



ALL THE WAY

BY ROBERT SCHENKKAN



DRAMATISTS
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ALL THE WAY was originally produced on Broadway at the Neil Simon Theatre on March 6, 2014. It was produced by Jeffrey Richards, Louise Gund, Jerry Frankel, Stephanie P. McClelland, Double Gemini Productions, Rebecca Gold, Scott M. Delman, Barbara H. Freitag, Harvey Weinstein, Gene Korf, William Berling, Caiola Productions, Gutterman Chernoff, Jam Theatricals, Gabrielle Palitz, Cheryl Wiesenfeld, and Will Trice. It was directed by Bill Rauch; the set design was by Christopher Acebo; the costume design was by Deborah M. Dryden; the lighting design was by Jane Cox; the original music and sound design were by Paul James Prendergast; the projection design was by Shawn Sagady; the dramaturg was Tom Bryant; and the production stage manager was Matthew Farrell. The cast was as follows:

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON..... Bryan Cranston
 LADY BIRD JOHNSON/KATHARINE GRAHAM/
 KATHARINE ST. GEORGE Betsy Aidem
 WALTER JENKINS/
 WILLIAM COLMER.....Christopher Liam Moore
 SECRETARY/LURLEEN WALLACE/
 MURIEL HUMPHREY Susannah Schulman
 HUBERT HUMPHREY Robert Petkoff
 RICHARD RUSSELL John McMartin
 J. EDGAR HOOVER/ROBERT BYRD Michael McKean
 ROBERT McNAMARA/JAMES EASTLAND/WILLIAM M.
 McCULLOCH/PAUL B. JOHNSON, JR. James Eckhouse
 MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR..... Brandon J. Dirden
 RALPH ABERNATHY.....J. Bernard Calloway
 STANLEY LEVISON/JOHN McCORMACK/
 SEYMORE TRAMMELL/EDWIN KING Ethan Phillips
 JAMES HARRISON/
 STOKELY CARMICHAEL..... William Jackson Harper
 CARTHA “DEKE” DeLOACH/HOWARD “JUDGE” SMITH/
 EVERETT DIRKSEN/CARL SANDERS..... Richard Poe
 CORETTA SCOTT KING/FANNIE LOU HAMER..... Roslyn Ruff
 STROM THURMOND Christopher Gurr
 GEORGE WALLACE/JAMES CORMAN/
 MIKE MANSFIELD/WALTER REUTHER..... Rob Campbell
 ROY WILKINS/AARON HENRY Peter Jay Fernandez
 BOB MOSES/DAVID DENNIS..... Eric Lenox Abrams
 EMANUEL CELLER..... Steve Vinovich

ALL THE WAY was commissioned by the Oregon Shakespeare Festival (Bill Rauch, Artistic Director) in Ashland, Oregon, and it was first performed at the Angus Bowmer Theatre on July 25, 2012. It was directed by Bill Rauch; the set design was by Christopher Acebo; the costume design was by Deborah M. Dryden; the lighting design was by Mark McCullough; the original music and sound design were by Paul James Prendergast; the projection design was by Shawn Sagady; the dramaturg was Tom Bryant; and the stage manager was D. Christian Bolender. The cast was as follows:

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON..... Jack Willis
 LADY BIRD JOHNSON/
 KATHARINE GRAHAM Terri McMahon
 WALTER JENKINS/
 WILLIAM COLMER..... Christopher Liam Moore
 SECRETARY/LURLEEN WALLACE/
 MURIEL HUMPHREY Erica Sullivan
 HUBERT HUMPHREY/
 STROM THURMOND Peter Frechette
 RICHARD RUSSELL/JIM MARTIN Douglas Rowe
 J. EDGAR HOOVER/ROBERT BYRD Richard Elmore
 ROBERT McNAMARA/JAMES EASTLAND/
 PAUL B. JOHNSON, JR. Mark Murphey
 MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. Kenajuan Bentley
 RALPH ABERNATHY..... Tyrone Wilson
 STANLEY LEVISON/SEYMORE TRAMMELL/
 EDWIN KING..... Daniel T. Parker
 JAMES HARRISON/STOKELY CARMICHAEL/
 JAMES CHANEY..... Wayne T. Carr
 CARTHA “DEKE” DELOACH/HOWARD “JUDGE” SMITH/
 EVERETT DIRKSEN/CARL SANDERS..... David Kelly
 CORETTA SCOTT KING/
 FANNIE LOU HAMER Gina Daniels
 GEORGE WALLACE/PAUL DOUGLAS/
 WALTER REUTHER Jonathan Haugen
 ROY WILKINS Derek Lee Weeden
 BOB MOSES/DAVID DENNIS..... Kevin Kenerly

ALL THE WAY was subsequently performed at American Repertory Theater at Harvard University (Diane Paulus, Artistic Director; Diane Borger, Producer) at the Loeb Drama Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, opening on September 13, 2013. It was directed by Bill Rauch; the set design was by Christopher Acebo; the costume design was by Deborah M. Dryden; the lighting design was by Jane Cox; the original music and sound design were by Paul James Prendergast; the projection design was by Shawn Sagady; the dramaturg was Tom Bryant; and the production stage manager was Matthew Farrell. The cast was as follows:

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON..... Bryan Cranston
 LADY BIRD JOHNSON/KATHARINE GRAHAM/
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 WALTER JENKINS/
 WILLIAM COLMER..... Christopher Liam Moore
 SECRETARY/LURLEEN WALLACE/
 MURIEL HUMPHREY Susannah Schulman
 HUBERT HUMPHREY/
 STROM THURMOND Reed Birney
 RICHARD RUSSELL/EMANUEL CELLER/
 JIM MARTIN Dakin Matthews
 J. EDGAR HOOVER/ROBERT BYRD Michael McKean
 ROBERT McNAMARA/JAMES EASTLAND/
 WILLIAM M. McCULLOCH/
 PAUL B. JOHNSON, JR. Arnie Burton
 MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. Brandon J. Dirden
 RALPH ABERNATHY..... J. Bernard Calloway
 STANLEY LEVISON/JOHN McCORMACK/
 SEYMORE TRAMMELL/EDWIN KING Ethan Phillips
 JAMES HARRISON/
 STOKELY CARMICHAEL..... William Jackson Harper
 CARTHA “DEKE” DeLOACH/HOWARD “JUDGE” SMITH/
 EVERETT DIRKSEN/CARL SANDERS..... Richard Poe
 CORETTA SCOTT KING/
 FANNIE LOU HAMER Crystal A. Dickinson
 GEORGE WALLACE/JAMES CORMAN/JOSEPH ALSOP/
 MIKE MANSFIELD/WALTER REUTHER..... Dan Butler
 ROY WILKINS/AARON HENRY..... Peter Jay Fernandez
 BOB MOSES/DAVID DENNIS..... Eric Lenox Abrams

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ALL THE WAY was the recipient of the 2012 Edward M. Kennedy Prize for Drama Inspired by American History, which is awarded through Columbia University.

CHARACTERS

PRESIDENT LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON

LADY BIRD JOHNSON, *First Lady*

WALTER JENKINS, *top aide to LBJ*

SEN. HUBERT HUMPHREY, *D-MN*

SEN. RICHARD RUSSELL, *D-GA*

J. EDGAR HOOVER, *FBI director*

ROBERT McNAMARA, *Secretary of Defense*

KATHARINE GRAHAM, *Washington Post publisher*

REV. DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., *SCLC president*

REV. RALPH ABERNATHY, *SCLC vice president*

STANLEY LEVISON, *SCLC advisor*

JAMES HARRISON, *SCLC accountant*

CARTHA "DEKE" DeLOACH, *FBI deputy director*

CORETTA SCOTT KING

SEN. STROM THURMOND, *D-SC*

SEN. JAMES EASTLAND, *D-MS*

REP. HOWARD "JUDGE" SMITH, *D-VA*

GOV. GEORGE WALLACE, *D-AL*

LURLEEN WALLACE

MURIEL HUMPHREY

STOKELY CARMICHAEL, *SNCC organizer*

ROY WILKINS, *NAACP executive director*

BOB MOSES, *head of SNCC*

REP. JOHN McCORMACK, *D-MA*

REP. EMANUEL CELLER, *D-NY*

REP. WILLIAM COLMER, *D-MS*

REP. WILLIAM MOORE McCULLOCH, *R-OH*

REP. JAMES CORMAN, *D-CA*

REP. KATHARINE ST. GEORGE, *R-NY*

SEN. EVERETT DIRKSEN, *R-IL*

SEN. ROBERT BYRD, *D-WV*

SEN. MIKE MANSFIELD, *D-MT*

ANDREW GOODMAN

MICHAEL "MICKEY" SCHWERNER

JAMES EARL CHANEY

DEPUTY CECIL RAY PRICE

GOV. PAUL B. JOHNSON, JR., *D-MS*

DAVID DENNIS, *CORE leader, MS*

FANNIE LOU HAMER, *SNCC organizer*

SEYMORE TRAMMELL, *political advisor to Wallace*

AARON HENRY, *MFDP delegate*

WALTER REUTHER, *president of UAW*

REV. EDWIN KING, *MFDP organizer*

GOV. CARL SANDERS, *D-GA*

KING OF NORWAY

SECRETARY, TAILOR, WOMAN, SHOE SHINER,
BARBER, MFDP LEADER, NETWORK CORRESPONDENT,
TELEVISION ANNOUNCER, NEW ORLEANS
ANNOUNCER, PARTY GOER

WITNESSES, CONGRESSMEN, WHITE HOUSE AIDES,
FBI AGENTS, BUTLERS, REPORTERS, CONGREGATION,
MFDP ACTIVISTS, CROWD

SETTING

Center stage is a large oval playing area in the center of which is a heavy wooden desk. On three sides surrounding the oval are elevated “witness boxes” — curved seating areas much like a jury box where the acting company, the witnesses, wait in full view of the audience until they enter the playing area. The witnesses are not “in character” while they wait, but they are very much attentive to the action until they enter the scene. Witnesses may play several parts, except for the actors playing LBJ and MLK.

Far upstage center is a bank of TV screens, one piled on top of the other. This is our electronic tally board, as well as a screen for live images broadcast directly from the stage, archival newsreel footage, statistics, maps, supertitles, etc. Scenes should move quickly, flowing one into another, never stopping to settle.

TIME

November, 1963 – November, 1964

GLOSSARY

- CORE Congress of Racial Equality
pronounced “core”
- MFDP Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party
- NAACP National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
pronounced “N double-A C P”
- SCLC Southern Christian Leadership Conference
- SNCC Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
pronounced “snick”
- UAW United Automobile Workers

ALL THE WAY

ACT ONE

In the half-light, the witnesses enter and take their places in the witness boxes. LBJ moves downstage center. The tally board flickers to life with static like an old-fashioned black and white TV. The test pattern appears — the famous American Indian Head. Then the countdown: 10. 9. 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1.

*Screen goes white. Fades to title: “NOVEMBER, 1963.”
Spot on LBJ.*

LBJ. I'm back in the Hill Country in the old days, hidin' down in the root cellar while a Comanche war party searches through the house just over my head, huntin' for me. It's so dark down there, like a grave. For this terrible moment, I wonder if I'm dead already, or buried alive. I piss myself like an idiot child crouchin' in the dirt knowing it's only a matter of time now before they find the trap door; discover me; haul me, screaming, up into the light where their knives gleam ... *(The witnesses simultaneously strike the stage three times. With each strike, another image of President Kennedy's car entering Dealey Plaza appears on the tally board. Last image fades out with spot on LBJ as ... Lady Bird gently shakes LBJ's shoulder.)*

LADY BIRD. Lyndon? Wake up, honey. We're about to land in Washington. *(Lady Bird stands on one side of LBJ as Walter Jenkins, his long-time aide, stands on the other. LBJ wipes the sleep off his face. They talk quietly, urgently.)*

LBJ. You hear from Bobby?

JENKINS. He'll be waiting on the tarmac. There'll be reporters, too; you'll be expected to make a statement. Something short. Then we'll go straight to Blair House.

LBJ. Reach out to the leadership as soon as we hit the ground; I wanta talk to each and every one of 'em. Today. *Now.*

JENKINS. Yes, sir.

LBJ. *(To Lady Bird.)* You call Rose Kennedy?

LADY BIRD. Yes.

LBJ. Lord, what that woman's been through. Your lipstick.

LADY BIRD. What?

LBJ. Fix your lipstick. How did John Connally's surgery go?

LADY BIRD. The doctors are optimistic.

LBJ. Thank God for that. *(Glancing about cautiously.)* Jackie?

LADY BIRD. Won't change her clothes. Says she "wants them to see what they have done to Jack."

LBJ. See the way she stared at me when I was taking the oath?

LADY BIRD. She's upset, honey ...

LBJ. We're all upset, Bird! *(Quieter.)* We're all upset. *(To Jenkins.)* A televised address to both Houses of Congress as soon as it seems decent. *(Sound of plane landing as lights widen. We are now in the Senate chamber. As LBJ moves past the congressmen, they each lower their heads and murmur respectfully ...)*

WITNESSES. Mr. President. Mr. President. Mr. President. *(LBJ stops. He is now addressing the Senate.)*

LBJ. All I have I would have given gladly not to be standin' here today. The greatest leader of our time has been struck down by the foulest deed of our time. No words are sad enough to express our sense of loss. John F. Kennedy told his countrymen that our national work would not be finished in the life of this administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime. "But," he said, "let us begin." Today, I would say to all my fellow Americans, let us continue. *(Applause.)* We have talked long enough in this country about civil rights. We have talked for one hundred years or more. It is time now to write the next chapter in the books of law. I urge you again, as I did in '57 and again in '60, to enact a civil rights law so that we can move to eliminate from this nation every trace of discrimination that is based upon race or color! *(The senators and representatives are surprised. They begin to applaud; the applause grows wild and cuts off abruptly as lights shift. Oval office. In contrast to the subdued, dignified nature of his House speech, LBJ is loud, aggressive, and multi-tasking. As LBJ fields phone calls and questions his aides, his tailor measures him for a new suit. Tally board reads: "11 MONTHS TO THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.")*

SECRETARY. Senator Humphrey on one. (*Add spot on Senator Hubert Humphrey on phone. LBJ picks up phone #1.*)

LBJ. Hubert! You hear what that nigra comedian, Dick Gregory, said about me? "When Lyndon Johnson finished his speech, twenty million Negroes *unpacked!*" (*LBJ and Humphrey laugh.*)

HUMPHREY. It was a fine speech, Mr. President, dear to my heart, but I know some people are wondering, *did he really mean it?*

LBJ. You can tell that liberal crowd of yours I'm gonna out-Roosevelt Roosevelt and out-Lincoln Lincoln! But they need to get behind me and back me up 'cause you know Dick Russell and the Dixiecrats are gonna fight me tooth and nail on this civil rights stuff. (*Covering phone to his tailor.*) Not too tight in the bunghole, there, Manny. And gimme some extra room in the pockets there for my stuff, my knife and my keys, and leave me some slack for my nutsack. WALTER, GET ME DICK RUSSELL! (*Back on phone.*) But time is *critical* here, Hubert, you understand me? All I want to get done, and the election only eleven months away ...

HUMPHREY. Well, if the Republicans are foolish enough to nominate Barry Goldwater, you'll beat him with both hands tied behind your back!

LBJ. Goldwater's tougher than you think and I wouldn't count out Nixon, but first I have to win the Democratic nomination.

HUMPHREY. Who else is there? George Wallace is a nobody ...

LBJ. A dangerous nobody, but it's not Wallace I'm thinkin' of.

HUMPHREY. Bobby? You don't have to worry about Bobby.

LBJ. Bobby Kennedy would just as soon cut my throat as smile at me. (*LBJ's secretary enters.*)

HUMPHREY. You know how strongly I feel about this Civil Rights Bill, Mr. President ...

JENKINS. (*Quietly.*) Senator Russell on two.

HUMPHREY. ... If there is *anything I can do* ...

LBJ. I'll keep it in mind, Hubert. We need to talk more about the bill. And the election! Give my love to Muriel ...

HUMPHREY. ... I certainly will but I'd like to ... (*LBJ punches phone #1, cutting Humphrey off. Spot up on Senator Richard Russell.*)

LBJ. Uncle Dick.

RUSSELL. Mr. President.

LBJ. Lyndon. Lyndon, please.

RUSSELL. No, Mr. President, it wouldn't be respectful.

LBJ. In public then, but nothing else changes between us. Hell, I owe everything I have to your good wisdom and generosity and don't you think for a second I'll ever forget it.

RUSSELL. Well, you did throw me for a bit of a loop last night. State this country's in right now, a civil rights bill is about the last thing we need.

LBJ. Aw, hell, Dick, I got to throw Humphrey and the rest of those liberals a little bit of red meat now and again.

RUSSELL. For a hundred years the Democratic Party has had a lock on the South. It'd be a foolish thing to throw that away.

LBJ. Let me ask you something. You've finally got your heart's desire, *a Southern president*, after how long now?

RUSSELL. Since 1849.

LBJ. A hundred and fourteen years! So, if you want to blow me outta the water, go ahead and do it but you will never see another one again. I say what I need to say when I need to say it but we're friends on the QT. Understand?

RUSSELL. So this is election-year politics?

LBJ. I'm an accidental president, Dick. I've got eleven months — eleven months 'til the election to establish myself as the man the people have *chosen* to hold this office. At the end of that time, would you rather have me in the White House talking about civil rights or Richard Milhous Nixon?

RUSSELL. Well, you, of course but ...

LBJ. ... There you go! I need you to hold the South for me, Uncle Dick. "Party unity." It's gonna be critical. Lady Bird sends you her love and we'll expect to see you at dinner on Thursday as usual.

RUSSELL. Oh, there's no need for that anymore, Mr. President ...

LBJ. ... Our Thursday dinners are sacred! Zephyr's making stuffed peppers. Bring your swimsuit and you can paddle your milk-white ass around the White House pool before dinner. See you then! (*LBJ hangs up. Spot on Russell out.*)

SECRETARY. Dr. Martin Luther King on three. (*LBJ angrily waves her away. To Jenkins.*)

LBJ. Where's the RSVP list to my ... (*Jenkins hands it to him.*)

JENKINS. ... Congressional dinner party. They're *all* coming. (*LBJ glances at list approvingly.*)

LBJ. They damn well better. And you best get a good afternoon nap, Walter, so you can dance with all the fat women! (*Calling out to secretary.*) Get me Katharine Graham at the *Post*!

SECRETARY. J. Edgar Hoover on four. *(LBJ punches phone #4 and picks up the phone. Spot on J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI. The tailor brings in colored ties which LBJ inspects while he talks to Hoover.)*

LBJ. Jay!

HOOVER. Mr. President, the FBI is here to assist in any way we can. LBJ. Aw, hell, Jay, you're more than the head of the Bureau — you're my brother! I have more confidence in your judgment than anybody else in town. If the Bureau needs anything from *me*, anything at all, you let me know.

HOOVER. Well, in light of your announcement last night, we should have a discussion regarding Dr. King and company. I have recently acquired certain information which is deeply troubling ... *(LBJ signals Jenkins who responds loudly, encouraging the secretary and the tailor to join him.)*

JENKINS, SECRETARY, and TAILOR. Mr. President!/Mr. President?/Mr. President!

LBJ. Jay, I hate to interrupt but they're pullin' me six ways from Sunday. I'm very interested in this. We'll talk soon, I promise. *(LBJ hangs up. Spot out on Hoover.)* Did King screw his sister or somethin'? That man is obsessed.

JENKINS. *(Quietly.)* I thought you were going to let Hoover go.

LBJ. Knew a good ole boy once, caught a rattlesnake bare-handed on a dare. Stood there with that big ole thing wrapped around his arm, head snapping this way and that, with this stupid look on his face, saying, "Wow! It's a whole lot easier to catch one of these critters than it is to let it go!" *(Secretary enters.)* Don't know exactly what Hoover had on Jack Kennedy but he sure had his balls in his desk drawer. Bobby's too. *(To secretary.)* What? What?!

SECRETARY. Robert McNamara on line one.

JENKINS. He wants to resign. *(LBJ punches phone #1. Spot on Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense.)*

LBJ. Robert? So glad you called; you were on the top of my list!

McNAMARA. Thank you, Mr. President. I ...

LBJ. *(Interrupting.)* I hope you're not even considering leaving the Cabinet right now. A man of your intelligence and knowledge is damn hard to replace; impossible! There's nobody else knows the Russians like you do, the Middle East, this mess in South-east Asia.

McNAMARA. That's flattering, Mr. President, but surely you're going to want to bring in your own people ...

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by Robert Schenkkan

WINNER OF THE 2014 TONY AWARD FOR BEST PLAY

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November, 1963. An assassin's bullet catapults Lyndon Baines Johnson into the presidency. A Shakespearean figure of towering ambition and appetite, this charismatic, conflicted Texan hurls himself into the passage of the Civil Rights Act — a tinderbox issue emblematic of a divided America — even as he campaigns for reelection in his own right, and the recognition he so desperately wants. In Tony Award and Pulitzer Prize-winning Robert Schenkkan's vivid dramatization of LBJ's first year in office, means versus ends plays out on the precipice of modern America. ALL THE WAY is a searing, enthralling exploration of the morality of power. It's not personal, it's just politics.

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