

Waiting for Ivanka

Characters:

Donald Trump Jr.

Eric Trump

Time – one night, early in 2017

Place – a hunting lodge

The lights come up on a hunting lodge. There are rifles and an enormous rhino head (or big game heads) mounted on the wall. There is a mini-fridge. Sitting in rocking chairs across from each other are Donald J. Trump, Jr. late 30s, dressed in camouflage gear and Eric Trump, early 30s, dressed in classic British hunting attire. They sit, rifles resting across their laps. They wait and wait. We hear the sound of crickets and the wind. The ticking of a clock and the squeak of their rocking chairs. The brothers ignore each other. Donald Jr. might attend to his hair or polish his rifle. Eric cleans his fingernails or shines spots on his shoe. After a while, Eric stands, rests his rifle in the corner and paces. Checks his iPhone, peeks out the window, paces.

Donald Jr.: Would you sit still...

Eric: ...she should have been here by now. Heck, she should have been here three hours...

Donald Jr.: ...two hours. And traffic out of D.C....

Eric: ...she could have helicoptered.

Donald Jr.: You know how she is about money.

Eric: Why do you always defend her?

Donald Jr.: She's my kid sis -...

Eric: ...dad pays for whatever she wants. For her thirty-fifth, he said he'd buy her a little Asian country that came with thousands of people. Great people. Amazing people.

Donald Jr.: Know what you need?

Eric: My sister to show up when she promises....

Donald Jr.: ...a therapist.

Eric: I've had four therapists since the divorce. Don't need another one. But you might.

Donald Jr: Mom forced me to see a shrink after dad divorced her. So, I showed her. I refused to speak. Didn't say a damn word. For seven years.

Eric: Which is why you're so fucked up.

Donald Jr.: I'm fucked up? I've got a beautiful wife, five children, I'm worth more money...

Eric: ...that's been handed to you. You've never done anything on your own except gel your hair.

Donald Jr.: You want me to rub your face in the carpet like when we were kids? You need to go back to therapy.

Eric: I was in therapy twice a week for 17 years. And you know what I learned the week before I graduated from college?

Donald Jr: That you're gay.

Eric: Screw you, Donnie.

Donald Jr.: Don't call me, Donnie.

Eric: What I found out was that dad paid the therapist to report back everything I said. That is so immoral.

Donald Jr: Dad plays by his own rules. That's why it all works.

Eric: Works my ass. Took me years to work up the courage to tell my therapist that I hated dad for sleeping with girls my age.

Donald Jr: Why would you bitch about dad to a therapist?

Eric: Because it pissed me off that my dad behaved like a horny teenager.

Donald Jr: He is who he is. Love him or leave him. You don't like everything dad says or does? Go start your own business. Be your own man, Eric. See how far that gets you.

Silence, save for the sound of the clock. The brothers go about their business. Finally.

Eric: If dad was here, she'd be on time.

Donald Jr.: Well, he isn't here. He's busy running the world.

Eric: On a golf course?

Donald Jr: Where do you think people rule the world from?

Eric: Would it have killed him to join us? Twenty-four hours? Just the four of us for a change?

Donald Jr.: How can he be here? The world's on fire. My God, wherever you look there are terrorists.

Eric peeks out the window.

Eric: I don't see any terrorists.

Donald Jr.: It's night. It's dark. They blend. There could be hundreds out there.

Eric: Dressed as trees?

Donald Jr. goes to the window, pushes it open, aims and fires out of the window.

Eric: What the ---!

Eric grabs a flashlight, shines it outside.

Donald Jr.: Did you hear something fall?

Eric: I think so.

Donald Jr.: What do you think it was?

Eric: Maybe an owl. Or a secret serviceman.

Silence, save for the ticking of the clock.

Donald Jr.: What do we do?

Eric: We wait for Ivanka.

Silence.

Donald Jr.: What the hell's taking her so long?

Eric: Should I text her again?

Donald Jr.: She didn't answer your last three.

Silence, save for the ticking of the clock. Then, leading with the butt of his rifle, Donald Jr. smashes the clock.

Eric: What the fuck?

Donald Jr.: We're here to hunt. To shoot. I needed to inflict some pain...

Eric: ...you killed a clock.

The smashed clock continues to click.

Donald Jr.: What the fuck?

Eric goes over to the battered clock, calmly removes its battery. The clock stops ticking. Eric hands the battery to Donald Jr.

Donald Jr.: If she was here on time, I wouldn't have done that.

Eric: So, it's her fault?

Donald Jr.: No... You know I think she's awesome.

Eric: Totally awesome.

Donald Jr.: But since the election...

Eric: I know.

Donald Jr.: Something's...

Eric: ...not kosher.

Silence. Donald Jr. and Eric turn toward each other.

Eric and Donald, Jr.: (in unison) Jared.

Eric: Don't get me started.

Donald Jr.: I mean, he's a good guy.

Eric: Top drawer.

Donald Jr.: Smart as shit.

Eric: So smart dad put him in the charge of the Middle East.

Donald Jr.: And in charge of the opioid epidemic.

Eric: Diplomacy with Mexico. And China.

Donald laughs.

Eric: What's so funny?

Donald Jr.: You said "China" the way dad says (mocking) "China."

Eric: (mocking) China.

Donald Jr.: (mocking) China.

The brothers laugh at their own joke. When they compose themselves, Donald Jr. turns pensive.

Donald Jr.: Dad could have given me China. I'm as diplomatic as Jared.

Eric: More diplomatic. And you've got five kids; he's only got three. That should count for something.

Donald Jr.: Yet who goes to dinner with the Chinese premiere and his wife?

Eric: And gets trademarks to sell her jewelry and bags and god knows what else to a billion Chinese? And what do we get?

Donald Jr.: Drive-ons at the White House. If we want lobster bisque or mac-and-cheese at three a.m., we can just drive on. That's cool.

Silence.

Eric: Jared's in on every important meeting. And Ivanka has an office right down the hall from dad.

Donald Jr.: She can see him anytime she wants.

Eric: And we have drive-ons.

Donald Jr.: Well, at least he trusted me with the business.

Eric: I'm in charge of golf courses.

Donald Jr.: That's where all the business gets done.

Eric: Golf courses. I'm the god of sand traps and Bermuda grass. I'm a joke.

Donald Jr.: Hey. Trumps are not a joke.

Silence. They rock. Donald Jr. checks his cell phone. Eric goes to the window, looks out, no one there. Eric goes to the mini-fridge and grabs two bottles of beer. Hands one to Donald Jr. They sit, drink, rock.

Donald Jr.: This hits the spot.

Eric: You like?

Donald Jr.: It's awesome. (studies the label) Corona? You drink Mexican beer?

Eric: Ex-clu-si-vo.

Donald Jr.: What about the wall?

Eric: Fuck the wall. They build a wall, I'm crossing the border in a semi and bringing back a thousand cases of Corona?

Donald Jr.: Eric.

Eric: Yeah?

Donald Jr.: Dad should have given me Mexico.

Eric: I know.

Donald Jr.: I speak the language of business.

Eric: You're a closer.

Donald Jr.: *Salud.*

Eric: *Salud.*

They toast, clink beer bottles. Drink in silence.

Donald Jr.: Know what would go good with this? (with Mexican accent) *Carne asada.*

Eric. (with Mexican accent) *Huevos rancheros.*

Donald Jr.: (with Mexican accent) *Chalupas*.

They drink, rock.

Donald Jr.: Eric.

Eric: Yeah?

Donald Jr.: This doesn't leave the room.

Eric: Sure.

Donald Jr.: It was better before he was president.

Eric: I know.

They drink, rock.

Donald Jr.: I wish he hadn't run.

Eric: I still can't believe it.

Donald Jr.: How the hell did he win?

Eric: Come on...

Donald Jr.: Fucking Russians.

They drink, rock.

Eric: You think she'll come?

Donald Jr.: If she said she'll come, she'll come.

Eric: Today? Tomorrow?

Donald Jr.: She's like mom. Always running late. Remember when mom was going to take us to the Golden Globes? She was all ready to go, then at the last moment, she re-did her make-up.

Eric: Which clashed with her dress, so she went upstairs...

Donald Jr.: ...and came down with four different wardrobes.

Eric: And couldn't decide. For hours.

Donald Jr.: So, we ordered pizza and watched it on TV.

Eric: Mom infuriated me sometimes. But she was fun...Hey, Donald. This doesn't leave the room. Okay?

Donald Jr.: Sure.

Eric: I miss mom.

Donald Jr.: Me, too.

Eric: Think we'll ever see her again?

Donald Jr.: Of course.

Eric: When:

Donald Jr.: I don't know.

They drink, rock.

Eric: Maybe Jared got called to Afghanistan to end the war.

Donald Jr.: And she's helping him pack.

Eric: Or maybe there's an astronaut stranded in the space station.

Donald Jr.: And Jared has to go rescue him.

Eric: And she's helping him pick out a space suit.

Silence.

Donald Jr.: Or maybe she doesn't want to come.

Eric: Or maybe they're in the West Wing trying to convince Bannon not to deport the Jews.

Donald Jr. goes to the mini-fridge, grabs two more beers, hands one to Eric. They drink, rock.

Eric: Donald?

Donald Jr.: Yeah.

Eric: This doesn't leave the room.

Donald Jr.: Sure.

Eric: Another thing I told my therapist, but this time she didn't rat me out.

Donald Jr.: What's that?

Pause.

Eric: I love you, Donald.

Donald Jr.: I love you, Eric.

They clink beer bottles. Drink, rock. Drink, rock, wait. They wait.

The lights slowly fade.

End

Written by Dennis Danziger July 23, 2017

