

LITTLE DONNIE (THE TEN INCH TERROR)

A parody screenplay by

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Chel White  
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**LITTLE DONNIE (THE TEN INCH TERROR)**

EXT. TALL 1960'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- LATE AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A toy box with transparent plastic window shows a ten inch DONALD TRUMP DOLL (LITTLE DONNIE) inside. The box reads:

TRUMP.

INACTION FIGURE.

NOT LEGAL IN CALIFORNIA.

MADE IN MEXICO.

At the same time that we see the box we hear the voice of KAREN, mid-30's, talking on the telephone.

KAREN (O.S.)

Don't worry, Dad. I got you that Trump doll you wanted for your birthday. Thank God he's only ten inches tall and can't tweet anything.

Karen is now on screen, sitting on a couch holding the phone to her ear.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Sorry I know you're still a big Trump supporter. Anyway, I'll see you tomorrow.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Now wearing a white bathrobe, Karen enters her living room from the hallway, then hears the voice of a small Donald Trump. It appears to be coming from behind the couch.

LITTLE DONNIE (O.S.)

China.

She checks behind the couch but is startled when she again hears the voice, louder this time, coming from the other side of the room.

## LITTLE DONNIE (CONT'D)

China.

## INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The sound of tiny footsteps leads Karen to cautiously enter the kitchen. She notices one of the knives is missing from her countertop cutlery set.

KAREN

(to herself)

Huh, the knife's gone.

Coming from behind her, in the living room, is the Trump voice again.

LITTLE DONNIE

Where's your daddy?

Karen quickly turns to see where the voice is coming from.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen walks with extreme caution through the middle of the room. Suddenly the lamp next to her shuts off and Little Donnie emerges from the shadows at her feet. He is wielding the missing kitchen knife.

LITTLE DONNIE

When do we beat Mexico?

(begins stabbing

Karen's leg)

They're laughing at us, at our  
stupidity.

Karen is now screaming in terror, looking down at her feet.

LITTLE DONNIE (CONT'D)

(still stabbing)

They are not our friend.

Karen gets up and runs to another part of the living room, screaming all the way. But she trips and falls to the floor.

KAREN

(screaming)

Fuck you...

LITTLE DONNIE

It's illegal.

Little Donnie then races up to Karen and again starts stabbing her legs.

KAREN  
(screaming)  
Get off of me.

LITTLE DONNIE  
(stabbing)  
Repeal and replace Obama-Care. To  
invest in women's health. But it  
must be the plan forced on them by  
our government.

Karen ramps up her screaming with slurred expletives. Little  
Donnie jumps onto Karen's lap.

KAREN  
(screaming)  
You little fucker. Get off of me.

LITTLE DONNIE  
You're gonna love it, right?

Karen tosses Little Donnie aside, then jumps up and runs.  
Little Donnie is right behind her, running with the kitchen  
knife held high.

LITTLE DONNIE (CONT'D)  
(monotone)  
I have great respect for women.  
Nobody has more respect for women  
than I do.

Karen arrives at the bedroom and slams the door in Little  
Donnie's face.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She runs to the phone, picks up the receiver and dials zero.

KAREN  
(out of breath, to  
herself)  
Oh, God.

Outside the door we hear Little Donnie.

LITTLE DONNIE (O.S.)  
I will be the greatest that God ever  
created.

KAREN  
(gasping in desperation  
to telephone operator)  
It's an emergency. There's this  
tiny Trump stabbing me. I've got  
bleeding knees.

ANGLE ON

The door knob jiggles and the door pops open. Little Donnie is hanging on the knob.

LITTLE DONNIE  
And by the way, I'm really rich.

KAREN  
Go to hell. Daddy gave it to you  
you rich bitch.

LITTLE DONNIE  
Cuz I don't need anybody's money--  
it's nice.

Karen gasps and runs to the bathroom and slams the door.

LITTLE DONNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That's the kind of thinking you need  
for this  
(cutoff by door slam)

KAREN  
(gasping)  
Please.

A second later, Little Donnie's knife blade slashes back and forth through the crack under the door.

LITTLE DONNIE (O.S.)  
(from behind door)  
I don't know what I said. I don't  
remember.

Karen sees the knife under the door and steps back to protect her feet.

KAREN  
(screaming)  
Oh fuck.

Little Donnie bursts open the door and jumps up at Karen.

LITTLE DONNIE  
Oh shut up.

Responding instantly, Karen grabs a towel and traps Little Donnie inside. She takes the bundle to the bathtub, which happens to be full of water, and submerges the towel with Little Donnie inside, clearly trying to drown him.

KAREN  
(vitriol)  
I'll drain your swamp you pussy  
grabbing son of a bitch.

After holding Little Donnie underwater for few seconds, Karen stands up and runs out of the bathroom.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(crying out as she  
runs from the bathroom)  
Poor Melania.

No sooner has Karen fled the bathroom when Little Donnie emerges from the bathtub unscathed, knife still in hand.

LITTLE DONNIE  
I have saved you, silly woman.

Karen runs through the living room with Little Donnie at her heels.

LITTLE DONNIE (CONT'D)  
This is calculated, deliberate,  
premeditated misconduct.

KAREN  
Don't you know you're Putin's bitch.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Running, Karen enters the kitchen and slams the door. Looking down, she sees Little Donnie's right arm, still clutching the knife, is caught in the door.

LITTLE DONNIE  
Look at the way I've been treated  
lately...

KAREN  
Get away from me.

LITTLE DONNIE  
...especially by the media.

KAREN  
I hate you. I hate your tiny hands.

Little Donnie's hand drops the knife and Karen slides it away with her foot.

LITTLE DONNIE  
How sad.

Little Donnie opens the door and runs for the knife. She races to get there first.

Karen pushes the knife away from Little Donnie but he bears giant teeth and bites Karen in the neck, like a vampire, not letting go.

KAREN  
(amid screams)  
This is so un-American.

Still screaming, Karen has the wherewithal to pull Little Donnie off of her neck and throw him into the oven, quickly shutting the door with him inside.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You're fired.

Karen leans hard with her back against the oven door to keep Little Donnie from escaping.

INT. OVEN - CONTINUOUS

Little Donnie writhes around amid flames and fireworks, spouting a rapid succession of Trump sound bites.

LITTLE DONNIE  
...With the global warming, it's a  
hoax of course... and I want to find  
out what is the problem, what's going  
on... it's a hoax... what's the root  
cause... bing bing bong bong...  
(voice gets slower  
and lower in pitch)  
because only then can we truly...  
make... America... great... again.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

With her back still against the oven door, Karen starts to relax as the voice of Little Donnie fades out inside the oven with only the sounds of crackling fire remaining. She turns around and opens the oven door to look inside.

A second later, the voice of Little Donnie emerges from the oven and Karen screams in terror. We see Little Donnie's P.O.V.

LITTLE DONNIE (O.S.)  
(looping, speeding up)  
I love Donald Trump, I love Donald  
Trump, I love Donald Trump, I love  
Donald Trump, I love Donald Trump, I  
love Donald Trump...

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATER

Seemingly calm, Karen talks on the telephone. We see her form behind.

KAREN

(brainwashed)

Sorry I've been such a shithead,  
dad. Now I realize Donald Trump  
really is good for America, great  
even. He's biggly great. I know  
we'll probably be at war with someone  
soon.

(slight giggle)

God knows who. But no one has more  
respect for women. And he's going  
to do what's right for America, just  
like he promised.

CUT TO BLACK, THEN:

Title card:

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End credits