

Slam Your Body Down

By

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Cast of Characters

Ivanka Trump:

mid-30s, Donald Trump's
golden child

A bare set, with one stylish chair facing the audience and a little table with a glass of water.

Ivanka sits in the chair, glamorous. She stares ahead, emotionless. A spotlight fades on over her, accompanied by a buzzing sound that grows louder as the light becomes brighter.

Suddenly, the ambient lights turn on and the hum stops. Ivanka's countenance snaps instantly to bright and approachable.

IVANKA

Thanks so much for having me. Jared and I love the show. It's so humbling to know how much the American people believe in my father, and I know he'll prove that they've made the right choice.

The lights dim so there's only a spotlight again.

Ivanka changes, cynical, tense.

IVANKA

He got 'em with the sales talk. America needs a businessman. Run it like a company. Get strong, get great again. He's your man. He is. He is... disoriented. I feel disoriented. I don't like feeling disoriented.

Pause.

IVANKA

America needs a businessman.

The lights come back up. Ivanka's back to her approachable self.

IVANKA

America needs a businessman. You can't pay your bills with feel-good politics. My father knows the art of the deal.

She laughs, then listens to the interviewer's next question.

IVANKA

No, I wouldn't say he considers me the golden child at all, he cares for all of us equally. Well, Eric, Don Jr and I are all Executive VPs in the Organisation. No better proof than that.

Pause.

IVANKA
Tiffany?

Pause.

IVANKA
"Trump" means big business, certainly, but we're not boxed in. I modelled when I was younger, as I'm sure you know. Tiffany is barely out of college. There was - and still is - a place for her inside the company, but she's chosen a different path for now and we all think that's great.

Spotlight on Ivanka, shift in her countenance.

IVANKA
Daddy's soft on her. Did you know that she's huge on the internet? Half a million Instagram followers and nothing to show for it. No brand. No plan. But what can you expect from a girl named after a jewellery store? Twenty-three and still playing pretend. But as long as she fucks her way into someone else's family and sinks her teeth in before he skin starts to sag, she can play pretend forever. Just like her mother.

Lights back up.

IVANKA
No, I think she's treated just the same.

She keeps up an amicable front, but she tenses.

IVANKA
That's nonsense. Melania is very excited for her role as First Lady and she has a lot of good ideas. Frankly, I'm not impressed by the innuendo people like to throw around - while calling themselves feminists, no less. Take Vanity Fair. Calling me Donald Trump's "proxy wife?" Saying I'm the "true First Lady?" My father has been relentlessly condemned for his words, even though he's apologised more than once - to me, and to the American people. The mainstream media sling mud at him, but they have no problem making these outrageous implications about me, my father, Melania... I've always shrugged off what I read about my family, but it's the hypocrisy I can't stand.

Pause.

IVANKA
Do I disagree?

Ivanka opens her mouth, closes it. Lights dim, spotlight on.

IVANKA

When I was sixteen, we made a deal.

Choate Rosemary Hall was a prison. If you knew how to smuggle cigarettes into the dorms, you did okay, but it was all about finding the right crowd and dodging the kind of backstabbing teenage girls do so well.

And there were boys.

I'd just done my first cover feature for Seventeen, and I was a rockstar. I'd sit with the girls on our room floor and pore over the pictures and they'd compare my skin and my hair to the photos and be amazed. No doctoring needed. Well, not much, anyway. Annabel invited me to a party - I think she's related to the Kennedys by some legal loophole. A party. A real, secret gathering on school grounds. There'd be booze. When I got there, there were boys. Someone had a stereo. One of those combination radio, CD, cassette players, and we blazed through the charts. Spice Girls. Destiny's Child. TLC. Girl power!

Pause.

It took me minute to realise the sound was gone. Some guy was fiddling with the dials, eyes glued to me.

(mimicking a cocky teen boy)

'You're Ivanka Trump, right?'

Yeah. Who're you?

'Paul O'Flaherty.'

Cool.

'I got, uh, family in JP Morgan.'

Neat.

(Take a swig of JD...)

'Yeah. Yeah. Hey, your dad's on Howard Stern tonight, right?'

Uh-huh.

'Figured we'd listen in. If it's cool with you. He's a funny guy. Howard Stern, I mean.'

Yeah. So's my dad.

Pause.

It was a pretty typical Stern interview. Daddy was on

(MORE)

IVANKA (cont'd)

form. He'd just bought the rights to Miss Universe.
Miss Teen Universe.

An audio clip from the Howard Stern Show plays:

Trump And everyone is getting dressed and ready and everything else and, you know, no men are anywhere, and I'm allowed to go in because I'm the owner of the pageant and therefore I'm inspecting it. You know, I'm inspecting it, I wanna make sure that/ everything is good.

Stern You're like a doctor.

Trump 'Is everyone okay?' You know they're standing there with no clothes, 'is everybody okay?'

IVANKA

They talked about girls. How they thought women who get breast reductions are crazy. How he'd fucked women with botched Frankenstein boobs and floppy pancake tits. How proud he was of me.

An audio clip from the Howard Stern Show plays:

Trump My daughter's beautiful, Ivanka, she...

Stern By the way, your daughter?

Trump She's beautiful.

Stern A p... can I say this? A piece of ass.

Trump Yeah.

Stern Boy, I would back up the bridge truck.

Pause.

IVANKA

The boys' gazes felt hot and sticky all night. The girls looked tiny, pre-schoolers in oversized sweaters and daisy dukes. Sipping whiskey that night in a classmate's dorm room, my thighs spilled out from under my skirt and my chest felt swollen and painful, like two pimples about to burst. The party fizzled out fast. Most of them couldn't handle their liquor. The excitement over my cover feature blew over. Around Christmas, just before I went home, someone knocked on my door and I opened it to find a copy of Seventeen with a sneeze of tepid jizz across the glossy surface of my dress.

Pause.

IVANKA

I was polite to Marla over the holidays. Tiffany was still a baby. Daddy was busy, as always, but as always,

(MORE)

IVANKA (cont'd)

he made time to see me. I knocked on the door to his office and he smiled big and white.

'There's my beautiful princezna!'

That's the only Czech he picked up from mom. I sat on his lap, and he give me a loud kiss on the cheek, like I was five, six.

But I wasn't.

We talked about his work and my grades and then I said...

When speaking as her younger self, IVANKA does not 'play' younger.

Daddy. I wanna make a deal.

She smiles.

He loved that. He likes when I'm just like him.

For Christmas, I was thinking... what I'd really like is, now that, um... now you run Miss Teen Universe, if you and Marla break up... please promise me you won't go out with girls younger than me. Like, in the future, when I get older, too. Never younger than me.

His hand was wet on my leg. His cologne made my head swim.

'What's in it for me?'

I am, I said. I'll be there for you. Forever.

Pause. If she's strayed too far from her seat, she goes back to it.

It was Paul O'Flaherty. The one who dropped the stained Seventeen at my door.

He works for me, now.

The lights fade back on, and Ivanka goes back to her public face.

IVANKA

I do disagree with what people say. It's just not fair, and it goes back to the hypocrisy issue. We wouldn't be open season if we were part of the Democratic circle.

And as for why my father speaks and Tweets the way he does... you'd have to ask him. I'm not his keeper any more than he's mine.

She listens to a question.

IVANKA

Yes, my mother did phone to congratulate us on election night. They're still very -

She listens, eyes widening. She starts to become rattled.

IVANKA

No, the divorce didn't ruin his first campaign. A lot of things were happening. The political climate was completely different in the 90s, and he was in the middle of divorcing Marla too - yes, you could argue he's had to deal with worse this time round, but...

Pause.

IVANKA

There's no resentment between my parents. They're friends.

He - he and my mother have always

had a good

had a

Lights dim, spotlight. Ivanka is very still for a moment.

IVANKA

Daddy's bald spot was growing. It was getting hard to cover it up, and he was in his forties, so... why not fix it? Mom encouraged him. Recommended the surgeon who'd given her and her friends a nip and tuck. She knew how much it mattered to him. The hair.

The buzzing noise begins to fade in, slowly.

IVANKA

I was on another floor. I think. Trump Tower's a big place and mom and daddy always liked their privacy. But I swear I heard the

BANG!

when he stormed into their room. His head was red and his cheeks were red and his eyes were red and he screamed

'Your fucking doctor's ruined me!'

(MORE)

IVANKA (cont'd)

And he closed his fist tight in the roots of her hair, and pulled hard until it ripped out in big blonde clumps that drifted down onto the bed.

The bed.

Mom's tall, but daddy's taller, and he's strong too, and there was scarlet rage behind every move, and he tears off her clothes and then he jams his -

She gasps. She has trouble getting the words out.

IVANKA

He... he forced his way through tense muscle, hissing about the pain in his scalp while he -

She pauses again.

IVANKA

... until she, she managed to slip out from under him and -

IVANKA ducks behind the chair, and remains there for slightly longer than the audience would expect. When she gets back up, she's unemotional.

IVANKA

It's all in the deposition.

When she went back into the room the next morning, daddy was sitting on the bed. Mom's loose blonde hair scattered around him like straw. And he looked at her, and he looked at her hair, and his touched his head, scabbing over from the fresh transplant, and he said

The buzzing noise, which has been getting louder, stops abruptly.

IVANKA

'Does it hurt?'

Pause.

IVANKA

I was six. Maybe seven. It was dark and I was scared and I wanted mommy and daddy. Everything was quiet. The halls stretched out long and black, and I walked to their room in bare feet. I stepped in something wet. The carpet was sticky. Squishy. My toes were stained red. A closet door.

Mom.

Blood on her head. Blood between her legs. I gasped. When she looked at me, her eyes were blank. In Czech, she said

'Go back to bed.'

And I didn't cry. And I went back to bed. Because that's what I always did.

She doesn't move. Then, just for a second, she almost starts to cry, dry sobbing, but she shakes it off.

IVANKA goes back to her seat. The lights fade on.

IVANKA

I know people are worried about a Trump presidency. And I'd like to say that I understand. It's going to be different. I'm a mother and businesswoman, and I know that change can be scary. But I know my father, and I know that his actions speak louder than his words. Reporters don't know him. They don't know what he's capable of.

She smiles, back to normal.

IVANKA

But they'll have four years to get to know him. And he's got a whole lotta plans.

She grins. The lights fade off to the beginning of the Spice Girls' 'Wannabe.'

End.