

“FIRST LANDLADY OF THE USA” (Radio Sketch)

V/O: How much would you be willing to pay to have Ivanka Trump as your landlady? \$15,000 a month? \$10,450? \$6.66? For over a year now, Ms. Trump has been trying to sublet her luxurious Manhattan apartment and despite having dropped the initial asking price by over \$5,000 a month, she’s having as much luck as her father has keeping groundskeepers, wives, and cabinet members.

FX: DOORBELL

IVANKA: Okay, this is the last appointment to show the place before I jet off to Daddy’s golf course to solve the latest fake news problem.

JARED: You mean the bunch of Mexican crybabies in Puerto Rico?

IVANKA: Did I say you could talk, Jared? Just sit there looking like a piece of clip art from a 1970’s Toastmasters meeting, and marvel at how I work the Trump art-of-the-deal charm.

FX: DOOR OPENS

JOHN: Hi there. I’m John

CAROL: And I’m Carol.

IVANKA: Welcome, welcome. I’m the FDOTPOTUSOA. The First Daughter Of The President Of The United States Of America. My friends call me “FDOT.”

CAROL: We’re really excited about seeing this apartment, FDOT.

IVANKA: And I'll be really excited when you pay me for it. Ha ha, just kidding. I'm blessed with that irresistible Trump wit.

JOHN: Can you tell us a little about the place?

JARED: Well, it's wired for back-channel communications with the Russians.

IVANKA: (ANNOYED) You lead with that piece of information, you mouth-breathing Ken doll?! (TO JOHN AND CAROL) Please excuse him. He saw a black man wearing an expensive suit yesterday and has been confused ever since.

CAROL: So how big is the apartment?

IVANKA: Thank you for asking!

BEAT

JARED: (WHISPERING to CAROL and JOHN) Say "You're welcome" unless you want to get skinned alive.

CAROL and JOHN: You're welcome!

IVANKA: Manners are extremely important to us Trumps. Well, it's almost 1,600 square feet, so more than large enough to hang up all your Trump University diplomas. And it has two bedrooms - one master bedroom and one slave bedroom. Ha ha. Of course that's another joke . . . in case you're recording me. Daddy told me that one.

JOHN: You don't say?

IVANKA: Yes, and he's going to tweet it out on Martin Luther King Jr. Day. So don't repeat it before then.

CAROL You have my word. How much are you asking for the apartment?

IVANKA: Well, it's a steal at just \$10,450 a month, and that includes parking, electricity, and a storage space in the basement for your soul.

CAROL: It seems very nice. Why has it been unrented for so long?

IVANKA: Well, the last guy staying here had hookers coming over, and it took us forever to get the smell of urine out of the mattresses.

JOHN: Wow, I bet he lost his security deposit.

IVANKA: Oh, I can never stay mad at Daddy.

GRAMS: "HAIL TO THE CHIEF" PLAYS