

THE APPRENTICE

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Inspired by true events.

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EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT (1973)

(Archival footage)

Streets of midtown Manhattan seen from a moving vehicle.

We see the now familiar imagery of TIMES SQUARE: big blinking BILLBOARDS, PORNO THEATERS, PEEP SHOWS, FLOPHOUSES and BARS swarming with people.

As shots progress we dive into the dark underbelly of NYC:

-POLICE CARS speeding past us.

-RACIAL VIOLENCE in the streets.

-PROSTITUTES and PIMPS trying to lure customers.

-BUILDINGS in states of decay, water spilling out in the streets.

-HOMELESS PEOPLE lying in the streets in the middle of TRASH HEAPS.

This city is on the brink of collapse.

1

OMITTED

1

2

EXT. COMMODORE HOTEL - NIGHT (1973)

2

The TRASH-FILLED street is relatively empty with a few CARS and YELLOW CABS passing by.

A MAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT walks past a PROSTITUTE who eyes him with interest. We hear a voice that will be instantly familiar.

DONALD (O.S)

*They say the human mind is only
using one percent of its potential,
and if it used three percent, you
could do literally anything.*

The Man stops at a juncture in front of a BUILDING with boarded-up WINDOWS. It looks neglected and possibly squatted.

As he looks up we see the name "THE COMMODORE" written in gold letters above the building's boarded-up MAIN ENTRANCE.

DONALD (O.S) (CONT'D)

*But what if you got a bit more out
of the mind? I think you're going
to be able to do pretty much
whatever you want, if you have the
basic ingredients going in.*

A TORN AMERICAN FLAG is hanging above the entrance.

A little further down the street, two HOMELESS PEOPLE are warming themselves around the fire in an OIL DRUM.

DONALD (O.S) (CONT'D)

*I really think if they tested me,
I'd be two percent. No question.*

3 **EXT. LE CLUB - NIGHT (1973)**

3

He approaches a unmarked door under a RED AWNING. The door is flanked by one EVERGREEN POT on each side.

A shiny black MERCEDES BENZ 1970 LIMO is parked close to the this entrance.

A DOORMAN in uniform and hat nods politely to the MAN and opens the door for him.

PRE-LAP: MUSIC SIMILAR TO SERGE GAINSBOURG'S "69 Annee Erotique"

4 **INT. LE CLUB - NIGHT (1973)**

4

The place is packed. It looks upscale but in a comfortable and relaxed way.

DONALD (O.S)

Can you believe this place?

The decor is eclectic. BIG GAME and SWORDS on the walls. A fireplace near the dance floor. TAPESTRIES cover the windows, totally isolating the dark room from the street.

The crowd is as eclectic as the decor: Jet-setters of the early 70s.

The camera is moving through the space, picking up FACES and DETAILS here and there.

A DISTINGUISHED MAN (60s) is laughing with a YOUNG WOMAN.

DONALD (O.S) (CONT'D)
*See the old man flirting with that
pretty young thing? Daniel Ludwig,
the shipping magnet. He is one of
only two billionaires in the United
States!*

The camera moves forward. A short BUSINESSMAN (40s, curly hair) eats alone.

DONALD (O.S) (CONT'D)
*Over there you got S.I. Newhouse.
He owns half of all the newspapers
and magazines in this country.*

The camera moves toward the bar and we see who is talking:
Young DONALD TRUMP (27).

DONALD (CONT'D)
This is the most incredible club in
town-

He's tall and strong, with blond hair combed in a charming and disorganized way. A Bohemian version of an Aryan Prince. He's 20 years younger than the clientele.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Maybe even the country!

Donald is on a bad date with a MODEL (22, Blond). She looks bored.

MODEL
(half heartedly)
It's a cool place.

DONALD
You know, people say I'm the
youngest member ever admitted.

Donald grins. He's trying too hard and it turns her off.

MODEL
That must be a big thing!

Donald hears wild laughter at a CORNER TABLE. He looks over his shoulder to see group of MOBSTERS gesticulating wildly.

We PUSH IN on an elfin MAN in the center with sallow skin and beady, rat-like eyes. He's dressed in a YELLOW SILK SUIT and matching tie. This is ROY COHN (46).

Roy locks eyes with Donald. Roy's piercing gaze makes Donald very uncomfortable.

MODEL (O.S) (CONT'D)

What do you do when you don't work?

Donald snaps back to.

DONALD

Pardon?

MODEL

Do you have hobbies?

DONALD

I watch a lot of TV...all the time!

Donald smiles innocently at the Model.

MODEL

Right.

DONALD

And Baseball-

MODEL

I am into music, Disco!

The Model nods and puffs passive aggressively on her cigarette.

DONALD

(unconvincing)

I love disco.

CUT TO: LATER

The Model is now gone. Donald is sulking by himself at the bar, drinking his ICE WATER. He scans the room.

Donald sees Roy looking in his direction. As Donald nervously turns his head away:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Excuse me.

A MAN (30s, young Robert Redford-ish) stands behind Donald. He wears a velvet blazer and a wide-collard shirt. This is RUSSELL ELDRIDGE, Roy Cohn's ex-lover and aide-de-camp.

RUSSELL

I'm Russell. My friend wants to know if you'd join him for dinner.

Russell nods at Roy. Roy nods back. Donald is creeped out.

DONALD
I'm leaving, thanks.

RUSSELL
He wants to congratulate you on
passing the selection committee.
He's very impressed.

The flattery perks Donald's interest.

DONALD
Really?

RUSSELL
Yeah, he thinks you two would get
along.

Russell ushers Donald to the table. Roy stands to greet them.

Roy's face is bronzed and he has strange lines around his jaw
that make him look as if he's had a face transplant.

Roy stretches his hand with a sleazy smile.

ROY
Hi, dear. What's your name?

DONALD
I'm Donald Trump.

ROY
Nice to meet you, Donald. I'm Roy
Cohn.

DONALD
(impressed/intimidated)
*The Roy Cohn? Joe McCarthy's
lawyer?*

FAT TONY
He sent the Rosenbergs to the
chair!

ROY
Whatever I do, it's for
America...Join us!

Donald sits next to Roy. Roy slaps Donald's shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)
Good to see some young blood in
here. Been starting to look like
"Night of the Living Dead!"

Roy laughs. Donald shifts nervously. A WAITER approaches.

ROY (CONT'D)
What are you drinking, kid?

DONALD
Ice water, please.

The waiter fills Donald's glass with water.

ROY
Really living on the edge.

Roy empties a SWEET N' LOW into his champagne. It fizzes.
Donald winces. It must taste terrible.

ROY (CONT'D)
Meet my pals. Carmine Galante. And
this voluptuous gentleman is Tony
Salerno. Can I say "Fat" Tony?

FAT TONY blows on his cigar.

FAT TONY
Say whatever you like, Roy. You're
my damn lawyer. Hi kid!

ROY
Everybody else is not worth naming.

Big laugh.

DONALD
I like getting to know people. It's
important in my business.

Roy looks mockingly at Donald.

ROY
What *is* your business, Donald?

DONALD
Real-estate. I'm vice president of
Trump Management.

ROY
Oh...you're Fred Trump's kid?

Donald nods. Roy inches closer to Donald.

ROY (CONT'D)

Does your father need a lawyer?

DONALD

We really do.

The guys laugh hard. Donald takes their shit but holds on.

DONALD (CONT'D)

The government and NAACP are suing us. They say our buildings are segregated.

ROY

Well...are they?

DONALD

We just don't want to rent to welfare cheats and drug dealers.

ROY

This is America! You can rent to whoever the hell you want.

DONALD

Our lawyers want us to pay a huge fine to settle. It'll bankrupt us!

Roy inches closer.

ROY

Never fold! You'll get a reputation as a folder.

DONALD

Then what do we do?

ROY

Tell the Feds to fuck themselves. Fight 'em in court. Make 'em prove you're discriminating.

Fat Tony claps.

FAT TONY

That's my Roy!

DONALD

Just like that?

Roy puts his hand on Donald's lap.

ROY

Just like that.

Donald looks at Roy. Too stunned to react.

ROY (CONT'D)

Of course it helps if Nixon and the
Attorney General are your pals...

Roy's hand slides towards Donald's crotch.

SMASH CUT TO:

5 **INT./EXT. DONALD'S CADILLAC- MOVING - DAY (1973)** 5

We see the license plate of Donald's car. It reads: "DJT".

Donald's hair whips in the wind as he speeds his 71' Cadillac Deville over the Queensborough Bridge. He seems tense and thoughtful.

We hear music like the COMMODORES' "Machine Gun" as the title appears in big gold letters:

THE APPRENTICE

The Manhattan skyline behind Donald is shrouded in dense smog that glows blood red from the morning sun. It looks post-apocalyptic.

5A **EXT. TRUMP VILLAGE - DAY (1973)** 5A

Donald gets out of the car and makes sure he has locked the doors. He looks wearily at the concrete buildings and HEAPS OF TRASH around him.

Donald is wearing an ill-fitting blazer and tie, and is holding a clipboard under his arm.

Donald walks past an OLDER INDIAN GUY who is smoking on the bench. They look at each other with distrust.

5B **INT. TRUMP VILLAGE, ELEVATOR - DAY (1973)** 5B

Donald can barely fit in the cramped elevator stuffed with FURNITURE. A WORKER is holding them in place as they ride up.

6 **INT. TRUMP VILLAGE, APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY (1973)** 6

Donald knocks on a door in a dimly-lit hall. MS. NATHANSON (70s, frizzy hair) opens. The smell of something terrible cooking wafts out. Donald's stomach turns.

MS. NATHANSON

Yeah?

DONALD

It's the first of the month, Ms.
Nathanson... The rent?

She scowls.

MS. NATHANSON

Wait there.

QUICK CUTS of Donald collecting rent. The RESIDENTS are lower middle class. He checks names off his list.

An exhausted-looking Donald knocks on a scuffed door. A TV blares from inside. Donald knocks again. Harder.

DONALD

Mr. Granger, you know the deal.

Donald bangs harder. Still nothing. He punches the door, unleashing his frustration. He inspects his bruised hand.

The door flies open and A CRAZED MAN (60s, wild eyed) appears with a pot of boiling water.

CRAZED MAN (O.S)

FUCK YOU!!

He hurls the hot water at Donald! Donald ducks as it splashes against the wall.

DONALD

Fuck me!

The Crazy Man slams the door shut. Donald lays on the ground, gasping.

7

EXT. TRUMP VILLAGE BUILDING - DAY (1973)

7

Donald exits the drab red brick apartment building. His tie is loose and shirt is streaked with sweat.

A car horn catches Donald's attention. A White Rolls Royce pulls up. The rear window slides down. Donald's mother MARY ANNE(60, big hair, fur stole) waves.

MARY ANNE

(Scottish accent)

Donald, my love. Fetch the quarters
from the laundry.

She holds up a little canvas sack filled with quarters.

DONALD

Mom, I'm late. This morning's been hell-

MARY ANNE

Matthew 13:50 says Hell is a "blazing furnace where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth." I hardly think that describes your morning.

Donald reluctantly takes the sack. He points to her fur coat.

DONALD

Looks nice, mom.

She rubs her fingers on the fur around her neck.

MARY ANNE

Do you like it? It's from Bergdorf's.

DONALD

It's very classy.

Donald smiles at his mom. They have a special bond between them. Mary Anne pinches Donald's cheek.

MARY ANNE

Mo luran!

She reaches into her leather purse and hands Donald \$100.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

Get yourself a blazer. Dress for the job you want, not the one you have.

(she winks)

Don't tell your father.

DONALD

Thanks, mom.

She smiles.

MARY ANNE

See you at supper. Freddy's coming.

Donald brightens. He heads towards the laundry room.

8 EXT. DONALD'S CAR - MOVING - EVENING (1973)

8

Donald drives through a leafy part of Queens. The houses are neat, lawns are mowed, everyone is WHITE. Archie Bunker land.

Donald pulls up to a Georgia colonial mansion, like something out of "Gone with the Wind". It feels out of place in this middle-class enclave. The WHITE ROLLS and a big Black LINCOLN CONTINENTAL are parked in the driveway. Donald gets out and approaches the front door.

9 INT. JAMAICA ESTATE, DINING ROOM - EVENING (1973)

9

The big dining table is lit by a fairly large chandelier. The room looks nice but slightly stuffy. The overall impression is of "budget luxury".

A HOUSEKEEPER serves the Trump clan supper. The camera pans around the table. Patriarch FRED (late 60s, always in a business suit), thick mustache and bushy eyebrows, at the head. Mary Anne at the other.

The kids sit in a strict pecking order: Donald is next to his father. Next is Donald's brother ROBERT (early 20s). Then sisters MARY (30s) and ELIZABETH (30s). Everyone sits ramrod straight eating the SAME FOOD and drinking ICE WATER.

At the far end is black sheep FREDDY (35). He wears a TWA pilot's uniform. He sips whiskey and doesn't have any food on his clean plate. Fred and Donald are mid argument.

FRED

Roy Cohn is a crook! Been indicted three times!

DONALD

He was never convicted. The man's a genius. He ran the McCarthy hearings when he was a teenager. He's pals with Nixon himself!

Fred Shakes his head.

FRED

You think I haven't tried pulling strings with Beame and Rockefeller? They're no help! The government wants to kill us!

MARY

I'm taking civil rights law. I could ask my professor to look over the filing.

Fred ignores her. She looks wounded. This is a Man's family.

FRED
Elizabeth, pass the potatoes.

She does. Freddy tries to hide his disdain for Fred.

FREDDY
Donald's right. Just meet with Roy.
Get a second opinion!

Fred glares at his prodigal son.

FRED
Says the airline pilot.
(to the table)
My firstborn son is a Goddamn bus
driver with wings. You know what an
embarrassment that is for us?

Freddy takes a big sip from his whiskey. Donald is upset by the way Fred treats Freddy. Fred shakes his head.

FRED (CONT'D)
The NAACP faggots call *me* racist?

MARY ANNE
Frederick! Language.

FRED
(ignoring her)
How can I be racist when I have a
black driver?

Everyone looks bored. They've heard Fred's bullshit countless times before.

FRED (CONT'D)
This keeps up and there won't be a
New York left...Only blacks and
spicks fighting for turf...

Except Donald who's like a dog with a bone.

DONALD
We need the lawsuit behind us so I
can bid on the Commodore. With Roy
we got a chance.

Fred grins.

FRED
Not this crap about your hotel.

DONALD

Dad, Manhattan real-estate is a steal!

FRED

Because the city is going to shit.

DONALD

You're missing the big picture.

Fred ignores Donald. He cuts his meat and goes back to ranting.

FRED

That's right. It's the end.

Fred's gloom amuses Freddy who winks to Donald. He can barely contain his smirk.

10

INT. MIRROR BAR - LATER (1973)

10

A hopping singles bar. Vibrantly colored walls are lined with mirrors. Seems like a fun place and a far cry from Trump's mansion. The kind of place Donald wouldn't find without Freddy.

Freddy and Donald are drinking at the bar keeping an eye on the GIRLS. They are talking in a low conspiring voice.

FREDDY

Ok...here she comes. Watch this.

SANDRA, a beautiful African American girl with big MICROPHONE HAIR approaches the bar.

Freddy looks at her and smiles. Sandra giggles back.

SANDRA

Are you a real pilot?

Donald sips ice water as he watches Freddy in the hunt.

FREDDY

Yes ma'am. I'm on the Tampa-New York run. Been fishing all winter.

SANDRA

Impressive.

DONALD

(mischievous)
And he is also married.

Sandra's smile fades a bit.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I am available though!

They all laugh.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I'm Donald.

Sandra is charmed by Donald's directness.

SANDRA
Hi, Donald. Did you forget your
uniform?

DONALD
I'm in real estate. How about
yourself?

SANDRA
I'm a journalist.

FREDDY
Why don't you write an article on
Donnie?

Sandra looks at Donald.

SANDRA
(not convinced)
What's the angle?

Freddy throws his arm around him.

FREDDY
He is gonna own this city one day.

Donald looks gratefully at by Freddy. Freddy drains a shot.

LATER

Donald and Freddy are alone at the bar and the mood is now heavy and melancholic. Donald drinks ice water. Freddy is very drunk.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
When the Old Man dragged me to job
sites I'd pass the time counting
planes taking off from Idlewild.

DONALD
Those summers were the worst.

FREDDY

Making us pick nails off the ground
to save money.

DONALD

He still does that!

They smirk at the absurdity of it. Freddy's face darkens.

FREDDY

Don't let him poison you. There's
more to life than winning and
losing. You can enjoy your life...
you can fall in love-

Donald ponders this. Freddy stands to order another drink. He
wobbles.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I'm good, all good.

Donald helps him up.

DONALD

Let's call it a night.

Donald looks worried for Freddy.

11 **EXT. COMMODORE HOTEL - DAY (1973)**

11

Donald walks along the crowded lunchtime rush on 42nd Street.

He adjusts his hair in the MIRRORED FACADE of a building as
he passes by.

The street is less shady now than it was at night but it's
still rough. TRASH is piled up here and there. HOMELESS
people are on the move.

The Commodore's crumbling facade rises above Grand Central
terminal.

**CUT TO: MOMENTS
LATER**

Donald stands with VIC PALMIERI (50s), a fast-talking real-
estate broker, gesturing grandly at the facade.

DONALD

See that side? I'm gonna clad it
with mirrored glass. It'll sparkle
like a diamond!

Vic looks on, skeptical.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I want to bring in Hyatt to run it. Their first hotel in New York. It's going to be a beautiful thing. What do you think?

VIC

Yeah, we're done.

Vic walks off. Donald chases. Donald has to push through the crowd like a salmon swimming upstream.

By the time he reaches Vic, Palmieri is standing at his parked CREAM CADILLAC.

DONALD

Vic! Hold up.

VIC

If you were serious, I'd be talking to your father, not you.

DONALD

He sent me.

Vic stops. Senses Donald's bullshitting, but relents.

Donald takes a deep breath.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You want a buyer with a track record. I get it. But no one is building. I will eat, sleep and shit this job until it's done.

Vic points at the MASSAGE PARLORS and SEX SHOPS nearby.

VIC

Who the hell wants a luxury hotel on 42nd Street?

DONALD

This is 1,600 rooms next to Grand Central! The heart of Manhattan! Location, location, location, right?

An AGGRESSIVE PIMP (30s) approaches Donald.

AGGRESSIVE PIMP

Hey, man. You want to fuck my wife?

DONALD

What? No.

AGGRESSIVE PIMP

Her tight ass pussy's all yours.
Forty bucks. She's right there.

DONALD

Sorry not interested.

AGGRESSIVE PIMP

You sayin' my wife ain't hot?

DONALD

No, I--

AGGRESSIVE PIMP

How about thirty?

A POLICE MAN shoos the pimp away.

POLICE MAN

Hey guy, no loitering. Move on.

Vic gives Donald a *see-what-I'm-talking-about?* look.

DONALD

New York is the greatest city in
the world. It's gonna come back,
and people will get rich like you
wouldn't believe. You're smart,
Vic. You get it.

Vic nods, sort of impressed by young Donald's zeal.

VIC

I can't deal with you until you get
the Feds off your back.

DONALD

We're ironing out the last details.
That lawsuit is basically settled.

Off Donald, flashing a used car salesman smile. His smile
turns to deep worry as he watches Vic get in and drive away.

12

INT. LE CLUB - NIGHT (1973)

12

Donald sits alone at the bar drinking a glass of ice water.

He spots Roy and Russell enter, and intercepts them.

Roy looks right through Donald as if they've never met.

DONALD

Hi, Mr. Cohn. You remember the lawsuit I was telling you about--

Roy motions to Russell.

ROY

Could you get my table, Russ.

Russell gives Donald an icy look as he goes away.

DONALD

My father would love to meet you.

ROY

Look, I'm here to have fun. Don't ruin my night. Ok? Now get out of my face.

Roy moves past Donald. Donald is upset but decides to follow Roy.

13

INT. LE CLUB, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER (1973)

13

Roy is pissing alone whistling "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Donald stands awkwardly behind him talking to Roy's back.

DONALD

Mr. Cohn, you have to represent us. The DOJ wants to destroy our lives.

Roy looks over his shoulder at Donald standing in the middle of the bathroom, desperate and humiliated.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You're the only guy who has the balls to take on these bullies.

Roy zips up. Feels pity for Donald.

ROY

I've never liked bullies.

14

INT. LE CLUB, ROY'S TABLE - LATER (1973)

14

Roy sits close to Donald. Russell watches jealously.

ROY

The liberals hate capitalism and everything people like us stand for. They want to steal from you and me and spread the money around.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

They're worse than Nazis. Believe me.

A WAITER pours shots of vodka. Roy hands one to Donald.

DONALD

I don't do that.

ROY

You do if you want me to listen.

Donald girds himself and downs it, almost puking.

DONALD

The suit says we violated the Fair Housing Act-

ROY

I don't care what the law says. Who's the judge?

DONALD

Ed Neaher.

ROY

That's not good. He's a Boy Scout.

Roy groans.

ROY (CONT'D)

This civil rights deal stinks the way herring stinks. You tell me, how many stuffed shirt leftists want their Johnnys and Janes in school with little negroes?

Donald's not sure if it's a real question.

ROY (CONT'D)

Zero! And they say I'm Lucifer incarnate. At least I'm honest.

Roy pours another shot. Donald is still getting over the last one. Roy points to the glass. Donald drains it. It's awful.

CUT TO: LATER

A stack of empty shots on the table. Donald leans against Roy.

He is very drunk and he is not used to it.

DONALD

My dad's happy being the King of Coney Island. But it's a shithole! I don't want his life!

ROY

Don't blame you.

DONALD

I wanna be bigger. I wanna be the biggest deal in the Big Apple.

Roy caresses Donald's hair.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna buy the Commodore and make it the best fucking hotel in the city. I got balls! I'm smart!

ROY

You know Donald...you're gorgeous. You're a thoroughbred!

Donald is not completely sure how to react to this compliment.

ROY (CONT'D)

I bet you fuck a lot. Don't you Donald?

DONALD

(embarrassed)

Uh, yeah. I do...Excuse me.

Donald hurries to the bathroom. We hear him puke before he gets there. Roy smiles at Russell.

ROY

I like this kid. I feel sorry for him.

RUSSELL

I can see that.

Russell looks wounded. Roy reaches for Russell but Russell pushes Roy away.

16 **INT. ROY'S LIMO - MOVING -- NIGHT (1973)**

16

Russell drives up front. Donald sits next to Roy in back. Donald looks green. He lowers the window for fresh air.

ROY

I might as well take this little lawsuit of your's. Give the libs a kick in the nuts.

Donald comes alive.

DONALD

That's amazing, Roy.

ROY

Now keep your panties on! Powerful people hire me because I'm not the typical bill-by-the-hour do-nothing shyster. I won't be pushed around.

DONALD

Anything you say.

ROY

You're the client, but you work for me. That means you do what I say. When I say it. One hundred percent.

Donald nods, feels like puking again.

17 **EXT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1973)**

17

Donald gets out of Roy's limo.

ROY

My office. Twelve-thirty. Tomorrow.

Roy's limo peels off. Donald pukes again right there.

18 **EXT. ROY'S UPPER EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSE - DAY (1973)**

18

Donald, looking hungover, walks up to a rundown TOWNHOUSE, checks the address. This can't be right!

He spots a SILVER ROLLS ROYCE parked out front. The plates read "RMC."

19 **INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (1973)**

19

Donald is shown into a big room by a SECRETARY (30s).

A meeting is underway and nobody acknowledges him. Roy's straight-laced law partner, TOM BOLAN (50s) commands three JUNIOR LAWYERS (20s).

Roy sits across the table in a red SILK ROBE. A MAID arrives with Roy's breakfast: BACON and a SLAB OF CREAM CHEESE.

YOUNG LAWYER 1
Murdoch's prepping his bid for the *New York Post*. Needs due diligence on the owner Dolly Schiff.

ROY
What's to know? She's a communist cunt.

The young lawyers crack up. That's Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)
Next?

YOUNG LAWYER 2
Judge set a trial date in the Phelps divorce. March 12.

ROY
I want to be armed to the teeth when I put her yutz of a husband on the stand! I want to know every application he filed for a driver's license, every parking ticket he's had. We gotta show inconsistencies which demonstrate a lack of credibility.

The Young Lawyer scribbles notes on a legal pad. Finally Roy acknowledges Donald's presence.

ROY (CONT'D)
We're almost done!

Out of nowhere a KING CHARLES SPANIEL leaps into Donald's lap and slobbers on his face. Donald squirms.

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Charlie Brown! Down you schmuck!

The dog jumps off. Donald wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

ROY (CONT'D)
Next time he'll want to blow you.

Roy cackles again. Donald forces a smile.

20

INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (1973)

20

Donald stands uncomfortably in Roy's bedroom, which is decorated for a ten-year-old boy. KERMIT THE FROG DOLLS cover every surface. Charlie Brown sleeps on the floor.

Roy is stripped to his BRIEFS doing sit ups. His body is bronzed and devoid of fat.

ROY
198...199...200!

Roy flops on his back, out of breath.

DONALD
Don't you want to read the lawsuit?

ROY
Not yet, sweetheart.

ROY (CONT'D)
Where is the check?

DONALD
Your retainer, right.

Donald hands a \$10,000 check to Roy. Russell returns with the correct outfit.

As Russell helps Roy dress Donald clocks PHOTOS on the wall:

Roy with Nixon, Roy with McCarthy, Roy with Archbishop of New York, Movie stars etc. Donald is seduced by the fame and power.

DONALD (CONT'D)
How do you mix with these people?

ROY
Everybody loves to suck a winner's cock.

DONALD
So how do you win?

ROY
There's rules. Roy Cohn's four rules of winning-

Donald looks at Roy as if he's about to recite the bible.

HARD CUT TO:

21 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (1973)**

21

Roy is walking Charlie Brown. Donald hangs on every word.

ROY

The first rule is the simplest.
Attack, attack, attack.

Donald and Roy walk by WHITE POLICE OFFICERS assaulting an unarmed BLACK MAN. Neither reacts to the brutality.

22 **INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY (1973)**

22

BARBARA KATZ (27, overworked and underpaid) toils behind a mountain of legal briefs. The phone rings. She picks up.

KATZ

Civil rights. Katz.

ROY

I hope the putz you're schtupping's
got real money cause after I get
you fired you are sure going to
need it.

KATZ

(stunned)
Excuse me?

ROY (OVER PHONE)

Unless you drop your baseless
litigation I am countersuing the
Justice Department for one hundred
million dollars.

KATZ

Who is this?

ROY (OVER PHONE)

Roy Cohn calling on behalf of my
client, Donald J. Trump.

Click. Dial tone. She sits there, rattled.

23 **INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - ROY'S OFFICE - DAY (1973)**

23

Roy sits behind his desk, opposite Donald. The phone rings.
Roy puts it on speaker and kicks his feet up on the desk.

ROY

To whom do I owe the pleasure?

STANLEY POTTINGER (OVER PHONE)
Mr. Cohn, this is J. Stanley
Pottinger. Head of civil rights
enforcement, the United States
Department of Justice.

ROY
I'm sure your mother's very proud.

STANLEY POTTINGER (OVER PHONE)
How dare you threaten one of my
attorneys. I should have you
disbarred.

ROY
Stan, bubala. That never happened.
Sounds like she's hormonal.

Roy hangs up. Donald looks incredulous.

ROY (CONT'D)
Rule two: Admit nothing, deny
everything.

Off Donald, his mental map being redrawn.

24 **INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY (1973)** 24

Roy gets fitted for a custom suit by a TAILOR (60s). Donald
sits off to the side, watching and listening.

ROY
Rule three: Dress well. By well I
mean *expensive*. It's the key to the
two most important things in life:
getting press and getting laid.

PRE-LAP: Camera shutters firing.

25 **INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY - DAY (1973)** 25

Roy and Donald face PHOTOGRAPHERS and REPORTERS. Donald
flinches as camera flashes pop. Roy is totally in command.

ROY
Earlier today, my client Donald J.
Trump filed a \$100 million dollar
counter suit against the federal
government for damages inflicted by
their phony witch hunt. We intend
to fight this injustice all the way
to the Supreme Court if we have to.

REPORTER

Let's hear from the kid!

Roy motions Donald to the mic. A flash makes Donald flinch.

DONALD

What Mr. Cohn said, I agree.

An awkward silence. The reporters chuckle.

REPORTER

Nobody sues the feds and wins.

Donald freezes.

ROY

Jesus, Kinney. Your mom drop you when you were young? We got the strongest case in years.

The reporters laugh.

REPORTER 2

I've never heard of Trump. What kind of a name is that?

DONALD

It's Swedish.

REPORTER 2

It sounds made up!

DONALD

(frowns)

It's not.

The reporters laugh. Donald looks to Roy for a bailout, but Roy just shakes his head.

26

INT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY (1973)

26

Donald and Roy sit at Roy's corner table. Donald glumly eats steak. Roy doesn't have a plate. He picks from Donald's as if it's normal.

DONALD

That was a disaster.

ROY

Hindenburg bad.

Roy snags an ASPARAGUS SPEAR. He eats it like a rabbit.

DONALD

Do you want to order something?

ROY

I'm not hungry.

DONALD

I don't know how to talk in front of the cameras.

ROY

Stop trying to sound smart. Talk to the press like you're talking to a cab driver.

Roy grabs a fry and dips it in ketchup.

ROY (CONT'D)

That's Nixon's problem. The guy is a wet blanket on TV. Nobody wants to watch that!

Roy smiles.

ROY (CONT'D)

You better get used to the spotlight. It ain't winning if no one knows about it.

Hotelier HARRY HELMSLEY (50s) approaches. He's joined by his muscle, NYC Hotel Association President AL FORMICOLA (50s).

FORMICOLA

Roy, introduce me to the bar mitzvah boy!

ROY

Al, you greasy wop.

Donald reaches out his hand.

DONALD

Donald Trump.

Formicola shakes it coolly.

FORMICOLA

Al Formicola, New York Hotel Association president.

DONALD

(notices Helmsley)
Mr. Helmsley, an honor.

Helmsley doesn't offer a handshake.

FORMICOLA

I hear you're thinking of doing something at the Commodore. Harry put 'em out of business, you know.

DONALD

They put themselves out of business running a terrible operation.

FORMICOLA

(laughing)
That's good!

Al walks off with Helmsley. Donald masks his insecurity.

ROY

Al's a prick. Forget him.
(grabs a french fry)
We got work to do for the hearing.

PRE-LAP: A gavel banging.

27

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (1974)

27

Donald and Roy sit at the defendant's table facing JUDGE EDWARD NEAHER (60s, humorless). The gallery is packed. Fred sits in the front row behind Donald and Roy.

Federal prosecutor Barbara Katz approaches the witness box. In it sits FBI Agent THEODORE GREEN (30s, black).

KATZ

Agent Green. You were sent by the FBI to pose as a prospective renter at Trump Management properties in Brooklyn. Is that correct?

Roy calmly leans forward.

ROY

Objection. Let the record reflect Ms. Katz used the FBI to stage a Gestapo-like raid on my client's place of business.

The gallery hoots. Katz whips around.

KATZ

Mr. Cohn! My family lost relatives in the Holocaust. I am horrified by your choice of words--

ROY

Then you shouldn't have sent Storm Troopers to harass my client.

The gallery hoots louder.

KATZ

Judge, this is outrageous.

Roy stands.

ROY

This case represents an abuse of process. The Civil Rights Division did not file a lawsuit. It slapped together a piece of paper for use as a press release, and only secondarily as a court document. It contains not one fact concerning the discriminatory practices against blacks by the Trumps. Under Federal Rules of Civil Procedure, Rule 12(b), I have filed a motion to dismiss the complaint.

JUDGE NEAHER

Overruled. Counsel, continue.

Roy winks at Katz and sits. She does her best to compose herself, but Roy's in her head.

KATZ

Agent Green. Uh, what made you believe the Trumps denied you a lease on account of your race?

AGENT GREEN

Not only did newspaper advertisements state there were vacancies, I saw three Caucasian couples approved before me.

Roy raises his hand.

ROY

Speculation. How can he say for sure they were Caucasian? I've seen Puerto Ricans whiter than me after a long winter.

The gallery laughs. Donald shoots Fred a look. Fred looks upset.

Katz throws up her hands.

JUDGE NEAHER (O.S.)
Order! Mr. Cohn, any more nonsense
and I'll find you in contempt.

Roy is unfazed. He whispers to Donald as he points to an
OLDER MAN with thick glasses sitting on the other side.

ROY
(whispers to Donald)
That's Walter. DOJ guy, he's
running this show.

Donald looks at Roy. He doesn't understand but nods.

28

INT. COURTHOUSE STAIRS - DAY (1974)

28

Reporters swarm Roy and Donald as they walk down the stairs.

REPORTERS
How do you feel about your chances?

ROY
People are saying we have a strong
position.

DONALD
(faking confidence)
I feel good about this!

ROY
(cuts Donald off)
I assure you we'll win hands down!

Roy spirits Donald down the stairs.

REPORTERS
Mr. Trump... Mr. Trump-

29

INT. ROY'S LIMO - MOVING - DAY (1974)

29

Roy and Donald ride in the rear seat. Donald is jacked up.

DONALD
We're really gonna win, aren't we?

Roy looks at Donald and shakes his head.

ROY
Of course not.

DONALD
(totally thrown)
What?

ROY
Donald, your case is a dog.

DONALD
You said they didn't have evidence.

ROY
(scoffs)
Your leasing agents marked black applications with a "C." That C doesn't stand for "Candy"!
(to his driver)
Raoul, we're late to lunch. Hit it.

RAOUL (40s) honks to clear traffic ahead of him. Roy opens a MANILLA FOLDER. Looks at what's inside and smirks.

DONALD
(starting to panic)
You said we'd win "hands down?"

Roy looks up from the folder.

ROY
This is the most important rule of all: No matter what happens, no matter how fucked you are, claim victory and never admit defeat.

DONALD
But what if we do lose?

ROY
Cool your jets. After today's pony show, the Feds will come to their senses and settle.

DONALD
Why would they do that?

Roy smiles and slaps Donald on the knee.

ROY
It's all going to be a-ok. Now let's eat.

The limo screeches to a halt. Roy climbs out with the folder. Off Donald, totally car sick.

30

INT. DINER - DAY (1974)

30

Roy and Donald approach a table. WALTER, the DOJ guy from court, is sitting by himself finishing a BURGER.

ROY

Walter! What a nice surprise.

Walter grins, right...

WALTER

Nice to see you, too, Roy.

They ignore Donald.

ROY

Your bull dyke Katz is being tough on us.

WALTER

Barbara is one our finest.

ROY

The case isn't fair, you know that.

Walter adjusts his glasses.

WALTER

Justice is complicated.

ROY

So is a married man fucking pool boys in Cancun.

Walter face reddens.

WALTER

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

ROY

You're not bugged, are you?

Roy looks under the table. Satisfied, he drops the folder on the table. Walter opens it and sees photos of himself in a MALE ORGY.

ROY (CONT'D)

I want you to do the right thing and make this case go away.

Walter stares defiantly back at Roy.

WALTER

I can't do that.

ROY

Imagine your wife reading in the *Post* her husband bats cleanup for the other team. Why would you embarrass her?

Walter closes the folder. He looks at Donald.

WALTER

Your lawyer is the Devil. He gets pleasure destroying peoples' lives.

ROY

Don't be such a drama queen, Wally.

Donald can't believe what he is seeing. Walter gets up.

WALTER

Fuck you, Roy.

ROY

Say hello to Mira and the kids.

Roy eats Walter's leftover fries.

ROY (CONT'D)

Walter's a good friend.

Off Donald, floored.

31

INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1975)

31

Donald lies on a small couch watching RICHARD NIXON on TV.

RICHARD NIXON (ON SCREEN)

I welcome this kind of examination. Because people gotta know whether their president is a crook. Well, I am not a crook. I've earned everything I got!

The room is sparse. Just a single bed, a couch and coffee table covered with dirty plates, issues of *FORBES* and *PLAYBOY* and a worn copy of "*THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING*".

A sad looking PLANT is dying slowly in a corner.

Donald squeezes a worn BASEBALL MITT in his hand to relieve tension. A commercial for the movie "*DIRTY BARRY*" comes on with ominous 70S SOUNDTRACK and a lot of GUN SHOTS.

COMMERCIAL ON TV (O.S)
*It takes a killer to stop a killer.
 Marshal Barry is a psychopath. But
 he has a badge. Barry is Law and
 disorder.*

Donald is strangely drawn to the violence on screen.

COMMERCIAL ON TV (CONT'D)
*Shot in the mean streets of New
 York, this motion picture brings
 you the true grit--*

Donald gets up and looks at the view outside of his window.
 70's NYC at night, less shiny and imposing than you might
 expect.

He looks at his own reflection in the glass and point his
 fingers like a gun.

CUT TO: LATER

Donald sleeps on the couch in his clothes. His legs dangle
 awkwardly over the armrest. Static plays on TV.

32

INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - DAY (1975)

32

Morning light streams in. Some months have passed since the
 last shot.

The plant has died. And the new president GERALD FORD is on
 TV.

GERALD FORD (ON SCREEN)
*It is the first priority of my
 presidency to sustain and
 strengthen, the mutual trust and
 respect which must exist among
 Americans and their government.*

The phone rings. Donald, dressed differently than last shot,
 wakes up on the couch and groggily answers.

ROY (OVER PHONE)
 Never answer your phone. Get a
 secretary!

Donald bristles. It's too early for Roy's shit.

ROY (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
 The judge called with news about
 the suit.

Donald jolts awake.

DONALD
What is it?

A long beat. Donald is dying to know.

ROY (OVER PHONE)
The government folded like a cheap
tent. We settled with no fine, no
admission of discrimination. You
won big, kiddo.

Donald is speechless.

DONALD
Wha...I can't believe this! You're
a genius, Roy.

ROY (OVER PHONE)
Now get ready, put your best suit
on and I'll pick you up in 20.

Click. The line goes dead. Off Donald, elated and intrigued.

33 OMITTED 33

33A **INT. ROY'S LIMO - DAY (1975)** 33A

Roy and Donald ride in the rear seat. Donald is dressed in a
CREME SUIT and tie.

Roy can't hide his disdain for Donald's wardrobe.

ROY
It this your *best* suit?

DONALD
(slightly offended)
Yeah.

Roy picks up the CAR PHONE and dials a number.

ROY
Judy, dear! How are you... he's
here.

Roy gives the phone to Donald.

DONALD
Who is it?

ROY
(sotto)
The *Times*.

Donald take the phone hesitantly.

JUDY (OVER PHONE)
Judy Klemesrud with the New York
Times. Thank you for agreeing to be
profiled.

Donald shoots Roy a look. Profiled?

DONALD
Hi. It's Donald... Trump.

Roy gestures to him to keep talking.

DONALD (CONT'D)
It's an honor.

Roy grabs the phone impatiently from Donald and speaks.

ROY
A hundred reporters were killing to
get this interview, Judy. I gave
you the exclusive because you've
always been very fair to me.

JUDY (OVER PHONE)
Thank you, Roy. My editors promised
it's gonna be a feature.

Roy hand over the phone to Donald.

JUDY (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
So Donald, now that the lawsuit is
behind you, what do you want to do
next?

DONALD
(monotone)
Em... I intend to acquire the
Commodore and transform it into a
great hotel.

Roy looks disappointed at Donald and shakes his head. Donald
tries harder.

DONALD (CONT'D)
It will be... spectacular.
Something you never seen before.

Roy gestures to Donald "keep building it":

DONALD (CONT'D)

It will lead transform the city of New York in a very important way, Judy. Frankly, the city badly needs this!

JUDY (OVER PHONE)

That sounds very ambitious. Where do you get the drive? You're still so young, Donald.

Donald thinks. There's something earnest about him.

DONALD

I really enjoy it, Judy. If I didn't, I will stop. If you have flair and you're smart, which I think I am, you're gonna be successful.

Roy gestures to him: "too big, take it down":

DONALD (CONT'D)

But I also wanna stay humble. I am a hard worker. Just like my father.

Roy looks at Donald and nods happily. Donald is a fast learner.

Roy grabs the phone again.

ROY

Sorry Judy we gotta go. Let's do the rest in person. And bring a photographer-

34 OMITTED

34

35 **INT. HIGH-END TAILOR - DAY (1976)**

35

Donald stands on a dressing stool wearing a white dress shirt, underwear and black socks. Roy sits in a chair watching Donald.

A TAILOR (60s) brings Donald an expensive suit.

Donald pulls the jacket on. The Tailor is in Donald's face inspecting the fit. It's awkward.

DONALD

Maybe I should have talked to dad
before announcing the Commodore.

ROY

Too wide in the shoulders.

TAILOR

We can build it properly, Mr. Cohn.

ROY

Will take too long.

(to Donald)

Try the pants.

Donald takes the pants. He awkwardly slides one leg through
the pant leg.

ROY (CONT'D)

He'll be convinced when he reads in
the Times. You create your own
reality.

Donald slides his other leg into the pants.

ROY (CONT'D)

Too tight. Donald, you have a big
ass. Gotta work on that.

DONALD

My dad is very stubborn.

ROY

That's why you gotta spread the
news like it's happening tomorrow.
Put him on the spot.

The Tailor signals to Donald to take the pants off. Donald
awkwardly undresses.

ROY (CONT'D)

Everything in life boils down to
leverage. Who has it, who doesn't.

The Tailor disappears into the back.

DONALD

It's my Dad. I can't push my own
dad around!

ROY

Ok, then let him push you around!

The Tailor returns with a striking NAVY BLUE SUIT.

TAILOR
Special edition Brioni Beluga. Our
last one.

Donald tries the jacket on. It fits perfectly.

ROY
A good suit should fit like silk
pajamas. This is a good suit.

ROY (CONT'D)
(to tailor)
How much is the suit?

TAILOR
One thousand, one hundred dollars.

Donald is almost having a heart attack.

DONALD
Roy, I'm not paying that--

ROY
We'll take it. And a matching shirt
and tie. It's for tonight.

TAILOR
That is no problem.

Donald is petrified of the price tag climbing even further.

DONALD
What's the rush?

ROY
(off Donald)
I'm having people over. You're
coming.

Roy takes a CHECK from his breast pocket and hands it to
Donald. It's the retainer Donald gave Roy.

ROY (CONT'D (CONT'D)
You're my client, Donald. If you
look good, I look good.

Roy beams. Donald is genuinely touched.

38

INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (1976)

38

A party. Roy's world in one room: MOBSTERS, POLITICOS, JOURNALISTS, LAWYERS and lots of CUTE YOUNG MEN.

Donald, dressed in his new suit, stands alone. A FANCY LOOKING GIRL (20s) walks past him.

DONALD

Hi! I am Don.

The girl smiles politely as she moves on. Donald feels out of place. He keeps eying the crowd. He finally spots Russell.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Hi, Russell. Have you seen Roy?

RUSSELL

No.

Roy approaches and throws his arms around Donald. The touching makes Donald tense. Russell jealously watches.

ROY

There you are! Come! Mingle!
(to Russell)
Fetch me a bourbon and soda.

Russell stews. Roy escorts Donald, pointing out MOBSTERS.

ROY (CONT'D)

I say if you're indicted, you're invited!

Roy shakes hands with deputy mayor DICK MORGAN (50s, sleazy).

DICK

I hear Ed Koch is gonna run.

ROY

He's a homo, he'll never win.

Roy stops at a pair of BUSINESSMEN (40s).

ROY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen! Meet a real prince!

MURDOCH

(Australian accent)
Rupert Murdoch. Cheers, mate.

Donald shakes Murdoch's hand.

STEINBRENNER
(Bronx accent)
George Steinbrenner.

DONALD
An honor, sir. I used to play ball.
Coach said I could have gone pro.

STEINBRENNER
What the hell happened?

Donald pauses. All eyes on him.

DONALD
I realized why play on the field
when I could own the stadium?

Big laughs. Roy clocks there's more to Donald's story.

STEINBRENNER
Let's get the kid up to the box!

Roy winks at Donald and escorts him away.

ROY
(sotto)
Rupert is going to be key for you.
Get quoted in the Post. A lot.

Roy clocks Donald looking at a BOY TOY(20s) in leather pants.

ROY (CONT'D)
That's my accountant.

Roy slaps Donald on the arm.

ROY (CONT'D)
You better work on your Commodore
pitch. I got you a sit down with
the CEO of Hyatt.

DONALD
(astonished)
Roy! That's incredible.

Roy approaches a woman ESTELLE (50s, a beaten down version of
Liz Taylor). He takes her arm and they leave Donald alone.

40A INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - LATER (1976)

40A

Donald sips ice water at the bar. His face drawn. This is the world he wants, but something's missing. A MAN (40s) with bleached hair, oversized glasses, and a silver suit walks up.

ANDY

Hello.

Donald nods. He doesn't recognize it's Andy Warhol.

DONALD

Hi, Donald Trump.

ANDY

Andy Warhol...How do you know Roy?

DONALD

He's my lawyer.

ANDY

Mine, too. What do you do?

DONALD

I'm in real-estate.

Warhol takes ice water from the bartender and sips.

DONALD (CONT'D)

What do you do?

WARHOL

I'm an artist.

DONALD

What do you make?

WARHOL

Anything I can sell. Making money is Art.

DONALD

It is! Are you successful?

WARHOL

I think so. I live only in the present. And in the present there is only success.

Donald doesn't understand what he's saying but is intrigued.

DONALD

How do you do that?

Warhol looks at Donald and adjusts his big glasses.

WARHOL

Think of nothing, care about
nobody. It's simple, really.

Donald hears voices in the background singing. He looks over to the entrance.

VOICES

My country 'tis/This wee sweet land
of liberty/Of thee I sing

Roy stands on the staircase in a tuxedo leading everyone singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Roy sings with gusto.

ROY AND EVERYONE

Land where my fathers died/Land of
the pilgrim's pride/From every
mountainside/Let freedom ring

Warhol smiles and sings along. Donald looks closely at Roy. Roy is boyishly earnest as he sings.

The singing climaxes and fades into:

40B

INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER (1976)

40B

Music similar to "Le Freak" by CHIC

Roy's "after party" is in full swing. Donald takes in the surreal scene:

GAY GUYS (20s) dance together.

Fat Tony and other mobsters dance with topless CALL GIRLS.

ONE CALL GIRL is riding a MOBSTER like a pony.

Politicians blow lines of coke off a glass table.

Donald sees the Fancy Girl dancing alone. He loosens up and moves to her. They dance together. She playfully twirls his tie. It's sexy. Donald is smitten.

Donald then feels a body behind him. He turns and sees Estelle grinding on him. Her makeup is smeared like the Joker.

ESTELLE

I want to fuck you like you've
never been fucked young man. Let's
see what you got.

She grabs his crotch. Donald is freaked out. He moves away. Someone in a RICHARD NIXON MASK jumps out and scares him.

A few BUSINESSMAN have dozed off on the stairs.

Donald starts to panic. He looks for Roy.

40C **INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (1976)** 40C

Donald climbs the stairs. He heads to Roy's bedroom. He opens the door and freezes!

Roy is up against the wall while a BLONDE GUY(19) fucks Roy in the ass! A HALF DOZEN OTHER GUYS are having an orgy on Roy's bed!

Donald slams the door. He stands in the hall trying to unsee what he just did.

40D **INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER (1976)** 40D

Donald grips the sink as he tries to slow his breathing. He looks at himself in the mirror and adjusts his hair. Donald washes his hands compulsively. Off Donald, overwhelmed.

41-42 OMITTED 41-42

42A **INT. JAMAICA ESTATES, QUEENS - LIVING ROOM - DAY (1976)** 42A

Donald is sitting with her mother. In her lap is the *New York Times* with Donald's photo on the page.

5 O'CLOCK NEWS is running on TV in the background.

MARY ANNE

The article is wonderful!

Mary Anne has her glasses on.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Donald J. Trump is tall, lean and blond, with dazzling white teeth, and he looks ever so much like Robert Redford."

Mary Anne kisses Donald on his cheek.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm so proud!

Mary looks at Donald's new Roy Cohn inspired BLAZER.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

You look so handsome my love.

DONALD

Thanks, mom.

FRED (O.S)

It looks expensive. I bet they overcharged you!

Donald shrugs, doesn't let it go under his skin.

Fred enters.

FRED (CONT'D)

It would have been appropriate if you talked to me before you announced your Commodore plan! Now it look like I'm not running my company!

DONALD

Not if you back me up.

Fred shakes his head in amazement.

FRED

The Chrysler Building is in foreclosure and you want to build a hotel around the corner? It's like adding a deck chair to the Titanic.

Donald doesn't give up.

DONALD

I am lining up financing for the Commodore. Roy says we might get the city to give us a tax break.

Fred feels competitive.

FRED

They'll never give you that tax break. I gave Abe Beame's campaign a hundred thousand dollars and I barely got a rezoning!

Donald gets up. He is upset.

DONALD

Sooner or later you're gonna have
to admit I'm right.

Mary Anne looks sharply at Fred. He softens up a bit.

FRED

I respect what you've done son, but-

DONALD

I hope so, I really do.

Donald stalks out.

42B **EXT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY (1976)**

42B

Donald knocks on the door of a vinyl-sided house in a shitty
part of Queens. Freddy answers smoking a cigarette. He's
clearly been drinking all day.

FREDDY

Hey, brother. What's up?

42C **INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY (1976)**

42C

Donald follows Freddy into a basement studio. The air is
fetid and tropical.

FREDDY

This is just temporary till I
figure things out.

Donald's eyes adjust to the low light. He's aghast. A BALL
PYTHON, easily five feet long, curls up in a terrarium on the
table.

DONALD

What the hell.

FREDDY

Don't worry, Lucy is a peach.

Freddy kneels in front of the glass and coos at Lucy.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Got into snakes down in Florida.
Linda hated them.
(to Lucy)
Now it's just me and you, girl.

He pops a beer for himself.

SOMETIME LATER:

Donald and Freddy are sitting by a broken coffee table littered with empty BEER CANS and an ASH TRAY

DONALD

I'm at my breaking point with Dad.
He just doesn't get it!

FREDDY

He should! You got the big ideas.

DONALD

We won they lawsuit but he won't
give on the Commodore.

He walks to the fridge and grabs another beer. Donald looks at him worried.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You gotta cut back on the drinking
Freddy.

Freddy shakes his head noncommittally.

FREDDY

Yeah.

Freddy's mood changes.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Don't let him break you, like me.

Donald feels for his brother.

DONALD

Freddy-

FREDDY

You're the smartest person I know.
And you're relentless.

Freddy grabs Donald's shoulders.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Do your own thing and prove dad
wrong.

Off Donald starting to cheer up.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

You got this Donnie.

Donald's mood lifts. He wants to help Freddy.

DONALD

Hey, let's go for a walk.

Freddy plops into a chair with his beer and clicks on a baseball game.

FREDDY

I'm gonna catch the Mets.

Off Donald, worried as he watches Freddy drink.

43

INT. HYATT CORPORATION BOARDROOM - DAY (1976)

43

A boardroom with Manhattan views. Donald is wrapping a presentation to HYATT EXECUTIVES and their broker Vic Palmieri.

A RENDERING of a glass hotel hangs on an easel.

VIC

I'm sure Mr. Pritzker has a few questions.

Hyatt owner JAY PRITZKER (50s, a WASP) leans back in a chair.

PRITZKER

Just one. Between the unions and taxes, how will you make money?

The executives around the table stir. Donald tries to keep his cool. He makes a quick decision.

DONALD

What if I told you there won't be any taxes?

Everyone stares at Donald, incredulous. Pritzker perks up.

DONALD (CONT'D)

The mayor is begging developers to build. If I tell him the CEO of Hyatt is committing, I can get him to waive property taxes.

PRITZKER

The city's broke. You're saying they'll forego taxes?

DONALD

I got the city planning commission in my pocket.

Off Donald, projecting confidence.

44 **INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT (1976)**

44

Donald is cradling the phone.

DONALD

Vic, the tax break is not an issue.

VIC (OVER PHONE)

Bullshit. You keep dicking Hyatt around and your first deal's going to be your last. You got one hour.

Click. CLOSE ON: Donald's WRISTWATCH. It reads 7pm.

Donald dials Roy's number.

ROY'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

You reached Roy Cohn at Saxe, Bacon & Bolan. I don't listen to my messages--

Donald is getting more worried. He hangs up and tries again.

44A **EXT. ROY COHN'S TOWNHOUSE - LATER (1976)**

44A

Donald rings the bell. His WRISTWATCH reads 7:50.

No answer. Donald is panicking. Tries again.

RUSSELL

Hello?

DONALD

Russell it's me. Is Roy home?

Russell hangs up on Donald. He is furious. He rings the bell again.

ROY (OVER INTERCOM)

Easy! You knock up a nun?

DONALD

I need to talk to you.

Donald expects Roy to open the door.

ROY (OVER INTERCOM)

Listening.

Donald is too desperate to be annoyed.

DONALD
I need a hearing with city
planning. Hyatt is going to walk in
ten minutes!
(scans watch)
Make that eight.

Roy laughs.

ROY (OVER INTERCOM)
You really fucked the dog.

DONALD
Roy, this isn't funny!

ROY (OVER INTERCOM)
Hang on-

A moment passes. Donald keeps looking at his watch.
Finally Roy opens the door, just enough to see Donald.
Roy is in his robe, he looks sweaty and smells of sex.

DONALD
I really need your help on this.

ROY
I'll call the mayor. What's my ask?

Donald hesitates. No way around it.

DONALD
Waive Hyatt's property taxes.

Roy grins.

ROY
You and your fat mouth! You think
you can talk your way out of
anything?

DONALD
I talked my way into your office
didn't I?

A beat.

ROY
Helmsley and the Hotel Association
are never going to let a new member
get a tax break others don't have.

DONALD
Can you at least try?

Another beat.

ROY
Be glad the mayor owes me.

Roy shuts the door in Donald's face. Off Donald, feeling like he gets to live another day.

45

INT. CITY HALL, CORRIDOR - DAY (1976)

45

Donald and Fred wait in the hallway before the hearing.

FRED
(In low voice)
Let's hope we won't end up looking like fools.

DONALD
They're on board. Its just a formality.

FRED
We'll see.

A TV REPORTER and CAMERAMAN approach. The reporter is carrying a CAMERA LIGHT on a tripod.

TV REPORTER
Mr. Trump, could you say a few words about the proposed Commodore?

The Cameraman adjusts the light.

FRED
Happy to. It's--

TV REPORTER
We want to hear from Donald.

The reporter shoves a mic in Donald's face. Fred suddenly realizes Donald is important. He feels a surge of pride.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
Why should the city give you a tax break worth over a hundred million when the budget is facing historic deficits?

Donald looks at the camera for a few seconds. He has been training for this.

DONALD

The city needs to incentivize developers like me to create jobs. We're gonna build something spectacular, the largest ballroom in the city and 70,000 square feet of retail space. It's a great deal for the city, quite honestly--

46

INT. CITY HALL, HEARING ROOM - DAY (1976)

46

The room is heavy with cigarette smoke and the atmosphere is tense.

Donald and Fred sit with Roy and Jay Pritzker opposite COMMISSIONERS. Donald spots Al Formicola and Harry Helmsley in the audience. They don't smile back.

Commission Chair MICHAEL RUBIN (50s) resides over the meeting.

MICHAEL

Deputy Mayor Richard Morgan will provide the Mayor's view of this proposal.

Dick Morgan, the crony from Roy's party, leans into the mic.

DICK

Mayor Beame and the rest of City Hall fully support Mr. Trump's plan.

Donald shoots his dad a grin. This is going well.

MICHAEL

I agree a Hyatt Hotel would provide a jolt of economic life into a city in short supply of it--

DONALD

Thank you, Mr. Chairman-

An AUDIENCE MEMBER interrupts Donald.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S)

This is a damn rip off! The rich don't need another tax break.

Michael looks at the gallery and nods.

MICHAEL

Having said that, it's hard to justify when the city is being forced to cut vital services to the poor.

The shouting from the stands continue.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(bangs gavel)

We will move to a vote after a short recess.

Donald's face drops. Pritzker is icy.

PRITZKER

You said they were on board. And now you're wasting my time.

Pritzker leaves. Donald reels.

FRED

What did I tell you?

Donald looks over to Roy.

DONALD

What just happened?

ROY

I told you Helmsley wouldn't allow that tax break. But you thought the rules didn't apply to you.

DONALD

They're gonna vote any minute! I'm fucked.

46A

INT. CITY HALL, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER (1976)

46A

Donald and Roy are standing in the corridor watching Michael talking to a COMMISSIONER. As Michael walks away:

ROY

Park your butt here.

Roy goes over to Michael and whispers something. Michael looks upset, keeps shaking his head.

MICHAEL

Have you no decency?

Donald is looking on. He is unsettled.

47 **INT. CITY HALL, HEARING ROOM - LATER (1976)**

47

Donald nervously watches commissioners whisper between themselves.

One COMMISSIONER gets up and goes out, looking pissed off.

MICHAEL

(looking tired)

This has been one of the toughest votes we've had. There's a lot of strong feelings on both sides.

Donald looks to Roy for a clue but can't find one.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Our responsibility is to do what's best for New York. The truth is the city needs investment. Therefore we grant approval for Mr. Trump's tax abatement--

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S)

This institution is corrupt-

A storm of discontent from the room.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1

This is a political fix!

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2

You should be ashamed! Scum! Sellout!

Donald can't believe he won. Fred is equally stunned. He slaps Donald congratulations on his back.

A PHOTOGRAPHER pops a powerful flash in Donald's face.

FADE TO BLACK.

48 **INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - ROY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (1976)**

48

Roy sits at his desk, sipping a bourbon. Charlie Brown sleeps on the floor. Donald paces, replaying the victorious day.

DONALD

I can't believe you turned it around, Roy.

ROY

I know people better than they know themselves. They hate me for that.

Donald stops and looks at Roy, turning over what he said.

DONALD

Aren't you ever scared? That people really hate you for what you do?

ROY

Everybody wants to be liked. To belong. I never did. I was too odd.

Roy leans back.

ROY (CONT'D)

I wasn't like the other boys arguing after school if DiMaggio was better than Mantle. First time I whacked off, I had no idea what cum was. I told my parents I had a fatal disease.

Donald is uneasy with Roy's confession but also touched by his frankness.

ROY (CONT'D)

My advantage is I don't care what people think of me. Life is a game. There is no left or right. There is no truth. There's only what's in front of you at any given moment. None of it matters, except winning.

Roy leans forward, looking intensely at Donald.

ROY (CONT'D)

I see a lot of me in you. It's why I took your lawsuit.

DONALD

We're kind of similar, but not--

ROY

On the surface you're nice and sociable but inside, you're a scared little sociopath who would walk over fresh corpses to get what you want.

Donald feels vulnerable and naked. He looks instinctively at himself in the WALL MIRROR.

Donald is about to open up to Roy, but instead he deflects.

DONALD

How did you flip the commission?

Roy smiles and gets up from his desk.

49

INT. ROY'S TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT (1976)

49

Roy flicks on the lights. RECORDING EQUIPMENT fills the room. Donald sees wires going to every ROOM and PHONE in the house.

The whole place is bugged.

ROY

The chairman came to see me with a problem.

Roy puts a tape in the taping machine, presses play.

MICHAEL (ON TAPE)

You're asking did I take it? Yeah.

ROY (ON TAPE)

How much?
(static)
Come on, Mike.

MICHAEL (ON TAPE)

Fifty K.

Roy hits stop. Donald stares at the recorder.

ROY

Being a lawyer is a lot like being a priest.

DONALD

(amazed and horrified)
Priests don't record confessions.

Roy shrugs.

ROY

When I tried the Rosenbergs, I wanted so badly to see those pinko kikes fry for giving the Ruskies the bomb. Judge Kaufman had no trouble sending Julius to the chair. But Ethel was a mother with young kids. She was supposed to live.

Roy takes a step towards Donald.

ROY (CONT'D)

The Soviets understand one thing. Toughness. So during the trial, I'd slip out at lunch to a phone booth and call Kaufman. I went to work on him. Ethel had to go.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

We're at war with an evil empire.
If a woman has to cook in the chair
to win, I'm fine with that.

Donald looks at Roy, finally accepting who Roy really is.

ROY (CONT'D)

By the time I was done, Kaufman was
ready to pull the lever himself. It
was fun watching that bitch fry.

He locks eyes with Donald.

ROY (CONT'D)

You have to be willing to do
anything, to anyone, to win. If
your father got that, he wouldn't
be stuck in Queens.

A long beat.

ROY (CONT'D)

You're still learning but when
you're done, you'll be better than
me.

Off Donald, fully committed to his new master.

50

INT. MAXWELL'S PLUM - NIGHT (1976)

50

MELLOW JAZZ is heard in the background.

Donald is in a middle of a cocktail party crowd flirting with
a BLOND MODEL dressed in an elegant black dress.

Donald is formally dressed for the occasion. He seems a bit
bored and looks restlessly around the venue.

Over at the entrance he sees the BOUNCER arguing with a
stunning BLONDE in a short red dress (20s).

She's IVANA ZELNICKOVA. She stands out from the crowd.

51

INT. MAXWELL'S PLUM - MOMENTS LATER (1976)

51

We PUSH IN on Ivana standing arms crossed with her
GIRLFRIENDS (all perfect 10's).

IVANA

(Eastern European accent)
I want to speak to your boss.

BOUNCER

I am the boss. My answer's no.

Donald's strides up and smiles.

DONALD

I'm Donald Trump. These ladies are guests of Roy Cohn. Is there an issue?

Ivana shoots her girlfriends an *I-have-no-idea* look.

BOUNCER

My apologies, Mr. Trump.

Donald ushers the girls in. Ivana hangs back.

IVANA

You are such a, what is the word?

DONALD

Gentleman.

IVANA

Stereotype... A man who thinks women need his help.

DONALD

You weren't having luck without me.

He smiles. She doesn't.

IVANA

What's the catch?

DONALD

Nothing. Enjoy your night.

She looks surprised. Donald smiles and walks off.

52

INT. MAXWELL'S PLUM - LATER (1976)

52

Ivana and the girls are ready to pay. A waiter approaches.

IVANA

The check, please.

WAITER

Mr. Trump took care of it.

The girls giggle. Ivana looks for Donald. He's gone.

53 **EXT. MAXWELL PLUM'S - NIGHT (1976)**

53

Ivana and her friends exit onto the sidewalk and see every cab is taken. A horn honks and a LIMO Rolls in front of them.

The rear window rolls down. Donald waves from inside.

She reluctantly walks over, girls in tow.

IVANA

We don't need a ride.

GIRLS

Come on, let's go!

The girlfriends jump in the back. Donald and her lock eyes.

54 **INT./EXT. STRETCH LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT (1976)**

54

Donald sits across from Ivana. There's chemistry. They ignore the girls.

DONALD

You didn't tell me your name.

IVANA

Ivana Zelnickova.

DONALD

Russian?

IVANA

It's Czech... if you know the difference.

DONALD

(flirty)

You might have to educate me!

The girls giggle.

IVANA

Is that your best pick-up line?

DONALD

I don't need a pick-up line.

Donald smiles but he means it.

He manages a half-smile from Ivana. This guy's just too much!

55 **EXT. AMERICANA HOTEL - NIGHT (1976)**

55

Donald stops at the hotel. The girls pile out. Ivana lingers.

IVANA
Thank you for the ride.

DONALD
I want to buy you dinner. You're
gorgeous.

IVANA
I have a boyfriend.

Donald raises an eyebrow.

DONALD
He doesn't let you eat?

IVANA
(flirty)
Good night, Donald.

Ivana gets out. Donald is smitten.

56 **INT. AMERICANA HOTEL - DAY (1976)**

56

A knock. Ivana crosses in a robe and opens the door. A
DELIVERYMAN stands with a cart of ROSES. Ivana's not easily
impressed, but these flowers impress her.

A price tag is 'incidentally' hanging from one of the
bouquets. She smiles, surprising herself.

MOMENTS LATER

The phone rings.

IVANA
Who is this?

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
Ivana baby, let me take out for
dinner.

A beat.

IVANA
I like you, but I can't do this. I
am off for a job in Aspen. I need
to pack.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)

Ivana--

Ivana takes a breath.

IVANA

I am getting engaged, Donald.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)

You can't!

IVANA

I'm sorry. I have to go.

She puts the phone down.

56A **INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - DAY**

56A

Click. Off Donald, his hurt hardening into resolve.

PRE-LAP: The roar of an airplane approaching the runway.

57-62 OMITTED

57-62

63 **EXT. ASPEN AIRPORT - DAY (1977)**

63

Archival footage: An airliner landing at Aspen airport.

64 **EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN LODGE - DAY (1977)**

64

Donald awkwardly walks in ski boots on a sun-splashed deck.

He approaches Ivana at a table with MODELS. They are mid photoshoot being photographed by a FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER and his ASSISTANT.

Ivana sees Donald. She's shocked, and a little embarrassed.

IVANA

What are you doing here?

DONALD

I hear Aspen real-estate is hot.

IVANA

Bullshit.

Ivana softens. Donald persistence is remarkable.

IVANA (CONT'D)

I am gonna make a run after this.
Join me?

Off Donald, smiling but freaking out inside.

65 OMITTED

65

66 **INT. ASPEN SKI CHALET - LATER (1977)**

66

Donald sulks in a chair in front of a roaring fire, an ice pack on his bruised knee from falling on the slopes. Ivana enters with a beer looking fresh and healthy. She sees Donald is in pain and shows sympathy.

IVANA

I'm sorry it still hurts.

DONALD

I'm *fine*.

IVANA

You had a bad fall. Let me look.

Ivana kneels and massages his knee. Donald grimaces in pain.

DONALD

(shakes head dismissively)
The moron at the shop sold me the wrong skis. That was the problem.

Ivana smirks. His hubris is something.

IVANA

Is everything to you a competition?

DONALD

Not everything.

Ivana cocks an eyebrow. Donald thinks about it and comes up empty. Ivana smiles.

IVANA

I like competition. I was a ski champion. Should have went to the Olympics.

DONALD

What happened?

IVANA

I wanted a better life. Life in Czechoslovakia was dull and colorless. So I left everything and I ran away.

She smiles.

IVANA (CONT'D)

And now, here I am.

Donald's seduced by her daring. There's a real connection and... awkwardness.

DONALD

Do you like modeling?

IVANA

I like the money. But what I want is my own interior design firm. Then a jewelry line. I have a vision.

Her ambition turns him on. He smiles.

IVANA (CONT'D)

What?

DONALD

You're nothing like the women I normally meet.

IVANA

Because I want more than a man and a ring?

They lock eyes. Ivana nods to Donald's ice-water glass.

IVANA (CONT'D)

You don't like drink?

DONALD

I don't like anything that slows me down.

Ivana laughs. The answer is ridiculous and Donald knows it.

IVANA

I don't mean to laugh.

Donald looks down at his glass.

DONALD

My brother Freddy drinks too much.
My father put a lot of pressure on
him. Freddy quit the family
business.

Donald is saddened by the thought of Freddy. Ivana gently
puts her hand on Donald's.

DONALD (CONT'D)

He didn't have the killer instinct.
You see, in life there are two
types of people: killers and
losers.

IVANA

But it's good not to be killer, no?

DONALD

Killer. It means winner.

IVANA

(flirty)
So you are a killer?

Donald leans forward to kiss her.

IVANA (CONT'D)

I can't. My boyfriend.

DONALD

He won't know.

IVANA

I love him.

Donald looks at Ivana, not entirely convinced.

66A

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ASPEN HOTEL - LATER (1976)

66A

Donald and Ivana have passionate sex.

DONALD

You're so gorgeous.

IVANA

Sh...

Ivana covers his mouth. It turns him on. They moan together.

66B

TV MONTAGE

66B

-AREAL SHOTS OF NEW YORK CITY. (**Archival**)

70'S TV NARRATOR (V.O)
*It is called the big Apple, the
greatest city in the world.*

-SHOPS ARE CLOSED. STREETS ARE FILLED WITH TRASH. (**Archival**)

70'S TV NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)
*Now there seems to be something
rotten in the core of the fruit.*

-POLICE PATROLLING A ROUGH STREET. (**Archival**)

70'S TV NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)
*This city can barely afford to pay
its bills. As the crime is surging
it might even have to lay off those
who fight crime. The police force.*

-BLACK AND BROWN PEOPLE DANCING IN THE STREETS. (**Archival**)

70'S TV NARRATOR (V.O) (CONT'D)
*But this and more won't stop young
Real Estate promoter Donald Trump
from pursuing his dream project.
A 1500 room luxury hotel at the
Grand Central Terminal.*

CUT TO:

66C

INT./EXT. HYATT CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

66C

Donald walks around the site with a HARD HAT on and gesticulates with a SITE MANAGER and CONSTRUCTION WORKERS.

Moments Later:

DONALD is being interviewed.

DONALD
*New York is either going to get
much better or much worse. I am
gonna make sure it goes the right
way. But it's a big gamble I won't
lie to you.*

CUT TO:

66D **INT. DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY**

66D

Donald is sitting behind a desk talking on the phone. Camera zooms in to a CLOSE UP of Donald's cufflinks with "DJT" engraving.

70'S TV NARRATOR
*Bold and daring with a taste for
 luxury, Donald is part of the new
 generation of--*

CLOSE UP OF Donald's feet with his EXPENSIVE SHOES.

70'S TV NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Young dynamic leaders--

CUT TO:66E **INT. AMEX BANK - DAY**

66E

Donald shaking hands with a BANKER.

CUT TO:

CRANES MOVING CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL AROUND (**Archival**)

END OF TV MONTAGE66F **INT. TRUMP'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

66F

Donald has moved to a bigger penthouse. The place is still a bit empty but there is EXPENSIVE FURNITURE here and there.

70'S TV NARRATOR (O.S)
*Who are shaking things up in New
 York.*

Donald is watching the program about himself on TV.

70'S TV NARRATOR (O.S) (CONT'D)
*But the rebirth of the city might
 not be painless, says Ed Koch the
 mayoral candidate-*

ON TV: ED KOCH(50s) is on a street talking to a few voters and a reporter.

ED KOCH (ON SCREEN)
*We don't know yet the sacrifices we
 need to make to get this city back
 on its feet!*

Donald smirks.

ON TV: Ed Koch shaking hands with few VOTERS as he walks past them.

ED KOCH (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
How am I doing?

Donalds turns off the TV. He doesn't like competition.

67

INT. SWIMMING POOL AND SPA - DAY (1977)

67

Roy lies shirtless in a TANNING BED bathed in weird blue light.

Roy wears sunglasses. Donald senses he's in a bad mood.

A couple of YOUNG GUYS (20s) are swimming in the pool.

ROY
The commies at the IRS are crawling
up my ass about unpaid taxes again.

DONALD
That's terrible.

ROY
They've been at me for years.
They'll never win.

Roy looks at ROGER STONE (20s) hovering. He's pale, with yellow hair and a shy smile.

Roger has a very tight SPEEDO on.

ROY (CONT'D)
Roger! Meet Donald Trump.

Roger shakes Donald's hand.

ROGER
Hello. Roger Stone.

ROY
Roger's into politics. His
specialty is dirty tricks.

Donald senses Roy and Roger are lovers.

ROY (CONT'D)
Rog, be a mensch, tell Russell I
want a Campari and soda.

Roger goes to the bar. Roy looks suspiciously at Donald.

ROY (CONT'D)

Why do you look funny?

Donald can't hide his joy.

DONALD

I met someone.

ROY

You did? Arm candy's good. Good publicity too. Cameras love 'em. What's her name?

DONALD

Ivana. She's a tough cookie. Honestly, she scares me. Everything about her is hard. Her voice, her arms. But I love her...Roy, we're getting married!

ROY

Are you nuts?

Roy bolts up, rips his sunglasses off. Not the response Donald expected.

ROY (CONT'D)

Would you sign a contract giving away half your assets?

DONALD

No, why--

ROY

You marry and that's what you're doing! I almost married Barbara Walters until I got smart.

Donald scoffs. He eyes the Boys in the pool. Roy feels exposed. This is one topic Roy won't speak about.

ROY (CONT'D)

Well, you'll need to be protected.

Lunch. The Trump clan around a table. Same pecking order, only Ivana is next to Donald. Freddy's not there.

FRED

Donald says you were in the Olympics.

IVANA

(rolls with the lie)
I was.

FRED

(to the family)
That's great! she is a winner.

Ivana smiles to Donald who is slightly embarrassed.

MARY ANNE

Will your parents be coming to the wedding?

IVANA

I hope. But travel from Czechoslovakia is difficult.

FRED

Communism is an evil that must be wiped off this planet.

A WAITER takes orders.

WAITER

Welcome to Tavern on the Green.
What are we having today?

FRED

My wife and I will have steak.

WAITER

Very good.
(to Robert)
You?

ROBERT

The steak.

MARY

The steak.

ELIZABETH

The steak.

WAITER

Popular choice! Sir?

DONALD

Steak.

The waiter eyes Ivana.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(sotto to Ivana)
Just order the steak.

IVANA
Halibut.

Everyone looks at her.

FRED
She'll have the steak.

IVANA
No, the halibut.

Donald presses her hand under the table.

FRED
The steak is the best, trust me.

Mary Anne looks sharply at Fred.

MARY ANNE
(to Ivana)
You order what you like dear.

The waiter looks back and forth, unsure who to listen to.

IVANA
(to the waiter, pointed)
Halibut, thank you.

She hands over her menu and smiles at Mary Anne. Two of them are already bonding.

Donald looks proudly at Ivana. He's right, Ivana is a tough cookie.

69

INT. ROOF-TOP BAR - DAY (1977)

69

Off hours. BUSBOYS wipe tables. Donald and Roy sit across from Ivana. Ivana is reading a PRENUPTIAL AGREEMENT drafted by Roy.

ROY
(impatient)
Its just a standard document-

Ivana ignores him.

IVANA

...In the event of separation,
spouse will receive twenty thousand
dollars annually.

Ivana continues silently. At beat. She suddenly drops the
papers on the table, glares at Roy and Donald.

IVANA (CONT'D)

Is this some kind of joke?

DONALD

Baby, no...

IVANA

Return all gifts?

ROY

Legally, a gift isn't a transfer of
real property. So in the case of
divorce...

Donald shoots Roy a worried look. Ivana rips off her DIAMOND
RING.

IVANA

Forget it!

She drops it on the table and storms out.

Donald's first reaction is to scramble for the ring. He grabs
it and glares at Roy. Roy gives an *I-told-you-so* look.

70

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY (1977)

70

Donald catches up to Ivana. She's hailing a CAB.

DONALD

Ivana, baby. We strike the gift
clause. Roy got carried away.

A cab pulls up to the curb.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I'll give you fifty thousand now.
Like a signing bonus...Ivana, the
wedding is in two days!

Ivana turns to Donald.

IVANA

One hundred thousand.

DONALD
(balks)
Seventy-five?

Ivana opens the door.

IVANA
A hundred thousand. Or I go.

Donald can barely breathe. The CABBIE (40s) honks.

CABBIE (O.S)
Lady, you gettin' in or what?

A long beat. Donald shuts it and the cab peels out. Donald presents her the ring. She won't take it.

IVANA
Go find someone else. I am not a trophy wife Donald.

Donald panics.

DONALD
You're going to ruin your life if you don't marry me.

She can't help herself from laughing.

IVANA
Why is that?

DONALD
I'm rich, good looking, got a great family. I'm going to be the number one builder. With me you'll have a life you can't even dream of. I-

Ivana is touched. This is real, sincere, desperate Donald Trump. An awkward beat.

DONALD (CONT'D)
What do you want me to say? I love you. I want to have children with you. I want to grow old together--

It's cheesy but it works. Ivana tears up.

IVANA
Better.

She puts the ring on. Donald caresses her golden hair, still shaking from all the adrenaline.

They kiss.

MATCH CUT TO:

71

INT. MAXWELL'S PLUM - NIGHT (1977)

71

Donald kisses Ivana. They are on the receiving line at a black tie wedding reception. They look truly in love. Mary Anne approaches.

MARY ANNE

The flowers are beautiful!

IVANA

I did the arrangements.

Mary Anne beams.

MARY ANNE

Donald, you are so lucky.

(to Ivana)

Come, I want you to meet my dear friend Ethel.

They leave. Roy approaches, arms open wide. Ivana shoots them an unpleasant look.

ROY

Not over the pre-nup, eh?

DONALD

She'll come around.

ROY

No, she won't. But that's ok. Means I'm doing my job.

Roy takes Ivana's place and gestures at the crowd.

ROY (CONT'D)

You got the mayor. City Council president. All the major developers here.

DONALD

Because you asked them.

ROY

No, they need to kiss your ring now. You've arrived, kid.

Roy tussles Donald's hair. Donald's ego swells. Fred approaches with a smirk. He shakes Roy's hand.

FRED

Appreciate all you've done for Donald.

ROY

He didn't need my help.

FRED

Ha! Donald needs all he can get. Couldn't read till third grade! We shipped him to military school after teachers found his switchblade collection.

Fred pinches Donald's cheek with affection.

FRED (CONT'D)

Little delinquent!

Donald tries to hide his discontent.

Roy holds Fred's gaze.

ROY

I just fixed what other's couldn't.

Donald is touched by Roy's loyalty, and happy to see Fred fume through his stiff smile.

72

INT. MAXWELL'S PLUM - LATER (1977)

72

Donald orders water at the bar. Freddy walks up.

FREDDY

Bring it in, brother!

He bear hugs Donald sloppily.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Congratulations!

DONALD

Thanks, Freddy. We missed you at the rehearsal dinner.

FREDDY

I got in late from Florida, sorry.
(to bartender)
Maker's on the rocks.

Donald flinches from the stink of alcohol coming from Freddy.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
(loud)
You know I bought a boat?

Freddy is very drunk. Donald is embarrassed.

DONALD
That's great.

Donald eyes the crowd trying to get out of this conversation.

FREDDY
Been running charters! I got big plans, Donny. I want to add a second boat. Can you advance me some money?

Freddy points to Fred in the crowd.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I don't wanna ask that asshole!

The bartender hands Freddy his DRINK. He swigs from it. Donald winces. He's repulsed by Freddy's self destruction.

DONALD
Sure, Freddy.

FREDDY
Man, I'm loving it down there!

Freddy drains his drink. He puts it down on the bar too close to the edge. It falls to the ground and shatters.

DONALD
Jesus, Freddy!

FREDDY
The glass was wet! It's not my fault.

People look awkwardly at Donald and Freddy. Freddy feels ashamed. He's drunk and gets overly emotional.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Donald.

DONALD
It's OK, Freddy.

FREDDY
Donald, I'm sorry. Please don't be mad at me.

DONALD
 Freddy, I'm not mad!

Donald puts his hand on Freddy's arm.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 But I need to find Ivana.

Donald leaves.

From across the room, Fred gives Freddy a withering look.
 Freddy turns to the bartender.

FREDDY
 Another.

Off Freddy, drowning in shame. He drains his drink.

73-76 OMITTED

73-76

A77 **EXT. CITY HALL - DAY (1977)**

A77

Donald and Roy are walking up the stairs. Donald holds a
 cardboard box.

ROY
 Don't sell Koch too hard. He hates
 being pushed.

DONALD
 I know how to handle him.

He notices Roy being annoyed.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 What's the matter?

ROY
 IRS clowns. They're pushing me.

77 **INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY (1978)**

77

The box that Donald carried is on the table in front of ED
 KOCH who is looking at Donald with a friendly smile.

With a flourish, Donald removes the box revealing a model of
 a BLACK SAWTOOTH-SHAPED SKYSCRAPER.

DONALD
 68 stories! Twenty-eight sides!

Ed Koch nods, revealing little. Roy is not happy Donald is selling hard.

DONALD (CONT'D)

It'll have the most tremendous atrium in the world. With a waterfall inside. Every unit will have amenities like you wouldn't believe.

Ed looks at his AIDE (30s). He is amused.

ED KOCH

So what name have you settled on?

DONALD

Trump Tower.

ED KOCH

That's interesting!

Roy senses things are not going well. He tries to save Donald from fucking it up.

ROY

Mr. Mayor, my client has purchased the site at a hefty price. He has a great track record--

ED KOCH

The merits aren't in doubt. But the tax breaks you want are excessive.

ROY

It's no different than what Mayor Beame gave Donald for the Hyatt.

ED KOCH

I'm not a hack like him.

Donald locks eyes with Ed.

ED KOCH (CONT'D)

I can't let you get rich on the backs of the people of New York and their treasury. I can't do that Donald.

DONALD

Mr. Mayor, I'm a known and successful person in this city. There's a reason I got that way.

Donald's eyes soften, he tries a carrot.

DONALD (CONT'D)

And let's not forget I was one of
your biggest campaign donors.

ED KOCH

You got where you are because
you're Fred Trump's spoiled kid who
hired a crooked lawyer.

(to Roy)

No offense.

Ed gets up. Donald glares at Ed Koch.

DONALD

What do you know about me? Have you
seen my books? Do you know how much
money I've made on my own? You know
nothing about me. Frankly, you're a
disgrace.

Donald leaves. Roy exchanges looks with Ed. This is a side of
Donald Roy has never seen.

PRE-LAP: A baby crying.

78

INT. TRUMP'S PENTHOUSE - EVENING (1978)

78

Dinnertime chaos at the Trumps' penthouse. A NANNY (20s,
French) tries to get infant DON JR to eat.

Ivana and Donald enter the kitchen, dressed up for a black
tie charity event.

IVANA

We should attend the Parks gala
next month. Tables are \$10,000.

DONALD

Trees don't need money to grow.
(thinks about it)
The city should really let
developers build over the park.
It's prime real-estate.

IVANA

Donald!

DONALD

You're so desperate for these Park
Avenue phonies to like you.

IVANA

What's the matter with you?

Donald sees his outburst hurt Ivana.

DONALD
Sorry. It's Koch. He won't budge.

IVANA
He just needs a bit more money.

DONALD
I gave him 70 thousand!

IVANA
What does Roy say?

DONALD
He was useless. By the way, FBI
raided his house! He owes 7 million
in taxes.

Ivana thinks about this.

IVANA
That doesn't sound good.

Donald goes to the table, totally ignoring Don Jr.

DONALD
I don't need Roy. I'll go on TV,
tell the people what a loser Koch
is.

DON JR.
Dad da!

Donald snags a PIECE OF CHICKEN off Don Jr.'s plate.

DON JR. (CONT'D)
Dada da!!

DONALD
Will someone please deal with this?

The nanny feeds Don Jr. peas. Ivana frowns at Donald.

DONALD (CONT'D)
You know I'm terrible with babies!

The doorbell rings. They trade looks. No one's expected.

Donald holds the door open, rocked. It's Freddy, gaunter than ever. His nose is Rudolph red, blistered from sun and booze.

FREDDY

I kept trying after the wedding,
but you never returned my calls.

Freddy enters the foyer. He's wild eyed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Did you even think about calling?

DONALD

Sorry. Trump Tower is kicking my
ass.

FREDDY

The assholes at the marina
impounded my boat, Donald!

(a beat)

I kept telling 'em, "My little
brother is sending money."

DONALD

There's paperwork. I'll get it
started. Promise.

Freddy tears up.

FREDDY

(exhales)

That's just empty promises! You're
like Dad.

Freddy's desperation curdles Donald pity into anger.

DONALD

That's a beauty. Now it's my fault?

(a beat)

How do you think I feel watching
you throw your life away. It's not
easy, Freddy!

Ivana hears the fighting and enters the foyer. Shocked.

IVANA

Freddy. I didn't know you were in
town. Should I make up a guest
room?

Don Jr. wails in the kitchen. Donald and Ivana trade looks.

DONALD

(to Freddy)

Up to you. Don Jr. is gonna cry all
night. We barely sleep ourselves.

Freddy nods, seeing the monster his brother is becoming.

FREDDY

It's okay.

DONALD

Let me at least pay for a hotel.

Donald pulls out his wallet. There's only \$20 in it. Freddy half heartedly takes the measly bills.

Donald notices Freddy's dirty hands and long nails.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I'll call you, Freddy.

Freddy nods, he knows Donald won't. He leaves.

Ivana and Donald look at each other in silence.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Poor Freddy.

Donald walks to the dining room. Ivana follows.

79A

INT. TRUMP'S PENTHOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

79A

Donald washes his hands carefully.

PRE LAP:

RONA BARRETT (V.O)

*Donald Trump's biggest
accomplishment to date is the Grand
Hyatt.*

TV FOOTAGE MONTAGE OF A CHEESY TALK SHOW.

-AERIAL SHOTS OF MANHATTAN AND THE NOW-FINISHED GRAND HYATT HOTEL. (**Archival**)

RONA BARRETT (V.O) (CONT'D)

*Now an even more ambitious plan is
in the works. A bold new skyscraper
at the prime 5th ave location,
neighboring the famous Tiffany's
store.*

CUT TO:

79B

INT. TRUMP TOWER CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

79B

Donald and Ivana are showing the construction site to the reporters.

RONA BARRETT (V.O)
Trump's vision is shared by his wife Ivana, a former fashion model turned interior designer.

Ivana touches a steel column next to her.

IVANA
These will all be bronze, basically every metal surface--

She taps her STILETTO HEEL on the grey concrete floor.

IVANA (CONT'D)
The floor is pink Paradiso marble. From Italy.

Ivana looks at the camera.

IVANA (CONT'D)
Incredible!

DONALD
If Tiffany's is the diamond, Trump tower will be the ring.

Ivana smiles to Donald. They are a great team.

RONA BARRETT (V.O)
But it's his feud with outspoken Mayor Ed Koch that may make him best known to New Yorkers.

CUT TO:

79C

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

79C

Ed Koch is being interviewed.

ED KOCH
I wouldn't trust Donald Trump if his tongue were notarized.

CUT TO:

80

INT. TRUMP'S PENTHOUSE - DAY - (1980)

80

Donald is interviewed by TV personality RONA BARRETT (40s, sycophantic).

A TV SET in the room shows clips of Donald and Ed.

TRUMP (ON TELEVISION)

Ed's got no talent and moderate intelligence. He's been a complete and total disaster for New York.

ED KOCH (ON TELEVISION)

If Donald squeals like a little pig for his tax break, then I'm doing something right!

Donald looks pissed off at the image of Ed's face.

RONA BARRETT

Is this an appropriate way to talk about an elected official?

DONALD

It certainly hasn't hurt me, Rona. Look, people who succeed are ones that have the instinct to win. New Yorkers are smart. They get that.

RONA BARRETT

I see. But your father is very successful. He must have helped you?

DONALD

In Brooklyn. But I was the first Trump to do Manhattan deals.

RONNA BARRETT

So you're saying you're self-made?

Donald flashes an arrogant smile.

RONA BARRETT

Donald, you're a mover and a doer. If you could make America perfect, how would you do it?

DONALD

America is a country that has tremendous, tremendous potential. I really feel that. But it's a country that gets no respect from other countries. None. Zero.

RONA BARRETT

It sound like you have a lot of ideas. Wouldn't it make sense for you to run for public office?

DONALD

I don't believe it would, Rona. I love my business.

RONA BARRETT

What if you lost your fortune today?

Donald looks at her with a mix of arrogance and innocence.

DONALD

Then maybe I'd run for president. I don't know.

Rona looks over to her CAMERAMAN who is trying hard not to laugh. Donald clocks this.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Is that funny?

Rona tries to manage the situation.

RONA BARRETT

Not at all. It's a good answer.

Donald smiles and nods in satisfaction. Camera zooms in on his face.

86

INT. DONALD'S LIMO - DAY (1981)

86

Donald and Roy are stuck in Manhattan gridlock.

DONALD

(to driver)

We gotta get to the heliport. Find a way through!

THUNK! A fist bangs on Donald's window. Donald jumps. THUNK! Another bangs on Roy's.

AIDS PROTESTORS surround the car with signs like "AIDS IS REAL!" "HELP US, WE'RE DYING!"

AIDS PROTESTORS

Silence equals death! Silence equals death! Silence equals death!

DONALD

That gay cancer sounds nasty.

ROY

The faggots are crying for sympathy.
They'll get none from me.

Roy looks out the window. Donald sees fear in his eyes.

81 OMITTED 81

A82 **EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY** A82

A HELICOPTER IS FLYING IN THE SKY. THE NAME "TRUMP" IS
WRITTEN ON IT WITH BIG RED LETTERS. (**Archival**)

82 **INT. HELICOPTER - DAY (1980)** 82

Donald is sitting with Roy. They are mid-discussion, trying
to talk over the whir of the blades.

ROY

Donald, your balls are swelling too
much. You don't know anything about
running a casino. Finish Trump
first--

DONALD

Trump Tower is taking care of
itself!

ROY

That's not what I hear from Fat
Tony! He says you're jamming him on
the cement contract!

DONALD

I like Tony, but he has a few
things to learn about doing
business with me.

Roy is startled at Donald's bravado.

83 **INT. RESORTS INTERNATIONAL CASINO, ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT** 83

Labor organizer DANIEL SULLIVAN (40s, broad shoulders) gives
Donald and Roy a tour. Donald is amazed at the frenzied
scene:

Sad sack GAMBLERS pump coins into SLOTS and pull levers like robots. BLACK JACK tables are packed

DANIEL

This is what a gold mine looks like
in human flesh.

Not a single machine is empty. Donald is overwhelmed by the thought of so much easy money.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

These people see what you built in
Manhattan and want a piece of it.
Atlantic City is going to love you!

Off Donald, lost in his reverie of greed.

DONALD

We're gonna suck this place dry!

Donald turns to Dan.

DONALD (CONT'D)

How fast can we negotiate?

DANIEL

We're ready.

Roy feels upstaged by Donald and doesn't like it.

ROY

Applying for a gaming license is
going to take a year, minimum.

DONALD

(condescending)

I am sure its faster than that.

Off Donald, he seems obsessed with this place.

84

INT. RESORTS CASINO, ATLANTIC CITY - DINING HALL - LATER

84

Scores of HUNGRY GAMBLERS are overfilling their plates from the BUFFET TABLE. Donald and Roy are standing in line.

ROY

Atlantic City has peaked. Once
other states legalize gaming you'll
have competition. Don't invest.

DONALD

I know what I'm doing.

Roy seems still annoyed from before. Donald picks a few cheese balls.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I love cheese balls!

Roy looks disgusted at the buffet.

ROY
Looks greasy and old.

Donald fills his mouth with cheese balls.

DONALD
Are you having a bad day?

Off Roy who actually looks tired.

ROY
You don't listen to me anymore.

DONALD
I do, just act more like my attorney, less like my dad. I got one and he's a pain in the ass!

Roy senses the power shift in their relationship.

ROY
You know what lawyers do? Charge their clients.

DONALD
(put off)
Sure, Roy. Send me a bill.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER (O.S)
Sorry Mr. Trump. Telephone for you sir.

Donald leaves Roy hanging. He walks over to the PHONE.

DONALD
This is Donald...Hi mom.

His smile fades.

88 **EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (1981)**

88

The family watches Freddy's casket lowered into the ground. Mary holds a SMILING PICTURE of Freddy. Elizabeth begins to sob uncontrollably.

ELIZABETH

Freddy--

Her body shakes violently. Mary and Robert awkwardly help her up.

AFTER

Donald and Ivana at their limo. Ivana helps Don Jr. (now 3) in. She gets in.

Donald hangs back. Fred and Mary Anne approach. They watch mourners walking down from the grave site.

Mary looks at Donald. There is something harsh in her eyes.

DONALD

Mom--

Mary walks off. A heavy beat between Donald and Fred.

FRED

Strange burying someone with your name. Like attending your own funeral.

DONALD

Maybe you pushed him too hard.

FRED

I pushed all of you. Freddy wasn't a killer.

DONALD

Wasn't it enough he was a good guy?

Donald turns around, opens the car door and gets in.

89 **INT. TRUMP'S PENTHOUSE - BATHROOM AND BEDROOM - NIGHT (1981)**

89

Donald, in a robe, leans on the bathroom vanity, breathing deeply. Pain of the funeral on his face.

He washes his hands. He scrubs furiously with his fingernails until his knuckles turn red.

He starts to cry. Then sob. He finally pulls himself together.

Ivana enters in a robe. Donald stiffens.

IVANA
There you are.

He brushes past her and walks into the bedroom. She follows.

IVANA (CONT'D)
It's ok to show feelings.

DONALD
I'm not that kind of person, Ivana.
I don't need the world to know how
weak I am!

They get into bed. Ivana tries to caress Donald but he's not responsive. The phone rings. Ivana picks up.

IVANA
Yes? He's here.

ROY (OVER PHONE)
Ivana, dear. Is Donald there?

IVANA
(to Donald)
It's Roy.

DONALD
Not now.

IVANA
Yes, but now is not a good time.

ROY (OVER PHONE)
(firm)
Tell him to pick up the fucking
phone.

Ivana is startled by Roy's anger. She hands Donald the phone.

89A **INT. TRUMP'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (1981)** 89A

Donald watches TV with his arms crossed. A local newscast shows Trump Tower on fire!

LOCAL NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Tonight, fire fighters are on the scene trying to contain a four-alarm fire at the unfinished Trump Tower skyscraper in midtown Manhattan...

Off Donald, his face aglow from the orange flames on TV.

90 **OMITTED**

90

91 **EXT. ROY'S COUNTRY HOUSE - GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT - DAY ('81)** 91

Donald's limo pulls up a gravel drive to Roy's crumbling stone cottage. Donald gets out.

DONALD
 You running a zoo?

Roy stands on the lawn feeding apples to a pair of pet LLAMAS. The llamas snort in delight. Roy seems equally happy.

ROY
 Meet my kiddos!
 (pats the animals)
 Joe and McCarthy!

Roy laughs. Donald looks around. Donald hates nature.

DONALD
 How long are you gonna stay out here?

ROY
 Until I beat IRS in court and get back the townhouse.

Roy seems confident. Donald seems worried.

ROY (CONT'D)
 C'mon. Russ has dinner ready.
 Charlie!

Charlie Brown runs off the lawn into the house.

92 **INT. ROY'S COUNTRY HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY (1981)**

92

Roy and Donald sit across from Fat Tony and three MOB ASSOCIATES (40s). Russell enters with plate. He's slow and pale. Roy looks at Donald and shakes his head.

ROY

Poor Russ. He's had the longest
most terrible flu.

Donald doesn't react. He's got bigger problems.

FAT TONY

First of all, our condolences to you
Donald. Losing a brother is-

Donald has no patience.

DONALD

You set fire to my building!

Fat Tony gives Donald a cold look. Donald feels the menace.
They could kill Donald right there if they wanted to.

FAT TONY

Construction is a risky business.
It needs proper planning and
execution.

Tony sounds more like a construction engineer than mob.

FAT TONY (CONT'D)

You're building the first all-
concrete tower in New York. My boys
have been delivering on time. You
know how tough that is? It's like
making a Swiss watch...or a
Catholic girl cum. HA!

Roy and Tony laugh. Donald doesn't.

FAT TONY (CONT'D)

You got lucky our guys saved the
day this time.

ROY

Donald is very grateful Tony!

Donald sulks. They have him by the balls.

FAT TONY

We all wanna see your beautiful
tower get built.

DONALD

I appreciate that.

FAT TONY

Let's help each other out Donald.

REPORTER
Mr. Cohn, of course.

Donald tenses, not sure what Roy will say.

ROY
I remember when Donald showed up at my doorstep. He had no earthly idea how the world worked.

Roy mimes a dumb, wide-eyed look. Donald's jaw tightens. Roy clasps his shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)
I've never met anyone who reminds me more of myself. Donald's got grit. He is relentless in the pursuit of perfection. He restored my faith in free enterprise. Tonight is the opening of the most important building in the world!

DONALD
Thanks, Roy.

The reporter leaves.

ROY
Donald, can we talk?

Ivana tugs on Donald's arm.

IVANA
Sofia Loren is over there.

DONALD
Find me later, Roy.

Donald leaves. Roy looks sad and rejected.

95

INT. TRUMP TOWER ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER (1983)

95

Donald and Ivana bump into Donald's mom.

MARY ANNE
The party is marvelous. I just met the Governor's wife!

IVANA
Thank you, I planned it myself.

Donald stiffens at Ivana claiming credit.

DONALD

I let her do the easy stuff.

Hurt flashes on Ivana's face. A WAITER passes with drinks. Ivana takes a glass of white wine.

Fred stands a few feet away awkwardly looking at the waterfall cascading from the ceiling. Donald approaches him.

FRED

I like what you did with the lobby. It reminds me when I built that high-rise in Trump Village. It was the tallest building in Coney Island! Boats could see it 20 miles out at sea!

Fred waits for Donald to be impressed. Donald isn't. Fred points at the waterfall.

FRED (CONT'D)

I wonder what the utility bill is for that? Seems unpractical.

Off Donald, his teeth clenched. Then Fred grabs his hand.

FRED (CONT'D)

I know I've been tough. But look at you. You're a killer. A king!

Donald has been waiting for these words all his life. He feels nothing.

DONALD

Try some caviar. It's the best.

Donald leaves the three of them behind.

96

INT. TRUMP TOWER ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER (1983)

96

Random House book editor HOWARD KOMINSKY (35, permatan) approaches Donald.

HOWARD

Donald! Howard Kominsky.

DONALD

You're the book guy Si's been on me to meet.

HOWARD

Si Newhouse and all of at Random House think a book by you would be an instant best-seller!

DONALD

Of course it would. But I don't have time to write a book.

HOWARD

Then don't! We'll find you a ghost writer. He'll do all the work, and you'll get all the credit.

Donald nods. He likes the sound of that.

DONALD

Okay, Howard. Call my office.

Howard smiles. Donald moves off. He flirts as he passes a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE (20s).

DONALD (CONT'D)

Hello, gorgeous.

Roy walks up, agitated. Donald keeps walking and mingling. Roy follows by his side -- the opposite of how Roy led Donald through his party.

ROY

I need to talk.

DONALD

(to various guests)
Great to see ya! Hello...Thank you for coming...Bob, you lost weight!

Donald looks at Roy's hollowed out cheeks.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You look like shit.

ROY

My doctor says I'm just overtired.

Donald stops, takes a bottle out of his pocket and hands a pill to Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

What is that?

DONALD

Diet pill. Got 'em from my Doctor.
But they're amazing for
everything... sleep, energy. I feel
like I never need sleep anymore.

ROY

You sure that's a good thing?

DONALD

I can't do deals when I sleep.

Donald starts to eye more important people to talk to. Roy
looks desperately at Donald.

ROY

I need a favor. I need you to put
Russell up at the Hyatt.

Donald looks dismissively at Roy.

DONALD

Why?

ROY

Because the cottage is too cold for
him.

DONALD

Give him a blanket.

ROY

Russell's dying. Pneumonia.

Donald pauses.

DONALD

Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

ROY

You're not really. But that's ok. I
know you guys don't like each other
which is a pity. Russell is a good
boy. Most importantly, he's loyal.

DONALD

He never helped me. But I'll do it
for you.

Roy slaps Donald on the shoulder, registering his
appreciation. Donald watches Ivana pass by.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Do you think she is hot?

ROY
She looks like a million bucks.

DONALD
Really? I feel like...I am not
saying she is old, but-

Roy is slightly taken aback by Donald openly doubting Ivana.

DONALD (CONT'D)
By the way, I got her to do her
tits!

Roy takes a close look at Ivana's much LARGER BREASTS.

DONALD (CONT'D)
They look amazing. Though feels
sort of funny when you touch 'em.

A Japanese businessman AKIO(50s) walks up to Donald and bows.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Akio-San! How the hell are ya?

Donald and Akio walk off.

Roy watches Donald mingle. He takes out a handkerchief and
coughs in it. There's blood.

97

DONALD BUYING SPREE MONTAGE. (TO BE ADJUSTED)

97

We see various news shows hyping Donald. He stays hyper and
speeded up throughout.

- LUXURY SHOPS IN TRUMP TOWER. (**Archival**)

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
*Donald Trump seems to make a
success out of everything he
touches!*

- DONALD OPENS MORE CASINOS.

NEWSCASTER 2 (ON TV)
*Rome wasn't built in a day, but it
might have been if this handsome
man lived there, Donald J. Trump.*

- DONALD BUYS MAR A LAGO.

NEWSCASTER 3 (O.S)
Trump seems to be on an impressive shopping spree.

- THE PRINCESS YACHT SAILING (**Archival**)
- A JETLINER WITH TRUMP LOGO IN IT (**Archival**)

NEWSCASTER 3 (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Even his peers, few that there are, hold him in awe!

- DONALD APPEARS ON A "LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW."

NEWSCASTER 4
Donald does deals the way normal people play Monopoly! Some say the age of Trump has begun.

END MONTAGE

98-99 OMITTED

98-99

100 **INT. DONALD'S OFFICE, TRUMP TOWER - DAY (1984)**

100

Donald sits behind his desk in his new "gold-plated everything" office.

On the wall: Donald's face on covers of Forbes, Fortune, New York Magazine, etc.

Across is Roger Stone, a bit older in his 30s with a Savile Row suit and red suspenders. Donald points at an easel that holds a rendering of a huge casino: THE TAJ MAHAL.

DONALD
 The budget is over a billion dollars! I call it the eighth wonder of the world.

ROGER
 Go for it, Donald. You got the midas touch.

Roger's sycophancy lifts Donald's mood. Donald smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Reagan is about to make this country so fucking rich. You can't lose.

DONALD

That's right.

ROGER

Reagan stands for all the things you care about: lower taxes, cutting regulations and a powerful military, like it used to be. In fact he has a new slogan: Let's Make America Great Again.

Donald shakes his head philosophically.

DONALD

I like the "again" part. It points to a great past.

ROGER

Yeah. But not many people get that!

DONALD

Reagan is right. This country's getting ripped off. Oil Sheiks, Japs, welfare queens, union thugs...they're sucking on our blood. It's time we get tough. And smart. You know who's tough? The Soviets. They get it.

Donald picks up the *Times*. Points to a HEADLINE about arms control negotiations between the US and the Russians.

DONALD (CONT'D)

It would take me an hour and a half to learn everything about missiles. I think I know most of it anyway.

ROGER

We need patriots like you...You think about running for office?

DONALD

Government is for losers. I give politicians money so they do what I want.

Donald's wheels turn, imagining for a moment what it would like to be president.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I would love a blow job on Air Force One.

(a beat)

Tell Ronnie he has my support.

Roger starts gathering his stuff. Donald's SECRETARY pops in.

SECRETARY
Roy's on the phone. Again.

Donald waves her off. She leaves.

ROGER
You see Roy lately?

DONALD
No.

ROGER
So you haven't heard.

DONALD
What do you mean?

ROGER
Russell has AIDS. So does Roy.
Though he'll swear on his mother's
grave it's liver cancer.

Donald absorbs this, looks out the window.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Is Roy still your lawyer?

DONALD
He has never been my lawyer, per
se. I have a number of attorneys.

Roger nods at Donald's obvious lie.

101-103 OMITTED

101-103

104 **EXT. STREET - DAY (1984)**

104

Donald and a BUSINESS GUY (40s) exit, laughing.

DONALD
Tee time's at 8. Look forward to
taking your money!

The guy gets into a car. Donald sees Roy walking toward him.
He's pale and sweaty.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Roy! Long time no see. Hey, I'm
gonna be profiled on 60 Minutes!

ROY
Fuck you Donald.

Donald frowns.

ROY (CONT'D)
Is this how you thank me, you piece
of worthless shit?

DONALD
What?

ROY
The manager at the Hyatt kicked
Russell out.

DONALD
That must have been a mistake.

Roy comes close holding a slip of paper. Donald instinctively
takes a half step back, scared of Roy's disease.

ROY
Your office sent me the bill!

Roy tries to be intimidating but is too feeble to do that.

ROY (CONT'D)
Don't fucking try me. Remember who
taught you this stuff!

DONALD
Calm down.

ROY
You ungrateful cock sucking nobody!
I made you! You were my apprentice.

Donald looks angrily at Roy.

DONALD
I'm running a business, Roy. Guests
complained about Russell's
condition. Which by the way you
lied about.

Donald expects Roy to blow up, but Roy claps very slowly.
It's super weird.

ROY
Well done, Donald, well done. Good
to see you have wiped clean the
last traces of decency you had.

Donald watches Roy slowly and painfully walk away. Donald stands alone on the sidewalk, shaken.

104A **INT. TRUMP TOWER TRIPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (1984)** 104A

Donald dressed in a gold silk robe is lying down on a sofa readying a VANITY FAIR piece on himself.

Ivana enters with a glass of wine in one hand and a GIFT BOX in The other. He sits up.

DONALD
What is it?

IVANA
Open it.

Donald opens the lid. Sees a book titled: "THE G SPOT BOOK, STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT FEMALE DESIRE." Ivana puts her wine on a table.

DONALD
What am I supposed to do with this?

Donald tosses the book on the floor. Ivana tries to kiss him.

IVANA
It was a joke, darling. I mean, you could learn a few things...

Donald turns around with a vicious smile.

DONALD
You know what, Ivana? I just don't feel attracted to you anymore.

IVANA
Donald...

DONALD
Seriously, I feel weird touching those fake plastic tits.

IVANA
They were your idea!

DONALD
Well, they were a mistake.

Ivana's eyes are tearing up. She gets off the bed and paces.

IVANA

You're behaving like an animal.
Those pills make you crazy.

DONALD

I'm just being honest.

IVANA

You don't care how it makes me
feel?

DONALD

You want me to lie?

IVANA

OK, I'll be honest. Have you looked
in the mirror? Your face looks like
an orange! You're fat! And bald!

Donald gets out of bed. She is getting under his skin.

DONALD

I am not going bald.

Donald ruffles his hair. It's thinning and he knows it.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I have gained some weight. But
that's why I'm taking diet pills.
I take care of my problems, Ivana.

Ivana laughs at the absurdity of his lies.

IVANA

You disgust me!

Donald pushes her onto the bed. He pins her.

IVANA (CONT'D)

Donald that hurts!

DONALD

You want to be satisfied, Ivana? I
don't need your fucking book.

Donald pulls his underwear down.

IVANA

You're hurting me!

He rips open her robe and forces himself inside.

DONALD

Does that work for you, Ivana?

Donald grunts.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I think I've found the G-spot!

He finishes quickly and pulls out. Ivana sprints out of the room, sobbing.

Donald stands with his underpants around his ankles, breathing heavily.

104B

INT. TRUMP TOWER TRIPLEX - BEDROOM - LATER (1984)

104B

Donald is standing in the bedroom knocks on the en-suite bathroom door.

DONALD

Ivana, baby. I'm sorry.

He can hear Ivana's muffled sobs.

DONALD (CONT'D)

There's just a lot of pressure at work. But it's all getting straightened out. Please open.

(temper flares)

Ivana!

Donald feels a presence. He turns and sees IVANKA (6, a mini Ivana) looking up at him.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Everything's fine, honey bunch. Go back to bed.

Ivanka looks at her father, confused and scared.

104C

EXT. TRUMP PLAZA CASINO, ATLANTIC CITY - DAY (1984)

104C

The lobby entrance is covered with gold lettered TRUMP logos.

Donald climbs out of his limo. Dan Sullivan is waiting with a group of REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN with PORTABLE LIGHTS.

Donald and Dan shake hands. It's a phony meet-and-greet staged for the media.

DONALD

So how's it going Dan?

DANIEL SULLIVAN

The opening months have been beyond
our wildest imaginations.

DONALD

Amazing!

Ivana approaches in a vulgar red business suit. She flashes a
botoxed smile. Donald is thrown.

DONALD (CONT'D)

And it's all thanks to Ivana. She's
a hell of a manager.

IVANA

The Donald and I expect the best.

Donald smiles at Ivana. They are perfect actors.

DANIEL SULLIVAN

Shall we?

Dan leads them inside. Donald reaches for Ivana's hand but
she discreetly slaps it away.

Donalds see two CREDITORS (business types, 50s) standing in a
corner keeping an eye on him. He waves and smiles as he walks
past them.

105

INT. TRUMP PLAZA CASINO, ATLANTIC CITY - MOMENTS LATER(1984) 105

Donald is sitting down with the skeptical creditors. He is
manic and his pupils are fully dilated as big as saucers.

DONALD

Like I told you fellas, our balance
sheet is going to stabilize next
quarter, believe me.

A young waitress, CARLY, fills Donald's water glass. They
exchange a glance.

CREDITOR 1

Donald, we have been hearing this
since you nearly defaulted on your
loan payment last quarter.

Donald is still eye fucking the Busty Blond.

DONALD

(back to the bitter
reality)
(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

It's gonna be the deal of the century. The Taj Mahal--

CREDITOR 2

Let me be clear. If you don't make a payment by the end of this month you'll be hearing from our bankruptcy attorneys.

DONALD

You have absolutely nothing to worry about. My credit line is rock solid. in fact--

CREDITOR 1

(in a harsh tone)

We have been very patient but we are not fools.

Off Donald, cracks in his confidence showing.

105A **INT. HOTEL ROOM - TRUMP PLAZA CASINO - LATER (1984)**

105A

Donald looks around and knocks on the door. The door opens.

CARLY greets Donald.

CARLY

(seductive)

Come in.

Donald enters and shuts the door. She opens her silk robe. He grabs her big natural breasts. Donald kisses her.

She drops to her knees and unzips his pants. She starts giving him a blowjob. Donald's face turns from pleasure to anger to fear as he fails to get hard. He pushes her back.

CARLY (CONT'D)

What?

DONALD

I'm just tired. Not tonight, ok?

105B **INT. HOTEL ROOM, TRUMP PLAZA CASINO - LATER (1984)**

105B

Donald sits on the bed with a remote control in his hand watching TV. CARLY drinks champagne. They look bored.

DONALD

Can you pass me some fries?

She hands him a plate of room service. He stuffs several fries in his mouth and flips the channel, pacified by the TV.

106

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (1984)

106

A plush medical office. Donald sits across from plastic surgeon DR. STEPHEN HOFFFLIN (50s, handlebar mustache).

Dr. Hoefflin is looking at the MEDICINE BOTTLE containing Donald's diet pills.

HOEFFFLIN

You should stop consuming this immediately.

DONALD

I thought it's like vitamins.

HOEFFFLIN

This is more like cheap speed... Erectile dysfunction is a one of many side effects.

DONALD

What I am supposed to do? My waistline grows as it is.

HOEFFFLIN

Have you tried exercise?

DONALD

The human body is like a battery. It has finite energy. I am not gonna waste it on running.

HOEFFFLIN

(thinks he's nuts)

Well... We have surgical options.

Hoefflin motions for Donald to stand. He walks over and pinches Donald's stomach.

DONALD

Easy, Doc!

HOEFFFLIN

With an incision here we can take inches off the waist.

DONALD

How about my hair?

Hoefflin inspects Donald's hair. He is clearly not specialized in hair.

HOEFFLIN

You need to talk to our in-house specialist but I am sure we can cover this up, easy.

DONALD

Really? That's amazing.

Donald visibly relaxes.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Truth be told I've been feeling terrible lately. Getting old sucks!

HOEFFLIN

Well we're gonna make you feel great again.

A long beat. Donald's wrestling with something.

DONALD

One question, doc.
(hates the word)
AIDS...Do they really know how people get it?

Hoefflin turns serious.

HOEFFLIN

Donald, I'm a plastic surgeon--

DONALD

But you read. What do they say?

HOEFFLIN

(sighs)
The research indicates HIV spreads through exchange of blood or semen.

DONALD

(not convinced)
What if you touch someone? Or they breathe on you?

HOEFFLIN

No...But if you're worried you can do a test.

DONALD

No, no. Thanks, doc.

Donald smiles but his eyes are scared.

INT. TRUMP FAMILY MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY (1985)

Donald and his new lawyer IRWIN (40s) enter. Irwin holds legal papers. They find Fred sitting in bed watching TV.

Fred's hair and mustache are dyed with a reddish tint. His eyes are glassy. He looks confused. It takes a beat for Fred to recognize Donald.

FRED
Ah, Mr. Manhattan!

DONALD
Hi, dad.

Donald shakes Fred's hand.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(re: Fred's terrible hair)
You're looking good, strong.

Fred smiles at the fake compliment. He looks at Irwin.

FRED
Who's this young man?

DONALD
This is Irwin Mishkin, my attorney.

Donalds slaps Irwin on the shoulder.

DONALD (CONT'D)
He is the new Roy Cohn.

Fred doesn't follow but pretends to understand the joke.

FRED
Right.

An awkward beat. Irwin looks at Donald and pulls a stack of documents out of his bag.

IRWIN
Mr. Trump, the IRS sent my office a notice that the Trump Family trust missed a filing last year. We need your signature to get current.

Irwin hands documents to Fred. One page reads: "Amended codicil to estate of Frederick C. Trump."

Fred struggles to read through his fog of dementia.

FRED

The trust?

IRWIN

Yes Mr. Trump, we also amended it to make Donald the executioner of the trust so that we can take advantage of new tax credits and lower our effective bracket.

FRED

That's right.

Fred pretends to read but it's clear he can't concentrate. Donald shows him the last page.

DONALD

You can sign right here.

Fred reaches for the pen as Mary Anne enters with a cup of tea for Fred.

MARY ANNE

(to Donald)

Are you sure you don't want anything dear?

DONALD

I'm good mom.

Donald looks at his watch.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I'm late for a meeting.

FRED

Donald wants me to sign these.

Mary Anne looks at Donald and Irwin.

MARY ANNE

Let me see.

Mary Anne picks up the documents and reads. She looks at Donald suspicious. Donald plays it cool.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

If this is about the trust, we should talk to your siblings, Donald.

Fred tries to process this but his mind is slow. Irwin looks at Donald, worried.

Donald changes strategy.

DONALD
I need help mom.

Donald looks pleadingly at Mary Anne.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I have some loans that need to be guaranteed. It's just to get these tight-wad bankers off my back.

MARY ANNE
So you're willing to risk your siblings' inheritance?

Irwin looks at his shoes, embarrassed.

DONALD
Please. I'm the only one who made money! Robert, Elisabeth, Maryanne, what have they done? Nothing! And don't get me started about Freddy.

MARY ANNE
Don't you dare say his name!

Donald is stunned by Mary Anne's fury.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)
I want you to leave, Donald. Now.

Donald looks at Fred, who looks small and weak. A long awkward beat. Donald stands and walks out. Irwin follows.

107

INT. TRUMP TOWER TRIPLEX - NIGHT (1985)

107

Donald sips his Diet Coke. He watches Mike Wallace interview Roy on 60 MINUTES. Roy wears heavy makeup to hide the AIDS lesions on his face. It makes Roy look ghoulish.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)
The legal Establishment in the State of New York wants to take away Roy Cohn's license to practice law. They say he's dishonest. They want to disbar him for allegedly playing fast and loose with client's money...

Donald grimaces. This doesn't sound good.

107A **ROY'S COUNTRY HOUSE - GREENWICH - NIGHT - INTERCUT (1985)** 107A

Roy slumps in a bed in his living room. He has sunken eyes and lesions all over his face. He is watching Donald on a different episode of 60 MINUTES.

ON TV: Donald looks full of life on screen. We'll cut between the Donald and Roy episodes.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)

*In a world where mere millionaires
have become a dime a dozen there is
a new billionaire in town. Trump's
the name, Donald Trump.*

Roy looks longingly at Donald on screen.

107B **INT. TRUMP TOWER TRIPLEX - NIGHT - INTERCUT (1985)** 107B

Donald shifts in his seat, repulsed by Roy's weakness.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)

Why are they after you?

ROY (ON TV)

*Because of the old McCarthy days.
These people come from the liberal
legal establishment in New York.*

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)

*Well here's what the disciplinary
committee of the bar says about
you. Quote: a total lack of moral
character, professional fitness and
a cruel public use of your
illness.*

107C **ROY'S COUNTRY HOUSE - GREENWICH - NIGHT - INTERCUT (1985)** 107C

Roy strokes Charlie Brown watching Donald.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)

*They say he's land hungry, money
hungry, power hungry.*

DONALD (ON TV)

*The power is nonsense. I love the
creative process.*

ROY
(to Charlie)
That's my Donald.

107D **INT. TRUMP TOWER TRIPLEX - NIGHT - INTERCUT (1985)**

107D

Roy's interview is a disaster.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)
Do you have AIDS?

ROY (ON TV)
No. It's liver cancer.

Donald has pity watching Roy's pathetic lies.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)
You know why people ask about AIDS and Roy Cohn? Because they believe you're a homosexual.

ROY (ON TV)
It's a lie.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)
Roy, what has the last few months been like?

ROY (ON TV)
It's been a living death. I saw who was at my funeral, who wasn't.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)
How?

ROY (ON TV)
In my mind.

Donald can't watch the humiliation anymore. He clicks off the TV. He sits, sad and lonely. Then picks up the phone.

108 **EXT. ROY'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT (1985)**

108

Snow falls peacefully. Roy's house is pitch dark. A phone rings.

ROY (OVER PHONE)
(raspy)
Yeah?

109 **INT. ROY'S COUNTRY HOUSE/TRUMP TOWER TRIPLEX - NIGHT (1985) 109**
(Intercut as necessary)

Roy lies under blankets holding the phone. The room is dimly lit.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
Hi, Roy! It's Donald! How are you?

ROY (OVER PHONE)
Don't I sound marvelous?

Donald shocked by how bad Roy sounds.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
I watched you on 60 Minutes
tonight.

ROY
How'd I do?

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
(deflecting)
Frankly, I thought Wallace asked
nasty questions.

Roy drifts in and out, barely awake. An awkward beat.

DONALD (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello?

ROY (OVER PHONE)
Steve?

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
It's Donald, Roy.

ROY (OVER PHONE)
Yeah.

A new assistant, PETER FRASER (20s, looks just like Russell), pulls blankets tight around Roy. Roy coughs violently.

Donald grimaces at the sound.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
You know Le Club closed last month?
We had some good times there.

ROY (INTO PHONE)
Every show has its run.

Charlie Brown tries to jump on the bed but he's too old and arthritic. Peter picks Charlie up and puts him at Roy's feet.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
 Business isn't the same these days.
 Bankers have no feel for a deal.
 These assholes are busting my balls
 about my debt--

Roy coughs and wheezes.

ROY (INTO PHONE)
 So you thought, ask Roy Cohn for
 free legal advice.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
 I mean, if you've got some ideas...

ROY (INTO PHONE)
 I can't practice anymore. I'm
 disbarred.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
 Right...It's a disgrace what they
 did to you, Roy. Totally unfair.

A long awkward beat.

DONALD (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
 How's Russell?

ROY (INTO PHONE)
 Dead.

Silence.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
 I'm very sorry.

ROY (INTO PHONE)
 Me too.

Donald nods.

DONALD (OVER PHONE)
 I miss seeing you, Roy...Why don't
 you come to Florida?

110 **OMITTED**

110

110A **EXT. MAR-A-LAGO ESTATE, GARDEN - DAY**

110A

Donald is pushing Roy on a wheelchair through the tropical garden. Roy wears bronze makeup to cover his lesions.

DONALD

You don't look that bad. If I have my way I'm gonna be as thin as you.

Donald leans over to Roy.

DONALD (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I'm getting a procedure...having my fat sucked from under my skin...they might even remove my bald patch. Don't tell anybody.

Roy grins and shakes his head. He grabs Donald's yellow TIE.

ROY

Who chose this?

DONALD

(whispers)

Some broad I'm banging. Carly.

ROY

She's got you looking like a gay accountant. Puke yellow is not you.

DONALD

Maybe, but she's got great big natural tits! Wanna see?

Donald pulls a Polaroid from his jacket of a topless CARLY.

111

INT. MAR A LAGO ESTATE HALLWAY, FLORIDA - DAY (1986)

111

An ornamented hallway in Spanish colonial style.

DONALD

You know this was built to be the Winter White House? I bought it for nothing and borrowed a fortune to fix it up. But it's magnificent!

ROY

Pretty impressive.

Donald reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small blue TIFFANY'S BOX. Donald gives it to Roy but makes sure their fingers don't touch.

DONALD

A birthday present.

ROY
(lost in AIDS fog)
Whose birthday is it?

Donald feels pity for him.

DONALD
Your's Roy. You're 59.

Roy weakly opens the box. Inside are Tiffany cufflinks.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I even got 'em engraved to say
"Trump." Look!

Roy's smiles but his eyes are depressed.

112 **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT (1986)**

112

Roy's friends, colleagues, and a few politicians sit around a long table. Roy's law partner Tom Bolan and Ivana flank Roy. Tom raises his glass.

TOM
Roy is blunt and abrasive, but as friend and foe alike say, you would rather lose to Roy than win with me. So cheers, my dear friend.

Everybody raises their glasses. Roy holds a shaking glass in his hand with a big smile.

EVERYBODY
To Roy!

ROY
Thanks Tom! Boring and thoughtless as always....no wonder my clients are doing everything they can to keep me alive.

Huge laughter.

MOMENTS LATER

WAITERS clear dinner plates. Guests are chatting together.

ROY (CONT'D)
When are they gonna serve dinner?

Ivana looks at him with pity.

IVANA

They already did Roy.

ROY

They did?

Roy looks ashamed. Ivana presses his hand gently. She doesn't hold a grudge. Roy pulls out the Tiffany's box.

ROY (CONT'D)

Donald got me diamonds.

Ivana opens the cufflinks and frowns.

IVANA

My darling, this is cheap pewter and bad zirconias. They're fake.

(leans into Roy)

Donald has no shame.

ROY

That's his biggest asset.

Donald stands and clinks his glass. Everyone quiets.

DONALD

Tonight, we're here to celebrate a really great guy: Roy Cohn. Roy is tough. Some say vicious. Even scary! I mean, that's not a face you want to bring home to your mother.

Donald laughs at his dumb joke. People chuckle politely.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I learned a lot from Roy. He once told me that he's spent more than two thirds of his adult life under indictment on one charge or another. That amazes me! I once said, "Roy, just tell me. Did you really do all that stuff?" He looked at me and smiled. "What the hell do you think?" I guess I'll never know.

Donald chuckles. Everyone exchanges awkward looks. Roy is fighting to stay lucid.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Tough as Roy is. He is a truly loyal guy. It's a matter of honor with him. So, happy birthday Roy!

Donald raises his glass of ice water.

EVERYONE

To Roy!

ROY

Thank you, all. I've had a wonderful night.

DONALD

It's not over!

WAITERS wheel a giant AMERICAN FLAG shaped birthday cake over to Roy's chair. It has sparklers and a flag in the icing.

DONALD (CONT'D)

It's not a party without a cake!

Roy suddenly starts singing "My Country Tis of Thee." His voice is haunting.

ROY

My country 'tis/This wee sweet land
of liberty/Of thee I sing

Donald and Ivana trade a look. The dinner is going off the rails.

ROY (CONT'D)

Land where my fathers died/Land of
the pilgrim's pride

Roy's AIDS rotted brain makes him forget words to the song. Slowly, guests begin to join in to help him out.

ROY AND EVERYONE

From every mountainside/Let freedom
ring...

Roy sings loudly and out of sync. He's messing everyone up. Roy tries to get up but he is too weak to stand. We PUSH IN on Donald, a single tear in his eye.

CUT TO:

113	OMITTED	113
114	INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY (1986)	114

CLOSE ON: A 30'x30' American flag. REVEAL it hangs on a stage with a framed portrait of Roy. The audience is singing "My Country Tis of Thee." Donald sings with them.

AUDIENCE

My native country, thee/Land of the
noble free/Thy name I love.

CUT TO:

114A INT. MAR A LAGO DINING ROOM - DAY (1986)

114A

A professional CLEANING CREW fumigates where Roy sat at dinner. They wipe the table, floor and walls with powerful disinfectant.

AUDIENCE (V.O)

I love thy rocks and rills/Thy
woods and templed hills/
My heart with rapture thrills/
Like that above.

CUT TO:

115 INT. OPERATION ROOM - DAY (1986)

115

Donald lies unconscious on an operating table. He's wired with tubes and cables hooked to different machines.

We see a medical procedure advancing. We still hear "My Country Tis of Thee" but a more somber funeral-like rendition.

CHOIR (V.O.)

Let music swell the breeze/
And ring from all the trees/Sweet
freedom's song.

-A PAIR OF HANDS ARE WORKING ON DONALD'S STOMACH.

-A HOLE IS BEING CUT IN DONALD'S ABDOMEN. A TUBE IS INSERTED.

-A MACHINE CONNECTED TO THE TUBE IS TURNED ON. IT STARTS SUCKING BLOODY TISSUE OUT OF DONALD'S BODY.

CHOIR (V.O.)

Our Father God to Thee/Author of
liberty/To Thee I sing/My country
'tis of Thee/Sweet land of liberty
For all eternity/Let freedom ring/

--HANDS WORK ON DONALD'S HEAD CLEANING THE BALD PATCH.

-A SCALPEL SLICES INTO HIS SKULL TISSUE.

-A PAIR OF HANDS SQUEEZES THE CORNERS OF DONALD'S REMAINING HEAD SKIN AND CLOSES THE WOUND WITH A STAPLE-LIKE INSTRUMENT.

CHOIR

Let freedom ring/My country 'tis,
my country 'tis of Thee...

WE SEE A CLOSE UP OF DONALD'S SERENE, SLIGHTLY ARROGANT LOOKING FACE AS HIS HEAD SKIN IS BEING STITCHED TOGETHER.

FADE OUT:

116

INT. DONALD'S OFFICE, TRUMP TOWER - DAY (1986)

116

A journalist sits on the edge of his chair looking anxious and slightly irritated. This is TONY SCHWARTZ (34).

Donald strolls in. He looks trimmed and transformed, now with a comb-over that starts to remind us of his present-day look.

DONALD

Sorry, Tony. Had to take care of a contractor. Where do you want to start?

Tony takes out his pen and pad. Donald sits behind his desk.

TONY SCHWARTZ

I am amazed you chose me to write this book. The article I did on you wasn't very flattering-

DONALD

The important thing was that you put me on the cover of New York Magazine and you can write. You just have to be nice this time because I'm paying you.

Tony nods, suppressing his self-loathing for taking this job.

TONY SCHWARTZ

I have been looking through your interviews and I have to tell you I am a bit lost trying to find a grand narrative for the book...I mean you like doing deals, but--

DONALD

I love doing deals! The bigger the better. That's what it's all about.

TONY SCHWARTZ

But to what end?

DONALD

Deals are the end. It's like asking
da Vinci why he painted Monalisa!

TONY SCHWARTZ

So you're sort of an artist?

DONALD

Yeah, deals are my art form.

Tony shakes his head. Thinks.

TONY SCHWARTZ

Art of the Deal! That's not bad. I
bet people will buy into it.

DONALD

Of course they will.

TONY SCHWARTZ

So, first, your childhood...how was
growing up in Queens?

Donald sighs and begins mechanically.

DONALD

My dad was tough but he helped me
develop a killer instinct...

TONY SCHWARTZ

And?

Donald shakes his head, boring...

DONALD

Frankly, it's a waste to talk about
the past. I wake up today and
yesterday doesn't matter. There's
only tomorrow.

Tony looks critically at Donald.

TONY SCHWARTZ

This is just to give the reader
some context.

DONALD

Don't come here busting my balls
for some deep shit, Tony. I hate
when people try to dig around your
life to find some deep shit! We're
all animals and that's the truth of
it. Everybody wants to get rich and
have people suck their cock.

TONY SCHWARTZ

But that won't read well. People want to think that there's a special sauce...set of rules, something that makes you different.

DONALD

Oh. I have my set of rules. I call 'em my three rules of winning.

TONY SCHWARTZ

Interesting, tell me more.

DONALD

First is attack, attack, attack. If somebody comes after you with a knife, shoot back with a bazooka. Second, admit nothing, deny everything.

Donald stands and goes to the window. He looks at the Manhattan skyline.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Third and most importantly, no matter how fucked you are, never admit defeat. Always claim victory.

TONY SCHWARTZ

That sounds like US foreign policy over the past quarter century.

Donald looks at Tony, confused.

TONY SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)

Never mind. I think we're onto something...

The camera zooms out of the window in one long constant zoom. We still hear Donald and Tony talking.

TONY SCHWARTZ (V.O) (CONT'D)

How did you come up with those rules?

DONALD (V.O)

I just did. It's my instinct. My instinct is killer.

Now we see the skyline of Manhattan reflected in Trump Tower's black facade. The TRUMP LOGO glitters with cold and menacing indifference. Solid and undeniable. Cheap and tacky.

THE END.