

Secret Honor – Illustrated Screenplay

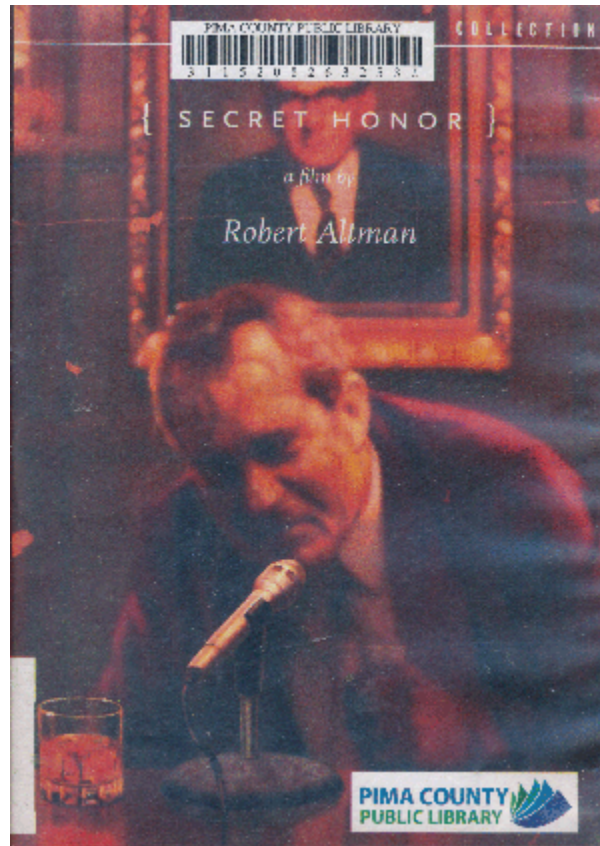
directed by Robert Altman

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[Transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]

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This work is a fictional meditation concerning the character of and events in the history of Richard M. Nixon, who is impersonated in this film.

The dramatist's imagination has created some fictional events in an effort to illuminate the character of President Nixon.

This film is not a work of history or a historical recreation. It is a work of fiction, using as a fictional character a real person, President Richard M. Nixon-- in an attempt to understand.

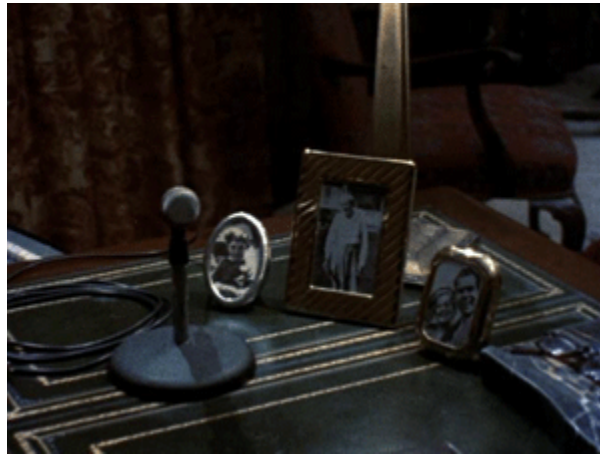
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[Clock Chiming]



SANDCASTLE 5 PRODUCTIONS, INC.



in cooperation with



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION
and the



LOS ANGELES ACTORS' THEATRE
presents



PHILIP BAKER HALL
in



SECRET HONOR
A Political Myth

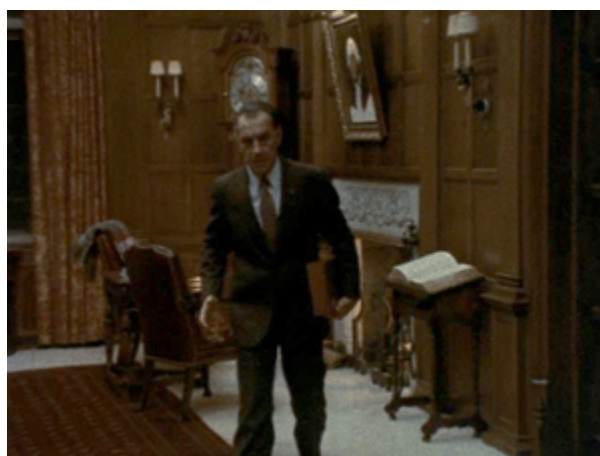


[Door Lock Unlocking]





Musical Score by GEORGE BURT





Art Director STEPHEN ALTMAN

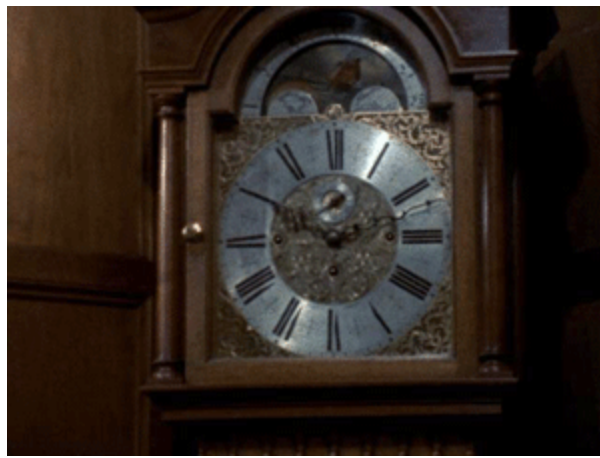


Editor JULIET WEBER



Director of Photography PIERRE MIGNOT

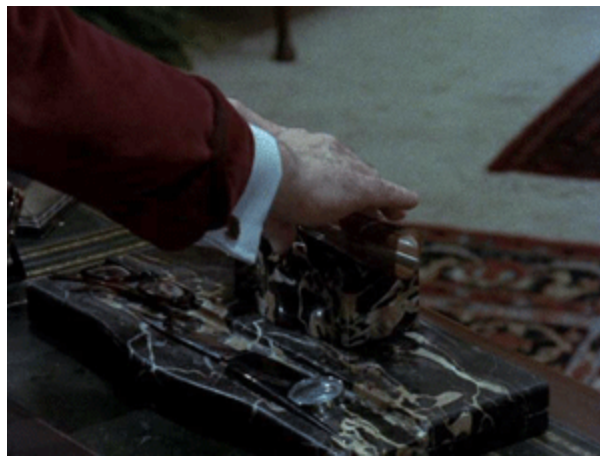




Associate Director ROBERT HARDERS



Executive Producer SCOTT BUSHNELL



Written by DONALD FREED and ARNOLD M. STONE



Produced and Directed by ROBERT ALTMAN



[President Richard Nixon] Um, testing. Uh, one, two, three, four.



[Motor Winding, Click]



[Takes a tape out of his pocket, inserts it, and pushes the record button]



Uh, testing. Uh, one, two, three.

Uh, uh, uh, four.

[Pushes buttons]

[Tape: Classical, Harpsichord]

[Pushes button and turns music off]

[Pushes button]

Uh, testing. Uh, one, two, three, four.

Uh, Roberto, I told you before ...



that this thing doesn't, uh - because there's no -
because the, uh, uh - You know.

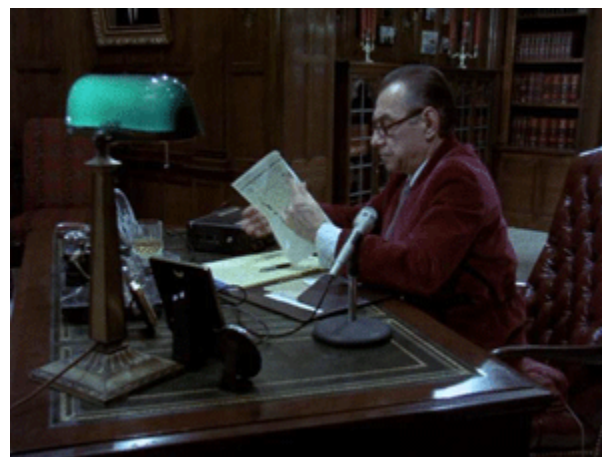
[Pushes buttons]



[Tape: Classical, Harpsichord]

[Turns it off]

Cocksucker!



[Takes machine instructions out of his desk, reads them, pushes buttons]

Uh, testing. Uh, one, two, three, four.

Uh, Roberto, this is for, uh ...
eyes only.



Um, our eyes.

Uh –



[Reads machines instructions and pushes more buttons]

[Tape: Classical, Harpsichord]

[Pushes button, music stops]

[On Tape] Uh, testing. Uh, one, two, three, four.



Uh, Roberto, this is for, uh ...

eyes only.

Um, our eyes.

Uh –



[Tape: Classical, Harpsichord]

[Continues]

[Pushes button, music stops]

Okay, Roberto ...

would you, uh – would you send, uh –
call Mr. Stein at my publishers ...
to pick up that, uh, package that I gave you.



Oh! Oh, yes.
Would you also tell Mrs. Nixon that I, um –



Never mind.



Oh! Oh, yes.
I, uh, I-I hear that the gardener's wife – that Fernando's wife is in the hospital.
Would you send her a, uh, u-uh –
Send her a new portable radio, please. Uh, make it a good one.

And, oh, uh, don't – uh, don't – don't tell her that it's from, uh –
I would – I would rather that she didn't, uh – just make it, uh, anonymous. I –



No! No, no, no, no, no, no. Say that, um –



Uh, say that it is from Friends of a Free Cuba.

[Chuckles] Cuba libre.

Okay, uh, side one.

Um, day and date, um, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

I'll, um – I'll write the, um, um, uh – the prayer f—

Uh, the, um, uh – the plea f—



the prologue –
You know. Um –
Okay, uh –



[Clears Throat] Your Honor ...
may we take the matter of the, uh, pardon first?



Uh – [Scoffs] It was a complete fake.
It solved nothing because, uh, well ...
if there had been a trial and all the rest of it –



Well, you know, if I had gone to prison, I would be a free man today.
A free man!
Now, the word “pardon” has two definitions.

First, there is the legal aspect, which is to ...
excuse a convicted man from punishment.
Then there is the general definition of the word "pardon" ...
which is to forgive.
[Hisses] "Forgive."
[Laughs]
Forgive them before they ever forgive me.
Bastards. Fuck 'em!
Son of a bitches. [Chuckles]
Your Honor...
my client has been driven almost mad...
because he has had to carry the most terrible secrets of all...
locked up inside his, uh, uh, breaking heart...
and, uh, uh, beating mind.
Now, you have read in the press...
the reasons for the Watergate affair.
Today my client is going to reveal to you...
the reasons behind the reasons.
You, ladies and gentlemen of the American jury...
shall look at the face that is under the mask that is –



that is under the mask!
[Chuckling]
You alone shall judge his life.
Your Honor, my client has never been convicted of anything...
therefore, technically, he was not qualified for a pardon.
Now, as to the definition of the word "pardon"-
Look, there's been no forgiveness here.



The whole damn thing has been a sham.
 There's been no trial, no legal conviction, no punishment.
 Instead, Your Honor, my client has had to suffer...
 lifelong personal punishment and, uh, torment...
 for what has been called, the, uh -- [Scoffs] good of the nation.
 Look, if the nation knew the real truth...
 why, I would be in the position of, uh, of de Gaulle, for instance, because I --
 Look, I had to withdraw becau --



De Gaulle and, uh -- and, uh, Mao --
 [Stammers] Mao!
 He was a kind of a lone wolf too, you know.
 As a matter of fact, he said to me once, he said...
 "I am alone with the people, waiting."
 I will never forget that moment.



It made the, uh, gooseflesh come out, because I —
 Look, if the American people knew what really happened, I - I - I -
 You see, Your Honor, I know that the whole story...
 could never be told during my lifetime...
 because the nation could not have stood the whole story.
 Take the, uh, killing of President Kennedy and the Warren report and so forth.
 The nation could not have stood the whole story.
 So it was a blessing when that, uh -- Shit! What's his, uh, uh -- Ruby.



When he shot, uh, O -- Uh, Oswald.
 Look, I'm not saying that two rights make a wrong.
 But it was a godsend when that, uh -- that patriotic nightclub owner--
 when he -- when he shot -- Look, I --
 I always understood the Kennedy brothers. Oh, yeah.
 The four boys? Well, see, we were four brothers too, you know.
 My brother, Harold, you know, he had the same charisma.
 [Chuckles] The women, they all --
 You know, he was a big, brash redhead. I --
 Shit!
 It was TB.
 Goddamn TB.
 Up and down both sides of the family.



Got my little brother, Arthur,
in 1925.

Got my little brother, Arthur, in 1925.

And it got my brother, Harold...
in 1933.

[Stammering] But in those days you went to, uh --

Well, actually, my mother, she took us to, uh, Arizona for the dry air.

Then I came along later in the summer too...

to work as a barker at the carnival there...

at the, uh, uh, Slippery Gulch rodeo. [Stammering]

Then, years later, that son of a bitch wrote that I was a shill for a crooked card game!

That bastard! Son of a bitch! I - I - But --

[Chuckling] But my -- My old man...

he-he-he called it a, uh -- a fat cat's lunger clinic.

My old man was very, uh -- He had a certain kind -- He was --

[Chuckling] Ah, shit!

Arthur was only seven years old.

He was the worst.



God, he was so cute.
Goddamn TB!

God, he was so cute. Goddamn TB!



That's the reason that we came to California in the first place -- because of the climate.

And they all died anyway.

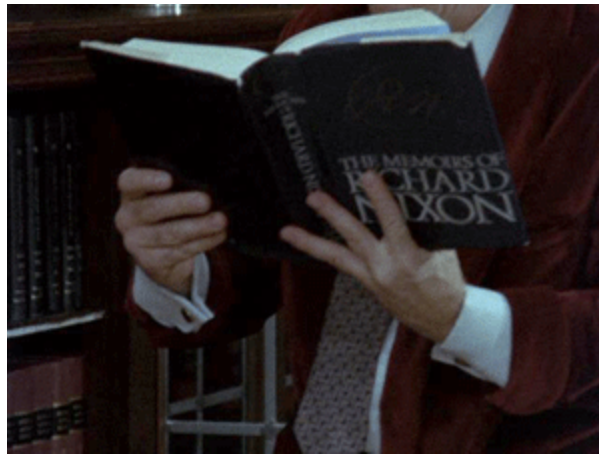
I used to lay awake at night trying to figure out how the hell I got –



[Stammers]

When I was a child...
the sweetest sound I ever heard...
was the sound...
of the Santa Fe Railway.





[Takes out book from bookcase: THE MEMOIRS OF RICHARD NIXON]

"Tonight I see the face of a child.

"He is black. He is white. He is Mexican, Italian, Polish.

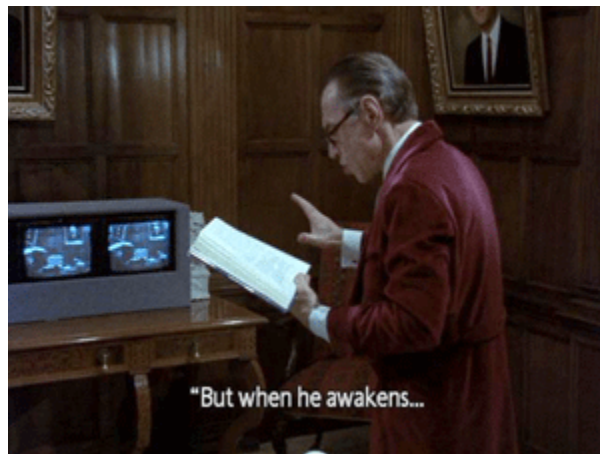
"None of that matters.

"What does matter is that he is an American child.

"He is American.

"He sleeps the sleep of childhood...

"and dreams its dreams.



"But when he awakens...

"he awakens to a living nightmare of poverty, neglect and despair.

"For him, the American system is one that feeds his stomach...

and starves his soul."

[Chuckles] That's very good!

That's -- That's my favorite. That's a --

"It breaks -- It --

"It breaks his heart...

and in the end it may take his life on some distant battlefield."

I see the face...

of another child.

He lies awake at night...

and he hears the train go by...

and he dreams...



of faraway places that he would like to go.
 Seems like an impossible dream.
 But he is helped on his journey through life...
 by his father, by a gentle Quaker mother...
 by a great football coach...



courageous wife...
 and loyal children.
 [Crowd Cheering, Faint]
 Tonight, ladies and gentlemen...
 he stands before you...
 nominated for president of the United States.
 You can see why I believe deeply in the American dream.
 For most of us, the American revolution has been won.
 The American dream has come true.
 Well, I ask you to help me make that dream come true...
 for millions to whom it is an impossible dream today.



[Laughing]



[Clock Chimes Once]



Uh, Roberto?

Would you, uh, erase everything, please, back to, uh...

"I see the face of a...
child."

Oh, yes, um, would you also send Fernando's wife a, uh --

Shit!

Goddamn Kennedys!



They stole the 1960 election in Chicago.
Then they told me to go in there and blow it wide open.
And I would have! I could have -- Shit!



Um, yes, Roberto, would you, um...
send Fernando's wife a, uh --



a basket of fruit also.
Would you make that a big basket, please?
Poor woman. She, uh --
She had a, uh --
Because of the, uh -- She --
Your Honor, the Watergate was nothing more than a misdemeanor...
copping a plea, a third-rate burglary.

It was nothing more than a convenient hook...
upon which to hang my client's political body.



Because before anybody in the world ever heard the word "Watergate"...
the Nixon presidency was over.
Your Honor, my client had faced, as you know...
the acid test of six major crises.
But I -- See...
this is not like 1952...
when I could go to the public with my side of the story.
Oh, yes! [Chuckles]
You see, the whole country was waiting.
Ike had just dropped me like a, uh -- That bastard son of a --
Well, when the cameras came on, I was going to drop out of the race.
As a matter of fact, I had promised, uh, uh, uh, Pat...
that I was going to, uh --
Pat, of course, is my, uh -- [Stammers] Out of the race -- Wife.
Well, you know, it's true.
She did still believe in me in 1952.
When someone believes in you, someone to whom you've made a promise to --
I couldn't! I --
Well, then when I lost in California in '62...
I really was going to drop out of the race.
As a matter of fact, I wrote it -- Well, I wrote it down.
And I, uh, I carried it around in my, uh, uh, uh, uh --
The, uh, uh -- The promise...
to, uh, uh, uh -- to Pat.
"I promise not to run for public --"
Uh, uh -- In my, uh, wallet -- [Stammers]
I couldn't! I --
Well, even then, of course, you know, she -- she did believe in me.
And they spit on her down in South America.
My God, I'm so sorry for that. But I couldn't --
I couldn't quit...
with my tail between my, you know, legs like that!



My wife does not wear a mink coat!
 My wife wears a good Republican cloth coat.
 And my little dog, Checkers, he --
 [Blows Raspberry, Laughing]
 And I cried.
 And the public cried with me.
 And Ike -- The old man couldn't get rid of me! Yes!



I could always cry in public.
 Dr. Birdsell, my dramatic coach in school...
 always said that I...



was the most melancholy Dane that he had ever directed.
 To be...

or not --
Yes.
That is the question, all right.



Whether 'tis nobler in the mind...
to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune...



or to take arms against --



Look, I am not your stinking caddy anymore.
Everyone used to say that Adlai Stevenson was Hamlet.



No, no, that is not true. It was me who was really Hamlet, and Ike was the king!



I never even got to see all the rooms in the White House...
until Johnson became president.
Shit! Ike -- Ike introduced me to a crowd one time...



as Nick Dixon, for Christ's sake!
See, what he would do -- He would drag his coattails, then he would pull them away...
and he would leave me standing there high and dry.
I was running. I-I was always running.
I was trying so hard to make the team that I was always offside. Well --
Just like my old man.



He sold the lemon grove. Then they discovered oil on it.

Well, shit!

Not me. Not to the manor born.



You see, I had to pretend not to see all the snubs and the sniggers...

and the sneers.

I had to put up a front.



Welcome to Denmark! [Chuckling]

My -- My first debate when I was in high school...
resolved, "Girls are no good," and I won!

[Continues Chuckling]



My second debate resolved, "Cows are better than horses."
You see, I –



I always hated girls. [Stammers]
Well, you know, in high school I couldn't -- I couldn't stay away from 'em.
You know how it is when you're -- You know what I did?
I founded the Orthogonian Society.



That's all boys, no girls. Just square shooters.
And our motto was, uh...
"Beans, Brains, Brawn and Bowels."
And we -- we -- we had this, uh -- [Chuckles]
We -- We all used to, uh -- [Clears Throat]
[Singing] All hail the mighty boar

Our patron beast is he
Ecrasons l'infame
Our battle cry will be



Brothers together
We'll travel on and on
Worthy the name
Of Orthogonian



[Plays a chord on the piano]



[Laughing]



Resolved -- Resolved to win, period...
because that is the American system.
You take either side -- It doesn't even matter which one --
and you go on the attack!



It's like, uh, football -- No! No, no, no, no. It's like poker.
The winners make jokes, but the loser says, "Deal! Deal! Deal! Deal! Deal!"
[Sputtering, Laughing]

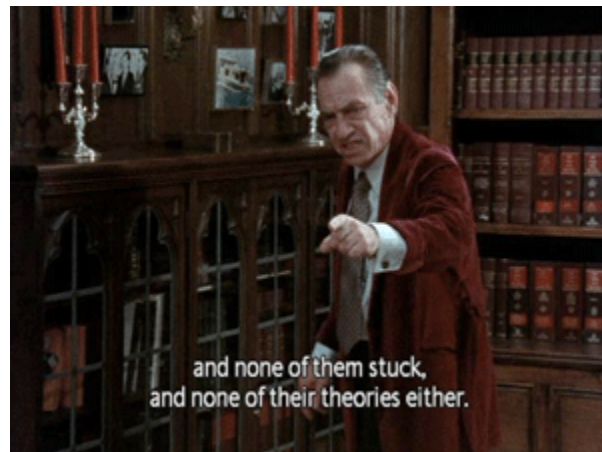


Roberto, would you erase all that crap, please.
Back to, uh, uh, the lesser of two, uh, uh, evils.
No, no, no, no. Back about -- Before the, uh, uh, break-in.
[Softly] Thank you, Roberto.
Your Honor...

there were three charges...
of impeachment brought against me.
None of them could be proved. They all knew that.
Kennedy's hit man, John Doar --
And he had a hundred bloodhounds working for him.
They told him -- And we have ways of knowing this, Your Honor --
They told him, "There is no case against the president, period."
Your Honor, the impeachment process itself was simply the grandest cover-up of all.
There can only be one -- And you know this -- one impeachment charge...
and that is, treason, bribery and other high crimes and misdemeanors.



Well, so they brought a load of –
Well, shit, we gave them a load of chicken-shit charges against me...



and none of them stuck, and none of their theories either.



You see, I happen to know what was going on inside the committee.

Shit, the theories, for Christ's sake!

[Laughs] Let's see, there was the, uh, tip-of-the-iceberg theory. Hmm?

Oh, yes, then there was the narrow-escape theory.

Oh, the robber baron baloney and all that crap -

Oh! We must not forget the higher-standard-of-conduct theory.



That's rich! [Chuckles]

The Founding Fathers caused the White House...



to be built in a swamp in the first place, for Christ's sake...

and Congress up on a goddamn hill!

The Founding Fathers were nothing more than a bunch of snotty English shits...

who never trusted any elected president to begin with!

So, why then, Your Honor, did my client resign voluntarily...
when the fact is that Richard Nixon not only need not have quit...
but in fact could have stayed on beyond the --
Your Honor, something happened to my client.
The year is 1945.
Okay, Roberto...



that is the end of the, uh, prologue.
The next section will be, um...
1945...
through 1952.
So would you please make a separate, um, uh...
uh, you know, for each of the, uh -- You know.
Okay, Your Honor...
in 1939 I went to Cuba.
I -- [Snickers, Laughs]
A-A-After I almost got disbarred...
for signing some client's name to a --
[Continues Laughing]
Roberto, would you erase that, please?
Your Honor, I am trying to tell you...



about 1945.
I was just getting out of the navy.
An ad appeared in the Whittier Daily News.

I will never forget it.
It said...
"Wanted: Young man...



"interested in running for Congress.
Veteran preferred."
And then they listed the name of a, uh, committee...
to contact.
So, well, I-I took some of my, uh, poker winnings and I flew out there...
in my uniform, of course.



If the choice of this committee comes to me...
I promise to wage an aggressive and vigorous campaign...
based on a platform of practical liberalism.
Well, it was those men --
I-I did, Your Honor. I answered the ad.
They called themselves the, uh, Committee of 100.
But the name's changed many times over the years, oh, yes.
Uh, Committee for a Free Iran, a free Guatemala...
a free, uh, Congo...
uh, a free, uh --
But always Taiwan. Oh, yes.
Always for a free Taiwan.
So, they did, Your Honor. They selected me.

And they took my client up to Bohemian Grove.

Now, that is where the China plan was –



That's where I got the message.

Yes.



Up there in, uh, Bohemian Grove...

deep in the California Redwoods...

with the, uh -- the dogs and the guards...

and the prostitutes from Guerneville at the caveman camp -- I --

Your Honor, this young man, Richard Nixon...

this boy from a poor family...

a boy who never had a break, who never had a chance...

he was just overwhelmed by these big men...

on the Committee of 100...

because they showed him a vision...



of the riches and power of this world...
 and he drank their words and their visions, he --
 [Giggling] He had a little sip of their whiskey too...
 this poor boy who couldn't drink.
 Didn't know how to drink...
 because of his strict Quaker background.
 And so, he, uh --



I may have said and done some things up there that...
 came back to haunt me...
 25 years later...
 when the real China card was played.
 I -- Your Honor, that first night up there in the Grove...
 I couldn't sleep all night. I was awake -- Then --
 Well, you know, the big German shepherd dogs...
 they're howling all night, you know.
 But it was way off, you know, in the, uh, in --
 And the men, you know, they're -- they're laughing, singing, dancing.



You know, football songs mostly. Marches, you know.
So, naturally, I was unable to get any, uh -- All the --
But it was, you know -- It was way off there in the, uh...
distance.



It was very, uh...





[Solemnly: "Notre Dame Fight Song"] -- Far away.
[Strikes Dissonant Note Three Times]
Uh, it's a little out of, uh –



But you were my mother's piano...
and that fucking museum is not going to get you!



[Continues]



[Striking Chords]



[Stammering] Your Honor, I forgot to tell you about the whores.
Now, look, these guys were not homos from Westchester County or Cambridge.

You know, this is not old money or "the better sort."
I mean, these guys were Armenians and, uh, Italians and Irish.
You know, assorted white trash. Men!



And what they wanted was a political laboratory...
and that is what they made California into --
a kind of a, uh, proving ground for later on.



You understand why all this was music to my ears?



[Up-tempo: "Notre Dame Fight Song"]



[Humming Along]



[Music stops]

Your Honor, it was the words.

That was the real music to my ears, because I-I --

You know what Coach said?

Coach said if you could run -- me, number 23 --



if you could run the ball the way you run your mouth...

winning the big prizes, why -- [Laughs]

I'm gonna be a winner -- Yes! Because I've always been --



Now, these guys dancing with the hookers, these guys were real winners!
I couldn't dance, not worth a goddamn. My old man, he wouldn't dance.



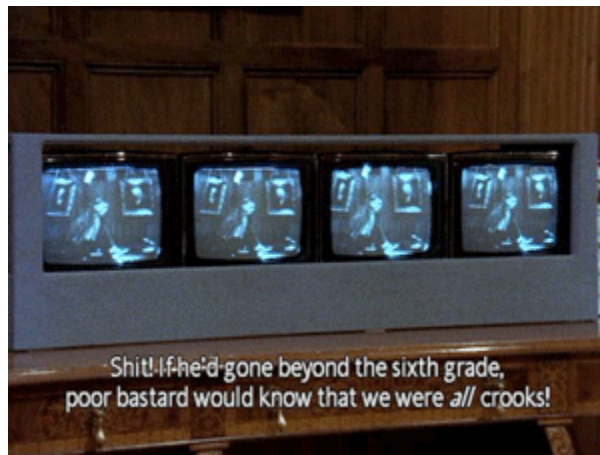
He said it gave him a, uh -- You know, it aroused him. You know?
Me too! So now, you can imagine I took a hell of a kidding on that.
But... you know what I did when I ran for student council president?
I promised a liberal dress and dance code. And you know something? I won!



[Chuckling]
My old man hated politicians.



So there's me saying, "Daddy, when I grow up I'm gonna be an old-fashioned man.
I'm gonna be an honest lawyer. I'm not gonna take any bribes."



Shit! If he'd gone beyond the sixth grade, poor bastard would know that we were all crooks!
[Chuckles]
Well, shit!



I had the last laugh on that son of a bitch!
When I won that scholarship to Duke -- I -- You see --
I still was not a winner yet.



A winner does not have to break into the dean's office the way I did...
to find out what his grades are.

But I did graduate third in my class, though.

But then, when we all went to New York to interview for some big-time law firms...



I was a little out of my league, and I knew that.

But I also knew this -- I knew that New York was the big time. Oh, yeah.

The big, big money!

I mean, New York, with the clubs and the fast track!

I'll tell you this -- in New York, money talks!

Oh, yeah. Money talks, talks, talks, talks, talks.



Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Anyway, Your Honor, what I wanted to do --



I wanted to join the Dulles brothers' law firm.
That's Sullivan and Cromwell. You know, thick, plush carpeting and –



[Scoffs] East Coast shits is what they really were.
Well, my two friends, they, um --
they did get taken on by one of the big law firms.



I did not. Well, then I tried to join the FBI.
I got turned down again.
I mean, Hoover -- I worshipped Hoover! See?
Then years later that son of a bitch Hoover, he tried to stab me in the back!
Fuck him! Your Honor -- [Stammers]



What I'm trying to say here is that the Committee of 100 had a plan...
and that was it.
In 1946, '48, '50, right on through.
I -- Look.
I was very young.
I was a kid.
And they gave me the blueprint...
for my life.



You understand that?
Well, tha -- that's when, uh, Murray Chotiner came into the picture.



Well, because Murray, he was the link to Lansky...



and Ratner and, uh -- and the Mob and –



You see, what Hiss and the Kennedys, all those East Coast pricks, never understood was...
that I would be a winner because I was a loser.

That's right. I dream of failure every night of my life, and that is my secret.



To make it in this rat race, you have to dream of failing every day. I mean, that is reality.



Jews, niggers, Reds, kikes...
old Nixons, new Nixons.
Because I am an American. A real American -- that's me!



I'm not some rich Ivy League prince that thinks that he is a winner.
See? What the big guys thought was, is that I was a dogcatcher.



Yeah, I was. I am! And a, uh, used-car salesman too.
Oh, s -- sure, fine!



And a siding and a shingle man.



Because I knew that today the dogcatcher is king!
And all those crooks and those shysters...



and those mobsters and those lobsters -- I mean, lobbyists --



I mean, all the well-fed -- all the welfare
bums and tramps in this country...

I mean, all the well-fed -- all the welfare bums and tramps in this country...
that is your palace guard!
[Laughing]



Shit.

Shit.
Ehh...
let 'em suck on that for a while.



[Chuckles]

[Chuckles]
[Sighs]



[Wheezes]
Shit!



I could have beaten Kennedy.
I could have won...
in 1960.
But, see...



goddamn C.I.A., they went and they told Kennedy all about the –
the track-two operation against Castro...



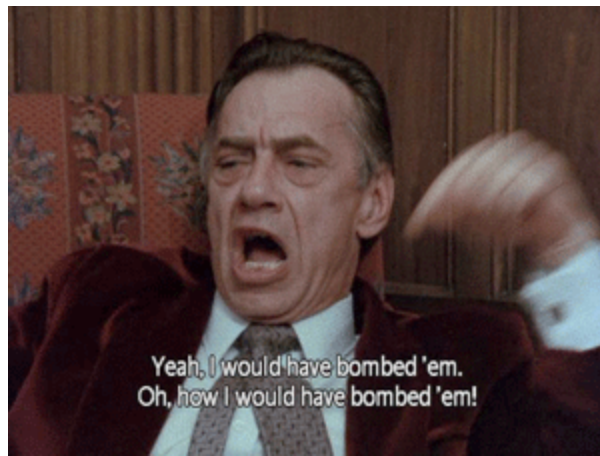
and then Jack, he out-red-baited me by attacking Castro...
and that made me look soft.



I mean, they promised me that the invasion would —
the "executive action" against Castro...
would take place before the election.
I mean, God, how they screwed me!



I could have won. I could have won. I could have beaten Kennedy.
Look, it was me with the 54-12 Special Group...
who'd planned the whole damn thing in the first place.



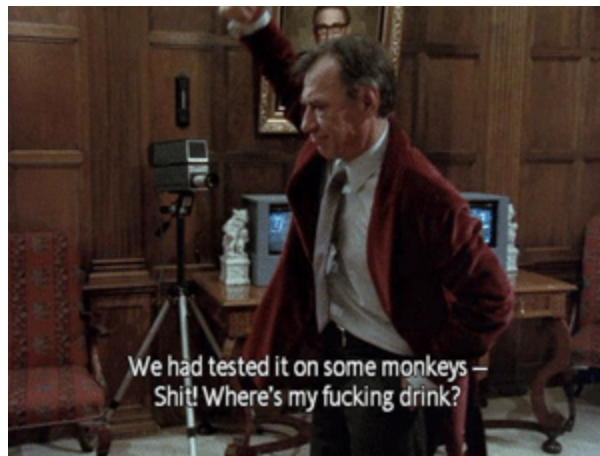
Yeah, I would have bombed 'em. Oh, how I would have bombed 'em!
But, you see, Castro, he was very smart. Oh, boy. Oh, boy, oh, boy.



When Eisenhower refused to meet with Castro...
when he came to this country before the election --
And then that son of a bitch Castro...



he went up there and he had lunch with the goddamn colored waiters...
at the Theresa Hotel in Harlem!
I would have got him! We already had the poison, for Christ's sake!



We had tested it on some monkeys -- Shit! Where's my fucking drink?



H-H-Hey, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack.



I mean, shit, nobody coulda beaten Kennedy, for Christ's sake.



He was a big, good-lookin' Irishman, and he had that shock of hair.
Just like my brother Harold. They had the same charisma, you know.
The women, they all jump up and down -- Shit! His wife was a goddamn clotheshorse.
Shit! Pat was 48 years old, for Christ's sake! What was Jackie, thir –



What the fuck is this, for Christ's sake?
And, uh -- And -- I went to the wedding. Did you know that?
And Jack, he liked me. Oh, no, he did. Jack liked me.
He congratulated me when I beat Helen Gahagan Douglas.
His old man even contributed money to my campaign.



Well, it's true, of course, you know, that we were black Irish...



and they were --
[Blowing Raspberries]

and they were -- [Blowing Raspberries]
Look, we both had our tragedies.
Brothers.



Four boys.

Four boys.
And the Catholic thing --
I never used that.
I didn't!
Shit. See, then the debates came along.



And everybody said
that I was like Cicero. They said --

And everybody said that I was like Cicero. They said --
They said, "How well he speaks!"



And then when Demosthenes spoke, everybody said, "How smart! Yes!"

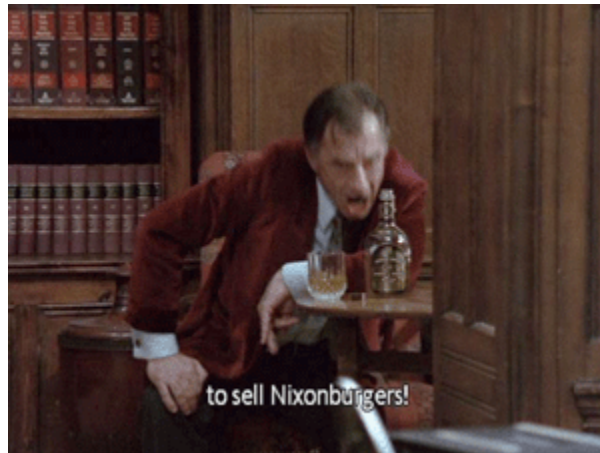
[Chuckling]

Goddamn Jack, he was something else. I'll tell you that.

Then -- Then I got rattled...

when the press got ahold of that Howard Hughes loan to my brother...

for that wacko scheme of his...



to sell Nixonburgers!

[Laughing]



And then Haldeman, he goes and calls Martin Luther King a nigger...

on the teleph -- [Chuckles]

But the worst was, three days before the election...

when I slipped and called for peace and surrender.



That was the dumbest thing I ever did!
[Continues Laughing]



My poor goddamn dumb brothers.



Did you know that I had to put all my brothers under surveillance...
because of that -- [Chuckles]
Then my brother Don's kid, he goes and runs off and joins...
some dirty hippie commune.
Then they have to get some investigator to wade through all that crap...
drag him back by the ears, put him to work for -
[Laughing]



I -- I -- I mean, my goddamn family alone...



could have ruined me!

Shit.

I still couldn't sleep.

Right up to the election. Shit.

I couldn't neutralize the Hughes thing...

because the Committee of 100, they were tapping her -- Uh, Marilyn Monroe.

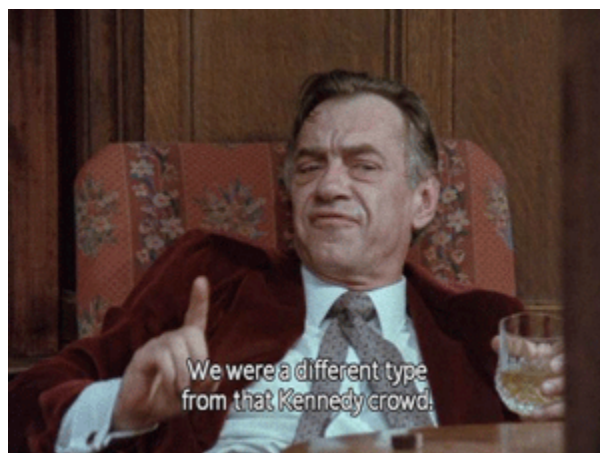
[Sputters] You know, the Kennedy boys, you know, they were all big studs...

like their old man.

Like my brother, Harold.

And you know something else? That is what killed him too. That's right!

No women allowed up at Bohemian Grove. No, sir, not real women!



We were a different type from that Kennedy crowd.

I was sure as hell a different type.

You know, in all those years, I never -- I didn't -- I -- I -- I -- Not one time, I didn't --

But I didn't quit! That's right!



Not even in '74! I could have! I sh --



I could have burned the tapes and stonewalled it. Mm-hmm.

Let the big guys fight it out up there at Bohemian Grove. Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.



And let the country go fascist by 1980.

Oh, that's right, Your Honor. I am talking shooting it out in the streets.



I mean civil war in this country by 1977 –
You understand why I had to withdraw?



Why I had to lay my life on the line to stop fascism and communism?
Fuck! The goddamn Yankees, Ford -- They get the fuckin' presidency anyway!
And the goddamn cowboys, Bush -- They get the C.I.A.



And what the hell do I get for following orders for 30 goddamn years?
Is this it? A fuckin' pardon? And disgrace? Shit!



Look, I tried to give them their dirty little war in Chile.

[Chuckling]

Did you know...
that that Allende...



was a worse whoremonger...



than you-know-who?



[Chuckling]



[Henry Kissinger]

You see...
they didn't have to kill him like that.
Not like that, they didn't.
But, look, I could have hung tough.



I could have called on my political base like de Gaulle.
I could have called out Main Street against Wall Street, but I didn't.
I said, "I'll go!" I did it for ev -- For Christ's --



I did it for the little people, for Maggie and Jiggs...
 for my people...
 for all the failed ranchers and farmers -- people just like my old man.
 I did it for the goddamn cab drivers and the fuckin' grocery store clerks...
 and the cockroach capitalists and the traveling salesmen, I –



For the forgotten American. For the silent majority.
 In their name I said, screw all the wise men...
 all the tough guys who've sold us out and stabbed us in the –



Look, I was not elected president on some other planet.
 I'm America!
 I am a winner who lost every battle up to and including the war.
 I am not the American nightmare!

I am the American dream. Period!
And that is why the system works --
because I am the system.
Period!



So what I did was, I talked and I stalled...
and then I finally unleashed Haig...
and that provoked the Saturday Night Massacre.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. You see? This --
This is before I went crazy...
and they had to bring in the army...



to shoot me down on the floor of the Oval Office because I was nuts.



Oh, yeah. They would've done that, all right.
You see, there was a sinister force loose in the White House, all right...
but it sure as hell was not me.
Look, in the end, I was just a –



I was just an unindicted coconspirator...
like everybody else...
in the United States of America.
[Muttering] Yes, that's right, goddamn it!
[Slams Mother's piano]



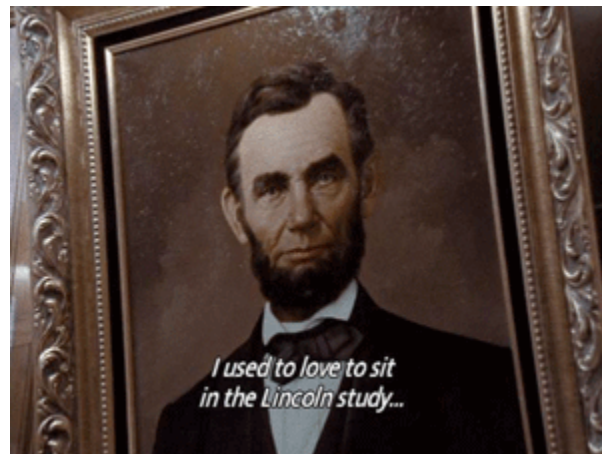
[Dissonant Chord]



Yes... Mother.
You were right.
There never was...
a "new Nixon."
I am a square...
and I always have been.
But I believed in the system.
And that's all I did.
I got out to protect the system.
And look, I did not invent the system, Mother.
I did. I got out to protect the presidency.
[Wheezing Laughter]
My God, my God, my God, my God...



how I used to love being president!
[Continues Laughing] I used to enjoy that so much.
I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed it.



I used to love to sit in the Lincoln study...
with the fireplace going...



and the air conditioning on.
I used to love to sit in there and think about...
Lincoln and, uh, Washington.
[Chuckling]



What a liar he was, huh? That fuckin' Washington!
[Chuckles]



I had -- The Rose Garden was so fragrant.



Oh! The yacht.



Sequoia.

I used to love to sit topside on the fantail of the Sequoia.
Down the Potomac, back to the navy yard...



sipping drinks with a friend...
[Charles Gregory Bebe Rebozo]



and talking geopolitics.
[Chuckling]



Oh, yes, and the, uh -- the jiga -- jiga -- th -- th -- the nigger --



t-t-t-t -- the colored waiters bringing up steaks from the galley.



[Laughing]
You know what I really used to enjoy?



I used to get a kick out of calling in coaching plays...
to the Redskin coaching staff on the white phone...



and going over the bombing targets in Cambodia with Henry on the red phone...
at the same time!



That's fun! [Laughing]



Oh, we were just rolling along
up there, you know.

Oh, we were just rolling along up there, you know.
Everything was just going along so --
But you know what happened? The goddamn press and the liberals, they had --



[TV Monitors: Static]

[TV Monitors: Static]

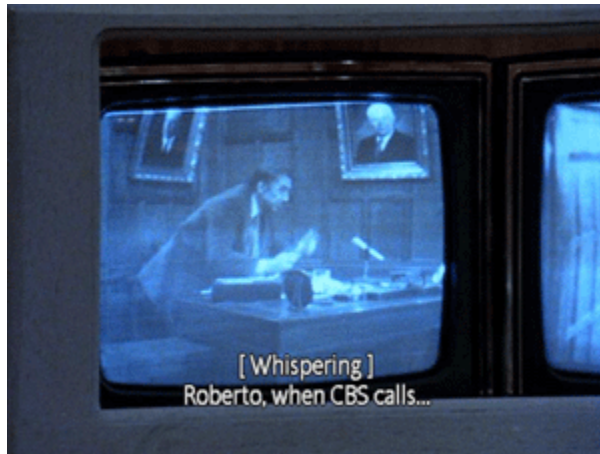


Shit! Fuck!





[Clock Chiming 11:00]



[Whispering] Roberto, when CBS calls...
don't you tell them that I --
Okay.



You just remember
what I told you. Okay?

You just remember what I told you. Okay?



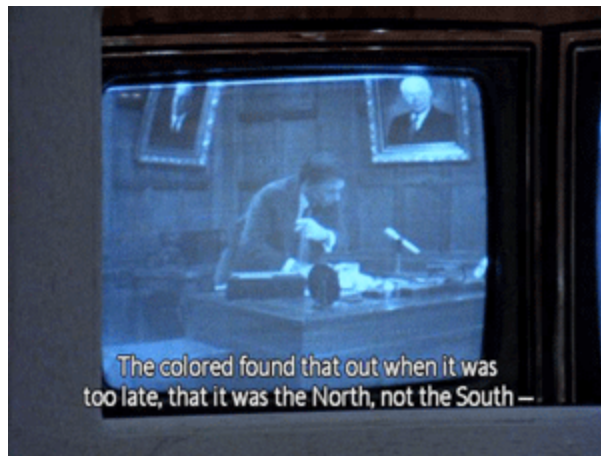
The press and the liberals,
they're yellow!

The press and the liberals, they're yellow!
Oh, yes, they hated me...
because they were scared too -- shitless!



Because I was their mess boy!

Because I was their mess boy!
And you know something, Roberto? You are mine!
And you watch out, senior...
because your turn is coming.
All you new guys -- you Cubans, you immigrants --
you'd better watch out for the liberals. Oh, yeah.



The colored found that out when it was too late, that it was the North, not the South —
They'll come after you the way they came after me, and that is what made me: their fear!

And remember this, Roberto -- I knew who I was: nobody.

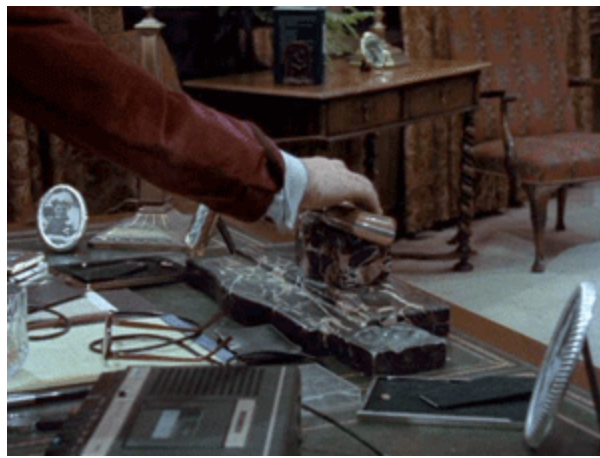
All they knew was that they didn't want to be me.

So you use 'em -- the press and the liberals. You let 'em use you.



You get in bed with 'em. You fuck 'em! Cuba libre!





[Wheezing Chuckle]



[Switches Clicking]

I still have...
the nightmare.

But it is the American nightmare.

Shit. That's Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam, he's the American nightm --
He's become nothing but a pitiful giant, an old man being eaten alive...
by an army of "Ellsbergers" and, uh... Ralph Naders and Jane Fondas,
all led by Hiss.



Alger Hiss! [Hissing]

And all the Red rats of the Roosevelt -- I mean, the Rosenberg spy gang and the campus crowd --

They're all Jews, you know, every godd -

Look, Lansky and Ratner, they're supposed to be big anticommu --

I mean, even Chotiner -- even Murray, he's a goddamn kike!

Well, the Committee of 100 would not touch any of them with a ten-foot pole.

But when it comes time to hide the bodies in the closet...

oh, yeah, then they pick up the phone and they call Chotiner.

Then he contracts Miami and the Jews.

Well, I beat 'em, the Jews -- almost.

See -- [Sighs]

It was the, um, Committee of 100...

and the China plan people that I, uh --

I -- I couldn't handle.

So that is the reason, Your Honor, that we had to invent Deep Throat...

and use Watergate to, uh...

get out with a pardon...

so that, uh --

Because of the, uh --

Oh, God.

Shit!



Shit! Goddamn it!

Where is my mother's Bible?



Oh, yeah.

By that Kissinger shit! [Scoffs]
"American Foreign Policy.
Henry 'Asshole' Kissinger."



[Blows Raspberry, Chuckles]

Kissinger, Kissinger, Kissinger!
Look, I don't owe any of them a goddamn cent, much less an apology!



Especially him!



You I owe...
Mother.
Only you.



[Chuckling]



Oh. My, my, my, my, my, my. [Chuckles]



He's got the same -- Just like I've got --
I like that. That's cute.
I like that.



[Stifled Sob]
Oh, no!
"Dear Master...
"The two boys that you left with me...
"are very bad to me.
"Their dog Jim...
"is very old...
"and he will never talk or play with me.
"One Saturday the boys went hunting.
"While going through the woods, one of the boys tripped...
"and fell on me.
"I lost my temper...
"and I bit him.
"He kicked me in the side.
"I started to run.
"When I got home...
"I was very sore.
"I wish you would come home right now...
"Mother.



"Your good dog..."



Richard."



"Now I lay me...
down to sleep."

Arthur used to say that little prayer for Mother.



"If I could die before I --"



What the hell are you looking at? Fucking Kissinger!
You Judas son of a bitch!



You wrote that I was praying for guidance after the Watergate...
on the rug that the shah gave me.



Wait until Deep Throat tells the American people the truth about Dr. Shit-ass!



Yes! How Dr. Shit-ass took a fortune from the shah...
and how you and the other guy...
fixed the shah up in New York with a bunch of nice young boys!



That's right, Henry. Deep Throat is going to strike again, and you are going to get yours.



I made you, and I can break you...
you slimy, two-faced...
brown-nosed, ass-licking...
kraut son of a bitch!



[Blows Raspberry, Laughing]



Mother? I -- Mother, please. Have mercy on me.



Shit! Stop it! Stop this crap, for Christ's sake! Stop it!
 Think of something good. Like what? What, what, what, what, what?
 Yes, um -- Oh, yes! Um, uh --
 Playing "king of the pool" with Bebe down at Key Biscayne at 2:00 a.m.
 just splashing around --
 Shit! What else? What else, what else?
 O -- Oh, yes. Uh, having, uh, dinner at Pompano Beach at the Cork and Screw.
 Hobo steaks, ice creams and -- Pistachio, that was --
 Aw, shit, shit, shit! [Inhales]



They gave you the Nobel Peace Prize...
 and me they called the Mad Bomber!



Look, I had to do it.

I promised to get us out with honor. I could not go soft.

Did you know that I was in Russia...

during the heaviest part of the bombing in Cambodia?

You know, the Russians, they suffered too in the war. They lost 25 million --

And I knelt beside the monuments in Moscow...

and I read the diaries of the children -- the dead children.

Me. Not him, me!

And how they died.



They gave that whoremaster the Nobel Prize...

and me they called freak...

madman, juke, callicak -- [Stammers]

Look, they even said...

that I stole the goddamn silverware out of the White House, for Christ's sake!

The mad bomber theory was Henry's idea in the first place...

to scare the North Vietnamese!

And that fat fuck...

is walking around telling everybody that I'm nuts?

[Scoffs] And all the time he thinks that he is, uh, Napoleon?

Or Metternich, for Chri -- [Muttering]

Son of a bitch! I --

And then those kids tearing up Washington after Cambodia?



Fuck 'em!
Those kids will not judge me.
I couldn't sleep.
I came down to the Lincoln Monument to talk to the kids. I was so ashamed.



All I could think of to talk about was about football –
Fuck 'em!
Those kids will not evaluate my life!



Because I am a Quaker, goddamn it!



I'm sorry, Mother.
I'm sorry.



My mother always used to say...

My mother always used to say...



that there is no path to peace.

that there is no path to peace.
Peace is...
the path.
That's what my mother said.



Roberto...
 would you erase everything, please...
 back to, uh --
 uh, the, uh, Committee of 100, please?
 Thank you.
 Your Honor...
 the Committee of 100, they were, uh... winners.
 They were real winners.
 [Stammers] Not me. Not yet. I was not -- But, look -- I was not a quitter.



See, the Hiss case was the key...
 because the Hiss case proved that I could manage a crisis, that I could save the --
 Well, shit, I could save the Committee if I -- I could save the goddamn country --
 Your Honor, I would like to talk for a minute, if I may...
 about the Hiss case.
 If Alger Hiss could look down his Ivy League snoot...



at the House Un-American Activities Committee and get away with it...

then HUAC was through, the Committee was through --

[Stammers] I was sure as hell through!

So what do I do?

I have ten days to prove that Alger Hiss is a high Communist agent...

in our State Department...

or else everybody is going to say that we've been made into a laughingstock...

by a clever psychopath named Whittaker Chambers...

who has set the Committee up to -- [Stammers] Shit.

"Psychopath," for Christ's sake.

Whittaker wasn't a psychopath. He was a goddamn genius. That's what he was.

As a matter of fact, Whittaker was the only one that I could even --

I think of the two of us, underneath the --

Just...

rocking...

rocking.

Yes? Whittaker?

[Chuckles]



You have been what? A disciple of the devil?

And what are you now? Now you are on God's side?

[Stammers] No, no, no, no. I'm not laughing at you.



Whittaker, I know that you're serious.

Because I told you about my mother...

and the Quakers and everything.

Look, Whittaker, I'm going to come over to see you --

[Snickers] Because misery loves company, that's why.

Whittaker, look, we all get low sometimes.

And then we need cheering up. We need to talk to somebody.

You know, man to, uh, uh, uh -- [Stammering]

Straight from the, uh, uh -- I -- Yeah. Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

Yes.

I feel that way about you... too.

No, no, look, Whittaker, we are going to use your plan...

because there is no way that we can prove...

that you and Alger Hiss were in the Communist Party at the same time.

But we can prove this: I know I can prove that you and Hiss knew each other.

In fact, that you were very close. That you --

You were both creatures of the Party? And what are you now?

Both creatures of the government.

[Laughing, Stammering] Okay.



Whittaker, look, I think you should get some sleep.

No, no, no, no, listen, listen. This'll help.



"Now I lay me down to sleep --"

Mm-hmm. Uh-huh.

Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Yes.

Pleasant dreams.



Your Honor...



the Hiss case brought my client national fame.

However, in politics victory is never total.

And as an aftermath to the Hiss case...

I mean, for years afterwards...

my client was subjected to a vicious and utterly unprincipled smear campaign...

in which he was accused of being a liar and a cheat and a thief...

and a pervert --

But the Committee of 100 saw that I had saved the day -- I had.

Alger Hiss? He was in jail for perjury. Whittaker Chambers? He was, uh --

Whittaker was dead.

But I was on top.



I was.

I was on top.

[Stammering]

The, uh, strain -- It was because of the strain...

that I had to, uh, get away.

So I went down to, uh, Bebe's boat in Key Biscayne...

and we talked about it down there, Bebe and I...

and that is where we decided that I should go after Helen Gahagan Douglas...

in the 1950 senate campaign in California.

I -- Helen Douglas, she -- [Chuckles] Remarkable woman.

Strong woman.



Uh, noble-looking.

She was, uh -- There was a -- There was a -- There was a quality of, uh ---
There was kind of an aura -- Sh -- She had a -- Th -- Uh --



She was beautiful...

is what she was.

[Whispers] She was very beautiful.

[Stammers]

She was the, uh, kind of woman that I, uh --

Well, I thought that she --

Well, you see, I always felt that Helen -- that she --

I liked her.

I liked Helen.

Shit.

See, I could have beaten Helen Gahagan Douglas...

without any dirty tricks.

But, see, Chotiner and the Committee...

they already had the money coming in from Florida and everywhere.

It's those same jackasses from USC --

the USC rat-fuckers or whatever the hell they called themselves.

Then they paid those students to throw the rotten eggs at her...

and to plant the rumors that she was a Red...

to say that she wore pink panties --

Oh, yes, and that her husband's real name was Hesselstein or Braun or --

Look, I was only 37 years old, for Christ's sake!



I had nothing against Helen Gahagan Douglas.
As a matter of fact, I thought that she was -- To me she was --
But look...

Helen was the leader in the drive...
to take the offshore oil rights away from the big companies, period.
Chotiner and the Committee wanted her dead. I was to be the hatchet man, period.
Okay, Your Honor, so, my idea then, in that campaign...



was to run as, uh, above party.
You know, as a kind of a, uh, Republicrat.
Oh! Yes, yes, yes.
A Republicrat and --
[Chuckling] Yes!



[Singing to the tune: "Happy Days Are Here Again"] The Reds, the Reds, the Reds, the Reds
Atheistic, godless, spying Reds
Hiding under Democratic beds
Ohh
The
Reds The Reds, the Reds, the Reds



The Reds, the Reds, the Reds, the Reds The Reds, the Reds, the Reds, the Reds
[Ends singing]
That's what the country believed then, and I believed it too.
As a matter of fact, my platform was...
"I believe in America, and I believe in real estate and...
the Reds, the Reds, the Reds, the Reds --"
The Reds, the Reds, the Reds, the Reds The Reds, the Reds, the Reds, the Reds
[Laughing]



[Clock Chimes Once]
[Scoffs] I got soft, is what I did.
I let Alger Hiss's wife get away from me because she was a Quaker and everyth --
I learned my lesson, though. Oh, yeah.
You gotta be hard-on. I mean, these women are the worst type --
Dump Nixon. Never --
That's when the goddamn L.A. Times started calling me "Tricky Dick."
And then the cartoons with the stubble and the jowls.
Look, I had feelings too.

My wife, my children, my family, they had to stomach all that crap!
I mean, can you imagine? Making me look like a goddamn tramp!



All right, yes! That's what I am! I'm a tramp!
There I am down in the sewer waiting for my turn...



just like every-fucking-body else!



A slimy slug crawling toward the White House...
down there in the swamp...
where the goddamn Founding Fathers put the White House in the first fucking place.



The goddamn L.A. Times and the Post.
 We will get those bastards because they deserve it!
 I mean, lording it over the whole country like that.



Look, I was not dumped. Oh, no, no, no, no.
 I walked away, but I didn't quit. That's right.
 Because I have got the patience. Mm-hmm.



They did not call me Iron Butt in law school for nothing.
 Oh, yeah, laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh.
 Sure. Sure, I drove Pat to her dates with other men before we were married.
 And what of it? Nobody dumps Nixon!
 And the Times and the Post and the rest of the goddamn country...
 they tried to shaft Nixon and the rest of the forgotten Amer --

Even Ike. Ike! Ike tried to get rid of me in '56.
And I said to him, I said, "Shit or get off of the godda --"



Because you listen to this -- Finally, Nixon -- only Nixon could dump Nixon.
Yeah! Hmph.
Fucking tapes! Shit!



The tapes were an invasion of the public's privacy. Not mine! The goddamn public's.
[Chuckles] "Expletive deleted."

For Christ's sake!

The whole goddamn public mind is one great big, fat "expletive deleted"...
as far as the Eastern establishment is concerned.



And, you see, that's why they hated me –
because they hate the ordinary American who lives down there...
in the armpit of this country between New York and L.A.
And the tapes are just one more goddamn set of lies!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
[Scoffs]
Me, a liar?



That's rich, coming from you. Oh, yeah.
Very easy for you...
to take the high road.
But, you see, I couldn't do that.



You delegated. I had to do all the dirty work right from the beginning.



You sat up there and you said, "Can't somebody do something about that Castro fella?"
Look, I heard you say that.
But you understand that it was me that had to go out there and pull the goddamn trigger!
I mean...
you are a hypocrite!
[Scoffs]



Then I answered that goddamn ad...

Then I answered that goddamn ad...
in that goddamn paper for congressman.
See, from that point on I couldn't even -- I was not even able -- I couldn't --
Fuck. I couldn't do anything.



Well, Your Honor...



they called the tune...

they called the tune...
the Committee of 100.



They took me back up there, you know. Oh, yeah. Back up to the Grove.

[Scoffs] No drinks this time.

No, no, no, no, no, no. This was strictly business.

"The American future lies to the East.

"The great free markets of the Pacific Rim...

"are the American destiny.



"Dick, you are going to be president of the United States.

"It is only a matter of time.

"President of the Pacific Rim.

And Taiwan will be yours." [Chuckles]

I -- I will never forget Arnold Smith's voice.

"Taiwan will be your trigger finger. Your trigger finger!"

And then somebody -- I forget -- Oh, yes, Chotiner.



He said something in Yiddish, and all those jerks from Miami laughed.

Oh, then Haldeman's father -- the old man --
he whispered in my ear...

"Taiwan is the China plan --

"the shaft, the arrow...
that will plunge into the body of the East."



Well, I was drawing a long bow that night.

I found that out later.

But that night I just...

wandered...

in that redwood forest...

all by myself.

You understand what they told me?



They told me that the China plan would be my Excalibur.
A plan for peace is what they told me, a plan for good, for greatness.
My Camelot!
I could hear those guys out there in the woods...
laughing and singing.



Yes, I knew they were using me. Of course I knew that.
Do you understand what I'm saying?
My life ended that night.
God forgive me.
I mean --
I mean...



there were so many dirty tricks!

I had no one to talk to.

I was getting pressure from above, pressure from below.

[Stammering]

Where's Deep Throat when I need him? I need to leak how they made me do it!

Look, I am not a fool.

I knew that this was the crossroads.



I knew it was either go all the way with the China plan people...
or suffer the consequences.

That's right. I did know that I was signing a pact with the devil out in that wilderness.

Yes, I knew that!

Shit!

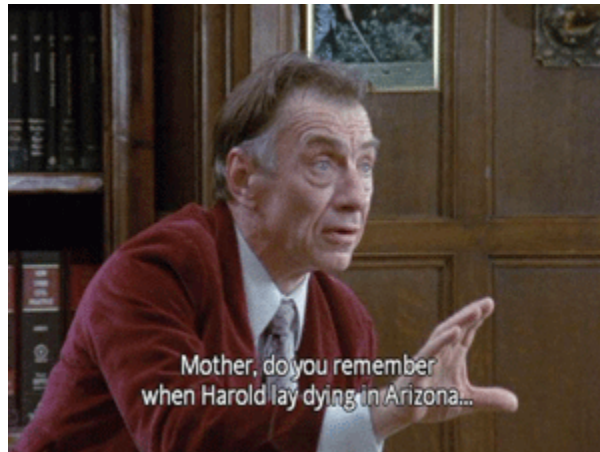


See, I can feel Mother's eyes right now beaming down on me.

Stop it, Mother!



Searchlights of truth burning into each crisis in my miserable life!



Mother, do you remember when Harold lay dying in Arizona...
and we fought together, you and I?
Remember, you were by his bedside and I was out barking -- Arf, arf, arf, arf!
I was trying to bring in a little money to help out.
Remember I used to say, "Step right in! Step right in! Win your fortune on the ins --"
And then I'd come home, Mother...
and you would tell me what a good boy I was...
and I would tell you how I wanted to grow up to be Abraham Lincoln.



Mother?
Mother?

Step right in. Step right in.
Meet real men and riches...



and heart's desire...

and heart's desire...
on the inside!



Mother, have mercy
on your little dog. Please.

Mother, have mercy on your little dog. Please.



Do you remember...
your little dog?

Arf?

Arf?

[Guttural] Arf.

[Softly] Arf, arf, arf.

[Stifled Sobs]
I wish you...
would come home right now...
Mama.



[Grunts]





Your Honor, I, uh --
Shit!



All right, goddamn it!

All right, goddamn it!



You wanted to hear it.
This is it.



Your Honor...
I did not have a choice.
I mean...
I had to get out.



I had to resign right after the election, get the pardon...
or follow the Committee of 100's orders to prepare for a public mandate.
Now, that is a constitutional amendment. T -- That's right, Your Honor.
A third term for my client.
And whatever happened to me after that, that would've been my problem.



It would've all come out in the end anyway because the Patman Committee --
Congressman Wright Patman and his -- [Stammering]
The American people must understand why I could not level with my lawyers...

and burn the --

They were stabbing me in the back anyway. Fuck 'em!

Patman and his committee...

they were following all this cash that was coming into the Committee to Re-elect the President.

Now, CREEP -- The committee -- had money in, uh --

Well, shit, Taiwan, of course, and, uh -- and Hong Kong...

and, uh -- and Singapore and Rangoon, I -- I --

Millions! Millions of dollars.

All right, Patman, he's a Texas radical, you know, and he is very bright.

He is onto something here and he knows it.

I mean, Your Honor, that money...

was flooding into the Committee to Re-elect the President...

after the president had already been re-elected, for Christ's sake!



I mean, after the biggest landslide in American history in 1972.



And Patman, he's saying, "Why is all this money still coming in to the committee?"

And especially he wants to know, Your Honor...

why all that money is coming in from, uh -- from Asia.

[Stammering] That money was to be used, Your Honor...

to re-elect Nixon in '76.

You know, "Stick with Dick in '76" and all that shit, for Christ's --

All right, the Saigon government is sending back millions of dollars.



I-In the meantime, ol' Henry, he's out there talking about –

I - [Stammers] "Peace is at hand," some shit.

Even I don't know what the hell he's talking about, for Christ's sake.

Okay, the Saigon government is kicking back millions of dollars in U.S. Aid.



Now, understand this -- this is money that we had originally sent to them.



They're sending it back to me and to CREEP.

Now, the Committee of 100 said to me...

that they didn't give a shit if I went to China and got in bed with Chairman Mao.

They didn't give a shit about Communism.

What they told me was this --

They had to have me in the White House for eight more years because it involved --

What else? Money and power.

I mean, millions for the Bohemian Grove guys...
and billions for the Mob...
because of the, uh --
because of the, uh...
heroin.
Your Honor...



ladies and gentlemen of the American jury...
your hour has come.
Consider the crisis.
It is the morning after the smashing victory mandate.
November 8, 1972.
My client, Richard Nixon, has just received the word...
from the Committee of 100...
and that word was...



"Here is the plan, Richard."
All right, ladies and gentlemen of the jury...
point one of that plan --
Continue the war in Vietnam...
until 1976...
whatever the cost.
Uh, point two --
Accept a draft in '76...
for a third term.

Or take it.
Point three --
Seal the deal with China against the Soviets...
and then...
carve up the markets of the rest of the goddamn world.



That's it. That's the plan, Your Honor. Period.
Sure, that is the word...
that my client received from his masters.
And you know who they are, too.
All right, Your Honor, what did my client do?
Well, I'll tell you this -- He took the hardest possible way.
He chose to orchestrate the tapes...
like a great drama.
He chose secret honor!
Yeah, sure.
Secret honor.
And public shame.
You know...
I really did...
want to grow up...
to be Abraham Lincoln.
No, no, I did.



But you know what I found out?
I found out that the world is nothing more than a bunch of...
second-generation mobsters...
and their lawyers...
and the P.R. Guys...
and the new-money crooks who made theirs in the war...
and the old-money crooks who made theirs selling slaves...
and phony merchandise to both sides during the Civil --
Look, I didn't want this. I sure as hell didn't look for it.
But that is what I found!
And I'll tell you something else -- That is what public life is all about!
And I am not the only one!
And if you can't stand the burnt, then you get the hell out of the, uh --



Y -- You get -- You get out the --
Shit! Fuck! Piss! You know what the hell I'm trying to say, for Christ's sake!
Well, so, I, um -- I, um --
I had to have a way to, uh, leak the tapes.
I-I-I-I needed a deep background source.
[Chuckles] I needed a Deep Throat, is what I --
Look, I had to find a way to destroy that huge '72 popular vote mandate --
Look, I would have been unbeatable in '76. You understand what I --
I did not want to run in '76!



I -- I could not continue...
with this fraud.
I couldn't -- I couldn't go on. I was --
Well, so, um...
Dean, he, uh --
Uh, no. No, no. It was -- It was -- It was not Dean.
It was, uh -- It was Haig.
He, uh -- He carried the ball for me on the tapes...
and he cut Henry off at the pass in Paris --



Then that Judas son of a bitch turned out to be a Rockefeller traitor all the goddamn time!

They knew that I had to go because they wanted their man.

They wanted Ford in there for six more years. [Chuckles]

They would have got him too, except that he had to pardon me...
and thereby destroy his chances for re-election in '76.

Poor bastard. [Snickers, Chuckles]

I -- [Muttering] John Dean, John Dean, John Dean, John --

You know John Dean did me a favor?

I would have had to invent John Dean! [Chuckles]

What the hell. He was young. He had to watch his ass.

I have nothing against John Dean.

As a matter of fact, I like John Dean.

[Chuckles]

No...

I have nothing against any of them...



because we were all small-fry nothings...
compared to the big guys up there at Bohemian Grove.
You know what I did?
I sold my soul at Bohemian Grove...
for shit.
I kissed Rockefeller's ass...



and he shit all over me.
Oh, yeah. That's what they do.



Those Eastern pricks!
They fly from New York to Los Angeles...
shitting every step of the way on all of us!
And they got a million guys down there too. Oh, yeah.
They can send down to Central Casting in Hollywood...
and get some dummy that looks good on the tube --
[Chuckling, Muttering] Mm-hmm!
Some Arrow-collared killer type who --
All right. All right.
Wall Street is asking for Agnew?
You know what I did?



I gave 'em Agnew!

[Laughing]

That fucking Agnew!

I mean, he was taking bribes with both goddamn hands, for Chri --

You know what Agnew did? You won't even believe this.

Agnew, one time -- [Chuckling] Fuckin' Ag --

One day Agnew, he took a turkey and \$200...

right in the office!

[Laughing]

A live fucking turkey, for Christ's sake!

[Continues Laughing] Fucking Agnew!

You see, they wanted more from me.

They wanted everything from me because I was the hole card.

See, I was the China card.

I was in the middle.

The Rockefeller guys were screwing me from the rear...



and the China Committee big boys had me by the nuts up front.

Look, I had to be very cautious...



because Hunt and Liddy and Krogh and Caulfield –
You know, th – th -- the Watergate -- They're all ex-C.I.A., those guys, you know.
They're ex-this and they're ex-that.
And those bastards, they know where the bodies are buried, see.
So I couldn't just go running in there and do any goddamn thing I wa --
All right, that money...
is still pouring in from Asia!
[Chuckles] And Patman, he -- he's watching all this money --
I mean, it's coming in there...
from Flying Tiger, you know, and, uh, Air America...



[Imitates Plane Engine, Blows Raspberry]



Dropping millions of goddamn dollars!
And Patman, he -- he -- It was coming in from the Bank of Seoul too.
And, of course, always from the Bank of Taiwan.



But Patman, he was so fuckin' funny. Fuckin' -- He -- [Laughs]
Goddamn Patman, he -- he said -- he said -- he said -- he said -- he said -- he said -- he said -- he said -- he said...
"Where the fuck is all this money coming from?"
[Continues Laughing]



I -- I just --
You understand...
what it means...
if they catch me?
It means the, uh --



[Whispers] It means the firing squad.



That's right, Your Honor.
That's what it means.



Make no mistake...
about that.

If they catch me -- Phfft!

I mean, do you think that there would be a pardon...
for the man who kept the war going in Southeast Asia...
in exchange for vast sums of money?



American tax money?



A fortune in blood to be used to purchase a third term for my client?
I mean, Your Honor, the country would have boiled over...



because this blood bribery meant the death of thousands of American boys.
I didn't want that! I didn't –



I mean, for Christ's sake, who the hell wants to go down in history...
as a traitor who took bribes to keep a fucking war going?
[Stammers] You understand then...
why I had to lead the press and the Congress to the tip of the wrong iceberg?



See, I had to leave a little trail of crimes and misdemeanors for them to follow...
so that they wouldn't find out about the treason and stick me in a cage...
like a fucking animal!
I mean, like a...



common criminal.
Your Honor...
the prisoner in the dock...
is guilty of one crime only...



and that crime is being...
Richard Milhous Nixon!



I -- I just wanted power.
That's all.
I mean, to be president you have got to have power!
Without power, you can't do -- You can't -- Shit! I --



[Pointing to President Wilson] See, I know that you understand this...
'cause you had power in World War I --
See, when you've got it, it's nothing. If you've got it, it's nothing.
They broke your heart too, didn't they?
With the League of Nations.
You know what they wrote about me?
They said at the end...
that I was running around the White House...



crazy drunk, talking to the pictures on the walls.



Yes, I was.
I was lonely.
I needed somebody to talk to besides a machine.



Mother?
Mother?
Mother, I-I-I just --
I just wanted to be a -- a man.



Not a nothing, not your dog...



but a real man!
Mother?



[Screaming] Mother!



Yes, Mother, I know what I've done!



[Stammers] Mother. Mother.
Just...
tell me who I am.



Tell me what to do... Mama.





What? No, Mother!





I did not elect myself.
They elected me! Not once, not twice, but all my goddamn life!
And they would do it again, too, if they had the chance.
Oh, sure, they said they didn't trust me.



They said, "Let Dick Nixon do it," and I did it!
They said they wouldn't buy a used car from me...
but they gave me the biggest vote in American history.



And then they flushed me down the toilet.
And they wanted me to stay down.



They wanted me to kill myself.

They wanted me to kill myself.

Well, I won't do it.

If they want me dead...

they'll have to do it.



Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!

Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!



Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!

Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!



Fuck 'em!
Fuck 'em!



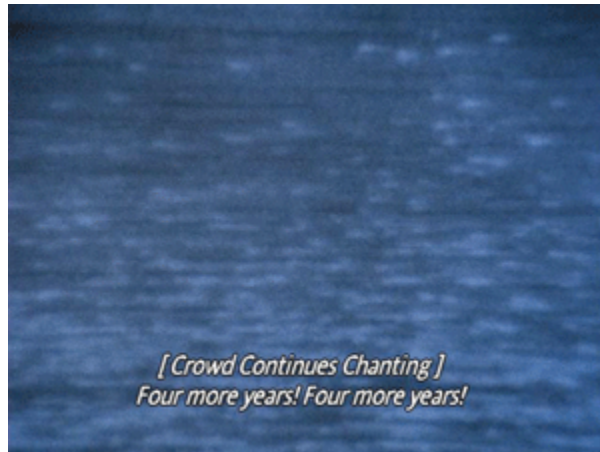
[Crowd Chanting] Four more years!
Fuck 'em!
Fuck 'em!
Fuck 'em!
Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!



[Crowd Continues] Four more years!
Fuck 'em!



Fuck 'em!



[Crowd Continues Chanting]

Four more years! Four more years!

Four more years! Four more years!

Four more years! Four more years!

Four more years! Four more years!

Four more years! Four more years!

Four more years! Four more years!

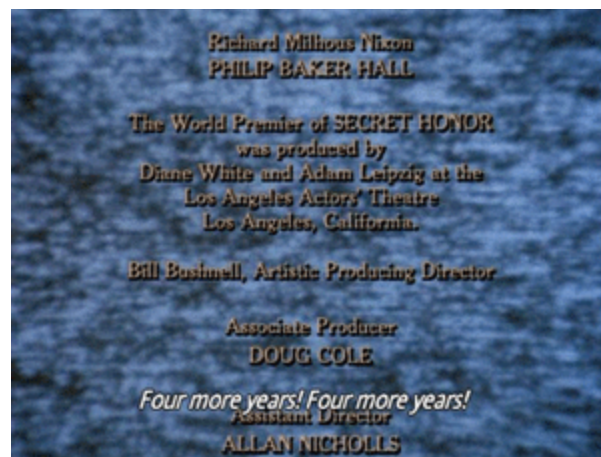
[Chanting Fades]

[Static]

[Crowd Cheering, Applauding]

[Crowd Resumes Chanting, Indistinct]

[Chanting, Cheering, Applauding Fade]



Richard Milhous Nixon: PHILIP BAKER HALL

The World Premier of SECRET HONOR was produced by Diane White and Adam Leipzig at the Los Angeles Actors' Theatre, Los Angeles, California
Bill Bustinell, Artistic Producing Director
Associate Producer: DOUG COLE
Assistant Director: ALLAN NICHOLLS
Stage Manager: JOHN BRIGLEB
Camera Operator: JEAN LEPINE
Camera Assistant: REBE DAUGKE
Sound Mixer: ANDY AARON
Boom Man: DAN GLEICH
Assistant Editor: MICKEY KACZOROWSKI
Sound Editor: BERNARD HAJDENBERG
Re-Recording: PAUL COOMBE, Sound One, Inc.
Gaffer: JONATHAN LUMLEY
Electrician: JOEY FORSYTE
Key Grip: TOM GRUNKE
Grip: HARRY TRACOSAS
Production Secretary: GEORGIA HAMLIN
Production Assistants: JACK KNEY, MAREK ALBRECHT
Music Performed by: CONTEMPORARY DIRECTIONS ENSEMBLE
University of Michigan, School of Music
Conducted by CARL ST. CLAIR
Music Assistant: PRESTON STAHLY
Postproduction Coordinator: MATTHEW SEIG
Filmed at the University of Michigan, Martha Cook Building
ROSALIE MOORE, Director