-built BOY'S (18) ass as it swaggers over to ROY COHN (43) ensconced on a patio overlooking Central Park.

ROY
Manslaughter. Six-to-seven. You'll
be out in four.

With his blue eyes and pug nose, the infamously notorious Cohn currently works as New York City's #1 legal fixer.

GOTTI
What about the jury?

Roy sits with JOHN GOTTI (29) pompadour, bowling shirt. He's a rising, blue collar mafioso. This Boy offers them lemonade.

Roy and John take the drinks; Roy pats the Stud on the butt.

ROY
That looks delicious. Thanks.
(to Gotti)
The Judge assures me they'll be
sequestered. Totally untouchable.

The Boy strides away -- Gotti grimaces, pauses, isn't happy.

GOTTI
I didn't clip 'im.

ROY
They have witnesses. We can't go to
trial here. This is the best we do.

GOTTI
It ain't the best anything.

Roy looks at his watch as Gotti rubs a hand through his hair.

ROY
Just sleep on it. And call me in
the morning.

They both stand.

ROY (CONT'D)
I gotta another meeting.

Gotti kisses Roy on both cheeks as DONALD steps out a door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Donald sits across from Cohn who is tucked between a garish red desk and deafeningly tacky Zebra-print wallpaper.

If Roy's patio is gorgeous, his corner office is a mess: stacks of bills, paint-peeled walls, a brown leaky ceiling.

ROY
...and the real estate business is
a disaster. But more importantly,
your dad's been on the builder shit
list forever.
(Donald cringes)
It's no secret he favored some
rather... *experimental* accounting
methods.

Roy rises from his seat to escort Donald out the door.

ROY (CONT'D)
Probably better to sit tight on any projects right now. Wait this whole city-bankruptcy thing out.

DONALD
You don't understand, Roy. I'm going to be big. Bigger than LeFrak, Zeckendorf. Bigger even, than Harry Helmsley.

Roy cocks an eye-brow at this upstart Trump.

ROY
We got a lot of talkers in this town. None of it means shit unl...

DONALD
(interrupting)
It's not talk.

Donald stands too, stepping to the window to see: THE CITY.

DONALD (CONT'D)
And this isn't just about me developing something in Manhattan. It's about building an idea, a feeling.

Roy sees the passion and intensity in Donald's eyes.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I love the people of this city, but they're angry, Roy. They're sick of all the bullshit. This recession. The politics. They want something fresh. Different. They really do.

ROY
A nice speech, but I got my own Uncle Sam issues. Big ones.

DONALD
You see? We all share it.

Now Donald's really rolling.

DONALD (CONT'D)
And these politicians: they're idiots, right? So very, very dumb. And because of it, we'll finally beat them at their own game.
(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
 With their bankrupt programs and
 corrupt tax abatements, we will
 force these fucking bureaucrats to
 pay for every single brick!

Donald reaches into a pocket to share a few pieces of paper.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 That's what the people want!

Roy scans Donald's flimsy paperwork, his grand plan.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 And when New York bounces back, you
 and I will be perfectly positioned
 to take advantage of...

Roy THROWS up his hands to try and slow Donald's pitch.

ROY
 Okay. Okay! You might be on to
 something. I'll look into it. But
 there's just one thing.
 (then)
 What exactly are we trying to build
 here?

FRED SR. (PRE-LAP)
The Commodore-fucking-Hotel???

INT. ELIZABETH TRUMP & SON - OFFICE - DAY

Fred Sr. sits at a plain desk, surrounded by framed press
 clippings that celebrate all of his massive housing projects.

FRED SR.
 Rebuild that piece of shit?! S'like
 buyin' a seat on the Titanic.

But otherwise, the space is functional and colorless, replete
 with cheap furniture and fake plastic plants. Freddy sits in
 the corner. Donald stands before both of them, pitching.

DONALD
 Do you know why, dad? I'll tell
 you: hotels are my thing.
 (beat)
 I can make The Commodore sizzle.
 Give it Style. Romance. Luxury.
 Turn it into a Mid-town paradise
 that people will flock to. By the
 time I'm finished, I'll make The
 Waldorf look like an outhouse.

Donald moves closer to them; connecting, showing his passion.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Dad. Trust me. This is the biggest
opportunity of your life.

Several moments of silence pass as Fred Sr. looks to Freddy.

FRED SR.
What do you think?

FREDDY
Hmm. First it's convention centers,
now hotels, tomorrow, who knows?

Donald scowls at his older brother who glares back:

FREDDY (CONT'D)
What? Donny?! Dad kicked in good
seed money on that convention
center bid, and now you want to
follow it with bad.

FRED SR.
And there's no credit out there.
The interest rates are impossible.

DONALD
Then we refinance. Every building
we own if we have to.

Fred Sr. whistles, speculates on these figures in his head.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Look, this isn't about: can we
afford to do this? It's about: can
we afford not to do it?

FRED SR.
I don't see us pulling off a major
hotel renovation. I just don't.

Freddy stands, perturbed at Donald's cocksure attitude.

FREDDY
And where do you get off, hunh!?
Thinking you can just waltz in and
work miracles after we've been
stymied on everything.

Donald paces around the room.

DONALD

Because I love that City. Only certain people make it there; I will be one of them. Because I know hotels. And because I'm a builder and you're not.

The room goes ice-cold as Freddy's face reddens.

FRED SR.

Hey, ease up, Donny.

DONALD

No! He doesn't give a shit about this business! Hasn't done shit! So he should just get the fuck out!

FRED SR.

You gonna take that?
(sardonic grin)
From your baby brother!?

FREDDY

(flustered)

I've... I've busted my ass, I just-

Freddy looks to his father for support; sees only cold eyes.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

None of our projects panned out.
You know...? It's not my fault.

Fred Sr's disgusted with his eldest son; he looks to Donald.

FRED

Have your proposal on my desk in the morning.

As Donald nods, Freddy stares at his feet, humiliated.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - THE COMMODORE HOTEL - STREET - DAY

Donald and Roy scout the dilapidated Commodore Hotel as a few snowflakes float and sparkle through crisp, winter air.

ROY

I made some calls.

Roy carries a briefcase and thick stack of newspapers.

ROY (CONT'D)

I think we can pull off this plan of your's.

A few Homeless wander by.

ROY (CONT'D)
But you gotta learn: building in
this City takes more than talk. It
takes real bricks and mortar.

Roy hands Donald *The Times*, *NY Post* and *Wall Street Journal*.

ROY (CONT'D)
It takes headlines, leaks and smear
campaigns. These...
(Donald looks at the
newspapers)
They're your marketing department.
Get 'em to write what you want,
when you want it, and you could
rebuild the entire skyline.

Roy scrunches his brow, glowering at this bleak hotel.

ROY (CONT'D)
Judging by the state of this shit-
hole, it's gonna be a grind. So
play offense; you always attack,
and never apologize. You got that?

Donald nods as Roy stamps his feet to warm them up.

ROY (CONT'D)
But most important of all: quid-pro-
quo.

Roy breaks off pieces of The Commodore's crumbling limestone
and brick exterior.

ROY (CONT'D)
Without access to the right people,
without favors, there's no heist.
There's no nothing.

INT. THE COMMODORE HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A decaying ambience unsettles all who enter as Donald and Roy
duck a rope that bars access to a condemned area.

DONALD
That's why I called you, Roy. To
get this all figured out.

Donald studies the moldings, windows, staircases: everything.

ROY
No, actually, it's not.

Now they pass a seedy massage parlor and the sketchy Clientele creeping in and out of its neon-lit doors.

EXT. THE COMMODORE HOTEL - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Beneath a cardboard lean-to on the sidewalk, Donald and Roy observe a delirious SQUATTER with a WIFE, CHILD and DOG.

ROY
You hired me because you want your teeth marks on this deal. 'Cause this one's personal.

Donald moves to speak, but Roy stops him: his show right now.

ROY (CONT'D)
Which is all fine and good, but I need some assurances here. I need to know you'll take care of me on this. This is not a small thing.

DONALD
After The Commodore, there are going to be more deals. Believe me. More than you could ever imagine.

Roy raises a threatening finger-

ROY
And no lawyer touches them but me?

DONALD
Absolutely. That I can promise you.

Donald offers Roy a hand to shake, after which, he wipes his clean with an ever-ready handkerchief.

DONALD (CONT'D)
So tell me, how do we pull it off?

INT. THE COMMODORE HOTEL - RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

From his briefcase, Roy pulls out a thick file folder.

ROY
Kid, in this town, the Who is far more important than How.

Donald grabs it; stares at an FBI-style trove of Intel:

Surveillance photos, resumes, dossiers and newspaper clippings on five different big city insiders-

JANICE BRIGHTLY... VICTOR PALMIERI... MICHAEL DEPHILLIPS...
DER SCUTT... JAY PRITZKER...

Roy *short-hands* them for Donald as he points to each face.

ROY (CONT'D)

She's the Money & The Power. He controls the Property. Michael is our Press. Der's on Design. And Jay: The Operator.

(then)

We'll need each one, plus a whole lotta luck.

DONALD

I know Victor. We almost came to blows over the convention center.

ROY

Good. 'Cause it's time to get reacquainted.

Donald pages through these files as Roy gets up to go.

ROY (CONT'D)

You know why they're essential. You know your pitch. Give 'em your best shot. And make sure they all attend the press conference.

DONALD

Press conference?

ROY

Yeah, the one we're throwing right here, in four weeks time.

Roy gives him a wink and heads out the door.

PRE-LAP: A CHEERING CROWD!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Hidden in the backstage shadows, a MAN (50) observes HUGH CAREY, the new Governor of New York, at a podium celebrating a primary victory, in black-tie.

HUGH CAREY

(on stage)

Thank you! Thank you!

This Man staring at Carey is HOWARD SAMUELS -- the runner up.

HUGH CAREY (CONT'D)
Our victory here happened because
of some very special people!

Then a Female Voice pipes up from behind Samuels.

JANICE (O.S.)
Is it safe to leave yet?

SAMUELS turns to see a rotund, 30-something woman in a pastel pantsuit and thick glasses. This is JANICE BRIGHTLY, the kingmaker behind every power politician in New York.

SAMUELS
No one dare skip one of your
parties, Janice.
(they peck cheeks)
Congratulations.

JANICE
Hugh will be delighted to see you.

SAMUELS
He's a good man...
(sizes up Carey on stage)
But if I'd kept you on my team, I
might be the one bound for Albany.

JANICE
You're too kind. Let's hope
politics are about more than fund-
raising.

SAMUELS
Let's hope.

They share a final smile as she looks at Carey on stage.

SAMUELS (CONT'D)
Knock 'em dead.

As if on cue, Carey turns from his podium, beckoning Janice.

CAREY
(on stage)
...so let's thank my top aide and a
great friend, Janice Brightly!

Janice steps out onto the stage as the Crowd applauds!

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - BAR - LATER

Janice sashays through New York's political Swells: the impeccably dressed Well-Wishers offering kisses and hugs. She finds the only open spot at the bar; it's next to Donald.

DONALD

Quite a following you've got.

JANICE

A nice enough bunch. Sometimes I
can get them to behave.

Donald beams a smile down at her as she tallies him up.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You're a Trump. And, don't tell me.
(processing)
Real estate.

Donald nods.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(big smile)
My father was in real estate.

With some legerdemain, he produces a full WINE GLASS for her.

DONALD

Pino Grigio?

JANICE

How did you know?

DONALD

It's my job to know everything
there is to know about you. Cheers.

They toast as Janice closes her eyes and recites:

JANICE

Your father gave Hugh Carey \$8,000
in '69. Five grand in '71. But, he
also put \$9,000 down on Howard
Samuels, our opponent, a month ago.

DONALD

Very impressive.

JANICE

I never forget a campaign donation.

Donald toasts again.

DONALD
Here's to bipartisanship.

After they touch glasses, she polishes off hers.

JANICE
I take it you'd like to see Hugh?

DONALD
In due time, but tonight isn't
about Hugh Carey. It's about you.

JANICE
Is it?

DONALD
Yes, what can Trump do for you?

JANICE
If that's the case: get me out of
Albany and into real estate.

DONALD
Done and done.

JANICE
Just like that?

DONALD
Just like that.

JANICE
Good. I'd like to build something
other than hot air for a change.

Janice sizes up Donald, debating whether he's for real.

JANICE (CONT'D)
And what about Hugh?

She nods over to Hugh Carey, swarmed by Sycophants.

DONALD
You'll work for both of us.

JANICE
Really? At the same time? How nice.
I'll be your double agent,
infiltrating corridors of power.

DONALD
Exactly.

JANICE
(flirtatious)
And what else will we all be doing?

DONALD
Rescuing Manhattan.

JANICE
From?

DONALD
From politicians like Hugh Carey.

Janice practically spits out a bar snack.

JANICE
How bold. But I think you're going
to need a lot of help with that.
(beat)
I think you're going to need a
whole army.

DONALD
No, actually I won't.

Donald hands her his card.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Do you know what I'll really need?
Only one thing.

JANICE
And what's that, Mr. Trump?

DONALD
Emotion.

Janice looks his card: DONALD TRUMP: THE TRUMP ORGANIZATION.
Its hyper-tacky, with raised, shining, golden calligraphy
that suggests he's the King of England.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Meet me at The Commodore Hotel in
10 days and you'll hear everything.

Janice positively genuflects, beguiled by Donald.

INT. '21' CLUB - DAY

Toy Mobil Oil trucks, Pan-Am jetliners and other tiny emblems
of industry hang from the ceiling of this iconic bar.

Big League Deal-makers graze over prime cuts of sirloin.

Their murmurs of commerce float about the space as Donald swaggers in to shake hands with New York City's preeminent real estate consultant: VICTOR PALMIERI.

In his 50's, Victor's solemn eyes are fixed on his watch.

VICTOR
My condolences on the demise of
your convention center bid.

DONALD
That deal actually marked our
biggest success to date.

VICTOR
The same one Richard Ravitch just
broke ground on?

DONALD
Absolutely. It's opened up several
huge opportunities.

Donald rips off a piece of bread, dips it in olive oil.

DONALD (CONT'D)
So, what can I do for you?

VICTOR
You called us for this meeting.
(under his breath)
Only about 200 times.

DONALD
My office girl might have. About
The Commodore, right? I may be able
to help you there.

The Waiter arrives to take their order.

VICTOR
(seething)
Just the Caesar for me.

DONALD
The steak, please.

The Waiter leaves as Donald sips his water.

VICTOR
We already have a developer for The
Commodore.

DONALD

And how much time are they really giving you?

Donald sees his question give Victor pause; he leans in.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Victor, we both know The Commodore is in deep-shit. You need to get out fast, with the best price, or you and your client end up with pennies on the dollar.

Victor casually sips his water, sizing Donald up.

VICTOR

And what would you do with it?

DONALD

I'd build you the best hotel in New York. Save Mid-town. And give you all the credit, 'cause frankly, that's what I do for my friends.

VICTOR

Like I said, we already have a developer.

DONALD

No. You don't. Otherwise you'd have left the second I showed up late.

Donald shifts into hard-core pitch mode, Trump-style.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I know Mid-town Victor, inside and out. Its financial position. Its people. They're calling out for us; they need a savior.

Victor's pulse quickens as Donald's words sink in.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I walk these streets every single day. I love to walk, by the way. And I see people of all types, stepping off subways and trains. They're primed, ready to take over.

Donald gestures to their surroundings: to all Manhattan.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 They're... We're the future of
 Manhattan, which means we're the
 future of this planet. And we'll
 gladly step over you and your
 client to rebuild it. So you're
 either going to work with us or
 we'll blow you out of the water.
 Take your pick.

Victor raises a white napkin of surrender to wipe his mouth.

VICTOR
 I can get you full control of The
 Commodore; the rest, you'll have to
 handle yourself.

DONALD
 Deal.

INT. BROOKLYN, NY - OFFICE - DAY

Stationed out at Fred Sr's office on Avenue Z, DONALD dials a
 phone. It RINGS, and RINGS, several more times until-

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Talk!

DONALD
 Michael DePhillips?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Speaking.

DONALD
 This is John Barron from The Trump
 Organization. I have Donald Trump
 calling for you.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Make it quick.

INTERCUT

INT. MANHATTAN, NY - NEW YORK TIMES - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

At 26, MICHAEL DEPHILLIPS is a young but balding, bleeding-
 heart liberal, up-and-coming writer busily typing away in a
 tiny cubicle at the world's most prestigious newspaper.

DONALD

(pause)

My apologies but Mr. Trump had to jump to a call from George Steinbrenner. Can we try you back?

MICHAEL

Depends on what he's calling about.

DONALD

You've received an invitation to our press conference?

Michael scans an impenetrable mess on his desk.

MICHAEL

S'around here somewhere.

He fishes out an over-the-top gaudy envelope.

DONALD

We wanted to see if you'll be able to attend.

MICHAEL

It's possible.

Inside, Michael finds a super-tacky, gold invitation.

DONALD

We'll be making a major announcement regarding The Commodore Hotel. It's going to be tremendous.

MICHAEL

Who's the architect?

DONALD

(ignoring the question)

And best of all. I'm very very pleased to say that our President Donald Trump will be in attendance.

MICHAEL

The architect? Before I hang up.

Donald smiles into the phone, holds up a copy of *Architectural Digest*, its cover story featuring-

DONALD

Der Scutt.

The name gives Michael pause; he digs through the clutter to find his own copy of that same magazine.

He scans Der Scutt's face and the innovative, modernist black structure featured behind him.

MICHAEL

Hmm. I love Der. I might be able to fit it in.

DONALD

We'd appreciate that. We really would.

Michael pauses again; unsure if this *John Barron* is for real.

MICHAEL

Sure, why not.

DONALD

You won't be disappointed. That I can promise you.

CLICK! Donald hangs up, speed-dials a new number. RINGING.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Der Scutt's office.

DONALD

I have Donald Trump calling for Der Scutt, please.

INT. MANHATTAN - DINER - DAY

Behind the cracked, dirty windows of this greasy spoon restaurant, Donald eats with the tall, German-born architect-of-the-moment: DER SCUTT.

They analyze the woeful Commodore Hotel across the street.

DONALD

Perfect, right?

In his 30's, wearing heavy black rims and a stylish suit, Der Scutt peers over his lowered glasses for a closer look.

DONALD (CONT'D)

And she's only going for about \$10 million bucks.

SCUTT

(hint of irony)
Ya, quite a steal.

DONALD

The design has to feel exciting,
Der. And modern. That's what the
public wants. Nothing quaint or old
fashioned will do. No way.

Scutt shovels a fork-full of pancake into his mouth.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You've got Grand Central next door.
The Chrysler up above. There's no
reason to take on that, right?
They're fantastic buildings, by the
way. Very, very great structures.
But The Commodore is going to be
even better. You'll see.

Scutt puts his fork down, nodding, for the first time.

DONALD (CONT'D)

So rather than compete with all
that history, I want to stand out
from it. And reflect it.

And now, Der pulls out a pen and picks up the menu.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Reflect The Energy. The Commerce.
The Beauty. Of New York City. I
want people to literally see
themselves in my building. They're
the biggest part of it, a huge part
of what Trump is all about.

SCUTT

So how do you do that?

DONALD

That's where you come in. We can't
just tear it down because it sits
on top of a train station, so we
build over the existing structure,
wrapping this entire frame in...
(wait for it)
Sleek, jet-black, reflective glass!

SCUTT

You see everything on its surface.

DONALD

Exactly. People going in and out of
Grand Central stop and look up at
these two massive, black cubes.
They're blown away. Mesmerized!

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
 They can't take their eyes off it!
 Can't take another step without
 going in!

In response, Der scribbles along the margins of the menu.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 And inside, a spacious atrium. A
 huge ballroom. The restaurant,
 Trumpets! It hangs in the air over
 42nd Street, a gorgeous ballet of
 glass and steel. This whole hotel,
 Der, looks and feels like nothing
 else in the entire world!

Scutt holds up his finished sketch; it looks fucking awesome.

SCUTT
 Kind of like that?

DONALD
 Precisely like that.

SCUTT
 Count me in.

INT. MANUFACTURER'S HANOVER BANK - DAY

A fancy back room, the one reserved for private clients.
 Exquisitely carved wood, antique furniture, a beaux-art
 tapestry: Old or New, this is where Money banks.

A SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, 50's, Ivy League polish, walks a
 stack of files, and a final piece of paper over to Fred Sr.
 for his signature. He then exits the room.

Fred Sr. opens these files up for Donald, seated next to him.

FRED
 You wanted everything?

Donald positively glows in the presence of so many zeroes.

FRED SR.
 That's what it looks like.

Fred Sr. pages through his wealth.

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
 The titles to all my buildings. The
 leases. The cash. The mortgages.
 (then)
 (MORE)

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
Everything. You could finance two
hotels with this if you're smart.

Donald loads these treasures into his briefcase.

DONALD
Thanks, pop.

But Fred Sr. YANKS Donald's tie! He's up in Donald's face!

FRED SR.
No, not *thanks*. Get this thing
done! The right way! 'Cause you
can't fuck this up. This is all we
have. Do you understand?

DONALD
I do.

FRED SR.
No funny business. No personal
guarantees. If you can't go out and
find an interest rate of five and a
half, six. You walk. You wait. *Sign*
nothing. And find another project.

Donald raises his right hand, giving his solemn oath.

DONALD
You have my word.

INT. BOWERY SAVINGS & LOAN - OFFICE - DAY

Donald enters, shakes hands with BANKER #1 (20's).

DONALD
I'm looking for a loan.

BANKER #1
Today's your lucky day.
(checks some papers)
I got at a 30-year fixed that's
running at about 23.2%.

DONALD
I'll take it.

Donald slaps Fred Sr's precious collateral down on a table!

MONTAGE: *Hands shake, papers drawn, signatures scribbled...*

INT. BANK OF MANHATTAN - OFFICE - DAY

Donald sits inside the office of another new, even younger BANKER #2 (20's) blue Brioni suit.

DONALD
I need a line of credit.

Banker #2 taps his CALCULATOR, its roll of paper un-spooling.

BANKER #2
With a personal guarantee, I can
get you a one-time deal at 29%.

DONALD
Done.

MONTAGE: *Hands shake, papers drawn, signatures scribbled...*

INT. EQUITABLE REAL ESTATE HOLDINGS - OFFICE

Donald sits down with BANKER #3, the youngest in all of Manhattan (late teens). Slicked hair. Thick New York Accent.

DONALD
What kind of lending rates you
offering?

BANKER #3
Depends what you're looking to
finance?

DONALD
Real estate development.

BANKER #3
Horrible bet. The second you break
ground, you'll lose your shirt.

DONALD
That's why I think there's
opportunity.

BANKER #3
Ha. Try anyone else?

Donald nods sheepishly.

BANKER #3 (CONT'D)
Yeah...? And what kinda asshole
rates they quote you?

INT. - HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Donald slumps behind his father's desk. Through a window, he sees his FAMILY enjoying a barbecue outside.

Piles of paperwork surround him and the dark circles under his eyes suggest he hasn't slept for days as Freddy enters.

FREDDY

Hey.

DONALD

Hey.

Silence.

FREDDY

You coming outside?

DONALD

I don't know. Pretty busy in here.
This Commodore deal and all.

The air is thick with tension.

FREDDY

You know I really wish you hadn't
said that stuff about me to dad.

DONALD

I'm sorry. I really am.
(puts his pen down)
It's just... I love this work,
Freddy. Every day is different.
Every day, a new deal. A new idea.
It's complicated. Big. Creative.
And it could become very, very
lucrative.
(rubs his eyes)
I don't want to take a break, have
lunch or even sleep. I just want to
do *this*. And when you go trashing
it, I get upset.

FREDDY

I want you to do well, but it's
just dad... You know? He pulls all
that same shit... All the time.

DONALD

You have so much potential, Freddy.
You really do. I want you to make
something of your life.

FREDDY
That's exactly what I'm talking
about!

Freddy blindly paces around the room, agitated-

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I'm eight years older than you.

Only to find himself arriving at the wet bar for a refill.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
And I come in here to make peace
and you're talking down to me like
I'm some fucking infant.

Donald sees Freddy's point as he observes the alcohol washing
over his brother.

DONALD
We're brothers. Best friends. Why
can't we just talk to each other?

The booze loosens Freddy; gets him feeling better, stronger.

FREDDY
You wanna talk? I'm here let's
talk.

But Donald only sees the drinking; a quiet rage brews and he
shifts their conversation back onto himself.

DONALD
My Commodore deal. It's not coming
together for me like I need it to.

Donald sifts through his paperwork.

DONALD (CONT'D)
The construction financing's dicey.
My interest payments are almost
due. I got no blueprints. No votes
approving our tax abatement... And
I meet with Hyatt Hotels tomorrow
morning.

FREDDY
Jay Pritzker?

Donald nods solemnly; Freddy offers an impressed nod back.

DONALD
It's only impressive if I close the
deal. No hotel operator, no hotel.

FREDDY

I read somewhere that Jay's old man
is this giant swinging dick. Needs
everyone to know it

(frowns)

Come to think of it, the guy
actually sounds a little like dad.

As Donald ponders Freddy's words we CUT TO:

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

A hand-written SIGN reading: JAY PRITZKER. Donald holds it up
at the terminal surrounded by several other Drivers, mostly
immigrants.

JAY (O.S.)

Jay Pritzker, Hyatt Hotels.

Donald turns to see a stout, dark-haired MAN (50's) in a
linen suit holding out sweaty hand. He is JAY PRITZKER: The
visionary CEO of The Hyatt Corporation.

Donald grimaces at the soggy touch of their handshake.

DONALD

Donald Trump. The Trump
Organization.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

Parked off the boardwalk, Donald directs Jay's eyes towards
the towers of Shore Haven: another massively hideous Fred
Trump Sr. development overlooking the Atlantic Ocean.

DONALD

My father and I finished Shore
Haven when I was still in grade
school. I must have been about six.
I've always worked hard for my
father no matter how young I was.

Jay pauses, sniffs, unimpressed by this monstrosity.

DONALD (CONT'D)

And a few miles down, there's Beach
Haven. We completed that in '63. I
was even younger.

JAY

Nice.

Jay abruptly pivots towards the car as Donald runs after him.

DONALD

Did I mention we did a case study
on Hyatt when I was at Wharton?

JAY

No. But I can't imagine you learned
too much.

DONALD

71% of business travelers want a
real home on the road. That's why
they choose your brand.

Jay halts at the car, *hairy-eye-balls* Donald over the roof.

JAY

Did your case study show you what a
Hyatt Hotel actually looks like?

DONALD

I love your designs. I really do.
They're why I've been calling your
office twice a day for three
straight weeks.

JAY

Then show me you can deliver that.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - LE CIRQUE - LATER

Donald and Jay dine at this decadent hot spot, surrounded by
colorful murals, baroque clown masks and beautiful people.

From his jacket pocket, Donald produces Der Scutt's makeshift
menu sketches of The Commodore Hotel.

DONALD

I had these sketches drawn up by
the hottest architect in New York,
Der Scutt. You should meet him.
You'd love him. A great friend of
mine. He's the very very best.

Jay flips through these cool but unprofessional thumbnails.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I'm seeing a large atrium. Just
like the Hyatt in Atlanta.

JAY

Donald.

Jay holds up his hand, struggling for words.

JAY (CONT'D)

Donald, Hyatt wants hotels in New York. A lot of them. But we're not paying New York prices. And we have to be on the same page.

DONALD

The Trump Organization will deliver.

JAY

We're in talks with other developers. The Commodore may not be our cup of tea.

BANG! Donald HAMMERS a fist on the table, nearly toppling it!

DONALD

It has to be!

Several Patrons STOP eating. Jay looks around, mortified.

JAY

No, it most certainly does not.

(then)

This meeting's over, Donald.

As Jay signals for the check, Donald rubs his face.

DONALD

You don't understand, my father, he built an empire. I have tremendous respect for my father, but...

Donald struggles to maintain his composure.

DONALD (CONT'D)

There's incredible pressure too. To live up to that legacy.

JAY

(softening)

A father can only open the door. You have to walk through it.

Donald softens too, his words: an authentic confession.

DONALD

That same pressure's killing my brother. He drinks way too much.

(beat)

I idolized him growing up.

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

He's fantastic with people. And my God, so smart. Freddy's very, very smart. And to top it all off, he's got... the world's greatest, most incredible smile.

(emotion escalating)

But ever since college he's lived this... cautionary life because he's so scared of our father.

Donald's actually close to choking up, the pain so raw.

DONALD (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

Why couldn't he ever fight back?

Jay is speechless; he gives Donald a moment.

JAY

I'm sorry.

With Jay now rapt, Donald ramps back up into pitch-mode.

DONALD

The very first Hyatt Hotel was attached to a *Fat Eddies* coffee shop in Los Angeles. You knew it was a great opportunity; your dad disagreed. Bitterly.

Donald flattens out the crinkles on his sketches.

DONALD (CONT'D)

But still, you scribbled out an I.O.U. on a napkin and bought it on the spot without his approval.

Jay nods at Donald's knowledge of the Hyatt origin story.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Ten years later, after every competitor passed on the atrium hotel concept, you pounced. And that day, Hyatt was truly born.

(proudly)

I'm going to carry on that vision of excellence and luxury. For you. For Hyatt. For everyone.

Jay smiles at Donald; he's warming up to this Trump kid.

JAY

Okay. You get us a big tax abatement, you'll get Hyatt.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)
(then)
But in the meantime, feel free to
use our name.

INT. MANHATTAN, NY - THE FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Donald, Roy and Janice power-lunch at this classic eatery.

ROY
Who let that faggot in?

Janice frowns at this comment as Donald swivels to see:

ED KOCH (50's) Bald. Perpetually grinning. Mayor-To-Be. He's
a rising star, and he's followed by a very unwelcome guest,
Richard Ravitch.

KOCH
How'm I doin, Roy? Janice?

ROY
Congressman.

JANICE
Mr. Mayor.

Roy and Janice look at each other awkwardly as they stand.

KOCH (CONT'D)
Mayor soon enough. Thank you
Janice.

ROY
We'll see about that.

KOCH
Yeah, we sure will.

ROY
This is Mr. Trump. He's in real
estate.

All shake hands, with Donald wiping his: the clean freak.

KOCH
That a fact? Mr. Ravitch here is
the best developer in The City.

DONALD
I'm not so sure about that. For the
time being... Maybe.

All fake laugh, as Donald and Ravitch glare at each other.

RAVITCH
Of course, Donald. We both bid on
the convention center, right?

Donald winces, a painful awkwardness until Janice breaks it.

JANICE
A pleasure to see you Richard.

KOCH
Governor Carey's just appointed
Richard to head up The Urban
Development Corporation.
(beat)
And he's going to be on the lookout
for all the usual suspects, like
you three.

JANICE
Oh, you can't toss me in with this
lot, Ed.

KOCH
You're here, arn'cha?

An interminable silence lasts until finally...

DONALD
We'll be ready for anything he's
got, thanks.

KOCH
Well, if you'll excuse us...
(gesturing to Roy)
Oh, and please make sure our friend
here behaves himself. We all know
how he gets.

DONALD
I wouldn't dream of it.

KOCH
Then it'll be my pleasure. Roy
knows what I'm talking about,
dontcha, Roy?

ROY
I haven't the foggiest idea.

Koch and Ravitch move on to schmooze the next table.

RAVITCH
Gentlemen, Mrs. Brightly.

The conversation ends as Janice sits down with a scowl.

JANICE
(sotto voce)
You two looking to ruin everything?

DONALD
It's under control, Janice.

JANICE
(still under her breath)
Koch'll be mayor in eight months;
The Urban Development Corporation
votes on our tax abatement in less
than six. We need both of them.

ROY
(chews; unconcerned)
No, we're fine. We just have to
move faster. If he gets into
office, Koch'll tear apart any deal
I'm involved with.

JAY (PRE-LAP)
*Hyatt looks forward to partnering
with The Trump Organization...*

EXT. THE COMMODORE HOTEL - STREET - DAY

Donald and Freddy stand behind a makeshift stage - erected at Lexington Ave and 42nd Street. Behind them, Jay Pritzker speaks atop this stage to a growing crowd.

JAY
On many projects in the future...

For the first time, Freddy looks different. Tired. Unhealthy. He chain-smokes with abandon.

DONALD
This is it, Freddy. I'm actually a
little nervous.

FREDDY
Wanna a smoke?

Freddy holds out his lit cigarette. Donald shakes his head.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
S'what I thought. You've hit the
big time, kid. Now go get 'em.

JAY (O.S.)
So please welcome Donald Trump!

NEW ANGLE

Donald strides onto the stage and looks out at the CROWD:
REPORTERS, CAMERAMEN, CITY OFFICIALS, plus-

JANICE BRIGHTLY... DER SCUTT... VICTOR PALMIERI... MICHAEL
DEPHILLIPS... FRED TRUMP... The only absent player: ROY COHN.

The Commodore Hotel towers above Donald at this very public
press conference unfolding right there on the sidewalk.

DONALD
Twenty years ago, I began my
journey as a builder. I followed my
father from property-to-property.
Working. Studying. Learning the
trade.

Donald pauses as more everyday NEW YORKERS stop by to listen.

DONALD (CONT'D)
And let me tell you something:
little did I realize that I was
honing my skills for a great
battle, the battle to rescue the
city that I love! New York City.
But it's in trouble right now, on
the brink of ruin! It really is,
and I don't like to say that.

As Donald works his magic, the crowd grows bigger and louder.

DONALD (CONT'D)
It's been devastated! Devastated by
the very officials we elected to
lead it. Isn't that incredible? We
voted these people into office and
they're killing us. Just killing
us. These are the dumbest people on
Earth. They're not smart.

The crowd buzzes in agreement!

DONALD (CONT'D)
For over a decade now, New York has
watched its economy fail. Seen its
manufacturing jobs dry up. And
witnessed its neighborhoods get
burned to the ground! But no more!

Donald holds up the *NY Daily News*; it features PRESIDENT FORD, and that infamous headline: FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD

DONALD (CONT'D)
 That indifference! That corruption!
 The lies and the greed stop now!
 Today we won't back down. Today we
 fight! And take back Mid-town!
 Today, we start a war to take back
 all of New York City!

ON JANICE BRIGHTLY -- She's never seen this: a born-Caesar stoking up his foot soldiers like gas on a brush fire.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 When Richard Ravitch and his U.D.C.
 Board convene in six weeks to vote
 on The Commodore Hotel's tax
 abatement, they will unanimously
 approve our proposal. They will
 finally wake up and join our
 efforts to rescue the world's
 greatest city, once and for all!

AND NOW, THE CROWD GOES ABSOLUTELY BERSERK FOR TRUMP! The Reporters scramble over themselves for access.

REPORTER #1
 Mr. Trump! A question!

REPORTER #2
 Donald! Over here!

INT. COMMODORE HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

Not one to rest of the laurels of his first blockbuster press conference, Donald works a pay phone hard. Laughing. Smiling.

DONALD
 Roy, I wish you could of been here.
 It was fantastic. Yeah... Yeah...
 (beat)
 And now?
 (then)
 Well, now that we have the press on
 our side, I agree with you: Fuck
 Hyatt, we can do whatever we want!

Michael DePhillips approaches, surprising Donald as he turns.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 (seeing Michael)
 Roy, I gotta go.
 (hangs up)

MICHAEL
Nice speech up there.

DONALD
It needed to be said.

MICHAEL
Sure, but whoever thought we'd hear
it from a real estate guy.

Michael holds out a palm. They shake. Donald wipes his hands.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Michael Barrett, New York Times.
Your assistant John Barron told me
to meet you here.

DONALD
A great man, John. I love him. But
he's back at the office.

MICHAEL
Got time for a couple more
questions?

DONALD
How about an exclusive?

Michael smiles at Donald's bravado.

MICHAEL
Sure, we could do a *Sunday Times*
profile? Put you on the cover.

DONALD
I'd like that. An exclusive
interview with Manhattan's biggest
and best new developer. It's a
magnificent idea.

MICHAEL
I was kidding.

DONALD
Michael, what can I say? I'm in
demand.
(beat)
And more importantly, this is a
chance for your paper to write
about a project that's going to
help The City.

MICHAEL
As long as it's the truth.

DONALD
My story's better than the truth.

Michael ponders the opportunity.

MICHAEL
How 'bout I file this first one.
Then we'll talk.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - STREET - DAWN

Donald walks across Madison Ave and 62nd Street on the posh Upper East Side unfurling the morning's *The New York Times*.

He savors the heroic picture of himself at the press conference, and positively salivates over his article:

DEVELOPER DONALD TRUMP CALLS OUT U.D.C. HEAD RICHARD RAVITCH

Written by Michael DePhillips

Donald slaps the article down on the STREET -- face up -- so that whomever lives here gets a morning dose of Trump.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - STREET - LATER

Richard Ravitch steps out of his front door and picks up this paper with its accompanying Trump article.

RAVITCH (*PRE-LAP*)
*Today guys, we're talking about
Donald Trump...*

INT. URBAN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ravitch, now wearing a three-piece suit and horn-rimmed glasses, slaps six thick Trump tax proposals down on a table in front of his fellow U.D.C. BOARD MEMBERS.

RAVITCH
In order to rebuild the Commodore Hotel, he'll need us. The vote of every single person in this room.
(then)
Without that, he's finished.

This is his team of bureaucrats: JASON HALLER, TOM HARNETT, NED EICHLER, MALCOLM JACKSON and JOHN MANES:

All together, they are six elite, lily white men (40's to 60's) Manhattan born & bred, establishment figures.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
So, opening up to page one...

All of them turn to the first page of Donald's tax proposal as Ravitch walks them through the details and WE INTERCUT:

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donald tacks an index card up on a white wall inside this tiny office space. The card is labeled, U.D.C. VOTE.

RAVITCH (O.S.)
He's proposing to purchase The
Commodore outright for \$10 million.
When that happens, he wants us to
use the cash to pay off the hotel's
outstanding, \$7 million tax debt.

Beneath it, Donald tacks up those same U.D.C. names along with their pictures:

JASON HALLER, TOM HARNETT, NED EICHLER, MALCOLM JACKSON, JOHN MANES and RICHARD RAVITCH.

RAVITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
With the hotel out of arrears, he
then wants to sell the property to
The City for a single dollar bill.

These U.D.C. guys look around, unsure they heard it right.

RAVITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
After that transaction, he plans to
lease The Commodore back from New
York for a term of ninety-nine
years. It's a very clever ploy...

INT. '21' CLUB - CONTINUOUS

At '21' Club, Roy and Donald pitch U.D.C. Board Members Tom Harnett and Malcolm Jackson really hard.

Donald awes them, practically jumping through flaming hoops, wildly gesticulating his ideas!

RAVITCH (O.S.)
Because with this tax burden
removed, he then plans to become a
tenant paying rent - not a business
paying taxes. Rent that he alone
plans to control.

Note: no money changes hands throughout this whole sequence.
No bribes: it's all about the energy of Trump's Vision.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back with Ravitch, the different Board Members turn the pages of their proposals, listening as their Chairman continues:

RAVITCH

And according to Donald, his 'rent'
isn't due for the first 39 years of
this deal.

INT. MET MUSEUM - ROOF GARDEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Janice hob-nobs with U.D.C. Board Member Jason Haller at a gala fund-raiser.

RAVITCH (O.S.)

As an actual real estate developer,
Donald is a novice. He's yet to
erect so much as a cardboard box in
this City.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back with Ravitch as he lectures his Board Members:

RAVITCH

But he still thinks he can tackle a
1,700 room, \$80 million hotel
renovation with no contracted hotel
operator, no designs and financing
that's a time bomb ready to blow.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Donald and Board Member John Manes ride around in the back of a limo as Donald points out Fred Sr's building projects.

RAVITCH (O.S.)

Bottom line: he's got no skin in
this game, no track record as an
actual builder and The City pays
for everything, even though - last
time I checked - it's not in the
hotel business.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Beside a gorgeous putting green Donald pontificates about his grand plan as he chips balls with Board Member Ned Eichler.

RAVITCH (O.S.)
Now, I offered him \$70 million worth of tax incentives, a fair deal, and he said 'no'. He refuses to consider anything but this full \$111 million tax abatement.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back with Ravitch, as the various Board Members close the proposals in front of them.

RAVITCH
Which if we vote to approve, earns Trump upwards of \$19.2 million in profits per year. Totally tax free.

Ravitch removes his glasses to rub his eyes.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
Look guys, as you all know, my company and I have benefitted from certain exemptions, but this is insane. The City will bounce back eventually - he knows this - and so he's looking to manipulate us to ensure he can buy low now, so can charge ridiculously high rents later. And worst of all, he's using The City's pending bankruptcy to avoid paying taxes!

Ravitch picks up the proposal and tosses it in a trash can!

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
For all these reasons, this is the single worst tax give-way in real estate history.

He looks out at the nodding faces in front of him.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
So, with all that in mind, I'd like to take a preliminary vote.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Like 11:00 PM. Donald and Janice stare, exhausted, at this WALL of U.D.C. votes. She checks off two measly names: Eichler & Haller.

After all that, they've secured only two (out of six) votes.

JANICE

These Board Members don't know you.
You're the new kid on the block.
What's more, you're Fred Trump's
kid, the profiteer's kid.
(thinking)
You're going to have to go deeper.
Really show them who you are and
what you're capable of.

DONALD

How do I show them anything if they
won't get behind this?

JANICE

I don't know. But it's not just you
as a builder. They need to know who
you are as a person as well.

Donald glares at this wall, the name: Ravitch: his obsession.

DONALD

I need a stiff fucking prick here,
Janice. I thought you were someone
who could get things done.

Donald steps right up into her face.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I moved you back to New York. Gave
you an apartment, this huge
opportunity. You need to show me
what you're capable of.

JANICE

I'm not sure I know what you're
talking about.

DONALD

I think you do.

JANICE

I'm already compromised here. My
work with you is a total conflict
of interest and I won't do any more
than that!

DONALD
I don't give a shit about your
ethics.

JANICE
You don't talk to me like that.

DONALD
I'll talk however I please.

Donald's practically on top of her now.

DONALD (CONT'D)
You better think of something
quick.

JANICE
Or what?!

From across the war room, Fred Sr. enters, carrying two cups
of coffee, SLAMMING the door behind him! Seeing Fred Sr,
Donald pivots, turning on the charm.

DONALD
Just in time. We need your help.
With our mutual friend Richard
Ravitch.

Fred Sr. glumly stabs his finger at Ravitch's name.

FRED SR.
He's the reason you don't build in
Manhattan you dumb fuck!

JANICE
W-we actually think we'll get to
him. Eventually.

But Fred Sr. isn't buying it; he looks directly at Donald.

FRED SR.
You took on more debt. Bad debt.
At interest rates, my God...

Janice looks at them for an explanation.

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
You fucked this whole thing to
hell!

DONALD
I did nothing of the sort!

FRED SR.
We'll never pay back that kind...

DONALD
ENOUGH!

Donald raises his hand to keep Janice from hearing more.

DONALD (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?! Outside!
Right now!

Donald grabs Fred by his shoulder; hustles to the door.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(to Janice)
Don't leave. We're not finished
here.

They exit, deserting Janice, in an office, in the wee hours.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NY - STREET - NIGHT

A chilly night. Donald and Fred Sr. stand on a corner,
breathing out misty air.

FRED SR.
We're talking over \$6 million a
month in debt service?!

DONALD
The money's under control. When The
Commodore happen...

FRED SR.
(interrupting)
Fuck the Commodore! It'll need to
make two million a day just to
cover the interest!

Fred Sr. stamps his feet together to warm up.

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
And if this City takes another nose
dive, that's it! We're finished!

Donald grabs his father and shakes him!

DONALD
I'm a dealmaker! You hear me?! The
best this town's ever seen! *The
Commodore will succeed!*

Fred Sr's eyes widen; like he's seeing himself in a mirror.

DONALD (CONT'D)
You know I can do this.

Fred Sr. nods at the truth behind this statement.

He looks at his shoes -- makes to talk, stops, then...

FRED SR.
Donny, it's not just the money.
(beat)
It's Freddy... He quit last week.

Fred Sr. struggles, loath to show weakness, but presses on.

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
And the drinking. It's out of hand.
Your mother's worried sick. He
disappears for weeks on end.
(then)
He's killing himself.

DONALD
Christ.

Donald looks up at the tall buildings that offer no solace.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I can help, but I need a couple
days. Maybe a week.

FRED SR.
Donny, he needs us. He needs you.
Right now.

DONALD
I know. I know. But when I close
this deal, our whole world changes.
Freddy changes too. It's all gonna
be different after this deal, pop.
I promise.

Donald wraps Fred Sr. up in a hug.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Please. I'll find him and talk to
him, okay...?

FRED SR.
Thanks.

Fred Sr. gestures back to the war room and that imposing WALL
Donald is struggling to bust through.

FRED

Take another look at Manhattan Plaza, Ravitch's next development. He's a builder at heart and you know what I always say: wherever there's a builder breaking ground...

DONALD

(grins; finishing)
There's dirt.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - STREET - DAY

A light snow falls. Donald plods through a far West Side wasteland of crumbling tenements and pillaged vehicles.

He carries a CAMERA, and wears a tacky 70's suit and overcoat as two heavily made-up junkie PROSTITUTES toss him come-hither looks.

CLICK! Donald snaps their pictures, then rounds a corner to see a gigantic construction site. He aims his camera up at this half-built residential tower:

MANHATTAN PLAZA - CLICK!

Two burly Construction Workers and a FOREMAN erect a small scaffold, but overall, this job looks closed down, desolate.

DONALD

The biggest project in The City
right now and you got three guys on
it!?

This Foreman, 40's, full-on NY attitude, turns to Donald.

FOREMAN

What's it to you?

The Foreman stomps right up to the lens, but Donald doesn't back down. He fast-flips out his wallet, FLETCH-style.

DONALD

John Barron, Local 92, Home-
Wrecker's Union. Your paperwork,
please?

FOREMAN

I don't have to give you shit.

Donald CLICKS! another shot and starts walking away.

DONALD
Fine, I'll take it up with the
building commissioner.

As Donald departs this Foreman rethinks his strategy, looking around at his dormant project that should be robust.

FOREMAN
Hang on a second.

The Foreman rummages through his pockets.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
They're right here.

Donald looks over the proffered union contracts and building permits, and then hands them back.

DONALD
Where's your manager?

Donald SNAPS several more pictures.

FOREMAN
That's me. Promoted yesterday.
(resigned)
Listen, I got enough problems here,
big ones, but do me a favor: take
it up with H.R.H, okay?

Donald pauses, thinks it over, and then finally:

DONALD
I plan to.

He calmly frames up one more shot - CLICK!

EXT. SUBURBAN PENNSYLVANIA - AIRPORT - ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

A warm night. Seen from a rooftop patio, tiny Cessna and Sandpiper planes flit across a brilliant red-orange sunset.

Freddy regales a group of PILOTS and STEWARDESSES with his spot-on W.C. Fields impression, drunk, sweating heavily.

Around his arm, LINDA BALDWIN, a stewardess (30's) smiles.

FREDDY
(W.C. Fields quote)
*As I always say, if you can't
dazzle them with brilliance, baffle
them with bull!*

This CROWD CHORTLES with delighted laughter, yelling for more as Freddy turns to see Donald walking up a flight of stairs.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Donny!

Donald pulls at Freddy's elbow, hustling him away from Linda, towards a railing, spilling Freddy's drink the process.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Woah, fuck.

DONALD

What is this out here, Freddy?

Donald's stern tone causes the friends to disperse, and Freddy to try and compose himself.

FREDDY

I thought I was just having a drink?

Freddy reclaims his arm from Donald's grasp.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(more drunken W.C. Fields)
'cause, you know, this one time,
during Prohibition I was forced to
live for days on nothing but food
and water.

Donald signals a Waitress for a cup of coffee.

DONALD

Cut it out. Please.

Donald gives Freddy the coffee, he sips it.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You've been gone for weeks. No one's heard from you. We're worried.

Freddy looks out at the small airfield full of planes.

FREDDY

At LeHigh, I used to fly planes.

DONALD

Yeah?

FREDDY

So I've been thinking about... been taking a few lessons.

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)
(liquid courage talking)
I'm gonna be an airline pilot.

Donald throws his hands on top of his head, flabbergasted.

DONALD
How old are you now? 33?!

Freddy wobbles, still drunk, he looks terrible.

FREDDY
Old enough to take care of myself,
dad.

DONALD
(ignoring the dig)
I love you, Freddy. I want to help,
but I can't be here. My own
life's... not exactly perfect and
I'm running out of time. This deal
of mine happens now or it dies.

FREDDY
I was supposed to be the one...

DONALD
That's why it's so important to us!

FREDDY
Not us. *You!* And only you!

DONALD
That's enough.

FREDDY
I fucking hate you!

Freddy SWINGS an inebriated RIGHT HOOK! DONALD easily dodges the drunken blow, cuffs Freddy, grapples him down.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Offf!

Donald bear-hugs his big brother, easing him onto a couch. As Freddy passes out, Donald looks around-

Linda: she watched this dust-up, embarrassed. Donald drapes Freddy's arm around him and shuffles him down the steps.

INT. CAR - DAY

Donald drives, his wiper blades whip away a slight drizzle.

With a cap over his face, Freddy sleeps off his drunk in the backseat. He stirs, looks around, feels a throbbing headache. Out of pure habit, he lights up a smoke. He notices Donald.

FREDDY

You 'member the Verrazano?

Donald looks into the rearview mirror.

DONALD

You alright?

Freddy looks out the window at the rain. The passing trees.

FREDDY

I don't know. No.
(back to his story)
You remember that day?

DONALD

At the Verrazano Bridge?

FREDDY

Yeah. The grand opening. Dad took us. You were only about seven.

Freddy exhales a fog of smoke as Donald struggles to recall.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

It was raining. Everyone was soaked. They barely wanted to cut the ribbon. All these fat-cat politicians who voted against this bridge; they're up on a stage getting feted. One by one, the shit-heels are being celebrated.

Freddy pauses, tearing up a little.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And all you cared about was Othmar Ammann.

Donald looks back again, unsure-

FREDDY (CONT'D)

The designer. You couldn't stop talking about him. About how this 85-year old guy came all the way over from Switzerland; he poured his heart and soul into that bridge and nobody even mentioned his name that day.

Donald nods, finally recalling the memory.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
They didn't even thank him. And
you... I'll never forget what you
told me on the way back home.
(beat)
You said: if you let people treat
you how they want, they'll make a
sucker out of you every time.

Freddy leans back in the seat, closes his eyes.

INT. STREET - DAY

NY Times reporter MICHAEL DEPHILLIPS stands on a street corner. He jams his hands into his pockets to keep warm as a black stretch limousine pulls up. Donald leans out its window.

DONALD
Please, step into my office.

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER

A tape recorder rolls -- Donald and Michael sit across from each other inside the long expanse of limo.

DONALD
So what are people saying about me,
Michael?

Writer DePhillips jots notes on a legal pad while also holding up a microphone that's attached to the tape recorder.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Do they say that I'm loyal? That
I'm a hard worker?

MICHAEL
I thought this was my exclusive.

DONALD
I'd like to know. Please.

MICHAEL
I just don't have that much to go
on yet.

DONALD

Really? That's not what I heard. I heard you've been asking funny questions about me all over town.

Busted. Michael puts his pen down.

MICHAEL

You've been checking up on me?

Donald's gaze affirms it.

DONALD

Our first article was brilliant, a big hit. People loved it. But this next one will have to be a bit more...

(beat)

Specific. So humor me.

MICHAEL

The talk is that they're not going to grant you this abatement.

DONALD

Who said that?

MICHAEL

I can't name my sources.

DONALD

That's not what they're saying. My competitors, maybe.

Donald reaches over to the wet bar, grabs a pitcher of water and two glasses.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Let's stop the tape. Water?

Michael stops the tape recorder, takes the water.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You live in Brownsville.

The reporter nods.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Brownsville's where you grew up. Where you teach. You even do advocacy work there for the poor.

Barrett listens suspiciously.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Michael, don't you see? We both do the same thing. We're both rebuilding neighborhoods. But you and your family don't have to live there. My father and I have apartments all over The City. Apartments I can set you up in.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure I follow.

DONALD

Then I'll say it another way: I can't have a word of bad press right now. It'll destroy my deal.

An awkward silence hangs as the limo slows to a stop.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Do we have an understanding?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I think we're good.

Donald's LIMO DRIVER (30's) walks around to Michael's door.

DONALD

Good. I think this is your stop.

The door opens, Michael steps out and Donald's charm shifts back on.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Same time next week.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - WEST VILLAGE - PIANO BAR - NIGHT

It's very late. Roy sits in a booth with Donald as a DRAG QUEEN (60) plays a cover of *Both Sides Now* by Judy Collins.

ROY

So you try again.

DONALD

Ravitch won't come to the table.
None of them will.

Roy sips his scotch, frowns, he's drunk.

ROY

Don't give me that bullshit. I hired the Deputy Mayor for you.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)
 When his term's up, he comes to
 work for me so that you can go off
 and build your little hotel.

Roy SLAMS his glass down to summon a refill!

ROY (CONT'D)
 No one really cares how you get
 those votes. Only that you get 'em.

That Drag Queen, wearing a glam-mask of make-up, finishes-

ROY (CONT'D)
 This country's built on winning.
 S'only thing that matters. The only
 thing anyone remembers.
 (beat)
 Why dontcha call old Johnny Boy?

DONALD
 Who?

ROY
 Johnny Gotti. He's out on parole.
 He'll have a word with Dickie
 Ravitch for you.

DONALD
 Roy, we need to focus.

ROY
 No, what we need is a song.

Roy waves his new drink over at the Drag Queen, spills a bit.

ROY (CONT'D)
 You! You know anything worth
 hearing?

Roy shuffles over to the piano, pulls out a \$100 bill and
 stuffs it into the tip jar.

ROY (CONT'D)
 How about *God Bless America*!?

Some in the bar WHOOP it up for Roy; others HECKLE LOUDLY!
 Roy HECKLES right back, then plops himself down at the piano.

ROY (CONT'D)
 (blustery singing)
GOD BLESS AMERICA!

The Drag Queen BELLOWS this patriotic anthem, pounding out a
 sudsy, melodramatic rendition-

ROY (CONT'D)
*LAND THAT I LOVE! STAND BESIDE
 HER...!*

Unable to resist Roy's reckless charisma, Donald finally, reluctantly, starts mouthing the words.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - H.R.H. CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Donald wipes SWEAT off his brow inside a white-walled lobby.

A nearby plaque reads: H.R.H. CONSTRUCTION. This is the corporate stronghold of Richard Ravitch.

But all around, Donald notices signs of weakness: many EMPLOYEES exit carrying boxes. Some pictures on the wall, of Ravitch and his fellow EXECUTIVES, are being taken down.

VOICE (O.S.)
 John Barron?

DONALD
 In the flesh.

Donald turns to see GEORGE PEACOCK (23) Account Executive. Glasses. Nice Suit. They shake, then Donald cleans his hands.

GEORGE
 Hot enough out there for you?

DONALD
 Hottest July on record.

GEORGE
 So I heard. This way.

George beckons Donald towards a bank of elevators.

DONALD
 (gestures to the pictures)
 I was just admiring the talent.

GEORGE
 Sure, we have some great folks here.

DONALD
 Is Richard in?

GEORGE
 Our absentee C.E.O? These days he mostly works out of City Hall.

DONALD
Good for him.

George and Donald arrive at the elevators as a Team Of Movers brushes past them carrying big loads of furniture.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Throwing a yard sale?

GEORGE
Ha. Just a little... restructuring.

Donald stops George before going into the elevator.

DONALD
George, I can't bid H.R.H. on anything unless I know it's solvent.

George pauses.

GEORGE
It's complicated. But if you come upstairs, I can explain everything.

DING! The doors open.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - OLYMPIA TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A few cardboard boxes suggest someone's just moved in.

This is Donald's new apartment; it looks like a brothel decorated by Saddam Hussein: pink marble, garish colors, glittering brass and gilded everything.

DONALD
(into phone)
I've got him, Roy.

Manhattan stretches out from the tall windows, in all directions, like a giant neon map.

ROY (O.S.)
How?

DONALD
Ravitch. H.R.H. He needs a bailout.
The City's debt crisis is strangling every project he's got.

In the foreground, a shapely BLONDE moves freely about the space like a dancer, or an athlete.

ROY (O.S.)
A little birdy tell you that?

DONALD
Co-Op City. The fucking convention center. Manhattan Plaza alone is underwater to the tune of about \$75 million.

ROY (O.S.)
So we leak it.

That SHAPE is NAKED! She slinks overs. Kisses him. A hug.
This is Trump's Bond girl: IVANA

DONALD
No, not yet.

IVANA
(Czech whisper)
Let's run away and get married.

DONALD
(to Ivana)
Sweetheart, please. I'm working.

Donald points to the moving boxes, covering the phone.

DONALD (CONT'D)
And could you please start putting some of this shit away?

Intimidated by his command, Ivana obeys.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(to Roy)
I've got something better in mind.

ROY (O.S.)
Like what?

DONALD
We're going to hire him.

Click, click - the phone imperceptibly goes dead.

DONALD (CONT'D)
If I save his dying company, he has to vote for us. Roy... Roy?!

Donald jabs a thumb into the phone: no Roy, no dial tone.

And then, the shining lights of The City swoon off...

ALL OF NEW YORK FLICKERS OUT IN A TOTAL **BLACK OUT!**

Donald looks at the wall clock. It's stopped at 8:45 PM.

(Yep, this really happened, July 13th, 1977)

BEGIN AN EPIC NYC BLACK OUT MONTAGE:

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - ELAINE'S - NIGHT

Car headlights illuminate this iconic watering hole as Janice Brightly entertains a table of U.D.C board members (Manes & Jackson), throwing an impromptu Black Out party.

On a chalkboard: *no lights, no food but lots of liquor.*

INT. TRUMP VILLAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carrying an oversized FLASHLIGHT, Fred Sr. hustles from apartment-to-apartment making sure his TENANTS are safe during this city-wide calamity.

FRED SR.

Stay calm! We'll have the power
back on as soon as possible!

EXT. SOHO - PUB - NIGHT

Bleary-eyed and reeling, Freddy drunkenly staggers out of a downtown bar only to see a horde of LOOTERS!

FREDDY

Holy s-shit!

Various miscreants sweep him up in a wave of dense, panicked humanity barreling down Crosby Street.

A scene from *The Warriors* come to life. He's terrified.

A ravaged OLDSMOBILE PLOWS - SLAMMMM!! - SMACK through the iron storefront grate of a PAWN SHOP!

CRASH! GLASS EXPLODES! Screaming!!

Looters pirate their way in, taking VALUABLES left and right. The confused onslaught thrashes Freddy on the ground!

EXT. BROWNSVILLE, NY - NIGHT

An eerie light plays over the blackened face of MICHAEL DEPHILLIPS. He lives at Ground Zero, the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. SIRENS SCREAM through the dark!

Michael stares at a burning tenement next to St. Barbara's Cathedral as a pair of hands pass him a bucket of water.

Michael passes the bucket to the next person beside him in the FIRE-LINE as he and a group of community VOLUNTEERS attempt to extinguish the blaze. It's hellish. Terrifying.

Michael processes all of this mayhem, a bitter hateful despair spreading across his face.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN - AVENUE A - DAY

Donald, bloodshot eyes, walks through a decimated neighborhood, assessing the disaster.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
And in the aftermath of the city-
wide black out...

Dispersed packs of LOOTERS still flit through the streets hauling couches over their heads -- electronics -- food.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
President Ford has finally
dispatched aide from the National
Guard...

EXT. BROOKLYN - FLATBUSH AVE - DAY

Inside his limo, Donald holds hands with Ivana. They look out the windows to see whole buildings razed and shops busted wide open on this central thoroughfare.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
The costs of the catastrophe piling
untold millions onto the city's on-
going financial crisis...

EXT. QUEENS - ROOSEVELT AVE - DAY

Donald steps out of his limo onto a ravaged street.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
And with New York falling further
and further into chaos...

He walks up to a stoop and nods to a shirtless BLACK MAN as they both turn to watch this NEWSCASTER on a stolen TV set.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Many officials now doubt any
economic recovery is possible in
the wake of such a disaster.

INT. QUEENS, NY - JAMAICA ESTATES - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred Sr's massive frame reigns over a silent, uneasy dinner.
A disheveled Donald enters, stalking past everyone as Mary
and Robert mutely shift food across vintage China.

FRED SR.
Dinner's over.

DONALD
I already ate.

INT. QUEENS, NY - JAMAICA ESTATES - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Donald dials a number on a rotary phone as Fred Sr's shadow
passes over him.

DONALD
Dad, please.

Fred Sr. reaches his arm back around the wall, disconnecting
Donald's call.

FRED SR
We're officially in default!

Fred Sr. yanks the phone away from Donald's slumping form.

FRED SR.
Millions of dollars in the hole and
not a single brick laid!

Mary pokes her head into the hallway.

MARY
What's going on?

FRED SR.
This one...

Fred Sr. JABS Donald hard with a FINGER!

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
Makes dumb bets he can't cover and
then shows the world what a spoiled
fucking brat he is...
(MORE)

FRED SR. (CONT'D)
(outraged)
BY HAVING ME PICK UP THE TAB!

MARY
Fred, let him be.

FRED SR.
(to Mary)
Stay out of this!

DONALD
You're so full of shit!

Donald stands, fires a fist at Fred Sr's FACE!

Fred Sr. ducks, swings back at Donald who blocks the blow and counters with a heavy RIGHT UPPERCUT -- his knuckles catch a piece of Fred Sr's forehead.

FRED SR.
Rggh!

They GRAPPLE as Mary bats away at their backs and Robert storms into the breach.

MARY
JUST STOP IT!

ROBERT
Cut the shit!

Fred Sr. grabs a phone book, BASHING Donald on the head!

DONALD
Aaghn!

But Donald HAMMERS back with an elbow into Fred Sr's GUT as Robert fails to drag his brother away!

FRED SR.
Ommff!

DONALD
What'd you always tell us, dad,
hunh?! WHAT'D YOU FUCKING TELL US!

Donald LANDS a HOOK, then another, beating Fred Sr. down.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(mimicking Fred)
YOU'RE A TRUMP!!

Mary stares in horror at this violent spectacle.

DONALD (CONT'D)
AND ALL TRUMPS ARE KILLERS!

Fred Sr. crawls through puddling blood. Mary attends to him but he pushes her off. Donald wants more but Robert finally hauls him outside.

EXT. QUEENS, NY - JAMAICA ESTATES - FRONT PORCH - LATER

Several wide Georgian columns enclose Robert and Donald inside a spacious front porch.

Robert stares at his sibling as Donald presses a slab of meat into his reddening cheek, a prolonged silence.

ROBERT
The old man's lost it over Freddy.
We all have.

DONALD
And you think I don't know that?

ROBERT
Do you ever let up? I mean
seriously.

DONALD
No, actually I don't. And why
should I?

Donald tosses the meat aside and stalks off the porch.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BENCH - DAY

Donald wears sunglasses to hide his black eye. He sits with Michael DePhillips on a park bench, gazing at the wide expanse of the Sheep's Meadow in Central Park.

DONALD
You have to have a rough draft. I
have to see it.

MICHAEL
Donald, if I don't let my editors
at *The Times* look at my rough
drafts, why would I let you?

Michael scalds Donald with an fiery glare.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And you still haven't answered all
my questions.

DONALD

There was no investigation! It's all lies. From my competition. They're jealous of me, of my success, don't you see that?

MICHAEL

It's not what the record says.

Michael flips through the pages of his note pad, reading:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Your father... *Twice* blacklisted. He's built nothing for over a decade. Accused of misappropriation of FHA funds. The racial discrimination case in 1971...

DONALD

Michael, you've got me all wrong. *I'm helping this city.* People are excited about me, excited about The Commodore. That's what you're going to write. That's the story that's going to make your career!

MICHAEL

Not until I get some answers.

DONALD

Then I'll sue you for libel. *The New York Times* is not a big paper to me. It isn't. You don't want this kind of attention!

MICHAEL

Just try me.

Infuriated, Donald stops pacing.

DONALD

I'm asking you as a friend, please. Let's just smooth this all over?

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

DONALD

I think you know.

MICHAEL

A *bribe!*? Is that what you're talking about?

DONALD
If that's what it takes.

MICHAEL
Get over yourself.

Michael stands, shoves his questions into Donald's pocket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Answer every single one. Or my next
article, at that *little paper*, is
going to end you.

He hustles off leaving Donald boiling over with anger.

INT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NY - APARTMENT - NIGHT

A man in pajamas, Janice Brightly's husband, FRANK, opens the door for Donald.

In his 30's, he's half-asleep but wakes up a little upon seeing Donald wearing sunglasses and looking beat-down-

FRANK
You alright, Donald?

Donald nods solemnly.

DONALD
Is she in?

FRANK
Yeah. She's around here somewhere.

Donald staggers into an enormous apartment, with gorgeous views of downtown Manhattan. He promptly slumps onto a couch.

DONALD
That's quite a view.

Janice enters, hearing him.

JANICE
You know what they say about
location.

She grimaces at Donald's black eye.

JANICE (CONT'D)
What happened?

She rushes over for a closer look.

DONALD
It's nothing. Please, I'm fine.

JANICE
Does it hurt? Let me get you some ice.

DONALD
No, it's okay, please.

JANICE
(sniffs)
And when's the last time you had a shower?

Donald shakes his head -- *can't think about that now.*

DONALD
I gave you all this...
(gestures to the space)
This apartment. The real estate job. And I will take it away.

Janice sips some tea, ponders Donald's threat.

JANICE
You know the first thing I told Frank after we met?

Janice nods towards her bedroom where Frank now sleeps.

JANICE (CONT'D)
That you were the most incredible man I'd ever laid eyes on. That you were this wild breath of fresh air, the opposite of every droning politician I'd been force-fed over the years. You're special and you remind me of my father... Well, you can imagine how all this went over with him.

Donald remains unmoved. She steps closer to make her point.

JANICE (CONT'D)
And if that's the kind of emotion you can inspire, in not just me, but everyone, we'll get the votes.
(thinks)
Hell, we'll get the entire world's vote.

DONALD

And the financing? How do I put that back together.

JANICE

We'll get it all. But you have to evolve. Be more respectful. More diplomatic. You understand?

Donald nods.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I'll call The Governor again in the morning. See what he has to say.

She takes him by the shoulder, hugs him tightly.

JANICE (CONT'D)

But in the meantime, you have to promise me you'll go home, sleep, think about what I've said, and not do anything stupid.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Donald stands at an airline ticket counter.

DONALD

The red-eye to Chicago, please.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - SKYLINE - NIGHT

We see an aerial view sweeping down on the Chicago skyline. The Sears Tower. The Tribune Building. Then, one particularly tall skyscraper comes into focus:

It's made of black glass; has a big sign: HYATT REGENCY EAST

JAY (PRE-LAP)

That's the East Tower...

INT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, IL - OFFICE - DAY

Donald sits with Jay Pritzker, looking out at this building from a palatial corner office.

JAY

Regency West will be completed next year.

Donald absorbs its stark, modern grandeur.

DONALD
It's magnificent.

JAY
Let's take a look at that eye.

Donald turns his head to Jay, showing off a big purple welt.

JAY (CONT'D)
Your old man?

Donald nods and Jay smiles, brushes his scalp back to reveal the faded lines of a long, thin scar.

JAY (CONT'D)
A wine bottle. When I was 13. For
trying to take a sip.
(then)
But you didn't come all this way
for sympathy.

DONALD
I need \$13 million for an interest
payment due in four weeks time.

Off Jay's astounded look, Donald stands, in pitch-mode again.

DONALD (CONT'D)
But in return, you won't just be
the hotel operator on this deal.
We'll be full partners. I'm
offering you a 50% ownership stake,
worth untold millions.

Donald closes with the big kicker.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Plus, as many hotels in the New
York City area as Hyatt can
possibly open. I'll build all of
them for you, at cost.

Jay walks to the window, looks out at his Hyatt Regency East.

DONALD (CONT'D)
My reputation. My credibility. My
entire career is on the line here,
Jay. I need your help.

JAY
You think that building performs
differently... Feels different if
it says Pritzker instead of Hyatt?

Donald is silent, thinking.

JAY (CONT'D)
I always thought so. I always liked
the way Hyatt rolled off the
tongue. And I was right.

Jay ambles back to the corner of his desk and sits.

JAY (CONT'D)
I told my dad about our little
deal. Know what he said?

Donald has no idea.

JAY (CONT'D)
Drumpf.

Off Donald's confused look.

JAY (CONT'D)
My father knew your grandad,
Fredreich Drumpf. Met him out in
the Klondike during the Gold Rush
of 1897.
(then)
Before Fredreich landed here from
Germany, he changed his name.

Donald swivels his head back to the Hyatt Regency. It's as if
he's seeing his own name for the first time.

JAY (CONT'D)
Trump: to outshine, to eclipse, to
outdo.

Donald locks in on the graphic HYATT letters emblazoned
across its side.

JAY (CONT'D)
Smart man your grandad. He knew
what a name could stand for and how
far he could ride it.

Jay shakes his head.

JAY (CONT'D)
I appreciate you coming all this
way out here, but our deal stands.

Jay rises, escorting Donald to the door.

JAY (CONT'D)
 You get that tax break first. Then,
 and only then...

Jay turns the knob and opens the door.

JAY (CONT'D)
 Do you get Hyatt. And all the money
 you'll ever need.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NY - HELL'S KITCHEN - STREET - DAY

Richard Ravitch and his fellow U.D.C. Board Members tour the MANHATTAN PLAZA construction site wearing hard hats and business suits. It's dead here, no workers, no energy.

RAVITCH
 The day the Urban Development
 Corporation was born, its creator,
 Governor Nelson Rockefeller was
 marching in Alabama with Dr. King.

Ravitch points up to Manhattan Plaza.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
 He endowed it the broadest possible
 powers so that it could do the most
 possible good.

He solemnly takes his hard hat off, wipes his brow.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
 Our goal is urban renewal. We build
 for people, not profits.
 (pauses)
 Yet still, there are those among us
 who would use it to reward greed
 with even greater wealth.

Ravitch meets the eyes of all his U.D.C. Board Members.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
 Some of you question my integrity
 as a developer. And that's why I
 asked you here today.

He opens his arms out wide, taking in the vast property.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
 By getting Manhattan Plaza back on
 track, we house more low-income
 outpatients than any hospital in
 the Five Boroughs.
 (MORE)

RAVITCH (CONT'D)

(beat)

But even without us, the Commodore Hotel can maintain a 60% occupancy rate on 2000 rooms at \$478 a night... Do the math and I trust you'll vote accordingly.

MALE SECRETARY (PRE-LAP)

You've reached the office of Roy Cohn, please leave a message...

INT. JFK AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

BEEP! DONALD sits in a phone booth listening to Roy's machine. He sports a rumpled suit and those same sunglasses.

DONALD

We lost 'em. Our two measly little votes. They were in the bag and Ravitch somehow pulled 'em out!

Donald slumps down.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I don't know how he did it. But I plan to fix this once and for all. Today's the day. Mano-a-mano. Right here. Right now. Wish me luck.

Donald SLAMS the phone down onto the receiver! He then pumps in more change and dials. RINGING.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Janice, meet me downtown in one hour.

INT. MANHATTAN, NY - U.D.C - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A proud LOGO etched upon a wall: THE URBAN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION OF NEW YORK CITY

Janice and Donald sit on a couch beneath it. She nervously touches Donald's eye up with foundation.

JANICE

We're rescheduling.

Donald ignores her; he's busy fixing his tie.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You look awful.

DONALD
(emotion rising)
This is it. This is where we
finally get him. Will you trust me?

JANICE
I don't know. How?

DONALD
We teach him. He needs to learn.

JANICE
Learn!? Donald, honestly, what
could you possibly teach him?!

DONALD
That my future is better than his.

Ravitch's secretary, MEGAN (30's) pretty, approaches.

MEGAN
Excuse me. Mr. Ravitch will see you
now.

Donald stands, dons his shades.

DONALD
Wait for my signal.

Janice stares as Donald strides off with Megan.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Gorgeous space, tasteful appointments, unbeatable view.
Ravitch sits behind a stately mahogany desk as Donald stalks
into his space.

RAVITCH
The heck happened to you?

Ravitch holds up his hand for a shake; Donald frowns at it.

DONALD
You and your pals are voting 'Yes'
on The Commodore, Richard.

RAVITCH
Are we now?

Ravitch withdraws his snubbed hand.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
Even if I think the whole deal is a
huge mistake?

DONALD
It's jobs. Growth. Mid-town. It's
going to rescue this Ci...

RAVITCH
(interrupting)
You could care less about this
City.

DONALD
Bullshit! I'm the only one trying
to save it!

RAVITCH
No, Donald, you're just a bigger
chip off an old block.

DONALD
I figured you'd react this way.
S'why I brought a special friend.

With a flourish, Donald beckons Janice into the room.

JANICE
This wasn't my idea.

RAVITCH
(dismayed)
You shouldn't be here.

JANICE
I just thought I could help.

Ravitch steps towards Donald, angry.

RAVITCH
She still work for The Governor,
you asshole!

DONALD
(nodding & smiling)
She *is* The Governor!

RAVITCH
Have you lost your fucking mind?!
MEGAN!

Ravitch looks out the door for his secretary.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
Call security! Get these two outta
here!

JANICE
We're leaving.

Janice reaches for Donald's arm.

RAVITCH
Please do, sweetheart. You know
better.

DONALD
You can't talk to her like
that!

JANICE
Donald stop! Please.

Donald heads over to Ravitch's phone to call Hugh Carey.

DONALD
Carey's going to have your ass!

RAVITCH
When we speak this morning I'll
ask, but in the meantime...!

Ravitch storms over to his desk and chases him away.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
GET THE FUCK OUT!!

He picks up a paper weight and hurls it at Donald's head!

Ahh!!

JANICE

Donald ducks as the glass object smashes - CHISS! - into a million pieces! Janice flees the room hysterical!

RAVITCH
You're finished, Trump!

Donald stays low, crab-walking out as a letter opener now STABS - *FUT!* - into the wall above his head!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Janice just stares into space as Donald reaches for her arm.

JANICE
(jerking away)
Don't touch me. You really are out
of your mind!
(MORE)

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

(beat)

The man practically runs this City!
He's in there right now, destroying
both of us.

She looks away from Donald, rubs her brow.

JANICE (CONT'D)

That night we met... at the party.
You were so smooth. So charming.

Off Donald's guilty look.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Who needs The Governor, right? When
you can get The Governor's *girl*.

DONALD

You can work for me now. Only me.

JANICE

No, I won't. Not even close.

DONALD

I'll fix everything.

JANICE

No.

DONALD

Yes. Look at me.

JANICE

NO! Goodbye Donald.

Janice walks away, leaving him in the dust.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)

Go home. It's over.

CUT TO:

A SET OF WORKMAN'S TOOLS

INT. QUEENS, NY - BASEMENT - DAY

Donald lies defeated on a bench in his father's workshop.

Fluorescent lights shine on these tools of the builder's
trade; the space itself is utterly spotless.

He sees many different jars of crooked nails on a shelf with hand-scribbled labels; one reads: TRUMP VILLAGE - USED NAILS.

This is who Fred Trump Sr. is: the master D.I.Y. builder. Donald covers his face with his arms.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Upstairs, Donald passes the rooms of his siblings, before he finally arrives at one particular door.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Donald sits at Freddy's desk. He's surrounded by memories: records, a model airplane, pictures of himself with Freddy.

On a closet door, Donald sees the penciled notches on the jamb where his siblings measured each other's heights.

And as Donald opens this door wider, something shiny catches his eye: a bottle of vodka. Looking closer, Donald sees several more empty bottles tucked away, discretely hidden.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

IVANA putters around in the kitchen, plopping a sandwich down in front of Donald as he nods off at the table.

Mary enters, carrying a bag of groceries, and greets Ivana with a warm KISS on both cheeks.

MARY
(to Donald)
Did you get your father's message?

Donald looks up to see her rummaging around a messy counter.

MARY (CONT'D)
It's here somewhere. About The
Commodore.

DONALD
That's over, ma.

Mary hands Donald the note.

DONALD (CONT'D)
The money fell apart. I couldn't
get the votes. Just wasn't meant to
be... so I quit.

For confirmation, Mary looks over at Ivana, who nods.

MARY

Oh.

Mary eyes him, surprised. She starts unpacking her groceries.

MARY (CONT'D)

You okay?

DONALD

I'll come around. But right now I gotta talk to Freddy.

MARY

He's gone. Took off for Florida yesterday. With that...
(a bad taste here)
Stewardess.

DONALD

Did he say when he's coming back?

MARY

He's not coming back. Says he's going to flight school down there but I'll believe that when I see it. He also said they're getting married, but who knows.

DONALD

He never told me.

MARY

Yeah, well, you've been busy.

Donald's eyes widen as he processes this news while looking at Ivana.

DONALD

What's he thinking? Married!? Guy can't even hold down a job.

MARY

Pssh! I hope he does. I love a good wedding. You outta think about settling down yourself.

Ivana perks up. Mary grins. They all share a look, a smile. The gloom is lifting as Donald's wheels start turning.

DONALD

You know, that's not a bad idea.
(thinks)
(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
They get to know me. Get to know
what I'm capable of. And who says
'no' to a guy on his wedding day?

MARY
Hunh?

Donald kisses Mary and *bee-lines* out the door with Ivana.

DONALD
I gotta go! Tell Dad I'll call him!

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Janice gathers personal items from this tiny space they built together, stuffing her things into a box as fast as she can.

DONALD
It's all happening very quickly.

JANICE
I'll bet. Does she even have a
name?

DONALD
Of course she has a name, but more
importantly, can you make it? Can
The Governor make it?

Janice rolls her eyes, digging through a filing cabinet.

JANICE
I can't deal with you right now.

DONALD
I screwed up, Janice. I know that.
But I can put it all back together.
(then)
I promise. I'll do anything.

JANICE
That's what I'm afraid of!

Donald turns on the charm with a signature Trump smile.

DONALD
I love her. She's totally for real
and everything's on the up-and-up.
Please. This is it.

Janice stops packing for a brief moment.

JANICE
You got a picture?

Donald produces a picture of Ivana for Janice to analyze.

DONALD
She's Czech. She's on their Olympic
ski team. And you're going to love
her as much as I do.

JANICE
Why haven't you told me about her?

DONALD
I don't know. She was with someone
else when I met her. Some guy up in
Montreal but that's over now.

JANICE
(softening)
She's beautiful.

She hands the picture back to Donald, still unsure.

JANICE (CONT'D)
I guess I'm happy for you.

DONALD
So you'll be there? With Carey?

Janice eyes him, still a tad suspicious.

JANICE
Only if you tell me her name.

REVEREND PEALE (PRE-LAP)
Ivana...

INT. NEW YORK CITY - MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH - DAY

At a packed Manhattan wedding inside this historic landmark,
a REVEREND presides; he is NORMAN VINCENT PEALE.

REVEREND PEALE
I urge you and Donald, as a married
couple, to pray big prayers
together...

In his 50's, wearing vestments and glasses; this renowned
author of *The Power of Positive Thinking* is the world's
foremost God salesman, conducting the wedding of:

DONALD TRUMP & IVANA MARIE ZELNICKOVA

REVEREND PEALE (CONT'D)
 For God will rate you according to
 the size of our prayers.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

At his reception, tuxedo-clad Donald directs several big-busted serving BABES to wait on Table #15: The U.D.C. TABLE. Donald has pulled out all the stops!

DONALD
 Gentlemen, welcome!

The U.D.C. Board Members - except Richard Ravitch - wine and dine in the land of Sodom & Gomorrah!

There are loose Women... Booze & Drugs... And loads of Big Cash flying around as Donald back slaps and glad-hands out thick envelope after thick envelope.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 (joking with the girls)
 Now if any of these men give you
 ladies a hard time, you call me.

From across the room, two tux-clad GENTS approach: NEW YORK GOVERNOR HUGH CAREY - NEW YORK CITY MAYOR ABE BEAME. The U.D.C. Board Members stand to greet the political elite!

Board Member Malcolm Jackson hugs Donald as he heads up a flight of hotel stairs hand-in-hand with a super-hot BABE.

MALCOLM JACKSON
 Congrats, Donald. You got my vote.

Donald hugs John Manes, and hands him a thick envelope.

JOHN MANES
 This guy! Giving gifts at his own
 wedding.
 (sotto voce)
 We're gonna make it happen for you
 with Richard. I promise.

DONALD
 I'm going to hold you to that.

NEW ANGLE

Across the room, a shocked Janice stares in horror at this crazed debauchery; she watches Donald work the room over.

EXT. URBAN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION - CORNER OFFICE - DAY

A telephone console lights up, every line blinking, all of them relentlessly RINGING off the hook. A deafening racket.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Mayor Beame on one! Manes on two.

Richard Ravitch sits across his desk from George Peacock.

RAVITCH

I'll call them back!

MEGAN (O.S.)

And Hugh Carey on three! Again.

RAVITCH

Get rid of 'em all!

Ravitch jumps to his door, KICKS it shut! Finally it's quiet.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)

So... our friend John Barron.

George nods. They don't even have to speak the name: TRUMP.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)

What are our options?

Ravitch chews his pen.

GEORGE

We can refuse to bid The Commodore
and close our doors in about 18
months. Or we can take it...

Ravitch now loudly taps the pen. On edge. He can't sit still.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And you'll then be obligated to
vote 'yes' on his tax abatement.

(then)

You're the only one he still needs.
Those are our only two choices.

RAVITCH

No.

Ravitch blanches, sweating, but unwilling to give in.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)

No way. So long as that hotel stays
open, we could refuse to bid and
hope that it recovers.

(MORE)

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
 And if The City starts to rebound
 too - and we really tightened our
 belts - we could weather this
 storm, George.

George frowns, it's insane. But Ravitch YANKS up his phone!

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
 Get on it! That genie's not coming
 out of the bottle on my watch.

Ravitch STABS his intercom BUTTON hard!

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
 Megan, I need the mayor back now!

INT. THE NEW YORK TIMES - OFFICE - DAY

Typing at his typewriter, Michael DePhillips listens to a
 tape recorder replaying his *TRUMP TAPES*-

MICHAEL (O.S.)
*A bribe!? Is that what you're
 talking about?*

DONALD (O.S.)
If that's what it takes.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Get over yourself.

MICHAEL secretly recorded his last conversation with TRUMP!

SUDDENLY HIS DOOR OPENS...

And in walks his editor, JIM KELLEHER (late-40's) Patrician-
 look. Following behind Jim... ROY COHN

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Jim. What's going on?

JIM
 We're here to talk to you about the
 Trump piece.

Jim pauses, unsure what to say, knows he's on shaky ground.

JIM (CONT'D)
 We're killing it.

MICHAEL
What?

JIM

At first, we thought you were the perfect fit for this assignment, but we're changing directions.

MICHAEL

Who's we?! You and him?
(nods to Roy)

ROY

If you want to save the world kid,
go work for *The Voice*.

Michael, flushed, jumps up, surprising both Roy and Jim.

MICHAEL

(to Jim)
You're a fucking newsman, Jim! Does the name Joe McCarthy ring a bell?!

Michael KICKS his chair across the room!

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You of all people should know what men like this are capable of!
(sneers at Roy)
They're out to destroy this city!
This entire fucking country.

Michael collars Jim against the wall as Roy cowers in fear.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I watched my entire community burn to the ground! Everything I've worked to rebuild! *BURNED!* So guys like Roy and Donald can sweep in and make a fast buck off of it!

JIM

(resigned)
They make a killing whether our stories on them are good or bad.

MICHAEL

BULLSHIT!

JIM

Mike, you keep this up, you're in big trouble...

MICHAEL

NO! That's where you're wrong Jim.
'Cause I haven't even started!

Michael grabs his Trump Tapes and stomps out of the door!

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - STREET - DAWN

A light snow falls. Ravitch steps out of a town car to see a horde of Reporters and Photographers lying in wait for him.

RAVITCH
(totally flustered)
What is this?

CAMERAS BULBS explode, *strobe-lighting* his face!

FLASH, POP! FLASH, POP! FLASH, POP!

REPORTER #1	REPORTER #2 (CONT'D)
What's going on at Manhattan Plaza, Richard?!	Don't New Yorker deserve better?!

Ravitch shields his eyes - *FLASH, POP!* - at this onslaught.

REPORTER #2
Which way will you be voting on The Commodore?!

Ravitch covers his head and dashes through this press mob like a suspected child molester.

RAVITCH
No comment. Please, excuse me!

He finally makes it to his doorstep, regains his composure.

RAVITCH (CONT'D)
As far as The Commodore is concerned, we're struggling, but hopefully a compromise solution can be negotiated...

REPORTER #1
Richard!

RAVITCH
However, it's more than likely the tax abatement will not be approved.

More Reporters converge on Ravitch from every direction.

NEW ANGLE

Across the street - Donald's limo idles at the corner. A FAKE REPORTER #1 (20's) leans against the car looking to Trump.

DONALD
Does he honestly think you're all
real reporters!?

This Fake Reporter nods as Donald observes the interrogation.

DONALD (CONT'D)
He couldn't attract this much press
if he killed his whole family!

This entire press ambush of Ravitch is a ruse by Donald!

Several more Men and Women carrying cameras and note-pads
shuffle over for their marching orders.

FAKE REPORTER #1
He's still a 'no' on The Commodore.

Donald responds by furiously shucking out a few hundred
dollars.

DONALD
Then get back over there. Go! Keep
that motherfucker out in the cold.

Donald's window rolls up.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

From the other side of the limo, Roy climbs in, carrying a
newspaper and a fresh cup of coffee.

ROY
How we doing out there?

DONALD
Horrendous.

Roy sighs heavily as he hands his newspaper to Donald.

ROY
Well, speaking of reporters.

It's the latest edition of *The Village Voice* and in bold,
black lettering, its front page trumpets:

TRUMP POISED TO STEAL HUGE TAX ABATEMENT FROM CITY!

The by-line - Written By Michael DePhillips.

ROY (CONT'D)
But don't worry about it. Nobody
reads *The Voice*.

In response, DONALD STOMPS his wet bar!

DONALD
MOTHER... FUCKER...!

ROY
Donald!

GLASS TUMBLERS EXPLODE! Shifting onto his back, Donald SLAMS his HEEL into the window of his limo! BAM!!! BAM!!! BAM!!!

DONALD
I'll kill him. Fucking kill him!!

Roy covers his head as shards of glass whizz through the air! Donald *monsters* a toe into his TV set -- sparks fly -- BOOM! Roy finally pokes his head out of a turtled position.

ROY
Are you done? Please. Come on.

Donald hyperventilates with anger.

ROY (CONT'D)
Can we finally win this thing?
Hunh? Bring in a little muscle?

DONALD
(a bit manic here)
Muscle?! Trump was born with all the muscle he needs! That I can promise you! That I can really, really promise you!

Donald's bat-shit crazy at this point.

DONALD (CONT'D)
You think I need you and your guinea pals!?

Roy trembles, freaks; he's terrified!

DONALD (CONT'D)
It's time I finally get rid of this Ravitch piece of shit myself, no thanks to you. AND I'LL DO IT MY WAY, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

Donald dials a large, heavy, 1970's limo phone. RINGING.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Victor Palmieri, please. It's Donald.
(waits, then)
(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
 Victor, clear out the clubhouse.
 (pause)
RIGHT NOW!
 (demonic beat)
 I don't care if it costs the U.S.
 Mint! You hear me?! At midnight on
 the 4th, commence with *Operation*
Ironsides!

Donald *CRUSHES* the phone down, breathing heavily!

EXT. COMMODORE HOTEL - 42ND STREET - NIGHT

Midnight. April 4th. A massive U-Haul truck and three chartered buses pull up in front of The Commodore Hotel. No lights are on -- no STAFF walks in or out. It's dead.

Donald steps out of the truck with VICTOR PALMIERI who carries several lengths of iron chain.

DONALD
 (to Victor)
 Lock it the fuck up.

Victor uses the chain to secure the doors of the hotel. Then, DER SCUTT steps off one of the buses behind Donald.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 (to Scutt, pointing)
 Start with those storefront
 businesses, Der.

Behind Scutt, three bus loads of New York City's worst VAGRANTS, PIMPS, JUNKIES and TRANSVESTITES pour out.

Donald takes out a MEGA-PHONE - climbs the lift-gate of the U-Haul: he's bigger, more menacing and warped than ever.

The Prom King of the Apocalypse.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 Okay people! Spread yourselves out!

Scutt unloads a box of spray paint and sheets of plywood.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 You two! Move over there!
 No, closer to the corner!

As Donald positions his bussed-in, homeless BOTTOM-DWELLERS, Scutt *derelicts* The Commodore with spray paint.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Move it!

Two Hispanic Cleaning People arrive for their graveyard shift; they stop at the Commodore's locked-up front door.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Coming to work? Esta tratando de entrar...? No hables Englaze?

The Cleaning People nod.

DONALD (CONT'D)

The hotel's closed. You're out of a job. Are you here legally?

Behind Donald, Scutt directs a team of Production Designers to board up the windows and slather graffiti everywhere.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NY - 42ND STREET & LEXINGTON AVE - MORNING

A full-blown, Donald-orchestrated MAELSTROM engulfs The Commodore Hotel!

Striking HOTEL WORKERS picket, carrying signs and chanting for better wages -- PIMPS and PROSTITUTES loiter the streets.

Some Homeless have set up a big camp as a HEAD STRIKER (60) grey-hair, bot-belly, megaphones the HYSTERIA to a climax.

HEAD STRIKER

WHAT DO WE WANT!

ALL STRIKERS

MORE PAY! LESS HOURS!

The Commodore storefront businesses are covered up by plywood, spray paint and black scorch marks.

HEAD STRIKER

WHEN DO WE WANT IT!

Reporters and Cameramen scramble around, covering the scoop.

ALL STRIKERS

RIGHT NOW!

To top it off, a cavalcade of YUPPIE PROFESSIONALS hustle out of Grand Central; their influx CRUSHES into this CIRCUS! The fighting, SHOUTING and RANCOR escalates *OUT OF CONTROL!*

NEW ANGLE

Across the street from the mayhem, a BLACK TOWN car pulls up. Its window rolls down and there he is: RICHARD RAVITCH.

He opens his door and steps out. His face is pale with terror, realizing that he's hopelessly overmatched.

Beside Ravitch, two BEAT COPS sip coffee and laugh at this giant cluster-fuck instead of trying to police it.

RAVITCH

Are you two going to do anything about this?

BEAT COP #2

Who the fuck are you?

Routed, Ravitch pauses, and then slumps back into his car.

CUT TO:

A soaring aerial image of MANHATTAN's imperial skyline: a jagged fortress of concrete, glass and steel as WE HEAR:

FEMALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)

And what say you?

MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Aye!

Dissolve from the monoliths of Manhattan to DONALD'S EYES. Intense. Squinting. Transfixed on the words being spoken...

INT. MANHATTAN, NY - CITY HALL - HEARING ROOM - DAY

Donald sits in the front row of a suffocatingly official hearing room watching Ravitch squirm.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Let the record show that U.D.C.
Board Member John Manes has voted
'Aye' for The Commodore Tax
Abatement. And now, Chairman
Richard Ravitch, what say you?

After an eternity of sweating, Ravitch leans forward to a microphone but he can't speak, he's so distraught.

It's a tense, tense moment as Ravitch looks out uncomfortably at the assembled Bureaucrats, Press and other notables:

ROY COHN... JANICE BRIGHTLY... DER SCUTT... FRED TRUMP SR...

Everyone in the room holds their collective breath as Ravitch finally leans forward again, towards his microphone.

RAVITCH

Aye.

DONALD

Yes!

A ROAR goes up amongst the gallery as Donald hugs his father up off the ground!

UDC SECRETARY (O.S.)

Let the record show, Chairman
Ravitch has voted 'Aye' on The
Commodore Hotel tax abatement. At 6
votes to 0, the Trump proposal is
now officially approved.

SOUND F/X: A GAVEL POUNDS DOWN

CUT TO:

A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE POPS! THE WHITE LIQUID BUBBLES FORTH!

INT. LE BERNARDIN - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

JAY PRITZKER, stogie in mouth, pours out two glasses. He offers one to Donald as they gaze at this restaurant's stunning views of Central Park, and raises his.

JAY

To fathers. May we always walk
through the doors they open.

(beat)

And to The New Grand Hyatt Hotel

Donald smiles, nods and raises his glass, *CHIK!* But he declines to actually drink. Jay looks at him surprised.

DONALD

I don't drink.

JAY

Ever?

DONALD

It's not my thing.

JAY

Well, congratulations are still in
order.

Donald nods.

JAY (CONT'D)
Quite a view, hunh?

Donald doesn't answer, allowing an awkwardness to build.

JAY (CONT'D)
I still don't know how you pulled
it off.

DONALD
With the hotel shut down, the press
crucified everyone and they all
caved. Carey finally agreed to bail-
out Manhattan Plaza. Combine that
with H.R.H. winning The Commodore
construction package and Richard
had no choice. I forced his hand.

Jay WHISTLES at Donald's brilliant endgame. He sips, savors
the taste but a real tension continues to build. Donald turns
towards Jay. Pauses. Clears his throat.

DONALD (CONT'D)
We may be going with Westin.

This news is a gut punch to Jay, but he doesn't let it show.

JAY
I suppose I should have suspected
it.

DONALD
They've made us a late offer that's
just too sweet to pass up.

JAY
After all that.

DONALD
I'm a business man, Jay. I go with
my gut.

JAY
And you know this isn't how I do
business.

DONALD
This time I'm afraid it is.

JAY
You got a lotta stones, kid.
(sighs)
(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)
So what's it gonna take to keep our
deal alive?

Donald hands Jay a three-page contract from his pocket.

DONALD
Just your signature. It's a simple
covenant ensuring that Hyatt never
opens another hotel in the entire
New York area.

Jay scans the paperwork, disgusted.

DONALD (CONT'D)
You didn't think I'd come all this
way to compete with my own partner,
my own brand. And with this piece
of paper, I won't.

Jay signs the document and then hands it back to Donald.

JAY
(through gritted teeth)
Not a problem. Unlike you, \$50
million isn't a lot of money to me.
So I'm signing it. Know why?

Jay doesn't wait for a reply; he just downs his champagne.

JAY (CONT'D)
'Cause this deal gives me that one
thing that'll keep you up at night.

Off Donald's look.

JAY (CONT'D)
My name on your building.

Jay stalks off as Donald dumps his glass into an ice bucket.

INT. CORPORATE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

250 pounds of closing PAPERWORK SLAM onto a table!

Inside this massive, antiseptic space - in operatic slow
motion - a battalion of...

LAWYERS, MORTGAGE BROKERS, CITY OFFICIALS, HYATT HOTEL
EXECUTIVES, CONSULTANTS, BANKERS, BOARD MEMBERS of the
U.D.C., PARALEGALS, ASSISTANTS, INTERNS and one DEPUTY MAYOR,
all male (20's to 60's) argue, cajole, schmooze and wrangle
over this paperwork.

A big, municipal real estate closing that feels like *D-Day*: a marathon of contracts, gesticulating limbs and stale coffee: Janice hustles to push it all over the finish-line.

JANICE

Let's move it people!

Overseeing this mayhem with Janice is JERRY SCHRAGER (late 20's) a rising lawyer in New York's real estate firmament.

And just as this craziness peaks, in strolls Cohn.

Roy stares hard at the other Lawyers in the room. Janice sees him, sees the pained look on his face, and then quickly rushes after him as he stalks out of the room.

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Under the incessant hum of several vending machines, Roy enters and turns to Janice as she follows him in.

ROY

Where the fuck is he?

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - OPERA HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

It's intermission. A dashing, tuxedo-clad Donald schmoozes with some of the other young Masters Of The Universe:

RONALD PERELMAN... CARL ICAHN... HENRY KRAVIS...

He's at the center of this vortex, marking his arrival. This is his apotheosis.

In the midst of this apex of wealth and power, Donald's Limo Driver enters and whispers in his ear.

Donald smiles; he loves being called back to his beloved deals while these other men return to the opera.

DONALD

Will you gentlemen please excuse me?

INT. CORPORATE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Still tux-clad, Donald and Roy look tiny seated in the big, cleared out space. The tall, thick stacks of closing contracts are neatly organized, with pens; ready for signing.

What was once chaotic is now calm and quiet.

ROY
Jerry Schrager?

DONALD
I needed a closer on this one.

Donald looks away, out the window as Roy sinks lower.

ROY
So I'm out. Just like that.

Silence.

ROY (CONT'D)
You can't do this!

DONALD
If you need money, it's a different conversation.

ROY
I need the money because it's what we agreed to. Because I earned it!

DONALD
We had nothing in writing.

ROY
You're a dirty motherfucker. A dirty, dirty motherfucker.

Roy rubs his hands in his face.

ROY (CONT'D)
What about all your other precious deals, hunh?! All your future buildings? I made this happen for you. *Me!* Without me...

DONALD
Without you, those buildings are happening even faster. Trump Tower, Trump-Parc, Trump Plaza in Atlantic City. They're all about to break ground as we speak.

Roy looks lost, pale, utterly annihilated.

ROY
I can't believe this. I took you under my wing. Treated you like a son. Donald, please...

Donald gives him nothing. Flummoxed, Roy tries another tack.

ROY (CONT'D)
 Just a loan. A percentage of the
 closing costs. Anything.
 (then)
 We shook hands on this thing. And
 we just bilked the government for
 millions! I'm in trouble here!

Roy breaks down, looking up at Donald's towering 6'2" frame.

ROY (CONT'D)
 I'm begging you.

Roy slowly bends a knee towards the floor.

DONALD
 Stop, Roy. Stand up, for God's
 sake.

But Roy is bewildered with pain and fear.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 Get up! Get off that floor right
 now you cock-sucking piece of shit!

Roy can't move, his knees seemingly locked to the carpet.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 You're a fucking liability!

At the door, Janice pokes her head in, observes the skirmish.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 I needed lawyer! A real animal. And
 I got stuck with an aging faggot.

JANICE
 What the hell is going on!

Donald sees Janice, halts his rancor, shifts modes.

DONALD
 It's nothing. We're fine.

Janice rushes over to Roy.

JANICE
 You are not fine!

She runs to the door and summons two INTERNS to help Roy to
 his feet as Donald points to his watch.

DONALD
 I need this room working, Jan...

Janice SHOVES Donald towards a small room in back!

JANICE

MOVE IT!

Janice herds Donald to a back room as Roy is escorted out.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donald paces as Janice blocks the only door leading out to the conference room.

JANICE

How do we put an end to this shit?

DONALD

I don't have time, Janice.

Donald gets eye-to-eye with her; ready to push her aside.

DONALD (CONT'D)

If the deal's not signed tonight,
it doesn't happen. It has to close
now! When Koch rolls into off...

JANICE

(interrupting)

None of that matters if you can't
tell me why?

DONALD

Why *what*? Where are you going here?
Back to Albany? Out of real estate?
Is that what you really want?

JANICE

I told you what I want: that guy
who's planning to save this city
with only one thing... Emotion.

Donald points his finger out to the world at large.

DONALD

I beat them all, Janice. That was
the whole point! To stuff all
that... *failure* in their faces!

JANICE

Was it? 'Cause we all believed we
were building something. Something
big. Something important.

She quickly slips through the door behind her -- returns with a stack of closing contracts, gesturing to them.

JANICE (CONT'D)

We earned *this*. All of us working together. It means everything to me, Roy, you... your family. This deal represents millions of dollars, a new start... a new team.

Janice's eyes begin to shine with emotion.

JANICE (CONT'D)

But if you can't do things the right way. The way we started. It's meaningless. It's nothing but hot air and greed and hurting people.

Donald gestures to the contracts.

DONALD

'Cause that's what it takes! You saw what it takes to win.

JANICE

Winning has nothing to do with it. It was about rebuilding a City.

DONALD

We're close, Janice.
(finger and thumb)
We're *this* close.

JANICE

To doing it the wrong way for all the wrong reasons.

Donald shakes his head, and then carefully takes the paperwork from her hands-

DONALD

You know nothing about winning...

As Donald carries those contracts back to the conference room, she chases after him.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donald gingerly arranges the closing paperwork back on the table as neatly as possible as Janice hovers in behind him.

JANICE

...because that's not how I choose
to divvy up the world.

DONALD

Well, there is no other way. 'Cause
it keeps everything else in life so
beautifully fucking simple!

Donald turns to her.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You want me to be just like them?
(sneering)
Hugh Carey...? Richard Ravitch...?
And build anything real!? Bullshit!
You know that's not how it works.

He's almost pleading now.

DONALD (CONT'D)

So long as their eyes are always on
Trump - and not my deals - I can
close anything I want! Anything!

JANICE

But that's not building. My father
was a builder. You? You're too busy
creating some kind of fucked up...
persona!

DONALD

And it's working!

JANICE

It's hollow, Donald! It's a name.
People will see right through it
and then where are you? You're
done.

Donald clenches the papers in his hands.

JANICE (CONT'D)

We believe in you... In your
vision. Your energy. *We love you!*
But the reality is, you're turning
into this fraud! This act! And the
only thing you're really looking to
build right now is yourself.

She rests her case, and looks to him expectantly, as a stack
of CONTRACTS SLAMS into the wall beside her! *BOOOM!*

DONALD
THEN GO BACK YOU FUCKING CUNT!

She covers her head as an explosion of white erupts beside her!

JANICE
 Stop! *STOP! DONALD!!*

Donald picks up another stack and HURLS it at the wall!

DONALD
*GO BACK TO ALL THOSE FUCKING
 LOSERS!*

IN SLOW MOTION

She stares transfixed at these papers angrily dancing in the air. All the effort... Time... And money to prepare...

She's thunderstruck, lost, as he continues to RAGE!!!!

BACK TO REAL TIME-

DONALD (CONT'D)
DEPHILLIPS... CAREY... RAVITCH...

Donald turns from her and fires two more stacks of contracts at the conference room windows! *Boom! Boom!*

DONALD (CONT'D)
I CRUSHED THEM ALL...!

With all the contracts obliterated, Donald sets about absolutely TRASHING this room as Janice ducks out the door.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Janice steps out, closing the door behind her. She's floored, near tears as the CRASHING continues back in the conference room. She closes her eyes and exhales, walking away.

DONALD (O.S.)
DO YOU HEAR ME!?

With a final look back, she turns and heads into the elevator; its DING! sounds her last goodbye to Trump.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Donald continues his rampage scattering pens, kicking the chairs and overturning the gargantuan table, in a final act of FURY!

DONALD
AND I'LL FUCKING DO IT AGAIN!!

Sucking oxygen, red-faced, alone, Donald rips the black bow-tie of his tuxedo off his neck. Total destruction everywhere.

He sees his reflection in the window of the conference room, and staggers towards it, puts his hand up against the glass; his FACE super-imposed against the lights of New York city.

MATCH CUT TO:

DONALD'S FACE

INT. LIMO - DAY

He's still looking troubled, only now he sits inside his limo next to Ivana, both of them are dressed in beach clothing.

Outside the window, we see an exit sign for CONEY ISLAND, as the limo turns off towards it.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND N.Y. - STEEPLECHASE PIER - DAY

Donald is stoic, gazing out over the ocean as Ivana eats an ice cream cone, sitting by herself on a bench behind him.

He's a million miles away, still brooding over the confrontation with Janice when he should be celebrating.

EXT. SHORE HAVEN - BALCONY - DAY

From high up, overlooking Coney Island, Donald seems better now, standing over Ivana's shoulder.

He's back in his old stomping ground, pointing out the many towers of the Brooklyn skyline that his father erected.

Ivana studies these austere monuments like a star pupil.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Donald and Ivana meander through this functional, slightly impoverished space with its plaque, and those two tiny words written ever so small:

TRUMP VILLAGE

Donald stares at this plaque: his namesake, as Ivana adjusts one of her very fancy sandals.

IVANA

Oof. I can't take another step.

Donald's eyes refuse to budge from this plaque.

DONALD

Why don't you head out to the car?
I want to look around a little
more. I'll be right out.

IVANA

Of course, darling.

Ivana walks outside.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Donald ambles towards several apartment units being refurbished and combined. Parked outside of them, he sees wheeled hampers filled with construction debris-

Peeking in one doorway, he analyzes the ravaged space and, seeing it mostly empty, steps inside.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Donald walks into this gutted space, past the dangling wires, stacks of drywall, ripped out asbestos and rusted pipes. Mariachi MUSIC plays from a RADIO.

A LABORER, wearing a safety mask and hat, busily scrubs out the filthy bathroom on his knees.

Donald looks around. He bends down to pick up a crooked nail; it's like the ones his father saved from his job sites. Donald smiles at Fred Sr's endless frugality and renovating.

Then... that LABORER tosses a CIGARETTE BUTT over his shoulder, onto the floor.

Donald observes this disgusting, still-smouldering fire hazard with repugnance.

DONALD

Hey... Asshole.

His inner clean freak coming alive.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Show a little respect.

Donald stomps over to the poor Guy.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Do I come to your house and take a
shit in your living room! My dad
owns this fucking place.

And that's when the Guy turns, lowers his mask, and Donald
sees him...

DONALD (CONT'D)
Freddy?

A shadow of his former self, 40-pounds lighter; but in spite
of his ravaged body, Freddy still flashes the great smile.

FREDDY
Guess we got the same old man.

He's as physically close to death as a living person can be.

DONALD
I... I didn't...

Freddy grins broadly at Donald's beach clothes. His sun hat.

FREDDY
S'okay, I didn't recognize you
either.

As Freddy lights up another smoke, he unleashes an
oppressive, wracking cough. Donald is speechless.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Sorry I haven't called. I just got
back a few days ago. Dad was nice
enough to put me on clean-up.

DONALD
You should have talked to me. I
could have gotten you anything.

FREDDY
Yeah, I didn't want to bug you.

The emotion coursing through both of them is overwhelming.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Besides, I needed some quick cash.
I really didn't want to bug you.

DONALD

We'll get you doing something else.
Immediately. Anything you want.
I'll see to it personally.

FREDDY

Nah, it's fine. We're behind on
this job as it is. Pop's been
keeping us all pretty busy.

They both look around at the ruins as a PORTUGUESE FOREMAN
WHISTLES from the hallway!

PORTUGUESE FOREMAN

Yo! Vamos move-le!

FREDDY

(to the Foreman)

Segundo. Segundo.

(then, to Donald)

So, it's official. You got your big
tax exemption. Breaking-ground in
six months... I'm proud of you.

DONALD

(ignoring)

Thanks, but... Come on. You're not
doing this anymore. No way.

Donald gently takes Freddy's arm.

DONALD (CONT'D)

We'll go talk to dad together. I'll
speak to him about this myself.

But Freddy pulls away.

FREDDY

S'okay. You've done enough. Really.
And this is only temporary, Donny.
I'm heading back down to Florida
next month. Thinking about going
into the commercial fishing
business.

(beat)

I'll call before I take off. I
promise.

A moment passes between them as Freddy pats Donald's arm.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Hey, I gotta go, but you hit the
big time, Donny. Now go get 'em.

Freddy turns to go, and with one last smile and wave, his wraith-like form disappears through the door.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Donald climbs into the long expanse of his limo to see Ivana watching its repaired TV. Donald is pale, in shock. His Limo Driver looks back through the partition.

LIMO DRIVER

You okay, Mr. Trump?

Donald looks up but doesn't see much of anything.

DONALD

Yeah. I-I'm fine.

LIMO DRIVER

So where to next?

Donald contemplates his next move. Finally, he comes to a decision and is about to announce it as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END CRAWL:

The Grand Hyatt Hotel renovation was completed in 1980.

Freddy Trump Jr. died the following year. He was 42 years old.

At the time, his younger brother was constructing the first building in Manhattan to bear their name:

Trump Tower