

# **The Death of Donald Trump**

a play in one act  
by

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# **The Death of Donald Trump**

## **Characters:**

**Destiny Brooke Avilan** - mid 40s. Smart, committed, more than a little torn by her beliefs. Any race.

**The Interviewer** (Voice-over only) - Over 30. Either gender, any race.

**Setting:** An interview room in a facility for the criminally insane

**Time:** Sometime in the middle of the third decade of the 2000s

scene i: Early afternoon

scene ii: A few minutes later

## synopsis

*The Death of Donald Trump* is a 38-minute, two-character one-act, set in the next decade, which examines the assassination of the president, by a disaffected ex-soldier, days after he loses his bid for re-election, and her rationale for what she deems his justifiable execution: She believes that, in killing him, she has bestowed justice and taken revenge for the president's direct role in the killing of her brother.

**Scene i: AT RISE:** A well-lit but spartan interview room in a no-nonsense-tolerated psychiatric facility, sometime in the middle of the third decade of the 2000s. There's one window, screened and barred and too high to be reached by anyone without a stepstool, but through which sunlight flows freely; and there's a steel mesh-covered ceiling light fixture. Its bulbs are on and there's a resultant glare. The walls are mostly bare; perhaps there are a few unframed very ordinary prints. There's a steel table, also bare except for a packet of tissues and a coffee mug, bolted to the floor. There are no accessories anywhere.

DESTINY is discovered, seated in, but with one hand cuffed to, one of the two steel chairs at the table [set at right angles to each other]. They have cushioned seats -- these are chairs designed for people to sit in for a long time without getting too uncomfortable. There is, off, the sound of someone seating him-/herself.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Okay, that'll do it. I'm ready.

DESTINY

(Sighs and drinks)

Y' know, I've gone over this a hundred, a *thousand*, times. And there's the transcripts. I really don't see what anyone's going to gain.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I know. But the magazine wants a different perspective. A complete outsider's.

DESTINY

(Laughs)

I should make something up. Just so it's different.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Go ahead. They'll just ask you to tell it all again to someone else.

DESTINY

And again. And again.

(Sighs)

Okay. Okay. From the top?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

From the top.

DESTINY

Complete with background?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Complete with background.

DESTINY

(Sighs)

Y' know, it upsets me; going over and over everything. And especially talking about Stoke.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I'll try not to upset you. They told me.

DESTINY

There's no way I can talk about him and *not* get upset.

(She sips)

But I'll try to keep it down: No yelling and screaming.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Thank you. They also told me if you get upset they'll terminate the interview immediately.

DESTINY

Yeah. They've done that with a couple. But the last one, it was a year ago.

(Sighs)

I think I've made progress. Adjusted. A little. God knows I've had plenty of time here to.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I hope so.

DESTINY

Mm. Hope. The thing with feathers. ... I *don't* have plenty of that.

(Laughs)

I don't have a lot of feathers, either.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I'm glad to see you *do* have a sense of humor.

DESTINY

Yeah. I'm a million laughs. ... Okay.

(Sips from her cup, then

starts as if by rote)

Okay. On Tuesday, November 3rd, 2020, Donald J. Trump, 45th president of the United States, ran for re-election. Even while the votes were still being counted it became clear he was losing, was going to lose. He raged against this apparent dying of his light, he protested vociferously, he claimed fraud and demanded recounts whenever NBC or CNN or Fox awarded his opponent another state, but by early Wednesday morning the outcome was obvious: He'd won 13 states with a total of 95 electoral votes. He'd received about 51 million popular votes out of a total of 144 million counted so far, and there were fewer than 9 million left to count. The 42 million vote margin was the greatest thrashing in the history of presidential elections.

That okay?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

That's fine.

DESTINY

Yeah. Fine indeed.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

What do you mean?

DESTINY

Not to be a smart ass about it, I *mean* that he'd lost, and lost badly. That was the finest thing that could have happened. Okay?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Okay.

DESTINY

Anyway... In his, President Trump's I mean, last public appearance, two days after the election, he said he would appeal, and he was planning his strategy to reclaim the office that had been "stolen" from him. He was seventy-four years old, obese but otherwise, he said, in good physical health. Nonetheless, he died that day, November 5th, 2020, eleven weeks before the end of his term, of a bullet wound to the head fired as he spoke to a crowd of supporters.

I fired that bullet. I'm not going to go into detail about how I managed to do it. You and everyone else knows that and besides, I don't want to have anyone get any ideas. And when I talk about how?, people say it sounds like I'm bragging. I'm not. I just did it. Okay?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Okay. But why then? Why not before the election? Or after he was out of office?

DESTINY

I've talked about that, too.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Not to me.

DESTINY

(Shrugs)

I've always believed you should do something at the first *practical* moment. In this case that was the moment Donald Trump's power had been seriously compromised. The world in general and, in particular, the United States would be safe, no matter what executive orders his lame-duck successor might issue. Sooner, there might have been a backlash. Later ... well, like I said: I chose the first practical moment.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Okay. Tell me about yourself, how you came to be the person you are, to do what you did.

DESTINY

Ah, now we get to the heart of it. My autobiography, as told to ...?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Sort of. You did agree.

DESTINY

My *lawyers* agreed. I just went along. They said it would give the public a “better perspective”; that might encourage clemency. And help pay for my appeals. What they mean is, it would help pay their fees. I’m not making any more appeals. And clemency is a fairy tale. But it will pay for Saffron and Sugar’s college, give them a chance to get out from under my shadow. Unless the Trump estate wins its suit.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Have you spoken with them at all?

DESTINY

The girls or his estate?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Your daughters.

DESTINY

You gotta be kiddin’! Dale and Daisy won’t let me near them, not even by phone. I can’t even write them letters. Dale and Daisy don’t allow them to write me, either. I can’t blame them.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I’m going to interview them for this, too. Dale and Daisy. You know that.

DESTINY

Yeah. They told me. The lawyers. ... They said you’d leave the girls out of it.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I will.

DESTINY

Good. That’s good. Anyway... How I came to be the person I am... Okay. My full name is Destiny Brooke Avilan. I was born in 1980 in Chicago, and I lived there most of my life. Chicago’s a nice town; you ever been there?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I went to college at the University of Chicago.

DESTINY

(Whistles)

I'm impressed. Anyway... It's "my kind of town," like Frank Sinatra used to sing. Oh, I did spend a couple of my early adolescent years in the Jamaica Estates section of Queens, New York. Our house was only a few blocks from where Mr. Trump grew up. I don't think we ever met, but life is full of uncanny little coincidences, isn't it?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Uh-huh.

DESTINY

I lived in Queens because my father took a job in New York. He left it two years later to take a job back in the Windy City. He was peripatetic; didn't like staying in one place. When we went back I was thrilled: My small circle of friends, who I exchanged letters with -- this was before everybody had email -- was there, Queens was dirty and noisy and I was too young to appreciate most of the delights Manhattan had to offer. We were lonely a lot: We had a live-in nanny/housekeeper, but we were pretty much left to our own devices since she wasn't particularly committed to either role, and Dad's work kept him away a lot of the time. To his credit, that was the principal reason he left New York. My mother died when we were still very young and he felt guilty about being an absent single parent. He never remarried.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

"We?"

DESTINY

Yeah, we. Me and my brother. He's what this

(Gestures around her)

is really all about. Stokely was fifteen months older than me, and he reacted much more intensely than I did to the missing parental supervision and company. Stoke and I both felt like strangers in a strange land in Queens. Neither of us made many friends there, so we were each other's rock, and he was much more than my Big Brother. He was my heart and soul and I was his. We went for long walks together. We talked about everything going on, in and out of our lives (including politics; he was already a very politically aware creature so I became one). We watched TV together, insisted on eating together which pissed off Mary Poppins to no end: That forced her to make real meals. We went to the movies and skating together. We took shooting lessons together -- we were both fascinated by guns. Phoebe Ann Moses -- you'd know her as Annie Oakley -- was my hero. We even slept together -- *just* slept.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Just slept? I can keep anything else off the record.

DESTINY

On the record or off, we just slept together. Usually entwined. We both wore pajamas. I never even *saw* him naked.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Okay.

DESTINY

I read, too, a lot. Novels and poetry, especially. James Baldwin and John Rechy and Emily Dickinson and Dylan Thomas And I took ballet lessons to make me graceful. Stoke took guitar lessons while I was in dance class. And I played with the few girlfriends I had. When I was thirteen, I had my first sexual encounters with one of them; that fascinated me too.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Did you sleep with -- excuse me, experiment with sex with -- boys too?

DESTINY

Not then. I was curious, but I had a thing about getting pregnant; Stokely warned me about it. And getting birth control, real birth control, wasn't that easy at that age.

And with Stoke's encouragement I worked out, hard, several times a week at the Y. He smoked and drank. I didn't, and he didn't push me to. He constantly broke rules at school too, and sold marijuana. I tried that; the smell in his bedroom was --whew! -- enough to get me high and I loved it! And, of course, he got into trouble from which Dad (and his lawyer) was able to extricate him before his life got permanently stained. That was another -- big -- reason Dad left New York, though Chicago wasn't a much better environment for two bright, hungry, lonely teenagers carrying serious chips of adolescent discontent on their shoulders.

Stoke eventually straightened himself out by enlisting in the Army. He liked the discipline even if he didn't always abide by it: He never rose above corporal. But he saw it as a career. He was the reason *I* enlisted, when I was twenty-two and fresh out of college.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

What did you take? What was your major?

DESTINY

Oh, I took a lot of stuff, the usual college BA course load, I guess. I majored in history, but I spent a lot of time in Rotcee.

(ROTC)

I was pretty sure I was going to enlist from the beginning and I wanted to get a head start.

When I got in, I trained as an artillery specialist but my true calling was sharpshooter: I could shoot a walnut off a rock at eight hundred yards with the wind blowing. I spent two tours in Afghanistan as a sniper and killed more than thirty enemy soldiers. You need to understand: I'm not proud of killing them; I don't know anyone who took *pride* in killing strangers, there or anywhere else. We were at war. Killing is part of your job when your employer is waging war, a fundamental, very important part. Let me be perfectly clear: Killing *them* did not buoy my spirits, it did not send a chill down my spine, it did not turn me on. I gagged every time, but it did make me feel relevant: War, they said back in the days of Vietnam, is not healthy for children and other living things. It's not meant to be. War is the epitome of unhealthiness: It exists because there are social, political and economic sicknesses that are disordering society.



DESTINY (cont.)

Disrupting middle-class life. War and the killing that comes with it are supposed to be the cure. They're not. You and everyone else probably figured that out once you were old enough to read. They're often the *cause*.

But you're not looking to get a political science lesson. Right?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

I'm looking to get a lesson in what makes Destiny Brooke Avilan tick.

DESTINY

(Laughs)

Well, politics is sure part of it. I'm a walking, talking PoliSci text.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

What else did you do in the Army? How long were you in?

DESTINY

Not much. Mostly I killed people, the "enemy," and learned different ways, better ways, to do it. When I left I was an E-4: I'd made Corporal Hurrah! I was twenty-eight. It was early 2009. I was tired by, and of, the life. Not bored, just tired.

(Chuckles)

Funny. Prostitutes -- I met a few while I was military -- that's what they call *their* profession, too: The Life. Killers and whores. Whod've thunk we had that much in common, huh? Would you?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

No.

DESTINY

Me neither. Before I went in, anyway.

Anyway, Stoke and I still followed politics. We'd enthusiastically voted for Obama. He seemed like someone we could believe in, someone we could trust. He'd just been inaugurated and I, like so many others, had high hopes for the end of the fighting that was still in full swing. I wanted something different: I'd had too much of it. As had Stokely: He was stationed in Texas then, but he'd served a year in Somalia and done two tours in Iraq. He didn't know how many he'd killed. But, he said, it was "way too many."

I'd describe the sensation of watching someone collapse with a bright red spurt shooting from his chest or his head but I'm sure you get the picture without the graphics. You *cannot* get used to that. You have to take a deep breath and be grateful it's done. And I'd had too much of killing people because of politicians' rhetoric. By this time I'd come to believe it was bullshit, and so were the high-profile folks who claimed there was good cause. (There may be good cause for wars and the destruction they bring but I can't think of one anymore. Truth is, I don't know if I ever could, but now when I hear about the "events" in Yemen and Afghanistan they literally

DESTINY (cont.)

make me sick. “War” and “good cause” are contradictory terms.)

I spent the next ten years trying to blot out the preceding six, and remake my life into something recognizable and meaningful. I went back to Chicago and took a routine job with the Park District. Among other things, I taught marksmanship classes to adults and teenagers, as well as led gun safety workshops throughout the area, and I competed in shooting contests on both the regional and national levels; I won quite a few and became a minor celebrity among local gun aficionados. Stokely and I talked and wrote letters, or at least e-mailed, almost daily. He was inured to Army life and, if he didn’t enjoy it, at least he felt it was keeping him in check. He didn’t have a girlfriend. He rarely socialized. I didn’t either. He did his job, drank and smoked dope (he never used anything stronger), and -- this probably surprised most of the people he knew -- studied: war, its history and all its permutations. He talked about going back to school to get a degree in some social science, but he never did.

He missed me, he said. I said I missed him, too. And I did. It was painful.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

You said you didn’t socialize much.

DESTINY

Yeah.

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Did you at all? Date, go out with friends?

DESTINY

A little. Mostly I kept to myself. I didn’t interest a lot of people, and not a lot of people interested me. Most guys were turned off by my big mouth political-ness or my involvement with guns -- shooting was *the* love of my life. The ones who were turned *on* by it were mostly too gung-ho-warrior types: neo-Nazis and the rest of what ended up being called the Alt-Right. They didn’t think, they just hated. I had no use for that.

I did eventually meet a man I fell in love with, or wanted to. He worked for the Park District too, managing facilities; you know: buildings and the like. We got married and had two kids before I realized I wasn’t in love, just still lonely. We got divorced, mostly amicably. He was a good man and a good father; we shared custody and, before I shot the president, I thought long and hard about whether I felt absolutely confident Dale -- when you write this up, change his name, and the girls’. I don’t want to make their lives any harder than they already are. Okay?

INTERVIEWER (Voice-over)

Sure.

DESTINY

Thanks. Anyway, I wanted to be confident Dale would be able to take care of Saffron and Sugar by himself, better than my Dad had handled Stokely and me. He did try. He just couldn’t and

## DESTINY (cont.)

died miserable because of it when I was thirty-six. I decided I was pretty sure he could, Dale I mean, and he's lived up to expectation. It's hard for the kids, though. Having an assassin for a mother, I mean. I wish I could wipe away the stigma they have to live with. But, then, I wish Mr. Trump hadn't created the circumstance that made that stigma a necessity.

I got sort-of actively re-involved in politics. Mostly I stayed on the periphery: I campaigned for President Obama in 2012 and for Lindsay Graham, then for Ted Cruz, in 2016. I could not support Mrs. Clinton; she was a quintessential politico, like her husband and Bush the Younger, and I had nothing but distrust of and contempt for the breed. When Mr. Trump was nominated I supported him; he seemed to be Clinton's polar opposite, and -- whatever his shortcomings -- that was key. When he was elected, I had mixed feelings but a lot more hope than I would have had if Hillary had won. Donald Trump, at least, promised escape from the rut we were sinking into. Change was necessary. Ergo, change was good.

I'm sure you know the "highlights" of President Trump's term in office as well as I do. Right?