



THE RICHARD NIXON SEX TAPES

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Time: Summer 1974

Place: The Oval Office

The lights come up on President Richard M. Nixon who looks as if he hasn't slept in days. He wears a dark suit, a wrinkled white dress shirt and a patriotic tie loosened around his neck. To one side of the room, there is a bar cluttered with liquor bottles and glasses. A half empty bottle of bourbon rests on the coffee table which is situated between two arc-shaped sofas. The office is a mess with opened books, papers, legal pads on the desk, chairs, sofas and tables. There is a cabinet to one side of the room. Nixon tries to refresh his drink, but repeatedly fails to spear a cube with ice tongs from a bucket.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Dammit. How many times have I told Haldeman to get me a mini-fridge with an ice maker? We've got a tape system that can pick up a rat farting in the White House basement, but I can't have a lousy ice maker?

He fiddles, but again fails to maneuver an ice cube into his glass. He reaches into the ice bucket and flings ice cubes everywhere. He studies the mess.

Well, who's going to clean up this mess? Huh? You think the Kennedy Boys cleaned up after their orgies? No one?

He picks up the phone, dials.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Rose Mary, it's The President. Did I wake you?...Well, why are you sleeping at – four, thirty on a Thursday morning?...Rose Mary, I need your help...I need three ice cubes. And not shaved ice. Cubes...Thank you, Rose Mary, you're the only one I can still count on. You're a good friend and a beautiful woman...I said, "You're the only..." I said, "You're a beautiful woman."...Never said that before? Well, Nixon has thought it a million times. Since he spotted you in the typing pool of the House Un-American Activities Committee. You were wearing a tight sweater and a lacy black bra and Congressman Nixon thought, "Does that girl know she looks like a tramp? Or is she trying to nab herself a Congressman from Yorba Linda?" That was decades ago and

every day since Nixon has felt a burning desire to hold you close to his man parts. So there, it's on the record, "Dick Nixon thinks you're hot."...I never told you because J. Edgar's got everyone bugged. He's probably on his bed right now wearing a frilly night gown, polishing his toenails and eavesdropping on us.

(to the walls)

So, J Edgar, hear this, you little bitch - for 23 years Nixon has dreamed of doing the nasty with his secretary...No Rose Mary, the President is not drunk. The President is a Quaker and Quakers don't drink. Now, be a good girl and bring me the ice.

He hangs up. Plops down on the sofa, wipes his brow.

Whoa! Never knew phone sex was so exhausting.

Knock at the door.

Go away. No one ordered a pizza.

Another knock at the door. He hustles toward his desk and frantically searches through its drawers.

If you're from the *Washington Post*, know this, Woodstein, or is it that traitor lawyer, Jew-orski, or some other Yid who's out to destroy Nixon's presidency. Know this. The President is not like you people. He owns a handgun. Elvis gave it to him.

The door opens. Rose Mary Woods, enters wearing a bathrobe and house slippers. Her red hair is in curlers. She is late 50's, not attractive and holds a plastic bag filled of ice.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Mr. President, may I enter?

PRESIDENT NIXON

Of course, Rose Mary. You frightened me. For a moment, I thought you might be a Jew.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Oh goodness no. But I'm freezing. Could you hurry over here and grab my ice?

Nixon goes over and places his hand on her butt.

They stand awkwardly, both facing straight ahead, yet slowly becoming sexually aroused. With his free hand, Nixon opens the bag of ice and takes a cube and cools his neck and forehead. Rose Mary reaches into the bag, takes a cube and cools herself off. All the while Nixon's hand remains on her butt.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Rose Mary, how did you get here so quickly?

ROSE MARY WOODS

Mr. President, you moved me into the Lincoln Bedroom ever since this Watergate mess...

PRESIDENT NIXON

...don't say that word.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Sorry, Mr. President. May I refresh your drink?

PRESIDENT NIXON

No. You sit. President Nixon, as always, is delighted to see you. May I offer you...oh, silly me. You're a teetotaler.

ROSE MARY WOODS

I'll take a shot of tequila.

Nixon is taken aback.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Tequila? (singing) Ole! Ole! Ole! Ole! (speaking) I had no idea.

He takes the bag of ice cubes and fixes Rosemary's drink. She tidies up the messy room. But he stops her.

PRESIDENT NIXON

No, no. You relax and enjoy yourself. Here you go, Tequila Momma.

He hands her a drink. Has one of his own.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Thank you, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Please, we've been together too long for such formality. Call me, Richard.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Richard. Oh, I like that. Makes me feel, well, close to you.

He sits on the sofa, drink in hand.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Why don't you scootch over and feel even closer.

She inches closer. He puts an arm around her shoulder.

And may I call you Rose Mary, Rose Mary?

ROSE MARY WOODS

If I may call you Richard, Richard.

Nixon stares at her.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Oh, I'm so sorry. I made a bad joke.

PRESIDENT NIXON

I don't get it.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Because it was a bad joke. Truth is, I don't have a sense of humor. It's what drew me to the Republican Party. How can Democrats laugh and carry on when we have such an unfair tax code? I've never admitted, but I despise sales tax. Yet, the Democrats tax and tax and tax.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Raising taxes gets them hot.

ROSE MARY WOODS

I went to Walgreen's last Sunday. Bought a pair of flip flops, taxed.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Not right.

ROSE MARY WOODS

A pair of shoe trees, taxed.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Hard to accept.

ROSE MARY WOODS

My Valium. They taxed my Valium.

PRESIDENT NIXON

Morally wrong. Which is why we have to save my presidency. God knows what the Democrats would tax next if they won back the White House.

ROSE MARY WOODS

If they could, they'd tax breathing.

PRESIDENT NIXON

They'd tax everything we hold dear.

ROSE MARY WOODS

The right to bear arms.

PRESIDENT NIXON

The right to hold you in my bare arms.

Nixon embraces her. They kiss passionately. After a few moments, she grabs her face, cries out in pain.

ROSE MARY WOODS

Ow!

PRESIDENT NIXON

What is it?

ROSE MARY WOODS

Your beard. It feels like I'm smooching with a cactus.

PRESIDENT NIXON

God, I hate this awful face. I get five o'clock shadow by eight a.m.

ROSE MARY WOODS

I'm bleeding. Do you have a Band-aid?

She grabs a pillow from the sofa and dabs at her face.