



presents

GRACE OF MONACO



written by **Arash Amel**

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GRACE OF MONACO

by

Arash Amel

Rolling Angels
Director: Olivier Dahan

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DIRECTOR'S DRAFT - WORK IN PROGRESS

FADE IN:

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut. Print. That's a wrap, guys ...

The SOUND of WARM APPLAUSE.

HARSH STUDIO LIGHTS. Coming into FOCUS -- we are --

-- following an ACTRESS in a fancy HAT and COSTUME, stepping off a brightly lit INTERIOR MOVIE SET. She's passing the CAMERA, SOUND and LIGHTING CREW, a ghostly ECHO of their applause, somebody giving her flowers, exchanging a hug, a sense of farewell ... as she glides out of the limelight ...

... and into the DARK CORRIDORS behind the set. Heading to her DRESSING ROOM, taking off her hat and shaking her hair to reveal a shock of BLONDE. MAKE-UP and COSTUME STAFF approach from the opposite corridor-

ACTRESS
Give me five minutes.

She walks through her dressing room door. A glimpse of a sign on the door as it closes: GRACE KELLY, "HIGH SOCIETY".

INT. GRACE KELLY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

The actress, whom we only glimpse but don't fully see, sets down the hat on a pile of NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES -- photos of gala events, headlines that read: "*Grace Kelly engaged.*" "*Farewell to Hollywood*" ... now loosening her tight costume, the relief of solitude, the actress off-stage.

She slips on a dazzling ENGAGEMENT RING from a locked jewelry box. Her elegant fingers now take a cotton pad and proceed to remove her make-up ... coming off the contours of her PORCELAIN FEATURES. A slow, gradual, process, growing more and more determined ... a sense of escape ... WE PULL AWAY --

-- watching the scene through a CAMERA LENS --

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE -- GHOSTLY FLASHES of B&W FILM -- GRACE KELLY'S beautiful 1956 "Wedding of the Century". ECHOES of a FAIRYTALE -- marking TIME PASSING -- and we PUSH INTO-

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO - DAY

TITLE: "MONACO, DECEMBER 1961 - FIVE YEARS LATER."

A '58 Rolls Royce Silver Cloud navigates the winding mountain roads of the Mediterranean Principality of Monaco.

A man with bulldog features peers out of the glass at the harbor segueing into the sprawling sea. ALFRED HITCHCOCK, 62, the legendary film director. He glumly surveys the wondrous beauty. The yachts and the boats down below are like toys in the idyllic winter setting. *

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO. CORRIDORS - DAY *

PALACE STAFF rush by -- as -- *

Hitchcock walks in step with MADGE TIVEY-FAUCON. 30s. The supremely confident lady-in-waiting, who has worked hard to lose her Australian heritage in a refined European palace. Their heels clip on marble -- the magnificent hallways of the 190-Room Palace, which has been decorated for Christmas. *

MADGE

-- you are to refer to her as *Your Highness* or *Votre Altesse* --

-- now sweeping through a HALLWAY being refurbished -- scaffolds erected and WORKMEN making a racket --

MADGE (CONT'D)

-- just *Altesse* is also acceptable, but *Highness* is not. Nor is *Princess*, Mr Hitchcock. *

-- something SMASHES at the other end of the corridor -- servants quickly chastise the culprit and clear up the mess -- as we stop at a set of GRAND DOUBLE DOORS.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Remember to nod your head when you first make her presence, but don't bow. She's not the Queen of England-

She opens the doors for him. Hitchcock surveys the ROYAL QUARTERS beckoning-

HITCHCOCK

And you Madam, are not the Queen of Sheba. Good day.

He walks into the royal quarters, leaving Madge speechless.

INT. PRINCESS' QUARTERS. STUDY - DAY *

A PEN ... in those same elegant fingers that once took make-up off, now writing a long LETTER in BIG LOOPED HANDWRITING to a "MA KELLY".

Her BLUE EYES scan the text -- her lips pursing in thought -- then the pen moving to a pad where she performs a SIGNATURE: Grace de Monaco. Beat. She tries it again. Hmm. Before the pen returns to the letter and she signs it simply: "See you later alligator, Gracie."

CUT TO: *

Hitchcock observes the solitary woman sitting at a bureau by the window, her back to him, dressed practically in slacks and blouse. The winter sun casts through the bars of the castle's windows like a gilded cage. She hasn't noticed his arrival. He cranes to get a better look, when he accidentally steps on a child's SQUEAKY TOY, breaking the silence. The woman stops ... turns to face him ... *

GRACE KELLY. Now 32. Princess Grace of Monaco. The sharp cheek bones, the depth behind her porcelain gaze, off-set by hair tucked back. Except now a mother of two, a weariness to her manner, a million miles from the fairy-tale.

GRACE

Hitch!

She breaks into BIG SMILE that lights up the whole room.

OVER -- we HEAR the SCREAMS of CHILDREN --

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. GREAT GARDENS / GREAT HALL - DAY

Meet shy PRINCE ALBERT, 3, in a woolly hat, picking his nose as he hides behind Grace's legs. He gets a tap on the hand from Grace, as his diminutive older sister, PRINCESS CAROLINE, 5, hands PRESENTS to their mother, which she in turn is giving to every child that passes into the hall. The parents each curtsy to Grace. The hall is decorated for the biggest kids' CHRISTMAS PARTY you've ever seen.

[whenever a foreign language is spoken subtitles are assumed]

GRACE (FRENCH)

... welcome ... Merry Christmas ...
What a handsome young man ...

Hitchcock stands behind Grace, watching this magnificent act of philanthropy, wincing at the DIN of children. Grace is rarely still; a restless energy. She is helped by Madge and a tall rangy brunette called PHYLLIS BLUM, 23, Grace's very practical and loyal personal secretary (and the only American on her personal staff).

HITCHCOCK

Where's the Prince?

PHYLLIS
Oh, he never comes. Far too busy.

HITCHCOCK
(off the children)
ALL the kids in Monaco?

PHYLLIS
Every Christmas.

Hitchcock feels someone tug at his coat. Princess Caroline.

HITCHCOCK
Yes?

PRINCESS CAROLINE (FRENCH)
You're in my way.

Hitchcock raises his eyebrow at the impudent little Princess.

GRACE (FRENCH)
Caroline, apologize!

Princess Caroline mumbles sorry, as Grace offers an apologetic look to Hitchcock.

CUT TO:

Grace takes the small podium ... a MICROPHONE ... standing before more than five-hundred children and their parents ... noting some of the aristocratic ladies. She clears her throat, awkward. An American nervous not to break decorum before the eyes of her European subjects-

GRACE (FRENCH) (CONT'D)
*I'd like to thank you all-
(feedback, which clears)
-for once more gracing us at this
precious time of year. You are
Monaco's future. The Prince, my
husband, couldn't be here today due
to matters of state, but we wish
you all a very Merry Christmas.*

There's APPLAUSE. Hitchcock watches her smile self-consciously, keen to get off the stage.

EXT. GREAT GARDENS - DAY

Hitchcock lays the SCRIPT down on the table. Grace sits opposite him sipping her tea, trying not to seem curious, eyeing the title.

GRACE

Marnie ... hmm ... who's the
leading man ...?

HITCHCOCK

Oh I don't know. Cubby Broccoli
just made a spy movie with some
Scottish fellow he's raving about.

(then)

It's probably not going to be my
best work, but it could be yours.

Hitchcock regards the footmen nearby, and Madge, never too
far away ... he leans forward-

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

We start production in the spring.
Universal will pay you one million
dollars.

GRACE

It's not about the money, Hitch.

HITCHCOCK

It can be about whatever you want
it to be. Certainly beats living
with Mrs D'Anvers looking over your
shoulder. Where was she when I was
casting that role?

Grace regards Madge going inside, then lingers on Hitchcock,
who seems genuinely concerned for her. A paternal figure.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

It's going to be the role of a
lifetime, Gracie.

GRACE

Do I look that unhappy?

HITCHCOCK

(sympathetic smile)

You look tired.

Beat. He picks up his hat and cane-

GRACE

I had a room prepared for you at
the palace. Won't you stay?

HITCHCOCK

I have to get back to LA. I left
Evan alone with Cary Grant and God
only knows what they've done to my
Birds script-

GRACE

How is Cary?

HITCHCOCK

His wife still sticks pins in your
effigy every night.

Grace chuckles. Hitchcock pleased to have made her laugh. He
takes his leave-

GRACE

Hitch.

(he stops)

THIS is the role of a lifetime.

HITCHCOCK

Yes, but you're not playing it very
well, your highness.

He remembers to nod in curtsy, then leaves, taking that
flavor of Hollywood glamor with him. Grace's smile fades. She
doesn't notice that MADGE is watching her from the window ...

PATHE REPORTER (O.S.)

The place to be seen for New Year's
Eve is Monte Carlo. Playground of
the great, the good, the beautiful.

EXT. MONTE CARLO BAY - NIGHT

A PATHE NEWS CREW chronicles the arrival of EUROPEAN
ARISTOCRATS and POLITICIANS to a party onboard a HUGE CRUISER
YACHT. Their 16MM FILM CAMERA picks up luminaries climbing
the gang-plank, passing the reporter who is live on-scene:

PATHE REPORTER

Here's President Charles De Gaulle,
in the company of Monsieur Emile
Pelletier, Monaco's French Minister
of State. They join guests on board
The Christina, the largest yacht
moored in Monte Carlo Bay, owned by
that Greek shipping tycoon himself,
Aristotle Onassis, who tonight is
accompanied by Ms Maria Callas.

FRENCH SECRET SERVICE AGENTS pass, escorting PRESIDENT CHARLES DE GAULLE. This isn't De Gaulle popularized in uniform and mustache, but the Statesman of France's Fifth Republic. 72, a towering ogre of a man. He's followed by EMILE PELLETIER, 64, a thin grey French civil servant -- as --

A VEHICLE arriving ... FOOTMEN rushing to open the door ...

REPORTER

And the guests of honor, their
Serene Highnesses Prince Rainier
and Princess Grace of Monaco, who
in the new year will be celebrating
the sixth anniversary of their
Wedding of the Century.

GRACE is ushered out of the state car to echo of blinding FLASH BULBS. She's dressed in a modern party gown, sparkling. She pauses. Now seeing a figure against the light, his back to her, waiting. The figure turns ...

PRINCE RAINIER III. 38, Prince of Monaco. An ambitious monarch who married a Hollywood star against tradition. A dashing man of great passion and intellect, but uptight, often introspective, with a darkness we can't penetrate.

Grace smiles at the cameras and waves, takes Rainier's arm, clutches it like she's anchoring herself, and is led onboard.

INT/EXT. THE CHRISTINA - NIGHT

The yacht is packed with hundreds of people. The elegant, the beautiful, the powerful. A BAND PLAYS by the swimming pool, beneath a banner that reads "BONNE ANNEE 1962!". Drinks flow. Roulette and blackjack tables are manned by croupiers. The lights of Monte Carlo in the background.

We're with GRACE, moving through the throng of guests. She simply smiles and nods as she glides among them, leading an ELDERLY FRENCH ARISTOCRATIC LADY through the party.

ELDERLY FRENCH LADY

Are any of your Hollywood friends
here?

GRACE

This is Mr Onassis' party. He likes
to be the biggest drunk in the
room.

(they share as smile)

Have you met Father Tucker?

FATHER FRANCIS TUCKER, 72, Rainier's seasoned Irish-American chaplain and counsel. A grizzled old soul with a glint in his eye and a tough manner. Motioning for a refill at the bar, surprised as Grace takes his arm. He doffs his cap towards the French lady.

FATHER TUCKER

Oh, how do you do, ma'am?

GRACE

Tuck married us you know.

(to Tucker)

You know its against protocol to wear your hat indoors.

FATHER TUCKER

Don't tell Madge. I'll never hear the end of it.

GRACE

Have you seen Rainier?

Tucker nods towards Rainier sitting in a quiet lounge area with De Gaulle, but near where Onassis is holding court-

FATHER TUCKER

Always talking business. Can't seem to let it rest for one moment.

CUT TO:

Rainier sits in serious conversation with De Gaulle and Pelletier. They are flanked by the French Secret Service, vigilantly guarding De Gaulle, who is distracted momentarily from their conversation by ONASSIS' intrusive laugh in the nearby lounge. He surveys the party with disapproval.

DE GAULLE

I was hoping we could talk privately.

PELLETIER

President De Gaulle is worried for French taxes and French jobs.

RAINIER

Did you explain everything? I know he pays your salary, Emile, but you're supposed to be our Minister of State. Our treasury is practically empty. We have to do something.

DE GAULLE
So you steal our taxes-

RAINIER
We are not stealing your taxes.

DE GAULLE
To pay for all of this?

RAINIER
(leans in, softly)
This is all an image, Charles, you
know that. This is all Monaco has
left to sell.

A CHAMPAGNE CORK POPS nearby, breaking their conversation.
It's ARISTOTLE ONASSIS, 56, mischievous Greek tycoon, larger
than life businessman and *bon viveur*, pouring and serving
while holding court-

ONASSIS
And that's when I said, Maria my
love, be proud of your scandals!
What else will they write about
when you're gone?

His girlfriend, MARIA CALLAS, the vivacious opera-singer, 38,
sighs with mild embarrassment-

MARIA
That's not how it happened at all-

Onassis belly-laughs. It's infectious. We like him. He
notices Rainier's older sister PRINCESS ANTOINETTE, 41,
perching herself on a chair-

ONASSIS
Madam, did you know you are sitting
on the largest penis in the world?
(off her puzzlement)
The chair covers. They're made from
whale's scrotum.

Antoinette bounces up like she's been electrocuted.

RAINIER
It's alright, Antoinette. Mr
Onassis was joking.

ONASSIS
I wasn't.

RAINIER

Is that how you speak to the
monarch's sister, Ari? Would you
like me to confiscate your boat?

ONASSIS

(hiccups, grins)

Would you like me to buy the rest
of your tiny country? I could fit
everybody onto one of my estates-

RAINIER

-before you'd plunder your treasury
and let your subjects starve.

They share a smile, a common joke between the two men.

GRACE arrives and sits by Rainier as Antoinette looks to her
husband, the dutiful and ever-somber JEAN-CHARLES, 48, and
decides to gingerly sit on the whaleskin seat anyway.

DE GAULLE

(to Rainier)

My point is the British will always
side with the Americans. Their
Atlanticism will be the end of our
culture. We must pool our wealth.

Grace, taking one of Rainier's cigarettes from the holder-

DE GAULLE (CONT'D)

Finance a third pillar, between the
Soviets and the United States.
That's what Europe must become.

GRACE

What will I tell my children, Mr
President?

DE GAULLE

About what?

GRACE

They're Monegasque, but also
American. Should I perhaps drop
them in the middle of the Atlantic?

De Gaulle lingers on Grace's soft manner. Somehow
disapproving of her position as a European Princess. He
lights her cigarette for her.

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)

*That would be a pity. They are such
delectable little creatures.*

GRACE (FRENCH)

They are most precious to me.

DE GAULLE

(clasps his hands)

Tres bien! Your French has improved. Isn't she adorable, Emile?

PELLETIER

Adorable.

RAINIER

(takes Grace's hand)

Grace is the best ambassador I have ever had.

Grace absorbs the condescension but her smile doesn't waiver.

DE GAULLE

Okay, let me ask your ambassador this question, Rainier-

FATHER TUCKER

(arriving ...)

Let us talk of lighter subjects, Mr President.

Tucker takes Rainier's side, his chief counsel, with a 'don't let this happen' glance to the Prince, but De Gaulle is already carrying on regardless- addressing Grace-

*
*

DE GAULLE

Right now, we are embroiled in a terrible war in Algeria. Many lives have been lost, many more at stake, the very stability of France under threat.

GRACE

One would ask why in heavens you would be fighting a war in Africa.

DE GAULLE

Conflict is often necessary, *altesse*. Especially in the colonies. Now. I am trying to end this conflict. But as I do so, the O.A.S. -- a far right nationalist movement in my own country -- has been trying to assassinate me. France is on the brink. So. What would you say is the best solution?

Beat.

GRACE

Colonialism seems so last century.

*

De Gaulle holds Grace's demure gaze ... two ideologies across
a divide.

*

*

DE GAULLE

I suspect one shouldn't occupy a
Princess with such *complex* matters.

*

*

He motions to a waiter to refresh his soda. Rainier, relieved
that this ended without an international incident.

RAINIER

I'll have a Bourbon, please.

But Grace, in the moment, though still calm, still cordial,
still demure, as she regards De Gaulle-

GRACE

We were brought up to participate,
Mr President. He would be terribly
upset to see someone without
enthusiasm.

*

DE GAULLE

Of course. It is the American way.

GRACE

Maybe if it had been the European
way, we wouldn't have had Fascism,
Communism or the need for your ...
third pillar.

De Gaulle. Stony faced. Onassis guffaws, breaking the
tension. Grace. Beat. Sips her drink. A picture of innocence.
Father Tucker hides a smile. But Rainier-

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Rainier bursts in after Grace, furious. Grace sits, removing
her shoes, her jewelry-

RAINIER

This is not America, Grace, People
don't just - speak - their minds.

GRACE

Why not?

RAINIER

Because that man is the most
powerful voice in Europe-

GRACE

He's a bully-

RAINIER

-who I need on my side if I'm ever
to modernize this country.

GRACE

What did you expect me to say?

RAINIER

Say nothing, because everything you
say has a consequence.

Madge walks in carrying a dress-

RAINIER (CONT'D)

GET OUT, MADGE!

Madge walks straight back out again. Silence.

GRACE

Isn't this what you wanted us to
teach Caroline and Albert? To never
be afraid to speak your mind?

Rainier pinches his tired eyes. Sighs. Frustrated. He absorbs
her taking off her jewelry. A lingering silence. Something
else on his mind ...

*
*

RAINIER

Madge says Hitchcock came to see
you.

GRACE

Madge?

RAINIER

She's just doing her job.

GRACE

He came to see how I was.

RAINIER

He flew six thousand miles just to
say hello?

Grace holds his concerned gaze. She simply smiles warmly.

GRACE

He was just passing through. It was nice to see him.

Rainier, can't read her at all. They just regard each other awkwardly through the divide of the mirror, before he drops his gaze, unsure what to do next-

RAINIER

I'd - um - I'd have liked to have seen him.

GRACE

He'll be back, I'm sure.

He watches her removing her make-up ... nothing more to say ... so he leaves. She watches the door close after him. Grace. Off the cotton pad with her make-up on it, now to her own exhausted face in the mirror, make-up half-removed.

INT. PRINCE RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Rainier, deep in thought, takes off his ceremonial uniform and gets ready for bed. Brushing his teeth. Washing his face. He lingers on the grim portrait of his FATHER, Prince Pierre, forever looking down on him from among his ancestors.

INT. CHILDREN'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Madge dozes in a chair, clutching a book on EUROPEAN ROYAL HISTORY. She stirs to see Grace's shadow in the room- Grace, leaning quietly over her sleeping kids, Caroline and Albert, tucking them in, with a kiss for each child. As she gets up, she notices bruises on Albert's arm. She frowns. Bite marks.

GRACE

(seeing Madge awake)
Do you know how he got these?

Madge gets up and peers ... now frowning in concern ...

MADGE

My goodness. I'll have words with the nanny. Albert was with the other kids this evening.

GRACE

You think one of them bit him?

MADGE

Their playroom is usually indescribable disorder.

GRACE
(concerned, but...)
It's their way, I suppose.

Madge, ruffled by Grace's kindly, liberal approach, but ...

MADGE
What shall I do with your dresses
for tomorrow?

GRACE
(rubbing her tired eyes)
I'll deal with it in the morning.
(remembering, stops)
Tell me, Madge, are you my lady-in-
waiting or the Prince's eyes and
ears?

Madge, in the spotlight, under Grace's gaze. Beat. She pulls
closer, dropping to a low conspiratorial tone.

MADGE
Ma'am, I know we've never quite
seen eye-to-eye, but I've served
the Prince for an awfully long
time. If there's ever any advice I
can give you is that you don't
allow him to modernize too much.

GRACE
How so?

MADGE
By not remaining too attached to
what you perceive to be a modern
sensibility.

GRACE
Is that what you did when you left
Australia, Madge? Lose your modern
sensibility?

MADGE
You make Rainier happier than I've
ever seen him, but your subjects
will never forgive you should you
continue to alienate their Prince
with bourbon and Hollywood
sentimentality. The House of
Grimaldi has its ways.

GRACE
Is that a warning?

MADGE

I wouldn't be so bold as to insult
the Princess of Monaco.

Madge. Nods respectfully. Walks away, leaving Grace cold.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Grace walks alone to her chamber. She stops at the door ... regards Prince Rainier's room. The door shut. Rainier's distant SNORING coming from behind it. She stands listening, taking in the ghostly silence of the palace ...

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Grace crawls into bed, glasses on, clutching the screenplay for MARNIE by the light of the bed lamp. She opens it and begins reading. Now becoming engrossed. Turning the pages --

EXT/INT. MONACO. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

The bureaucrats and civil servants come and go --

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAY

A grand meeting of the Monaco Council.

Rainier sits surrounded by his cabinet, listening to EMILE PELLETIER, Monaco's de facto Prime Minister and De Gaulle's representative in Monaco, in a heated debate--

PELLETIER

(off his maps and papers)

One hundred and three new companies
registered offices in Monaco in the
last two years. Ninety per cent of
them relocated from France. All of
them came for your zero-tax.

JEAN-CHARLES REY, leader of the opposition, and Rainier's brother-in-law whom we met on Onassis' yacht, leans forward.

JEAN-CHARLES

What do you want us to do about it?

PELLETIER

Stop courting them.

*

Rainier watches Princess CAROLINE running in playing, her poodle OLIVER yapping after her. His mind is still on Grace, not here. Caroline seems to disturb Pelletier as he speaks-

PELLETIER (CONT'D)

President De Gaulle is very concerned that French companies in Monaco will somehow finance attempts by the OAS on his life.

RAINIER

(having heard enough)

Pah! That's completely irrational.

Rainier surveys Pelletier, who is unmoved, then gets up and walks to the MODEL of FUTURE MONACO by the open balcony. Lingers off the great CASINO in the square opposite. Pelletier regards little Caroline playing with the dog. Her disregard for decorum grates with him -- as --

RAINIER (CONT'D)

This is what I inherited, Emile.
Casinos. A playground for French
aristocrats. Your wealthy come,
spend, and go.

*
*
*

PELLETIER

And that's a problem?

RAINIER

For the ten thousand people who
live here, yes. Ordinary working
class families who aren't rich, who
need schools, hospitals, welfare.

(Caroline BANGS her toys
together- her dog YAPS)

We make nothing, we export nothing,
we've barely recovered from the
second world war.

*
*
*
*

PELLETIER

What are you proposing?

RAINIER

If France is going to drain Monaco
for all it has, then it's not
unreasonable to expect French
businesses to pay for it. What
Monaco was is not what it will be.

*
*
*
*
*

PELLETIER

Well, we find ourselves at an
impasse, your highness.

(MORE)

PELLETIER (CONT'D)

Because the President wants you to
not only impose income tax on
Monaco, but to pay the proceeds to
France.

There's a stir. One of the ministers, MONSIEUR DELAVENNE,
Minister of the Interior, grows indignant-

DELAVENNE

You want us to pay tax to France?

PELLETIER

You are a French protectorate which
has only ever existed because of
our good will. *

RAINIER

We're a sovereign nation. *

Pelletier -- ANNOYED by Caroline and her YAPPING DOG --

PELLETIER

I'm to return to Paris tomorrow
with your answer. *

Pelletier, done, gets up. Rainier watches him pack, then
softens, trying to appeal to Pelletier's human nature-

RAINIER

Emile, does President De Gaulle
really want the children of Monaco
to grow up to be croupiers?

PELLETIER

Some would say that would be an
improvement.

(off his quizzical look,
off Caroline)

The changes around here haven't
gone unnoticed, your highness. Some
of Monaco's offspring are running
around like the grandchildren of a
Philadelphia bricklayer-

SLAP! Rainier's open palm STRIKES Pelletier across the cheek,
KNOCKING him to the ground! Pelletier clutches his face,
SHOCKED, tears of pain forming in his eyes, his papers fly up-

Caroline stops playing with her toys.

SHOCKED SILENCE as Pelletier looks up from the floor at
Rainier bearing down on him ...

RAINIER

Get out. Tell Charles we no longer
need a *French* Minister of State.

*
*

PELLETIER

You ... you can't fire me ...

RAINIER

No, I just accepted your
resignation.

Rainier, standing over Pelletier with his fists clenched,
before his official guards dutifully pick the dazed Frenchman
up off the floor, gather his papers and carry him out.

Rainier gathers Caroline up into his arms, sees she's afraid,
makes a FACE at her to make her LAUGH.

The rest of the room processes what just happened. Delavenne
somerly removes his glasses and pockets them.

*

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PALACE - DAY

De Gaulle, hovering over maps of Algeria with his military
advisers and minister for defense, on the phone to Pelletier.

*

DE GAULLE (PHONE) (FRENCH)

*He struck a representative of
France?*

PELLETIER (PHONE) (FRENCH)

*And banned me from ever returning
to Monaco. He's beating the drum
for national identity. He's become
dangerously anti-French.*

*
*
*

De Gaulle grows ominously silent.

INT. PRINCESS GRACE HOSPITAL. DISUSED WING - DAY

A sign on the door: RED CROSS COMMITTEE INSPECTION, PRIVATE.

Grace waves a TORCH, the beam illuminating dark rotten wood.
We're in the derelict wing of a broken down hospital. She is
flanked by her young secretary Phyllis, leading the LADIES OF
THE RED CROSS, wives of Monegasque aristocrats who sit on the
Red Cross philanthropic committee. It's a RABBLE of FRENCH
CHATTER among the ladies [whom we recognize from Grace's
Christmas speech to her subjects], who are anxiously
discussing something -- they speak fast fluent French, Grace
has trouble understanding or keeping up -- until --

COUNTESS BACIOCHI, 50s, large, outspoken-

BACIOCHI

Ma'am, we simply cannot justify for these repairs from our budget. The hospital already accounts for most of our spending.

GRACE

How about the palace gives you an endowment, and the Red Cross Committee matches it?

BACIOCHI

If you pay to expand the orphanage, the retirement homes will expect you to do the same, and then the schools. It sets a bad precedent. And you don't have the funds.

GRACE

(annoyed)

Look- it's really very simple-

(moving to demonstrate)

We can convert this space into an open dormitory, and partitions here gives each child their own separate living area. Surely you can't have a problem with that, Countess, no matter what class these children may come from.

Grace regards the aristocratic women, staring back blank.

BACIOCHI

Maybe we can vote for it at our plenary session tomorrow.

(motioning for the ladies to leave ...)

Now we must get back, there's the small issue of the Annual Red Cross Ball organize.

GRACE

That isn't due until October.

BACIOCHI

No, but we'll need to start planning now. It's the most important event in our social calender.

GRACE
(frustrated)
I'm sorry, Countess, I mistakenly
thought we were here for charity.

EXT. HOSPITAL, COURTYARD - DAY

Grace. Getting tersely into her convertible -- glimpses the aristocratic wives of Monaco chattering away. She will never be one of them -- STARTING the ENGINE -- kicking up gravel behind her as Phyllis comes ambling out after her --

PHYLLIS
Ma'am, wait. What shall I tell-?

But Grace has gone.

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO. MOUNTAIN ROADS - DAY

The GROWL of an ENGINE. Grace. Her lips pursed, that frustrated frown still etched on her face. Her scarf blowing in the wind, as the odometer pushes 50, 60, 70. The Riviera whizzes past-

She turns the steering wheel one way, then the other, navigating some hair-raising turns -- cars shoot by in the opposite direction -- before a BUS appears from a BLIND CURVE, head-on, but she swerves expertly around it, ignoring the HORNS -- when --

An old peasant woman carrying a bag of potatoes crosses her path. Grace SLAMS on the brakes, the car SQUEALS to a halt inches from the woman. Grace exhales. The woman doesn't even see who is behind the wheel, she just walks across the road and down the dirt path, disappearing from view.

Grace. Silence. Slots the car back into gear. It CHOKES, rolls a few feet, and dies. Grace sits back.

EXT. COUNTRY-SIDE - DAY

Grace walks bare-foot through the field, her heels in her hand, towards the RECTORY --

INT. RECTORY. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

We see FATHER TUCKER's sparse existence. A humble old man who lives alone.

PHOTOS of his EXTENDED FAMILY, the EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES, the PIPE, the piles of CORRESPONDENCE marked 'DELAWARE USA' -- Grace, sits looking miserable, as Tucker hands her a drink, folds his arms and waits. Until-

GRACE

Did I make a mistake?

FATHER TUCKER

What kind of mistake?

GRACE

I can't speak my mind for it might offend someone, Tuck. Everything I do or say is wrong. Do you know how I spent my afternoon? Trying to persuade the good ladies of the Red Cross that repairing a hospital wing might just be more important than planning a ball.

FATHER TUCKER

You're in Monaco, Grace.

GRACE

Oh, I know I'm in Monaco.

Her unhappiness is palpable. She gets up and stares out of the window.

FATHER TUCKER

Were your children a mistake? Was your family a mistake?

Grace. Clearly not. She sips her drink.

INT. TUCKER'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Tucker drives Grace through the sleepy streets of Monaco-Ville. This is Monaco before the modernization. Sleepy, rundown, but scenic. Grace regards the beauty through her own reflection in the window. A long silence ...

GRACE

What d'you think would happen if I went back to making movies?

Tucker regards her ... getting to the heart of the problem.

FATHER TUCKER

What's the movie about?

GRACE

A frigid, compulsive thief.

FATHER TUCKER

You always know how to make things
easy for yourself.

(an ironic smile)

Have you spoken to Rainier?

GRACE

Everything's always politics with
him. It's like we can't even speak
the same language.

FATHER TUCKER

You've never spoken the same
language, and everything is
politics. There are those who made
up their minds about you a long
time ago. Who won't like the
thought of a princess acting.

Grace surveys Tucker, this genteel old man who knows so much-

GRACE

What's the secret, Tuck?

He contemplates her lost look searching his. He sighs, like
it's so obvious.

FATHER TUCKER

My dear, becoming a princess
requires more than just being a
model housewife and mother.

Grace, absorbing his wise counsel. Their moment is disturbed
by a commotion in the PALACE GROUNDS, where a dozen official
vehicles block their path. Heavy security.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. GREAT OFFICE - DAY

A CRISIS ROOM has been formed. An emergency meeting of the
Monaco Council. The TV is on. Everyone silently watching.
Jean-Charles Rey sees Grace and Tucker enter, and waves them
in, motioning silence, even as phones ring in the background.

Grace glides into this world of big men and big political
problems. Regards Rainier lighting a cigarette, as President
De Gaulle reads a statement on TV:

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)

We have set a time limit of six months for Monaco to impose income tax on its citizens and to cease active courtship of French businesses. If this theft from the French treasury does not stop, we will not only enforce an economic blockade, but will not hesitate to reclaim Monaco for France.

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*

News cuts to a French PRESS CONFERENCE where a man makes a show of making phone calls. The legend reads: *Valery Giscard d'Estaing, French Minister of Finance -- he lets the phone ring off the hook -- then puts the phone down and redials --*

JEAN-CHARLES

(to Grace - whispers)

He's calling the office of every business relocated to Monaco.

*
*

D'ESTAING (FRENCH)

See? French companies with empty offices in Monte Carlo.

(holds up papers)

And this is correspondence between Monaco's government with these businesses.

*
*
*
*
*

The news switches to the CONFLICT IN ALGERIA, explaining the background of De Gaulle's problems. Grace regards the UGLY SCENES. Rainer switches it off.

*
*
*

RAINIER

How did he get hold of confidential government papers?

*
*

DELAVENNE

We must have a leak.

JEAN-CHARLES

More likely Pelletier took them with him.

The door opens and in walks RUPERT ALLAN Jr., 58. Legendary Hollywood publicist.

RAINIER

Rupert, how are you? Come, sit. You know everybody, Rupert Allan, our chief publicist from Rogers & Cowan in Los Angeles. He's going to work on my official statement.

Rupert takes his seat with a nod of recognition to all, especially Grace.

DELAVENNE

We should call a press conference,
go on a public offensive. We need
to explain our side of the story.

FATHER TUCKER

That will only antagonize him.

*

Rainier regards Tucker, then notices Grace watching him.

*

RAINIER

(to Tucker)

What do you think?

*

*

FATHER TUCKER

Call De Gaulle and apologize. Tell
him it's all been a terrible
mistake. Propose a compromise.

RAINIER

Poppycock.

FATHER TUCKER

You don't have an army. You're in
no position to hardball the French
President. Especially as he's about
to lose Algeria and he needs to
show his people that he's strong.

*

*

JEAN-CHARLES

Our food, our water, our power,
everything runs through France.
We'll be squashed in an instant.

*

FATHER TUCKER

You need to take control of the
situation. Appease his ego, buy
yourself time to think. I've always
warned you about your temper, Ray.

*

*

*

Rainier, off Tucker, begrudgingly looks to his ministers ...

*

RAINIER

Very well. Let's start by trying to
be humble.

INT. GRAND DINING HALL - EVENING

Grace and Rainier eat supper with their kids. Family meal.
Oliver the poodle sits gnawing on a bone in the corner.

RAINIER

This pumpkin soup's great. Maureen made it?

GRACE

My new recipe.

(then)

What if he doesn't accept your apology?

RAINIER

Then we'll have the shortest war in the history of mankind.

CAROLINE

What happens in a war, *mamon*?

Caroline and Albert are hanging off their every word.

GRACE

Big bad men decide they're tired of talking so they pull each other's noses.

She tickles Caroline, who squeals in laughter, distracted.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Albert, you are eating your soup, aren't you?

Albert, caught out stirring the soup into little faces. Rainier smiles, surveys his family ... grows solemn.

RAINIER

Somebody asked my father once, if you could be any monarch, which monarch would you be? He said either the Tsar of Russia, or the Prince of Monaco. The Tsar because he knows the name of none of his subjects, and the Prince of Monaco because he knows all of them.

GRACE

Why don't we just pay him?

RAINIER

We don't have any money.

GRACE

We can mortgage some of the estate.

RAINIER

It's already mortgaged.
 (leans in - with passion)
 Even if I had the money, if my
 choice was to give it to De Gaulle,
 or take what's rightfully ours and
 rebuild Monaco, then it's not a
 choice I'd contemplate. We have
 been bled dry for centuries.

GRACE

Why don't you ask Onassis? He'd do
 anything for you.

RAINIER

Ari wants to own Monaco. He's no
 better than De Gaulle.

GRACE

You can use him to your advantage.
 He can stand against De Gaulle.

RAINIER

(eats thoughtfully)
 That's ... not a bad idea.
 (then)
 How did it go with the Red Cross?
 Will they pay for the orphanage?

GRACE

The treasury'll put up a share,
 leaving Countess Baciochi no choice
 but to match it from her funds.

RAINIER

(impressed)
 You're forcing her to do something
 other than to her own benefit?

GRACE

You should see the conditions, Ray.
 Those kids can't live like that

He eyes her determination with a sense of pride, yet-

RAINIER

Make sure you don't upset her too
 much, okay? I need her husband's
 political support.

Grace. His seeming support now a little less meaningful.
 Beat.

GRACE

Hitchcock offered me a role.
(Rainier stops, surprised,
but as he suspected ...)
I think it might be inappropriate
to accept now.

*
*
*

RAINIER

Were you considering accepting?

A moment of silence.

GRACE

I miss it.

Rainier mulls the yearning sentiment. He occupies himself
with the soup. Feeling guilty. She goes back to eating too.

CAROLINE

I want to see *mamon* act!

Rainier regards Caroline, the child breaking the tension
between her parents.

RAINIER

You should do it. If you really
can't do without it, then ... I
won't stand in your way.

GRACE

But would it be appropriate? I
don't want people saying I'm
running away, or abandoning you.

RAINIER

Why would they say that?
(off her look-)
The only thing I ask is you manage
the publicity.

Grace smiles and nods, relieved it turned out so much easier
than she'd dreaded. Rainier, a warm loving smile back as they
continue to eat in silence. The mood lifted between them.

*
*

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

*

Grace. Alone. The Marnie script open. She's rehearsing dialog
in front of the mirror. Reading the same segment over and
over. Different intonations. Until she's satisfied.

GRACE

Can't you understand? Isn't it
plain enough?
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)
 I cannot bear to be handled! ...
 cannot bear to be ...
 (beat- not right, again)
 Can't you understand? Isn't it
 plain enough ... ?
 (underlines a word, then
 with force)
 Isn't it plain enough? I cannot
 bear to be handled!

INT. OFFICE OF PRINCESS GRACE - DAY

TWO MEN in suits sit beneath a giant oil painting of Fifth Avenue. They are the stuffy EMILE CORNET, Palace Press Officer, and the colorful Monsieur Delavenne, Minister of the Interior, whom we have already met. Phyllis and Madge are also present along with Rupert Allan. The two visitors get to their feet as Grace enters-

GRACE
 Gentlemen, I have wonderful news.
 I'm going to make a film. For Mr
 Alfred Hitchcock.
 (off the silence - smiles)
 Try not to look too astonished.

The two men swap concerned glances.

DELAVENNE
 No Princess of Monaco has ever
 taken to the stage before, Altesse.

GRACE
 It's not the stage, it's the
 screen, and there's always a first
 time for everything Monsieur
 Delavenne.

CORNET
 What about your duties, ma'am? And
 the crisis, I'm not sure how we can
 present this in a way that won't
 cause outrage.

GRACE
 This is 1962, Monsieur Cornet. I
 can be a mother, a wife, and hold
 down two jobs without the people
 getting too upset, can't I?

CORNET
 And the Prince?

GRACE

What about the Prince?

(off his silence)

Mr Allan and I are going to write the statement before he returns to Los Angeles. You will hold on to it until our conversations with France are resolved.

CORNET

What if the studio wants to publicize it?

GRACE

Mr Hitchcock has agreed to be patient, and we shall be most discreet. They will only publish when the palace publishes. Which won't be until the crisis is over. And even then we'll begin by talking to the local press first.

INT. PHYLLIS' OFFICE - DAY

GRACE'S PRESS RELEASE, being TYPED by PHYLLIS, as Grace and Rupert Allan oversee it. We can't hear what is being said, just the words being typed. It is sealed and handed to MADGE.

INT. RAINIER'S OFFICE - DAY

Rainier is engrossed in paperwork with his ministers, when his phone rings-

RAINIER (PHONE)

What do you want?

CORNET (PHONE)

The Princess going to Hollywood. Are you sure this is wise?

RAINIER (PHONE)

I told you already to do what she says. Don't trouble me again.

INT. CORNET'S PRESS RELATIONS OFFICE - DAY

CLICK. Cornet is dismayed at the curt reply. He replaces the handset, to see Madge walking in with the release. Cornet reads the release. He looks to Madge, unimpressed, before returning it to the envelope, and depositing it into his filing cabinet. He LOCKS the cabinet.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grace bathes Caroline and Albert with Phyllis' help. The kids SPLASH away in the huge bath as Grace washes them --

GRACE

Did you know the first time I came
to the Riviera was for a movie?

PHYLLIS

No, ma'am.

GRACE

It was me, Cary, and Hitch. Now
Cary had names for everybody on the
set. The cameraman was Otto Focus.
His assistant was Dolly Shot. The
girl who did my face was May Kupp.
Do you know who did costumes?

(off her look)

Ward Robe!

Phyllis chuckles. Grace picks up a towel to see CAROLINE BITING her little brother on the arm. Albert immediately bursts into TEARS--

GRACE (CONT'D)

Caroline!

Grace grabs Albert, wraps him in a towel, soothes him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Why would you do such a thing?

Caroline SHRUGS. Grace hands Albert to Phyllis, then takes Caroline's arm. Puts her mouth to it, and bites gently, then a little harder-- Caroline SQUEALS and pulls her arm back. She retreats from her mom. Afraid.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That's how you made your little
brother feel. It's not nice, is it?

Caroline ... beat ... shakes her head ... Grace softens, then lovingly wraps Caroline in a towel. Grace turns to see Madge in the doorway, having seen what happened.

MADGE

You asked for Wednesday's itinerary
for the hospital tour ...

GRACE

(noting the surprise)

I found the biter.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)
(off the look)
Spare me the indignation, Madge.

Phyllis carries Albert out, followed by Grace and Caroline,
but Madge gently stops her from passing-

MADGE
The acting, your highness. It will
not end well.

Grace absorbs this, and walks on.

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAY

Grace. Alone once more. With the Marnie screenplay.
Rehearsing her lines. Making notes on the pages. Reciting
dialog to her shadow. Phyllis glimpses her through the gap in
the door... a lonely vision... but stays silent and moves on.

INT. PRINCESS GRACE HOSPITAL - DAY

FLASH BULBS.

TITLE: **MARCH 1962**

A huddle of photographers and reporters -- US and European
PRESS -- following Grace on an official visit to the
ORPHANAGE in the newly unveiled hospital wing. The same
building that was derelict, now pristine. Grace is among the
kids, exchanging words with the orphanage staff. A YOUNG GIRL
presents her with a PICTURE OF GRACE she'd painted herself.
Grace holds the picture to the camera --

GRACE
It's a good likeness, no?

A murmur of WARM LAUGHTER.

REPORTER 1
Our readers want to know, how
important has this project been to
you? The Red Cross Council has been
very active under your patronage.

GRACE
Well, I think we have to work hard
to make sure that standards for
those who aren't privileged are no
different to those who are ...
wherever in the world they may be.
Not everybody is lucky enough to
marry a prince.

More laughter. Grace glances over to Madge, who is standing at the back of the room, whispering with Countess Baciochi...

REPORTER 2

Will you let President De Gaulle's ultimatum affect your philanthropic work, ma'am?

GRACE

I have had the pleasure of meeting President De Gaulle, and he strikes me as a very reasonable man. I think you'll find this will all turn out to be a terrible misunderstanding.

REPORTER 3

When will you start on Marnie, Grace?

Silence.

GRACE

I'm sorry ... ?

Reporter 3. Steps away from the light. An American journalist-

REPORTER 3

Look magazine. How will you prepare for your new role in Mr Hitchcock's movie? Will that affect anything?

GRACE

(smiles)

No, there must be some kind of-

REPORTER 3

We received a copy of your press release this morning from Universal Pictures.

(reading)

"Princess Grace has accepted to appear during her summer vacation in the motion picture "MARNIE" for Mr Alfred Hitchcock, to be made in the United States." Are you going back to Hollywood, your highness?

Grace stares up at the reporters, the blinding lights, in total silence. The whole room watches in surprise. Especially Countess Baciochi, the aristocratic wives, and hospital staff-

GRACE
(speechless)
No, I ...

FLASHBULBS blind her.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Through the lanes of UNIVERSAL STUDIOS in Burbank. Bungalows under the sunshine and blue skies -- OVER: a PHONE RINGS.

SECRETARY (PHONE)
Universal Pictures. Alfred J
Hitchcock Productions.

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS. BUNGALOW - DAY

Hitchcock paces the office as screenwriter EVAN HUNTER sits tapping keys on an Underwood typewriter.

HITCHCOCK
No no no. Don't give the actors so
much to do, they'll just fudge it.
Focus on the birds-

The phone RINGS. He grabs it-

HITCHCOCK (PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello? Of course. Put her through.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE MONACO. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Grace, on the other end of the line.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
Grace?

GRACE (PHONE)
The studio said they would wait.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
The press release was issued from
the palace. The studio only
published a response.

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS. BUNGALOW - DAY

Hitchcock on the phone as Evan bangs away at the typewriter-

GRACE (PHONE)
Impossible.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
It's true. I told Wasserman I'd
move back to MGM if they tried any
funny business. They swear blind.

Silence as Grace absorbs what this could mean.

GRACE (PHONE)
I'll need a little more time,
Hitch. There's going to be fallout.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
Anything I can do?

GRACE (PHONE)
I don't know.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
While we're getting all the good
news out of the way, we got a
rather stern letter from your old
employers.
(reading)
"If Grace Kelly is to ever return
to the motion picture business, she
is still under contract to MGM."

GRACE (PHONE)
That contract expired years ago-

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
So did MGM. Don't worry. We'll fix
it. The world needs Grace Kelly
back on the big screen.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Grace listens to his kind words. Remembering her old life.

GRACE (PHONE)
Thanks, Hitch.

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS. BUNGALOW - DAY

The phone clicks dead, Hitchcock replaces the handset. He
regards the MGM letter.

HITCHCOCK

Have you ever seen an actor on-stage without direction, Evan?

(sighs)

Take a trip to Monaco.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. CORNET'S PRESS RELATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Cornet slots the key into his cabinet, with Phyllis now standing over his shoulder. He stops. The cabinet, where he'd deposited the release, is EMPTY.

CORNET

That cannot be. I ... I put it here and locked it.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Grace clutches the NEW YORK MIRROR, the headline: PRINCESS GRACE TO RETURN FROM FAIRY-TALE, reading out loud:

GRACE

"The fact that wife Grace Kelly is returning to her movie career - no matter what the reason - is indicative that something in some way has gone wrong with her marriage." Why do they write such lies, Rupert?

We're in Grace's own crisis room. Phones RING. Publications stacked high, Phyllis and Madge sifting through them, a very embarrassed Cornet in attendance with his PR juniors-

The PHONE is on CONFERENCE, and we can HEAR --

INT. OFFICES OF ROGERS & COWAN, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Rupert Allan, on the phone from his LA offices, surrounded by the same publications-

RUPERT (PHONE)

Try to avoid reading what Hedda Hopper's writing. I think she's been penning your obituary for a while. The bigger question is how did the release get out from Mr Cornet's office?

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

All eyes to the bumbling Cornet-

CORNET

I suspect an intern must have become confused and put it on the distribution pile. But I still don't see how. I have the only key to the cabinet, and only one person knew where I put the release.

He looks to Madge, who is affronted.

MADGE

How dare you, Mr Cornet?

CORNET

I'm only suggesting a mistake may have happened.

MADGE

There are certain things about which I do not make mistakes. Not least of all unlocking your locked filing cabinet.

PHYLLIS

Or it wasn't a mistake.

MADGE

I'm sorry?

Phyllis and Madge stare at each other. Grace, unsure what to make of all of this-

GRACE

Okay, enough. You can all go.
Rupert, stay on the line please.

The staff get up and leave, as Grace catches a moment alone with Rupert who remains on the speakerphone.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I guess we're a full-time job.

RUPERT (SPEAKERPHONE)

I'll make a few calls to the bigger publications. Explain it was to be during your summer vacation to the States, that you were planning to use your fee to set up a charitable fund. And I'll get Hitchcock to push the start date.

(MORE)

RUPERT (SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT'D)
But I need you to keep a low
profile until you hear from me.

GRACE
I'll try.

RUPERT (SPEAKERPHONE)
Is there any truth to what they're
saying about you and Rainier? Off
the record?

GRACE
Silly Rupert, nothing is ever off
the record.

RUPERT (SPEAKERPHONE)
If I were less loyal, Gracie, I'd
say 'how dare you'?

GRACE
How dare I? How dare they?
(slams the paper)
How dare they do this to me?

Silence.

RUPERT (SPEAKERPHONE)
Hang in there, alright?

GRACE
Sure.

They hang up on each other. Grace eyes the stacks of
magazines in the big empty room. Processing.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO. HALLWAYS - EVENING

A procession of civil servants and politicians head to the
SUMMIT ROOM where an official phone conference has been set
up. Grace lingers in the halls, eyeing everyone with a sense
of distrust, before seeing Father Tucker-

GRACE
Tuck.

She motions for him into an ante-room-

INT. ANTE-ROOM - EVENING

Tucker sits listening gravely to Grace, in hushed tones ...

GRACE

I don't think it was an accident, Tuck. I think somebody wanted to leak this. Madge, or Cornet, I don't know, but somebody. What I can't work out is why? Do they detest me that much?

TUCKER

This isn't about you. I daresay somebody just used you to light a fire under Rainier's problem. It all depends how De Gaulle reacts.

GRACE

Why should De Gaulle care?

TUCKER

Perception, my dear. It's very important to a man as proud as De Gaulle what the superpowers think of him. You going back to Hollywood at a time of crisis will only be seen as an insult. You can only hope he doesn't read either the New York Mirror or Look magazine.

GRACE

Ugh, why does everything have to be so complicated?

FATHER TUCKER

Is there anybody on your staff you absolutely trust?

GRACE

Phyllis. I handpicked her.

Grace watches Tucker, the wheels of his mind turning-

FATHER TUCKER

In fifteen minutes, Ray is going to pledge his allegiance to France in order to bring De Gaulle to the negotiating table. But if he starts to suspect we have a traitor in the palace, he'll start by punching De Gaulle in the nose.

Tucker, trying to formulate a solution ...

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

If Ray asks, call it incompetence and blame the palace Press Office.
(MORE)

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

Get Phyllis, get the superintendent of palace security, conduct your own investigation into the leak. In fact, I don't even believe this is an isolated incident. I'm not convinced De Gaulle got hold of our government papers from Pelletier. We have spies in the palace. But remember, for the good of the country, Ray mustn't be troubled.

Grace nods, forever a student in Tucker's company.

RAINIER (O.S.)

Ray mustn't be troubled by what?

Tucker and Grace turn to see Rainier in the doorway, adjusting his tunic. Beat.

FATHER TUCKER

Altesse was just wondering whether we should fire Mr Cornet. The press office really made a mess of this Hitchcock announcement.

RAINIER

Was it his fault?

Grace looks to Tucker, contemplates concealing it, then sighs-

GRACE

I don't know.

(beat)

Are you mad?

RAINIER

(struggling with buttons-)

I could tell you this was a risk, and it was all avoidable- Francis, we can't keep the French waiting.

GRACE

Oh Ray, you've-

She tuts and unbuttons the top of the tunic. He's absent-mindedly missed a hole, she adjusts it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You do get caught up in your own silly little head sometimes.

She feels his gaze. An awkward normality as she fixes it.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Are you sure you're not mad?

She eyes him, trying to get *any* emotion from him. But-

RAINIER
When you find out who it was, you
must be firm. Incompetence must be
punished severely.

Rainier lingers off the buttons, now done perfectly-

RAINIER (CONT'D)
You should see to the children.

He gives her a mechanical peck on the cheek and leaves.

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

The Marnie script in Grace's hand. She's busy making notes on it. She stops, frustrated, trapped. She regards Caroline on the bed, coloring in a book, then glances at the phone. She tries to ignore the phone, but ... she can't. She picks it up-

INT. PHILADELPHIA, MANSION. PARLOR ROOM - DAY

A PHONE RINGS. A hand adorned with gaudy jewelry picks it up. MARGARET "MA" KELLY. 60s. A vivacious woman with a strong physical presence. The wife of a common man who used self-made wealth to jostle her way into Philadelphia high society.

MA KELLY (PHONE)
Kelly residence.

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Grace listens to her voice ... a warm memory of home.

GRACE (PHONE)
Hello, Ma.

MA KELLY (PHONE)
Gracie ... my goodness ...

GRACE
(nostalgic)
Do you remember our Labor Day
weekends on the Jersey shore?

INT. MANSION. PARLOR ROOM - DAY

Ma Kelly -- taken aback -- looks to her friends who are waiting for her at the card game table. American socialites.

MA KELLY
Of course I do ...

GRACE (PHONE)
The Ocean City barbecues. Remember when Daddy decided to teach Kell-Bel and me how to spit watermelon seeds? And I managed to spit farther than Kell-Bel did.

Ma Kelly glides into a side room ...

MA KELLY (PHONE)
Your father hated Ocean City, dear. Are you all right? I've been reading some worrying news-

GRACE (PHONE)
Have you been getting my letters?

MA KELLY (PHONE)
Of course. I've been telling everybody your stories. Did you really meet General Franco?

GRACE (PHONE)
Why haven't you written back?

MA KELLY (PHONE)
What would I have to tell the Princess of Monaco?

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Grace, this wasn't how she was hoping it would go ...

GRACE (PHONE)
You could tell me about Mr and Mrs Markovitz down the road, or-

MA KELLY (PHONE)
Oh we haven't spoken to them since-- wait, the gossip - it's not true is it? You're not seriously thinking about coming back, are you?

(then - stern)
Gracie?
(off the silence)
(MORE)

MA KELLY (PHONE) (CONT'D)
 You know what your father would
 have said.

GRACE (PHONE)
 I was hoping we could have a normal
 conversation.

MA KELLY (PHONE)
 Gracie dear, you're a Philadelphia
 girl who did far better than any
 girl from Philadelphia could ever
 dream of. What is the matter with
 you?
 (silence)
 Gracie.

Grace, off the gulf between them, and just hangs up. Beat.
 Total loss. Abject loneliness. And she starts to weep. All
 alone in the world, except-

CAROLINE
 Why are you crying?

GRACE
 (wipes her eyes, smiles)
 Who? Me? I'm not crying.

CAROLINE
 Yes you are.

The honesty of a child.

GRACE
 Because speaking to my mother makes
 me happy, silly.
 (smiles ...)
 Come ... there's something I want
 to show you ...

Grace motions for her daughter to follow. Caroline follows
 intrigued ... through to a CLOSET. Grace pulls it open to
 REVEAL -- DOZENS OF DOLLS. Caroline, stunned. Grace pulls
 them all out. They sit on the plush carpet surrounded by them-

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Your Great Uncle George gave me
 this one. He taught me to act in
 New York. And this one, I got on my
 twelfth birthday ... the year your
 grandma put the wrong number of
 candles on my cake ... can you
 imagine if I forgot how many
 candles to put on *your* cake?

Caroline acts shocked, as Grace makes an 'Oh My God' face at her, and they laugh, mother and daughter continuing to play-

EXT. ROC AGEL ESTATE - DAY

The gates of the Grimaldis' royal holiday home. A vast estate. PHOTOGRAPHERS linger at the gates, waiting for a sight of the royal family, countered by an increased security presence. The place feels like a fortress.

TITLE: "JULY 1962"

EXT. OUTDOOR DINING AREA - DAY

COCKTAILS being prepared in 80-degree heat. Grace chops fruit with her sister-in-law, ANTOINETTE. Grace's hair has been cut short in a signature Grace Kelly summer look. She notices Madge appear with Phyllis in tow.

ALBERT (FRENCH)
Mamon! Look at me!

Albert is among KIDS, extended friends and family, practicing a swan dive into the pool, executed imperfectly.

GRACE
Good job!

-- when -- SPLASH! He's ENGULFED by someone DIVE-BOMBING--

ANTOINETTE
Christian!

Antoinette's 13-year-old son, CHRISTIAN, the culprit, crawling back up to the HIGH DIVING board --

ANTOINETTE (CONT'D)
I told you to stop that, you'll hurt yourself.

Grace glances at the counter TV: VOX POPS of the common man in the street -- all displaying a sense of indignation --

MAN 1 (FRENCH)
How can a married Princess be seen to kiss another man? That's what they do in the movies, isn't it?

WOMAN 1 (FRENCH)
We're in crisis and she's leaving. For Hollywood!

WOMAN 2 (FRENCH)
*No, I'm not sure she can ever be
 one of us.*

Grace absorbs that feeling of alienation, chopping fruit-

ANTOINETTE
 Ignore them. Peasants.

Antoinette switches off the TV, as MARIA CALLAS, stunning in her bikini and sun-hat, sets empty cocktail glasses down --

GRACE
 Are they still holed up in the
 office?

MARIA
 Two hours now. Frightfully boring
 all this pride and posturing. This
 is supposed to be a summer break.

ANTOINETTE
 (refilling her glass)
 Politics is never on vacation, Ms.
 Callas.

MARIA
 I noticed you've got stables.

Grace, now turning, firm-

GRACE
 Do you ride?

MARIA
 Do I ride?

INT. ROC AGEL. RAINIER'S OFFICE - DAY

Rainier, Onassis, Jean-Charles, Delavenne, Father Tucker and a couple of other ministerial types are crowded around a telephone. The mood is tense, these talks are still on-going-

RAINIER (PHONE)
 I can agree to the taxing of French
 companies, but the tax has to stay
 in Monaco. It's only fair.

DE GAULLE (PHONE)
Non.

RAINIER (PHONE)
Come on, Charles, I've already
given you our allegiance. We'll
match your French rates. What your
companies want to do after that is
up to them.

DE GAULLE (PHONE)
Non!

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PALACE - DAY

De Gaulle stands reading a copy of LOOK magazine. Photographs
of GRACE KELLY over the ages, the headline: THE PRINCESS
RETURNS TO TINSELTOWN. His ministers sit in silence.

DE GAULLE (PHONE)
You will tax all of Monaco. You
will pay the proceeds to France.

RAINIER (PHONE)
That's not negotiation, it's
extortion.

De Gaulle drops the magazine down next to LE MONDE. The
HEADLINE READS: "ALGERIA LIBERATED: FRANCE HANDS BACK NATION"

DE GAULLE (PHONE)
You've made a mockery of me. How do
you think it's going to look next
time I'm with Khrushchev or
Kennedy? *Charles, we noticed you
gave Rainier an ultimatum and he
sent his wife to Hollywood. Why
should I even dignify you with
further talks?*

*
*
*
*

INT. ROC AGEL. RAINIER'S OFFICE - DAY

Rainier rests his head in his hands-

RAINIER (PHONE)
It's all a misunderstanding.

DE GAULLE (PHONE)
Is she going to Hollywood or not?

RAINIER (PHONE)
No.
(the phone's gone silent)
Charles?

*

DE GAULLE (FRENCH - PHONE)
*Your family only has a country
 because I say so. You agree to my
 terms by tonight, or I'll send
 Monaco back into the dark ages. I
 will rip your children's
 inheritance from under them, and
 nobody will care.*

The mention of his children makes Rainier angry-

RAINIER (FRENCH - PHONE)
*You know what? Next time you sit
 with Kennedy and Khrushchev, why
 don't you start by explaining how
 you lost Algeria? For that matter,
 explain it to your own people first-*

He hangs up. Father Tucker, having been motioning calm, sighs in defeat.

JEAN-CHARLES
 What happens now?

FATHER TUCKER
 He waits until tomorrow, then
 executes a blockade.

ONASSIS
 Can he really do that?

DELAVENNE
 He can do what he likes. And we're
 not in the U.N. so we have nobody
 to turn to.

ONASSIS
 Why aren't you in the U.N.?

JEAN-CHARLES
 They won't let us in. We're too
 small.

ONASSIS
 Why don't you call Kennedy?

FATHER TUCKER
 We've tried, the Americans are
 calling it a French matter.

Onassis wracks his brains for a solution ...

ONASSIS

So let's make it more than that.
You have European neighbors, they
can put pressure on De Gaulle.
Bring Rupert Allan to work
exclusively for you. Make it David
and Goliath, the big oaf against
plucky Monaco. Make Monaco's
security a threat to Europe.

*

*
*
*
*

FATHER TUCKER

You seem very eager to throw Europe
into war, Mr Onassis.

ONASSIS

I have investments to protect.

Tucker and Onassis eye each other, as Rainier sits back,
struck by indecision.

ONASSIS (CONT'D)

And you have the Princess at your
side. A damsel in distress.

RAINIER

Some would say she's more a
hindrance than a benefit.

ONASSIS

Then maybe it's time you brought
her into line. Get her working for
you. You're her husband, take a
firmer hand, man.

FATHER TUCKER

I think we should leave the
Princess out of this.

Rainier. Off the choice --

EXT. ROC AGEL, GROUNDS - DAY

Grace and Maria on two magnificent horses, GALLOPING across
the grounds of the estate. Grace, pushing for speed, looking
back as Maria follows. We're feeling the exhilaration -- the
need for release that is in Grace's blood --

-- as they SCREECH to a halt ... they've ventured near the
gates of the grounds. Photographers and journalists stalk the
other side of the gates. She turns to Maria, out of breath-

GRACE

I've read everything they say about you. They call you a prima donna. A homewrecker. That Onassis' wife caught you - *rutting* - on his pool table-

MARIA

(amused)

We weren't rutting, my dear, we were fucking!

GRACE

And you tolerate it.

MARIA

I have nothing to hide. What they say is who I am.

GRACE

And what is that?

Maria, a fire that burns singular and bright, as her horse circles Grace ... now getting closer ...

MARIA

An artist. Who can't expect to be adored and left alone. Who can't hide. Who can't give up.

GRACE

What if I already did?

MARIA

Grace Kelly can quit. Princess Grace can quit. But what's inside-?

Maria close enough that she's placed a pointed finger to Grace's heart, now lingering off Grace's gaze, shakes her head. Grace, that frown. Off the gates of her eternal prison. She kicks at the horse and rides back. Maria, taken by her friend's change in manner ... follows once more ...

EXT. VERANDA. DINING AREA - EVENING

Lunch is served. An American-style BBQ. Hot dogs, burgers, salads, coca-cola, but all created in a very European way. The extended family and guests sit at the table eating.

Rainier eats, his foul mood hangs like a cloud, as Grace cuts Albert's food for him, on eggshells around her husband.

Antoinette is the first to break-

ANTOINETTE

It's all just so unfair.

PRINCESS GHISLAINE

Antoinette, we don't talk state affairs over lunch.

PRINCESS GHISLAINE, 62, Dowager Princess of Monaco, step-mother to Rainier and Antoinette. An elegant French lady who is a lush, visiting from Paris.

ANTOINETTE

But *mamon*, what would *papa* have done?

Rainier stops. The mention of his father makes him tense.

JEAN-CHARLES

My love, your step-mother is right. Let us forget our troubles for an hour or two.

Ghislaine sees Rainier's displeasure, deflects the question.

PRINCESS GHISLAINE

Who put out white lilies?

GRACE

(off the flowers)

I did.

PRINCESS GHISLAINE

White lilies are only to be used for funerals, Grace.

GRACE

I asked Madge. She said they'd be acceptable.

MADGE

I only said white flowers, ma'am. I didn't say white lilies.

GRACE

Madge, you knew they only had *lilies* when I placed the order.

Madge ... at fault ... maybe wilfully ... drops her gaze and continues eating.

RAINIER

I suppose your hair was Madge's fault too.

GRACE

My hair?

RAINIER

Who told you to cut it that short?

Grace grows red. Suddenly self-conscious. Father Tucker looks on. Even Onassis watches, as he delights some of the kids with his sleight of hand magic.

RAINIER (CONT'D)

It looks dreadful. It yells of disrespect.

GRACE

To whom?

ANTOINETTE

I think Grace's hair is very elegant. It's the 'artichoke' look-

PRINCESS GHISLAINE

She's a modern woman-

RAINIER

No she isn't. She's the Princess of Monaco.

(to Ghislaine)

Besides, you spend most of your time in Paris, so you'd have little knowledge of how we do things.

Ghislaine grows silent. Grace tries to make light of it.

GRACE

Ray, you can't be the great modernizer one minute and try to turn back the clock the next.

RAINIER

What do you want, Grace?

GRACE

What do I want?

RAINIER

If it wasn't for this Hollywood nonsense, we'd be out of this hole.

GRACE

If it wasn't for your inability to show anything but silence or anger, maybe we wouldn't be in this hole.

RAINIER

You'll have to call Mr Hitchcock and turn him down publicly. We'll make a show of how happy you are here. That you're permanently retiring from acting.

GRACE

Because De Gaulle says so?

RAINIER

Because I say so.

GRACE

That's not your decision to make.

RAINIER

I am the Prince, and your husband.

GRACE

I won't do it, Ray.

RAINIER

You will and you must!

Caroline and Albert shrink back, terrified at their father raising his voice. Silence.

FATHER TUCKER

Rainier. This is uncalled for.

Rainier. His frustrations getting the better of him-

RAINIER

I didn't make you marry me. I didn't make you come here. What is it Hollywood will give you that I can't?

GRACE

It's just a movie, Ray.

RAINIER

And you're just an actress.

Grace absorbs his insult, sees how afraid her kids have become. Her lips curls. Annoyance and injustice rising through her gut -- and without raising her voice --

GRACE

Have you thought this might not be about a movie at all? That De Gaulle is looking for any excuse to take Monaco?

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Even if it means turning you
against me?

(off Rainier's silence)

No, because you don't listen to
anybody, Ray. Especially not as
they tip-toe around while you blow
with indecision, too afraid to say
how you really feel, too paralyzed
with the fear that you might just
be in over your head.

An uncomfortable stir. Rainier, struck by her words.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Maybe you shouldn't just ask WHO
would want to be an enemy of
Monaco, but look in the mirror and
figure out WHY.

Rainier, furious. Swallowing it, getting up. Beat. He doesn't
know what to do, so SMASHES his glass on the floor, startling
everyone, and walks off.

Grace, angry. A marriage in crisis, and everybody was witness
to it. The fairytale very much over.

INT. MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

A PROJECTOR in a DARKENED ROOM. A FLICKERING IMAGE: a black-
and-white wedding in grand surroundings. We're watching the
famous MGM-produced "WEDDING OF THE CENTURY" of 1956. Grace
Kelly saying her vows, becoming Her Serene Highness Princess
Gracia Patricia of Monaco. Rainier positively beaming. A
regal, stately affair. A happier time.

Grace sits watching it alone, sipping a scotch, a little
drunk. In the background, outside, we can HEAR Maria SINGING
OPERA. Grace is disturbed by a noise. Father Tucker, finding
his way in, whiskey in hand, drops himself in a couch.
Watches the screen with her-

FATHER TUCKER

He was very nervous you know. He
wanted to impress you so much. I'd
never seen his hands shake like
that.

Tucker soaks up her brooding silence-

GRACE

You believe in fairy-tales, Tuck?

FATHER TUCKER
I believe in happily-ever-after.

GRACE
Even this far away from home?

FATHER TUCKER
God helps. So does whiskey.

He drinks. The moment settles.

GRACE
When I won my Oscar, do you know
what my father told the press? *I*
always thought it would be Peggy.
Anything Grace could do, Peggy
could do better. Peggy was my older
sister. He was genuinely surprised
I achieved anything in life. And
deep down he was *furious*. That I
hadn't married into high society,
that I wasn't his ticket in. That I
would rather be an *actress*. Every
achievement ... a disappointment.
(looks to Tucker)
Believe me, I never thought living
with Rainier would be any easier
than living with my father.

FATHER TUCKER
Rainier loves you, Grace.

GRACE
Rainier loves an image of me.
(then)
Once upon a time I also thought he
was the most charming man I ever
met. He was so refined ... in
control.
(reflective pause)
What happens if I was to get
divorced?

Tucker lingers on her troubled gaze.

FATHER TUCKER
Do you still love him?
(she doesn't reply)
Your children will suffer most.
They are heirs to a European
throne. You'll be lucky to ever see
them again. I suppose the world
will also hang its head in
disappointment.

GRACE

Should I say no to the movie then?

FATHER TUCKER

I can't speak for you, Grace.

Grace gets up, refills her drink.

GRACE

I spoke to my mother.

FATHER TUCKER

What did she say?

GRACE

Don't screw it up! He's a prince!

FATHER TUCKER

I received a letter from the Vatican. The Pope would love to know why I didn't try harder to dissuade you from returning to Hollywood.

Grace. Growing quiet. Reality setting in.

GRACE

I've gotten us all into a right pickle, haven't I?

Tucker eyes her sense of defeat. A woman who made her own fortune, now at a dead end. He mulls his own guilt.

FATHER TUCKER

When people dream of marrying royalty, they rarely comprehend what it means. The master of all you survey, yet a slave to expectation. Now add to that a culture a million miles away from your own, and it becomes an almost impossible undertaking.

(off her gaze, sighs)

I've given this place fifteen years of my life. It's sucked the marrow right out of my bones.

GRACE

But you're still here.

FATHER TUCKER

This place has no heart. Rainier needs me. He needs you.

GRACE

It doesn't feel that way.

FATHER TUCKER

He doesn't understand you. Yet he sees in you everything he aspires to be. Elegant yet clumsy. Emotional yet logical. Modern yet classical. And underneath it all, you give a damn. That's why everybody's so afraid of you. Because alongside Rainier, you might just become the greatest princess Monaco has ever seen.

Grace, staring intently at Tucker, moved by his belief in her—
Maria Callas has grown silent in the background.

GRACE

Why do you care so much what happens to me?

FATHER TUCKER

Because I believe in love.

Grace regards her beautiful wedding play on the screen.

GRACE

I ... when I see him with Caroline and Albert, I see... it's just ... I don't know how I'm ever going to live with him. Or how I'm going to spend the rest of my life in a place where I can't be me.

FATHER TUCKER

And who is that? Grace Kelly? You invented her. You learned a walk, perfected an accent, and you did it beautifully. But that Grace Kelly died the moment you took your vows. All you are now is Gracie, a housewife with two bratty kids, mourning the loss of the romance of her wedding day.

(sees her despondency...)

But that's not why you came here.

(Grace, off his tone ...
so tantalizing)

(MORE)

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

You came to play the greatest role of your life: Her Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco, Duchess of Valentinois, Countess of Carlades, and 136 more titles that come with it. You're an actress. It's who you are. It's what your father didn't want you to be. Your future in Hollywood would have been what? A few short steps to headlining horror movies like Bette Davis, sitting in make-up from four A.M. like Joan Crawford.

(closer still-)

Here, you can give Rainier, your family, all of Monaco, the ideal they need, and watch them follow you to the ends of the earth. But you must have the courage to give yourself completely-

GRACE

If only it were that easy-

FATHER TUCKER

At some point every fairy-tale must end, and real life must begin. Love is not a passion, Grace, it's an obligation.

Grace, held by his conviction. The regret in his gaze, the steel in his tone.

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

Sometimes in life we make choices that seem right at the time, but lead to unavoidable suffering down the line. Choices we cannot undo. I have made my fair share. If I could go back and make them right, I would. But I can't.

(then)

I'm just a drunk old priest who's outstayed his welcome, but I know people who can help you. There are those who still believe in you, your highness.

Tucker. Very clear what he's telling her. Beat. Squeezes her hand. She watches him leave ... off the flickering images of the wedding ... the ghosts of a fairytale ... as it SEGUES TO-

EXT. MONACO FOOTBALL CLUB STADIUM - DAY

BARBED WIRE being unraveled. The GROUNDSMAN and his staff look on helplessly as FRENCH SOLDIERS roll the barbed-wire across the middle of the soccer stadium. *

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY *

The MAIN ROAD from Monaco to France. BLOCKADED by the FRENCH ARMY. Traffic SNAKES all the way back. Trucks being inspected- *

EXT. MONTE CARLO. CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART - DAY

Rainier and Jean-Charles Rey walk to BARBED WIRE FENCING that runs straight through the church grounds, splitting the cathedral between France and Monaco --

JEAN-CHARLES (FRENCH)
*He's raised wire across the entire
border, his warships stationed on
the edge of our waters, and we've
been cut off from Nice airport-*

FRENCH SOLDIERS share cigarettes on the other side.

RAINIER (FRENCH)
*I demand to speak to your
commanding officer!
(the soldiers don't
acknowledge)
I'm speaking to you, imbeciles!
(stepping over the wire)
Get me your-*

The French soldiers abruptly draw their weapons. Rainier stops, as his SECURITY TEAM draw their weapons in reply.

JEAN-CHARLES (FRENCH)
*Monaco Prince shot by French Army
doesn't make for a great headline.*

Rainier ... allows himself to be pulled away ... as the FRENCH LIEUTENANT comes running ... diffusing the tension.

FRENCH LIEUTENANT (FRENCH)
*Put down your weapons!
(to Rainier)
Sir, you must keep to your side!* *

Rainier. Helpless. Returns to his vehicle.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

A MASS has finished, Father Tucker is seeing off some of his congregation, when he notices Grace has arrived. Leaning against her car. Sunglasses and headscarf so she isn't noticed, waiting for him. She takes her sunglasses off, and the look on her face is clear -- I'm here, what now?

INT. CHATEAU - DAY

Grace and Tucker follow a BUTLER. They are led into the classically decorated, ostentatious GREAT RECEPTION HALL. TWO POMERANIANS and TWO RED SETTERS comes running down the stairs, followed by --

COUNT FERNANDO D'AILLIERES, 45, a flamboyant aristocrat.

COUNT FERNANDO

Oh my goodness, Princess Grace, in my humble home. Count Fernando D'Aillieres at your service.

He nods efficiently. Kisses her hand.

GRACE

How do you do?

FATHER TUCKER

How are you, Fernando?

COUNT FERNANDO

Frightful headache behind the eyes, but that's what you would expect this time of year. Please, altesse, come, you're in time for tea.

He turns away. Grace looks to Tucker.

FATHER TUCKER

(softly)

He can trace his line over three-hundred years, to the court of Prince Honore II.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Fernando navigates a perfect china tea-set, going through a tea-making ritual. Grace takes in the surroundings, the home of a connoisseur, a historian of Monaco's culture.

COUNT FERNANDO

A marriage in crisis? You won't be the first. There aren't many royal marriages in Monaco that haven't completely fallen apart. It's what happens when you're so insular. The Prince finds a wife from far away, the Princess sees Monaco for the peculiar place it really is, and runs for the hills.

GRACE

That's very reassuring.

COUNT FERNANDO

I'm a protocol expert, not a marriage counselor.

(eyes them both ...)

But my duty is first and foremost to Monaco. I will perform whatever service I am called for.

GRACE

The history, the customs, the protocol, I want to know it all.

COUNT FERNANDO

I would have presumed you would already be familiar with our customs.

GRACE

Nobody gave me a rulebook when I got married, Count. And it's not a question of just knowing it, it's a question of becoming it. Tuck says you can teach it.

COUNT FERNANDO

I wouldn't be much of an expert if I couldn't.

FATHER TUCKER

Without the Prince's knowledge.

COUNT FERNANDO

Discretion is the Monegasque way.

GRACE

I made a commitment with the whole world watching. For the sake of my children, I will not be called a failure.

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAY

Maps and strategic plans spread across the tables, showing the extent of De Gaulle's blockade, the RADIO NEWS is on, thick smoke, nervous energy and sweat hangs in the air.

DELAVENNE

We have perhaps two months before
we run out of essential supplies.

Rainier, his mind somewhere else, realizes everybody's looking to him to lead-

RAINIER

De Gaulle?

DELAVENNE

He's running down the clock.

RAINIER

You think he would actually invade?

JEAN-CHARLES

By October. Which means whatever we
have up our sleeve, we'd better
pull it out fast.

RAINIER

Where the devil is Francis?

INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

Rainier strides out, to see Tucker arriving out of breath-

RAINIER

You know, there was a time you used
to say 'do you mind if I?' or 'may
I be excused?' Where have you been?

FATHER TUCKER

The Vatican was seeking news on our
crisis. I've had to reassure His
Holiness you're in control and
it'll be resolved.

Rainier, something else is actually bugging him, he pulls Tucker aside.

RAINIER

Is Grace all right?

FATHER TUCKER

Why don't you call on her?

RAINIER

I wouldn't know what to say. I feel awful, Francis.

FATHER TUCKER

Maybe start by apologizing.

RAINIER

I didn't do anything wrong.

FATHER TUCKER

Then why do you feel awful?

RAINIER

I don't know.

(sighs)

I don't know how to speak to her. You know I've never been good at these things. What should I do?

FATHER TUCKER

Sometimes when you think you're not being heard, you should just be quiet and listen.

(lets it settle)

Leave her be. Tend to your business. Let her decide what she wants to do.

RAINIER

Until when?

FATHER TUCKER

You'll know when. She'll tell you.

Rainier takes in Tucker's enigmatic counsel. They are interrupted by the old press officer, EMILE CORNET, shuffling out of his office with a single box of his belongings. Rupert Allan's army of young slick HOLLYWOOD PR MEN arrive in the opposite direction with their own belongings and take over the offices with military precision.

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

Now is there anything I can say to dissuade you from this course of action with De Gaulle?

RAINIER

None whatsoever.

Tucker glimpses Onassis lighting a cigarette in a doorway, before disappearing. Rainier's key counsel now.

INT. FERNANDO'S CHATEAU. GREAT LIBRARY - DAY

Grace is overloaded with dusty hardcover reference books by Count Fernando, now descending from a step-ladder.

COUNT FERNANDO (O.S. - OVER)

At any given time, there are four hundred people working within the palace walls. But they're not working for you, they're working for the palace.

INT. STUDY - DAY

The dogs watch as Fernando talks Grace through the books, studiously following an ORGANIGRAM ...

COUNT FERNANDO

There's the Palace Protocol Office. Chamberlain, Aide-De-Campe, and of course your Lady In Waiting, Madge. They sit below the Cabinet of The Prince. His inner circle. You must know exactly where to place each of these individuals in the pecking order, because almost every single one makes it a profession to flatter and deceive.

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Grace, dizzy with the magnitude of the diagrams.

COUNT FERNANDO (CONT'D)

You are a Princess in Europe's oldest court. And the target of all the hidden agendas that come with that privilege.

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GRACE

How will I know who to trust?

COUNT FERNANDO

(off Grace's naivete)

You won't.

(off her gaze)

In High Noon, you were a closed book. In To Catch a Thief, a block of ice. Out here you must become serene. The 'grace' of Monaco. That means, trust no one, become sincere in your insincerity. A Princess must be everything to everybody at all times.

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Beat.

GRACE

You've seen my movies?

COUNT FERNANDO

I adore your movies.

(off her look)

Don't get too comfortable, we're
moving onto history.

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*

INT. MONACO'S CENTRAL LIBRARY - DAY

Grace is on her own in a secluded reading room, surrounded by
PAINTINGS and BOOKS depicting Monaco's colorful HISTORY:

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)

For almost a thousand years, Monaco
has stood as a symbol of liberty.
That a few people on a small rock
can live a peaceful existence, as
they choose, free from tyranny.

INT. MONACO'S GREAT CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Grace, seeing the history written into the murals and stained-
glass windows. Tucker stands talking to a cleric-

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)

The House of Grimaldi has been
responsible for protecting that
ideal-

GRACE (V.O.)

-since 1297. Francesco Grimaldi-

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)

-known as "Il Malizia"-

GRACE (V.O.)

-"The Cunning One" - and his men
captured the fortress protecting
the Rock of Monaco while disguised
as Franciscan monks.

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)

Very good.

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO - DAY

Grace HIKES to the highest point of the rock, looks down at the principality clutching a MAP, as Count Fernando motions to where CERTAIN HISTORIC BATTLES took place. Father Tucker struggles up the hill after them, exhausted. Grace lingers off her map, and then the landscape, concentrating to absorb as much as she's being told-

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)

Louis XIV sought to take Monaco but failed. French Revolutionary forces actually succeeded, only until 1814 when Napoleon was driven out. Monaco has always stood proud, the second smallest country in the world, protected by guile and determination.

*

*

INT. COUNT FERNANDO'S CHATEAU - DAY

Caroline and Albert sit playing with the dogs, as their mother sits with Count Fernando, who SLAMS his notebook shut.

COUNT FERNANDO

Bon. Now you.

GRACE

Me?

COUNT FERNANDO

You wanted to become the role, did you not?

CUT TO:

Grace follows Fernando through a set of DOORS, intrigued to where she's being led ...

INT. GRAND ROOM - DAY

A man and two woman -- who stand as she enters --

COUNT FERNANDO (FRENCH)

Mademoiselle Paget, teacher of French languages, Monsieur Sauvage, expert in body language, and Madame Leclerk, your choreographer.

Grace, surprised.

CUT TO:

Grace sits working with her FRENCH LINGUISTICS TEACHER.

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You must learn *fluid* French.
Colloquial Monegasque. Develop your
ear for dialect not language.

CUT TO:

Grace is working with her BODY LANGUAGE EXPERT. He makes subtle movements and gestures. A scratch of the nose. A brush of the ear. Grace has to study them, then holds up cue cards with words on them: ANGRY, SAD, LYING, NERVOUS etc. She gets it wrong often, but every once in a while gets it right.

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And you must behave as if every
move could be life and death. The
easiest way to do that is to often
simply ... stop moving.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

Grace and Fernando watch *Grace Kelly's 1954 Oscar acceptance speech* on a screen. A young fresh-faced Grace, eager, in motion, hope in her eyes ...

COUNT FERNANDO (CONT'D)
See? A nervous schoolgirl. When you
move, you expend energy, you lose
control. Center. From here.
(he puts a hand to her
stomach)
Economy of breath. Serenity.

Grace holds his beguiling stare. His hand on her stomach, helping her breath in, and out ... slowing her down ... relaxing her to a sensually serene pace ...

COUNT FERNANDO (CONT'D)
(softly, in her ear)
You must surrender to a natural
rhythm ...

WE INTERCUT THE SLOWING OF HER BREATHING WITH: Grace copies the gliding walk of her CHOREOGRAPHER, like she's back in acting school ...

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Make them breath when you breath.
As if their every breath, and
yours, was to be their last. Don't
act ... just be.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Count Fernando put his books away as Father Tucker looks on. They are alone.

FATHER TUCKER

Onassis persuaded the prince to host a state reception for the European neighbors next month. He's going to make his case for military support. She must be ready by then.

COUNT FERNANDO

This isn't just about a marriage, is it Father?

FATHER TUCKER

Unfortunately, it is. Without it, Monaco's finished. How's she doing?

Count Fernando mulls the thought, before closing his case.

COUNT FERNANDO

She lacks confidence.

INT. CHILDREN'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Grace tucks in Albert. She checks his arm. The bite marks are no longer there. She smiles, pleased. Caroline stirs and opens her eyes, to see her mother over her. They share a smile as Grace kisses her daughter and tucks her in also. Caroline goes back to sleep, comforted, angelic. As we notice she's clutching one of Grace's dolls. The one Uncle George had once given Grace.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rainier walks to his room, reading a dossier, when he passes Grace's room. The door is ajar. He stops and peeks in. She's passed out cold on the bed from exhaustion, fully-clothed. Rainier contemplates his sleeping beauty. Watching her longingly, then walks on to his own room.

No sooner has the door to his bedroom closed, than MADGE appears from the shadows.

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Madge enters and stands over her sleeping mistress. She picks up one of the many books on PALACE PROTOCOL that Grace has fallen asleep surrounded by.

She notices the MARNIE screenplay, lying ignored under papers on the floor. Now turns her attention to Grace's NOTEBOOK, the distinct looping hand-writing charting the ORGANIGRAM of the PALACE STAFF. Annotations -- and a BIG FAT '?' next to MADGE'S NAME:

"TRAITOR?"

Madge grows cold as she eyes her mistress fast asleep. A CREAK outside. She tenses.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Madge steps out. Nobody. She moves on, quickly. And now ... it's PHYLLIS' turn to appear from the shadows ... ever vigilant, having seen Madge's peculiar behavior.

INT. MADGE'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Madge picks up a phone and DIALS --

INT. PHYLLIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Phyllis sits with the SUPERINTENDENT FOR PALACE SECURITY. Wired to a LISTENING DEVICE, planted on Madge's phone--

MADGE (O.S.)
*I need to see you right now. I
think she's onto me.*

Off Phyllis' intrigue --

INT. PALACE. PRESS ROOM - DAY

Father Tucker watches RUPERT ALLAN in full flow, juggling phones. His office is a flurry of activity. Telex and phones ringing off the hook, as he masterminds the organization of the STATE DINNER, and as Rainier works through the lists. There's a HUGE MAP open of their European neighbors. The FLAGS of the COUNTRIES. Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, Netherlands, Germany, even Luxembourg. They have PHOTOGRAPHS of delegates mapped out against each country's flag.

Rainier is conferring with Onassis at every step, ignoring Tucker, who is handed a LETTER by a messenger, bearing a DELAWARE US POSTMARK.

Tucker opens it, reads it. He becomes VISIBLY UPSET by its contents. But he doesn't show it to the other men in the room- *

INT. FERNANDO'S CHATEAU (VARIOUS) - DAY/EVENING

MONTAGE: The PAGES OF A NEWSPAPER. The DATES PASSING.
FLICKING OVER: JULY becomes AUGUST ... AUGUST passing ...

INTERCUT WITH:

Grace RECITES RAPID FLUENT FRENCH TONGUE-TWISTERS. Fernando and her FRENCH LANGUAGE TEACHER work patiently, correcting her. She stops, FRUSTRATED.

GRACE
It's so DIFFICULT!

She slams the book down, bounces up, strides across the room, her back to them. Taking a deep breath. She hates failing.

COUNT FERNANDO
(softly)
Try again, *Altesse*.

Grace. A look to Father Tucker, who is eyeing her over his newspaper across the room. She softens ... returns and sits, and starts with the FRENCH WORD-GAMES again.

INTERCUT WITH:

Grace MEMORIZING the organigrams. Not just palace structure, but the HISTORICAL ROYAL LINE of THE HOUSE OF GRIMALDI.

Grace with the CHOREOGRAPHER, now starting to perfect the gliding movements with the imitation expertise of a Hollywood star. She makes a purposeful misstep, playing the fool and throwing the Choreographer. She realizes the choreographer isn't amused ... she stops laughing ...

EXT. MONTE CARLO HARBOR - DAY

A bustling FARMER'S MARKET in the harbor square. People are stockpiling, there's panic buying-

INT. BLACK SEDAN (STATIONARY) - DAY

Grace sits with Tucker, watching the hustle from safety.

GRACE
What happens if De Gaulle wins?

FATHER TUCKER

Rainier will lose the throne,
Monaco will be absorbed into
France, and an entire culture
becomes history.

(then)

Fortitude, Grace. You can do it.

Grace, deep breath, taking strength from his encouragement.

EXT. MONTE CARLO HARBOR - DAY

Grace walks away from the car, looking back to see Tucker watching, as she strolls relatively unnoticed into the chaotic market. These are the common people of Monaco. The rural people. The true subjects. She nervously digs her hands into her coat pockets, mingling. She stops at a VEGETABLE STALL. The STALLHOLDER, a WOMAN who is heavily over-worked, turns to see Grace and double-takes, dropping her potatoes. Grace, very self-conscious, holding a cabbage-

GRACE (FRENCH)

How much is this ... ?

The stallholder, frozen, can only mumble the price.

Grace feels a ripple passing through the crowd around her. *The Princess?!* She has to call on every ounce of strength to keep herself rooted to the spot. Her ordinary subjects, up close and personal. All staring at her in disbelief.

A POLICEMAN pushes through the crowd-

POLICEMAN (FRENCH)

*Altesse, what are you doing here?
Where is your security detail?*

Grace surveys the nervous policeman, then the alien stares, as she regulates her breathing, growing still, calm, serene.

GRACE (FRENCH)

*Why would I need security to walk
among my own people?*

(beat, to the stallholder)

*You look like you're struggling.
Would you perhaps need some help?*

The Stallholder doesn't know what to say. She just curtseys. Holds up an apron. Grace takes it.

INT. BLACK SEDAN (STATIONARY) - DAY

Father Tucker watches the market returning to normal. Smiles.

EXT. MONTE CARLO. SQUARE - DAY

Grace, in the full swing of helping the stallholder sell her wares, getting her hands dirty, one of the people-

*

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace eats with her children, but Rainier's place is empty.

INT. RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAY

Rainier eats lunch while working-

EXT. FRENCH-MONACO BORDER - DAY

Grace carries a tray of refreshments to a French Army border patrol. The same soldiers who had pulled their guns on Rainier. She swallows her fear and trepidation, as the soldiers watch her nearing, the glamor and the beauty incongruous with the surroundings, with some Monegasque townsfolk walking behind her. She stops across the line-

FRENCH LIEUTENANT (FRENCH)

Can we help you, ma'am?

GRACE (FRENCH)

We thought you might be hungry.

INT. RAINIER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Rainier pores through his SUMMIT ITINERARY, when he notices something on the TV in the corner. NEWS: Grace at the border, laughing sublimely with the French soldiers who are GIDDY in her company. She has the French soldiers wrapped around her fingers, and the TV PRESS has naturally pounced on it.

Rainier watches her disarm their enemies with her common touch. He can't help but be surprised and enchanted. There is a stillness. An elegant calmness ... to our eyes, she's not complete yet, but almost.

*

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PALACE - EVENING

CHARLES DE GAULLE sits watching the FRENCH EVENING NEWS with his wife YVONNE VENDROUX, 61. Similar images of Grace taking her philanthropy out to the streets during the crisis. De Gaulle's far from enchanted.

REPORTER (FRENCH)

*Her Serene Highness Princess Grace
took supplies to her embattled
people, as shortages hit the
European principality.*

YVONNE (FRENCH)

Those poor people ...

De Gaulle ignores her, continues to work through PAPERS that are clearly MONACO OFFICIAL SECRETS. *

The image cuts to a RESTAURATEUR bearing a shotgun:

MONACO RESTAURATEUR (FRENCH)

*Naturally! If I see a Frenchman,
I'll shoot him!* *

De Gaulle suddenly starts laughing. The LAUGH ECHOES OUT ...

INT. OFFICE OF PRINCESS GRACE - NIGHT

Grace listens to a recording of Madge's conversation through headphones. Phyllis and the Superintendent of Palace Security watch her reaction keenly. We can't hear what she's hearing. The tape ends, Grace takes off the headphones, much wiser.

PHYLLIS

*She's meeting with a French private
detective tomorrow night while
everybody else is occupied with the
state dinner.*

GRACE

*It seems Madge has a lot to answer
for. Okay, do what you need to.*

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Grace's convertible pulls up in the gloom.

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Grace enters carrying a pile of Monaco books.

GRACE

Tuck?

Her voice echoes into the darkness. Beat. She navigates the gloomy corridors ... cautiously ... to find ...

INT. RECTORY. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

... Tucker slumped in a DRUNKEN STUPOR over his desk. Grace's heart flutters. He's dead!

GRACE

Tuck!

She rushes to him, and stops. He's not dead. He's passed out DRUNK. A half-written LETTER under his pen. Grace softens. Puzzled, she takes the letter at the top of the pile, postmarked WILMINGTON, DELAWARE. *

She sits reading. Surprised at what it contains ... when Tucker SNORES so loud he wakes himself. He blearily gets his bearings, to glimpse Grace sitting in the armchair-

FATHER TUCKER

Grace!

(checks his watch)

Oh my, I-

He stops, because she's holding his letter. And she's upset.

GRACE

Why didn't you tell me about this?

FATHER TUCKER

You really shouldn't be reading my private mail-

GRACE

You're leaving.

Tucker. Struggles up, surveys his empty glass, trying to think through the fog. Sets the glass down. He can't bring himself to look at her.

FATHER TUCKER

The letter's from my older brother's wife. Joe. He's sick. They need me. I'm going home, Grace. Back to America.

GRACE

How long have you been planning this?

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (off the many letters)
 Why didn't you tell me?

FATHER TUCKER
 You're creating the rest of your
 life. For your family. I'll be 73
 soon. This isn't where I want it to
 end. My family's far away.
 (then)
 When I came to Monaco, Ray had only
 recently taken the throne. He was
 twenty-one. Needed spiritual
 guidance. Chose me against
 everybody's wishes. America
 inspires him, I don't know why.

Grace lingers on this lonely old man far away from home.
 Beat. She wipes a tear from her cheek and holds out his
 letter. He takes it gratefully. Silence hangs between them.

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)
 At the state dinner, Rainier will
 ask the European leaders to back
 him against De Gaulle. They will
 all refuse, France is too strong.
 Then, when Rainier is at his
 weakest, someone will come to you
 with a solution ... to help
 persuade Rainier to give up. That
 someone will be your traitor.

Tucker picks up a newspaper, the stories reflect the era:
Soviets sends missiles to Cuba, China and India going to war-

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)
 This world is a hateful one. It's
 conflicted and ugly. If Monaco is
 to survive, it has to become a
 symbol of everything that is good.

He gently holds her by the shoulders -- almost a WHISPER --

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)
 You'll be fine, my girl. Just
 follow your heart.

Off Grace --

INT. MONACO. MONTE CARLO CASINO - EVENING

A STATE DINNER in the palatial surroundings of Monaco's most
 illustrious casino. FLAGS of EUROPEAN NATIONS on tables, as
 the FOREIGN ENVOYS greet each other at Rainier's event.

TITLE: **SEPTEMBER 1962**

INT. PRINCESS QUARTERS - EVENING

Grace is surrounded by an army of dressers and courtiers running around to get her ready. The atmosphere is electric. Count Fernando watches her captivating transformation ... getting into costume and character ... make-up and wardrobe ... which we don't quite see fully ...

Finally ... the TIARA ... placed on her head ...

EXT. FRENCH-MONACO BORDER - EVENING

Meanwhile, a single SEDAN rolls across the border into Monaco. The man behind the wheel, with a THICK-JAW wearing a crumpled suit, hands the French border patrol his papers -- a FRENCH PASSPORT. They wave him through.

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO. LAY-BY - NIGHT

Pitch black. THICK-JAW stands under a tree, by his parked sedan. A set of HEADLIGHTS appear in the winding road and pull up. Beat. MADGE gets out of the other car.

CUT TO:

PHYLLIS' CAR, headlights OFF, pulling up not far away. She has followed Madge up into the moonlight mountain roads. She takes cover behind a rock and peers down at the exchange taking place between Madge and the Thick-Jaw. They seem to be exchanging something. Envelopes, but we can't quite tell.

CUT TO:

The Thick-Jaw takes his envelope and returns to his car. Madge watches him drive away, before returning to her own.

INT. MADGE'S CAR (STATIONARY) - NIGHT

Madge gets behind the wheel. Checks the contents of the envelope. She's VERY pleased by what she finds, though we can't see what it is. A SMILE CURLS across her thin lips. She seals the envelope, looks up and almost jumps out of her skin-

PHYLLIS has emerged right in front of her eyes. Madge grows annoyed, determined to have this out right now, only to realize the door is being opened for her -- the Superintendent of Palace Security. She's been busted.

Phyllis gets in beside here, off the envelope-

PHYLLIS

I think we have some talking to do.

*

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rainier checks his watch, nervously adjusting the collar on his tunic, when he senses a stir among his footmen ...

PRINCESS GRACE is gliding down the steps to meet him. In a long flowing dress, her gloves, her porcelain features.

*

A Princess. Effortless. Timeless.

Rainier ... frozen to the spot ... as this enchanting, beguiling creature descends before him ... she seems the same, yet so different. Calm ... almost ... serene.

Grace ... descending to her Prince ... keeping composed ... the first time they've really seen each other in a while ...

GRACE

How have you been?

RAINIER

Busy. You?

GRACE

Busy.

(then)

It's what happens when you live in such a big palace.

RAINIER

You can get lost for days.

An awkward beat. Rainier adjusts his tunic, irritated by it-

RAINIER (CONT'D)

I can never get this blasted thing-

GRACE

Let me-

She fixes his button for him. Beat. Normality.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Shall we?

INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Grace enters on Rainier's arm, shaking hands with everybody, warmly greeting the FOREIGN MINISTERS of local European nations. Official photos being taken, a perfectly orchestrated political event, courtesy of Rupert. The only thing that gives Grace away are her eyes: concentrating on being still, hiding her nervousness, but taking in everything, every little movement, in this world of big men.

Rainier and Grace take their place at the table, and are seated, followed by Jean-Charles and Antoinette, Onassis and Maria, and some of their closest ministers and allies. The moment Rainier and Grace sit, so does everybody else.

Grace scans the faces, the foreigners, but also the various ministers. Wondering where the traitor will come from the ranks of these politicians. She feels Rainier watching her closely, absorbing her change.

GRACE

You didn't invite Tuck.

RAINIER

I don't need Tuck.

Grace, notes Onassis, but doesn't show an ounce of emotion.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Grace is engaged in deep conversation with the envoys. But her eyes are on the closed double doors of the committee room, behind which the talks are taking place. There's an underlying current of tension. She finds herself alongside an unusually anxious Rupert.

GRACE

What's wrong?

RUPERT

There was an attempt on De Gaulle's life.

GRACE

My goodness, is he hurt?

RUPERT

We should be so lucky. French right wing claimed responsibility - over Algeria. This thing just gets more complicated.

GRACE

Surely he can't blame that on us.

RUPERT

No, but it means nobody will want to cross him now.

The double doors burst open and the ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER comes storming out and promptly leaves the building with the Italian delegation scrambling after him.

Grace glimpses Rainier and Onassis in the smoke-filled room, together with Monaco's cabinet. It is INTENSE. Rainier catches her gaze, strained. Grace contemplates how lost he looks, almost afraid, before deciding to approach him.

INT. COMMITTEE ROOM - NIGHT

Grace seems to breeze through the smoke and stench of male sweat, and pulls Rainier aside. In hushed tones...

GRACE

Louis XIV failed to take Monaco,
Napoleon failed to take Monaco, De
Gaulle will fail to take Monaco. No
matter what happens here tonight.

Rainier, absorbing her words of support-

GRACE (CONT'D)

And stop drinking, you need to keep
your wits about you.

She takes the bourbon away from him, a conspiratorial look, as he watches her go ... feeling strangely empowered.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Grace steps out. Jean-Charles follows and closes the doors. He grabs a drink from a passing waiter. An air of defeat.

GRACE

It's a lost cause, isn't it?

JEAN-CHARLES

No one will help us. If only
Rainier wasn't so pig-headed.

GRACE

What choice does he have?

JEAN-CHARLES
Give De Gaulle what he wants.

Grace regards him. Her face. Like china. Jean-Charles, off her still silence, leans in softly-

JEAN-CHARLES (CONT'D)
I can bring De Gaulle to the negotiating table. To reach a compromise. He's not *that* unreasonable.

Grace watches him for an awfully long time. Her fingers stiff on her glass, which she sets down. But she doesn't crack.

JEAN-CHARLES (CONT'D)
But Rainier won't listen to me.
Maybe you can talk some sense into him? Before we lose everything?

Jean-Charles, the hint of a sinister subtext. A hidden agenda. Grace holds his gaze. Beat. She nods and smiles-

GRACE
Never fear, Jean-Charles. Let me see what I can do.

Jean-Charles smiles gratefully, before heading back into the room. Grace realizes that her sister-in-law, Antoinette, is glancing at her nervously from a conversation she's having across the room. Gauging Grace's reaction. At her side, as always, is her 13-year-old son CHRISTIAN. Antoinette smiles, under any other circumstances genuine, but now, ghoulis. Grace's pasted on fake smile doesn't break.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Grace in her dress, running, upset, BARGING into --

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Grace -- hyper-ventilating -- yanking off her tight-fitting gown -- loosening -- before crumpling on the bed. Unable to comprehend what may be true. She takes a moment to process what she just witnessed. Beat. The door to her room CREAKS open ... and ...

Phyllis steps in with the Superintendent ... now followed by a somber MADGE. She doesn't look like she's under arrest. In fact, they all look like they're on the same side. Madge looks to the others, before placing her ENVELOPE on the bed. Beat. Grace picks up the envelope, very confused.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Rainier STRIDES through, checking the rooms --

RAINIER
Grace? Grace!

Her chamber is empty -- as he frowns -- heads to his own private chambers -- the door -- OPEN --

INT. PRINCE RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Rainier enters to find Grace here, with the contents of Madge's ENVELOPE spread on the bureau desk --

RAINIER
Are you all right?

He sees the contents of the envelope -- GRAINY PHOTOGRAPHS -- a PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR'S REPORT: which contains pictures and commentary on JEAN-CHARLES and ANTOINETTE meeting with De Gaulle's envoy PELLETIER. Rainier stares in horror at the evidence in his hands -- his own family in deep conversation with the enemy, accepting a briefcase from Pelletier, handing over documents -- different places, different meetings --

GRACE
Did you tell Antoinette to meet with De Gaulle's people?

RAINIER
Where did you get these? *

GRACE
Madge. She hired a detective. Your sister made a deal with France to deliver Monaco to De Gaulle, in return for taking the throne. For the past five months, they've been doing everything they can to sabotage us. *

(off his look)
Tuck told me the traitor will offer to make peace between you and De Gaulle tonight. Jean-Charles. *

Rainier regards the photos, in utter disbelief.

RAINIER
You want me to accuse my own sister?

GRACE

She's trying to topple you. *

(off her BOOKS, showing
the ROYAL LINEAGE)

If they can work with De Gaulle and
remove you, Antoinette's son *

Christian is next in line. Which
makes her regent. *

Rainier. Absorbing the unexpected discovery. He turns away,
sinking into a deep funk. A total dead end. *

GRACE (CONT'D)

Ray ... ? *

He's motionless. *

RAINIER

Why don't you leave? If you're so
unhappy, why are you still here? *

GRACE

Because we have children! Because I
might just still love you! *

Beat. She sits, exasperated. A silent void between them. *

Rainier regards the private detective photos in his hand,
then up at the portraits of PRINCE PIERRE, his father, and
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, his real mother, looking down on them.

RAINIER

My parents never loved each other,
you know. I could never understand
how two people could be married yet
not stand to be in each other's
company.

GRACE

People do it all the time.

RAINIER

Not me, Grace. I spent most of my
childhood in English boarding
schools - Daddy's Little Croupier -
because I reminded them of their
marriage - no, not me. That wasn't
what I ever wanted for our
children. They would have respect,
parents who loved them, who loved
each other, a family that others
would envy. *

(beat) *

You looked enchanting tonight. *

(MORE)

RAINIER (CONT'D)

It reminded me of the first time I met you in Cannes.

GRACE

If you'd looked a little harder you'd have seen Gracie the clod.

RAINIER

And you would have seen Ray, the fat spoilt little Monaco, incapable of making the right decision if his life depended on it.

Grace ... moved by his unusual candor ...

RAINIER (CONT'D)

They all walked out. All of them. And when De Gaulle rolls his tanks through Monte Carlo, I'll be Ray who lost everything to France.

*

*

She eyes him, then gets up and turns him around, to see he's crying. It moves her, seeing him so vulnerable.

GRACE

Hey, stop it. Stop it right now.

RAINIER

I don't know what to do, I-

GRACE

I'm your wife. For richer for poorer. In sickness and in health. Til death us do part. So we lose a stupid old throne. What's the worst that can happen? We buy a nice little house in Montpellier. You go to work every day, I'll have dinner ready every night when you come home. At least our kids might have a shot at growing up moderately well-adjusted.

*

*

Rainier, absorbing her pragmatism, her strength-

*

RAINIER

Can you make pumpkin soup?

GRACE

My own special recipe.

Beat. He laughs through the tears, she wipes them for him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now pull yourself together. We
still need to figure out what to do
about the other ten thousand people
you're responsible for.

Grace and Rainier. On a level. Through thick and thin.

She kisses him. They observe each other for a moment longer. *

Before they kiss again.

EXT. RECTORY - DAWN

RAIN pelts the ground. Through the window, we can see Father
Tucker writing TWO LETTERS.

TIME CUT:

Father Tucker steps out with his suitcases, loading them into
a waiting taxi. He surveys the church one final time before
getting in. The taxi pulls away.

INT. RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAWN

Grace opens her eyes. She's facing Rainier, who is fast
asleep in bed with her. She lingers on him momentarily. He
looks so peaceful, her charming prince, just an ordinary
vulnerable man. The man she fell in love with and married.
She crawls out of bed and grabs a robe.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Grace places a call ...

GRACE (PHONE)

Hitch? It's me. Did I wake you?

INT. BEL AIR, LOS ANGELES. HITCHCOCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hitchcock, groggy, in bed, on the bedside phone-

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)

No ... what time is it?

GRACE (PHONE)

I've reached my decision. I've
thought about it long and hard.

(beat)

(MORE)

GRACE (PHONE) (CONT'D)
I think you should find somebody
else for the role.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
Is everything okay, Gracie?

GRACE (PHONE)
Everything's fine. I'll explain all
the next time we see each other.
Good luck. And I'm sorry.

Hitchcock. Hears the finality in her tone, but also a sense
of purpose that was never there before ...

HITCHCOCK
Just remember: don't stand too
close to the edge of the frame.

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - EARLY MORNING

Grace smiles on the director's advice, hangs up and regards
the TWO UNOPENED ENVELOPES on her desk. Tucker's handwriting.
One addressed to her, and one to Rainier. She's formulating a
thought ... off RED CROSS COMMITTEE documentation ...

RAINIER
What time is it ... ?

Rainier enters, yawning, in his robe.

GRACE
Six A.M.

He sees the envelopes- picks up the one in his name-

GRACE (CONT'D)
Tucker's gone.

RAINIER
Gone?

GRACE
What if I have a solution to our
problem? Will you let me try
something?

RAINIER
Like what?

GRACE
To show the world what every bully
really is. An ogre.

RAINIER
But where's Francis?

GRACE
He's gone home, Ray.

Rainier, shocked. She walks past him-

RAINIER
What about the movie?

GRACE
What movie?

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - EARLY MORNING

Grace, getting into her WHITE CEREMONIAL ROYAL DRESS. Tearing open Tucker's letter-

GRACE
I owe you an apology, Madge.

MADGE
A princess must never apologize to
her servants, ma'am.

A look of mutual respect. Grace looks to Phyllis, then nods for the women to depart --

*

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO. ANTOINETTE'S QUARTERS - DAY

SHARP PERSISTENT KNOCKING on the door. Antoinette, pulling her robes together over her pajamas, opens it to see MADGE standing on the other side.

MADGE
Altesse needs to see you, ma'am.

ANTOINETTE
What? Can I get get changed first?

MADGE
It's very urgent.

*

INT. MAIN PALACE HALLWAYS - DAY

Antoinette and Jean-Charles, still in their pajamas, being escorted by Madge, appearing at the throne room, to find GUARDS, perfectly turned out, the palace staff, opening doors for them, as they head into the throne room -- where --

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO sits on the throne, awaiting their arrival. She's an ominous, regal sight. They are surrounded by Delavenne, Madge, Phyllis, the ministers, in reverence.

ANTOINETTE

Grace? What's the meaning of this?

GRACE

You've brought shame to this house,
Antoinette.

ANTOINETTE

How?

GRACE

You've betrayed us.

ANTOINETTE

Betrayed you?

Grace approaches her, and drops the dossier of evidence at their feet. The paper and photos scatter across the marble.

GRACE

What did it take to sell your own
family out to France? Money? Or the
promise of the throne?

JEAN-CHARLES

This is preposterous, Grace-

GRACE

Altesse when you address me.

Grace. Her expression like ice.

ANTOINETTE

We'll see what Rainier has to say
about this.

GRACE

He's right behind you.

Antoinette and Jean-Charles turn to see Rainier standing by the doors. Antoinette grows pale at his silent stare of pity and bitter disappointment.

ANTOINETTE

Ray, this must be some kind of
misunderstanding-

GRACE

You're to leave Monaco and never to return.

ANTOINETTE

(incredulous)

You can't banish me.

(she clearly can)

Rainier, please-

RAINIER

Listen to what Grace has to say.

JEAN-CHARLES

I will not be accused like this by the Princess-

RAINIER

Then look at me and tell me it isn't true.

Jean-Charles and Antoinette at a loss before a united couple.

GRACE

The decision has been made. You're being banished. Before you go, you and your wife will perform one final act of service for Monaco.

ANTOINETTE

(grimly)

Why would we do such a thing?

GRACE

Because if you do, I'll make sure your son is looked after, even if you are to never to set foot in Monaco again.

Antoinette, for a brief moment she can no longer see Grace Kelly behind the eyes, but an able adversary. She smiles.

ANTOINETTE

How long do you think you're going to last here, ma chérie?

GRACE

Long enough to see the back of you, dear. Or would you prefer being guillotined for treason? The law is still on the statute books, you know.

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAY

Grace sweeps in, her staff working double-time. She spins out of her ceremonial dress and into modern suit, fashionable heels, horn-rimmed glasses, an elaborate costume and hair change- as Rupert looks in-

RUPERT

Okay, we're all set. The committee room awaits, you highness.

INT. PRINCESS GRACE HOSPITAL. COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Countess Baciochi and the CHATTERING ladies of the Red Cross, assembled hastily, as Grace enters, Phyllis and Madge behind-

COUNTESS BACIOCHI (FRENCH)

It's like we have nothing better to do than be at her beck and call.

RED CROSS NOBLE LADY 1 (FRENCH)

Does she think those glasses make her appear any more capable?

GRACE (FRENCH)

Good morning, ladies. Thank you for arriving at such short notice. I apologize if I may have inconvenienced some of you.

A glance at Baciochi. There is a FAST fluidity with which she just spoke. The ladies pause. She's speaking the language with the fluency and ease of a local. Her whole manner is calm and Monegasque, not the busy fluster-pants of before-

GRACE (FRENCH) (CONT'D)

But your country needs you more than ever and we don't have much time.

COUNTESS BACIOCHI (FRENCH)

For what?

GRACE (FRENCH)

We're going ahead with the Ball in October as a matter of urgency. You, Countess, are to reach out to the International Committee in Geneva and inform them. We'll need to get our invite list done and out today. October is only a couple of weeks away.

COUNTESS BACIOCHI (FRENCH)
*Wouldn't it seem unseemly to have a
party when we are only days from
being invaded?*

GRACE (FRENCH)
*Let's see if we can't solve this
problem by doing what we do best,
shall we? Throwing a Ball. I am a
Princess after all.*

Baciochi glances at the other ladies, wondering if Grace may
have just about lost her mind. *

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. PRESS OFFICE - DAY

Rupert places a stack of boxes on Rainier's desk. RED CROSS
INVITES, carrying the SEAL OF THE HOUSE OF GRIMALDI. He looks
to Delavenne and the others, then starts the long process of
signing each invite personally.

CUT TO:

The INVITES going into RED ENVELOPES by the palace staff.

EXT. AUTOROUTE MONACO/FRANCE BORDER - DAY

The French army. Literally camped on Monaco's border. Ready
to move in ahead of the timetable.

A FRENCH SOLDIER notices a CONVOY of cars appearing from the
French side. NEWS CREWS, pulling up, disembarking -- *

-- just as a ROYAL CONVOY appears from the Monaco side of the
line ... and pulls up. The French Soldier suddenly very
nervous under the glare of the media's cameras, as the window
winds down, and Grace holds out her papers to him. He takes
them, glances at her passengers in the vehicle, which
includes Phyllis, Madge and Countess Baciochi. *

FRENCH SOLDIER (FRENCH)
Where are you going?

GRACE
We're flying to Paris!

The soldier, dazzled by her Hollywood smile, nervously drops
the papers, picks them back up, and waves the party through.

INT. GRACE'S ROLLS ROYCE (MOVING) - DAY

Countess Baciochi watches the press cameras flashing away as they pass through the military blockade into France. She turns to Grace, who puts on her sunglasses. One moment Grace Kelly, the next Princess Grace. This is quite a skillful display of acting ability.

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE: RED ENVELOPES travel around the world. They land in the mail-bags and on the desks of the great and the good. From Onassis, to Hitchcock, to the Hollywood talent agencies, to Buckingham Palace, to the halls of the Kremlin- *

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PALACE - DAY

The RED ENVELOPE opening, revealing an INVITE: "*We cordially invite you to the Annual Ball of the International Red Cross, Monaco...* (signed) *HSH Prince Rainier III and HSH Princess Grace.*" An RSVP card is attached- *

De Gaulle stands holding the invite, his arm in a sling. *

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)
What is the meaning of this? Most of Europe walked out on him last month.

PELLETIER (FRENCH)
They walked out on Rainier. This is for charity. And it's for Grace.

Holds a NEWSPAPER: PICTURES OF Grace and her entourage going from store to store in Paris. It's fun, lighthearted.

PELLETIER (FRENCH) (CONT'D)
She's been in Paris for the past few days. Staying at the Ritz. She's shopping.

De Gaulle regards the paper, then the invite ...

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)
Is Kennedy going?

PELLETIER (FRENCH)
He hasn't confirmed yet. He has plenty of problems with Cuba right now. But Khrushchev's sending his foreign envoy, and I'm told the British Prime Minister will attend.

*

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Grace holed up at the back of a BOUTIQUE in Paris, glancing from a side-window at the press congregated out the front.

GRACE

How long do you think before De Gaulle interferes?

RUPERT

I doubt he'll cause a scene. Better let you hang yourself. Ready? There are hundreds out there now.

Grace. Linger on the momentous step she's about to take. Centering herself, regulating her breathing and-

EXT. RUE SAINT HONORÉ - DAY

The press SCRAMBLE as Grace steps out of the boutique. Questions fly from every angle: *"is Rainier happy with you spending time in Paris given the crisis with France?"*, *"What about Marnie, Grace? When do you start filming?"*

Grace. In the eye of the storm. She removes her sunglasses. Holds them all firmly in a warm gaze. Time to face the music.

GRACE

I called Mr Alfred Hitchcock a few days ago. I informed him of my decision. I will not be returning to Hollywood. I left Grace Kelly behind when I married Prince Rainier. That will not change.

(the silence settles)

As long as I am able and permitted, I will focus on my family and my humanitarian work. Countess Baciochi, my chief officer for The Princess Grace Hospital Red Cross Committee has an announcement to make, which I'd like you all to pay very close attention to.

The press jostle to get closer, as Baciochi takes her cue and unfolds a piece of paper, reading, clearly coached by Grace-

COUNTESS BACIOCHI

I am pleased to announce that on the ninth of October, the Prince's Palace of Monaco will host the Annual Ball for the International Red Cross.

(MORE)

COUNTESS BACIOCHI (CONT'D)
 Thanks to the kindness of Her
 Serene Highness Princess Grace, we
 seek to celebrate a humanitarian
 organization that-

REPORTER
 Who's going to attend?

GRACE
 Everybody, I hope.

REPORTER
 Has President De Gaulle been
 invited?

GRACE
 Of course.

Her smile creates a hell of a response-

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PALACE - DAY
 De Gaulle and Pelletier are on a CONFERENCE CALL.

PELLETIER (PHONE) (FRENCH)
Are you absolutely sure?

JEAN-CHARLES (PHONE) (FRENCH)
*The Red Cross means a lot to her,
 Mr President. She's keeping herself
 busy, that's all.*

INT. MONACO, OFFICE - DAY

Jean-Charles on the other end of the line.

DE GAULLE (PHONE) (FRENCH)
*Do we have Rainier where we want
 him?*

JEAN-CHARLES (PHONE) (FRENCH)
*I think he'll just about agree to
 anything, including handing over
 Monaco's sovereignty.*

Jean-Charles wipes the sweat from his brow.

DE GAULLE (PHONE) (FRENCH)
*Your loyalty to France won't go
 without reward, Jean-Charles.*

JEAN-CHARLES (PHONE) (FRENCH)

Thank you, Mr President.

Jean-Charles hangs up. Beat. He looks to the others in the room. Rainier, Onassis, Delavenne, listening to every word.

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PALACE - DAY

De Gaulle and Pelletier sit back and absorb the moment. De Gaulle surveys his MAP, where tiny Monaco is encircled by the mighty French troops. He moves more pieces into place.

PELLETIER (FRENCH)

Maybe we should snub the Ball.

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)

*I've had paramilitary organizations
try to kill me. I'm not afraid of
an ex-actress. Call Rainier and
tell him I will accept his wife's
invitation. We'll ride into Monte
Carlo in triumph.*

(then - English)

*Besides, if Cary Grant is going to
be there, Yvonne will kill me if I
turn it down.*

*
*
*
*
*

EXT. MONTE CARLO, PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO - NIGHT

TITLE: **OCTOBER 1962**

We're outside the palace gates, RAIN POURS, FLASH BULBS, people struggling to rubberneck at convoys of BLACK LIMOUSINES sweeping past and into the PALACE GATES.

The Palace itself is lit up like it's in a fairy-tale. The ANNUAL BALL OF THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS.

We're seeing it all through the eyes of the ordinary people who despite the circumstances have gathered to witness the untouchable, the rich and the powerful in their opulence.

INT. DE GAULLE'S CITROËN DS LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - NIGHT

De Gaulle watches the streets of Monaco passing. He's dressed in his trademark military uniform. Here to make his statement with as much pomp as possible. He regards the barbed wire splitting the country in two with a sense of satisfaction. Yvonne sits alongside him, reading the LE MONDE newspaper.

YVONNE (FRENCH)
*Mr Hitchcock's giving the role to
someone called Tippi Hedren.*

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)
Never heard of her.

*

INT. RAINIER'S LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

The rain-soaked streets roll by as Grace travels to the palace from another part of town. Rainier watches her adjust Albert and Caroline's clothes, busying herself with fastidiousness. She sits back. He holds her hand and gives it a squeeze. A family.

EXT. PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Someone throws a rotten vegetable at De Gaulle's Presidential Convoy, which hits his limo's windscreen. The wipers just washes it away --

*

*

-- and the convoy pulls into the grounds -- FRENCH SECRET SERVICE DETAIL are quick to open the doors. De Gaulle and Yvonne disembark. The French contingent set off a barrage of CAMERA FLASHES, BLINDING us. De Gaulle, proudly making an imperial entrance at the Palace.

*

*

YVONNE (FRENCH)
Oh look, there's Cary Grant.

De Gaulle casts his gaze around to see stars of stage and screen mingling with statesmen -- CARY GRANT, MARCELLO MASTROIANNI, SOPHIA LOREN, ALAIN DELON, the red carpet a BLINDING FLASH, we glimpse MARIA CALLAS arriving with ONASSIS--

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)
*He's only an actor, dear, you're
the wife of a world leader.*

Pelletier joins them, as De Gaulle FROWNS--

*

DE GAULLE (FRENCH) (CONT'D)
*Emile, we didn't blockade the
palace, did we?*

PELLETIER (FRENCH)
No, why?

Pelletier follows his gaze to BARBED WIRE lining the palace--

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)
So why the chicken wire?

PELLETIER
(whispers)
Mcnamara's here.

ROBERT MCNAMARA, 46, the US DEFENSE SECRETARY, is getting out of a convoy of US government representatives.

A ROAR goes up from the crowd, the press goes nuts, because the ROYAL MONEGASQUE CONVOY has arrived, and out steps --

Rainier ... leading out ... Grace. In all her majesty.

*

We're Grace in the eye of the storm. A heartstopping entrance of astonishing beauty and glamor. She is blinded by the CAMERAS, holds her smile, waves to the crowds, can see the palace lit up. It is disorienting and crazy.

Her convoy has stopped JUST BEFORE the BARBED WIRE, which we now realize (with De Gaulle) has been strategically placed. As she waves, as she holds her smile, she is forced to step over a part of the barbed wire, with Rainier's help. Only for her dress to get caught on the razor wire. She stops--

A sudden HUSH. Rainier, Madge, Phyllis, all run to her aid to make sure the dress isn't damaged. The press go crazy. The incongruity of the beautiful Princess getting caught by a siege line. An image of a damsel in distress, as her charming prince tries to help her, and even ALBERT trying to pull his mother's dress free --

The rest of the guests, including McNamara are distracted from their conversations by Grace's moment of distress. They point to the barbed wire quizzically, then point to De Gaulle--

Mcnamara looks over to De Gaulle, unhappy. The color drains from De Gaulle's face. A sinking feeling at what just happened -- feeling everyone singling him out --

Rainier frees Grace. She keeps the smile genuine, waving to the crowd, moment of crisis over, rising above it --

De Gaulle realizes Delavenne is standing next to them.

DELAVENNE
Welcome to Monaco, Mr President.

De Gaulle pushes past him and goes up the steps. Pelletier follows. Trying to get away from this spectacle.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. MAIN RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Grace glides into the hall, the lights, the string orchestra playing music, the waiters serving, the guests talking to us.

Center of the world. Her children at her side, husband with her, eyes scanning for De Gaulle-

De Gaulle and his people take their seats. He watches Grace gliding through the roll-call of celebrities. Locking eyes across the serene surroundings. As Grace --

-- comes face to face with ANTOINETTE and JEAN-CHARLES, who publicly curtseys. Grace, knowing De Gaulle's watching, steps in, and KISSES Antoinette on BOTH CHEEKS.

Grace holds Antoinette in an intent stare, this was her final act of service, a public display of unity.

De Gaulle realizes what's happening here. An ogre in a trap. He shoots a desperate glance at Jean-Charles, who looks sheepish, looks away apologetically from De Gaulle, leads Antoinette across to their seat at RAINIER'S TABLE-

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)

We can't stay here, Emile. We have to walk out, right now.

PELLETIER (FRENCH)

We can't-

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)

She won't make a fool of me-

PELLETIER (FRENCH)

If you storm out now, it will look very bad. It's the Red Cross.

De Gaulle, tasting helplessness. He slumps next to Yvonne, who is enjoying herself immensely, oblivious.

TIME CUT:

The BALL is under way. STRINGS play. Grace, watching De Gaulle not taking his eyes off her.

*
*

APPLAUSE.

Grace realizes it's for her. She's been introduced by the MC on the stage to welcome everybody. Clutching her notes to stop her hands from shaking. She walks up to stage, to the MICROPHONE-The faces in the crowd, looking up at her.

*

GRACE

(nervous to start ...)

I'm truly touched that you would all honor our tiny corner of the world with your presence. Goodness, we've had a spot of trouble lately.

A gentle laugh ripples through the audience. Which grows quiet, in anticipation of what's to come- Grace glimpses MARIA CALLAS next to Onassis, nodding in encouragement ...

GRACE (CONT'D)

When I was acting in New York, with my Uncle George, I used to pray every night. The same prayer. That should I ever make it, whatever 'make it' means, I would never be ungrateful. That if I was ever in a position of influence, I would use it for good. Some of you ask, why did I leave Hollywood? I left because I fell in love with a charming Prince. A man who inspired me to see the world with enough compassion that I might want to do something about all the unfair things I see in it. We get so caught up in our day-to-day lives, we forget that there's a huge world out there, beyond what little problems we each may have. That's why we're honoring the Red Cross tonight. A force for good that's been so close to my heart.

*

Grace pauses. She can't see the faces now, the lights have blinded her ... she's all alone in the world ... on stage.

GRACE (CONT'D)

A wonderful man said to me once, not so long ago in fact, that when people dream of marrying royalty, they never comprehend what it actually means. It means having to choose in life. I chose the House of Monaco. It may not seem a noble place, it may seem pompous and circumstantial. I may not speak its language, and heavens it may frustrate me at times. But it's my home. These are my people. And they're a good people. Trying to do the right thing, in their own small corner of the world, even when they may not know how-

(looks to Rainier)

Those of you who are married will know what I mean.

A ripple of laughter from everyone except De Gaulle.

Grace observes him glaring at her. The beast in the military uniform. Grace, the Princess under siege.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Because I believe fairy-tales can exist if we really want them to. If we're prepared to work hard enough. I believe that the world won't always be full of hatred and conflict, but eventually love will win out, no matter what your differences may be. That's what Monaco means to me.

She grows silent, calling on her steel, a sense of belief-

GRACE (CONT'D)

And in a way, that's why I am Monaco. I have no army. I wish ill on nobody. I wage no war. I offer no resistance to aggression. I only seek to make a little difference in the world I live in. But it wouldn't be real life, or the fairy-tale, if there wasn't someone trying to destroy it, or crush it, simply because it doesn't please them, or simply because they can. And some of you might think it's their right to do so. But I don't believe anybody should have the right to crush beauty where they see it. That's not how I was raised. That's not the world I want to be a part of. I would rather see the bombs fall on my house, I would rather see the tanks roll through my lawn, than know that I live in a world where love doesn't conquer all. Because, you see, I believe in love. And it's love that has brought us here tonight. It's love that's made you put your guns away, and your politics, and your fears and prejudices, and it's love that will make everything right, wherever you may be, whatever you may be doing. And tonight I'm going to celebrate it, and be willing to defend it. I hope you will do the same. Not just here, but out there, in your own way, in your own lives.

Grace. De Gaulle. A ghostly quiet. The beauty and the beast.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Merci ... bienvenue ... Welcome.

Grace ... stops. Beat. Nobody's clapping. She turns away from the microphone ... awkwardly ... walks down the podium in the silent HUSH. Still nobody's clapping.

Rainier regards the audience, everyone watching her return to her seat, at his side.

Grace sits down to silence by her family.

... when ... a LONE CLAP from the back of the hall ... two more joining in ... the guests ... getting to their feet ... becoming applause ... and ... the applause becomes a standing ovation for a very honest and serene princess.

De Gaulle. Blown away by her strength ...

... as the RUSSIAN foreign ministers, Mcnamara, the US delegates ... all joining in the applause.

Grace, breaking into a relieved grin at the ovation. Rainier, at her side, clapping for her along with her adoring audience, gives her a warm kiss.

RAINIER
 (whispers)
 I love you.

De Gaulle meanwhile is growing puce at the colossal image of fairy-tale romance Grace has erected before him. The applause dying down ... De Gaulle, hears A VOICE wafts over ...

MCNAMARA
 You're not really going to drop a bomb on Princess Grace, are you, Charles?

It's Mcnamara, from a nearby table of the US delegation.

DE GAULLE
 What would it matter to you if I did?

MCNAMARA
 Let's grab a drink, shall we? Jack sends his regards, by the way.

Mcnamara, friendly, but his tone pretty firm. It's apparent the Americans have taken the barbed wire incident badly. The MUSIC STARTS. Beat. De Gaulle throws his napkin down-

CUT TO:

Grace is being congratulated on a fine speech by a long line of guests, only to see De Gaulle pushing through bodies. Rainier subtly blocks De Gaulle's path, as Pelletier tries to stop the Frenchman making a scene. Now face to face with Grace. Pulling himself to his full height. Looking down on her. An ogre over the Princess. Her face, perfectly blank. Innocent. Somewhere in the background, Count Fernando is smiling to himself. *

DE GAULLE

You, my lady, are ... are ...
(here it comes-)
l'aphrodite americain.

De Gaulle, no more to be said, motions to Pelletier to leave. Grace looks to Rainier as they watch him go- *

GRACE

American Aphrodite. That's good, right?

RAINIER

You know, I think it might actually have been a complement.

They watch De Gaulle take his seat and be scolded by his wife for making such a show all the time. Grace takes Rainier's hand, a smile between them, a job well done ... before returning to their guests ... as we PULL AWAY, and HEAR:

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)

Long after I'm gone, long after the Grimaldis have fallen, the world will remember your name, your highness-

DISSOLVE TO:

Rainier and Grace DANCE at the ball. A husband and wife together in their fairytale. The world around them blurring ... Grace, an actor on a world stage ...

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)

For you are the fairy-tale. The beauty and serenity we all aspire to achieve. A peace that comes not from what others think of you, but of the confidence you have in the role you are destined to play.

DISSOLVE TO:

YEARS LATER. The ERA is LATE-1960s. Grace in her office at the palace. She is nearing 40. The first lines on her face.

The hard lines of many political battles won and lost.
Reading Father Tucker's note, which had given her the
strength, for the thousandth time. Which we are HEARING:

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)
 A devout mother, a loyal wife, a
 compassionate leader.

CUT TO:

SOMEWHERE IN DELAWARE. Father Tucker in a SMALL TOWN CHURCH.
 Now 80. Opening a LETTER that carries the SEAL OF THE ROYAL
 HOUSE OF GRIMALDI: H.S.H. PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO. Her
 looped handwriting, now so familiar to us-

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)
 Those that preceded you will be
 forgotten. Those that follow you
 will aspire to your greatness.

CUT TO:

Grace writing the LETTER that Tucker has just opened. Time
 has made her more graceful. Her hand is steady and assured-

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)
 For no matter where you are, they
 will continue to whisper your name:
 The Princess Grace. A timeless
 symbol of everything good. And I
 will forever remain your servant.

CUT TO:

Father Tucker looks to the bottom of the letter from Grace.
 The SIGNATURE ...

CUT TO:

Grace, hovering over the signature portion of the letter.
 Like she did at the start of the movie. The weight of her
 fate in that pen, every signature a surrender ... a heavy,
 solemn pause ... and she signs it perfectly, confidently-

"GRACE DE MONACO"

She surveys it, before looking out of the window. Silence.
 The loneliness of the actress off-stage. Her restless eyes
 taking in her vast estate ... before she notices 10-year-old
 Caroline watching her melancholic moment from the doorway.
 Grace, a soft smile for her daughter. She gets up, leaves
 behind that signature on the letter, in the empty office.

FADE OUT.

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