

21 Aug 65

Time: Late summer 1965  
Setting: Richard Nixon's apt. on 5th Avenue  
Players: Tricky Dick, Pat, Julie, David "Ike"  
Eisenhower, Spiro Agnew and assorted  
others.

(Scene opens on the Nixon's French Provincial -  
Whittier California - Neavean living room. Pat  
is pacing <sup>aimlessly</sup> back and forth in a plain Republican  
cloth coat humming Deutchlan Upper Aller. Scattered  
about the room are hundreds of comic books,  
only a few of which are Classic Comics.  
The phone rings and Pat answers.)

Pat: <sup>(affectedly) loving,</sup> Hello, plain Pat Nixon speaking. The New York  
Times? (Increasingly distractedly) You  
want to hear about the New Nixon?  
Well, as dear old Mr. Eisenhower once  
said, <sup>of Dick</sup> "If you give me a week,  
you'll be able ~~to~~ to think of something."  
He did switch from buying Guy  
Lombardo albums to Lawrence Welk <sup>(though)</sup>  
Dick? He had a <sup>sex</sup> thing for lovely lil Alice Lou,  
the Champaign Lady. <sup>She's my</sup>

(The bell rings and Pat sets the phone down,  
but without hanging it up, stating hurriedly):  
~~Pat~~ just a minute, that must be Dick and  
Spiro the Greek.

(Door ~~opens~~ <sup>is</sup> opened by Pat)  
Dick ~~of Honey~~, When are you going to trust  
me with my own key?

Pat: (bitingly) As soon as you quit leaving  
a 5 o'clock shadow at 9 in the morning.

In other words, never, Slobo!

Dick: This is Pat, Spiro. She may seem a little difficult now, but once you get to know her she's a real pain in the ass.

Spiro: Gosh (Ingratulatingly & somewhat fearfully) Gosh. That's a super coat Mr. Nixon. What's it made of?

Pat: (Still bitchingly) Plain republican cloth. What's it look like, you greasy sponge

Spiro: (Nervously smiling) Quite a girl, Dick, but maybe you should <sup>perhaps</sup> lay off the hormone injections. She's getting a bit rugged.

Dick: I know. Pat's the only woman I know that ever got silicone injections in hericeps.

Pat: Watch it, Dick. You've put your ~~mouth~~ foot in your mouth so often, you've <sup>already</sup> got bunyons on your lips. <sup>And</sup> that <sup>early</sup> morning 5 o'clock shadow <sup>really</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>baby</sup> just a bad case of athlete's face.

Dick: (Assentively) All right, shut up. You, Agnes had goddamn had. I just asked Spiro <sup>for dinner</sup> over to discuss the campaign. Now get in the kitchen and make us some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches (Pat departs wordlessly and Dick and Spiro seat themselves)

Dick: Spiro, As I see it, part of our problem stems from the fact <sup>that</sup> you're a racist.

Spiro: That's not completely true, Dick. It's <sup>really</sup> <sup>only</sup> the uppity ones that bother me. Now you take our cook, femina. Great girl. Talk about your flap jacks, water melon

Dick: (Ignoring Spiro's last remarks) And on top of it you're an unknown racist.

Spiro: I know, ~~the name's not exactly a~~ household word. ~~But what do we do about it?~~

Dick: Simple, we house break you, Mutt-head.

Spiro: (Warningly) You're pissing me off, Slick.

Dick: That's another reason we'll have to house-break you.

(Pat reenters, with empty whiskey bottle hung down beside her. She is weeping uncontrollably.)

Dick: (Embarrassed and somewhat irritatedly) What's it now, (with teeth gritting) ~~my~~ precious.

Pat: (In an outburst) Julie just told me she's been knocked up by David Eisenhower.

Dick: What a fool I've been. I thought that since his grandfather had been a do nothing President, he'd be a do nothing kid.

I just hope life doesn't have stills of it all. It'll kill me with Mr. & Mrs. America and all ships at sea.

Spiro: (Slightly apologetically) Perhaps I should leave?

Dick: Oh <sup>you don't</sup> no. You're in this up to your neck now El Greco.

Pat: Well what about Julie? What about her?

Dick: She's <sup>own</sup> on her own. What she does is her business - as long as she leaves the country.

Spiro: Maybe I could arrange for an extended cruise on Onassis' yacht. That way if Ted Kennedy ~~ever~~ went on it again you could blame it all on him.

Dick: Fantastic. Only <sup>the only person who would think of that</sup> ~~another~~ <sup>would be</sup> father of two daughters would have thought of it.

Spiro: (Interjecting) What <sup>the hell</sup> had been knocked up <sup>too</sup> earlier.

- Dick: Pet, get a hold of yourself and go play with the peanut butter.

3 Sept 68

Setting: Russian tank driver is talking to his crew and assorted Czech passers by shortly after arriving in Prague

Driver: Aaaa, Hank! What's his idea leaving the keys in the tank while you're trying to make war babies in the bushes? You want to help a good boy go bad?

Hank: Sorry, Dutch. ~~But I had~~ ~~getting used to~~ ~~being a~~ ~~Liberator.~~ If she hadn't been a counterrevolutionary I might have been out of those bushes a lot sooner.

Driver: Who gave you permission to liberate here anyway?

Hank: Oh it was all perfectly legal. A clear majority of the ~~crew~~ <sup>& democrats</sup> crew voted in favor of my moving in in force.

Driver: Well cool it baby, 'cause we're going to be around her for a while. In fact we'll probably take the tank across the ~~front~~ <sup>at soon as its possible</sup> river ~~around here~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>than see</sup>

Hank: Would you say we'd be treading on thin ice?  
Driver: I think you're almost on the track of something.

Hank: Would you say I was on a half-track?

Driver: You're on a drunk, & if you ask me,

Hank: ~~I~~ <sup>OK, so I'm</sup> a little tanked up. I had to liberate a 1/5 of Vodka to get up enough courage to liberate the counterrevolutionary.

4 Sept 68

Setting: Chat between Mayor Daley & Walter Cronkite  
over news & TV coverage of the Democratic Convention

Daley: You and your crews have unfairly blemished the  
name of our city and on top of that you haven't  
treated it very well.

Walter: We gave what we thought was an accurate  
picture of the police brutality which went on.

Daley: That's a lie and if you don't quit  
saying it I'll ask Superintendent Conlisk to  
step in here and whup you up the side of the  
head with his nightstick.

Walter: Are you trying to interfere with freedom of  
the press?

Daley: How'd you like a Marc in the face, Al?

Walter: You can't intimidate me.

Daley: How 'bout your wife & family?

Walter: Look fat man! The fact that I hate you gets  
does not mean that I have a bias against  
<sup>anyone</sup> you. I am completely impartial, accurate,  
fair and wonderful.

Daley: You'll get yours, you mustached lanky Lee.  
I'll slap you in a nurse's uniform and  
get a parole for Richard Speck.

Walter: Don't get too excited. Your water bag might  
breakfat boy.

Daley: We're getting off the subject. Why didn't you admit  
the police were provoked. How'd you like to  
have to try & ride a motorcycle ~~when the~~  
~~seats are covered with varnish~~ with  
covered seats

Walter: About as much as Chopstick in my mustache  
but you've missed the point at usual.

on the occupied structures. And to prevent any bleeding heart liberal <sup>over the use of atomic bombs</sup> propogandizing the first building that united will be the Master's house of Peirson College at Yale University where <sup>the author of "Hitlerism"</sup> John Huey is working on his next tract book, "Peirson, Non Amour."

Spiro:

You've all heard the slogan Free Huey. I say Huey on Huey. <sup>Newton</sup> Huey is a mere alias anyway. His real name is Isaac.

Dick:

That's right Spiro. And my fellow Americans <sup>as far as I'm concerned</sup> if Huey ends up in the pokey, that's o.k. In closing let me just remind you that

Heckler:

I've practiced law for 25 years now ~~if you've so ~~practised~~ practised it so long how~~ come you never learned it.