

NIXON:
The Musical



Book by Carl Luna & Joe McKenzie

Libretto by Carl Luna

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RICHARD NIXON: The Musical
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MAIN CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Nixon | Martin Luther King |
| JFK | Coretta Scott King |
| Pat | HR Halderman |
| Speaker Joe Martin | Henry Kissinger |
| Ike | Elvis (Ike) |
| Jackie | Billy Graham |
| Robert F. Kennedy | Woodward & Bernstein |

SUPPORTING CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Porter 1 | Staffer 1 |
| Pretty Girl | Cameraman |
| Station Master (voice only) | Mammy Eisenhower |
| Reporter 1 | Beautiful Woman 3 |
| Beautiful Woman 1 | Nurse |
| Reporter 2 | Khrushchev |
| Frank Nixon (voice only) | Wallace |
| Beautiful Girls | Bob Dole |
| Beautiful Woman 2 | Mao |
| Whittaker Chambers | Brezhnev |
| Alger Hiss | |

ACT ONE

Scene 1: David Frost Green Room
Scene 2: Union Station, 1947
Scene 3: Congress
Scene 4: House Un-American Activities Committee
Scene 5: Chicago/Ike's Hotel Room
Scene 6: Nixon Living Room/Checkers
Scene 7: Senate Office
Scene 8: Hospital
Scene 9: Nixon Vice Presidency
Scene 10: Election 1960

ACT TWO

Scene 1: 1968 Election Set
Scene 2: The Oval Office
Scene 3: Great Hall of Forbidden City/Kremlin
Scene 4: The Oval Office
Scene 5: David Frost Green Room

ACT ONE

Scene 1

The scene establishes the main characters, their relationship and the sense of pathos-laced nostalgia for the golden age of Post-War America the show invokes.

(Music Overture begins: Instrumental of "Land of Hope & Dreams" which segues into "Opening Theme From The 20th Century.")

The curtain rises on a largely dark stage, in the center of which is a standard Green Room open to the audience side consisting of the usual mixture of nondescript furniture – couch, chairs, end tables and a TV.

The back wall of the stage is filled with a rear-projection screen which when not either dark or colored to reflect a scene's emotional state, is used to show historical still images and movie footage to highlight the scene's content. The screen is the show's Greek Chorus. As the current rises the screen lights up with images of **WALTER CRONKITE** and footage from **The 20th Century**.

In the Green Room there is a large stand-alone mirror in one corner, angled out towards the audience. There are pop culture posters and promos for the David Frost show on the walls.

The TV is playing the same images as on the rear screen.

As the opening music ends **NIXON** enters through the door. He steps in, turns, and speaks to someone outside.

NIXON

So you'll get me when they're ready to do makeup? You know I learned to always take the time to do makeup the hard way.

Nixon closes the door and looks at the TV.
(frowning)

NIXON (continued)
20th century? Please. I lived most of it. Hell, I made much of it. And believe me, most of it sucked.

He walks over and turns the TV off. He looks around the room.

I was leader of the free world and I'm reduced to this.

He walks over to the mirror and looks at himself.

Well, they don't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore, I can tell you that. They all want an apology? They can all go to hell.

He turns away from the mirror.

Machiavelli said the true prince makes his own fate.

(snorts)

He was an ass. Damn Dago. He didn't have to deal with the fickleness of the American people. They wanted me, I tell you. You don't win by twenty points if they don't want you. They wanted me alright. But they didn't love me. Didn't even like me. So the hell with them.

An image appears in the mirror. It is **JFK**.

JFK

And so, my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country.

Nixon freezes, cringing. He turns to the mirror, stares at JFK

NIXON

Oh hell no. Not you again.

JFK steps out of the mirror, which, oddly, doesn't seem to disturb Nixon at all. He greets Nixon like the old friend he once was before ambition turned them into mortal enemies. Nixon ignores the offered hand.

NIXON

You know, you've been haunting me for thirty years. Why don't you go hang out under that little eternal flame of yours and leave me alone?

JFK

(shrugging and smiling)

We're joined at the cosmic hip, Dicky my boy. Ying and yang. Cookies and milk. Scotch and soda. Martin and Lewis...

NIXON

And don't start that one again! Look, you cheat. You took the easy way out.

JFK

I got shot in the head, Dick.

NIXON

Yeah, sure. Big deal. You die and become immortal, like some Greek demigod. Camelot, for Chrissakes. Me, I gotta live in the real world, deal with the real choices. You know you can't compete with a legend, Jack. You dying was one dirty trick. Talk about your lucky breaks.

JFK

I got shot in the head, Dick.

NIXON

Worse things in life. You hadn't been shot you might well have lost in '64 - The GOP runs Rockefeller-or even me, for Chrissakes-- instead of ending up with that fringy Goldwater. And you go back to Massachusetts a failure. Instead you go to Arlington a god.

JFK

Well, Dallas and '64 did clear the decks for you, Dick.

NIXON

Lotta good it did me. I finally grab the brass ring and it turns to lead. My enemies..."

JFK

Ah, enemies. Remember Dick, the fault lies not in our stars...

NIXON

The fault lies in backstabbers-like you. Hell, Jack, we once were friends. And then, as soon as I started to rise up, take the spotlight off you, you turned on me.

JFK

Ambition is the deadliest drug of all Dick. And I tried a few. Look what it did to us both.

NIXON

What the hell happened, Jack? When we first met the world was at our feet. America was at the top of the world. Anything and everything was there for the taking.

JFK

Those were good days, Dick. But the joy in the start of every story lies in the hope and optimism of the happy ending. The endings don't always live up to the promise. That's the difference between Broadway and Shakespeare.

NIXON

Well, talk about your fucking Shakespearean tragedies.

JFK

Or fucking farce. Me shot in the head by some commie wannabe and you defeated and disgraced because someone couldn't put tape on the right side of a door. But, hey, it was a fun ride while it lasted. Remember when we first met, Dick? Union Station, back in '47? You fresh from victory in the war and victory in California, me riding dad's money train down to DC and eventually 1600 Pennsylvania? Us surrounded by all those vets coming home and looking to claim their rightful share of the American dream?

NIXON

Yeah, I remember. But it was on a train in Pennsylvania. And no-one was there but some hicks looking for a debate.

JFK

Pennsylvania? Boring. No, it was Union Station, DC, shadow of the capitol. The platform was swarming with people. The press was fawning on us.

NIXON

Whaddaya talking about. You can't rewrite history...

JFK

But we're not history, Dick. We're now mythology. And with each telling the tale gets bigger, bolder, brighter. Pennsylvania, DC, Topeka – it doesn't matter. We had the world by the balls and we weren't about to let go no matter where the ride took us. Can you still hear the roar of the train engine, the squeal of the wheels, the voices of the excited crowd.

TRAIN SOUNDS can be heard.

NIXON

Yeah! I can hear them!

JFK

Can you see the engine steam swirling around us? Blink at the flashbulbs of the press come to greet us, the determined faces of a new generation ready to take up the torch of leadership.

NIXON

Yeah! I can see them!

JFK

Can you feel our ambition, Dick. Our hubris. Our surety that WE were going to make it all right, win the peace, transform the future, make every century the American century until the end of time?

NIXON

Yeah! I can see feel it. Like it was yesterday. Like it's today.

JFK

Like it's now.

The stage grows dark, the walls and furnishing of the Green Room pull away to the stage wings. Steam/fog swirls across the stage, engulfing Nixon and JFK, marking the transition to:

Scene 2

Union Station, January 1947. The scene invokes the anticipation and optimism of Post War America and brings the two protagonists together for the first time setting out the arc their relationship will take.

A railway station's elevated platform emerges out of the swirling steam cloud. It dominates center stage, a broad stairway leading down from the platform to the stage floor, Vegas show-style.

The platform and stage is largely empty. A bored PORTER and a **CROWD (CHORUS)** mill about, waiting for a train.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE is playing on the rear screen framing the set. The FOOTAGE shows WWII Vets returning Home with a Narrator Voice Over.

VOICE OVER

And they're coming back from over there, Mr. and Mrs. America. By the thousands and tens of thousands. Victorious vets looking to kiss the girl next door, start that baby boom and get their hard-earned share of the American Dream. They're America's greatest warrior generation and the world better not try and stop them now!

The NEWSREEL FOOTAGE is replaced by a background of brilliant blue skies over outlines of the Capitol dome, White House and Washington Monument. Yet a patina of dark, pinkish/red storm clouds on the horizon give a hint of storms to come.

PAT & NIXON emerge from the steam, entering Stage Right. Nixon strides towards just center stage, looking around uncertainly.

Pat is pushing a luggage cart haphazardly piled with suitcases in danger of spilling over. Pat is played slapstick/Lucille Ball; Nixon is, well, Nixon.

NIXON

Well Pat, we've finally made it. Washington, DC. The capitol of the world. I told you we could save a stack of dough driving cross-country from California rather than paying for the train.

PAT

To bad no-one's thought of building a nice highway between here and California. I'm tired, Dick. When can we go to the hotel.

NIXON

Like I told you, honey, we can store our bags here cheap while we look for an affordable room before we go apartment hunting. That nest egg I made in the Navy playing poker can only take us so far.

PAT

(juggling luggage)

OK, Dick. Whatever you say.

Nixon looks around and sees PORTER 1. He waves and WHISTLES.

NIXON

Hey boy. Little help, here.

PORTER 1 looks at Nixon and Pat but a PRETY GIRL walks up with a bag and Porter 1 goes off Stage Left with her

NIXON

(irritated)

Well I'll--Don't these people know who I am?

PAT

(piling luggage into a shaky tower)

They know you in California, Dick. It'll take a while for them to know you here.

NIXON

That's what I'm afraid of, Pat. There's a lot of people come from money and power here.

PAT finally gets the luggage table, then the pile falls over.

PAT
(Lucille Ballesque)

Whaaa.

NIXON
(finally noticing Pat struggling)
Here, let me help you with that.

He grabs the smallest bag of the pile.
Pat's face goes from smile to sigh as he
turns away with the little bag leaving her
to continue struggling.

NIXON
I'm the son of a failed rancher and grocery store owner. I
had to work my way up from scratch. I worked my way through
Whittier College. I'm not like those Harvard and Yale
fellas born with a silver spoon.

PAT
I married you because you were a self-made man Dick. A man
who is persistent in getting what he wants. Like me.

NIXON
Took you two years to make up your mind to marry me. Me, it
was love at first sight.

PAT
You know what you want, honey. And you get it. You'll wear
Washington down just like you wore me down.
(smiles)

NIXON
That's righ...Hey!

PAT
I mean you're tenacious. They'll grow to respect you.
(she steps away from the luggage pile)
You know, on the way out here I had a dream.

NIXON
A dream?

PAT
A dream about you, baby.

NIXON
Hmm, "I have a dream." Like that. Be good in a speech...

PAT
But this dreams' gonna come through, baby.

NIXON
What's the dream, Pat?

PAT
Well...

NIXON
Well...

PAT
(Begins Singing)
You'll...

NIXON
Go on...

(Music "Everything's Coming Up Roses" begins)

PAT
(Channeling Ethel Merman)
*... be swell. You'll be great
Gonna have the whole world on the plate
Starting here, starting now
Honey, everything's coming up roses*

NIXON
You really think so, Buddy?

PAT
(smiling and nodding)
*Clear the decks, clear the tracks
You've got nothing to do but relax
Blow a kiss, take a bow*

Nixon, confused, follows her directions and blows a kiss to the audience and takes a bow. More Crowd (the chorus) begin to drift on stage, watching them.

PAT
*Honey, everything's coming up roses
Now's your inning*

NIXON

(Begins Singing)
Stand the world on its ear

PAT

Set it spinning.

PAT & NIXON

That'll be just the beginning

PAT

*Curtain up,
light the lights*

NIXON

We've got nothing to hit but the heights

PAT

*You'll be swell
You'll be great*

NIXON

I can tell, just you wait

PAT & NIXON

*That lucky star I talk about is due
Honey, everything's coming up roses for me and for you!*

As they stop singing the MUSIC dies down for few measures. The sound of an APPROACHING TRAIN is heard. STEAM swirls up from behind the Platform.

STATION MASTER

(Unseen)

Now arriving on Track 29, after stops in Normandy, Rome, Berlin, Iwo Jima, Tokyo, San Francisco, Chicago, Houston, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta and Whittier, California, *The American Century Unlimited*.

Amidst clouds of steam and screaming brakes the *Unlimited* arrives.

(Music "*Everything's Coming Up Roses* begins again)

The CROWD (the CHORUS LINE) of excited and happy people carrying luggage emerge from the steam to work their way down the stairs

to meet another CROWD of people greeting them, waving flags and hankies. REPORTERS, cameras at the ready, rush in from stage LEFT. The CHORUS is singing and dancing jubilantly, establishing the optimism of the age.

CHORUS

*We'll be swell, we'll be great
Gonna have the whole world on the plate
Starting here, starting now
Honey, everything's coming up roses
Clear the decks, clear the tracks
We've got nothing to do but relax
Blow a kiss, take a bow
Honey, everything's coming up roses
Now's our inning, stand the world on its ear
Set it spinning, that'll be just the beginning
Curtain up, light the lights
We've got nothing to hit but the heights
We'll be swell, We'll be great
We can tell, just you wait
That lucky star We talk about is due*

PAT & NIXON

*Honey, everything's coming up roses and daffodils
Everything's coming up sunshine and Santa Claus
Everything's gonna be bright lights and lollipops
Everything's coming up roses for me and for you!*

As the song ends the crowd thins.

PAT

They're kinda excited out here in Washington, aren't they?

NIXON

Not a bunch of Quakers, to be sure.

The REPORTERS, cameras ready, step toward Nixon.

REPORTER 1

There's that war hero young congressman!

PAT

(turning to Nixon, smiling)
I told you your turn was coming!

NIXON

(clearing his throat and holding up his hands)
Now I wasn't planning a press conference, gentleman, but
let me say this about that...

The Reporters walk right by Nixon to the
base of the stairs.

JFK, with BEAUTIFUL WOMAN 1 on his arm,
emerges from the rear of the stage and
descends the stairs.

Nixon looks from the Reporters to JFK to the
Audience, one arm cradling the other elbow,
hand on chin, channeling Jack Benny.

NIXON

Well!

REPORTERS

Congressman Kennedy! Congressman Kennedy!

REPORTER 1

Congressman, what do you think of Washington now that
you're here?

JFK

(smiling, hands palms up)

Now just a moment, fellas. I haven't even had time to leave
the station yet and...

(leers at Beautiful Woman 1 who bats her
eyes at him and hugs him closely)

Get a good look around.

Nixon walks up to JFK who doesn't look at
him but instead hands him a bill.

JFK

Be a good lad and bring the car around.

JFK turns to the reporters.

Nixon stares at the money.

Pat, still steadying the luggage, looks at
JFK.

PAT

Who's that?

NIXON

That's that young Kennedy fellow. Hero of the PT109.
Father's richer than Croesus.

PAT

And is that his wife?

NIXON

I don't think he's married.

PAT

Well she sure is friendly...

NIXON

Washington must be a friendly place.

REPORTER 1

Pose for a picture, Congressman?

JFK turns from Beautiful Girl 1 and looks at
the reporter.

JFK

Sure, fella.

He notices Nixon standing to the side. He
holds up his hand to make Reporter 1 wait.
JFK steps over to Nixon, hand outstretched.

JFK

Nixon, isn't it? Loved what you did to that pinko Voorhis
in your Congressional campaign.

They shake hands. Nixon tries to say "Hello"
but JFK pumps his hand and talks over him.

JFK

Hey, how long have you been here in DC?

NIXON

Oh about ten minutes. My wife Pat and I
(Nods to Pat who smiles)
Just drove in.

JFK

(looking from Nixon to Pat and back.)
This beautiful woman is your wife? California truly is a
golden state to have such beautiful wives.

JFK steps over and shakes Pat's hand.

JFK
John Fitzgerald Kennedy at your service, Mrs. Nixon.

PAT
(blushing again)
Oh my – I mean hello.

REPORTER 1
A picture, Congressman?

JFK turns from Nixon to the Reporters. Nixon
turns to Pat.

NIXON
Nice fellow for a Democrat.

PAT
Very nice.

Nixon
(eyebrows raised, bit jealous)
Pretty flashy fellow, too.

PAT
Ah, Dick, you know I don't like flashy. I like you!

NIXON
Well thank yo-hey...

JFK
(to reporters)
You boys know who you got here?
(JFK turns back to Nixon and waves him over)
This is Dick Wheelhouse Nixon.

NIXON
That's Richard, if you please. And it's Millhouse.

JFK
Millhouse? Really?

Nixon nods. JFK shrugs.

JFK

Richard Millhouse Nixon. One of the toughest anti-commie congressman to be elected this term.

REPORTER 2

Isn't it odd for a Democrat to be praising a Republican like that, Congressman?

JFK

Gentleman, in this great Republic there are no Democrats or Republicans. There are loyal, red, white and blue Americans looking out for our great land. In the coming struggle against godless Soviet communism the commie fellow travellers are the greatest threat this Republic faces. Richard Nixon here is their greatest threat. He's just what America needs.

Nixon beams.

He is one tough red baiter. You can even call him a master..

NIXON

Don't go there...

JFK

Er, a champion red baiter.

JFK throws his arm around Nixon while Reporter 1 takes a picture. But JFK positions himself largely between Nixon and the camera – the resulting photo, more JFK than Nixon, is projected on the back screen. Their rivalry has begun.

JFK turns with Nixon away from the Reporters.

JFK

You know, Dick, this could be the start of a beautiful friendship. Been to Washington before?

NIXON

Yes, back in the war. I was stationed for a while in Philly.

JFK

Well few things you should know. I mean this town is an all-right town,

Nixon

Sure hops a lot more than Whittier, California I can tell you.

(Music "This Town" begins)

JFK

But let me also warn you,
This town is a lonely town
Not the only town like-a this town

As JFK sings the chorus line dances around him, a slide and glide, cool jazzy post-war feel

This town is a make-you town
Or a break-you-town
and bring-you-down town

This town is a quiet town
Or a riot town like this town
This town is a love-you town

Beautiful Woman 1 brushes up against JFK.

And a shove-you-down and push-you-'round town

(Instrumental)

JFK, borrowing a hat from a dancer, cocks it on his head, slings his jacket over his shoulder and joins the dancers. He is the young Sinatra of politics seducing a town and a nation.

As he dances JFK rolls around Pat, who BLUSHES, hand covering mouth. JFK signals over Porter 1 and PORTER 2, tips them lavishly and directs them to take the Nixons' bags. Pat SMILES appreciatively. JFK turns back to Nixon who is trying to keep in step to the MUSIC but is, well, Nixon.

JFK

But let me warn you, Dick...
This town is a losin' town
It's a miserable town
It's a nowhere town

NIXON

You really think Washington can be that tough of a town?

MUSIC winds down.

JFK

Well maybe not for someone as politically savvy as you, Dick. You see you are the epitome of the modern American self-made man. Me? I got my seat the old fashion way – my dad bought it for me.

(sincere)

You see it was never supposed to me on the road to power, Dick. It was supposed to be my brother Joe. Joe was the one that Dad groomed and prepared for the spotlight.

Images of Joseph and Joe Kennedy appear on the back screen.

NIXON

True, I was born in a house my father built. My dad was tough but fair – a real Sunday school teacher. Always drove my brothers and me to succeed.

A silhouette of FRANK NIXON and the young NIXON boys appears on the back screen.

FRANK

(off stage voice over)

You'll never amount to anything. You're lazy and shiftless, Hell and perdition are surely yours you lousy...

The silhouette of Frank raises his hand threatening the young NIXON boys who recoil.

JFK

Dads can do that to you. But Joe died in the war and the mantle fell to this member of a new generation. Something happens to me it'll be my brother Bobby. Me, I'd just as soon write dry profiles about other courageous people and confine myself to...

Beautiful Woman 1 wraps herself around JFK
for a moment, pouting impatiently.

JFK (continued)

...other indoor activities.

NIXON

Well yes, I can see the attraction.

JFK

Just hope I'm up to the job.

NIXON

Now now, sailor. You're the hero of the PT109. You're
handsome. You're rich. You've got the right stuff.

JFK

This hero business is more myth than matter, Dick.

Nixon looks from JFK to his own right hand,
which he awkwardly extends.

NIXON

You can do it...

JFK

You think so?

NIXON

...all you need is a hand

JFK looks at the hand and grasps it.

JFK

We can do it,

Pat steps over between them.

PAT

(belting)

Mama is gonna see to it.

JFK and Nixon look at her, surprised, look
at each other and shrug, smiling.

(Music for "Everything's Coming Up Roses" begins again.)

NIXON, JFK & Pat

*Curtain up, light the lights
We got nothing to hit but the heights
I can tell, wait and see
There's the bell, follow me...*

(awkward pause as both JFK and Nixon look for the other to stop and follow. Then they continue)

And nothing's gonna stop us till we're through

The three lock arms like Kelly, Reynolds and O'Connor in "Singing in the Rain." It's all about unbridled optimism.

PAT

Honey, everything's coming up roses and daffodils...

JFK

Everything's coming up sunshine and Santa Claus...

NIXON

Everything's gonna be bright lights and lollipops...

JFK looks at Nixon askew.

JFK

Lollipops?

Nixon shrugs.

PAT, NIXON, JFK

(Big song finale.)

Everything's coming up roses for me and for you!

Reporters' FLASHBULBS pop. MUSIC ends.

REPORTER 1

So congressmen, what's first on your agenda now that you're in Washington?

JFK

Well, fellas, tomorrow we tackle the Commies and reaffirm America's place as leader of the Free World. Tonight, well, I don't know about the Nixons here but I think I'm going to have myself good time.

JFK (continued)
(He looks at Beautiful Woman 1 who has
rejoined him)
A real good time. I feel alive.

REPORTER 2
But what about the world? The Soviets? China? The Reds?

JFK
Yes. And the world, it's turning inside out...

REPORTERS
Yeah!

JFK
But I'm...
(Distracted by Beautiful Woman 1 again)

REPORTER 1
Yes...

JFK
...floating around...in ecstasy

REPORTER 1
But wadda 'bout the labor strikes?

REPORTER 2
Wadda 'bout Stalin?

REPORTER 3
Wadda 'bout the bomb?

JFK
(holding up hands to silence them)
Now boys, don't stop me now ...

REPORTER 1
What'd he say?

CHORUS
(singing)
Don't stop me now!

JFK
I said don't stop me now.

REPORTER 1

Why?

JFK pauses to look from the Reporters to the Beautiful Woman 1 to the Audience. He WINKS.

JFK

Well, because we're having a good time...

(Music "Don't Stop Me Now" begins.)

REPORTERS

...having a good time...

Dancing with Chorus intermixed. Nixon stands to one side, observing but left out. Pat stands smiling to the other side, getting into the music. The back screen shows images reflecting the content of the song.

JFK

I'm a shooting star leaping through the skies

Like a tiger defying the laws of gravity

I'm a racing car passing by like Lady Godiva

(JFK smiles at PAT who, hand covering mouth, feigns delighted shock.)

I'm gonna go go go

There's no stopping me

I'm burning through the sky yeah!

Two hundred degrees

That's why they call me Mister Fahrenheit

I'm trav'ling at the speed of light

(Turns to Nixon)

I wanna make a supersonic man out of you

(pause)

Nixon tries to "BOOGIE." Gives it up. JFK SHRUGS.

JFK

Don't stop me now

I'm having such a good time

I'm having a ball

Don't stop me now

If you wanna have a good time

Just give me a call

JFK/CHORUS

*Don't stop me now
'cause I'm having a good time
Don't stop me now
yes I'm having a good time)
I don't want to stop at all... yeah!*

JFK

*I'm a rocket ship on my way to Mars
On a collision course*

Screen shows V2 Rockets firing.

*I am a satellite I'm out of control
I am a sex machine ready to reload
Like an atom bomb about to
Oh oh oh oh oh explode*

Images of A-bomb tests fill the back screen
– repeated explosions.

Beautiful Woman 1 and CHORUS GIRLS gyrate
around JFK.

Pat again responds with delighted shock.

JFK

*I'm burning through the sky Yeah!
Two hundred degrees
That's why they call me Mister Fahrenheit
I'm trav'ling at the speed of light
(JFK Approaches Pat)
I wanna make a supersonic woman of you*

Pat feigns faint, caught by Nixon. He fans
her while watching JFK with one-third
disdain and two-thirds envy.

JFK/Chorus

*Don't stop me
Don't stop me
Don't stop me
Hey hey hey!*

*Don't stop me
Don't stop me
Ooh ooh ooh*

JFK

I like it!

JFK/Chorus

*Don't stop me
Don't stop me
Have a good time, good time*

JFK/Chorus (Cont)

*Don't stop me
Don't stop me
Ooh ooh alright*

As the song hits the guitar solo the Station Master announcement rings out.

STATION MASTER

Now departing on Track 29, *The American Century Unlimited* with stops in Baltimore, Miami, Los Angeles, Seoul, Saigon and Dallas, Texas."

The back screen takes on the hue of a beautiful blue sky – but there are hints of storm clouds on the sides.

JFK takes Nixon by the arm,

JFK

Come on, Dicky, let's make some history.

JFK blows a kiss to Beautiful Woman 1 who, POUTING, exits stage right.

Nixon Kisses Pat who WAVES at JFK and exits stage left.

(Song & Dance Continues)

The music and dance resumes forming the musical bridge to SCENE 3.

Scene 3

The scene introduces Nixon to DC and establishes Nixon's and JFK's relationship in Congress, friendship builds even as their rivalry emerges.

The Train Station set pulls away to be replaced by The Capitol set, an amalgam of the Capitol steps (stage right), the corridor outside the House chamber (center stage) and a minimalist representation of Rostrum of the floor of the House (stage left.)

JFK/CHORUS

*Ooh I'm burning through the sky yeah!
Two hundred degrees
That's why they call me Mister Fahrenheit
I'm trav'ling at the speed of light
I wanna make a supersonic man out of you
Don't stop me now
I'm having such a good time
I'm having a ball
Don't stop me now
If you wanna have a good time
Just give me a call*

The Music is suspended as JFK and Nixon join a CHORUS of CONGRESSMEN surrounding JOE MARTIN, Republican SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE (SPEAKER) standing in the Rostrum. They all raise their right hands.

SPEAKER MARTIN

Repeat after me:

SPEAKER MARTIN Followed by ALL

I do solemnly swear
that I will support and defend
the Constitution of the United States
against all enemies, foreign and domestic;
that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same;
that I will take this obligation freely,
without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion,
and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of
the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God.

ALL

I Do!

CHORUS

*Don't stop me now ('cause I'm having a good time)
Don't stop me now (yes I'm having a good time)
I don't wanna stop at all...*

As the music winds down many of the Congressman and onlookers come over to shake JFK's hand – fewer shake Nixon's.

Then the Chorus of Congressmen and onlookers takes up lounging positions around the set giving it a high school cafeteria/ **Breakfast Club** feel with groups representing Washington power elite: military industrial complex lobbyists from Lockheed and Northrop, the joint chiefs of staff, Texas oilmen, Wall Street Bankers, etc.-- congregated like gangs of students in a high school cafeteria.

SPEAKER MARTIN takes JFK and Nixon by the elbows and moves to center stage.

SPEAKER MARTIN

So what do you think, Congressman Kennedy, Congressman Nixon? Here we are at the seat of power of the free world.

JFK

A pleasure to be here, sir, to be sure. And my father sends you his best regards.

SPEAKER MARTIN

And that he does, I'm sure. Even though he's a Rayburn man. And how about you, Congressman Nixon? How does life here on the East Coast compare so far to life out in the land of milk and honey?

NIXON

Well Mister Speaker, Washington's certainly a lot bigger stage than Whittier, California. I don't know how well a guy like me's gonna do on it. Congressman Kennedy here, he has the charisma. They all like him already.

SPEAKER MARTIN

Don't let these good fellows intimidate you, Dick.
(waves at the Chorus)
They're just your run of the mill power elite.

Speaker Martin embarks on a short soliloquy reminiscent of the Ferris Bueller "geeks, sports, motorheads, dweebs" rift. As he

moves Nixon and JFK from group to group the chorus members act nonchalantly with nod towards JFK and ignore Nixon. Meanwhile the Orchestra plays several bars of "**Don't You Forget About Me.**"

SPEAKER MARTIN

Over here you have your military industrial complex types – lobbyists for the big arms companies and generals who want to work for them. Over there you've got your oil and banking types. Then you got your moneymen, your palm greasers, rumormongers, power brokers, money grubbers and hangers-on of all shapes...

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS walk by smiling at JFK

...and sizes. All you got to do is figure out what they want and how to twist that into what you want. Look at me, first Republican speaker since Hoover. Been in congress for two decades. First thing you learn, Republican or Democrat doesn't matter. There's one thing that makes this town run, the grease for the wheels, the milk from the mother, the very pulsating blood of democracy.

Poles descend from above. Generals, Congressmen and Female Staffers begin to lean against the poles. The chorus of Lobbyists and Power Brokers gather round, pulling cash out of their pockets, fanning their wads of green with anticipation. The set takes on the hues of a strip club.

NIXON

Would that be the will of the people, sir?

Speaker Martin looks at JFK – they both give a LAUGH.

SPEAKER MARTIN

You could call it that, Dick. But the quintessential distillation of the will of the people, the essence of democracy itself is cold. It's hard. It's

CHORUS

Cash!

SPEAKER MARTIN

So how high up do on this DC totem pole you want to go?"

NIXON

(wistfully, watching Beautiful Girls walk
by)

As high as high is.

SPEAKER MARTIN

(smiling)

Now that's the spirit, Dickie old boy.

JFK

(slapping Nixon on back)

Just be careful though, 'cause that'll be my tuckus right
above you on the ladder.

For a moment we see the die cast – the
insatiable rivalry for power that will
destroy their friendship – but in a moment
the tension passes.

SPEAKER MARTIN

So let's rock the world, gentlemen. All you got to do is
learn to use your powers to spin 'em right round your
little finger. Power is money and money is power and now
that you're bona fide players you'll have both. Atleast
you, Dick. Kennedy here was born to the stuff – but you're
a quick learner. Just keep your head on straight.

Nixon

Huh?

The Opening refrain of "***You Spin My Head
Right Round***" blares out. The scene becomes
Washington at its most basic nature—the
great national poll-dance of money-for-power
is revealed.

SPEAKER MARTIN

*You spin my head right round, right round
When you go down, when you go down down*

CHORUS

*You spin my head right round, right round
When you go down, when you go down down*

Speaker Martin launches into the rap verses
of "***You Spin My Head Right Round,***"

energetically dancing from one group poll dancers to the next. Lobbyists shower money on the dancers and also on Nixon and JFK. JFK takes the scene it in stride and Nixon is simultaneously aghast at the baseness of it and ego-gratified by his new-found attention.

SPEAKER MARTIN

*Hey, walk out that house with my swagger
Hop in there with dough, I got places to go!
People to see, time is precious
I looked at my cotty, are ya out of control?
Just like my mind where I'm goin'
No women, no shawties, no nothin' but clothes
No stoppin' now, my Pirellis on roll
I like my jewelry that's always on whoa
I know the storm is comin'
My pockets keep tellin' me it's gonna shower
Call up my homies, it's on
Then pop in the next 'cause this mix'll be ours
We keep a fade-away shot
'Cause we ballin' it's Platinum Patron that be ours
Lil mama, I owe you just like the flowers
Girl you the drink with all that goodie powers
You spin my head right round, right round
When you go down, when you go down down*

CHORUS

*You spin my head right round, right round
When you go down, when you go down down*

SPEAKER MARTIN

*From the top of the pole I watch her go down
She got me throwin' my money around
Ain't nothin' more beautiful to be found
It's goin' down down
From the top of the pole I watch her go down
She got me throwin' my money around
Ain't nothin' more beautiful to be found
It's goin' down down*

Speaker Martin nods at JFK who enthusiastically joins in the song and dance.

JFK

*Hey, shawty must know I'm the man
My money love her like her number one fan
Don't open my mouth, let her talk to my fans
My Benjamin Franklins
A couple of grands, I got rubber bands
My paper planes makin' her dance
Get dirty all night, that's part of my plan
We buildin' castles that's made out of sand*

SPEAKER MARTING

*She's amazin', fire blazin'
Hotter than Cajun, girl won't you move a lil' closer?*

JFK

*Time to get paid, it's maximum wage
That body belong on a poster*

SPEAKER MARTING

*I'm in a daze, that bottom is wavin' at me
Like, "Damn it, I know you"*

JFK

*You wanna shoot like a gun out of holster
Tell me whatever and I'll be your gopher*

CHORUS

*You spin my head right round, right round
When you go down, when you go down down
You spin my head right round, right round
When you go down, when you go down down*

The Music for *Spin My Head* Fades to a low beat but Speaker Martin, JFK and the Chorus keep dancing as if it's still playing. Nixon, drifted to stage right watches Kennedy swept up in the politics and crowd, leaving himself—as always—the man on the outside. The first bars of **"Don't You Forget About Me"** smash out. Nixon, watching JFK with the conflicting feelings of envy at JFK's smooth transition to DC power and with the foreknowledge of the coming loss of friendship plaintively sings, dancing somewhat awkwardly in place.

NIXON

Hey, hey, hey ,hey
Ohhh...
Won't you come see about me?
I'll be alone, dancing you know it baby

Tell me your troubles and doubts
Giving me everything inside and out and
Love's strange so real in the dark
Think of the tender things that we were working on

Slow change may pull us apart
When the light gets into your heart, baby

Don't You Forget About Me
Don't Don't Don't Don't
Don't You Forget About Me

The Music for *Spin My Head* comes back up as Speaker Martin and JFK resume singing. Nixon, now exuding his own inner confidence, continues singing *Don't You Forget About Me*, the two songs dancing with each other. Nixon dances out toward center stage, swaying with his own music.

NIXON

Will you stand above me?
Look my way, never love me
Rain keeps falling, rain
keeps falling
Down, down, down

Will you recognize me?
Call my name or walk on by
Rain keeps falling, rain
keeps falling
Down, down, down, down

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Ohhhh.....

Don't you try to pretend
It's my feeling we'll win in
the end
I won't harm you or touch
your defenses

JFK

From the top of the pole I
watch her go down
She got me throwin' my money
around
Ain't nothin' more beautiful
to be found
It's goin' down down

SPEAKER MARTIN & JFK

From the top of the pole I
watch her go down
She got me throwin' my money
around
Ain't nothin' more beautiful
to be found
It's goin' down down

JFK

Yeah, I'm spendin' my money,
I'm out of control

Vanity and security
Don't you forget about me
I'll be alone, dancing you
know it baby
Going to take you apart
I'll put us back together at
heart, baby

Somebody help me she takin'
my bank roll
But I'm king of the club and
I'm wearin' the crown
Poppin' these bottles,
touchin' these models
Watchin' they asses go down
down

Don't You Forget About Me
Don't Don't Don't Don't
Don't You Forget About Me

SPEAKER MARTIN & JFK & CHORUS
You spin my head right round,
right round
When you go down, when you go
down down

As you walk on by
Will you call my name?
As you walk on by
Will you call my name?
When you walk away

You spin my head right round,
right round
When you go down, when you go
down down

Or will you walk away?
Will you walk on by?
Come on - call my name
Will you call my name?

You spin my head right round,
right round
When you go down, when you go
down down
You spin my head right round,
right round

I say:
La la la...

When you go down, when you go
down down

Money SHOWERS on the stage in a barrage of flashing lights marking the finale to the numbers. The Music fades, the polls slide upwards, lights return to normal, the Chorus returns to their previous lounging positions. Nixon, JFK, Speaker Martin, finished dancing and visibly out of breath. Speaker Martin turns to JFK.

SPEAKER MARTIN

Well, let me tell you, I know real political talent when I see it.

JFK BEAMS. Nixon turns away, dejected as always.

SPEAKER MARTIN

Dick Nixon, you got what it takes!

Speaker Martin steps past JFK to take a SURPRISED Nixon by the arm, leaving a disappointed – and irritated – JFK by himself.

NIXON

Er, me, Mister Speaker?

SPEAKER MARTIN

I mean the way you took apart that pinko Voorhis. You took him down. You exposed his red front Political Action Committee. You stuck a finger into the eye of the commie wannabes in the CIO! You ripped him to pieces!

NIXON

Thank you, Mister Speaker. My only interest is the good of the country...

SPEAKER MARTIN

Yah, sure kid. It's all good. You see if you want to make it in this town you have to have something that is you. A signature. A shtick!

NIXON

A shtick?

SPEAKER MARTIN

Yes, Dick, a shtick. And boy do you have one. You ARE the master red-

JFK

Don't go there...

SPEAKER MARTIN

baiter!

(Nixon winces.)

You see Dick you gotta

Speaker Martin launches into the full Donald O'Connor. Nixon mostly watches. JFK gets distracted by BEAUTIFUL GIRL and drifts off stage.

SPEAKER MARTIN

*Bait a Red,
Pain't 'em Red
Make 'Em Scared of the Red*

SPEAKER MARTIN (Cont)

*Give your fellow countrymen some really big fears
And They'll vote for you through all of their tears*

*Bait a Red,
Pain't 'em Red
Put a commie under every bed*

*When challenged for facts just blow lotsa smoke
When there's a lot of fear the bill of rights is a joke
They'll rally to your banner for all that commie scare hoke*

Bait a Red, Bait a Red, Bait a Red,

*Make 'em scared, make 'em scared,
Don't you know they wanna be 'scared?
Be a demagogue and you've already won!
You'll measure all their ballots by the ton*

*Bait a Red,
Pain't 'em Red
All the world hates the red*

*You could be a Lincoln and give 'em all hope
Or be an FDR with all that New Deal trope
But if you don't deliver then they'll think you're a dope
So bait a red bait a red bait a red!*

Scenes from the HUAC Committee Hearings, Red Scare news headlines and terrified witnesses be ushered to HUAC begin playing on back screen.

Speaker Martin, like O'Connor in the original, is interrupted every few syllables for the last several bars of the refrain to watch the screen.

SPEAKER MARTIN

*Bait a Pinko
Don't let 'em thinko
Call em a commie Risinko*

*But better you give them all a reason to hide
They'll vote you all the power when they shiver inside
You'll go to the top if you ride this tide*

NIXON
(joining Martin)
Ride this tide? How far?

SPEAKER MARTIN
(smiling and nodding)
All the way – and more!

Nixon Joins Speaker Martin for big finale to number.

SPEAKER MARTIN & NIXON
Bait a Red,
Bait a Red,
Bait a Red,

As *Bait A Red* finishes the set transforms. The Speaker's dais pulls away and committee tables roll in. The set becomes the House Un-American Activities Committee room.

Scene 4

The scene establishes how Nixon's rise to power and fame independent of his relationship with JFK and resulting in the smoldering of rivalry between them

SPEAKER MARTIN
Yes, Dicky my boy. You are a man with a mission. Welcome to the House Un American Activities Committee. No greater bastion of freedom and defense of the American way of life exists in all the land. Now go represent the House before the Grand Jury and get those reds, Dick!

JFK comes back on stage looking a little tussled.

JFK
What about me, Speaker Martin?

SPEAKER MARTIN
You, Kennedy? Do what you do best and look rich and pretty. And give my best to your dad for me.

JFK looks at Nixon who shrugs,
sympathetically. JFK exits stage. Speaker
Martin turns back to Nixon.

SPEAKER MARTIN

Rich kids. Think they own the world. But the new world
belongs to self-made men like us, Dick. Ready to grab the
world by the balls and squeeze until it screams Uncle. Go
get 'em, Dick.

Speaker Martin exits. Nixon looks at the
committee room – a raised dais of a dozen
congressman, a table with a solitary
witness, WHITTAKER CHAMBERS looking visibly
nervous, a chorus of Red-Hysteria headlines
flash by as Red Scare era figures like
Elizabeth Bentley flash across the screen.

Nixon approaches CHAMBERS.

NIXON

Mister Chambers, isn't true that you have been a card
carrying member of a political party dedicated to
destroying the United States of America.

CHAMBERS

But I...

NIXON

And that you and your fellow travellers conspired against
this great nation. Spied on this great nation for our
greatest adversary?

CHAMBERS

I'm a highly respected journalist. I love my country.

NIXON

You love your country. But which country is that, Mister
Chambers. America, land of the free or the Soviet Union,
home of the slaves. You say you love your country. But
what your past is saying is that you want a revolution.

CHAMBERS

A Revolution?

The Music for *Revolution* begins, Nixon
leading and joined in the refrain by the
Chorus of Committee Members.

NIXON

*You say you want a revolution
Well, you know We all want to change the world
You tell me that it's evolution
Well, you know We all want to change the world
But when you talk about destruction
Don't you know that you can count me out*

Music Fades Out.

CHAMBERS

But it wasn't me.

NIXON

So, Mister Chambers, are you willing now to name names. To tell us who your co-conspirators are? That one of these is indeed a highly placed official in the department of State and a trusted advisor to the last two democratic administrations?

CHAMBERS

It was Hiss! Alger Hiss! He's the communist. Not me!

Nixon pauses, turns to the audience and SMILES. Victory. He turns back to Chambers.

NIXON

Thank you Mr. Chambers. The committee thanks you for your honesty.

Chambers' head sinks in defeat.

NIXON

And Mister Chambers,

Chambers looks up.

NIXON

*Don't you know it's gonna be
all right?
Don't you know it's gonna be
All right, all right*

Chambers is pulled, chair and all, off stage. ALGER HISS is rolled in to take his place.

NIXON

Mr. Hiss, you are aware, the committee has a very difficult problem in regard to the testimony which has been submitted to the committee by Mr. Chambers and by yourself. Your testimony now is that you are not a member of the Communist Party?

HISS.

That is correct.

NIXON

Never been a member of the Communist Party?

HISS

Never been a member of the Communist Party.

NIXON

Or of any underground organization connected with the Communist Party?

HISS

Not any underground organizations connected with the Communist Party.

Nixon smiles as the schoolchild song "**5 Little Pumpkins**" plays from offstage while images of dancing cartoon pumpkins appear on the screen. Everyone pauses to look. Hiss hangs his head. Nixon looks from Pumpkins to Hiss to the audience, smiling. Victory.

NIXON

So, you

Revolution resumes.

*say you got a real solution
Well, you know
We'd all love to see the plan
You ask me for a contribution
Well, you know
We're all doing what we can
But if you want money
For people with minds that hate
All I can tell is brother you have to wait
Don't you know it's gonna be all right?
All right, all right*

NIXON & CHORUS

*You say you'll change the constitution
Well, you know
We all want to change your head
You tell me it's the institution
Well, you know
You better free you mind instead
But if you go carrying pictures of chairman Mao
You ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow
Don't you know it's gonna be all right?*

As the last refrains of **Revolution** begin Hiss and the committee members are pulled off stage along with the set.

Pat enters stage right crossing to hug Nixon center stage as the 1950 Nixon senate campaign poster "Elect Congressman Nixon U.S. Senator: THE MAN WHO BROKE THE HISS CASE!!" Appears large on screen behind them.

NIXON & CHORUS

*All right, all right!
All right, all right, all right!
All right, all right, all right!
All right, all right!*

As the Music ends victory ballons and confetti rain down on Nixon and Pat.

JFK, enters stage left with Beautiful Woman 2, looks at Nixon and Pat, leaves the girl and crosses to them.

JFK

Congratulations Dick. You're the best man I can imagine in the US Senate!

NIXON

Well thank you, Jack. I was just saying to Pat...

REPORTERS rush on stage, pushing JFK out of the way.

REPORTERS

Mister Nixon, Missus Nixon, how do you feel about your big victory. How does it feel to me the voice of your generation in Congress. What next?

Before Nixon can respond a MESSENGER walks up to him with a Telegram. Nixon holds up his hand to silence the Reporters while he reads. He turns to Pat.

NIXON

Pack our bags, Pat! Looks like we're going to Chicago!!!

The music *My Kind of Town* begins to play. Nixon and Pat, pursued by the Reporters, exit stage right, leaving JFK alone. A phone on a table rolls across the stage to him. He picks it up.

JFK

Hello, Bobby? We've got to rev up for the fifty-two senate race. I don't get some traction in this town I'll be looking at Dick Nixon's butt on the ladder above me for the rest of my career.

JFK Slams down the phone. His rivalry with his friend is fully engaged. He exits, with phone table, stage left, walking right past the Blonde, who, after a moment's surprise, runs after him.

Scene 5

Nixon skyrockets to power with Ike and the 1952 Convention.

The setting is **IKE's** hotel room in Chicago. Scenes of the 1952 convention play on the rear screen. Nixon is ushered into the dark hotel room by Staffer 1. Ike is standing, back to the room, looking out the window, silhouetted by the outside lights. Nixon stands in the center of the room as the staff leaves them alone.

IKE (still largely in shadows back to Nixon) addresses him.

IKE

You know most people think I'm a pretty quiet guy. No flash. And they're right. What I learned in Europe is that if you want to run the show you don't want to BE the show. Let Montgomery and Patton preen like peacocks. Me, I stay in the shadows and get the real show done. That's the mark of the REAL Showman, Nixon. Less is More. So waddaya say, Nixon. Ready to join a real showman on the road?

NIXON

Sir?

IKE

The full, big national American stage, Nixon. And No-one can fill it like quiet old Ike.

A spotlight comes on IKE, wearing his famous Eisenhower jacket – except it is sequined and bedazzled. Ike IS Elvis, bald as he may be, the razzle-dazzler who held the Allies together, conquered Germany and is now conquering America. **Blue Suede Shoes** begins.

*Well, it's one for the money
Two for the show
Three to get ready
Now go, cat, go
But don't you
Step on my blue suede shoes
You can do anything
But stay off of my blue suede shoes*

Nixon looks confused as Ike belts out the song, hips swiveling. Ike stops right in front of Nixon.

NIXON

Shoes, sir?

IKE

Forget the shoes, man. It's all about the SHOW. I need a man like you, Nixon. Ruthless, ambitious, anti-red. Hunter needs a good bird dog. Best bird dogs are bitches. So Dick, I got to ask you. Do you want to be my...

NIXON

That's Richard. If you please. And if I understand you, sir, you want me to be your..your...Bit-

IKE
That's right, Dick. My Vice President.

NIXON
-cha...ER, Vice President? Well thank you sir.

IKE
So what do you say, Dick?

NIXON
(shocked)
But I never thought you actually liked me, Ike.

IKE
Why Dick. Of course I don't like you. And it's General to you. But I can use you, Nixon, and that's good enough. So?

NIXON
Er, Yes?

IKE
(sighs)
Boy, you got a lot to know about negotiating. First thing I learned dealing with FDR, Churchill and Montgomery -

Never Say Yes begins.

*It's the oldest game in the world
And you gotta know how to play it
Tell her yes in so many ways
But never ever say it
And that's how I keep goin' on
Here today, tomorrow gone
That's the kind of life for me
Being free like I wanna to be
Here's the secret of my success
Never say yes, no, no, never say yes*

You've got flash, Nixon. Not like me but you got some. Saw it in that three ring circle of commie hearings you put on. Ready to go out there and sell the party line.

Nixon pauses for a moment. Then tries to do an Elvis dance. **All Shook Up** plays.

NIXON

*My hands are shaky and my knees are weak
I can't seem to stand on my own two feet
Who do you thank when you have such luck?
I'm in love, I'm all shook up
Mm, mm, oh, oh, yeah, yeah*

The music stops abruptly. Ike stares at Nixon for a moment in silence.

IKE

Why don't you leave the hard stuff to me, son. You just go out there and be my junk yard dog. Come on. Let's join the party!

Jailhouse Rock begins. The hotel set slips away to reveal the convention images on the back screen with "We win with Ike and Dick" banners. Ike, Nixon, joined by Pat and **Mammie**, step to center stage, back to audience.

*The warden threw a party in the county jail
The prison band was there and they began to wail
The band was jumpin' and the joint began to swing
You should've heard them knocked out jailbirds sing
Let's rock, everybody, let's rock
Everybody in the whole cell block
Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock*

On the last note Ike grabs Nixon's hand and holds it up in the classic victory stance as APPLAUSE and CHEERS from the unseen convention audience resounds. Irving Berlin's **I Like Ike** plays with campaign ad playing on screen. Balloons fall with confetti. As the foursome turns away from the screen to face the audience REPORTERS rush on from stage right. Headlines proclaiming "Nixon Campaign Funds Scandal" appear on screen.

REPORTER 1

Senator Nixon, what do you say to the allegations you've misappropriated campaign funds for personal use?

REPORTER 2

General Eisenhower, did you know about the campaign funds?

REPORTER 1

Will Senator Nixon remain on the ticket?

All the APPLAUSE and CHEERING and MUSIC stops. Everyone turns to Ike. Ike turns on Nixon. **Hound Dog** starts.

IKE

*Well they said you was high-classed
Well, that was just a lie
Yeah they said you was high-classed
Well, that was just a lie
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit
And you ain't no friend of mine*

Ike, Mammie and the reporters storm off leaving Nixon and Pat.

Scene 6

Nixon Gives the Checkers Speech and wins the election. His desire for power eclipses his relationship with Pat.

The 1952 GOP convention set gives way to the Nixon house, with living room furnishing rolling out, giving the feel of a 1950s sitcom household.

NIXON

(angry)

How dare he do that to me. He needs me, uses me then dumps me?

(channeling Glen Close)

I won't be ignored.

PAT

Honey we've weathered worse storms than this.

NIXON

Oh really? Name one. And what's with this "We" crap. I'm the one who's career just got thrown in the crapper.

PAT

I had a dream...

NIXON

Well I'll tell you one thing...

PAT

A dream about you, baby.

NIXON

He won't have Dick Nixon to kick around.

PAT

It's gonna come true, baby.

NIXON

But *They* think that we're through...

PAT

...but baby...

We Are The Champions begins.

PAT

*You've paid your dues
Time after time
You've done your sentence
But committed no crime
And bad mistakes
We've made a few
We've had our share of sand
Kicked in our face*

The Music stops abruptly. From off stage we hear children SQUEALING and a small dog BARKING.

Nixon stops and looks at Pat.

NIXON

And can you get the kids and that dog to shut the hell...

PAT

Dick!

NIXON

(pauses thinking.)

The dog. That's it. They think that we're through, but baby...HE'S the real showman? Call the TV stations. I've got my own show to do.

Nixon fixes his tie and steps towards the audience. Pat looks confused. He turns back to her.

And why can't YOU be more optimistic.

PAT

(upset, starting to cry Lucy O'Ball-esque.)

Whaaaa.

A table, chair and a TV Camera with CAMERAMAN roll on stage. Nixon sits at the table facing the audience. The stage lights dim and a spot illuminates Nixon. He begins the Checkers Speech.

NIXON

My Fellow Americans:

I come before you tonight as a candidate for the Vice Presidency and as a man whose honesty and integrity have been questioned.

PAT, dabbing her eyes with a hanky, steps up behind him stage right. As Nixon continues the opening of **Stand By Your Man** begins.

NIXON

The usual political thing to do when charges are made against you is to either ignore them or to deny them without giving details...

Pat begins singing. Both the light on Nixon dims and his voice fades out. This is Pat's signature number – the plight of all post-war women reduced to their husband's adjuncts but particularly the fate of wives of the power.

PAT

*Sometimes it's hard to be a woman
Giving all your love to just one man
You'll have bad times, and he'll have good times
Doin' things that you don't understand
But if you love him, you'll forgive him
Even though he's hard to understand
And if you love him, oh be proud of him
'Cause after all he's just a man.
Stand by your man, give him two arms to cling to*

PAT (Cont)

*And something warm to come to
When nights are cold and lonely.
Stand by your man, and show the world you love him
Keep giving all the love you can.
Stand by your man.
Stand by your man, and show the world you love him
Keep giving all the love you can.
Stand by your man.*

Pat stop singing. The lights come back up on Nixon as he finishes the speech.

NIXON

We went down to get it. You know what it was. It was a little cocker spaniel dog in a crate that he'd sent all the way from Texas. Black and white spotted. And our little girl-Tricia, the 6-year old-named it Checkers. And you know, the kids, like all kids, love the dog and I just want to say this right now, that regardless of what they say about it, we're gonna keep it.

On the back screen a picture of the Nixons and Checkers appears. The first bars of *How Much Is That Doggy In The Window* plays.

The lights go up. Nixon stands, the TV Camera, Cameraman, table and chair roll off stage left.

Nixon looks at Pat and shrugs. Then Ike explodes onto the stage.

IKE

(Segueing between **All Shook Up** & **Blue Suede Shoes**.)

*My hands are shaky and my knees are weak
I can't seem to stand on my own two feet
Who do you thank when you have such luck?
Oooo, I'm all shook up*

*Well, it's one for the money
Two for the show
Three to get ready
Now go, cat, go*

Music for **Blue Suede** continues as Ike grabs Nixon's hand and holds it up in the classic

victory looking at the audience. Ike and Nixon posters appear on the back screen. Mammie comes out to stand by him and Pat by Nixon. Music fades and Irving Berlin's **I Like Ike** plays again with campaign ad playing on screen. Balloons fall with confetti. Headlines of their Victory appear on the screen.

The first two bars of **Hail to the Chief** plays. The screen goes dark. The MUSIC stops.

Ike abruptly drops Nixon's hand.

NIXON

(excited.)

So now what, Ike?

IKE

Now **I** run the country. And you stay out of the way unless I call you. And don't sit by the phone waiting. See you in '56.

Ike turns away and walks off with Mammie. Nixon looks at Pat segueing to:

SCENE 7

This scene introduces Jackie and frames the difference in JFK's and Nixon's personal lives, marriages. It also demonstrates the rivalry/chill that is souring JFK & Nixon's friendship.

Two desks and chairs roll on to the set, one from stage right and one from stage left. Nixon and Pat walk up to the Desk stage right.

PAT

Oh honey, looks like everything's coming up sunshine and Santa Claus after all.

NIXON

(glumly)

Great.

PAT

What's wrong, honey.

NIXON

Now I get to look forward to being that old crank's lackey for the next eight years. Vice President? Good god. The Office isn't worth a bucket of warm piss.

PAT

DICK! Language please.

(She looks at the other desk.)

Who do you think has the office across the hall?

NIXON

One of the freshman Senators. Luck of the draw. Hope they're quiet...

PAT

(to Nixon)

Look honey, that nice John Kennedy has the office across from you.

NIXON

(droll)

Yay.

JFK crosses over to Nixon. Jackie remains apart. JFK shakes Pat's and Nixon's hands, smiling.

JFK

Missus Nixon. Dick – congratulations. Tremendous victory. And the way you handled that Checkers thing.

NIXON

Well thanks, Jack...

JFK

Like I always say, if you're not smart enough to stay out of trouble, always know how to get out of trouble.

NIXON

Yes – hey...

JFK

And now your Vice President of the United States! Who'd have thunk it?

PAT

We are very proud of him at home.

JFK

And President of Senate too? Why, that's almost next best to the real thing.

NIXON

Well thank you – hey....

PAT

And congratulations to you too, Mister Senator.

Jackie, off to the side, gives a quiet **Ahem**.
JFK looks from them to her and back.

JFK

Oh yes.

He crosses to Jackie, takes her hand and escorts her to Pat and Nixon.

Allow me to introduce Jacqueline Lee Bouvier.

Everyone shakes hands.

JACKIE

Please call me Jackie.

JFK

And that will soon be Jackie *Kennedy*.

Pat squeals. They all hug. Nixon pulls JFK aside, illuminated by a spot while Pat and Jackie talk silently in the dark.

NIXON

You old dog, you. Actually settling down?

JFK

Well of course, Dick. I'm a one-woman kinda guy.

Nixon rolls his eyes. JFK smiles.

And, I mean, if a man has aspirations for higher office, a wife and kids is a must. Look at you!

NIXON

Higher office? Like mine?

JFK

(laughs)

Relax Dick old boy. I don't want your job.

Nixon starts to smile, relieved.

I want your boss'!

Reporters joined by STAFF, including
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN 2 & 3 rush onto the stage.

REPORTER 1

Mister Vice President, how does it feel to be back in
Washington?

NIXON

(Long smile.)

Well, I'm having a good time – yes having a good time..

REPORTERS

Senator Kennedy – Senator Kennedy!

NIXON

Don't stop me now..

REPORTER 2

How does it feel to be in the Senate.

JFK

'Cause I'm having a good time having a good time

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN 2 & 3 insinuate themselves
next to JFK who smiles. The Music fades.

The spotlight switches to Pat and Jackie
leaving JFK and Nixon in mimed discussion
with the Reporters.

JACKIE

I so admired how you conducted yourself throughout the
campaign, Mrs. Nixon.

PAT

Oh please call me Pat. That's so nice of you.

JACKIE

It has to be difficult sometimes being the wife of such a famous and powerful man, always the center of attention.

They look at JFK and Nixon, the former being more the center of attention, the Women hanging on him now.

JACKIE

I feel you are a role model for me. I've really admired how you stand by your husband through all the attention and the campaigning. If it isn't too personal, how do you keep your own personal lives personal what with all the publicness?

PAT

Oh honey, you get used to it all. The press, the politicians...

JACKIE

(looking at JFK)

The women...

PAT

(laughs)

Oh that's never been that big a deal with my guy. And you see that's all you have to do. Let them know that you'll always be there for your guy.

Music for **My Guy** starts. Pat sings the lyrics, Jackie the refrain "My Guy"

*Nothing you could say could tear me away from my guy,
(My guy)
Nothing you could do 'cause I'm stuck like glue to my guy.
(My guy)
I'm sticking to my guy like a stamp to a letter,
Like birds of a feather we stick together,
I'm tellin' you from the start I can't be torn apart from
my guy.
(My guy)
Oh Nothing you could do could make me untrue to my guy..*

JACKIE

(chagrined at the Women)

Yes but how do you keep the you just you and not all the other people who want to be a part of you?

Pat looks from Jackie to JFK, basking in the attention of the Women and Nixon, basking in the attention of the press and back to Jackie.

PAT

Helps to be a bit far-sighted, dear.

JACKIE

Far sighted?

PAT

(suddenly sad and serious)

Yes. Focus on the horizon. And don't look too closely at what's at hand.

(She pauses. Then puts back on her smiling mask.)

Nothing you could buy could make me tell a lie to my guy.

JACKIE

(staring at Jack)

(My guy)

PAT

*I gave my guy my word of honor to be faithful, and I'm gonna,
You best be believing I won't be deceiving my guy.
As a matter of opinion I think he's tops,
My opinion is he's the cream of the crop;
As a matter of taste to be exact he's my ideal as a matter of fact.*

Jackie walks over to JFK and tries to subtly pull him away from the women, ending up in a tug of war with them. Pat sings happily and obliviously through it all.

PAT

No muscle-bound man could take my hand from my guy.

JACKIE

(My guy)

PAT

No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy.

JACKIE

(My guy)

PAT

He may not be a movie star, but when it comes to bein' happy...

(less convincingly)

...we are.

There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy. No muscle-bound man could take my hand from my guy.

JACKIE

(more angry)

(My guy)

She pulls JFK, who seems oblivious, away from Beautiful Women 2 & 3 who look at him sulkily and her with disdain but don't leave.

PAT

No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy.

JACKIE

(to Women)

(My guy)

JFK looks at Jackie and smiles, oblivious. She pats his arm and crosses back to Pat.

PAT

There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy.

JACKIE

(What you say, Tell me more)

PAT

No muscle-bound man could take my hand from my guy.

JACKIE

(My guy)

PAT

No handsome face could ever take the place of my guy.

JACKIE

(My guy)

PAT

*He may not be a movie star, but when it comes to bein'
happy we are.
There's not a man today who could take me away from my guy.*

NIXON

(to JFK)

I'm not sure. Let me ask her.

(Nixon looks at Pat and beckons to her.)

Pat dear?

PAT

(to Jackie, now knowingly)

In short, dear, we make our peace and move on.

Pat crosses to Nixon and joins the
conversations. Beautiful Women 2 & 3 re-
clining to JFK.

Jackie, alone, center stage and Spotlitged,
looks at JFK then launches into her
signature song, "**Easy To Be Hard.**"

JACKIE

*How can people be so heartless
How can people be so cruel
Easy to be hard
Easy to be cold
How can people have no feelings
How can they ignore their friends
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no
Especially people who care about strangers
Who care about evil and social injustice
Do you only care about the bleeding crowd
How about a needy friend
I need a friend
How can people be so heartless
You know I'm hung up on you
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no
Especially people who care about strangers
Who care about evil and social injustice
Do you only care about the bleeding crowd
How about a needy friend
We all need a friend*

JACKIE (CONT)

*How can people be so heartless
How can people be so cruel
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no
Easy to be cold
Easy to say no*

JFK Pat and Nixon leave the Women and Reporters and cross to Jackie.

JFK

(smiling)

Looks like the Nixons are coming to our wedding, Jackie.

Ike storms on stage left, in golf attire. He walks past Nixon without stopping.

IKE

Come on Nixon, time to go hit some balls with the old man.

Ike exits stage right. Nixon looks from the departing Ike to JFK and shrugs.

NIXON

He hasn't invited me to anything ever. And now? NOW? Sorry Jack. Duty calls. Gonna have to miss the wedding.

JFK steps away from Jackie to watch Nixon and Ike exit stage left.

JFK

Don't you...forget about me.

JFK stops and grimaces, looking weak. Jackie runs up to him. He collapses into her arms.

JACKIE

Jack? JACK? Pat!

Pat looks at JFK and Jacki with a look of fear and surprise. She looks off stage left.

PAT

Dick! DICK!

Pat exits stage left after Nixon. The lights fade out, giving the segue to...

Scene 8

The scene establishes how deep Nixon and JFK's relationship had once been and how ambition has driven them apart and divided the country.

The lights raise on a stark hospital set. One bed, with JFK on an IV and a visitor chair beside it. JFK is asleep.

A NURSE enters stage left with Nixon. Nixon is holding a book. They stop at JFK's bed.

NURSE

He's in and out of sleep.

NIXON

Thank you nurse. If it's alright, I'll sit here with the Senator for a little while. Maybe read to him. He likes that.

NURSE

Of course, Mister Vice President.

Nurse exits stage left. Nixon sits in the chair and opens the book.

NIXON

It was the best of times, it was the worst of time.
(sighs and closes the book.)
You think those were the worst, Chuckie? Please.

JFK MOANS in his sleep.

NIXON

*Don't you...forget about me.
I'll be alone, dancing you know it baby..*

JFK wakes up.

JFK

Mister Vice President?

NIXON

How you doing, Senator.

JFK

Oh, you know. Don't stop me now. Having a good time. And all that.

NIXON

I knew you had health issues, Jack. I didn't know they were so...intense.

JFK

Bah. Just a passing...cold. But you didn't have to come here. You've got stuff to do. Leading the free world and all that.

NIXON

Ike leads the free world. I caddy.

JFK

No, you're more than that, Dick. You've come a long way from that train station in '47. Back then everyone thought I was the second coming. But look at you. And look at us. We're a long way from that station, too. We were friends.

NIXON

We still are, Jack.

JFK

Blame it on our fathers.

NIXON

What?

JFK

We're driven men, Dick. Your dad, my dad, always wanting us to be more—in their view of what more is. We should be best friends. We are friends. But they're ambition for us to be more than they ever could be is the slow change that pull's us apart.

Images of both men's fathers appear behind them. A sad version of ***Papa Don't Take No Mess*** begins.

NIXON & JFK

(alternating verses in faux conversation)

Yeah, Papa don't take no mess.

Papa don't take no mess.

NIXON & JFK

*Papa is the man who can understand
How a man has to do whatever he can, hit me
Papa don't, papa don't, papa don't
Papa don't take no mess, no
He don't take no mess
Papa didn't cuss
He didn't raise a whole lotta fuss
But when we did wrong
Papa beat the hell out of us
Papa don't, papa don't
Papa don't, papa don't
Papa don't, papa don't
Papa don't take no mess
Papa don't take no mess*

JFK

And now look at us. Look at the country. We won the war together. Brothers in arms. Now we're divided. Communism. Segregation. Ambition. And look where it's got us. Got me.

Send in the Clowns begins.

*Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air,
Where are the clowns?*

Nixon begins **We Will Rock You**.

JFK

*Isn't it bliss?
Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around,
One who can't move,
Where are the clowns?
Send in the clowns.
Don't you love farce?
My fault, I fear.
I thought that you'd want
what I want
Sorry, my dear!
And where are the clowns
Send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're here.
Isn't it rich?
Isn't it queer?*

NIXON

*You've paid your dues
Time after time
You've done your sentence
But committed no crime
And bad mistakes
We've made a few
We've had our share of sand
Kicked in our face
But I've come through
And we mean to go on and on
and on and on
We are the champions - my
friends
And we'll keep on fighting
Till the end
We are the champions*

Losing my timing this late in my career.
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns
Well, maybe next year.

We are the champions
No time for losers
'Cause we are the champions
... of the World

The two share a last, silent moment of friendship before Ike comes in, stage right, back in his Elvis-wear,

IKE

Come on, Nixon. Quit flapping your gums. Time to it the reelection trail!

Ike storms past Nixon and JFK heading stage left. Nixon looks from JFK to Ike to JFK but doesn't move. Ike stops and turns back, looks at Nixon, and crosses half way to him.

IKE

A little less conversation, a little more action please
All this aggravation ain't satisfactioning me
A little more bite and a little less bark
A little less fight and a little more spark
Close your mouth and open up your heart and baby satisfy me
Satisfy me baby

NIXON

But Mister President...

IKE

Come on baby I'm tired of talking
Grab your coat and let's start walking
Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Don't procrastinate, don't articulate
Boy it's getting late, gettin' upset waitin' around

Ike stares at Nixon who looks at JFK, shrugs sheepishly and gets up. He walks past Ike and exits stage left. Ike remains, staring at JFK.

IKE

You know you're the only thing standing between Richard Nixon and the presidency. God help the country. So man...

*A little less conversation, a little more action please
All this aggravation ain't satisfactioning me
A little more bite and a little less bark
A little less fight and a little more spark
Close your mouth and open up your heart and baby satisfy me
Satisfy me baby*

IKE exits. JFK stare for a moment then picks up the phone by his bed and dials a number.

JFK

Hello, Bobby? We've got to get serious about '56. Maybe try for VP. Yeah. And we've got to start thinking about ways to stop Nixon.

The stage goes dark. Setting up the transition to..

Scene 9

The scene shows Nixon's rise as Ike's heir-apparent and JFK's rise to challenge him for 1960.

Bunting, flags and Ike/Nixon campaign posters decorate the stage. The rear screen projects the election of 1956 along with issues of the campaign (China, Vietnam School Desegregation, Civil rights protests, etc.) culminating in the reprising "***I Like Ike***" and a segue into "***Hail to the Chief.***"

Ike and Nixon, freshly victorious, stage left and take center stage, handholding and arms raised in victory, looking at the screen. They are accompanied by STAFF.

As soon as ***Hail to the Chief*** stops, Ike abruptly drops Nixon's hand and turns to the audience and his Staff.

IKE

Let's get back to saving the free world boys.

As Ike heads off stage Nixon moves to follow. Ike stops him cold.

IKE

You did your part Dick--we got reelected. Now go back to your office and don't break anything. Cold War's a job for real warriors, not Navy swabbies better at poker than combat.

IKE and staff exit stage right A dejected Nixon is left on the now stark, dark stage alone.

NIXON

*How can people be so heartless
How can people be so cruel
Easy to be hard
Easy to be cold*

The back screen plays a Newsreel of JFK, fresh from almost being the 1956 democratic VP nominee, now winning the 1957 Pulitzer Prize for **Profiles In Courage**. Images of JFK with beautiful Jackie and their new baby Caroline, looking like American Royalty.

Nixon looks from the screen to the audience.

NIXON

Really. I won the Vice Presidency. Twice! And HE gets all the attention. Meanwhile Ike treats me like..Well, he won't have Dick Nixon to kick around. I AM the vice president. And I WILL be the 1960 nominee – and President!

The music for **I'm Alright** begins Scenes of Nixon's 2nd term flash on the screen: the Venezuela trip with protesters hurling rocks at his car, meeting with Batista in Cuba, pushing through a civil rights bill, visiting Africa, Through the montage Nixon turns from audience to screen and back, repeating the mantra "**I'm Alright**" whenever the images show anything derogatory.

NIXON

*I'm alright
Nobody worry 'bout me
Why you got to gimme a fight
Can't you just let it be
I'm alright
Don't nobody worry 'bout me
You got to gimme a fight
Why don't you just let me be
Do what you like
Doing it nat'rally
But if it's too easy
They're gonna disagree
It's your life
And isn't it a mystery
If it's nobody's bus'ness
It's everybody's game
Gotta catch you later
No, no, cannonball it right away
Some Cinderella kid
Get it up and get you a job
(Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip, dip, dip, dip)*

I'm All Right is interrupted by **Russian Music** as images of the Kremlin, Nixon, Khrushchev and the Kitchen Debate appear on the screen. Elements of a 1950s Kitchen roll on the stage. **KHRUSHCHEV** bounds on, stage right. The music for **Great Balls of Fire** starts. With each refrain of "Great Balls of Fire" atomic explosions rock the back screen. A CHORUS of Soviet Women in uniform joins Khrushchev.

KHRUSHCHEV

*You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain
Too much love drives a man insane
You broke my will, oh what a thrill
Goodness gracious great balls of fire*

*I learned to love all of Hollywood money
You came along and you moved me honey
I changed my mind, looking fine
Goodness gracious great balls of fire*

*You kissed me baby, woo, it feels good
Hold me baby, learn to let me love you like a lover should
You're fine, so kind*

KHRUSHCHEV (continued)

*I'm a nervous world that your mine mine mine mine
I cut my nails and I twiddle my thumbs
I'm really nervous but it sure is fun
Come on baby, you drive me crazy
Goodness gracious great balls of fire
Well kiss me baby, woo-oooooo, it feels good
Hold me baby*

NIXON

(sternly)

*I want to love you like a lover should
You're fine, so kind
I got this world that your mine mine mine mine
I cut my nails and I twiddle my thumbs
I'm real nervous 'cause it sure is fun
Come on baby, you drive me crazy
Goodness gracious great balls of fire*

Music ends.

And, furthermore, in point of fact Mister Chairman...

I'm All Right begins again.

*I'm alright
Nobody worry 'bout me
Why you got to gimme a fight
Can't you just let it be*

Khrushchev throws up his hands and exits with Chorus. Kitchen set pulls away. Nixon continues singing to Khrushchev's retreating back,

NIXON

*I'm alright
Don't nobody worry 'bout me
You got to gimme a fight
Why don't you just let me be*

*I'm alright
I'm alright
Just let me be*

As the song ends images of Nixon returning back to US and shaking hands with Ike appear on screen.

Ike enters stage right. It stops a few feet short of Nixon, out of handshake reach, hands on hips.

IKE

You did good with that bald commie, Dick. Now it's time for you to be the good soldier and get in line behind a good party standard bearer for 1960. I'm thinking Rockefeller. Or maybe Bender from Ohio.

NIXON

(stunned)

Mister President, I also assumed you'd support me as the party nominee.

IKE

Now Dick, you know what they say about "assume." Makes an ass out of...you.

Nixon

But Ike, Don't stop me now...

IKE

Listen, kid, your like that actor – what's his name – Reagan. You're the born "best friend" but you'll never be the star. In a hundred years from now nobody is going to remember you.

NIXON

With all due respect, Mister President..

I'm alright

Nobody worry 'bout me

Why you got to gimme a fight

Can't you just let it be

Who do you want

Who you be today

And who is it really

Makin' up your mind

You wanna listen to the man

Pay attention to the magistrate

And while I got you in the mood

Listen to your

Own heart beatin'

Own heart beatin'

Own heart beatin'

Own heart beatin'

IKE throws up his hands and exits. Nixon
1960 campaign posters fill the back screen.
Nixon continues singing. Which forms the
transition to..

Scene 10

*Nixon's and JFK's rivalry comes to a
bitter head in the 1960 election with
Nixon crashing in defeat and JFK
crashing in Dallas.*

Nixon continues with ***I'm Alright*** as back
screen displays images from 1960 GOP
Campaign with Nixon winning the nomination.

NIXON

Don't it get you movin'

Mmmmm-man

It make me feel good

(Wow, Cinderella kid)

Then give it up and give it the job

(Dip, dip, dip, dip, dip, dip, dip, dip)

(Boom, boom, boom, boom)

Images of the Democratic Convention and
JFK's nomination play followed by images of
the 1960 fall campaign.

NIXON

I'm alright

Nobody worry 'bout me

Why you got to gimme a fight

Can't you just let it be

I'm alright

I'm alright

I'm alright

As Nixon finishes the song two podiums and
TV cameras with CREW roll on stage creating
the Debate set.

Pat enters to join Nixon. Nixon radiates
confidence—the presidency is his for the
taking.

PAT

I had a dream — a dream about you, baby!

NIXON

Yes sir, Mamma.
I'll be swell! I'll be great!
Gonna have the whole world on the plate!

PAT

(excited)
Starting here, starting now,
honey, everything's coming up roses!

NIXON

(looks at her surprised.Smiles)
Well, honey,
Clear the decks! Clear the tracks!
You've got nothing to do but relax.
Blow a kiss. Take a bow.
Honey, everything's coming up roses!

JFK, accompanied by Jackie, RFK and CHORUS
of STAFF enters stage left. JFK, is unsure
of himself.

Nixon nudges Pat.

NIXON

Look at him, Mister handsome. Mister Rich. And down in the
polls to me. Poor kid from Yorba Linda. I tell you he
ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time.

JFK

(to RFK)
He's a hell of a debater, Bobby. Ruthless, smart,
knowledgeable and with eight years experience. Just an
erratic heartbeat away from the presidency. What do I have
going for me? That guy was right. I need less profile and
more courage.

BOBBY

Buddy you're a young man hard man
Shouting in the street gonna take on the world some day
You got blood on your face
You big disgrace
Wavin' your Banner all over the place

JFK still looks uncertain.

JFK

But the party's still fractured. There's the Catholic thing. The Civil Rights thing. The Experience thing..

RFK

I Said We will we will rock you.

Bobby waves at the Chorus to join in. As they do he takes Jackie by the arm and moves her away from JFK.

CHORUS

*We will we will rock you
Singin'
We will we will rock you*

RFK

Why don't you stand over there Jackie – better view.

JACKIE

(unsure)

OK.

Bobby turns back to JFK and whispers in his ear. JFK, with an uncertain expression, looks from Bobby to Jackie and back to Bobby, then shrugs and exits stage left.

Jackie starts to turn back towards Bobby who waves at the Chorus and steps up to keep her attention focused on the podiums.

CHORUS

*We will we will rock you
Singin'
We will we will rock you*

Jackie's and Pat's eyes catch. They wave at each other, sheepishly.

ANNOUNCER

Will the candidates please take their places at the podiums? The debate is about to begin.

Pat hugs Nixon who barely notices. He steps to the podium. A few bars of the refrain of **Stand By Your Man** play.

PAT

*Stand by your man, and show the world you love him
Keep giving all the love you can.*

Jackie is looking around for JFK. ***I Feel Good*** plays.

JFK

(offstage)

Wooooo!

JFK suddenly bounds on to the stage with an energy level matching James Brown on his best day and races to the podium, smiling and confident. He races by Jackie even as she tries to hug him.

JFK

*I feel good,
I knew that I would now
I feel good,
I knew that I would now
So good, so good, I got you*

Beautiful Woman 1 enters stage left and stands at the edge of the stage, smiling, blowing a kiss to JFK.

She looks at Jackie and smirks and exits stage left.

Jackie looks at where Beautiful Woman 1 had been standing, then turns to Jack, who doesn't look at her, then to Bobby, who, embarrassed, moves off to the side of the stage. She finally locks eyes with Pat.

On the back screen the actual telecast of the 1960 first debate plays. First with sound playing, moderator Howard K Smith opening the debate. The lights above Nixon and JFK go out, leaving the two in dark shadows at the podiums. Spots highlight Pat and Jackie.

Stand By Your Man & Easy to Be Hard begin playing. The back screen goes dark.

PAT
*Sometimes it's hard to be a
woman
Giving all your love to just
one man
You'll have bad times, and
he'll have good times
Doin' things that you don't
understand
But if you love him, you'll
forgive him
Even though he's hard to
understand
And if you love him, oh be
proud of him
'Cause after all he's just a
man.
Stand by your man, give him
two arms to cling to
And something warm to come to
When nights are cold and
lonely.
Stand by your man, and show
the world you love him
Keep giving all the love you
can.*

JACKIE
*How can people be so
heartless
How can people be so cruel
Easy to be hard
Easy to be cold
How can people have no
feelings
How can they ignore their
friends
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no
Especially people who care
about strangers
Who care about evil and
social injustice
Do you only care about the
bleeding crowd
How about a needy friend
I need a friend
How can people be so
heartless
You know I'm hung up on you
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no*

The Music ends. Howard K. Smith comes on the back screen announcing the end of the debate. Lights come on the candidates who meet between the podiums, shake hands and return to their wives.

Headlines proclaiming JFK's victory in the debate appear on the back screen.

Pat takes Nixon's hands and looks at him with sympathy. His head hangs low. He knows he's lost.

JFK, smiling broadly, bounds over to Jackie and Bobby. Jackie at first starts to turn away from him. Pat maneuvers around Nixon whom she is hugging and looks at her.

They exchange looks.

Jackie, swallowing, steps up and hugs her husband. Press Camera's flash.

The Podiums and TV cameras roll off the stage. JFK and Nixon campaign signs and bunting descend from the rigging. Images of voters going to the polls play on the screen. JFK, Nixon and their entourages watch the screen. Election night 1960 news footage plays on the screen. JFK is proclaimed the winner.

Bobby turns to JFK.

BOBBY

Come on, Jack. We've got a country to run.

JFK

After you, Mister Attorney General.

Bobby exits stage left. JFK Turns to Jackie, bowing and waving his hand before him.

JFK

And after you, Madam First Lady.

Jackie weakly smiles at him, turns to leave, then turns back and kisses him before exiting.

Pat turns to Nixon.

PAT

*I had a dream,
a dream about you, baby.
(she tenderly touches his face)
It's gonna come true, baby.
They think that we're through,
but baby..*

Pat exits stage Right. Nixon turns to face JFK. They hesitate, cross to each other and shake hands.

JFK

Dick, I...

Nixon holds up a hand to silence him.

Nixon

If I hadn't been running I'd have voted for you.
Congratulations, Mister President.

JFK tries to say something, stops, smiles wistfully then turns and exits stage left.

Nixon remains alone, center stage. **Tracks of My Tears** begins.

NIXON

*People say I'm the life of the party
Because I tell a joke or two
Although I might be laughing loud and hearty
Deep inside I'm blue*

JFK's first inaugural appears on the back screen. JFK delivers his "Ask not what your country can do for you" line. Nixon stops to look, then resumes.

*So take a good look at my face
You'll see my smile looks out of place
If you look closer, it's easy to trace
The tracks of my tears*

A dejected Nixon turns and watches scenes of JFK's presidency play out on the screen: Bay of Pigs, Civil Rights, Cuban Missile Crisis, Moon Speech

Pat brings out various items (a briefcase, golf clubs, tennis racket, a suit) for Nixon to consider – activities for his forced retirement. He waves them all off. She finally brings out a "Nixon for Governor" sign and he leaps up, energized, grabs the sign and, surrounded by an entourage of supporters with signs, charges off stage. Pat comes back on stage with a big "Nixon for Governor of California sign."

Nixon brightens up. He hugs her. **California Here I Come** cheerfully plays. They exit stage right. Kennedy's speeches play on the screen. **California Here I Come** comes to a sad, whining ending. A dejected Nixon with a broken campaign sign comes back on stage. Chorus of Reporters follow. Nixon turns on them savagely.

CHORUS

Vice President Nixon – how does it feel to lose both the presidency and the governorship of your own home state?

Nixon turns to snap at them but before he can Pat enters stage right and takes him by the arm. **Everybody Plays the Fool** starts.

PAT

*Okay, so your heart is broken
You sit around mopin'
Cryin' and cryin'
You say you're even thinkin' about dyin'
Well, before you do anything rash, dig this*

CHORUS

*Everybody plays the fool sometime
There's no exception to the rule
Listen, baby, it may be factual, may be cruel*

PAT

*I ain't lyin', everybody plays the fool.
Everybody plays the fool, sometime
They use your heart like a tool
Listen, baby, they never tell you so in school
I want to say it again*

PAT & CHORUS

*Everybody plays the fool
Listen to me, baby
Everybody plays the fool, sometime
(No exception) no exception to the rule
It may be factual, may be cruel, sometime
But everybody plays the fool
Listen, listen, baby
Everybody plays the fool*

Nixon starts to cheer up but then, on the screen, a clip of Marilyn Monroe singing "Happy Birthday Mister President" plays. Nixon looks from the screen to Pat to the audience and says, loudly, in a Jack Benny deadpan,

NIXON

Really?

He shakes off Pat and turns back to the Press and says, snarling, the now fully malformed, mistreated, maligned and malevolent Nixon.

NIXON

You don't have Nixon to kick around any more because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference!

Pat tries to comfort him but he brushes her off.

JFK and Jackie enter stage left. The Press rush to them.

CHORUS

Mister President! Mister President! What are your plans now?

JFK

Now boys, you know the rules. Don't stop me now.

He waves them off. He and Jackie meet Pat and Nixon center stage.

JFK tries to offer consolation to his former friend and vanquished rival but, ultimately, doesn't have it in him to transcend his satisfaction with victory with sympathy for the defeated. Nixon tries to rekindle some spark of amity, but all that remains is bitterness. Smiling weakly, the two men shake hands awkwardly and step apart.

JFK

Sorry about California, Dick.

NIXON

Way things go. Nice job with Castro and Cuba.

JFK

Thanks. You know, Dick, it occurs to me...

CHORUS

Mister President! What about Vietnam and the assassination of President Diem?

JFK looks from the press to Nixon and back.
He shrugs and steps away, Jackie in tow.
Don't Stop Me Now softly begins.

JFK

(in "speech" voice)

Tonight I'm gonna have myself a real good time
I feel alive and the world I'll turn it inside out - yeah
And floating around in ecstasy
So don't stop me now don't stop me
'Cause I'm having a good time
having a good time

Pat comes over the Nixon and begins a
reprise of "**Stand By Your Man.**"

Jackie, ignored once again by JFK, begins a
tandem reprise of "**Be So Hard.**"

Nixon ignores Pat and, staring at JFK who is
still looking wistfully into the distance,
at challenges remaining, greatness yet to be
achieved, begins his reprise of "**Don't You
Forget About Me.**"

JFK finally turns and reprises "**Don't Stop
Me Now.**" This is the Big Act One Finale -
all four, center stage, each belting their
theme song in tandem.

| NIXON | JFK | JACKIE | PAT |
|--|---|--|--|
| Won't you come see about me? I'll be alone, dancing you know it baby | I'm burning through the sky yeah! Two hundred degrees That's why they call me | How can people be so heartless How can people be so cruel Easy to be | Sometimes it's hard to be a woman Giving all your love to just one man You'll have |

Tell me your troubles and doubts
Giving me everything inside and out and
Love's strange so real in the dark
Think of the tender things that we were working on
Slow change may pull us apart
When the light gets into your heart,
Will you recognize me?
Call my name or walk on by
Rain keeps falling, rain keeps falling
Down, down, down, down
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Ohhhhhohhhhohhh
hohhhhwooooo
Don't you, forget about me
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't you, forget about me
As you walk on by
Will you call my name?
As you walk

Mister Fahrenheit
I'm trav'ling at the speed of light
I wanna make a supersonic man out of you
Don't stop me now
I'm having such a good time
I'm having a ball
Don't stop me now
If you wanna have a good time
Just give me a call
Don't stop me now ('cause I'm having a good time)
Don't stop me now (yes I'm having a good time)
I don't want to stop at all... yeah!
Mister Fahrenheit
I'm trav'ling at the speed of light
I wanna make a supersonic man out of you
Don't stop me now ('cause

hard
Easy to be cold
How can people have no feelings
How can they ignore their friends
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no
Especially people who care about strangers
Who care about evil and social injustice
Do you only care about the bleeding crowd
How about a needy friend
I need a friend
How can people be so heartless
You know I'm hung up on you
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no
How can people be so heartless
How can people be so cruel
Easy to be proud
Easy to say

bad times, and he'll have good times
Doin' things that you don't understand
But if you love him, you'll forgive him
Even though he's hard to understand
And if you love him, oh be proud of him
'Cause after all he's just a man.
Stand by your man, give him two arms to cling to
And something warm to come to
When nights are cold and lonely.
Stand by your man, and show the world you love him
Keep giving all the love you can.
Stand by your man.
Stand by your man, and show the world you love him
Keep giving all the love you can.

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| on by | I'm having a | no | Stand by your |
| Will you call | good time) | Easy to be | man. |
| my name? | Don't stop me | cold | Stand by your |
| When you walk | now (yes I'm | Easy to say | man. |
| away | having a good | no | Stand by your |
| Or will you | time) | Come on, easy | man, and show |
| walk away? | I don't wanna | to be mean | the world you |
| Will you walk | stop at all | Easy to say | love him |
| on by? | | no | Keep giving |
| Come on, call | La la la la | Easy to be | all the love |
| my name | laaaa | cold | you can. |
| Will you call | La la la la | Easy to say | Stand by your |
| my name? | La la laa laa | no | man. |
| When you walk | laa laaa | Much too easy | |
| on by, and | La la laa la | to say no | |
| you call my | la la la la | | |
| name | laaa | | |
| | hey!!.... | | |

The broad stairs from Scene 2 roll out behind them. As the songs fall silent, JFK takes Jackie's hand and they climb the stairs, Nixon and Pat watching. Nixon looks from Pat to JFK, who, reaching the top of the stairs turns, waves to the audience in triumph, then descends out of sight to the other side. Scenes of JFK's and Jackie's arrival in Dallas play on the screen.

Nixon looks at Pat but is talking to the world.

NIXON

And now what will become of me?

He and Pat start to walk off the deserted stage to exit to the right. Just as they are almost off stage...

Two gunshots ring out, 4.92 seconds apart.

Nixon stops abruptly and turns towards the stairs, then back to the audience.

There is a look of horror—and ambition — on his face.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene 1

The 1968 Election -- The scene underscores National Chaos of '68, Nixon's Machiavellian and mercenary instincts but also the sense that he could make things better.

*The Overture begins – at first a reprise of the **American Century** but as the curtain rises on a dark stage it morphs into the Jimmy Hendrix version of the **Star Spangled Banner**. Clips from Walter Cronkite and other news broadcasts play illustrating the tumultuous period – Cold War, Vietnam, anti-war and civil rights protests, KKK cross burnings, race riots.*

The stage lights come on to show Nixon in a hotel room suite standing and watching a TV which replicates the rear screen. Nixon is drinking a martini. A bar cart stands opposite the TV.

Pat enters stage right. She is finishing putting on her earrings. She walks past Nixon to stand by a large mirror (same one from the Green Room in Act One). Nixon doesn't notice her—he keeps watching the TV. Pat speaks to him over her shoulder while she looks at her reflection in the mirror.

PAT

You should really turn the TV off, honey. You know how the news depresses you.

Nixon takes a big swallow of his drink.

NIXON

Watching the news depresses me. Making the news, now that's another matter.

Pat turns from the mirror and looks at him.

PAT
(a statement)
So you've finally decided.

She crosses to the bar cart and makes herself a drink. Nixon crosses over to the mirror.

NIXON
I had a dream...

PAT
...a dream about you, baby?

NIXON
*It's gonna come true, baby.
They think that we're through...*

Nixon takes a deep breath to continue sing but then JFK replaces his image in the mirror.

JFK
(smiling)
...but Baby...

NIXON
(gasps)

Pat remains at the bar cart drinking her drink, back turned.

PAT
What's that, Dick? Need another drink?

The mirror goes back to showing Nixon. He turns.

NIXON
They'll never love me, Pat. Not like they loved...him.

Pat turns to him. They never step too close to each other.

PAT

They almost elected you over him. They did, if you don't count the stolen..."

NIXON

We agreed not to challenge that count. Would have torn the country apart.

PAT

And that is why you are a great man. You sacrificed yourself for the country. So you're not lovable. They don't have to love you, Dick. You don't need to love your mechanic. Or your proctologist. You just need to know they can get the job done. And you'd be the best man in this race.

NIXON

(ignoring her)

He's gone. But my enemies, and boy do I have a lot of them, still want to skin me alive. The Jewish cabal is out to get me. The East Coast liberal elite. The West Coast liberal elite for that matter. The Kennedy mafia. Even the party's out to get me. They're throwing every body they can think of – Romney, for chrissakes. And Rockefeller. Even that shallow, negligible brain Reagan. You'd think they'd welcome me with open arms. If I had half a brain I'd tell them where to stick the nomination. They deserve Johnson...

The back screen plays LBJ's announcement that he's dropping out of the race. Nixon looks from the screen back to Pat.

...Huh! Or Humphrey.

Pat crosses half way to Nixon. The first bars of **Shake It Out** play.

PAT

*Regrets collect like old friends
Here to relive your darkest moments
I can see no way, I can see no way
And all of the ghouls come out to play
And every demon wants his pound of flesh
But I like to keep some things to myself
I like to keep my issues drawn
It's always darkest before the dawn*

NIXON

I guess you're right, Pat. I mean look at the news. Country is ripping itself apart. Goddam hippie communists on the campuses. Riots in the streets. There's a Silent Majority out there and they're running scared of crime, commies, war and ruin. It's a time when demagogues could come out play on their darkest fears.

(pauses, then smiles)

In other words, a perfect time for a guy like me!

PAT

You mean...

Baby We Were Born To Run begins. Nixon crosses to Pat and takes her hands. But he is looking past her at the screen, where Nixon 1968 campaign footage—he and Pat shaking hands and waving to crowds--plays.

NIXON

*In the day we sweat it out on the streets of a runaway
American dream
At night we ride through the mansions of glory in suicide
machines
Sprung from cages out on highway 9,
Chrome wheeled, fuel injected, and steppin' out over the
line
Oh-oh, Baby this town rips the bones from your back
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap*

RFK enters stage left and MLK enters stage right as **Born to Run** continues.

NIXON

*We gotta get out while we're young
'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run*

RFK and MLK begin the opening bars of **Land of Hope and Dreams**.

NIXON

yes, girl we were

MLK

*Whoaaa whoa-whoaaa,
This Train*

Born to Run abruptly ends. Nixon stops singing to look at MLK and RFK. They move towards center stage while Pat and Nixon move upstage.

MLK

I'm calling this train.

The GOSPEL CHORUS enters from each side of the stage to back them up. Images from the Civil rights movement – from Brown V. Board to Selma and Montgomery to the Freedom riders, lynchings, cross burnings and police repression, summarizing the 1950s to 1968 plays out on the screen behind them as the song roles through.

RFK

Don't you want to ride...

GOSPEL CHORUS

*This Train
This Train
This Train*

MLK & RFK

*Whoa-whoa, get on, get on,
get on, get on, get on*

GOSPEL CHORUS

*This Train
This Train
This Train
This Train*

MLK

*Grab your ticket and your suitcase
Thunder's rollin' down this track
Well, you don't know where you're goin' now
But you know you won't be back*

RLK

*Well, darlin' if you're weary
Lay your head upon my chest*

MLK & RFK

*We'll take what we can carry
Yeah, and we'll leave the rest*

*Big wheels roll through fields
Where sunlight streams
Meet me in a land of hope and dreams*

GOSPEL CHORUS

*This Train
This Train*

MLK & RFK

*Well, I will provide for you
And I'll stand by your side
You'll need a good companion now
For this part of the ride
Leave behind your sorrows
Let this day be the last
Tomorrow there'll be sunshine
And all this darkness past*

*Big wheels roll through fields
Where sunlight streams
Oh meet me in a land of hope and dreams*

Land of Hope and Dreams is interrupted by
the guitar intro to **Sweet Home Alabama**.
George **WALLACE** enters stage Right.

WALLACE

*Big wheels keep on turning
Carry me home to see my kin
Singing songs about the south-land
I miss 'ole' 'bamy once again
And I think it's a sin, yes*

RFK steps toward Wallace, confronting him.
Southern Man plays over **Sweet Home**.

RFK

*Southern man
better keep your head
Don't forget
what your good book said*

WALLACE

*Well I heard Mister Young sing about her
Well I heard old Neil put her down
Well, I hope Neil Young will remember
A southern man don't need him around anyhow*

Both songs compete.

RFK
*Southern change
gonna come at last
Now your crosses
are burning fast
Southern man*

WALLACE
*Sweet home Alabama
Where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama
Lord, I'm coming home to you*

MLK steps between RFK and Wallace. Wallace steps slowly back away from them, moving towards stage right. The back screen is now dark. MLK, RFK & the Chorus are spot lit.

MLK & CHORUS

Well This train...

MLK and RFK sing the verse with the Chorus doing the refrain.

MLK, RFK & CHORUS
*Carries saints and sinners
This train...
Carries losers and winners
This train...*

WALLACE
*Sweet home Alabama
Where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama
Lord, I'm coming home to you*

Wallace's voice and the **Sweet Home** music fades through the last four bars until both are silent. The stage lights spot on MLK, RFK & Chorus.

MLK, RFK & CHORUS

*Carries whores and gamblers
This train...
Carries lost souls*

*I said this train...
Dreams will not be thwarted
This train...
Faith will be rewarded
This train, hear the steel wheels singing
This train, bells of freedom ringing*

During the Saxophone solo MLK and JFK grasp hands, then MLK is seemingly pulled away with an overhead spot on him to far stage left. At the solo's end the spot goes dark. The song stops. MLK exits stage left.

CORETTA SCOTT KING (CSK) enters, stage left, spotlight. **Strange Fruit** plays.

CSK

*Southern trees bear a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root
Black bodies swingin' in the Southern breeze
Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees
Pastoral scene of the gallant South
The bulgin' eyes and the twisted mouth
Scent of magnolias sweet and fresh
Then the sudden smell of burnin' flesh
Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck
For the sun to rot, for the tree to drop
Here is a strange and bitter crop*

She exits stage left. There is a long, uncomfortable moment of silence.

MLK can be heard from offstage. His voice can not be silenced.

MLK

*Whoa-whoa, get on, get on,
get on, get on, get on*

Then **Land of Hope and Dreams** resumes.

GOSPEL CHORUS

*This Train
This Train
This Train
This Train*

RFK & CHORUS

*I said, this train carries broken-hearted
This train, thieves and sweet souls departed
This train carries fools and kings thrown
This train, all aboard
This train, bells of freedom ringing
I said this train...
Dreams will not be thwarted
This train...*

With each refrain RFK, now lit by an overhead spot moves towards where MLK had been stage left until

RFK

*Faith will be rewarded
This train, hear the steel wheels singing*

The music abruptly stops. The spot light goes out making RFK "disappear." A Spot goes on Wallace, who smirks and exits, stage right.

The Chorus filters off stage in silence.

Nixon and Pat pause watching, then move downstage center stage. Nixon looks at her, then the audience, and shrugs. **Born to Run** shatters the silence. Nixon resumes singing even louder and more invigorated.

NIXON

*Buddy let me in I wanna be your friend
I want to guard your dreams and visions
Just wrap your legs 'round these velvet rims
and strap your hands 'cross my engines
Together we could break this trap
We'll run till we drop, baby we'll never go back
Oh-oh, will you walk with me out on the wire
'Cause baby I'm just a scared and lonely rider
But I gotta know how it feels
I want to know if love is wild
Babe I want to know if love is real*

Oh, can you show me

Scenes of the chaos of the summer of 1968 Play out on the screen behind them – the Chicago convention and riots, student campus protests, Wallace rallies, pro-Nixon crowds, as the saxophone rift from **Born to Run** hits its crescendo. Scenes from the Fall campaign play on the screen.

The music pauses. Richard Nixon's appearance on **Laugh In** plays on the screen with the real Nixon saying "Sock it to me?"

Nixon looks from the screen to Pat to the audience, pauses, then shrugs. Then the saxophone bridge section of **Born to Run** resumes at the climatic end of which end of which Nixon continues singing while more campaign scenes appear on the screen.

NIXON

1-2-3!

*The highway's jammed with broken heroes on a last chance
power drive
Everybody's out on the run tonight
but there's no place left to hide*

*Together Buddy we can live with the sadness
I'll love you with all the madness in my soul*

*Oh-oh, someday girl I don't know when
we're gonna get to that place
Where we really wanna go
and we'll walk in the sun
But till then tramps like us
baby we were born to run*

The screen proclaims the Nixon victory. Balloons and confetti rain down. Nixon and Pat, hands held and arms raised in victory, face the audience. The Chorus of Supporters swarm around them.

NIXON

*Oh honey, tramps like us
baby we were born to run
Come on with me, tramps like us
baby we were born to run*

CHORUS

*Ru-uh-uh-un
Mm-mm-mm-mm
Uh-uh-uh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Ru-uh-uh-uh-un
Mm-mm-mm-mm
Whoa-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Ru-uh-uh-un*

As the Chorus sings Nixon drops Pat's hand, much like Ike dropped his. He holds both hands up giving his famous "V for victory" sign to the audience. Pat looks at him, sad. The Chorus continues signing, individually drifting off stage setting the transition to:

Scene 2

The Oval Office. The scene shows the conflict in Nixon having achieved the highest office – is desire to actually accomplish things versus his megalomania for more power and his paranoia of enemies.

As ***Born to Run*** winds down the Oval Office set – two curved back wall segments, the presidential desk and a couple of couches and a bar cart – roll on stage behind Nixon who remains down center stage.

Nixon turns and looks around the office, a big smile on his face. The smile quickly fades as anti-Nixon editorials flash on the back screen coupled with images of increasing anti-war protests.

Nixon's smile fades to a scowl.

NIXON

Damn

Pat comes over to him to comfort him.

PAT

Everything's coming up Roses...

NIXON

Roses? More like thorns.

PAT

But Dick, We are the champions ... of the world.

Nixon gestures at screen which shows a Time Magazine cover from January, 1969 showing Ted Kennedy on the cover.

NIXON

I get elected and the liberal press is talking about Ted Kennedy. TED! KENNEDY! They'll do everything they can to destroy me, Pat.

PAT

*Buddy you're a young man hard man
Shouting in the street gonna take on the world some day
You got blood on your face
You big disgrace
Wavin' your Banner all over the place*

NIXON

*Pressure pushing down on me
Pressing down on you, no man ask for
Under pressure that burns a building down
Splits a family in two
Puts people on streets*

Pat continues with refrain from **Rock You**,
Nixon with bridge from Queen's "**Pressure**"

PAT

We will we will rock you
Singin'
We will we will rock you

NIXON

*Be ba ba bem,
Be ba ba bem,
Be da da,
Be da da,*

Pat touches his sleeve. He falls silent. The opening of Billy Joel's **Pressure** begins.

PAT

You have to learn to pace yourself

Nixon pulls his arm away and moves away from Pat.

NIXON

Pressure.

PAT

You're just like everybody else..

More negative press about Nixon flashes across the screen. Nixon waves at it. Nixon turns on Pat.

NIXON
(angrily)

Pressure!
You've only had to run so far
So good
But you will come to a place
Where the only thing you feel
Are loaded guns in your face
And you'll have to deal with
Pressure

News reports about global tensions flash across the screen accompanied by images of war Vietnam, crisis in Africa, anti-American protests around the world. Nixon continues in a singing rant.

You used to call me paranoid
Pressure
But even you cannot avoid
Pressure
You turned the tap dance into your crusade
Now here you are with your faith
And your Peter Pan advice
You have no scars on your face
And you cannot handle
Pressure

Nixon steps up to Pat and grabs her by the elbows, pinning her to the desk as he continues.

All your life is Time Magazine
I read it too
What does it mean?
Pressure

He releases Pat who steps back, turning away from him.

I'm sure you'll have some cosmic rationale
But here you are with your faith
And your Peter Pan advice
You have no scars on your face
And you cannot handle
Pressure
Pressure
Pressure
One, two, three, four
Pressure

Pat looks at Nixon, sadness on her face.

Pat

*Stand by your man,
and show the world you love him
Keep giving all the love you can.
Stand by your...*

She turns and exits, stage right.

Nixon walks behind his desk to look out the faux windows.

HRH (HR Halderman, White House Chief of Staff) enters through the door stage left. He is played as a comic caricature of the paranoia that will grow to consume the White House – the suspicious butler from an English manor comedy- Frau Blucher meets Cheeves. He has a tendency to overstretch his vowels. He silently enters the room and stands, hands behind back, stiffly, a few feet behind Nixon.

Nixon turns and is STARTLED by HRH.

NIXON

Goddam it Halderman, I told you not to do that. Make a goddam noise, man.

HRH

My apologies, Mister (pause) President.
(HRH looks both ways before speaking.)
(whispers)
Your national security advisor, Doctor Kissinger, is here.

NIXON

What? Speak up, goddam it.

HRH

(Clearing throat)
My apologies Mister (pause) president.
(looks both ways before continuing)
You never know who might be listening in. That (pause)
Hoo-ver.

HRH gives Nixon a leering, eye-rolling look.
Nixon pauses, looking at him with disdain.

NIXON

(Shouting)

Of course someone's listening, Halderman!

HRH reacts to the shout with a start,
leaping back a step.

NIXON

I'M listening. You've got that taping system up and
running like I told you.

HRH

Of course, Mister (pause) President.

(looks both ways before continuing)

It was very (pause) simple. Both your immediate
predecessors already had such a taping system in place in
the Oval Office.

NIXON

(laughs)

And they call ME paranoid. Hey,

(looks both ways before continuing)

They didn't leave any tapes behind, did they? LBJ I could
care less about but Kennedy – I mean, gotta be some
interesting stuff on his tapes, if you know what I mean.

(winks at HRH)

HRH looks back with stiff insolence.

HRH

I do not, Mister (pause) President. And no they did (pause)
not. One would have to be most foolish to leave tapes of
confidential conversations where they might be (pause)
discovered.

NIXON

Well of course, Halderman. I mean I would never...So anyway,
the tape is running?

HRH

Of course, Mister (pause) President.

NIXON

Good. I'll never be able to retire on the crap pay and
benefits this job comes with. Leader of the Free World?
Pay's more like Custodian of the Free World. Need those
tapes to write my memoirs. That's where the money is.

HRH

Of course, Mister (pause) President.

Nixon stares at him and sighs.

NIXON

So what did you come in here for, again, Halderman.

HRH

Your national security advisor, Doctor Kissinger, is here.
Mister (long pause)

NIXON

So send...

HRH

...President.

NIXON

SEND. HIM. IN.

HRH

Yes, Mister...

Nixon holds up a finger of warning.
Halderman stops, swallows uncomfortably and
turns to the door. He pause at the door and
turns back to Nixon.

HRH

...President

He exits. Nixon looks at the door.

Nixon

Hmpph. And they call ME creepy.

The door opens and **KISSINGER** enters.
Kissinger speaks with the expected German
accent. As the scenes progress his accent
will bet more and more pronounced.

KISSINGER

Mister President. You wanted to see me.

NIXON

Yes. Henry – you don't mind if I call you "Henry"

KISSINGER

Well protocol would indicate "Doctor Kissinger" is more appropriate...

NIXON

So anyway, Henry. Here's the thing. I'll never make my legacy in domestic policy. Johnson took the civil rights thing about as far as you can. White Americans are only so generous, you know. Sure, give the black guy a seat at the table and a piece of the pie is fine as long as he's at the other end of the table and the pie is getting bigger for everyone.

Nixon paces around as he gives his stream of consciousness soliloquy. Kissinger stands stoically and listens.

But the economy is slowing down. Inflation is up. White America isn't going to be so generous when it comes to Black America until the economy gets going again and there is only so much a president can do about that. I mean, look at the blowback from southern Whites. And now protests in the suburbs over bussing and affirmative action.

Nixon pauses, thoughtful.

You know a guy could do quite well in '72 playing to that white fear. A "Southern Strategy." Hmmm.

He resumes pacing.

Anyway. We'll tweak social security and welfare a bit. Maybe declare a war on Cancer. But God knows Medicare for the old farts is going to suck all the air out of the budget soon enough. And we'll have to do something about inflation. But you don't really even need a president for domestic policy, you know. Got congress and the Federal Reserve for that. No Henry, it's foreign policy that matters. That's where a president can shine. That's where my legacy lies.

KISSINGER

Well Mister President...

NIXON

And I need a legacy, both going into '72 and for history, Henry. This may surprise you but I'm not a well-liked man, Henry.

KISSINGER

Well Mister President...

NIXON

I mean, sure, I...

(fingers doing air quotes)

..."won" the election. But I only got forty four percent...

KISSINGER

Forty-three point four percent, Mister President.

Nixon stares at him, then resumes.

NIXON

Forty -THREE POINT FOUR percent of the vote. Remind me to send a thank you card to Wallace. The point is more people voted against me than for me. My enemies are poised to jump on that, and me, at the slightest misstep. The New York Times. East Coast Elite. The Kennedys. They're American royalty. And they can never accept that a poor kid like me has made it in to their ranks.

As Nixon speaks the back screen briefly comes to life with images of anti-Nixon headlines and a more ghostly image of JFK faintly to be seen.

KISSINGER

A poor kid like US, Mister President.

NIXON

Henry?

KISSINGER

I was poor kid going to Harvard. Harvard, Mister President. Do you think those Brahmins would have any respect for a impoverished Jewish immigrant kid from Washington Heights? Why do you think I have this accent, Mister President? I've lived in America since I was fifteen! I have to have this accent, sir. With it I am Herr Docktor Professor Kissinger. Not a poor Jew. Yes, Mister President. We will never be American royalty. But we have something better. We have...Power.

Nixon steps towards Kissinger, entranced. He has met his political soul mate.

The music for **Royals** starts. Kissinger gets up and begins a slow waltz, Nixon in tow, around the Oval Office.

KISSINGER

*I've never seen a diamond in the flesh
I cut my teeth on wedding rings in the movies
And I'm not proud of my address
In the torn up town, no post code envy*

NIXON

But every song's like:

NIXON & KISSENGER

*Gold teeth, Grey Goose
Tripping in the bathroom
Bloodstains, Ball gowns
Trashing the hotel room
We don't care, we're driving Cadillacs in our dreams*

KISSINGER

But everybody's like:

NIXON & KISSENGER

*Crystal, Maybach
Diamonds on your timepiece
Jet planes, Islands
Tigers on a gold leash
We don't care, we aren't caught up in your love affair*

KISSINGER

*And we'll never be royals (royals)
It don't run in our blood
That kind of lux just ain't for us, we crave a different
kind of buzz*

NIXON

Let me be your ruler

KISSINGER

Ruler

NIXON

You can call me queen bee

NIXON & KISSENGER

*And baby I'll rule, I'll rule, I'll rule, I'll rule
Let me live that fantasy*

NIXON

*My friends and I we've cracked the code
We count our dollars on the train to the party
And everyone who knows us knows
That we're fine with this, we didn't come from money*

KISSINGER

But every song's like:

NIXON & KISSENGER

*Gold teeth, Grey Goose
Tripping in the bathroom
Bloodstains, Ball gowns
Trashing the hotel room
We don't care, we're driving Cadillacs in our dreams*

NIXON

But everybody's like:

NIXON & KISSENGER

*Crystal, Maybach
Diamonds on your timepiece
Jet planes, Islands
Tigers on a gold leash
We don't care, we aren't caught up in your love affair*

NIXON

*And we'll never be royals (royals)
It don't run in our blood
That kind of lux just ain't for us, we crave a different
kind of buzz*

KISSINGER

Let me be your ruler

NIXON

Ruler...?

Nixon pauses and looks at him askance,
shrugs and continues.

KISSINGER

*You can call me queen bee
And baby I'll rule, I'll rule, I'll rule, I'll rule
Let me live that fantasy*

NIXON & KISSENGER

*oooh oooh oh oooh
We're better than we've every dreamed
And I'm in love with being queen
oooh oooh oh oooh
Life is great without a care
We aren't caught up in your love affair
And we'll never be royals (royals)
It don't run in our blood
That kind of lux just ain't for us, we crave a different
kind of buzz*

NIXON

*Let me be your ruler (ruler)
You can call me queen bee
And baby I'll rule, I'll rule, I'll rule, I'll rule*

NIXON & KISSENGER

Let me live that fantasy

As the song ends they stop dancing, hands embraced. They look at each other awkwardly then step apart.

KISSINGER

So what is your command, Mister President.

NIXON

Vietnam. That's the key. We've got to get out of Vietnam. But we've got to convince the Russians we're not a bunch of pussies. We got to show the Russians we willing to spend as much blood as it takes – if we'll do that over Vietnam they'll know we'll burn the world over Europe. Never hurts for the other guy to think you are a little crazy, after all. Make them think twice before they cross you.

But how Henry, do we show the Russians we're serious about fighting in 'Nam while we show the American people we're serious about pursuing peace – with Honor, of course.

KISSINGER

I am glad you asked that question, Mister President. Allow me to explain..

The door opens. HRH steps in.

HRH

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, Mister (pause) President.

(shifts to a more giggly voice)

And Doctor Kissinger.

(wiggles his fingers at Kissinger)

Hi Henry!

Kissinger awkwardly waves back. HRH exits and the Chorus of Joint Chiefs Enters. They take up positions flanking Kissinger and Nixon.

KISSINGER

You see, Mister President. War in and of it self is irrelevant.

(There is a DRUMROLL)

It is the Political results of war that matters.

(Another DRUMROLL)

War is an unfortunate means to a much more fortunate end – American power – and your power – in the world.

(A final DRUMROLL)

What I'm saying is..

War begins. Kissinger sings the lead and the Chorus sings the refrains. Nixon stands back through it all, surprised/shocked. The back screen shows images of the Vietnam war.

KISSINGER & CHORUS (indent)

War, huh

yeah

What is it good for?

Absolutely nothing, oh hoh, oh

War, huh

yeah

What is it good for?

Absolutely nothing, say it again y'all

War, huh

good God

What is it good for?

Absolutely nothing, listen to me

KISSINGER & CHORUS (indent)

*Oh, war, I despise
'Cause it means destruction of innocent lives
War means tears to thousands of mothers' eyes
When their sons go off to fight and lose their lives*

*I said
War, huh
good God y'all
What is it good for?
Absolutely nothing, just say it again
War
whoa Lord
What is it good for?
Absolutely nothing, listen to me*

The back screen shows images of the rising
Vietnam war protests and riots.

*War,
it ain't nothin' but a heartbreak
War, friend only to the undertaker
Oh war, is an enemy to all mankind
The thought of war blows my mind
War has caused unrest within the younger generation
Induction, then destruction who wants to die
War, huh
good God, y'all
What is it good for?
Absolutely
nothing,
say it, say it, say it
War,
uh huh, yeah, huh
What is it good for?
Absolutely
nothing,
listen to me*

Nixon holds up his hands to silence
Kissinger and the Chorus. The music falls
silent. The screen goes dark.

NIXON

So let me get this right. To stop the war in Vietnam you
want me to...

KISSINGER

Escalate the war, Mister President. Bomb them without mercy. Drop more bombs on Ho Chi Minh than we dropped on Hitler and Tojo combined. Goldwater wanted to bomb them back to the stone age. We will bomb them to the negotiating table, where they will accept peace and then we leave. Victorious.

NIXON

And after we're gone?

KISSINGER

After we're gone, what happens in Vietnam stays in Vietnam.

NIXON

Well...Let me say this about that: I've heard crazier. Of course Henry...

KISSINGER

Mister President?

NIXON

You'll never win a Nobel prize with a strategy like that. World's not THAT crazy. But Henry...

KISSINGER

Mister President?

NIXON

What do I tell the mothers of all those young men we are going to sacrifice like so many pawns on a geopolitical chessboard just make a point to the Russians?

KISSINGER

Tell them it's in the name of Realpolitik. Tell them great things cannot be achieved without some sacrifice of the present for the needs of the future.

NIXON

Sounds awfully cold, Henry.

KISSINGER

Then tell them...

WAR resumes

GISSINGER & CHORUS

*War, it ain't nothin' but a heartbreaker
War, it's got one friend that's the undertaker
Oh, war has shattered many young man's dreams
Made him disabled bitter and mean
Life is much too short and precious to spend fighting wars
these days
War can't give life it can only take it away, ooh
War, huh,
good God y'all
What is it good for?
Absolutely
nothing,
say it again
War,
whoa, Lord
What is it good for?
Absolutely
nothing,
listen to me
War,
it ain't nothin' but a heartbreaker
War,
friend only to the undertaker
Peace love and understanding tell me
Is there no place for them today
They say we must fight to keep our freedom
But Lord knows there's got to be a better way
War, huh,
good God y'all
What is it good for?
You tell 'em, say it, say it, say it, say it
War,
good Lord, huh
What is it good for?
Stand up and shout it,
nothing
War, it ain't nothin' but a heartbreaker*

During the last refrains Kissinger leads the Chorus of Joint Chiefs out the office door in a faux cha-cha konga line. Nixon watches them leave in disbelief.

NIXON

And they say I'M crazy.

HRH enters as the last General leaves.

HRH
Your two o'clock is here, Mister (long pause)

NIXON
Out with it man!

HRH
President.

ELVIS (played by the same actor as IKE)
enters in full regalia. HRH stands at the
door. Nixon looks shocked.

NIXON
Ike? It can't be. You're dead.

ELVIS
Er, Mister President?

Nixon steps around Elvis ignoring his
outstretched hand.

NIXON
(shouting at HRH)
Where is he?

HRH
Mister (pause) President?

Gestures at Elvis.

NIXON
Kennedy! If this ghost is here you can bet your bottom
dollar Kennedy's here to. Guy never misses a chance to
haunt me...

HRH
Er, this is Mister Presley, sir. Mister *ELVIS* Presley.

Nixon startles, looks closely at Elvis and
shakes his head.

NIXON
Of course it's Elvis Presley, you fool. I know that. He's
here to...to...

HRH

Talk with you about your new anti-drug campaign.

NIXON

Of course he is! OK Halderman, you're dismissed.

HRH turns to leave, pausing at the door.

HRH

And they say I'M crazy.

He exits. Nixon crosses to Elvis and shakes his hand. Elvis is noticeably nervous.

NIXON

Thank you for coming, Mister Presley.

ELVIS

Thank you for seeing me, Mister President. And please, call me Elvis.

NIXON

Yes, of course. You see Elvis, I need your help.

Crosses to the cart bar.

NIXON

You see the kids today are being destroyed by the drugs. Pot, LSD, all that crazy stuff. Destroying their brains. Destroying their country. What they need with drugs I don't know, living in the greatest country in the history of the world. Drink?

Nixon nods from the booze to Elvis.

ELVIS

No thank you Mister President. Little early in the day.

Nixon shrugs and pours himself a drink.

NIXON

Suit yourself. My staff got your letter. They tell me you want save the kids of America. You want to help by being a "Federal Agent-at-Large" in the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

ELVIS

Yes sir. Especially if there's a badge. Can I have a badge?

NIXON

I'm sure something can be arranged.

(shouts)

Halderman!

ELVIS

And I have something for you, Mister President.

Elvis pulls out a Colt 45, Nixon freezes and puts up his hands as HRH enters the room. He walks past Elvis, pausing to look at the gun then, ignoring it, steps up to Nixon.

HRH

Yes, Mister (pause)President

NIXON

(nodding vigorously at Elvis)

The gun, Halderman! The GUN.

HRH

Oh yes.

HRH turns to Elvis who switches the gun to hold it by the barrel, offering it to him.

ELVIS

A present for the President. A family heirloom.

HRH

(taking the gun)

You have a very nice (pause) piece.

ELVIS

Wanna thank you very much.

NIXON

Halderman! Take that out of here.

HRH

Yes sir.

NIXON

And see about getting Mister Presley here an official badge. He's joining the administration in the war on drugs.

HRH

Of course Mister (pause) President.
(turns and walks to door)

Nixon turns back to Elvis, drinking continuously while they talk.

NIXON

You know, Elvis, I just don't get the drugs. They're a commie plot to destroy us, I know. They're the vanguard of the anti-war protests, I tell you. All that loose morality and long hair and rock and roll destroying the fabric of America.

(looks at Elvis)

No offense.

ELVIS

None taken, Mister President. I hate the hippies too. I always thought the Beatles are a main source of anti-American spirit.

NIXON

Huh! Me too. So what do they see in them? Drugs?

ELVIS

Well I wouldn't know myself from experience, Mister President.

(wipes at his nose)

But to understand it you need to put yourself in their shoes. The druggies.

Elvis puts his arm around Nixon, the other arm outstretched towards an unseen horizon.
Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds starts.

*Picture yourself in a boat on a river
With tangerine trees and marmalade skies
Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly
A girl with kaleidoscope eyes*

Psychedelic lights sweep the room. The back screen plays images of Flower Power and Hippies.

ELVIS (continued)

*Cellophane flowers of yellow and green
Towering over your head
Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes
And she's gone*

*Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Aaaaahhhhh...*

While Elvis sings Nixon refills and consues another drink.

*Picture yourself on a train in a station
With Plasticine porters with looking-glass ties
Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile
The girl with kaleidoscope eyes*

*Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Aaaaahhhhh...
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Aaaaahhhhh...*

HRH re-enters with the badge. The music stops and the lights return to normal.

HRH

Here's your badge Mister Presley. I hate to cut this short but the President has another meeting to attend to.

ELVIS

Cool! Now I can go to any country with all the drugs and guns I want!

HRH

I don't think it works that...

Elvis waves at Nixon who is refilling a drink. He then heads out the door.

ELVIS

Thank you, Mister President!

Elvis exits. Nixon turns around, a bit unsteady,

NIXON
Where'd Ike – I mean Elvis – go?

HRH
(whistfully)
To a far, far better place. Ahem.
(pulls paper from pocket.)

NIXON
What's that you have there, Halderman.

HRH
A bill from the...Plumbers...Mister (pause) president.

The Back screen plays headlines from the Pentagon Papers controversy.

NIXON
Hrrmph. Not like they fixed anything. Damn administration still leaks like a sieve. Enemies are everywhere, Halderman.

(looks at paper)
And give that to Mitchell. He handles the money. Anything else?

(takes a slug)

HRH
You have a meeting with your reelection committee sir.

NIXON
Reelection? Already? Feels like I just got here.

HRH
(looking at glass)
I'm surprised you're feeling anything.

NIXON
Wazzat?

HRH
Ahem. Of course. I'll let them in, sir.

Nixon sags on a corner of his desk. HRH walks to the door and opens it. The CHORUS

of Staffers led by Bob **DOLE** enters. One of them carries a poster and easel. HRH steps out.

NIXON

So Bob, you and the brain trust there come up with a name for the reelection committee yet?

DOLE

Yes sir and it's a beaut.

He waves to two Staffers who set up the easel and unveil the poster: ***The Committee to Re-Elect the President.***

NIXON

(drolly)

Wow. That's original.

DOLE

Now Dick, we didn't want anything someone could make fun of.

The back screen displays headlines mocking the Committee as "CREEP"

NIXON

(now stone cold sober.)

We got bigger problems than a name. What do I run on? War's still going and is less popular than ever. There're riots and protest, the economy is going to hell in a hand basket.

STAFFER 1

There was the moon landing!

NIXON

The fucking moon landing was Kennedy's doing. Somebody fire that imbecile.

Staffer 1 slinks to the back of the pack.

DOLE

If you taught me one thing, my Sith Master...

NIXON

Your what?

DOLE

I said "Mister President."

Nixon shakes his head to clear his ears.

DOLE

If you taught me one thing, Mister President, it's when in doubt don't run "on" someTHING. Run "against" someONE.

NIXON

(intrigued)

Go on.

Sweet Home Alabama starts up softly.

DOLE

You run against Washington and the liberal elite.

NIXON

Don't be absurd. Didn't work for Goldwater. Or Wallace.

DOLE

Goldwater couldn't capture the south. Wallace couldn't capture the west. You can capture both. Cause you see..

In Birmingham they love the Gov'nor,

CHORUS

boo hoo ooo

DOLE

Now we all did what we could do

Nixon is standing aside, starting to smile, awkwardly snapping his fingers to the beat.

DOLE

Now Watergate does not bother me..

Nixon freezes mid beat, looking confused.

NIXON

Say what now...?.

DOLE

*Does your conscience bother you?
Tell the truth*

DOLE & CHORUS

*Sweet home Alabama
Where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama
Lord, I'm coming home to you
Sweet home Alabama, oh sweet home
Where the skies are so blue and the Governor's true
Sweet home Alabama*

Lord, I'm coming home to you, yeah yeh

The music fades

NIXON

So you're saying we've got to turn up the pressure on the Democrats. And turn up the pressure on the silent majority.

Opening of ***Under Pressure*** begins with the CHORUS singing the first bars.

DOLE

You don't have to turn up for what, Dick. Everyone already IS under pressure. Cheap Japanese cars and German steel taking American jobs, rising prices and unemployment. All you got to do is tap into it. Talk about the...

*Pressure pushing down on me
Pressing down on you, no man ask for
Under pressure that burns a building down
Splits a family in two
Puts people on streets*

CHORUS

*Be ba ba bem,
Be ba ba bem,
Be da da,
Be da da,*

NIXON

*It's the terror of knowing
What this world is about
Watching some good friends
Screaming,*

NIXON & DOLE

"Let me out!"

DOLE

Tomorrow gets me higher

NIXON & DOLE

Pressure on people - people on streets

NIXON, DOLE & CHORUS

*Chippin' around, kick my brains 'round the floor
These are the days - it never rains but it pours
People on streets - people on streets*

NIXON

*It's the terror of knowing
What this world is about
Watching some good friends Screaming,*

CHORUS

"Let me out!"

NIXON

Tomorrow gets me higher, higher, higher...

DOLE

Pressure on people - people on streets

DOLE & NIXON

*Turned away from it all like a blind man
Sat on a fence but it don't work
Keep coming up with love but it's so slashed and torn
Why, why, why?*

CHORUS

Love

DOLE

Insanity laughs under pressure we're cracking

NIXON

*Can't we give ourselves one more chance?
Why can't we give love that one more chance?
Why can't we give love, give love, give love, give love,
give love, give love, give love, give love?..*

DOLE & CHORUS

*'Cause love's such an old-fashioned word
And love dares you to care for
The people on the edge of the night*

NIXON, DOLE & CHORUS

*And love dares you to change our way of
Caring about ourselves
This is our last dance
This is our last dance
This is ourselves*

DOLE & NIXON

*Under pressure
Under pressure
Pressure*

Song ends. An Image of George McGovern
appears on the screen.

NIXON

But how do I capture middle America? How do I capture the
south? They're solid Democrats. They'd never vote for the
Party of Lincoln.

DOLE

So you make it the party of Nixon. Hit 'em with civil
rights. Desegregation. Bussing. Affirmative action.

NIXON

But hell, Bob - I - we - supported those things. I was a
bigger advocate for desegregation than Kennedy. Not that I
got any recognition for it.

DOLE

Dick, you taught me there's winning and there's governing.
First you say what you need to win and then you do what you
need to govern. Two different things. Scare 'em with
Washington...

*Make 'em scared, make 'em scared,
Don't you know they wanna be 'scared?
Be a demagogue and you've already won!
You'll measure all their ballots by the ton...*

NIXON

But how do I capture all those Baptists the south? Not to
mention the Protestants in the Midwest and the Catholics in
the North East. I'm a Republican Quaker, damn it. Not a
WASP. Not a darling of the religious zealots. Who can
represent me to the church goers and pew fillers?

Dole pauses then shrugs, stumped.

DOLE

Well...

HRH enters.

HRH

We have a guest, Mister...

NIXON

(shouts)

Who the hell is it?!!!

HRH

It is a man, sir, whom on a Hot August night when the leaves hanging down and the grass on the ground smellin' sweet...

NIXON

What the HELL are you talking about, Halderman.

Music for the second chorus of **Brother Love's Travelling Salvation Show** begins.
HRH moves into the room with a lounge-singer's gait, spotlight.

HRH

*He Moves up the road to the outside of town
and the sound of that good gospel beat.*

Dole joins the Chorus around HRH. Nixon steps back and watches.

HRH

*Sits a ragged tent where there ain't no trees
And that gospel group tellin' you and me*

HRH, DOLE & CHORUS

*It's Love Brother Love say Brother Love's traveling
salvation show
Pack up the babies and grab the old ladies and everyone
goes
'Cause everyone knows Brother Love's show*

HRH

*Room gets suddenly still and when you'd almost bet
You could hear yourself sweat he walks in
Eyes black as coal and when he lifts his face
Every ear in the place is on him
Startin' soft and slow like a small earthquake
And when he lets go half the valley shakes*

HRH, DOLE & CHORUS

*It's Love Brother Love say Brother Love's traveling
salvation show
Pack up the babies and grab the old ladies and everyone
goes
'Cause everyone knows Brother Love's show*

HRH steps back and the spotlight moves to the doorway. HRH is the MC announcing the star of the show.

HRH

Gentlemen, put your hands together for the Reverend Billy Graham!

Billy GRAHAM vaults into the room. The Chorus forms around him in backup, dancing like a gospel chorus.

GRAHAM

*Brothers!
I say brothers
Now you got yourself two good hands
And when your brother is troubled you've gotta
reach out your hand for him 'cause that's what it's there
for
And when your heart is troubled you've gotta reach out
your other hand, reach it out to the Man up there
'Cause that's what He's there for
Take my hand in yours
Walk with me this day
In my heart I know
I will never stray*

During the last four lines Nixon walks over to Graham in a mesmerized trance and takes his outstretched hands.

ALL

Halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle, halle
Love Brother Love say Brother Love's traveling salvation
show

Pack up the babies and grab the old ladies and everyone
goes

I say Love Brother Love say Brother Love's traveling
salvation show

Pack up the babies and grab the old ladies and everyone
goes

The music ends. HRH and the chorus step
back. Nixon, Dole and Graham stand center
stage.

NIXON

Bill it's wonderful to see you again.

GRAHAM

Mister President, it is as always welcomed by me to be your
councilor. It is difficult times, sir. Dangerous times.
Godless times. Godless Communists. Godless war
protesters. Godless pornographers. I'm here to remind you
that it is your moral duty to protect our Christian nation
by winning this election. You need to get tough sir. Get
tough on the Vietnamese – real tough. Get tough on the
godless amongst us. Despite what your enemies in the
Media, your enemies in New York would do to you.

NIXON

(Turns to the Chorus)

You hear that fellas? The Reverend gets it. If the
Democrats and McGovern win they'll pull out of Vietnam. The
Europeans see us cut and run from Vietnam they'll make
their own OstPolitik peace with the Soviets. Then we're on
our own and America is done for. We lose the Cold War.

STAFFER 1

So you mean, Mister President, the election of George
McGovern

HRH

Or any Democrat...

STAFFER 1

In 1972 means essentially the destruction of the United
States.

NIXON

That's right, boys. And ANYTHING is justified in stopping them.

STAFFER 1

Anything?

HRH

Anything.

NIXON

OK guys. Now let's go win an election! And Halderman!

HRH

Yes, Mister (pause) President.

GRAHAM

(to Nixon)

Why does he always talk like that?

NIXON

Who knows. Comic effect, maybe. Send Doctor Kissinger back in.

DOLE

Mister President, Reverend Graham. If you'll pardon me I have an election to run.

Dole exits. Nixon steps to the desk with Graham. HRH waves to the CREEP chorus to huddle up. They WHISPER while HRH keeps gesturing at the image of McGovern while looking at Nixon to be sure he isn't watching.

Kissinger Enters.

KISSINGER

Mister President. Reverend Graham.

NIXON

OK Henry – can I call you "Hank?"

KISSINGER

I'd prefer if you didn't, Mister President. Really, really prefer if you didn't.

NIXON

Henry, the good Reverend here's talking about us needing to get even tougher on the Vietnamese.

KISSINGER

(sighs)

With all respect, Mister President, the good Reverend's suggestion that we bomb the dikes of North Vietnam will radicalize the Chinese essentially ending our chance at Détente which, after all, is the whole reason for continuing the war.

GRAHAM

(confused)

Détente?

KISSINGER

A relaxation of tensions through a diplomatic triangulation with China as leverage over the Soviet Union.

GRAHAM

You mean we're fighting the war in Vietnam to make peace with China and Russia?

KISSINGER

That is, essentially, correct.

GRAHAM

And they say God moves in mysterious ways.

NIXON

(to Graham)

Confuses me too.

GRAHAM

But Dr. Kissinger, the President is going into an election. Taking a tougher stance with the Vietnamese would make him -- and America -- look stronger.

KISSINGER

In the short term, perhaps. But it would inflame anti-war sentiment around the world. The Media would explode.

GRAHAM

(to Nixon)

We can not let the Jewish-controlled media control a Christian nation. This strangehold has got to be broken or this country is going down the drain. If you're re-elected then we might be able to do something.

NIXON

Do you believe that?

GRAHAM

Yes sir. I can never say it but I believe it.

KISSINGER

(ahem)

You do remember that I am Jewish, Mister President? And such a policy would involve injuring or killing hundreds of thousands--millions--of Vietnamese.

GRAHAM

We all have to meet our maker sometime, Dr. Kissinger. The only question is will you be ready when it's your time.

KISSINGER

(confused)

I hardly think conceptualizing strategic bombing as an exercise in theology is the best way..

Music for *Spirit in the Sky* starts.

GRAHAM

Best way? It's the only way. Because I am ready to meet my maker, sir. When I die and they lay me to rest

*Gonna go to the place that's the best
When I lay me down to die
Goin' up to the spirit in the sky
Goin' up to the spirit in the sky
That's where I'm gonna go when I die
When I die and they lay me to rest
Gonna go to the place that's the best*

HRH and the CHORUS resume their back up positions around Graham.

GRAHAM & CHORUS

*Prepare yourself you know it's a must
Gotta have a friend in Jesus
So you know that when you die
He's gonna recommend you
To the spirit in the sky
Gonna recommend you
To the spirit in the sky
That's where you're gonna go when you die
When you die and they lay you to rest
You're gonna go to the place that's the best*

Nixon sways awkwardly to the music. He looks at Kissinger who remains stoically still.

NIXON

Come on Henry! Feel the power!

KISSINGER

You do remember that I am Jewish, Mister President?

GRAHAM & CHORUS

*Never been a sinner I never sinned
I got a friend in Jesus
So you know that when I die
He's gonna set me up with
The spirit in the sky
Oh set me up with the spirit in the sky
That's where I'm gonna go when I die
When I die and they lay me to rest
I'm gonna go to the place that's the best
Go to the place that's the best*

With the last verses Graham, HRH and the Chorus dance out the door. The music ends. Nixon watches, smiling. Kissinger watches, shrugs and sighs.

KISSINGER

And they call ME a warmonger.

NIXON

So Henry, tell me more about this Detente thing of yours.

KISSINGER

Well, Mister President. We must think of my—I mean your--place in history. My—I mean your--final legacy. I -- We've got to end the Cold War. Vietnam showed all these...

KISSINGER (continued)

...interventions are too costly. Next thing you know we and the Russians will be looking at thermonuclear Armageddon over something as inconsequential as another Arab-Israeli war.

NIXON

So how does your secretly going to China last year bring about this Détente.

KISSINGER

Elementary, Mister President. You go to China and make friends with Mao Tse Tung. Which will...

NIXON

...drive Brezhnev and the Russians batty. But then they nuke us AND the Chinese...

KISSINGER

So then you go to Moscow and meet Brezhnev. He'll have to be nice to you so you don't get too cozy with Mao.

NIXON

This is giving me a headache. So..

Love Stinks begins.

*Brezhnev'll like me but I'll like Mao.
But if he likes somebody else -- then the world go pow?
And so it goes till the day we die
This thing they call peace it's gonna make you cry*

*I've had the blues the reds and the pinks
One thing for sure*

KISSINGER

Peace stinks

NIXON

*Yeah, Yeah
Peace stinks*

KISSINGER

yeah, yeah

KISSINGER & NIXON

*Two by two and side by side
Peace is gonna find you yes it is you just can't hide
You'll hear it call your heart will fall
Then love will fly it's gonna soar
I don't care for any Nobel Prize thing
All I can say is
(Peace stinks)
Peace stinks yeah, yeah
(Peace stinks)
Peace stinks yeah, yeah*

NIXON

OK Henry, let's give Détente a try. Halderman!

HRH

Yes, Mister (pause) President.

KISSINGER

(to Nixon)

Why does he talk like that?

NIXON

Don't aks. We're going to China, Halderman. Pack the bags.

Come Together begins, forming the bridge to

SCENE 3

Détente: scene underscores the high point of the Nixon presidency which will result in reelection but then the tragedy of Watergate.

The White House set roles away. Oriental banners fall from the rafters to give the stage a Chinese Forbidden City feel.

NIXON

OK, Henry. Now we're in China. Now what?

KISSINGER

Mister President, if I may..

Mao enters stage left with Chinese Chorus.

KISSINGER

*Here come old flat top
He come groovin' up slowly
He got joo joo eyeball
He one holy roller
He got hair down to his knee
Got to be a joker, he just do what he please*

Nixon and Mao shake hands. Mao claps and a table full of food rolls out. Images of Nixon's historic visit to China play on the screen. Nixon and Mao sample food at the table.

KISSINGER

*He wear no shoeshine
He got toe jam football
He got monkey finger
He shoot Coca-Cola
He say, "I know you, you know me
One thing I can tell you is you got to be free"*

CHORUS

*Come together
Right now
Over me*

NIXON

Well that went well. They're sending us ping pong players and will work with us to wind down Vietnam. Now what.

KISSINGER

Now... Russia.

As the **Come Together** continues the Chinese banners are retracted, Mao and the Chinese Chorus exit and Soviet Banners fall giving it a Kremlin feel.

BREZHNEV and the **RUSSIAN CHORUS** enter.

*He bag production
He got walrus gumboot
He got Ono sideboard
He one spinal cracker
He got feet down below his knee
Hold you in his armchair, you can feel his disease*

CHORUS

*Come together
Right now
Over me*

Brezhnev and Nixon shake hands. Another table of Russian food roles out. Images of Nixon's visit to Russia play on the screen.

KISSINGER

*He roller coaster
He got early warning
He got muddy water
He one mojo filter
He say, "One and one and one is three
Got to be good lookin' 'cause he's so hard to see"*

CHORUS

*Come together
Right now
Over me*

Nixon and Brezhnev shake hands after sampling food. Brezhnev exits.

*Come together
Come together
Come together
Come together
Come together*

Nixon turns to Kissinger.

NIXON

That went well. We're going to send them wheat and they're going to send us Bolshoi ballerinas.

KISSINGER

(leering)
Single ones, I hope.

NIXON

Down boy.

KISSINGER

Once the Russians are used to eating American food they can no longer attack us without starving.

NIXON

You're right, Henry. Once they've got a McDonalds in Moscow I predict the Cold War will be over! Alright. Let's go home.

Come together fades providing the bridge to:

Scene 4

The Reelection Campaign: Nixon's unrestrained paranoia about potentially losing the 1972 leads to the catastrophe of Watergate and the resignation.

The Russian banners are retracted and the White House set rolls back out.

NIXON

(looking around)

That was a fast trip.

KISSINGER

Jet travel. Go figure.

NIXON

We've made peace with the Russians and Chinese, Henry. Not perfect and the Cold War goes on but the odds that we're going to blow up the world are significantly reduced. Don't see how anything could tarnish that legacy!

KISSINGER

Yes, Mister President. And know I will go negotiate the end of the Vietnam War.

NIXON

Thanks Henry. And grab yourself a sandwich or something. Haven't seen you eat for a while. You deserve it, big guy.

Kissinger exits just as HRH enters.

HRH

Senator Dole and your reelection committee are here, Mister...

NIXON

Yes, yes.

Dole and the Chorus enter. Dole crosses to Nixon but HRH heads intercept the Chorus and

they huddle. McGovern appears on the Screen again. HRH points at the picture. Two members of the Chorus quickly leave

The Melody for *We Are The Champions* begins.

NIXON

Gonna be a hard campaign, Bob. They'll throw everything they have at me to stop me. All my enemies, the lousy commie-pink lefties -- hate me. Why? All I've ever wanted to do is make America better.

*I've paid my dues
Time after time
I've done my sentence
But committed no crime*

HRH looks up at Nixon singing and nods. Several members of the Chorus exit the stage. The rest of the Chorus moves into backup position behind Nixon as he continues.

NIXON

*And bad mistakes
I've made a few
I've had my share of sand
Kicked in my face
But I've come through*

CHORUS

And we mean to go on and on and on and on

Images of the 1972 campaign play on the screen. Pro Nixon, McGovern adds. The national Conventions. Headlines.

NIXON

*We are the champions - my friends
And we'll keep on fighting
Till the end*

CHORUS

*We are the champions
We are the champions*

HRH

No time for losers

CHORUS

'Cause we are the champions

NIXON

*of the World
I've taken my bows
And my curtain calls
You brought me fame and fortune
And everything that goes with it
I thank you all
But it's been no bed of roses
No pleasure cruise*

Images of the Watergate Burglars being
arrested and arraigned appear.

*I consider it a challenge before
The whole human race
And I ain't gonna lose*

CHORUS

And we mean to go on and on and on and on

NIXON

*We are the champions - my friends
And we'll keep on fighting
Till the end*

ALL

*We are the champions
We are the champions
No time for losers
'Cause we are the champions*

HRH

of the World

NIXON

*We are the champions - my friends
And we'll keep on fighting
Till the end*

Balloons drop as the screen displays
headlines and footage of the Nixon
victory.

PAT enters stage right, meets Nixon
center down stage. He takes her hand

and raises it in victory. Then he drops it and goes back to his famous "V" stance.

ALL

*We are the champions
We are the champions
No time for losers
'Cause we are the champions*

The music stops. The screen goes blank. The Chorus and Dole exit. Pat looks at Nixon. Only HRH remains standing by the desk.

PAT

Congratulations, Dick.

NIXON

It was OUR victory, Pat.

PAT

No, dear. It was your victory.

PAT turns and exits.

Nixon watches Pat go. He moves to say something, stops, then turns away. HRH enters.

HRH

Secretary of State Kissinger to see you, sir.

NIXON

So Henry how's the peace in Vietnam thing go...

Kissinger holds up a document. The back screen shows the peace deal being signed with North Vietnam.

NIXON

Oh. So we've made peace?

KISSINGER

Yes, Mister President. Of course we will have to maintain troops in Vietnam as the accord is implemented. By 1976 and the end of your second term the last troops will come home and your legacy will be having ended the Vietnam War.

NIXON

So we continue fighting for three more years sending American's home in body bags so we leave with honor and look strong to the Ruskies. Gotta hand it to you, Henry. That's about as Machiavellian as they come. Of course, with a peace deal like that you'll never get that Nobel...

Kissinger holds out his Nobel medal. A picture of him receiving the prize appears on the screen.

NIXON

(surprised)

No kidding! Go figure? Guess if we're still in office after illegally invading Cambodia anything can happen.

Nixon walks over to look at the medal, taking it in his hand.

KISSINGER

Diplomacy is the art of the impossible, Mister president. As long as the North Vietnamese don't do something cunning and underhanded like invading South Vietnam just as most of our forces are withdrawn leading to a humiliating American retreat with our personnel being evacuated by helicopter from the roof of the American embassy thereby broadcasting a message of weakness to Moscow which they will then systematically exploit for almost a decade everything will be fine.

Nixon hands back the medal.

NIXON

Okay then...

(pause and double take)

Say what now?

KISSINGER

Meanwhile, Mister President, with your leave I will head to the Middle East. Having almost blown up the world over the Yom Kippur War we might now have an opportunity to forge a lasting peace.

NIXON

(amazed)

We escalate a war in Indochina and get a peace deal. We almost go to thermonuclear war in the Middle East and may get a peace deal.

(laughs)

NIXON (continued)

Maybe if we threaten the Russians with a nuclear attack
we'll end the Cold War!

KISSINGER

We'll talk about that when I get back, Mister President.

NIXON

Okay then...

(pause and double take)

Say what now?

KISSINGER

For now I'm gonna
Shuffle off to Caya
Shuffle off to Caya
Shuffle off to Cairo!

Kissinger exits stage left. Nixon watches
him go.

NIXON

And they say I'm melodramatic.

He turns to his desk to look at papers. HRH
has stepped right up behind him.

NIXON

(startled)

Whaaaa. Dammit man. Announce yourself next time.

Nixon steps away.

NIXON

What do you want, Halderman.

HRH

Well, sir, er, there is something you should know about the
election.

The opening of *In the Air Tonight* begins.
WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN enter downstage left.

NIXON

Well?

HRH leans forward and whispers in Nixon's
Ear. Nixon listens.

Scenes of Watergate play out on the back screen. The burglars being indicted.

Headlines and articles by Woodward and Bernstein on Watergate appear. Headlines of former Nixon aides G. Gordon Liddy and James W. McCord Jr. being convicted of conspiracy, burglary and wiretapping in Watergate appear.

NIXON

(shouts)

WHAT???!!! WATERGATE?!!! That was done and buried. Covered up.

The VOICEOVER of H.R. Halderman from the "Smoking Gun" tape where Nixon orders the FBI to back away from the investigation Plays with images of Nixon and Halderman on the screen.

WOODWARD & BERNSTEIN

*I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh Lord
And I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, Oh
Lord
Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh Lord, oh Lord*

NIXON

We've got to do something about this Halderman. I don't give a shit what happens. I want you all to stonewall it, let them plead the fifth amendment, cover up or anything else, if it'll save it, save this plan. That's the whole point. We're going to protect our people if we can.

HRH

Alas, Mister (pause) president. I fear my usefulness to this administration has come to an end and I must take your leave. A-dieu.

NIXON

What are you rambling about, man.

HRH

*Hello, I must be going.
I cannot stay,
I came to say
I must be going.
I'm glad I came
but just the same
I must be going.
I'll stay a week or two,
I'll stay the summer through,
but I am telling you,
I must be going.*

HRH Exits stage right.

NIXON

Halderman. HALDERMAN.

(sighs)

Well there goes my number one son of a bitch.

Nixon turns from the door to the back screen while images of Watergate play out. Nixon is cast into darkness while Woodward and Bernstein, spotlighted, sing the first verse of ***In the Air Tonight***.

Headlines of Attorney General-designate Elliot Richardson picks former solicitor general Archibald Cox as the Justice Department's special prosecutor for Watergate appear.

WOODWARD & BERNSTEIN

*Well, if you told me you were drowning
I would not lend a hand
I've seen your face before my friend
But I don't know if you know who I am
Well, I was there and I saw what you did
I saw it with my own two eyes
So you can wipe off that grin,
I know where you've been
It's all been a pack of lies*

During pause in lyrics of ***In The Air*** Images of the Congressional Watergate investigation play on the screen. Senator Howard Baker asks "What did the president know and when did he know it?" Congressional footage.

The VOICEOVER of John Dean informing Nixon there is a "Cancer" growing on the presidency plays with images of Nixon and Dean on back screen.

The spot comes back on Nixon who turns from the screen to the audience. The music stops.

NIXON

*Pressure pushing down on me
Pressing down on you, no man ask for...*

The spot goes out leaving Nixon dark. The Music resumes.

WOODWARD & BERNSTEIN

*And I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh Lord
Well, I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, oh
Lord
I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh Lord, oh Lord
And I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, oh
Lord, oh Lord*

During next break in lyrics Tape of White House aide Alexander Butterfield admitting existence of White House Tapes Senate Committee and Senate Counsel Fred Thompson plays on back screen.

Headline of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox subpoenaing the Tapes appear, followed by headlines of the "Saturday Night Massacre" and Nixon's firing Attorney General Elliot Richardson, Deputy AG William Ruckelshaus and Cox flash on the screen.

WOODWARD & BERNSTEIN

*Well I remember, I remember don't worry
How could I ever forget,
It's the first time, the last time we ever met*

The music stops. The famous clip of Nixon saying because people have got to know whether or not their President is a crook. Well, I'm not a crook.

The spot comes back on Nixon.

NIXON

*Under pressure that burns a building down
Splits a family in two
Puts people on streets*

The spot dims and the music resumes.

Headlines and film footage of White House presidential secretary Rosemary Woods and the "18 ½ minute gap" in the tapes appears on the screen.

WOODWARD & BERNSTEIN

*But I know the reason why you keep your silence up,
No you don't fool me
The hurt doesn't show
But the pain still grows
It's no stranger to you and me
(BIG DRUM BREAK)*

*And I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh Lord
Well, I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, oh
Lord
I can feel it in the air tonight, oh Lord, oh Lord
But I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, oh
Lord*

Headlines of The Supreme Court ruling unanimously that Nixon must turn over the tape recordings play on screen.

Film footage and headlines as House Judiciary Committee passes the first of three articles of impeachment, charging obstruction of justice play on screen

*I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh Lord
But I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, oh
Lord
I can feel it in the air tonight, oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord
But I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, oh
Lord, oh Lord.*

The music ends. Woodward and Bernstein exit stage left. The lights come up on Nixon. The screen proclaiming "Impeachment" headlines goes dark.

Nixon stares at the audience, collecting himself. He clears his throat.

NIXON

Ahem. Let me say this about that. The mark of the good loser is that he takes his anger out on himself and not his victorious opponents

(voice cracks)

or on his teammates.

Nixon continues, trying to convince himself.

Those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself...Defeat doesn't finish a man, quitting does. A man is not finished when he's defeated. He's finished when he quits.

(pauses)

Ah fuck it.

JFK, MLK and RFK enter stage left. **Everybody Plays the Fool** starts up.

JFK

*Okay, so your heart is broken
You sit around mopin'
Cryin' and cryin'
You say you're even thinkin' about dyin'
Well, before you do anything rash, dig this*

JFK, MLK & RFK

*Everybody plays the fool sometime
There's no exception to the rule
Listen, baby, it may be factual, may be cruel
I ain't lyin', everybody plays the fool*

JFK

*How can you help it when the music starts to play
And your ability to reason is swept away
Oh-oh-oh, heaven on earth is all you see
You're out of touch with reality
And now you cry but when you do
Next time around someone cries for you*

The music repeats the bridge softly fades out. Spot

Nixon take center stage, spot on him alone. He takes a deep breath.

NIXON

I have never been a quitter. To leave office before my term is completed is opposed to every instinct in my body. But as president I must put the interests of America first. Therefore, I shall resign the presidency effective at noon tomorrow.

The back screen shows the headline, "Nixon Resigns."

NIXON

*So take a good look at my face
You'll see my smile looks out of place
If you look closer, it's easy to trace
The tracks of my tears*

The spot goes out on Nixon. ***Plays the Fool*** resumes. As JFK, MLK & RFK sing Nixon turns, walks to his desk, leaning on it with his hands on it, he slumps in defeat, head hung.

JFK, MLK & RFK

*Everybody plays the fool, sometime
(No exception) no exception to the rule
It may be factual, may be cruel, sometime
But everybody plays the fool
Listen, listen, baby
Everybody plays the fool*

As the song fades the trio exit stage left singing the last lines.

Pat enters.

PAT

We're almost through packing. The house will be ready in San Clemente when we get there.

Nixon turns to face her.

NIXON

How can you be so chipper when our world's collapsed.

PAT

Like I say, I always look forward, not back.

NIXON

Stand by your man and all that.

PAT
(whistful)

Always.

Shake It Out begins. Pat looks at him with sadness and kindness. This is Pat's big Finale number.

PAT
*Regrets collect like old friends
Here to relive your darkest moments*

She turns away from Nixon.

*I can see no way, I can see no way
And all of the ghouls come out to play
And every demon wants his pound of flesh
But I like to keep some things to myself
I like to keep my issues drawn
It's always darkest before the dawn*

Jackie and Coretta Scott King (CSK) enter stage left as Pat's backup singers.

PAT, JACKIE & CSK
*And I've been a fool and I've been blind
I can never leave the past behind
I can see no way, I can see no way
I'm always dragging that horse around
All of his questions, such a mournful sound
Tonight I'm gonna bury that horse in the ground
So I like to keep my issues drawn
But it's always darkest before the dawn*

The FEMALE GOSPEL CHORUS enters to join in back up.

JACKIE, CSK & CHORUS
*Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa
Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa*

PAT, JACKIE, CSK & CHORUS
*And it's hard to dance with a devil on your back
So shake him off, oh whoa*

PAT

*And I am done with my graceless heart
So tonight I'm gonna cut it out and then restart
'Cause I like to keep my issues drawn
It's always darkest before the dawn*

JACKIE, CSK & CHORUS

*Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa
Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa*

Pat crosses to Nixon, takes him by the hands
and looks into his eyes.

PAT, JACKIE, CSK & CHORUS

*And it's hard to dance with a devil on your back
So shake him off, oh whoa*

PAT

*And it's hard to dance with a devil on your back
And given half the chance would I take any of it back
It's a fine romance but it's left me so undone
It's always darkest before the dawn*

JACKIE, CSK & CHORUS

Oh whoa, oh whoa...

Pat steps abruptly back from Nixon and turns
her back on him, taking center stage.

PAT

*And I'm damned if I do and I'm damned if I don't
So here's to drinks in the dark at the end of my road
And I'm ready to suffer and I'm ready to hope
It's a shot in the dark aimed right at my throat
'Cause looking for heaven, found the devil in me
Looking for heaven, found the devil in me
Well what the hell I'm gonna let it happen to me, yeah*

PAT, JACKIE, CSK & CHORUS

*Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa
Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa
And it's hard to dance with a devil on your back
So shake him off, oh whoa*

Pat turns and exits stage left.
Jackie, CSK & Chorus follow singing.

*Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa
Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh
whoa
And it's hard to dance with a devil on your back
So shake him off, oh whoa*

Nixon watches her go.
Staffer 1 enter through door stage right.

STAFFER 1

Mister President...It's time.

Staffer 1 exits.

Nixon turns to watch him exit. He looks
stage left to where Pat has left. He is
alone.

He takes a deep breath, shaking himself. He
adjusts his tie, marshaling his bravado.

NIXON

Well. They won't have Dick Nixon to...

The words die on his lips. He SIGHS.

NIXON

(reciting, softly)

Weep for yourself, my man,
You'll never be what is in your heart
Weep, little lion man,
You're not as brave as you were at the start

Music for **Little Lion Man** begins. This is
Nixon's big finale and the big Eleven
O'Clock number. Nixon sings it with anger –
railing around the room -- anger at the
world, anger at his enemies but most of all
with bitter anger – and ultimately
acceptance – that his faults lay with him
and not his stars.

NIXON

*Weep for yourself, my man,
You'll never be what is in your heart
Weep, little lion man,
You're not as brave as you were at the start*

The STAFF CHORUS enters stage right. HRH & Kissinger are part of the Chorus. The American Flag fades in on the back screen.

NIXON

*Rate yourself and rake yourself
Take all the courage you have left
And waste it on fixing all the problems that you made in
your own head*

NIXON & CHORUS

*But it was not your fault but mine
And it was your heart on the line
I really fucked it up this time
Didn't I, my dear?*

Nixon turns to look at the flag while saying "fucked it up this time." As he turns back to the audience the flag fades.

NIXON

*Didn't I, my...
Tremble for yourself, my man,
You know that you have seen this all before
Tremble, little lion man,
You'll never settle any of your scores
Your grace is wasted in your face,
Your boldness stands alone among the wreck
Now learn from your mother or else spend your days biting
your own neck*

NIXON & CHORUS

*But it was not your fault but mine
And it was your heart on the line
I really fucked it up this time
Didn't I, my dear?
But it was not your fault but mine
And it was your heart on the line
I really fucked it up this time
Didn't I, my dear?*

NIXON

Didn't I, my dear?

As the long Bridge for **Lion Man** begins the White House set pulls away off stage. Marine One Presidential Helicopter lowers from the rigging with stairs in place. Pat appears at the open hatch.

As the Chorus forms parallel receiving lines between Nixon and the helicopter, Kissinger and HRH at the head of each line. Nixon pauses, looks around then walks over to Kissinger and shakes his hand. As Nixon moves from man to man they each sing one line of the refrain

KISSINGER

Ha-a-ah, ah, ah ya.

Nixon turns to HRH and shakes hands.

HRH

Ha-a-ah, ah, ah ya.

Nixon moves down the line shaking hands as the Chorus joins in and the music builds.

CHORUS

Ha-a-ah, ah, ah ya.

Ha-a-ah, ah, ah ya.

Ha-a-ah, ah, ah ya.

Ha-a-ah, ah, ah ya.

Nixon reaches the steps and climbs up to the hatch. Pat steps back. He turns to face the Chorus.

NIXON & CHORUS

But it was not your fault but mine

And it was your heart on the line

I really fucked it up this time

Didn't I, my dear?

NIXON

(Acapella)

*But it was not your fault but mine
And it was your heart on the line
I really fucked it up this time
Didn't I, my dear?
Didn't I, my dear?*

On the last notes Nixon strikes his famous "V" for victory pose on the landing of the helicopter. This is the ICONIC moment of the musical.

After a lingering moment the set plunges into darkness. Television newscast soundtracks of the Nixon resignation play in the background. Setting the transition to

SCENE 5

The Finale. Nixon and JFK reunite to take their place in American mythology as they reflect on what America has, can and will survive.

The lights come up one last time on the Green Room set. Nixon enters through the door.

NIXON

Story of my life. Always waiting for things to happen and then seeing them pass me by.

He stretches and begins pacing, checking his wristwatch, clearly annoyed. He opens the door and shouts out into the unseen hallway.

NIXON

Hello, anyone there?

Unanswered, he closes the door and continues pacing, muttering.

NIXON

I used to be able to bomb countries back to the stone age. Now I can't even get a cup of coffee.

He pauses in front of the mirror, staring warily into it. The mirror is empty.

With a "**Hrumph**," he turns away from the mirror and steps toward the door, only to be interrupted by JFK's voice singing from the mirror, riffing on the **Phantom of the Opera**.

JFK

I am your angel, come to me angel of music...

Nixon stops, turns slowly, annoyed, and in Jackie Gleason to Art Carnie fashion yells.

NIXON

Will you cut that out.

A smiling JFK reemerges through the mirror.

JFK

Miss me?

NIXON

Oh Jesus H. Christ. Why don't you hook up with Marilyn and go haunt Elvis.

JFK gives Nixon a solemn but sympathetic smile.

JFK

It's time, Dick.

NIXON

(snaps)

About time. I made peace with the Ruskies and Chinamen faster than David Frost can conduct an interview.

JFK

Dick, you did the Frost interviews seventeen years ago.

Nixon looks at JFK with disbelief.

NIXON

You know for a ghost you really are out of touch. I'm here, today, to do the interviews.

JFK smiles again.

JFK

You know that's not why you're here, Dick. You know that's not why I'm here, Dick.

Nixon looks at him, understanding dawning, then he shakes it off.

NIXON

I've had enough of this amateur hour. Makes my Checker's speech look like a Cecil B. DeMille production!

He steps past JFK, throws open the door and steps out into the unseen hallway beyond, shouting.

NIXON

Hello? Hello? Will someone fucking come and get me to the set?

JFK

There's nobody here but us, Dick.

Receiving no answer, Nixon steps back in and gives JFK a hard look.

JFK

(smiles)

You've done your last show. You can relax now. Whatever they say about you, it no longer matters.

Nixon steps back from JFK, recoiling in recognition.

NIXON

Oh hell no.

JFK

They thought it would be best if I came to meet you, Dick. Take you to the other side. We were once best friends, after all.

NIXON

And then you fucked me over.

JFK

And you me.

NIXON

All for what? Power? Fame? Power?

JFK

It's what we thought we wanted, Dick. We sacrificed our dreams for a better tomorrow for the chance for meaningless power today. We sacrificed our friendship. What we could have done together, old boy. What we could have done for our country. Instead we did for ourselves. All in the name of meaningless partisan advantage. Doesn't matter who wins elections if America herself is losing.

NIXON

What have we done?

JFK

Oh, about as well as most generations, I'd say. Maybe not as good as Ike and his people. Probably better than the spoiled rotten boomers. None of that matters, now. It's up to them to figure out how to make it better, to learn from our limitations and mistakes, to remember to always put the country, our unity as Americans first, our own ego and ambitions a distant last. Ask not, and all of that.

Nixon looks beyond JFK at the door.

NIXON

And out there?

JFK

(smiles)

Hey! Everybody plays the fool. Come on Dick.

The Green Room walls pull away and the stage lights up to become Nixon's Tomb at his Library.

On the back screen plays images of his funeral, attended by the then living Presidents.

JFK and Nixon look from the tomb to the screen.

JFK

The torch has now passed to a new generation of Americans, Dick.

Nixon watches them then turns to JFK.

NIXON

Do you think they've learned anything from us, Jack?

Clips of the more recent presidents – Bush, Obama and whomever follow—appear on the screen.

JFK

As long as they learned 'united we stand, divided we fall' they should be ok – I mean, how much more divided could they be today then back when we faced red scares, civil rights murders and thermonuclear annihilation. Cold War's over – by the way, good job in helping to wind that down peacefully, old boy—the country is far richer, with less crime, less prejudice, greater prosperity than we ever dreamed of. They'd have to be idiots to let stupid partisan politics – fighting for the sake of fighting—get in the way of the American Dream we dreamt but they can realize.

The background flashes scenes of ranting AM talk Radio and Cable News talking heads, Clinton-gate, Wars in Iraq, Obama issues, harsh campaign ads and signs. *Where's the Birth Certificate* and the like portraying contemporary partisan division and rancor.

JFK and Nixon look at the images on the screen, then at each other. They SHRUG.

NIXON

Hey. If they can't learn a lesson, fuck 'em.

JFK

(smiles)

Now you got it, Dick. We're history. If the Republic survived us, it'll survive these bozos.

Nixon smiles back.

NIXON

You know, Jack, this could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Now what.

JFK

Now...

From off stage MLK is heard.

MLK

*Whoaaa whoa-whoaaa,
This Train
I'm calling this train.*

From off stage RFK is heard.

RFK

Don't you want to ride

MLK enters from stage left.

RFK enters stage left

The GOSPEL CHORUS enters from each side of
the stage to back them up.

GOSPEL CHORUS

This Train

JFK

What's now? We've got a train to catch, my friend.

GOSPEL CHORUS

*This Train
This Train*

MLK & RFK

*Whoa-whoa, get on, get on,
get on, get on, get on*

GOSPEL CHORUS

*This Train
This Train
This Train
This Train*

JFK

*Grab your ticket and your suitcase
Thunder's rollin' down this track
Well, you don't know where you're goin' now
But you know you won't be back*

MLK

*Well, darlin' if you're weary
Lay your head upon my chest
We'll take what we can carry
Yeah, and we'll leave the rest*

Nixon, JFK, MLK & RFK meet center stage.

JFK, RFK, MLK

*Big wheels roll through fields
Where sunlight streams
Meet me in a land of hope and dreams*

JFK

*Well, I will provide for you
And I'll stand by your side
You'll need a good companion now
For this part of the ride
Leave behind your sorrows
Let this day be the last
Tomorrow there'll be sunshine
And all this darkness past*

NIXON

*Big wheels roll through fields
Where sunlight streams*

CHORUS

Oh meet me in a land of hope and dreams

*The ENTIRE CAST enters and fills the stage.
Images of Americans working, playing,
loving, living together as one people in all
our glorious diversity and unity play out on
the back screen.*

JFK & CHORUS

*This train
Carries saints and sinners
This train
Carries losers and winners
This train
Carries whores and gamblers
This train
Carries lost souls
I said This train
Dreams will not be thwarted
This train
Faith will be rewarded
This train
Hear the steel wheels singin'
This train
Bells of freedom ringin'*

Pat comes out and meets Nixon center stage. They don't warmly embrace but do hold hands, briefly, a look of two old friends, reunited but still distant by their separation. Pat releases his hand with look of what might have been, smiles wistfully and steps away to join the chorus.

The Cast sings while Nixon remains a few steps apart.

ALL

*This train
Carries broken-hearted
This train
Thieves and sweet souls departed*

JFK crosses to Nixon, takes him by the arm and leads him to the rest.

JFK

*This train
Carries fools and kings*

ALL (but Nixon)

*This train
All aboard*

ALL (including Nixon)

*This train
Dreams will not be thwarted
This train
Faith will be rewarded
This train
Hear the steel wheels singin'
This train
Bells of freedom ringin'
Come on this train, people get ready

Come on this train, people get ready
Come on this train, people get ready
Come on this train, people get ready*

As the music refrain continues to play the stage goes dark. Only the image of the American Flag remains on the screen.

The curtain falls.

END ACT II

For the Curtain Call, should there be demand for such a thing, a reprise of ***Don't Stop Me Know*** plays with the cast joining in.

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Full Synopsis

ACT ONE

Overture: *The 20th Century Theme Song* (Walter Cronkite)

Scene 1: David Frost Green Room

CAST: Nixon, JFK.

SONGS: Transition: *The 20th Century Theme Song*
(Orchestra)

Scene 2: DC Union Station, 1947

SET: Train Station

CAST:

Nixon, Pat, JFK,

Porter 1, Station Master, Reporter 1, Beautiful Woman 1,
Reporter 2, Frank Nixon, Beautiful Girls

SONGS:

1. *Everything's Coming Up Roses* (Partial)
Pat & Nixon
2. *This Town:*
JFK & Chorus
3. *Everything's Coming Up Roses* (Partial):
Pat, Nixon, JFK & Chorus
4. *Don't Stop Me Now:*
JFK & Chorus

Scene 3: Congress

SET: House of Representatives

CAST:

Nixon, JFK, Speaker Martin

SONGS:

1. *Don't You Forget About Me* (Partial)
(Orchestra)
2. *You Spin My Head Right Round:*
Speaker Martin, JFK, Chorus
3. *Don't You Forget About Me* (Partial):
Nixon
4. *Paint 'Em Red* (to the music "Make 'Em Laugh")
Speaker Martin, Nixon

Scene 4: House Un-American Activities Committee

Set: Committee Room

CAST: Martin, Nixon, Chambers, Hiss, Pat, JFK

SONGS:

1. *You Say You Want a Revolution*
Nixon
2. *Five Little Pumpkins* (recording)
3. *My Kind of Town* (Orchestra)

Scene 5: Chicago/Ike's Hotel Room

Set: Hotel Room

CAST:

Ike, Nixon

SONGS:

1. *Blue Suede Shoes* (Partial)
Ike
2. *Never Say Yes* (Partial)
Ike
3. *All Shook Up* (Partial)
Nixon
4. *Jail House Rock* (Partial)
Ike
5. *I Like Ike*
(Tape)
6. *Hound Dog* (Partial)
Ike

Scene 6: Nixon Living Room/Checkers

Set: Living Room

CAST:

Nixon, Pat

SONGS:

1. *We Will Rock You* (Partial)
Pat
2. *Stand By Your Man*
Pat
3. *All Shook Up/Blue Suede Shoes* (Partial) Ike
4. *I Like Ike* (tape)
5. *Hail to the Chief* (Orchestra)

Scene 7: Nixon Senate Office

Set: Senate Office

CAST:

Nixon, Pat, JFK, Jackie, Ike

SONGS:

1. *My Guy*
Pat & Jackie
2. *Easy to be Hard*
Jackie

Scene 8: The Hospital

Set: Hospital Room

CAST:

JFK, Nixon, Ike

SONGS:

1. *Papa Don't Take No Mess (Partial)*
Nixon & JFK
2. *We Are the Champions (Partial)*
Nixon
3. *Send in the Clowns (Partial)*
JFK
4. *A Little Less Conversation*
IKE

Scene 9: The Nixon Vice Presidency

Set: Bare Stage with bunting.

CAST:

Ike, Nixon, Khrushchev

SONGS:

1. *I Like Ike*
(tape)
2. *Hail to the Chief*
(Orchestra)
3. *I'm Alright (Partial)*
Nixon
4. *Russian Orchestral*
(Orchestra)
5. *Great Balls of Fire*
Khrushchev
6. *I'm Alright*
(Partial) Nixon

Scene 10: The 1960 Election

Set: Debate stage.

CAST:

Nixon, Pat, JFK, RFK

SONGS:

Everything's Coming Up Roses (Partial) Nixon, Pat

We Will Rock You (Partial) RFK

Stand By Your Man (Partial) PAT

1. *I Feel Good* (Partial)

JFK

2. *Easy to Be Hard*

Jackie

3. *Stand By Your Man* (Partial)

PAT

4. *Everything's Coming Up Roses* (Partial),

Pat

5. *Tracks of My Tears*

Nixon

6. *California Here I Come* (Partial)

Orchestra

7. *Everybody Plays the Fool* (Partial)

Pat & Reporters Chorus

8. *Don't Stop Me Now* (Partial)

JFK

9. *Don't You Forget About Me* (Partial)

Nixon

10. *Stand By Your Man* (Partial)

Pat

11. *Easy to Be Hard* (Partial)

Jackie

ACT TWO

Overture: *The 20th Century Theme Song, Hendrix Star Spangled Banner*

Scene 1: Election 1968

SET: Hotel Room

CAST:

Nixon, Pat, JFK,

SONGS:

1. *Shake It Out* (Partial)
Pat
2. *Baby We Were Born to Run* (Partial)
Nixon
3. *Land of Hope and Dreams* (Partial)
MLK, JFK, Chorus
4. *Sweet Home Alabama* (Partial)
Wallace
5. *Southern Man* (Partial)
RFK
6. *Land of Hope and Dreams* (Partial)
MLK, JFK, Chorus
7. *Strange Fruit*
Coretta King
8. *Land of Hope and Dreams* (Partial)
JFK, Chorus
9. *Baby We Were Born to Run* (Partial)
Nixon & Chorus

Scene 2: Oval Office

SET: Hotel Room

CAST:

Nixon, Pat, JFK, Halderman, Elvis, Dole, Kissinger, Graham

SONGS:

1. *We Will Rock You* (Partial)
Pat
2. *Pressure* (Partial)
Nixon
3. *Under Pressure* (Partial)
Nixon & Pat
4. *Never Be Royals*
Nixon & Kissinger
5. *War*
Kissinger, Chorus
6. *Lucy In the Sky With Diamonds* (Partial)
Elvis

7. *Sweet Home Alabama* (Partial)
Dole & Chorus
8. *Pressure*
Dole, Nixon & Chorus
9. *Brother Love's Travelling Salvation Show*
HRH, Graham, Chorus
10. *Spirit in the Sky*
Graham, HRH, Chorus

Scene 3: Detente

Set: Bare Set with Chinese then Russian Banners

Cast:

HRH, Kissinger, Nixon, Mao, Brezhnev

Songs:

1. *Come Together*
Kissinger

Scene 4: Election 1972/Watergate/Resignation

Set: Oval Office

Cast:

Nixon, HRH, Kissinger, Dole, Woodward & Bernstein, JFK, MLK, RFK, Jackie, CSK

Songs:

1. *We Are The Champions*
Nixon, HRH, Chorus
2. *Something in the Air Tonight* (Partial)
Woodward & Bernstein
3. *Hello I Must Be Going* (Partial)
HRH
4. *Something in the Air Tonight* (Partial)
Woodward & Bernstein
5. *Everybody Plays the Fool* (Partial)
JFK, MLK, RFK
6. *Tracks of My Tears* (Partial)
Nixon
7. *Shake It Out Pat,*
Jackie, CSK, Chorus
8. *Little Lion Man*
Nixon, Chorus

Scene 5: Green Room/Funeral

Set: Oval Office, Nixon Tomb

Cast: Nixon, JFK

For Finale: Entire Cast

Songs:

1. *Land of Hope and Dreams*
MLK, RFK, Gospel Chorus, All
2. *Don't Stop Me Now* (Curtain Call)

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SCENE, SONG & CAST SYNOPSIS

MAIN CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

1. Nixon
2. JFK
3. Pat
4. Speaker Joe Martin
5. Ike
6. Jackie
7. RFK
8. Martin Luther King
9. Coretta Scott King
10. HR Halderman
11. Henry Kissinger
12. Elvis (Ike)
13. Billy Graham
14. Woodward & Bernstein

SUPPORTING CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

1. Porter 1
2. Pretty Girl
3. Station Master (voice only)
4. Reporter 1
5. Beautiful Woman 1
6. Reporter 2
7. Frank Nixon (voice only)
8. Beautiful Girls
9. Beautiful Woman 2
10. Whittaker Chambers
11. Alger Hiss
12. Staffer 1
13. Cameraman
14. Mammy Eisenhower
15. Beautiful Woman 3
16. Nurse
17. Khrushchev
18. Wallace
19. Bob Dole
20. Mao
21. Brezhnev

SUPPORTING CHORUSES(in order of appearance)

1. Crowd (Chorus)
2. Reporters (Chorus)
3. Congressman (Chorus)
4. Beautiful Girls (Chorus)
5. Staffers (Chorus)
6. HUAC Committee (Chorus)
7. Staffers (Chorus)
8. Gospel Chorus
9. Generals (Chorus)

SCENE

ACT ONE

- Scene 1: David Frost Green Room
Scene 2: Union Station, 1947
Scene 3: Congress
Scene 4: House Un-American Activities Committee
Scene 5: Chicago/Ike's Hotel Room
Scene 6: Nixon Living Room/Checkers
Scene 7: Senate Office
Scene 8: Hospital
Scene 9: Nixon Vice Presidency
Scene 10: Election 1960

ACT TWO:

- Scene 1: 1968 Election Set
Scene 2: The Oval Office
Scene 3: Great Hall of Forbidden City/Kremlin
Scene 4: The Oval Office
Scene 5: David Frost Green Room

SONG (in order of 1st performance)

ACT ONE

5. The 20th Century Theme Song
6. Everything's Coming Up Roses
7. This Town
8. Don't Stop Me Know
9. You Spin My Head Right Round
10. Don't You Forget About Me
11. Paint 'Em Red (to the music "Make 'Em Laugh)
12. You Say You Want a Revolution
13. My Kind of Town (Partial)
14. Blue Suede Shoes (Partial)
15. Never Say Yes (Partial)
16. All Shook Up (Partial)
17. Jail House Rock (Partial)
18. I Like Ike
19. Hound Dog (Partial)
20. We Will Rock You (Partial)
21. Stand By Your Man
22. My Guy
23. Easy To Be Hard
24. Papa Don't Take No Mess (Partial)
25. We Are the Champions (Partial)
26. Send in the Clowns (Partial)
27. A Little Less Conversation (Partial)
28. Hail to the Chief (Partial)
29. I'm Alright (Partial)
30. Russian Orchestral (Partial)
31. Great Balls of Fire (Partial)
32. I Feel Good (Partial)
33. Tracks of My Tears (Partial)
34. California Here I Come (Partial)
35. Everybody Plays the Fool (Partial)

ACT TWO

1. Hendrix Star Spangled Banner (Partial)
2. Baby We Were Born to Run
3. Land of Hope and Dreams
4. Sweet Home Alabama (Partial)
5. Southern Man (Partial)
6. Strange Fruit
7. Pressure (Queen) (Partial)
8. Under Pressure (Joel)
9. Never Be Royals
10. War
11. Lucy In the Sky With Diamonds (Partial)

12. Sweet Home Alabama (Partial)
13. Pressure (Queen)
14. Brother Love
15. Spirit in the Sky
16. Love Stinks
17. Come Together
18. Shuffle off to Buffalo (Partial)
19. Something in the Air Tonight
20. Hello I Must Be Going (Partial)
21. Shake It Out
22. Little Lion Man