

JACKIE
by
Noah D. Oppenheim

February 12, 2010

EXT. CAPE COD - NIGHT - AERIAL

A blinding rain storm on a cold winter night. We track the headlights of a black limousine barely cutting through the downpour as it races down a curving, treacherous road.

We slowly push in on the limousine's backseat where...

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

...THEODORE WHITE, rumped, bald, with round spectacles, scribbles furiously in a reporter's notebook. He's interrupted -- again -- by the driver...

DRIVER

I'm sorry sir -- is it up here?

WHITE looks up and rubs the fogged window with the patched elbow of his tweed jacket. Peering into the haze...

WHITE

Yes! There! The driveway on the right.

EXT. CAPE COD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The limousine turns suddenly off the road and up a long winding drive. A barely illuminated flag is flying at HALF-MAST. The limousine stops in front of a large, white-frame clapboard house.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

WHITE braces himself and steps out into the tempest, racing for cover on the porch...

EXT. CAPE COD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...and knocks urgently. PATRICIA LAWFORD, 39, a familiar square jaw.

PAT

You must be Mr. White. Please come in.

As the door closes behind them both, we PULL WIDE for the first time to see the KENNEDY COMPOUND, HYANNIS PORT. It is DECEMBER 6, 1963.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - ENTRANCE HALLWAY

WHITE follows PAT, the late president's sister, into a house of mourning. Only the rhythmic pounding of the rain accompanies their quick march down a darkened servants hall toward the kitchen...

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - KITCHEN

...where DAVE POWERS, a close aide to PRESIDENT KENNEDY, and CHUCK SPALDING and FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT JR, personal friends are seated around the table, conferring in soft whispers. All show signs of exhaustion. POWERS rises to greet WHITE.

POWERS

Thank you for coming on such short notice.

PAT

And on such a terrible night.

POWERS

We know the circumstance are unusual, but she trusts you. She's very vulnerable right now.

SPALDING

Obviously.

POWERS

And, well, she just insisted it be tonight. And that it be you.

WHITE

Of course.

Noticing WHITE'S disheveled state...

SPALDING

Can we get you a coffee? A towel?

WHITE

I don't mean to be abrupt, but we haven't much time. The magazine goes to press tonight and I've already blown the usual deadline.

POWERS

Yes. I'm terribly sorry. Let's get to it then.

POWERS gestures down another HALLWAY...

POWERS (CONT'D)

She's waiting in the living room.

(off WHITE'S hesitation)

Alone. She wants to speak with you alone.

We follow WHITE as he walks toward the dimly lit LIVING ROOM, making a feeble attempt to mat down his soaked hair and straighten his tie.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

WHITE'S POV as we come up from behind on the unmistakable silhouette -- jet black bob curled up, regal bearing. She is seated on the couch, staring out the picture windows at the gray swelling seas. WHITE pauses in the room's threshold, unsure of how to proceed. He awkwardly clears his throat, and her repose is broken.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY rises and turns to greet him. She is only 34 years-old, at the very height of her legendary beauty, and fully composed. Attired in "black trim slacks, a beige pullover sweater, her eyes wider than pools," she displays no outward signs of the extraordinary ordeal she is yet still enduring.

JACKIE

Mr. White. I can't tell you how grateful I am. That you'd come all this way.

WHITE

Mrs. Kennedy... I - I'm so sorry for your loss.

JACKIE

Thank you. I've been deeply touched by the outpouring of sympathy. At a time like this you hope -- Well, it helps to know how much the country loved him.

JACKIE gestures to the chair across from her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Would you like to sit down?

WHITE takes a seat as JACKIE settles back onto the sofa. She draws a cigarette from a pack resting beside her. (Throughout the interview, JACKIE will smoke. It was a habit she kept secret during her term as First Lady, but there's no longer any need for that .) She takes a drag and leans forward...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Well, What shall I say? What can I
do for you?

WHITE is perplexed but strains to be gentle...

WHITE
Mrs. Kennedy, you called me. I'm
here to record whatever you'd like
to say to the American people.

JACKIE takes a long drag...

JACKIE
Have you read what they've been
writing? Krock and Merriman and
all the rest? Merriman is such a
bitter man. It's been just one
week and they're already treating
him like an artifact. Like some
sum of achievements to be weighed
on a scale. That's not how I'll
have him remembered.

WHITE
How do you want him remembered?
Perhaps we can talk about that...

JACKIE stares past WHITE out that window again. But she
doesn't answer his question. Instead...

JACKIE
There'd been the biggest crowd at
the airport. Hot, wild -- like
Mexico or Vienna...

PRELAP... the roaring crescendo of a crowd catching sight
of...

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS - LOVE FIELD - DAY

PRESIDENT JOHN KENNEDY and JACKIE walking off AIR FORCE ONE
onto the tarmac at LOVE FIELD. It is NOVEMBER 22, 1963. She
is wearing that pink wool Chanel suit, with navy lapels, and
a pillbox hat, an outfit that will soon be notorious but
right now, in the morning light, is cheery and elegant,
another fashion pronouncement by the most stylish woman in
America.

GOVERNOR JOHN CONNALLY and his wife NELLIE wait at the bottom of the short staircase, which is flanked by a saluting honor guard. As JACKIE reaches the bottom of the stairs, NELLIE hands her a bouquet of RED ROSES.

Shouting over the screaming crowd...

JACKIE
My! What a welcome!

NELLIE
You look extraordinary!

The GOVERNOR places a conspiratorial arm around the PRESIDENT and holds him for a whispered conference as more aides pour off the plane. Amidst the chaos, JACKIE turns around to face the CROWD, which erupts in even louder cheers. JACKIE appears almost embarrassed and responds with a demure smile.

And suddenly the PRESIDENT is on the move again, leaving JACKIE to trail behind him as he marches toward the waiting limo, working the rope line. JACKIE never stops grinning as she methodically makes eye contact, all the while...

JACKIE
Thank you. Thank you so much for
coming...

CHARLES ROBERTS, a reporter in the crowd, pushes his way forward...

ROBERTS
Mrs. Kennedy, how do you like
campaigning?

JACKIE
It's wonderful.

Just before the car, the PRESIDENT pauses for JACKIE to catch up, and the GOVERNOR, now wearing a 10-gallon hat, opens the door to the limo.

The PRESIDENT holds out his hand to help JACKIE into the car...

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(playful)
Thank you, Mr. President.

POWERS, the PRESIDENT'S aide, rushes up to the car as JACKIE settles into her seat...

POWERS

Be sure to look to your left, away from the President. Wave to the people on your side. If you both wave to the same voter, it's a waste...

CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS - PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE - DAY

The PRESIDENT and JACKIE are seated behind the GOVERNOR and NELLIE as the MOTORCADE races down LEMMON AVENUE toward downtown Dallas. There are pockets of people along the route standing in front of office buildings and at intersections...

The GOVERNOR turns around in his seat...

GOVERNOR CONNALLY

Mrs. Kennedy, what language don't you speak?

JACKIE laughs humbly...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'm really starting to worry... I said I was the man who accompanied Jackie Kennedy to Paris. I'm beginning to get that same feeling here in Texas. She was brilliant in Houston, wasn't she? Just brilliant...

GOVERNOR CONNALLY

(to JACKIE)

If I had a Spanish teacher like you maybe I'd habla espanol too!

GOVERNOR CONNALLY turns back around to wave at the passing crowds, and JACKIE reaches into her purse for her sunglasses...

The PRESIDENT gently takes her hand...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Don't Jackie. Leave them off.

JACKIE

But this sun --

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Do you hear them?

The crowds are chanting "JACK-EE! JACK-EE!"

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
They're standing out here to see
you.

JACKIE places the sunglasses into her lap.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Thank you for coming. I --

A deafening BANG rings out, shattering the moment. JACKIE jumps in her seat tightening her grip on the PRESIDENT'S hand. The GOVERNOR leans back...

GOVERNOR CONNALLY
These god-darn motorcycles backfire
all the time...

The MOTORCADE turns onto MAIN STREET and here the CROWDS are dense, lining both sides of the street. In fact, when they see the presidential limo they actually surge off the sidewalk, leaving the POLICE and SECRET SERVICE struggling to push them back from the car...

JACKIE waves her white gloved hand, eliciting shrieks of delight, but under her breath to the PRESIDENT...

JACKIE
My god Jack... They're out of
control.

NELLIE, sensing JACKIE'S tension...

NELLIE
We're almost there...

The MOTORCADE is quickly through the melee, turning right onto HOUSTON STREET and then another quick left onto ELM, beneath the shadow of the TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY...

Ahead is DEALEY PLAZA and the shady freeway underpass...

NELLIE (CONT'D)
It's just beyond that...

And, then to the PRESIDENT

NELLIE (CONT'D)
Mr. President, you certainly cannot
say that Dallas doesn't love you...

PRELAP the drumming of rain against a window...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

... as JACKIE has trailed off, silent, while WHITE is writing furiously in his notebook. She is lost in the horrible memory, but also purposefully waiting for WHITE to capture everything she's said. And then...

JACKIE

I thought it was another backfire.

WHITE has caught up and now waits expectantly, practically salivating, for her to continue. This is the first time she's spoken to anyone about her husband's murder. And, she still won't, yet...

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Do you know what I think of history, Mr. White?

WHITE

Of history?

JACKIE

I've read a great deal. More than people think. And the more I read, the more I wonder: When something is written down, does that make it true? Is that how a person must be remembered?

WHITE

Well - it's all we have.

Ignoring his reply...

JACKIE

I'm not going around accepting plaques Mr. White. I don't want medals for Jack and I'm not going to be the Widow Kennedy, giving speeches about my family.

JACKIE pauses to light another cigarette.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

When this is over I'm going to crawl into the deepest retirement there is.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to live here on the Cape with the Kennedys so Bobby can teach Johnny. He's a little boy without a father and he'll need a man.

JACKIE seems to realize she's been rambling.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You know.. That first night Bob MacNamara, he said he'd buy back our old house in Georgetown. That was the first thing I thought of that night... Where will I go?

PRELAP jet engines as we...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - PRESIDENTIAL QUARTERS

...a TIGHT CLOSE-UP of JACKIE. Her wide-set, deep brown eyes are blank, exhausted. As we PULL BACK we see her mascara is streaked, and her cheeks are scarred with red-brown smudges. The dried blood of her dead husband. She just stares at herself in the mirror. Perhaps most jarring... the pillbox hat is gone -- cast on the floor -- and her usually perfect hair is tousled. We have never seen her this dazed. This vulnerable.

JACKIE bows over the sink and splashes her face with bracing, ice-cold water. As she scrubs at the dry blood with Kleenex, we see the rest of the sparsely furnished cabin...

Behind JACKIE there is only a BED, made with military precision, bearing pillows with the PRESIDENTIAL SEAL, and a new BLACK DRESS which has been laid out for her to change into.

In this small, empty room JACKIE pats her face dry with a hanging towel. Then, seeming to notice her hair, she wets a comb and begins to flatten out the strays. Her hand quivers and as she struggles, she grows frustrated, until she lets out a wrenching SOB...

Interrupted by a KNOCK...

O'BRIEN (O.S.)

Mrs. Kennedy? Are you alright?
It's Larry...

JACKIE instantly regains her composure.

JACKIE
I'll be ready in a moment. You can
come in if you like.

LARRY O'BRIEN, the PRESIDENT'S Congressional Liaison and old family friend, enters the room, closing the door behind him. JACKIE is still combing her hair in the mirror.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Why did I wash the blood off?

O'BRIEN stands in stunned silence. As JACKIE turns to face him, we take in more of the horror. The pink wool of her dress is streaked black and her stockings are nearly saturated with blood and brain matter.

O'BRIEN
My god.

JACKIE is almost in a trance.

JACKIE
Are they waiting?

O'BRIEN
Take all the time you need.

JACKIE turns back to the mirror. She picks up her hat off the floor and places it back on her head, trying to restore the picture from Love Field that morning. But it is only a macabre distortion. She tosses the hat aside.

O'BRIEN notices the dress laid out...

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Mrs. Kennedy, would you like me to
step outside so you can change?

JACKIE ignores him and moves toward the door.

JACKIE
I'm ready.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JACKIE emerges, O'BRIEN trailing. The assembled crowd all turns at once. The cabin is cramped, crowded.

PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON, his wife LADY BIRD, his aide JACK VALENTI, and CONGRESSMEN ALBERT THOMAS and JACK BROOKS, stand with JUDGE SARAH HUGHES, who is waiting with a small bible in her hand.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON steps toward JACKIE. His deep Texas drawl is uncharacteristically soft, subdued...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Mrs. Kennedy. Are you sure you're
up for this?

JACKIE
(to the group)
Please, let's proceed.

With that, PRESIDENT JOHNSON stands before JUDGE HUGHES and places his hand on the bible. JACKIE stands directly to his left and purposefully holds herself erect.

JUDGE HUGHES
Do you, Lyndon Baines Johnson,
solemnly swear?

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
I, Lyndon Baines Johnson, do
solemnly swear...

But JACKIE'S eyes drift downward, blank....

JUDGE HUGHES
That you will faithfully execute
the office of --

A FLASHBULB erupts capturing the moment as we...

CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - REAR PASSENGER CABIN

...JACKIE, staring out the window of AIR FORCE ONE at the country below. She is seated in the back of the plane, where just beside her, several rows of seats have been torn out to make room for the BRONZE CASKET that holds the PRESIDENT'S body. JACKIE'S hand rests atop it.

The few other remaining seats are occupied by the KENNEDY'S closest confidantes and oldest friends -- KENNY O'DONNELL, O'BRIEN, and POWERS.

POWERS simply holds his head in his hands. O'DONNELL and O'BRIEN, whisper, in between sips of whiskey...

O'BRIEN

If the Soviets are making a move,
now's the time to do it. Rusk and
half the cabinet are on their way
to Tokyo.

O'DONNELL

It could be retaliation. For Diem.
Or Castro.

JACKIE has been listening.

JACKIE

Have they caught anyone?

O'DONNELL

In Dallas?

JACKIE

The men responsible.

O'BRIEN

We don't know. We don't know
anything for sure.

POWERS, steering the conversation away from such matters...

POWERS

Mrs. Kennedy, are you sure we can't
get you anything? A drink?

A beat.

JACKIE

You boys were like brothers to him.
You know that. His Irish Mafia.

O'DONNELL

Thank you for saying that.

(raw)

He was our hero.

O'BRIEN

I'm just glad he saw Boston one
last time.

They chuckle.

POWERS

You know... He almost seemed to
know it. That he wouldn't be going
back.

JACKIE
How's that Dave?

POWERS
That morning at Hyannis Port. The old man had come out to the porch to say goodbye. The President -- Jack -- put his arm around him, kissed him goodbye. He started to walk away, and then went back again. Kissed him a second time.

They take in the story. It triggers another reminiscence...

O'DONNELL
He was so sad in Brookline, the day before. At Patrick's grave.

JACKIE
Well, now they'll be together.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

HILL (O.S.)
It's Clint. And Admiral Burkley.

JACKIE
Come in.

CLINT HILL, the head of JACKIE'S Secret Service detail, along with ADMIRAL GEORGE BURKLEY, the PRESIDENTS'S personal physician, enter.

HILL
Mrs. Kennedy, we're an hour out of Washington. I'm afraid we need to deal with some business matters.

JACKIE
Go ahead then.

HILL
Given the continued threat, we'll be exiting out the rear of the plane. You, the President -- President Johnson that is, Mrs. Johnson --

JACKIE
Absolutely not.

HILL
I'm sorry?

JACKIE
I will not sneak out the back door.

HILL
But--

JACKIE
We'll go out the usual way.

POWERS
Clint, just see what you can do.

HILL takes the measure of JACKIE and realizes it's a lost cause.

HILL
Ok.

BURKLEY
When we land, Mrs. Kennedy, we'll need to proceed directly to the hospital for the autopsy.

JACKIE
(aghast)
The autopsy?

She looks to POWERS again.

POWERS
Admiral, is that necessary tonight?

BURKLEY
I'm afraid it's required.

JACKIE
Required by who?

BURKLEY
By the law, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE considers this.

BURKLEY (CONT'D)
We can do it at any hospital you like. The Army Hospital at Walter Reed, Bethesda --

JACKIE
Yes. Bethesda. Jack was a Navy man and we should do it there.

The matter is settled.

POWERS
Is that all?

HILL

Yes. Thank you, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE does not reply, and HILL and BURKLEY exit. Once the door closes behind them...

JACKIE
We must have the Irish Cadets.

POWERS
I'm sorry?

JACKIE
The Irish Cadets. Jack loved them.
He saw them perform in Dublin last
summer. That trip was the happiest
of his life.

POWERS nods to O'DONNELL and O'BRIEN and the latter takes out a note pad to record the request.

O'BRIEN
Of course, Mrs. Kennedy. We'll
make sure of it.

JACKIE
And, those bagpipers from Scotland.
Do you remember Kenny?

O'DONNELL
Yeah. The Black Watch.

JACKIE
That's right. The Black Watch
Pipers.

O'BRIEN looks to POWERS, who again nods his ascent, and O'BRIEN writes it down.

O'BRIEN
I've got it, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE is another place.

JACKIE
He was so happy there.

And, then, another KNOCK.

LADY BIRD (O.S.)
Honey... It's just me. Lady Bird.

The IRISH MAFIA exchange glances. JACKIE ignores it.

JACKIE
Of course, Mrs. Johnson. Come
in...

LADY BIRD JOHNSON enters. Nearly 20 years JACKIE'S senior,
she is a warm, maternal presence.

LADY BIRD moves toward JACKIE as if she might give her a hug,
but stops short, awkwardly, when she notices the gore that
still clings to JACKIE'S dress.

LADY BIRD
Oh, Darling.

She takes JACKIE'S hand, instead.

LADY BIRD (CONT'D)
The whole country mourns your
husband.

JACKIE nods. LADY BIRD turns to the others.

LADY BIRD (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry for your loss,
gentlemen.

POWERS
Thank you Mrs. Johnson.

LADY BIRD now turns back to JACKIE. Gently...

LADY BIRD
Darling, can I send someone back to
help you change? Before we land?

JACKIE glances down at her dress and seems to take in the
horror again, for the first time.

JACKIE
No. I want them to see what
they've done.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

AIR FORCE ONE taxis to a waiting crowd of television news crews, members of Congress, military escorts, Secret Service -- many of whom are openly carrying rifles -- and White House officials, including ATTORNEY GENERAL BOBBY KENNEDY. It is just after 6pm.

The plane comes to a halt, and two GROUND CREW MEN drag a moving staircase to the front door.

As soon as it's in place, BOBBY bolts from the crowd and up the stairs.

As BOBBY disappears inside the plane, a FORKLIFT is driven to the rear of the plane as we...

CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - REAR PASSENGER CABIN

...JACKIE standing with POWERS, O'BRIEN, and O'DONNELL as AIR FORCE ONE CREWMEN open the door behind them...

From the front of the plane they hear, muffled...

BOBBY (O.S.)
Where's Jackie?

A beat, and then BOBBY comes through the door toward JACKIE.

JACKIE
Bobby!

JACKIE collapses into his arms. BOBBY'S face is streaked with tears and JACKIE buries herself into his shoulder. Amidst the noisy chaos of the now-crowded cabin, they are quiet.

The rear door now swings open, letting in a gust of cold November air. The FORKLIFT is positioned directly outside, and several CREW MEN now step onto the plane and take hold of the CASKET.

BOBBY, his arm still around JACKIE, takes command...

BOBBY
Now, where are we going?

An AIR FORCE OFFICER, in charge of the CREW, answers...

AF OFFICER
Sir, there's a car waiting on the
tarmac to take you and Mrs. Kennedy
to Bethesda.

JACKIE
I'm not leaving Jack.

AF OFFICER
(to BOBBY)
There's an ambulance for the
casket...

JACKIE
(pleading)
Bobby--

BOBBY
(to AF OFFICER)
Mrs. Kennedy and I will ride with
the casket. In the ambulance.
(to JACKIE)
It's okay.

POWERS pulls BOBBY aside, but still in earshot of JACKIE.

POWERS
Valenti wants to know how we want
to handle the exit.

BOBBY
The exit?

POWERS
Is Lyndon going to escort the
casket?

JACKIE takes BOBBY'S arm...

JACKIE
Can we go now? I'd like to get off
this plane.

BOBBY
(to POWERS)
We're leaving. He can exit however
he wants.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

JACKIE and BOBBY stand on the raised FORKLIFT platform behind the CASKET, which is flanked by KENNEDY AIDES.

It is an eerie, static portrait as they stand still and silent, the platform *slowly* lowering to the ground. JET ENGINES and a HELICOPTER landing nearby provide the deafening backdrop.

Then, the platform is at ground level and the CASKET is handed off to the waiting HONOR GUARD.

As the CASKET is slid off the back of the AMBULANCE, BOBBY hops off the platform, leaving JACKIE alone.

JACKIE'S POV as she stares out at the assembled crowd, now getting their first real look at her battered state.

A loud MURMUR and some GASPS as they stare, stunned -- some beginning to weep.

Then BOBBY reaches up...

BOBBY
C'mon Jackie --

And she hops down into a melee, which sweeps her into the car...

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE

JACKIE and BOBBY sit on either side of the CASKET. A moment of calm after the frenzy at ANDREWS.

BOBBY turns to her...

BOBBY
They think they've caught him.

JACKIE
The man who shot Jack?

BOBBY
His name's Oswald. He may have spent time in the Soviet Union.

JACKIE
So, the Russians are behind it?

BOBBY
It's too soon to tell.

JACKIE
It was horrible. The blood. The
blood was everywhere.

BOBBY reaches across the CASKET to comfort her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I tried to hold his head together.
His head!

BOBBY
Stop. Don't think about it
Jackie...

We pull back to see the long MOTORCADE winding it's way along
I-495 as we hear PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S brief remarks from
ANDREWS to the nation...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON (V.O.)
This is a sad time for all people.
We have suffered a loss that cannot
be weighed. For me, it is a deep
personal tragedy. I know the world
shares the sorrow that Mrs. Kennedy
and her family will bear. I will
do my best. That is all I can do.
I ask for your help -- and God's.

CUT TO:

INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

JACKIE'S POV as she enters, accompanied by BOBBY, to find...
BENJAMIN and TONI BRADLEE, close friends. JANET LEE and HUGH
AUCHINCLOSS, JACKIE'S mother and step-father. PAM TURNURE,
JACKIE'S press secretary, NANCY TUCKERMAN, her social
secretary, MARY GALLAGHER, her private secretary, and DOCTOR
JOHN WALSH, her personal doctor. O'BRIEN and O'DONNELL are
also present, along with DEFENSE SECRETARY ROBERT MACNAMARA.

JANET steps forward first to embrace her daughter.

JANET
Oh darling...

JACKIE
Mother...

BOBBY addresses the room...

BOBBY

Thank you all for being here. We don't know how long we'll need to stay but Jackie and I appreciate it.

There is a table with coffee and sandwiches. JANET ushers her daughter to a seat...

JANET

Come, have something to eat...

The room divides into smaller groups as PAM, NANCY, MARY, and TONI join JACKIE and her mother. DR. WALSH, BEN BRADLEE, O'BRIEN, and MACNAMARA break off. BOBBY confers with O'DONNELL.

As she sits, JACKIE notices...

JACKIE

Where are the children?

JANET

They're with Maud. She's taken them to the house in Georgetown.

JACKIE

I'd rather them home. Their routine shouldn't be disrupted more than necessary.

MARY

I'll see to it.

JACKIE

What do they know?

JANET

Caroline suspects something, but they haven't been told.

JACKIE

I should tell them. Or Maud. I mean we can't just lie to them.

MARY

Don't worry, we'll--

DR. WALSH approaches. JACKIE begins to rise to greet him...

JACKIE

Dr. Walsh -- thank you so much for being here.

DR. WALSH
Please. Sit.

Handing her something...

DR. WALSH (CONT'D)
For your nerves. You've been
through an unimaginable ordeal.

JACKIE accepts the pill and delicately swallows it as she
sinks back into her seat.

TONI
How are you? We're all so, so
sorry.

JACKIE
I just - I just can't believe it
actually happened.

JANET
This Oswald -- is that his name?

PAM
Yes. "Lee Harvey Oswald" is what
everyone was calling him back at
the office.

JANET
He says he's some kind of
Communist!

JACKIE
A Communist...
(beat)
It's just all so *absurd*. If he'd
been killed for civil rights... At
least then it would have *meant*
something.

No one knows what to say.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
It was all going so well. Houston.
Fort Worth. All the problems Adlai
had -- Jack won them all over.
(beat)
They kept handing me these yellow
roses. At every stop.

JACKIE trails off...

NANCY
The Yellow Rose of Texas.

PAM
Like the song?

But JACKIE is lost in her own reverie...

JACKIE
Then, in Dallas, they handed me red
roses. And, I thought, how funny --
why red roses now?
(beat)
Then, after... the seat... It was
just covered in blood and red
roses.

JANET places an arm around her daughter to comfort her.

CUT TO:

INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE -
CONTINUOUS

BOBBY and O'DONNELL confer quietly in a small kitchen
vestibule off the main room...

O'DONNELL
The sonofabitch wasted no time
taking the plane. And the oath.
Told me you said it had to be done
immediately.

BOBBY
I said no such thing. Told him he
could do whatever he wanted. That
he could have one of his Texas
judges do it if he wanted.

O'DONNELL
Well we're done now. We'll just
pack up and go back to Boston.

BOBBY
Kenny, we need to watch out for
Jackie and the kids. She'll stay
in that house as long as she needs
to. You understand?

CUT TO:

INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE -
CONTINUOUS

JACKIE continues to hold court, occasionally glancing at the television where CRONKITE reports on the days events.

BOBBY, O'BRIEN, and O'DONNELL approach.

BOBBY

Jackie, I'm going to go downstairs
to check on Jack.

JACKIE

Yes, thank you Bobby.

O'BRIEN

Mrs. Kennedy? Kenny and I are
going back to the White House. The
press... They're already asking...
about the funeral.

JACKIE

Of course. What can I do?

O'BRIEN is not sure how to respond.

O'BRIEN

Nothing. Just be with your family.

O'DONNELL

We'll call you when we need you.

She reflects, while O'BRIEN and O'DONNELL begin to exit...

O'BRIEN/O'DONNELL

Goodnight. See you back at the
house...

Then...

JACKIE

I keep thinking of those picture
books. Of Lincoln.

O'BRIEN and O'DONNELL stop, confused.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Abraham Lincoln's funeral. Bill
Walton showed me photos and
drawings. When we were renovating
the house. Have Mr. West call
Bill. It's in the books. The
decorations. The procession.

O'BRIEN
Yes, ma'am.

JANET
Oh Jackie -- don't worry about all
that. These people here will
handle --

JACKIE ignores her mother and now stands up, walking toward
O'BRIEN, until she's holding onto his elbow, as if for
support...

JACKIE
(to O'BRIEN)
This must be exactly as Jack would
have wanted it. We owe him that.

O'BRIEN
Of course, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE
And tell them I'll walk behind the
casket. The black bunting, the
catafalque, the horse and carriage.
Jack deserves those things, don't
you think?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE OF THE CHIEF USHER

CHIEF USHER J.B. WEST, 41, efficient, organized, son of the
Mid-West, has been serving President's since Roosevelt. His
office has become a de-facto gathering spot for the young
SECRETARIES and ASSISTANTS also watching KRONKITE and
awaiting word on their fallen leader.

WEST'S phone rings. His secretary JANICE HILL, answers.

HILL
(into phone)
Chief Usher's office?
(beat)
Yes, right away.

HILL covers the receiver.

HILL (CONT'D)
(to WEST)
Mr. West, it's Bethesda.

WEST picks up immediately and the whole room quiets down.

WEST
(into phone)
This is J.B.
(beat)
Yes.
(beat)
Yes.
(beat)
Right away.

WEST hangs up.

WEST (CONT'D)
(to HILL)
Get Bill Walton on the phone. And
have someone drive to the Library
of Congress and begin pulling
everything they have on Abraham
Lincoln's funeral.

Some raised eyebrows from the assembled group.

HILL
Yes, sir.

One of the ASSISTANTS speaks up...

ASSISTANT
This coming from the Attorney
General?

WEST
No. From the First Lady herself.

CUT TO:

INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

The crowd has thinned considerably. Only JACKIE remains with
PAM and NANCY. The television still plays in the
background...

KRONKITE
(on television)
The President had traveled to
Dallas to broker a truce between
warring factions of his own party,
in advance of what was expected to
be a tough re-election fight next
year...

BOBBY enters, along with his wife, ETHEL, and ADM. BURKLEY.
ETHEL rushes to embrace JACKIE...

ETHEL
He's gone straight to heaven...

JACKIE
(gracious)
I wish I could believe like you do.
(beat)
Bobby has been just wonderful.

BOBBY nods.

BOBBY
We're ready.

JACKIE
And the casket?

BOBBY
Kenny took care of it. Mahogany.
They're transferring him right now.

JACKIE
It will be closed won't it? At the
funeral?

BOBBY
We can sort that all out later.

JACKIE
I want it closed so badly.

BOBBY
I'm just not sure it can be. For a
Head of State... everyone will want
to see him.

JACKIE
But, it's so morbid.

BOBBY feels he must take control...

BOBBY
Jackie, no one understands better
than I do what you're going
through. We all want what's right
for Jack. But this is a
President's funeral. We have to
consider what the public will want.
We just have to...

JACKIE takes this in but doesn't directly reply.

JACKIE
Let's go then.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM

An army of aides, family, and friends, are working to transform the EAST ROOM into an appropriate setting for the PRESIDENT to lie in repose. WEST, SARGENT SHRIVER, DICK GOODWIN, presidential speech-writer, and a dozen young secretaries toil under the direction of BILL WALTON, painter, author, and JACKIE'S arbiter of taste. This is the man who led her famous renovation of the White House.

The room is a large ballroom, with five enormous windows, white enameled walls, and three decorative chandeliers. WALTON's crew is hanging BLACK CURTAINS over all the windows, looping BLACK CREPE along the molding, and erecting a catafalque from pieces out of a crate.

WALTON assesses the frantic progress with SHRIVER. WEST presents him with several ORNATE CANDLESTICKS..

WALTON
No. Absolutely not.
(to SHRIVER)
They're just hideous, aren't they?

SHRIVER
They're pretty bad.

WEST now lifts up a CRUCIFIX, with a silver Jesus figurine affixed to a gold cross.

WEST
How about this?

WALTON
(exasperated)
Doesn't anyone have something that would fit?

SHRIVER
(to WEST)
Don't worry JB -- I'll send Jill to get mine from home.

WALTON
How about the arrival?

SHRIVER

There's nobody to meet them. We need soldiers or sailors. Some kind of escort.

WEST

There's the Marine barracks on Eight and I... It's the closest post.

WALTON

Well someone wake them up!

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - MOTORCADE

The MOTORCADE carrying the PRESIDENT'S CASKET winding past the glowing monuments of the Capitol, passing rows of AMERICAN FLAGS outside government offices, all flying at half-mast. It pulls up to the NORTHWEST GATE of the WHITE HOUSE...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTHWEST PORTICO

...and comes to a stop. A MARINE HONOR GUARD has taken up position and SHRIVER waits outside. JACKIE and BOBBY step out of the AMBULANCE. As the MARINES move to unload the coffin, SHRIVER takes JACKIE by the hand and leads her inside...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM

...where WEST, WALTON, PAM, NANCY, MARY, MACNAMARA, and the all the volunteers wait silently. The room is complete, transformed into a somber chamber of mourning. They stand more erect and the last murmurs die out as JACKIE enters.

JACKIE steps inside the doorway, and then aside, as the MARINES carry the casket to the catafalque.

A priest, FATHER JOHN KUHN, steps forward and begins a brief mass.

FATHER KUHN

Out of the depths I cry to you, O
LORD...O Lord, hear my voice.
(MORE)

FATHER KUHN (CONT'D)
 Let your ears be attentive to my
 cry for mercy...

As KUHN continues his prayer O.S...

JACKIE approaches the coffin, kneels, and buries her head on
 the flag...

FATHER KUHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 If you, O LORD, kept a record of
 sins, O Lord, who could stand? But
 with you there is forgiveness;
 therefore you are feared.

JACKIE walks past the gathered staff, making eye contact with
 each...

FATHER KUHN (CONT'D)
 I wait for the LORD, my soul waits,
 and in his word I put my hope.
 My soul waits for the Lord more
 than watchmen wait for the morning,
 more than watchmen wait for the
 morning.

JACKIE exits the EAST ROOM, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

...JACKIE, alone, surveying her dark bedroom. Her WEDDING
 PHOTO sits on one night-stand, PHOTOS OF JOHN JR and CAROLINE
 on the other. She begins to finally unbutton the Chanel
 suit...

FATHER KUHN (O.S.)
 O Israel, put your hope in the
 LORD, for with the LORD is
 unfailing love...

...and as we PAN DOWN...

FATHER KUHN (CONT'D)
 And with him is full redemption. He
 himself will redeem Israel from all
 their sins.

...let's it fall to the floor in a bloody heap.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM

The black curtains have been pulled back, and the rising sunlight streams into the room, glistening off the bronze handles of the PRESIDENT'S CASKET. It is quiet and still. The day after.

WALTON stands in the center of the room, surveying his rushed handiwork from the night before. He meticulously adjusts a fresh vase of flowers that has been placed at the base of the catafalque.

His concentration is interrupted by...

NANCY (O.S.)
Mr. Walton?

NANCY stands in the doorway. (She may be JACKIE'S social secretary now, but they've been close friends since childhood. In many ways, NANCY is JACKIE'S less stylish, less attractive sister.) She's changed into fresh clothes -- a formal black skirt suit -- and her hair is spayed into the formal style of the previous decade.

WALTON finishes adjusting the flowers, not bothering to turn around.

WALTON
Yes?

NANCY
The First Lady is awake and I expect she'll be down momentarily. She would like to see the arrangements before the guests arrive for this morning's mass.

WALTON turns to face her.

WALTON
How is she?

NANCY
We've not spoken yet this morning. I was on my way to see her.

WALTON

Well, we're ready in here. And the chairs have been set up for the service itself in the family dining room.

NANCY

Did you get any sleep?

WALTON

Not yet. I've been pouring over these Lincoln photos all night.

(beat)

Does she really intend to walk? In an outdoor procession?

NANCY

It's what she said last night. But I hardly think she can be held to anything she said, under the circumstances.

WALTON

They'll never let her, you know.

NANCY

Let her?

WALTON

The world's gone mad. She should take the children and disappear. Build a fortress in Boston and never look back.

He is exhausted.

WALTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I guess I should lie down for a bit.

NANCY

Well, thank you Mr. Walton. I'll let her know everything is in order for the mass.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

A pair of BARE LEGS swing over the side of the bed. We PAN UP to see JACKIE wearing a long silk nightgown, in the now-bright bedroom. Still sitting, JACKIE glances at the floor, where last night she dropped her bloody dress. It's gone.

The next thing we notice is that this is clearly *JACKIE'S* bedroom. And her's alone. There are no signs of a man's influence on the decor.

She steels herself, and stands up, launching us into a sequence of ordinary domestic tasks. The only sound we hear is from doors creaking, faucets turning, and water gushing as...

JACKIE steps into the shower and the frosted glass door shuts behind her...

JACKIE turns on the water...

CLOSEUP on JACKIE as water pounds her face...

JACKIE leans over the sink, brushing her teeth. JACKIE spits.

JACKIE'S POV as she steps into her perfectly organized closet. She scans row after row of vibrant colors -- pinks, reds, greens, yellows, blues, violets -- and lands on a tiny section of black, in the back corner. She moves toward it as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM

CAROLINE KENNEDY, 5 years old, stands in the center of her bedroom. MAUD SHAW, her longtime nanny, kneels before her, putting the finishing touches on the little girl's somber grey dress.

CAROLINE

Are Mommy and Daddy home from Texas?

MAUD

I told you dear... Mommy will be here shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE

PRESIDENT JOHNSON and VALENTI stand beside the PRESIDENTIAL DESK, both careful not to step behind it.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Well, whadda we do?

VALENTI

I've been discussing it with the others all morning. We all agree -- for the sake of continuity, it's important we move in immediately.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

It's his goddamn desk Jack -- his corpse is lying in the next room!

VALENTI

I understand, sir. It's delicate. But this is the President's office. And you're the President. Don't think Kruschov isn't watching.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

That whole Mick crew is gonna throw a fit.

VALENTI

We'll handle O'Brien and the rest.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

We gotta be careful about Jackie. Real careful. Those other sonsofbitches know the drill. But she's just a girl. A sweet girl with two kids who just lost her husband. She's the most beloved woman in the world right now.

VALENTI

I understand.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Well, do what you gotta do to get started. But we work across the street until after the body's in the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM

JACKIE is now dressed, made up, and perfecting the flip to her hair. Throughout the next 3 days, her flawless ivory skin will pop dramatically against the backdrop of her black wardrobe. She is accidentally the most beautiful widow the world has even seen.

There is a KNOCK at the door...

JACKIE

Come in.

NANCY enters.

NANCY

Good morning, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE

Oh, Nancy. I'm so glad it's you.

NANCY

How are you?

JACKIE

It's like a bad dream, isn't it?
Just a terrible, terrible dream.

NANCY

It is.

JACKIE

Are the children awake?

NANCY

Maud's gotten them both dressed.
They're playing in Caroline's room.

JACKIE

I just don't know what to say.
They're both so little. What can I
tell them?

NANCY takes JACKIE'S arm to comfort her.

NANCY

Oh dear. It won't matter what you
say. Just hug them and tell them
it will be okay.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM

CAROLINE and JOHN JR. are playing on the floor, while MAUD
watches from the bed.

There's a KNOCK at the door and MAUD jumps up to get it.
It's NANCY and JACKIE.

While JACKIE enters the room to the delighted squeals of her
children...

In hushed tones...

NANCY
What do they know?

MAUD
I tried to explain to Caroline last
night. She keeps asking for them.
But she doesn't understand.

JACKIE hugs and kisses CAROLINE and JOHN JR, leading them to
the bedside so she can sit at eye-level with them.

CAROLINE
Mommy... Why are you dressed so
funny?

JACKIE
Something very sad has happened.
And this is how we dress when
something sad happens.

JOHN JR.
Where's Daddy?

JACKIE
Daddy won't be coming home.

CAROLINE
Why not?

JACKIE struggles. She looks up to NANCY and MAUD who can
only offer empathetic glances.

JACKIE
Daddy went to see your baby brother
Patrick. In heaven.

CAROLINE
Why?

JACKIE
Because I'm here with you. And
Daddy didn't want Patrick to be
lonely.

CAROLINE
But what about us?

JOHN JR.
Mommy - I want Daddy.

JOHN JR, confused, runs back to his toys and resumes playing.
MAUD immediately goes to be with him.

CAROLINE
What about us mommy?

JACKIE pulls CAROLINE closer.

JACKIE
Caroline, Mommy needs you to be a
big girl.
(beat)
A very bad man hurt Daddy. Daddy
would come home if he could. But
he can't. He *has* to go to heaven.

Some understanding is beginning to build.

CAROLINE
Can I say goodbye?

JACKIE
Yes, my love. You can say goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

NANCY waits outside CAROLINE'S ROOM. JACKIE emerges and
closes the door behind her.

JACKIE takes a deep sigh.

NANCY
You did great.

But JACKIE is on auto-pilot.

JACKIE
What's next?

NANCY
The family mass starts in 20
minutes in the Dining Room.

JACKIE
The Dining Room?

NANCY
It seemed like the best space.

JACKIE
Let's hold it in the East Room.
With the casket.

NANCY

But --

JACKIE

They have 20 minutes. Isn't that plenty of time to move the chairs?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM

The same scene as the night before, but chairs are being hastily relocated and arranged around the catafalque for the 30 family members who have assembled for the MASS.

Present are once again JACKIE'S parents, JANET LEE and HUGH AUCHINCLOSS, and her half-brother JAMES AUCHINCLOSS. But the KENNEDY CLAN is now also here in full. BOBBY and ETHEL, TEDDY and JOAN, PAT and her husband PETER, and their mother ROSE. Behind the family are close aides O'BRIEN, O'DONNELL, and POWERS, along with their wives.

They are all milling about the room, waiting for the service to start.

BOBBY is consoling ROSE, when O'BRIEN catches his eye and gestures for his attention.

BOBBY

Excuse me mother...

BOBBY and O'BRIEN huddle away from the other guests.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

O'BRIEN

Lyndon's boys are already measuring the drapes in the Oval.

BOBBY

No surprise there.

O'BRIEN

I got a call this morning from Valenti. Wants to meet this afternoon to go over the funeral.

BOBBY

The funeral? Tell him to show up, keep quiet, and sit in the back.

O'BRIEN
They're gonna want a say in the
arrangements.

BOBBY thinks.

BOBBY
Take the meeting. See what they
want.

NANCY steps into the EAST ROOM.

NANCY (O.S.)
Excuse me? Everyone?

The CROWD turns and quiets.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Kennedy and the children will
be down in a moment. Please take
your seats.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JACKIE'S POV... as she enters the EAST ROOM. Everyone is
seated and they all turn to gaze at her and the children.

We see the compassionate and anguished faces of each guest as
JACKIE strides down the center aisle, CAROLINE and JOHN JR on
either side of her. They take their seats in the front row
and JACKIE nods to the priest, FATHER KAVANAUGH.

FATHER KAVANAUGH
Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis. Te
decet hymnus Deus, in Sion, et tibi
reddetur votum in Ierusalem...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST SITTING ROOM

The immediate family has retired to the FAMILY ROOM in the
WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE. JACKIE and BOBBY are seated with
ROSE, the matriarch of the Kennedy clan.

ROSE
That was a beautiful mass.

BOBBY
Yes, mother.

ROSE
Joe Jr., Kick, and now Jack. At his
peak.

There is nothing to say.

ROSE looks to JACKIE, who appears drained and exhausted. The
adrenaline of the previous day and night has long since worn
off.

ROSE (CONT'D)
How are you dear?

JACKIE
Oh, I don't know. Not well.

ROSE merely nods.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
All these people. The children.
It's all so much.

ROSE
It is. I know. Better than I'd
like.

ROSE turns to BOBBY...

ROSE (CONT'D)
What will we do about the funeral?
How will we accommodate all these
people in Brookline?

JACKIE
Brookline?

BOBBY
The family plot is in Brookline.

ROSE
I assume Jack will be buried with
the rest of us. It's only a matter
of time for your father as well.

JACKIE absorbs this.

BOBBY
There's been some talk of
Arlington. Bob McNamara seems to
think Jack might have wanted that.

ROSE
(displeased)
I see.

JACKIE is staring off, blank.

BOBBY
Jackie? How do you feel?

She remains in her reverie, but slowly answers.

JACKIE
It should be someplace grand. Where
people can visit. He belongs to
the country now, I think. As much
as to us.

ROSE looks to BOBBY.

BOBBY
Yes, well, let's have Bob take a
look. There's still time to
decide.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - VALENTI'S OFFICE

VALENTI sits behind his desk in the OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE
BUILDING, calling members of Congress.

VALENTI
(into phone)
Yes... Yes... We understand. The
President agrees. There mustn't be
any appearance of a gap in
leadership.

O'BRIEN appears in the door and waits.

VALENTI (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Okay Congressman. I'll let him
know. Goodbye now.

VALENTI hangs up.

O'BRIEN
What's the mood on the Hill?

VALENTI
Concerned. Distraught, of course.
And concerned.

O'BRIEN enters and sits.

O'BRIEN
I understand you wanted to talk
about the funeral?

VALENTI
Just looking to be kept in the
loop.

O'BRIEN
Well, don't know much yet. Haven't
even picked a burial site.
McNamara's headed up to Arlington
to loop for a spot. But frankly,
most of the family prefers
Brookline.

VALENTI
I see. And this procession?

O'BRIEN
Procession?

VALENTI
We hear Mrs. Kennedy wants some
kind of march?

O'BRIEN
I don't know about that. She may
have mentioned something on the
plane, but given her state of mind--

VALENTI
Of course. Well, we all want to
follow her lead. But, there are
other considerations. We still
don't know much about this Oswald.
There may be co-conspirators.

O'BRIEN
I'll talk to her. Find out what I
can. But he was her husband.
She'll bury him how she damn well
pleases.

VALENTI decides to let it go for the moment.

VALENTI
There's another matter.

O'BRIEN
Yes?

VALENTI

The Oval.

O'BRIEN

What about it?

VALENTI

There's a feeling that the President should occupy it as soon as possible. It's important. Symbolically.

O'BRIEN

What do you want me to do first -- plan the funeral or pack the furniture?

VALENTI

I know this is delicate. And that's why I'm approaching you. To help us work out the timing. But we can't wait indefinitely. The country needs to see that there's a skipper at the helm.

O'BRIEN

I'm not sure they'll care where the skipper's desk is.

VALENTI

There's also the matter of an address. To the public and to Congress. We'd like to send him up to the Hill sometime next week.

O'BRIEN

I'll talk it over with Bobby.

VALENTI

Thank you.

O'BRIEN gets up to leave.

O'BRIEN

Anything else?

VALENTI

Larry, just remember what I said about this procession idea. A crowd full of people. Given what's happened, I just can't have my president walking.

O'BRIEN

I understand, Jack. Regardless of what happens, my president is going to be carried in a box.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST SITTING ROOM

Most of the immediate family is gone, but JACKIE is hardly alone. CAROLINE and JOHN JR play under the supervision of MAUDE.

NANCY, MARY, and JACKIE'S mother, JANET, remain, carrying on conversation which JACKIE seems not to notice.

JANET

Bob doesn't have to do that. Averell Harriman owns at least four properties in Georgetown. I'm sure he could loan out one of them?

NANCY

I'll ask Sargent to look into it. I'm sure we have time. They can't expect us to move immediately, can they?

JANET

Of course not. Don't be silly.

NANCY picks up a phone. While she dials...

JACKIE

Mary?

MARY

Yes?

JACKIE

Will you bring me some stationary?

MARY

Yes, right away. Is there something I can do for you?

JACKIE

That policeman in Dallas. I must remember to write a note to his widow.

MARY
Right away...

As MARY exits, SHRIVER enters the room. NANCY rises to greet him...

NANCY
I just tried to reach you --

And JACKIE notices his arrival.

JACKIE
Sarge, you look harried!

SHRIVER
Not at all, Mrs. Kennedy. Just
doing my best to keep track of all
the details.

JACKIE
And how is all the planning?

SHRIVER
It's going well. It will be a full
house here tonight. I never
thought this place could run out of
bedrooms.

JACKIE
And the funeral itself?

SHRIVER
Mr. Walton is doing everything he
can to cover all the details.

JACKIE
I trust you, of course. I couldn't
deal with all this myself.
(beat)
I'm not sure any of it really
matters. Last night I did. But
now...

JACKIE glances over at the children.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Now... I realize it must seem
silly.
(to NANCY)
We could have held the Mass in the
dining room. I'm sorry I made them
move those chairs.

NANCY

Don't be sorry. Everyone just wants you to be pleased with the arrangements.

JACKIE

None of it will bring him back. And I'm probably the only one who notices. But what do people expect you to do? Just sit in a corner and weep?

SHRIVER

I'll keep you informed of everything. But do try not to worry.

JANET

He's right, dear. Soon enough this will all be over.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

A sea of familiar WHITE CROSSES, bathed in a thick mist.

The 420 acres of ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY are shrouded in rain and clouds, as MACNAMARA, O'DONNELL, and the cemetery's SUPERINTENDENT JOHN METZLER, trudge through the mud.

As we find them among the endless graves...

METZLER

The third option is right up here.
At the base of the hill.

Ahead is a sprawling green slope, atop of which is ROBERT E. LEE'S MANSION, a massive Greek-Revival structure of white marble, with 8 thick, imposing Athenian columns.

METZLER stops at the base of the hill, and the others survey the surroundings.

MCNAMARA

What do you think Ken?

O'DONNELL

I did like Dewey Circle. If we could get rid of the leaves in time.

METZLER

Problem there is not just the leaves. It's the access roads.

MCNAMARA

Never mind. This is the spot as far as I'm concerned. Now, can we get it done?

METZLER

I'll have to call Interior. This here is Park Service Land, not DOD.

MCNAMARA

Well, make the call.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM

CAROLINE and JOHN JR are on the floor of CAROLINE'S bedroom writing with crayons. JACKIE stands in the doorway with MAUD.

JACKIE

And you'll make sure they get supper at 5?

MAUD

Of course.

JACKIE turns to leave. MAUD hesitates, then...

MAUD (CONT'D)

Caroline asked if she could write a note to her father. To say goodbye.

JACKIE is heartbroken. She turns back and takes another look at them scribbling. They are carefully forming letters with their crayons.

MAUD (CONT'D)

I thought it would be okay. But I didn't want to upset you.

JACKIE

Not at all.

JACKIE steps into the room and kneels down with the children.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Caroline? John?

They look up expectantly.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Make sure you tell Daddy how much
you love him. And when you're
through, I'll be sure he gets your
notes. I promise.

CAROLINE
Thanks, Mommy.

JOHN JR.
Thank you, Mommy.

JOHN JR crawls forward and embraces his mom, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE OF THE FIRST LADY

NANCY, at her desk, when the phone rings...

NANCY
(into phone)
Hello?... She's with the
children... Today?... Yes sir...
I'll let her know.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

A motorcade of BLACK LINCOLNS winds through the rows of
graves, pulling to a stop at the base of LEE MANSION.

The doors of the LINCOLNS swing open and the passengers
emerge amid a phalanx of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. JACKIE
strides forth under a canopy of umbrellas, accompanied by
BOBBY and WALTON.

O'DONNELL, MCNAMARA, and METZLER are waiting. By now, they
are soaked to the bone.

METZLER
(nervous, awkward)
Welcome to Arlington, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE shivers in the damp cold.

JACKIE
Thank you.

MCNAMARA

We thought somewhere on this slope.

JACKIE glances around, unsure.

MCNAMARA (CONT'D)

Take your time.

JACKIE steps out from under the umbrellas to walk the hill. BOBBY grabs one and quickly follows, trying to keep her under cover.

She walks to the top of the slope, slipping more than a few times, until she's at the front of LEE MANSION staring down.

JACKIE'S POV... as she surveys the endless graves and mist below. She turns to BOBBY...

JACKIE

Caroline points out this Mansion every time we drive by. I think it was the first landmark in Washington she recognized. The light and the pillars.

JACKIE makes eye contact with WALTON, who remains at the bottom of the hill. WALTON simply nods.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(to BOBBY)

This is it.

WALTON turns to METZLER, who's holding a wooden STAKE.

WALTON

May I?

METZLER hands him the stake, and WALTON walks directly to a spot in the center of the hill, driving the STAKE into the ground, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

CLOSEUP of a TELEVISION, and the ongoing marathon of press coverage. DAVID BRINKLEY...

BRINKLEY

Dallas Police say Lee Harvey Oswald will be transferred from the city jail to the county jail tomorrow, sometime after 10AM.

(MORE)

BRINKLEY (CONT'D)
 Speculation continues over the
 precise sequence of events in
 Dallas. Witness accounts abound,
 of questionable reliability, but no
 one from that fateful motorcade has
 yet to speak with reporters.
 Governor Connally continues to
 recover at Parkland Memorial--

The phone rings and we pull back to see VALENTI. He
 answers...

VALENTI
 (into phone)
 So, it's Arlington?... Damnit.

VALENTI hangs up, and shouts out his open door...

VALENTI (CONT'D)
 Lois - Get me Clint Hill!

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

BOBBY is back at this desk, in his small office adjacent to
 the OVAL. His hair still wet, his tie loose, he holds court
 with O'BRIEN, O'DONNELL, and SHRIVER.

BOBBY
 Where are we?

SHRIVER
 We've found beds for almost all the
 family. Truman is at Blair House.
 There was a brief crisis about him
 not having a driver, but Ike
 offered his.

O'BRIEN
 Jesus.

SHRIVER
 It's been a mess today, but it'll
 all get sorted out.

O'DONNELL
 We're running a bed and breakfast.

BOBBY
 (to O'BRIEN)
 What did Valenti say?

O'BRIEN

They want to move into the Oval.
And they want him to go to the
Hill.

BOBBY

I know what they want. When do
they want it?

O'BRIEN

I think they'll hold off til mid-
week.

O'DONNELL

That's generous.

O'BRIEN

They're in a bind, Kenny. I think
they know they need to tread
lightly.

BOBBY

That it?

O'BRIEN

He also brought up the funeral.

BOBBY

What about it?

O'BRIEN

They know Mrs. Kennedy has Bill
Walton working off the Lincoln
books. They're worried about an
outdoor procession.

BOBBY

Lyndon too lazy to walk?

O'BRIEN

They think it's a security risk.

O'DONNELL

Everyone's spooked. Apparently
they've even had State discouraging
foreign dignitaries from attending.

BOBBY

What?

O'DONNELL

It ain't working. Even De Gaulle
is insisting on coming.

BOBBY
How far is it to Saint Matthews?
Eight blocks? That's a long way to
be strolling through crowds. It's
not unreasonable.

O'BRIEN
Jackie seems to want it.

BOBBY
I'll talk to her. She's still in a
daze. She may not be sure what she
wants.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY

JACKIE and NANCY are walking...

JACKIE
What else is still to be decided?

NANCY
The Attorney General is sorting out
who from Congress will speak at
tomorrow's ceremony. I believe
they were discussing the Majority
Leader, Senator Mansfield --

But JACKIE has stopped and is no longer paying attention.
She stands at the door to a darkened room, THE LINCOLN
BEDROOM.

JACKIE'S POV... The arched MAHOGANY BED, flanked on either
side by portraits of ABRAHAM and MARY TODD LINCOLN. She
lingers on the widow...

JACKIE (O.S.)
She was destitute. After her
husband's murder. She returned to
Illinois, and had to sell her
furniture.

BACK TO SCENE

NANCY
Mrs. Kennedy, there's no chance
that will --

JACKIE
She died with nothing, and yet for
centuries to come, kings and queens
will lie down in this bedroom.

Back to..

JACKIE'S POV... now lingering on the dead President.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING

A KNOCK on VALENTI'S open door. It's CLINT HILL, the head of JACKIE'S Secret Service Detail. Twenty four hours ago he raced into the line of fire, leapt onto the back of the Presidential Limo and quite possibly saved the First Lady's life. He has been on duty nearly non-stop since.

VALENTI looks up and notices HILL is sopping wet.

VALENTI
Clint! C'mon in. You're soaked.

HILL steps into the office tentatively.

VALENTI (CONT'D)
Sit down. Close the door. Relax.

HILL obliges.

HILL
Yes, sir.

VALENTI
You take a swim?

HILL
Just back from Arlington, sir. The rain hasn't let up.

VALENTI
That's right. I hear Mrs. Kennedy picked a lovely spot.

HILL
Yes, sir.
(beat)
Mr. Valenti, no disrespect, but I haven't been home since Dallas. I have a few hours off right now and was on my way out when I got your message.

VALENTI
Of course, I'm sorry. This won't
take more than a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

JACKIE has changed out of her black dress and into more casual attire. She sits at her desk writing furiously when a KNOCK interrupts her...

JACKIE
Come in!

DR. WALSH enters.

DR. WALSH
Am I interrupting?

JACKIE
Oh, Dr. Walsh. Not at all. I
didn't know you were here.

DR. WALSH gestures to the pile of stationary...

DR. WALSH
You shouldn't be straining with
that.

JACKIE
It's not a strain. Actually I'm
finding it helps. To think of
others right now.

DR. WALSH sits on the edge of the bed, nearest the desk.

DR. WALSH
Bobby thought you might like
another shot tonight. To help you
sleep.

JACKIE considers it.

JACKIE
Thank you, Doctor. But I think I
may try to rest on my own. I'll
have to eventually.

DR. WALSH
There's no shame in it. Anyone in
your shoes would be wracked with
grief and anxiety.

JACKIE
I know. And I know Bobby was only
being thoughtful.

She's made up her mind. DR. WALSH gets up.

DR. WALSH
Well, tell Nancy if you change your
mind. She has my number.

As he turns to leave...

JACKIE
I think I might write a letter to
Jack.

He turns back.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
That's not some symptom of
hysteria, is it?

DR. WALSH is not sure how to respond to such an intimate
confession.

DR. WALSH
I wouldn't call it hysteria.
(beat)
It sounds like a fine thing to do.

JACKIE
It was the children's idea. At
first I thought, how grim! But,
then... I just can't help but feel
there's a window closing. To say
certain things.

DR. WALSH
If I may, Mrs. Kennedy... The whole
country feels like a window is
closing.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING

A hushed murmur as STAFFERS stop and stare at JACKIE, now
walking through the halls of residence...

Past the FAMILY DINING ROOM... where ETHEL, ROSE, the
LAWFORDS, the MCNAMARAS, and the AUCHINCLOSS'S are sipping
coffee...

Into the WEST WING... and past the office of JB WEST, who looks up from his papers...

Past the offices of O'DONNELL and O'BRIEN...both working the phone furiously...

Past SHRIVER, who's directing a group of YOUNG AIDES on their responsibilities tomorrow...

Past AIR FORCE GENERAL GODFREY MCHUGH, the President's military attache, putting the finishing touches on a makeshift cot in his office...

JACKIE makes eye contact with each, offering a comforting glance, and seeming to take comfort herself from all these friends' presence.

Until she arrives, alone, at the EAST ROOM, guarded by two MARINES.

JACKIE

Gentlemen, may I have a moment?

The MARINES look to each other, and then notice that BOBBY is behind her. BOBBY nods his ascent. The MARINES offer a crisp salute and exit.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM

BOBBY's POV... as JACKIE slowly approaches the CATAFALQUE, in the empty, dimly lit room.

JACKIE kneels and bows her head. After a moment, she rises and appears to struggle. She's trying to open the CASKET.

BOBBY suddenly moves forward and JACKIE startles, noticing his presence.

JACKIE

(relieved)

It's you.

BOBBY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

(beat)

They told me you were heading this way. Is there anything I can get you?

JACKIE holds up three ENVELOPES and a SILVER ROSARY.

JACKIE

I'd like to leave these with Jack.
Will you help me with the coffin?

BOBBY hesitates, but JACKIE has never looked more pained than in this moment. He steps to the CASKET, and first, gently folds back the FLAG draped across it. Then, with a heave, he opens the lid, and stares transfixed by his dead brother.

JACKIE steps beside him and now forces herself to look at the corpse of her husband. She lets out a barely audible gasp.

BOBBY

Jackie--

JACKIE

It doesn't even look like him.
It's like something from a wax
museum.

BOBBY can't help but agree. He is sickened.

BOBBY

I'll make sure it stays closed
tomorrow.

JACKIE tucks the ENVELOPES, one by one, and the ROSARY into the CASKET. She then takes a small SCISSORS out of her pocket, and gently cuts a LOCK of her husband's hair.

JACKIE leans forward as if she might kiss the body, but instead collapses into a fit of weeping. BOBBY grabs her, holding her upright.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Help! Can someone help in here?!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING

The sun rises on a dry, but still frigid grey day. All along the sidewalks leading up to the CAPITOL, MOURNERS begin to line up, huddling together, while inside the Capitol...

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING - ROTUNDA

...USHERS prepare the ROTUNDA for the President's body to lie in state, arranging velvet ropes to control the expected crowds.

The cavernous chamber is empty, and only the bare catafalque sits beneath the center of the dome, draped in black cloth, waiting, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

JACKIE also draped in black cloth -- in this case a silk slip -- while NANCY arranges the rest of her outfit on the bed.

JACKIE holds a copy of that morning's WASHINGTON POST, and while she's rebounded from the emotion of the night before, her brow is furrowed in obvious distress.

NANCY

Where did you get that? It's only upsetting you.

JACKIE

I asked Mary to bring it earlier. I wanted to see what they're saying.

NANCY

Everyone is anguished. They must be writing about that.

JACKIE

They are. But not just that.
(beat)
"An Eyewitness Account" by Merriman Smith. This man was there, in Dallas. But this sounds like something that happened to someone else. A hundred years ago.

NANCY

What does it matter? These men will write whatever they please.

JACKIE

It's not wrong. It's just not true.

NANCY

C'mon. Let's get you dressed. Everyone is waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE OF THE SECRET SERVICE

DIRECTOR JAMES ROWLEY briefs his team of AGENTS, including HILL, on the day's events. The mood is understandably tense, demoralized, and exhausted.

ROWLEY

At 1300 hours, we will depart along with President Kennedy's casket to the Capitol. Clint, you will accompany Mrs. Kennedy, who will exit through the North Portico, along with the Attorney General, and enter the lead car, which will trail the caisson. There will be photographers. Steve, you will accompany the children out the South exit --

PRELAP... three firm KNOCKS, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JACKIE'S BEDROOM

CLINT HILL, outside JACKIE'S door.

NANCY (O.S.)

Yes?

HILL

Special Agent Hill. Whenever Mrs. Kennedy is ready.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Oh Clint! Come in. I'm nearly done.

CLINT enters JACKIE'S BEDROOM.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

JACKIE sits with her back to the door at her vanity, as NANCY helps her affix a BLACK VEIL. HILL waits patiently in the threshold. JACKIE sees him in her mirror...

JACKIE

(into the mirror)

Did you sleep last night?

HILL

I did, thank you.

JACKIE
I've done nothing but toss and
turn.

HILL is not sure how to reply.

HILL
I'm sorry, ma'am.

NANCY makes her final adjustment. JACKIE makes one of her
own, and then rises.

JACKIE
Shall we?

HILL
Ma'am. Before we go, I was
wondering if I might have a moment?

JACKIE
Of course. Nancy, go see if the
children are ready.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, LADY BIRD, BOBBY, ETHEL, and the rest of
the KENNEDY family are waiting for JACKIE and the children.
And like the rest of the country, they are watching
television images of a garage in Texas...

BRINKLEY
(voice-over on TV)
You are looking at live pictures
from the basement floor of the
Dallas jail. Police officers and
members of the news media lined
up... awaiting the appearance of
Lee Harvey Oswald, accused of
assassinating President Kennedy two
days ago...

MARY enters the room and announces...

MARY
She'll be right down. I'm told any
moment.

But no one turns away from the TV as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

...JACKIE and HILL, now alone for the first time since he saved her life in Dallas.

JACKIE
I'm so glad you were able to sleep
last night.

HILL
Yes. It was good to be home.
(beat)
I'm sure the doctor could give you
something. To help with the
tossing.

JACKIE
Clint, I know we haven't spoken
since --

HILL
Oh. That isn't why -- it's not that
Mrs. Kennedy.

Still JACKIE reaches out and touches his arm -- an expression of the deepest gratitude. HILL is taken aback. He can't look her in the eye. But JACKIE seems to need this, and only after a long moment does she release his arm.

They are both silent. Then...

JACKIE
What *did* you want to ask me?

HILL
Tomorrow. I understand you'd like
there to be a procession to the
Cathedral.

JACKIE
It's what I've discussed with Mr.
Walton.

HILL
Have you considered the risk?

At first, JACKIE seems not to understand.

HILL (CONT'D)
Walking all that way. There won't
be any way to control the crowds.

JACKIE
What are you suggesting Clint?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM

BRINKLEY continues his narration over the Dallas garage...

BRINKLEY
(on TV)
Oswald will be transferred under
police escort to the County jail,
while local and Federal authorities
continue their investigation of 23
November...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON looks at his watch.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
They gonna do this thing already?

On the TELEVISION... A MAN steps into the frame, blocking the camera, and then rushes out of the way. Suddenly a flurry of activity as PHOTOGRAPHERS race into position, and DETECTIVES in Stetson hats emerge from the corridor.

Suddenly the REPORTERS surge forward, blocking the camera again...

BRINKLEY
(on TV)
He appears to be coming --

And then... out of the crowd, RUBY runs across the screen and fires the fatal SHOT, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

HILL
I'm suggesting you consider the
danger.

JACKIE
And, if I have?

HILL
Then, we'll make sure you're
protected.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM

An eruption of mayhem...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
What the hell just happened?!

BOBBY
(to O'BRIEN)
Larry - get me Hoover!

ETHEL
Oh my god. Oh my god...

LADY BIRD
Oh dear god!

To match the mayhem on television...

BRINKLEY
(on TV)
Oswald has been shot. Oswald has
been shot. Lee Harvey Oswald has
been shot.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

A KNOCK puts an end to JACKIE and HILL'S conversation. NANCY
pokes her head in the room...

NANCY
Caroline and John are ready.

JACKIE
Thank you, Nancy.

NANCY
I'll take them downstairs to ride
with Maud.

As NANCY turns to leave, JACKIE considers this, then...

JACKIE
Nancy?

NANCY

Yes?

JACKIE

I'd like them to come with me.

NANCY

There's a mob of reporters out front. I thought you'd prefer --

JACKIE

Not today. Their father is leaving this house for the last time. They should be there to say goodbye.

NANCY

But the cameras? These pictures will be broadcast to every corner of the world.

JACKIE

And those pictures should record the truth. Two heartbroken little children are a part of that.

NANCY

I'll let everyone know.

JACKIE

(to HILL)

Clint, are we done?

HILL

Yes, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE

Let's go then.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM

BOBBY is on the phone in the corner, while the others remain huddled around the TV. PRESIDENT JOHNSON moves over to BOBBY as he finishes his call.

BOBBY

(into phone)

I want to know right away... Well get someone over to Parkland! Damnit!

BOBBY slams down the phone.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Dead or alive?

BOBBY
They're not sure. Hoover's still
trying to reach the Field Office.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
(increasingly enraged)
This is a world-class shit-show.
We need to get a handle on this
thing. We've got to get involved.
It's making us look like a bunch of
goddamn barbarians!

MARY is back at the door...

MARY
Mrs. Kennedy is on her way down.
With the children.

BOBBY ignores JOHNSON'S outburst and addresses the room...

BOBBY
Turn off the television! And not a
word of this. I'll tell Jackie
when the time is right.
Understood?

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - PORTICO

JACKIE, CAROLINE, and JOHN JR step out onto the PORTICO, at
first squinting in the mid-day sun. They take in the
extraordinary scene.

The horse-drawn CAISSON carrying the President's flag-draped
CASKET is parked just before them, followed by a RIDERLESS
HORSE, and then a train of LIMOUSINES to carry the mourners.
In the lead is a DRUM CORPS.

The WHITE HOUSE DRIVE is lined by parallel rows of SOLDIERS
carrying the flags of the 50 states.

The WHITE HOUSE LAWN is crowded with CAMERA CREWS, REPORTERS,
and STAFF. All are reverent, silent.

FLASHBULBS erupt, capturing the indelible image... The widow
in black. The two innocent children in powder blue. They
are still, and now frozen in time.

Then, the DRUM CORPS' MUFFLED ROLL, which continues as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL - EAST STEPS

... the CAISSON coming to a stop at the base of the SENATE STEPS, the trail of LIMOUSINES just behind. An HONOR GUARD and a NAVY BAND wait to receive them.

The doors of the LIMOUSINES open, and JACKIE steps out, along with CAROLINE, JOHN JR. and BOBBY. PRESIDENT JOHNSON and LADY BIRD emerge from the next car, and take up position beside them. As they do, JACKIE turns to the new PRESIDENT...

JACKIE
Oh, Lyndon. What an awful way for
you to begin your presidency.

Before he can reply...

HONOR GUARD CAPTAIN
Pre-SENT!

The HONOR GUARD raises their rifles.

HONOR GUARD CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Fire!

As the CASKET is lifted off the CAISSON and carried up the SENATE STEPS...

A TWENTY GUN SALUTE echoes, as the NAVY BAND starts to play HAIL TO THE CHIEF, in a dirge adagio, punctuated by rifle fire every five seconds. As we...

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL ROTUNDA

JACKIE and CAROLINE trail the CASKET, stopping just short of the CATAFALQUE as its placed atop it. BOBBY helps JOHN JR to a seat in the first row.

As the HONOR GUARD steps aside, and the whole room silently watching...

JACKIE
 (whispering to CAROLINE)
 We're going to tell Daddy how much
 we love him now. And how much
 we'll always miss him.

JACKIE moves forward now, and CAROLINE steps forward, closely watching.

JACKIE kneels, and CAROLINE kneels beside her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Just kiss.

JACKIE presses her lips gently against the FLAG, and CAROLINE follows.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

VALENTI sits before PRESIDENT JOHNSON, who barks into the phone.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
 (into phone)
 He needs to be on the ground - in
 Dallas!...Well, call me when that
 happens...I get it Nick, but the
 Attorney General has other things
 on his mind.

JOHNSON slams down the receiver.

VALENTI
 They sending Miller?

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
 Should have sent him two days ago.
 (beat)
 What else we got?

VALENTI
 Lodge and Rusk will brief on
 Vietnam at 4. Then Gordon is
 coming by to go over the budget.
 It has to go to the printing office
 next week.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
 Good, good. That could be a quick
 early win for us.
 (MORE)

PRESIDENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Show Wall Street we're serious
about cutting spending.

VALENTI
Yes, sir. We'll make it a
centerpiece of the speech this
week.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
We hear back from Bobby on that?

VALENTI
O'Brien says the family is okay
with you doing it Wednesday.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
What do you think?

VALENTI
Gives us a day between the funeral
and the address. We can live with
it.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Alright. And how about tomorrow?

VALENTI
Last count was over 200 dignitaries
arriving tonight and into the
morning.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
My goodness.

VALENTI
Rowley says it could take four
thousand men to secure the route to
Saint Matthews.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING

Heads turn as JACKIE strolls through the WEST WING, toward
the OVAL OFFICE, which is still, dark and vacant...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE

She steps inside...

There is the RESOLUTE DESK, which her son, JOHN JR, was
famously photographed playing beneath.

On top of the desk is the COCONUT the PRESIDENT used to scrawl a rescue message when his boat was sunk in the South Pacific.

There is the ROCKING CHAIR, her husband relaxed in. The MODEL of the naval vessel, *The Danmark*, he meticulously constructed.

As JACKIE studies each object, WALTON joins her.

JACKIE kneels and runs her hand across the CARPET.

JACKIE
It's perfect.

WALTON
We finished installing it while you were in Dallas. I thought it would be nice a surprise for you and the President.

JACKIE
It changes the whole room, doesn't it? It's so grand and majestic.

JACKIE rises and turns on the LIGHT SWITCH. We now see that the CARPET is a piercing SCARLET.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
And the Treaty Room?

WALTON
Hunter green. Exactly as you imagined it.

JACKIE
I wish Jack --.

She trails off.

WALTON
What you've done here... It will last forever.

JACKIE
Will it? A week from now, a month from now... What will be left of us?

WALTON
The country won't forget.

JACKIE
That's kind of you, Bill. But this
won't last forever. They're
already writing about Jack like
he's some dusty relic. Another
ghost in the oil portraits that
line these hallways.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

AMBASSADOR HENRY CABOT LODGE stands beside a MAP of SOUTHEAST
ASIA, as he winds down a briefing on the situation in
Vietnam.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON sits behind his desk, and SECRETARY OF
STATE DEAN RUSK sits beside VALENTI.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Thank you Henry. You keep us
posted.

LODGE
I will Mr. President.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
When are you back to Saigon?

LODGE
After the funeral.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Fly safe.

LODGE gathers his MAP, and RUSK rises to exit along with him.
VALENTI catches him in the HALLWAY...

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

VALENTI
Mr. Secretary, do you have a
moment?

RUSK
Of course.

VALENTI
I need you to run out to Andrews.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

BOBBY looks up to find JACKIE in his doorway.

BOBBY
Jackie. I thought you were
upstairs in the sitting room.

JACKIE
I wanted to see the renovations.
In the West Wing.

BOBBY
You should get some rest. For
tomorrow.

JACKIE
Are the Pipers arranged?

BOBBY
Yes. Sarge says it's all taken
care of.

JACKIE
I'm told there's some concern over
the procession.

BOBBY
Lyndon's people are spooked.

JACKIE
And you?

BOBBY
After today, with what happened in
Dallas... Are you sure it's what
you want?

CUT TO:

INT. OLD EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - VALENTI'S OFFICE

VALENTI looks up from this desk to see JACKIE. He stands up,
fumbling...

VALENTI
Mrs. Kennedy, I, uh --

JACKIE
Please, I'm so sorry to bother.

VALENTI

Not at all. How can I help you?
Would you like some water?

JACKIE

No, thank you. I won't take up
much of your time. I know how busy
you must be. I remember when we
won the election...How overwhelming
it was. You must be going mad.

VALENTI

We're doing just fine. Everyone's
thoughts are with you, right now,
Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE

That's kind of you. But I
understand business must get done.
I've come to discuss tomorrow's
procession. There's a problem?

VALENTI

Well, not a problem. I'm sure you
can understand... The Secret
Service has some concerns.
Especially after today, who can
blame them?

JACKIE

And President Johnson?

VALENTI

President Johnson would like
nothing more than to fulfill your
wishes. But, I have to take into
account his safety. The country
couldn't endure another blow right
now.

JACKIE appears wounded.

VALENTI (CONT'D)

I didn't mean -- If it were up to
him, he'd do anything that might
bring you comfort. We all would.

JACKIE

Then, who is it up to, Mr. Valenti?

VALENTI

We're expecting close to a hundred
Heads of State. I suspect they'll
all make their own decisions.

(MORE)

VALENTI (CONT'D)

There's not much we can do to force it. Given the situation.

JACKIE considers this.

JACKIE

Well, I'm going to walk with Jack. And whoever wants can walk beside me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE

A traffic jam of AIRPLANES converging from every corner of the world. RUSK wades through the GROUND CREW and various FOREIGN DELEGATIONS as they come streaming onto the tarmac, while STATE DEPT PROTOCOL OFFICERS struggle to maintain some semblance of order. RUSK pulls one aside...

RUSK

Where's the French delegation?

PROTOCOL OFFICER

Mr. Secretary, I, uh...

RUSK

De Gaulle. Where's his plane?

The PROTOCOL OFFICER consults a messy clipboard...

PROTOCOL OFFICER

Hangar 47, sir. That's the second on the right. Can I escort you --

But RUSK is already lost in the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - HANGAR 47

French President CHARLES DE GAULLE has deplaned along with his wife YVONNE, and their retinue of ATTENDANTS. Relations with France have never been worse, and DE GAULLE'S presence is an extraordinary statement.

DE GAULLE'S delegation is about to enter the waiting LIMOUSINES when RUSK trots into view, his footsteps echoing in the cavernous hangar..

RUSK

General! General De Gaulle!

DE GAULLE turns and his SECURITY DETAIL immediately moves to intervene. But as RUSK gets closer DE GAULLE recognizes him and shoos his protection away with typical derision.

DE GAULLE
(in French)
No. No. Fools. It's Rusk. He works
for the President.

The SECURITY DETAIL relaxes, and RUSK walks up, now catching his breath...

RUSK
General, I'm glad I caught you.

DE GAULLE
(in English)
This is quite a welcome. Are you
here to send me home to Paris?

RUSK
We're honored you came.

DE GAULLE
And yet I suspect there will be no
Cabinet minister greeting King
Boudoin as he steps off the plane.

RUSK
We thought this was the best
opportunity to catch you in
private.

DE GAULLE
And?

RUSK looks around, and realizes there is no better place in the hangar to have this conversation.

RUSK
(hushed)
We've intercepted a threat. From
assets in Geneva. A plot to
assassinate you during tomorrow's
funeral procession.

DE GAULLE
(full volume)
I have survived four such attempts.
You know that, don't you?

RUSK
I do.

DE GAULLE
So what would you have me do?

RUSK
We thought you might ride to the cathedral, in an armored vehicle. If you'll agree, I suspect others will do the same. This is not the only threat.

DE GAULLE
And, Mrs. Kennedy? She will hide in a tank as well?

RUSK dodges the question.

RUSK
It would be a courtesy to Mrs. Kennedy not to endanger your life.

DE GAULLE
A courtesy?
(beat)
Mr. Secretary, I am here to execute the will of the French people. There is an enormous outpouring of emotion. What do you think they would they say if they saw that beautiful girl marching all alone, and their president cowering behind steel and rifles?

RUSK knows there's no use arguing.

RUSK
I understand, General. And thank you again for coming.

RUSK walks away and DE GAULLE opens the door of the LIMOUSINE. As he ducks to get inside, we see O'BRIEN.

O'BRIEN
Thank you, General. Mrs. Kennedy will be very grateful. Now, let's get going.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY

NANCY walks through the RESIDENCE. At each door, she succinctly knocks and...

NANCY
Mrs. Kennedy?

... before moving onto the next one.

Until she arrives at PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S BEDROOM. She stops. It couldn't be... But maybe... NANCY slowly opens the door to the darkened room...

NANCY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Kennedy?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM

... and finds JACKIE seated on the edge of PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S four-poster bed. This is our first glimpse at the PRESIDENT'S private quarters. The BEDSIDE TABLE is stacked high with books, and PILL BOTTLES.

At the foot of the bed is another TABLE, with more MAGAZINES, and RUBBER BOATS, JOHN JR'S bath toys.

NANCY
I'm sorry, Mrs. Kennedy. I've been looking all over.

JACKIE seems oblivious to NANCY's presence.

JACKIE
I don't know how many times I've even been in this room. We hardly ever spent the night together.
(beat)
We didn't that last night in Fort Worth.

NANCY
Would you like to be alone?

JACKIE
How long have we been together, Nancy? You and I?

NANCY
Oh, I don't know. Since Miss Chapin's. Since we were just little girls.

JACKIE
It's funny... I always worried that you might be jealous.

NANCY

Oh Jackie...

JACKIE

You never *did* anything to make me feel that way. You've been nothing but loyal. But I worried. After I married Jack. And after he won the election.

NANCY is not sure how to respond. But she is no longer an employee, just an old friend, and she settles into the PRESIDENT'S READING CHAIR across from JACKIE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

But now? That must seem silly. Anyone being jealous. I've buried two children and now my husband.

After a moment...

NANCY

I was jealous. Of that dress you wore in Vienna.

JACKIE laughs, grateful for the release.

JACKIE

Oh Nance - you always know what to say.

NANCY

It may be hard to see right now, but you have your whole life ahead of you. Starting over will be hard. But it's a chance to do some things better.

JACKIE

Jack wasn't perfect. You think I don't know that? But I picture him in that rocking chair in his office.

(beat)

That was the one piece of furniture he just wouldn't part with in the renovation. John and Caroline at his feet...

NANCY

He was a wonderful father.

JACKIE

He inspired people. Made them
imagine their own potential. No
matter what he did, I never stopped
believing in his.

(beat)

Does that make me a fool, Nancy?

NANCY

Not unless we were all fools. We
all believed in him.

JACKIE

And now it's over.

NANCY

You're here. And Bobby. And the
children.

JACKIE

I can't have them spend their lives
chasing Jack's legacy. If I do
nothing else, I want them to grow
up normally, and to get jobs, and
to be happy.

NANCY leans forward and reaches out for JACKIE'S hand.

NANCY

When you first asked, I didn't want
to work here. Do you remember?

JACKIE

Barely. Something about not having
the training.

NANCY

I worked in a travel agency. What
did I know about planning State
Dinners? But you convinced me, and
I was nervous as can be. And for
the first few weeks, I wondered if
I'd made a terrible mistake. All
the stuffy formality. The layers
of authority. The eyes on us both.
And, then, that blimp came to town.

JACKIE laughs at the memory.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And you took John and Caroline and
raced out to the airfield and took
them floating over the hills of
Virginia.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

I thought the Secret Service would have a heart attack, racing below trying to keep track of that balloon...

JACKIE

(warmly)

Jack gave me a stern talking to after that little adventure.

NANCY

Those are the luckiest children on earth.

JACKIE

I'm just so terrified.

NANCY

I know.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

A bright and clear November morning. An HONOR GUARD emerges onto the SENATE STEPS, carrying the PRESIDENT'S CASKET.

As the GUARD slowly descends each of the THIRTY SIX STEPS, we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM

...a sad celebration of JOHN JR's 3rd birthday. JACKIE, NANCY, MAUD, and CAROLINE sing to the little boy...

JACKIE

Happy Birthday to you, Happy
Birthday to you, Happy Birthday
Dear John, Happy Birthday to
you....

CUT TO:

INT. TREASURY DEPT - SECRET SERVICE ARMORY

A line of uniformed SECRET SERVICE AGENTS jammed all along a narrow corridor, each stepping forward, one-by-one to be handed a high-powered RIFLE...

SUPERVISING AGENT
(shouting)
Remember gentlemen -- safety's on,
but chambers loaded!

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM

JACKIE presents JOHN with two presents... a TOY HELICOPTER
and a picture book...

JOHN JR.
Peter Rabbit!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

As the HONOR GUARD reaches the bottom of the STEPS and hoists
the CASKET on top of the CAISSON, for its final journey.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM

JACKIE
Happy birthday, little boy.

Off their embrace, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

A line of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS and POLICE OFFICERS trotting
out of the WHITE HOUSE GATES, taking up positions every 10
feet in front of the already waiting mourners...

We ANGLE ON on one AGENT, who, seeing the size of the crowd,
turns to his colleague...

AGENT
We'd better get lucky today. This
is out of control.

Off that colleague's nervous nod, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

The DRUM MAJOR of the MARINE BAND brings down his baton and the CAISSON rolls forward, to the sound of "Our Fallen Heroes," as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - PORTICO - DAY

...the CAISSON coming to a stop in front of the WHITE HOUSE.

We ANGLE UP to see JACKIE peering out at the assembled crowd.

Now JACKIE'S POV... as she looks out at BOBBY and ETHEL. TED KENNEDY and his wife JOAN. JANET and HUGH AUCHINCLOSS. SHRIVER and his wife EUNICE.

PRESIDENT and LADY BIRD JOHNSON.

MCNAMARA and his wife MARGARET. Aides O'BRIEN, O'DONNELL, and POWERS.

Behind them is a pantheon of foreign leaders. DE GAULLE, EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE of Ethiopia, PRINCE PHILLIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER ANASTAS MIKOYAN, JEAN MONNET and others.

It is an extraordinary gathering. JACKIE steps to the front of the group and takes her place between BOBBY and TED. She lowers her BLACK VEIL over her face, and the BLACK WATCH PIPERS their plaintive dirge...

The CAISSON, pulled forth by a train of WHITE STALLIONS, rolls forward and the grim parade begins...

As they exit the WHITE HOUSE GATES, JACKIE looks down PENNSYLVANIA and for the first time comes face-to-face with the scope of the nation's sorrow. All the way to the distant horizon, the sidewalks are overflowing with MOURNERS.

JACKIE pauses and we ANGLE ON... HILL, tensing up beside her. He scans the crowd for threats as POLICE OFFICERS on the rope line similarly snap to attention.

We ANGLE WIDE, and see the long, empty street ahead.

A series of CLOSE-UPS... on a MAN IN A FEDORA. A BLACK MAN. A WOMAN and CHILD. Threats? Or grieving citizens?

JACKIE takes a step and continues bravely marching forward, as the BAGPIPES now completely fill the silence.

As she walks we INTERCUT the walk to SAINT MATTHEWS with...

INT. SAINT MATTHEWS CATHEDRAL

The FUNERAL OF JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY. CLOSE-UP of the PULPIT and the AUXILIARY BISHOP of Washington, PHILLIP HANNAN, reading from KENNEDY'S Innaugural Address...

BISHOP HANNAN

We observe today not a victory of party, but a celebration of freedom, symbolizing an end as well as a beginning, signifying renewal as well as change. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, the the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans...

JACKIE leads the procession, turning off PENNSYLVANIA AVE and onto 17th street. She is erect, regal, poised.

BISHOP HANNAN (CONT'D)

Now the trumpet summons us again -- not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need; not as a call to battle, though embattled we are; but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle...

JACKIE leads the procession off 17th and onto CONNECTICUT AVE, eyes ahead, unwavering.

BISHOP HANNAN (CONT'D)

And so my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.

JACKIE arrives at the entrance to SAINT MATTHEWS, and as the CASKET is carried inside...

BISHOP HANNAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and his Help, but knowing that here on earth, God's work must truly be our own.

CUT TO:

INT. SAINT MATTHEWS CATHEDRAL

ANGLE ON... JACKIE, as BISHOP HANNAN collects his notes and steps down from the pulpit. CARDINAL CUSHING stands before the CASKET. In anguish...

CARDINAL CUSHING
May the angels, dear Jack, lead you
into Paradise. May the martyrs
receive you at your coming.

JACKIE lets out a terrible SOB. A TINY HAND enters the frame, and we see CAROLINE, sitting beside her.

CAROLINE
You'll be alright, Mommy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT MATTHEWS CATHEDRAL - DAY

The CONGREGANTS stream out of the CATHEDRAL and crowd the steps behind JACKIE, flanked by JOHN JR and CAROLINE. The CASKET is back on the CAISSON, for the final leg of its journey.

The MARINE BAND strikes the opening chord of "Hail to the Chief" and every SOLDIER and POLICEMAN snap to attention.

JACKIE leans down to JOHN JR.

JACKIE
(whisper)
You can salute Daddy now and say
goodbye.

JOHN JR raises his right hand to his forehead, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

A CAMERA'S POV... on that very same image of the saluting child, now in BLACK & WHITE, as broadcast to every living room in America.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

...JACKIE standing, alone, looking out the window, as the sun sets over the WHITE HOUSE lawn.

Below her, in the drive, a MOVING VAN has backed up to the WEST WING, emptying it of her husband's belongings.

ANGLE ON... A MOVER, carrying the President's ROCKING CHAIR, just one more piece of furniture being discarded.

JACKIE bows her head, exhausted.

A KNOCK, and MARY enters...

MARY
Mrs. Kennedy?

JACKIE
Yes?

MARY
The First Lady -- I mean Mrs. Johnson -- wishes to know if you'll join her for breakfast in the morning?

JACKIE
Tell the First Lady, I'm simply too exhausted.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

JACKIE lies in bed, sleepless and tormented. She grabs the phone at her bedside and dials...

JACKIE
(into phone)
Bobby?... I need to go see him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

A single LIMOUSINE winding through the vacant streets, past the WASHINGTON MONUMENT and the JEFFERSON MEMORIAL...

...through the gates of ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - NIGHT

The LIMOUSINE comes to a stop on the hill overlooking the newly lit ETERNAL FLAME, and the fresh GRAVE beneath it.

JACKIE races down the hill, BOBBY following closely behind her.

JACKIE stops at the GRAVE and notices...

A GREEN BERET. A BLACK AND WHITE BRASSARD. A BUFF STRAP and OLD GUARD COCKADE. Tributes from soldiers.

BOBBY now stands beside her.

BOBBY

He would have been so proud of you today.

JACKIE

I told him... After Patrick... That there was one thing I couldn't stand.

BOBBY is silent.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

It's ironic. Losing that child. I don't think Jack and I had ever been closer. The way he doted on me. I thought...

She trails off.

BOBBY

He loved you. You have to know that.

JACKIE

Before Texas, he asked me what I planned to wear. He'd never asked me that before. Said I should show those high-society gals what good taste looked like.

BOBBY

He was so grateful you were coming. The day we announced it to the papers, you were the front-page headline.

JACKIE

When we were engaged, he asked me to translate this French book about Indo-China. For a speech he was giving in the Senate. I remember feeling so flattered.

(beat)

But, it all got so complicated, and big, and at some point I just felt like I was watching. Watching Jack and you trying to conquer the world.

JACKIE stares the FLAME, flickering in the black void.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

He wanted to do so much. And this is what we're left with?

BOBBY

It's not over.

JACKIE

It's not?

BOBBY

Not for me, or Larry or Kenny --

JACKIE

Jack's gone. He's gone! And I can't stay in that goddamn house another minute!

BOBBY

Then go to the Cape. I'll be here to fight. For Civil rights. For the moon. Those were Jack's dreams and I promise you Jackie... I'll never let anyone forget it.

JACKIE

Oh, Bobby. How can you? You and Jack... You're both the same. You think I don't know how the world works? All those men today, marching in that parade... Today they wept for him, and tonight they're lining up to serve Lyndon.

BOBBY has no more left in him.

BOBBY

It's been a long day. We're both exhausted.

BOBBY kneels and crosses himself. As he prays, we ANGLE WIDE on the two lonely figures.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE

The next morning, the OVAL OFFICE is hardly recognizable. The SCARLET carpet remains, but little else. All the FURNITURE has been replaced, and PRESIDENT JOHNSON sits behind his new DESK.

He rises as JACKIE walks in to greet him.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Oh, sweetie, how are you doing?

JACKIE
I'm fine, Mr. President. Thank you for asking.

JOHNSON gestures to the couches...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Have a seat?

JACKIE
No, thank you. I know you must be busy.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Please, I --

JACKIE
I've just come to tell you, that the children and I plan to move out immediately.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Now, that's not necessary. Lady Bird and I want you to take all the time you need.

JACKIE
I appreciate that, but, to be honest, I can't stand to be here a moment longer. We leave for the Cape tonight. Nancy will supervise the move in my absence.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
If there's anything we can do...

JACKIE

I want to thank you. For walking yesterday behind Jack. You didn't have to do that -- I'm sure many people forbid you to take such a risk -- but you did it anyway.

(beat)

And I want you to thank you for always being so kind to me and my children.

JOHNSON is moved.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Lady Bird and I... Well, this town, it doesn't bring out the best in people. And you always treated us like human beings. We'll never forget that.

JACKIE hugs JOHNSON as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - PORTICO - DAY

JACKIE, CAROLINE, and JOHN JR, getting into a waiting LIMOUSINE, as the last of their luggage is loaded behind them...

JACKIE takes a final look back at her home as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM

WALTON mounting a plaque outside JACKIE'S bedroom. We ANGLE IN and it reads:

"In this room lived John Fitzgerald Kennedy and his wife, Jaqueline, during the two years, ten months, and two days he was President of the United States: January 20, 1961 - November 22, 1963."

We ANGLE OUT... and see the bedroom is EMPTY, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNSTABLE AIRPORT - HYANNIS, MA - DAY

... JACKIE, JOHN JR, and CAROLINE... stepping off a small plane at the Hyannis airport, where POWERS and PAT LAWFORD are waiting.

As they embrace, we...

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

... the room where we first saw JACKIE, staring out that same window. Tonight the seas are calm.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - O'BRIEN'S OFFICE

O'BRIEN puts the last of his possessions into a cardboard box, and looks around his empty office.

VALENTI appears in the doorway.

O'BRIEN

I'll be out of your way in just a minute.

VALENTI

(sincere)

I'm sorry. They told me you'd left.

O'BRIEN

You must be relieved. That it's all over.

VALENTI

It'll never be over, Larry. The country will be grieving for a long time. I wish I had that luxury, but I look around, and -- well, there's just so much work that needs doing.

O'BRIEN moves out from behind the desk and walks toward the door. VALENTI reaches out to stop him.

VALENTI (CONT'D)

These past few days... I probably haven't said it enough. I'm so sorry for your loss.

(MORE)

VALENTI (CONT'D)
For what we've all lost.
(beat)
I know we'll never fill his shoes.

O'BRIEN
He'd want you to try.
(beat)
Good luck, Jack. We'll all be
pulling for you.

O'BRIEN exits for the last time.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

JACKIE, POWERS, and PAT, sit on the couch. JACKIE smokes,
and POWERS nurses a drink.

ANGLE ON a TELEVISION in the corner of the room, broadcasting
a Joint Session of Congress...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
(on television)
John F. Kennedy told his
countrymen, "let us begin." Today,
in this moment of new resolve, I
would say to all my fellow
Americans, let us continue.

We INTERCUT JOHNSON'S speech with...

EXT. HYANNIS BEACH - DAY

JACKIE sitting alone in the sand as CAROLINE and JACK play
under gray skies before her...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
I urge you again, as I did in 1957
and again in 1960, to enact a civil
rights law so that we can move
forward to eliminate from this
Nation every trace of
discrimination and oppression that
is based upon race or color.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - KITCHEN

JACKIE sits at the TABLE with PAT, while POWERS pours them
coffee. PAT and POWERS laugh at some shared joke, but JACKIE
is lost and silent...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

In short, this is no time for delay. It is a time for action-- strong, forward-looking action on the pending education bills to help bring the light of learning to every home and hamlet in America...

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - BEDROOM

JACKIE picks photographs off the DRESSER... JACK and BOBBY... JACK, BOBBY, TED, and their father JOE... JACK and JACKIE with BOBBY and ETHEL...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Strong, forward-looking action on youth employment opportunities; strong, forward-looking action on the pending foreign aid bill...

EXT. HYANNIS BEACH - DAY

JACKIE walks alone, shuddering against the frigid wind off the water...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

We meet in grief, but let us also meet in renewed dedication and renewed vigor. Let us meet in action...

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

JACKIE sits on the couch, that storm now raging outside. She picks up the PHONE beside her.

JACKIE

(into phone)

Dave?... I need to speak to Theodore White please... No, tonight. As soon as possible.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPE COD - NIGHT - AERIAL

That black LIMOUSINE barely cutting through the downpour as it races down a curving, treacherous road...

CUT TO:

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - NIGHT

The LIMOUSINE pulls up to the front door, and WHITE dashes through the rain. He KNOCKS, and we...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

...JACKIE, extinguishing a CIGARETTE in an ashtray overflowing with butts. WHITE is on the last pages of his NOTEBOOK. He finishes writing and shakes out his hand. He's been at it for hours.

JACKIE

I'm sorry. I hope I haven't exhausted you.

WHITE

Not at all.

JACKIE

It's just... I know that fairly soon... no one will be listening.

WHITE

These past few days, Mrs. Kennedy... You've made a mark on this country.

JACKIE

Perhaps. But what have people really seen? How will they think of it all?

WHITE

No one can shake the horror of Dallas. It's all people can talk about.

JACKIE

But that's all so trivial. All this speculation about Oswald. It's beside the point.

WHITE

My editors tell me 95% of Americans watched the funeral from start to finish. Your dignity. The majesty of it all. Decades from now -- You've set a standard.

JACKIE seems dissatisfied by his answer.

JACKIE

There's one last thing I need to say. It's more important than all the rest.

WHITE

Of course, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE

At night, before going to bed, we had an old Victrola. We'd play a couple records. And his favorite was "Camelot".

WHITE

The musical?

JACKIE

(laughing to herself)

I'm so ashamed of myself. Everything Jack ever quoted was Greek or Roman. But it's the last song, the last side of "Camelot" that keeps running through my head.

(beat)

"Don't let it be forgot, that for one brief shining moment there was a Camelot."

WHITE

And why do you think he loved that song?

JACKIE

Jack loved history so. It made him what he was. Imagine him... this little boy, in bed with scarlet fever. He was reading history. The Knights of the Round Table. More than any other man I've ever known, he saw heroes where others saw mere mortals.

(beat)

Don't misunderstand... Jack wasn't naive. But, he had ideals. Ideals he could rally others to believe in.

WHITE

You must have some faith... that those ideals will live on?

JACKIE
Of course there will be progress.
And there will be other great
Presidents. The Johnson's have
been so generous to me.
(beat)
But there won't be another Camelot,
Mr. White. Not another Camelot...

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - KITCHEN

WHITE sits at the kitchen table with his notepad, on the
phone to New York. JACKIE stands directly over this
shoulder.

WHITE
(into phone)
It's me... I know... Have they held
open the pages? Ok, then, let's
stop bickering then and get to
it...

We INTERCUT WHITE dictating his article -- JACKIE never
leaving his side -- with...

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

The ETERNAL FLAME, steady, over KENNEDY'S grave.

Slowly, we PULL WIDE and see two fresh graves have been dug
beside it. They are smaller than usual...

CUT TO:

WHITE
(into phone)
Yes, new paragraph... All through
the night they tried to separate
him from her, to sedate her, to
take care of her -- and she would
not let them...

JACKIE nods behind him...

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Two groups of SOLDIERS step into the frame, carrying two tiny CASKETS... They take up position beside the graves.

As the CASKETS slowly lower...

WHITE (O.S.)
 She had given him a St.
 Christopher's medal when they were
 married; but when Patrick died this
 summer, they had wanted to put
 something in the coffin with
 Patrick that was from them both;
 and so he had put in the St.
 Christopher's medal.

The tiny CASKETS come to a rest in their graves, and we swing
 OVERHEAD to see the markers...

PATRICK BOUVIER KENNEDY, August 17, 1963 - August 19, 1963

DAUGHTER, 1956

We ANGLE UP to see JACKIE, alone, presiding over the reburial
 of her two lost children...

WHITE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 As for herself, she was horrified
 by the stories that she might live
 abroad. 'That's a desecration.
 I'm going to live in the places I
 live with Jack.'

CLOSE-UP on JACKIE...

WHITE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 She does not want them to forget
 John F. Kennedy or read of him only
 in dusty or bitter histories: For
 one brief shining moment there was
 Camelot.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK:

During those four endless days in 1963, she held us together
 as a family and a country. In large part because of her, we
 could grieve and then go on. She lifted us up, and in the
 doubt and darkness, she gave her fellow citizens back their
 pride as Americans. She was then 34 years old.

--SENATOR TED KENNEDY, EULOGIZING
JACKIE, MAY 23, 1994

FADE OUT.