

JACKIE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HYANNIS BEACH - DAY

JACKIE KENNEDY. Jet-black bouffant, regal bearing, perfect symmetrical features.

But the light behind her eyes has gone out.

She walks alone, shuddering against a frigid wind.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: *Hyannis Port, Massachusetts 1963*

FADE IN:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

Jackie -- black trim slacks, beige pullover sweater -- paces at the window.

Finally, a cab pulls into the driveway.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - FOYER

A JOURNALIST -- handsome yet ruffled -- stands uneasily in the doorway.

JOURNALIST

Mrs. Kennedy? They told me to come up.

She studies his unkempt appearance, but doesn't answer. The Journalist is perplexed but strains to be gentle...

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

I- I'm so sorry for your loss.

Jackie takes a long moment -- her voice raw...

JACKIE

Have you read what they've been writing? Krock and Merriman and all the rest?

JOURNALIST

Yes. I have.

JACKIE

Merriman is such a bitter man.
It's been just one week and already
they're treating him like some
dusty old artifact, to be shelved
away.

(beat)

That's no way to be remembered.

JOURNALIST

And how would you like him
remembered, Mrs. Kennedy?

Suddenly stern, authoritative --

JACKIE

You understand that I will be
editing this conversation?

(beat)

Just in case I don't say exactly
what I mean.

JOURNALIST

With all due respect that seems
very unlikely, Mrs. Kennedy.

Jackie stares at him, polite but firm.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

Right. Okay. So this will be your
own version of...what happened.

Holding his gaze, she refocuses, preparing for a performance
of sorts.

JACKIE

Exactly. Come in.

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - DECK

Jackie and the Journalist sit across from each other at a
table. She smokes a cigarette, lost in the horrible memory.

JACKIE

I thought it was another backfire.

(beat)

I very nearly didn't go. What if
I'd been here, or out riding in
Virginia somewhere?

(beat)

Thank God I was with him...

She trails off.

JOURNALIST

Why, *thank God?*

Instead of an answer--

JACKIE

Do you know what I think of history?

JOURNALIST

Of history?

JACKIE

I've read a great deal. More than people realize. The more I read, the more I wonder: When something is written down, does that make it true?

JOURNALIST

It's all that we have.

JACKIE

Had. We have television now. Now people can see with their own eyes.

JOURNALIST

That tour of the White House you did a couple of years ago, for CBS, I always assumed you did that for...a purpose? No? After the fashion magazines? You even won an Emmy...

JACKIE

I didn't do that program for *me*. I did it for the American people.

JOURNALIST

That program was my first glimpse into the White House and for whatever it's worth, I thought you were excellent, very poised.

JACKIE

Thank you.

An afterthought...

JOURNALIST

You could have had a career as a broadcaster. I'm sure.

JACKIE

What?

The Journalist looks up from his notes.

JOURNALIST

I'm sorry?

JACKIE

What did you say?

JOURNALIST

(nervous)

I said...you could have had a career as a broadcaster.

JACKIE

Are you giving me professional advice?

He shakes his head, embarrassed...

JOURNALIST

I'm not.

(beat)

But I'm sure that the whole country would like to know what you're going to do next.

JACKIE

I can assure you -- not television.

She takes another drag of her cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - WHITE HOUSE (1962)

Jackie is a year younger -- at the height of her legendary beauty -- wearing a floor-length, scarlet gown.

JACKIE

Welcome to the White House.

Behind her are LIGHTS and BOOM MIC's -- a full-blown TELEVISION PRODUCTION.

She stands face to face with NANCY TUCKERMAN, her social secretary. Life-long friends, Nancy is Jackie's less stylish, less successful sister.

Displeased with the sound of her voice, Jackie lifts her shoulders, her posture more erect. She tries again.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Welcome to the White House. We're
so proud to call it home.

Her brow furrows, still dissatisfied.

NANCY
Why don't you try 'the people's
house'? Make it more personal.

Jackie considers the suggestion. And now -- with that
notorious, breathy diction...

JACKIE
Welcome to the *people's house*.
We're so proud to call it home.
(beat)
Better?

Nancy nods.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
When will Jack join us?

NANCY
They want to hear from you.

Jackie is skeptical --

JACKIE
They think I'm a fool -- one year
in office, wasting their money.

NANCY
That's why you need to show them
what you've done.

Nancy can tell Jackie is still uneasy.

NANCY (CONT'D)
The President will join you in the
Monroe Room. At the end of the
tour. You'll be great.

Jackie smiles, grateful and takes a deep breath.

JACKIE
Stay close.

NANCY
Of course. You look beautiful.

Jackie walks onto set and the TV LIGHTS turn ON.

INT. STAGING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1962)- CONTINUOUS

This is the legendary White House tour, broadcast by CBS on February 14, 1962, to an audience of 56 million people

CHARLES COLLINGSWOOD of CBS NEWS narrates over black and white footage.

COLLINGSWOOD (V.O.)

This is the White House as seen from its South Lawn. For the next hour Mrs. John F. Kennedy invites you to visit the President's House and see some of the restorations she's made in its interior. Mrs. John F. Kennedy, third youngest of the twenty-nine wives to live in the White House.

Jackie's beauty has been magnified ten-fold. Her nerves have vanished. She smiles, radiant, and the show is on...

COLLINGSWOOD

Mrs. Kennedy I want to thank you for letting us visit your official home.

(beat)

This is obviously the room from which most of your work on it is directed...

All around them, ANTIQUE FURNITURE is arranged in various states of restoration and disrepair.

JACKIE

(playful)

Yes, it's attic and the cellar all in one. Since our work started we received hundreds of letters every day. This is where we evaluate all of the finds and see if we want to keep them if they'll fit into our budget.

COLLINGSWOOD

Mrs. Kennedy, every first lady and every administration since President Madison's time, has made changes greater or smaller in the White House.

Jackie steals a glance off-camera. With a quiet gesture -- Nancy reminds her to smile.

COLLINGSWOOD (CONT'D)

Before we look at some of the changes you've made...What's your basic plan?

A beat, as Jackie considers her motivation. And then, from the heart --

JACKIE

Well, I really don't have one. Because I think this house will always grow and should. It just seemed to me such a shame when we came here, to find hardly anything of the past in the house. Hardly anything before 19-2.

Off-camera Nancy looks at her notes, nodding along to Jackie's words.

COLLINGSWOOD

Now suppose you and your committee were to acquire some of the things that are in this room, what happens when the next President's wife comes into the White House?

JACKIE

Well if they don't want it...in the past, you see, they could sell it or throw it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - DECK- DAY

Jackie continues the interview with the Journalist.

JOURNALIST

And the talk of the tax payer money being wasted?

JACKIE

I raised every dime privately that we spent on that restoration. I loved that house and wanted to share it with the American people. To impart a sense of America's greatness.

(beat)

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Objects and artifacts last far
 longer than people and they
 represent important ideas in
 history, identity...beauty.

He scribbles down her remarks -- all cold, abstract ideas.
 And then, probing, trying to find the emotion...

JOURNALIST
 I'm sure the readers would like to
 know... What it's like to be a
 member of your family?

Jackie thinks -- and then...

JACKIE
 Imagine a little boy surrounded by
 all this. Having his older brother
 die in battle and then going off to
 that same war and coming home a
 hero. People see that little boy,
 born to wealth, privilege, willing
 to sacrifice everything for his
 ideals and service to his nation.

JOURNALIST
 Royalty. You make it sound like
 royalty.

JACKIE
 Well for royalty you need
 tradition. And for tradition you
 need time.

JOURNALIST
 Well I guess it has to start
 somewhere, right? There has to be a
 day one?

CUT TO:

INT. EAST ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1962)

Jackie and Collingswood now stand in the sprawling East Room.

COLLINGSWOOD
 This is the East Room, pretty much
 as Americans have known it now for
 sixty years. Obviously you haven't
 felt like you had to make any great
 changes in it.

JACKIE

No, I think it's lovely. I hate to make changes really, so when you find a room like this, it's wonderful.

COLLINGSWOOD

This piano brings to mind that this is the part of the White House where you have the musical affairs?

JACKIE

That's right this piano was designed by Franklin Roosevelt with the Eagle's Support.

(beat)

And this is the end of the room where Pablo Casals played for us, where we had a portable stage built for us, when we had the Shakespeare Players.

COLLINGSWOOD

Mrs. Kennedy, this administration has shown a particular affinity for artists, musicians, writers, and poets.

Behind the camera, Nancy tracks Jackie's every move.

COLLINGSWOOD (CONT'D)

Is this because you and your husband just feel that way. Or do you think there's a relationship between the government and the arts?

Jackie pauses -- clearly hesitant to tread on any ground resembling public policy.

JACKIE

That's so complicated. I-I don't know.

(beat)

I just think that everything in the White House should be the best.

INTERCUT --

INT. EAST ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1961)

The East Room at its most glamorous.

Jackie is seated in the first row of an audience listening to Pablo Casals play Felix Mendelssohn's Piano Trio No. 1 in D minor, Op. 49.

Jackie is transfixed. Happy.

INT. EAST ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1962)

Nancy watches Jackie speak to Collingswood.

JACKIE
And if it's an American company
that you can help, I like to do
that. If it's not...Just as long
as it's the best.

INT. EAST ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1961)

PUSH IN on Jackie, basking in Casal's performance.
Captivated.

The final note. The music ends.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

The interview continues inside. She sits on the couch now,
across from the Journalist.

JOURNALIST
Is your faith helping you?

JACKIE
I'd prefer to discuss my faith with
a priest. You're not a man of the
cloth, are you?

JOURNALIST
No, I'm not. I'm just trying to get
to the truth. That's what
reporters do.

JACKIE
The truth? Well I've grown
accustomed to a great divide
between what people believe and
what I know to be real.

JOURNALIST

Fine, I will settle for a story that's believable.

JACKIE

That's more like it. You know I used to be a reporter myself once. I know what you're looking for.

JOURNALIST

(confused)

I'm sorry?

JACKIE

A moment-by-moment account. That's what you came her for, isn't it?

(beat)

You want me to describe the sound the bullet made when it collided with my husband's skull.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - PRESIDENTIAL QUARTERS - DALLAS, 1963

Jackie applies makeup in the mirror while practicing a speech in Spanish. Her delivery is practiced, careful.

JACKIE

I'm very happy to be in the great state of Texas, to be with you and experience the noble Spanish tradition that has achieved so much in Dallas. This tradition started 100 years ago before the colonization of Massachusetts, my husband's State. It is a tradition that remains alive and strong.

She puts on her famous pink, pillbox hat and closes the mirror.

INT./EXT. DALLAS - LOVE FIELD - DAY

Jackie walks through the plane. She can hear the loud crowd outside.

JACKIE

(hopeful)

Is that the sound of birds?

Playing along with his wife --

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (O.S.)
 Not exactly birds. Must be the
 ocean...
 (beat)
 Are you ready?

JACKIE
 (ironic)
 Of course. I love crowds.

The door opens. Jackie walks 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,
 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.

Beside her is her husband, PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY.

Jackie absorbs the roar of the crowd like a physical assault.
 Then sees GOVERNOR JOHN CONNALLY and his wife NELLIE waiting
 at the bottom of the short staircase, flanked by a saluting
 honor guard.

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

LYNDON JOHNSON
 You remember the Governor and Mrs.
 Connally?

LADYBIRD
 Welcome to Dallas, Darling.

She carefully descends to the bottom of the stairs, where
 suddenly -- Nellie thrusts a bouquet of RED ROSES into her
 hands.

A beat, as she eyes the crimson blossoms.

And then -- shouting over the screaming crowd...

JACKIE
 My! What a welcome!

The Governor places a conspiratorial arm around the President
 and holds him for a whispered conference.

Amidst the chaos, Jackie turns around to face the CROWD,
 which erupts in even louder cheers. She blushes, almost
 embarrassed, and responds with a demure smile.

Then she notices -- the President is on the move again. She hurries to catch up as he marches toward the waiting limo.

Jackie holds a grin in place and methodically makes eye contact with every voter on the rope line --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

The interview with Journalist continues. Her voice quivering, a stream of consciousness...

JACKIE

There'd been the biggest motorcade from the airport. Hot, wild like in Mexico or Vienna. The sun was strong in our faces but I couldn't wear my sunglasses. Jack has his hand out and I see a piece of his skull come off. It wasn't flesh colored, it wasn't white. He slumps in my lap. His blood, his brains in my lap. And I'm saying Jack, Jack can you hear me, Jack, I love you Jack!

(through tears)

And his head was so beautiful, and his mouth was beautiful and his eyes were open. I was trying to keep the top of his head down. Keep it all in. He had the most wonderful expression on his face, you know? Just before they'd ask him a question, just before he'd answer. He looked puzzled.

(beat)

I knew he was dead.

She lights a cigarette. The Journalist looks up from his notes.

JOURNALIST

(clears throat)

Mrs. Kennedy--

JACKIE

Don't think for one second I'm going to let you publish that.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 You understand?

JOURNALIST
 Yes, of course. I understand.

The Journalist looks down.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)
 What did the bullet sound like?

PUSH IN on Jackie and...

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE - DALLAS

BANG! -- two motorcycles speed up to the President's Limousine as it races to the hospital.

Jackie sits in back. Her husband's head is in her hands.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - PRESIDENTIAL QUARTERS

A TIGHT CLOSE-UP of Jackie. Her wide-set, deep brown eyes are blank, exhausted.

Her mascara is streaked, her cheeks scarred with red-brown smudges. The dried blood of her dead husband. She stares at herself in the mirror. The pillbox hat is gone -- cast on the floor -- and her usually perfect hair is tousled.

Frantically, she scrubs at the blood, some of it still wet, with Kleenex.

She wipes at her reflection in the mirror.

Finally, she pats her face dry with a hanging towel. Then, noticing her hair, she attempts to restore its shape with her hands. Her hands quiver.

Frustrated, she lets out a wrenching SOB. And then -- KNOCK! KNOCK!

O'BRIEN (O.S.)
 Mrs. Kennedy? Are you alright?
 It's Larry...

She takes in a breath, forcing her composure.

JACKIE

I'll be ready in a moment.

LARRY O'BRIEN, the President's Congressional Liaison and old family friend, speaks to her from the doorway.

O'BRIEN

Take all of the time you need.

With her fingers she wipes the tears and blood from under her eyes.

JACKIE

Are they waiting?

Jackie stares at herself in the mirror -- a macabre distortion of the picture from Love Field that morning.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JACKIE'S POV -- PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON, his wife LADY BIRD, his aide JACK VALENTI. CONGRESSMEN ALBERT THOMAS and JACK BROOKS, stand by JUDGE SARAH HUGHES, who holds up a small bible.

President Johnson hesitates -- but there's no choice. He places his hand on the bible.

Jackie pulls back her shoulders, holding herself erect.

JUDGE HUGHES

I do, solemnly swear...

President Johnson's deep Texas drawl is uncharacteristically soft, subdued. He repeats every line after Judge Hughes.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

I do solemnly swear...

JUDGE HUGHES

That I will faithfully execute...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

That I will faithfully execute...

JUDGE HUGHES

The office of President of the United States...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

The Office of President of the United States...

JUDGE HUGHES
And will to the best of my
ability...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
And will to the best of my
ability...

JUDGE HUGHES
Preserve...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Preserve...

JUDGE HUGHES
Protect...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Protect...

JUDGE HUGHES
And defend...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
And defend...

JUDGE HUGHES
The Constitution of the United
States...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
The Constitution of the United
States...

JUDGE HUGHES
So help me God...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
So help me God...

Johnson kisses his wife, then places his hand on Jackie's
shoulder.

A FLASHBULB erupts, capturing the moment.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Let's start the engines and get
some of the heat off this plane.
Thank you.

Valenti shakes President Johnson's hand and addresses him.

VALENTI
Mr. President.

Jackie's eyes drift downward, blank.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - LATER

Air Force One is airborne. Jackie sits, staring straight ahead.

Suddenly she rises and approaches CLINT HILL, the head of her Secret Service detail.

JACKIE
Agent Hill? Can you tell me...what size was the bullet?

A beat of silence, everyone unsettled.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I don't think it was a thirty eight, was it? What do you call it? The caliber? It seemed bigger. It seemed like something soldiers would use or maybe it was the kind they use for deer hunting....

O'BRIEN
(very careful)
Mrs. Kennedy, you don't have to-- we don't know yet.

No one answers. She becomes distant, lost in concentration.

She turns to her husband's oldest friends, the IRISH MAFIA -- KENNY O'DONNELL, O'Brien, and DAVE POWERS.

JACKIE
We need to have the Irish Cadets.

O'BRIEN
I'm sorry?

JACKIE
Yes. The Irish Cadets -- for the funeral. Jack loved them. He saw them perform in Dublin last summer.

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

JACKIE
And those bagpipers from Scotland. What were they called, Kenny?

O'DONNELL
Yeah. The Black Watch.

JACKIE
That's right. The Black Watch
Pipers.

Hill approaches --

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

JACKIE
--Why the rear?

HILL
There's press at Andrews. Not to
mention the security risk--

JACKIE
--I'm supposed to hide away. Now?

HILL
Not hide--

Jackie's voice rises, an unexpected anger--

JACKIE
--I'm sure those people would love
that. What do they call
themselves? The Birch Society? No,
I will not sneak out the back door.
(beat, final)
I'll go out the usual way. We all
will.

Hill is about to argue, but Jackie stares back at him --
defiant -- and he realizes it's a lost cause.

HILL
I'll arrange it.

And now ADMIRAL GEORGE BURKLEY interjects--

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

JACKIE
 (aghast)
 The autopsy?
 (beat)
 Is that necessary?

BURKLEY
 I'm afraid it's required.

JACKIE
 By who?

BURKLEY
 The law, Mrs. Kennedy.

She considers this. And then --

JACKIE
 And what exactly will they do?

Burkley hesitates -- looks to the others for help -- but no one knows what she means.

BURKLEY
 I'm not sure--

JACKIE
 --What does an 'autopsy' entail? I want you to explain to me. I want all of the details. I'm his wife -- or whatever I am now.
 (beat)
 I want all the details. Will they slice him open?

LADY BIRD JOHNSON approaches. 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, repulsed by the gore that still clings to Jackie's dress.

LADY BIRD
 Oh, Darling.

She takes Jackie's hand, instead.

LADY BIRD (CONT'D)
 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.

LADY BIRD (CONT'D)

All those cameras... People will be watching.

But Jackie is lost in her own world...

JACKIE

There were wanted posters.
Everywhere. For Jack. With Jack's
face on them.....

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Let them see what they've done.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - REAR PASSENGER CABIN - ANDREWS AFB

Jackie remains seated as the plane comes to a halt.

She watches as a FORKLIFT passes by, headed to the rear of the plane where it will unload her husband's casket.

Suddenly, from the front of the plane, she hears --

BOBBY (O.S.)

Jackie?! Where's Jackie?

She rises -- as ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT KENNEDY, his face streaked with tears -- comes rushing down the aisle.

JACKIE

Bobby!

She collapses into his arms and buries herself into his shoulder. Amidst the noisy chaos of the now-crowded cabin, they are quiet.

And then -- the rear door 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.

An AIR FORCE OFFICER, in charge of the Crew, informs Bobby...

AF OFFICER

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

Jackie is suddenly panicked --

BOBBY
 (to AF Officer)
 Mrs. Kennedy and I will ride with
 the casket. In the ambulance.

O'Brien pulls Bobby aside, but still in earshot of Jackie.

O'BRIEN
 Valenti wants to know how we are
 going to handle the exit.

BOBBY
 The exit?

O'BRIEN
 He says Johnson wants to talk to
 the press.

Jackie takes Bobby's arm...

BOBBY
 (to O'Brien)
 He can exit however he wants. We're
 leaving now.

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING)

Jackie and Bobby sit on either side of the CASKET. A moment
 of calm after the frenzy at Andrews.

Suddenly, it occurs to her --

JACKIE
 The casket 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.

BOBBY
 I'm not sure it can be. For a Head
 of State...

Bobby's exhausted.

JACKIE
 There was blood everywhere. There
 were so many pieces.

Still rattled himself, Bobby tries to comfort her...

BOBBY

Jackie...

JACKIE

I tried to hold his head together.

The Ambulance hits a pot-hole, and the Casket slides -- slamming into Bobby.

BOBBY

(to Driver, upset)

Hey! Slow down.

They sit in silence, staring straight ahead.

INT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - PRIVATE WAITING ROOM

Jackie looks in anguish at the door that leads to the operating room.

She is surrounded by family and friends but nobody dares to speak. Next to her is Nancy. Also BENJAMIN and TONI BRADLEE, close friends. JANET LEE and HUGH AUCHINCLOSS, JACKIE'S mother and step-father. PAM TURNURE, JACKIE'S press secretary and MARY GALLAGHER, her private secretary. DOCTOR JOHN WALSH, her personal doctor. O'Brien and O'Donnell are also present, along with DEFENSE SECRETARY ROBERT MACNAMARA.

Everyone looks at the door. As it opens and closes we see the hospital personnel carrying supplies and equipment for the autopsy.

What follows unfolds in a splintered haze of grief...

A TV set blasts the news.

WALTER CRONKITE

(on television)

The President was lying motionless in the car. Mrs. Kennedy was leaning over him fully. Connelly was in the backseat holding his stomach with both hands. Inside the emergency room witnesses said the First Lady was splattered with blood...

Jackie walks down the hospital hall, drawn toward the autopsy room. But Bobby retrieves her...

BOBBY

Jackie, Jackie...

JACKIE

Make sure they make him look like himself.

All around her, the room divides into smaller groups. Dr. Walsh, Ben Bradlee, O'Brien, and Macnamara break off. Bobby confers with O'Brien and O'Donnell.

Jackie finds herself surrounded by Pam, Nancy, Mary, Toni and her mother.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(anxious)

Where are the children?

JANET

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

JACKIE

I'd rather them at home. Their routine shouldn't be disrupted.

JANET

Yes. Of course.

MARY

I'll see to it.

JACKIE

What do they know?

No one answers.

Dr. Walsh approaches and greets her.

DR. WALSH

You need some rest.

Handing her something...

DR. WALSH (CONT'D)

Is there water?

Jackie accepts the pill, eyeing it in her palm. She delicately swallows it.

She drifts through the room towards Bobby.

JACKIE

It had to be some silly little Communist...

(beat)

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 If he'd been killed for civil
 rights... At least then it would
 have meant something. You know?

Wistful, weighed down with regret --

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Jack warned me. Said we were going
 to 'nut country.' But I thought it
 was all going so well. Fort Worth.
 In Houston. All the problems Adlai
 had -- Jack was winning them over.

Bobby tries to calm her down.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 They kept handing me yellow roses.
 Yellow roses. At every stop. Yellow
 roses. Then in Dallas...

Jackie trails off...

BOBBY
 I know. Hey let's turn this off.

Bobby turns off the television.

And now -- he whispers to Jackie, his own rage boiling
 over...

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 They want a show of grief. They're
 already asking about funeral
 arrangements!

Jackie storms towards the operating room.

At the last moment, right as the door opens and she sees the
 body of her husband, she CRIES out -- and Bobby pulls her
 back.

He holds her, consoling her.

Later -- everyone sits the waiting room, once again watching
 the news.

WALTER CRONKITE
 (on television)
 President Johnson met with
 Secretary of State Rusk. Minutes
 later there was a hastily added
 conference with Secretary of
 Defense McNamara.
 (MORE)

WALTER CRONKITE (CONT'D)
 Even at a time of sorrow the harsh
 facts of the Cold War do not allow
 a pause in overseeing the affairs
 of Defense and Foreign Policy.
 There seems little doubt that
 McNamara will stay on under Mr.
 Johnson...

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING)- NIGHT

The ambulance carrying the PRESIDENT'S CASKET now winds through the darkened streets of our nation's Capital.

Next to Jackie in the back of the ambulance, Bobby is in a daze.

BOBBY
 Lyndon's people are claiming I told
 him to take the oath in Dallas.
 Asshole couldn't wait and now
 they're blaming me for it.

Jackie looks out at the glowing MONUMENTS, passing rows of AMERICAN FLAGS outside government offices, all flying at half-mast.

Suddenly Jackie lowers the glass barrier separating them from the DRIVER.

JACKIE
 (to Driver)
 Excuse me. Do you know who James
 Garfield was?

A beat of hesitation, confused.

DRIVER
 No, Ma'am.

She looks to the Nurse.

JACKIE
 Do you know who William McKinley
 was? Or what he did?

No answer. The Driver glances back to Bobby, looking for help, but none is coming.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 They were both US Presidents killed
 while they were in office.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 And what about Abraham Lincoln? Do
 you know what he did?

DRIVER
 (relieved)
 He won the Civil War. He abolished
 slavery, Ma'am.

JACKIE
 That's right. Thank you.

Jackie raises the glass barrier. She turns to Bobby --

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Bobby, please tell them I want the
 books on Lincoln. About his
 funeral.

Once again, they sit in silence.

EXT. NORTHWEST PORTICO - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Motorcade comes to a stop outside the White House where a
 MARINE HONOR GUARD has taken up position.

INT. HALLWAY - KID'S ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie arrives at John Jr's room. Carefully opens the door
 and peeks in. He's sleeping.

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie, alone, surveys her bedroom. Her WEDDING PHOTO sits
 on one night-stand, PHOTOS OF JOHN JR and CAROLINE on the
 other.

Finally, one button at-a-time, she undresses and the Chanel
 Suit falls to the ground in a bloody heap.

She cries as she takes off her stained stockings.

She scrubs furiously at the blood under her nails.

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

She turns on the water. Blood races from her hair down her
 back.

CLOSE ON Jackie as water pounds her face...

She walks back through her room in a nightdress.

She lights a cigarette and lies down in bed with it.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

Jackie smokes as the Journalist finishes scribbling. A beat of silence, and then --

JOURNALIST

You'll have to share something personal, eventually. People won't stop asking until you do.

JACKIE

And if I don't they'll interpret my silence however they want?

(beat)

Her brow furrows. Her lips are drawn. She holds back her tears...but she can't hide her anger.

JOURNALIST

Most writers want to be famous.

JACKIE

Do you want to be famous?

JOURNALIST

No I'm fine as I am, thank you.

JACKIE

You should prepare yourself, this article will bring you a great deal of attention.

JOURNALIST

In that case, any advice for me?

JACKIE

Yes.

(beat)

Don't marry the President.

The journalist looks down, nervous and uncomfortable.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Are you afraid I'm about to cry?

JOURNALIST

No, I'd say you're more likely to scream.

JACKIE

Scream what?

JOURNALIST

My husband was a great man.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

CLOSE ON an etching of LINCOLN'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

BILL WALTON -- Jackie's dear friend and cultural advisor -- traces the route as he speaks.

WALTON

Lincoln's funeral catafalque departed the White House, and progressed along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol.

Jackie stands next to him. Her fair skin pops dramatically against her chic black dress -- accidentally the most beautiful widow in the world.

WALTON (CONT'D)

The next day it returned to the White House, and then they walked all the way to St. Matthew's in a long, grand procession. It was a sunny spring day. Only six hundred tickets were allotted, but thousands lined the streets and rooftops. Citizens, Senators, Congressman, Diplomats and Officers -- all in their full dress uniforms.

Walton picks up a photograph.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Lincoln's mount, 'Old Bob' was draped in a black blanket with white trim and tassels. Hooded, he was led riderless at the head of a miles-long procession by the Reverend Henry Brown.

Jackie stops to examine a PAINTING of LINCOLN'S CASKET lying in state.

JACKIE

I can feel Jack getting angry with us. 'There you go, spending all that money on those silly little knick-nacks...

(beat)

The man would spend whatever it took for votes, but balked at buying a beautiful painting.

(beat)

I guess we don't have to worry about that anymore.

Walton has no idea what to say.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

We must get this right, Bill. We must get this right. It has to be beautiful.

(beat)

Did you tell them we'll need a horse-drawn carriage? We have to march with Jack. Everyone. A big beautiful procession that people will remember.

WALTON

Mrs. Kennedy... You don't have to do this.

JACKIE

Do what?

WALTON

In fact, I don't think they'll let you parade through the streets.

(beat)

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

Jackie sees the deep concern in his eyes. Before she can respond there's a knock --

NANCY (O.S.)

Mrs. Kennedy?

Jackie turns to her old friend.

JACKIE
Are the children awake?

NANCY
They're playing in Caroline's room.

Jackie considers this -- knows she can't avoid the inevitable any longer.

JACKIE
How do I do this?

Nancy takes Jackie's arm to comfort her.

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

INT. HALLWAY - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie walks with Nancy toward her daughter's bedroom -- a fierce determination in her eyes.

She is the executioner, about to kill her own children's innocence.

She stops at the threshold of her daughter's bedroom, about to barge in -- and stops cold.

INSIDE -- CAROLINE (5) and JOHN JR. (nearly 3) are drawing with MAUD SHAW, their longtime nanny.

Jackie gives them one more moment, and then --

INT. CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

--steps inside. The children both turn and rush toward her with delighted squeals.

While Jackie embraces them, in hushed tones...

NANCY
What do they know?

MAUD
I tried to explain to Caroline last night. She keeps asking for him. 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.

Mommy, where's Daddy?

JACKIE

Daddy won't be coming home.

CAROLINE

Why not?

Jackie struggles.

JACKIE

Daddy had to go see your baby brother Patrick. In heaven.

CAROLINE

Why?

JACKIE

Because I'm here with you. And we don't want Patrick to get lonely, do we?

CAROLINE

But what about us?

JACKIE

Caroline, I need you to be a big girl. You can be brave, right? You can be a soldier?

(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, of course you can, my love.

INT. EAST ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

The room has been transformed into a hall of mourning.

Walton has added some additional touches since the night before -- looping BLACK CREPE along the molding, a catafalque where the Shakespeare stage would have stood.

Jackie is seated with Caroline, John Jr, and Bobby.

(Present are once again Jackie's parents, Janet 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.)

John Jr, a restless boy, gets up and walks through the room with a mischievous smile.

Bobby follows, scoops him up and returns him to their seats.

Jackie holds John Jr's hand and pulls Caroline closer.

A beat -- as Jackie clocks the anguish and pity on the faces around her. She lowers her eyes unable to bear it.

FATHER KUHN

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

INT. WEST SITTING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

The immediate family has retired to the White House Residence.

Jackie stands with Bobby and Rose, the matriarch of the Kennedy clan. Caroline and John Jr. play with Maude nearby.

BOBBY

That was a beautiful mass.

Jackie is drained and exhausted. The adrenaline of the previous day and night has long since worn off.

And now Bobby notices -- across the room, President Johnson's aide, Jack Valenti, waits in the doorway.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, mother. Jackie.

As Bobby crosses the room and confers with Valenti, Jackie remains in her reverie. Rose turns to her...

ROSE

Have you started on the guest list for the burial?

JACKIE

The what?

ROSE

You'll need to pare it down, dear. We can't possibly accommodate all these people at Brookline.

VALENTI

(hushed, but firm)

We need to discuss the funeral. We all want to follow her lead. But, we still don't know much about this Oswald. There may be co-conspirators.

BOBBY

(impatient, dismissive)

I'll talk to her, but she makes the call.

VALENTI

There's also the matter of the Oval.

BOBBY

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

VALENTI

I know this is all delicate. That's why I'm approaching you.

(beat)

But a procession is insane.

JACKIE

Brookline?

ROSE

The family plot. I assume Jack will be buried with the rest of us.

Jackie absorbs this, silent, staring across the room. Follow her gaze to --

VALENTI

I just can't have my President walking. Crowd full of people. Given what's happened.

BOBBY

Your President?

VALENTI

My President.

BOBBY

Well, regardless of what happens, my brother is going to be carried in a box.

VALENTI

And I am sorry sir--

BOBBY

Fuck off, Jack.

BACK TO --

Jackie watches Valenti leave the room.

Around her -- a new conversation -- Nancy, Mary, and her mother, Janet --

JANET

Averell Harriman owns at least four properties in Georgetown. I'm sure he could loan out one of them?

Jackie seems completely oblivious --

NANCY

I'll ask Sarge 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.

And then suddenly --

JACKIE

Lincoln's widow died destitute.

The others quiet, all turning to her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

She moved back to Illinois. Had to sell all her furniture. And the Van Buren's and the Tyler's too.

(beat)

She auctioned it off, piece-by-piece, just to keep a roof over her head.

NANCY

That will never happen to you.

But Jackie's not listening...

JACKIE

The collectors we bought it from... Remember? Bill and I had to haggle for every sofa and every chair.

(beat)

If I sell some of it back now, maybe I can put Caroline and John through school?

CUT TO:

INT. STAIR CASE - WHITE HOUSE (1962)

Jackie and Collingswood stands at the bottom of the staircase to the second-floor Residence.

COLLINGSWOOD

This staircase goes up to the second floor, which I know are reserved for the private living of the President and his family. I don't think any television cameras or motion picture cameras have ever gone up there, cause that's where you live.

JACKIE

That's right.

A beat, as she stares at the wall, lined with portraits tracking the slow deterioration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN--

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Here is what the White House did to President Lincoln. Here is how he changed.

(beat)

1861. The strong man with the arched eyebrow.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 1865. One week before his
 assassination.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie leads Collingswood into the Lincoln Bedroom.

COLLINGSWOOD
 Mrs. Kennedy, do you spend a great
 deal of time in the Lincoln room?

JACKIE
 It was where we lived when we first
 came here, when our rooms at the
 other end of the hall were being
 painted...

COLLINGSWOOD
 It's a nice room. Was this a
 bedroom during Lincoln's time?

JACKIE
 No it was Lincoln's cabinet room.

COLLINGSWOOD
 Are all the pieces from Lincoln's
 time?

JACKIE
 Yes, they are. The most famous
 one, of course, is the Lincoln bed.
 It was bought by Mrs. Lincoln.
 Along with the dressing bureaus,
 and chair, and this table. She
 bought a lot of furniture for this
 house which made her husband rather
 cross because he thought she spent
 too much money.

Jackie turns to a small desk in the corner. A new reverence
 in her voice --

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 And on the table is the Gettysburg
 Address.

CLOSE ON -- those hallowed words.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 This is probably the greatest
 treasure in this room.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 And this sofa, and these two
 chairs. They were sold in that
 Lincoln sale I was telling you
 about. And they went to England and
 through all the descendants of the
 man who brought them there.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY KENNEDY'S OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE

Bobby sits behind his desk watching the ongoing marathon of
 press coverage...

REPORTER (ON TV)
 Here he comes, here he comes.

Bobby looks up to see Jackie standing in the doorway.

JACKIE
 Bobby?

REPORTER (ON TV)
 Here he comes out and down the hall
 again.

LEE HARVEY OSWALD (ON TV)
 I really don't know what this
 situation is about. Nobody has
 told me anything except that I'm
 accused of...

JACKIE
 I don't mean to upset your mother.
 But Brookline is no place to bury a
 President.

Bobby looks at her. He's tired. Quiet.

The TV interrupts them. A REPORTER shouting a question to
 Oswald...

REPORTER (ON TV)
 Did you kill the President?

LEE HARVEY OSWALD (ON TV)
 No I have not been charged with
 that. In fact, nobody has said
 that to me yet.

(MORE)

LEE HARVEY OSWALD (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 First thing I heard about it was
 when the newspaper reporters in the
 hall..

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

A sea of familiar WHITE CROSSES -- the 420 acres of ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY are shrouded in RAIN and MIST.

A motorcade of BLACK LINCOLNS winds through the rows of graves, finally pulling to a stop.

Jackie strides forth under a canopy of umbrellas, accompanied by Bobby and Walton.

She's greeted by the cemetery's SUPERINTENDENT JOHN METZLER -- soaked to the bone.

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

Jackie shivers in the damp cold.

JACKIE
 Thank you.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - LATER

Jackie leads a long procession of AIDES and SECRET SERVICE -- trudging through the mud and endless graves.

METZLER
 The third option is just down
 there. 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.

BOBBY
 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.

CLOSE ON Jackie -- as the mens' voices now FADE, a trance settling.

Suddenly, Jackie steps out from under the umbrellas -- into the rain -- inexorably drawn toward the hill.

BOBBY

Jackie?!

But she ignores him. Bobby grabs an umbrella, struggling to follow and keep her under cover.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

JACKIE

He can't just be buried anywhere. He deserves more.

They keep walking.

BOBBY

Watch your step.

She stumbles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

JACKIE

My shoes are sticking in the mud.

She keeps walking.

Finally, she's at the front of LEE MANSION staring down. JACKIE'S POV -- endless graves and mist below.

Jackie makes eye contact with Walton. He simply nods.

Walton turns to Metzler, who's holding a wooden STAKE.

Metzler hands him the stake, and Walton walks directly to a spot in the center of the hill, driving it into the ground.

But Jackie isn't satisfied. She pulls out the stake, walks a few feet to the right, and drives it back into the ground.

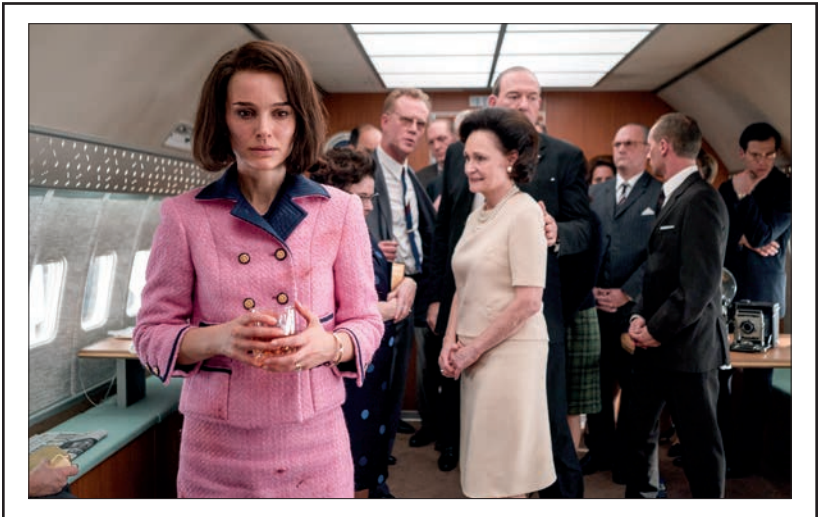
It's settled.

MOMENTS LATER --

STILLS



Natalie Portman and Peter Sarsgaard



Natalie Portman



Natalie Portman



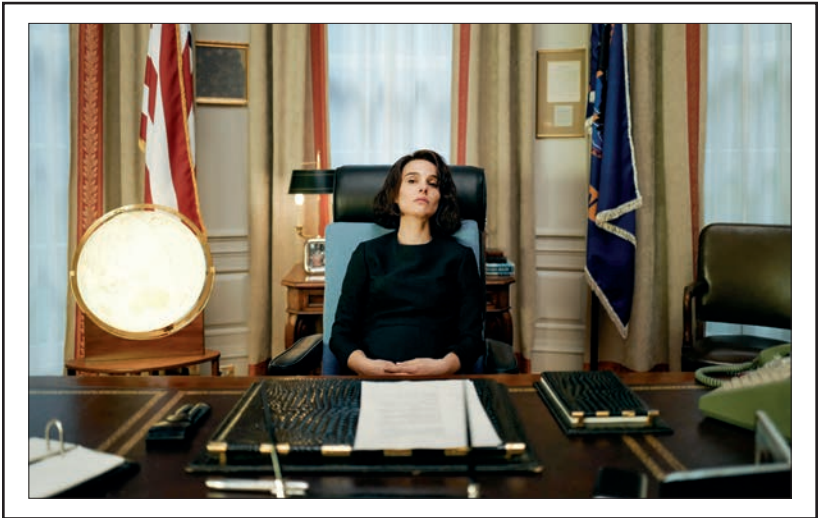
Billy Crudup and Natalie Portman



Natalie Portman and Greta Gerwig



Natalie Portman



Natalie Portman



Max Casella, Beth Grant, Peter Sarsgaard, Natalie Portman, Greta Gerwig and Richard E. Grant

Jackie walks with Bobby through the cemetery.

BOBBY

I think maybe you should talk to a Priest.

JACKIE

Maybe.

(beat)

Bobby, I want to talk to the press.

BOBBY

No. You let Dave handle that.

CUT TO:

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - DECK

The Journalist scribbles while Jackie talks...

JACKIE

You know... that first night, Bob McNamara, he said he'd buy back our old house for us in Georgetown.

(beat)

I don't really have things. I don't even have a home.

JOURNALIST

And what about this house?

JACKIE

This? It's awfully cold.

JOURNALIST

Well you could light a fire. Invite people over. The parties that you threw at the White House, nobody had ever seen anything like that. Private concerts with artists and friends drinking champagne and singing-

JACKIE

Are you suggesting I throw a party?

JOURNALIST

Well, no, not now, obviously. I'm only suggesting that you've brought life to a cold house before.

JACKIE

That house wasn't mine. Neither is this one.

(beat)

Nothing is ever mine. Not to keep, anyway.

JOURNALIST

Leaving that house must have been very difficult.

JACKIE

A First Lady must always be ready to pack her suitcases. It's inevitable.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - BALCONY

Jackie and Bobby talk outside in the cold.

BOBBY

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.

(beat)

We're running a bed and breakfast.

They share the faintest hint of a smile.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Lyndon just wants to move into the Oval. He wants to address Congress. I'll hold him off as long as I can. But it has to happen sooner or later.

Jackie doesn't answer, digesting the inevitable. Treading lightly --

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Jackie... They're worried about an outdoor procession. They think it's a security risk. Everyone's spooked. Apparently even State's discouraging foreign dignitaries from attending.

Jackie doesn't respond. Trying to reason with her --

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 It's eight city blocks to Saint
 Matthews. That's a long way to be
 strolling through crowds.
 (beat)
 All those rooftops. All those
 windows...

Bobby trails off. Jackie holds his gaze.

JACKIE
 (firm)
 Bobby it's our last chance.
 We have to march with him.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie sits alone, wearing a bathrobe, drinking VODKA in her darkened room.

Outside, night has fallen and all is quiet -- but she can't sleep.

Restless, she rises.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie steps inside another dark, still room.

Pausing in the threshold, she listens for sound in the hall.

She's visibly tense, clearly a stranger to this space.

Only when she's confident that she's alone does she take a breath and look around -- at her husband's private bedroom.

At the room's center -- a four-poster bed, stained wood, very masculine.

Jackie walks to the edge of the empty bed. She's dressed up for her husband -- but he's not there.

She turns to the Victrola on the night stand and turns it on.

As *Camelot* begins to play...

Jackie moves to the BEDSIDE TABLE -- stacked high with BOOKS and bottles of PAIN KILLERS.

One-by-one, she picks them up, reading the book's spines and medicine labels.

She turns to the credenza -- a line of PHOTOS. President Kennedy with FAMILY, POLITICAL DIGNITARIES and MOVIE STARS.

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie surveys her famous wardrobe.

She takes a swig from her glass and sets it on the shelf.

Then she drops her robe.

Jackie pulls a Chanel gown off the rack and steps into it.

A beat, as she considers herself in the mirror. She's as gorgeous as ever, but she doesn't like what she sees.

Jackie steps out of the gown, leaving it on the floor.

Another swig from that bottle and she pulls another dress from a hangar.

And now, QUICK CUTS --

Jackie DRESSING and UNDRRESSING, compulsively cycling through her wardrobe of designer OUTFITS while she *drinks*.

Also-- EARRINGS and NECKLACES, one-after-the-other, in a FRENZY.

Finally, the bottle is EMPTY -- and a pile of discarded clothes lies at her feet.

Now, Jackie stumbles to her DRESSING TABLE and takes out her MAKE-UP.

With an unsteady hand, she goes to work with her eyeliner, lipstick and mascara.

She rises and exits.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE

She slowly enters and approaches the President's desk.

She sits still in his seat, tears running down her face.

Jackie stares into the distance -- as *Camelot* ends.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

Jackie sits facing the Journalist.

JACKIE

How would you write that?

JOURNALIST

*She lights yet another cigarette
and through her soft sobs, explains
-- Jack wasn't perfect. But he was
perfect for our country.*

(beat)

*And I ask about his flaws, and she
explains--*

JACKIE

(playing along)

*--Perfect people can't change. Jack
was always getting better...
stronger.*

(beat)

*Sometimes he would walk into the
desert, alone, just to let himself
be tempted by the devil. But he
always came back to us, his beloved
family.*

A beat -- as Jackie exhales her cigarette.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And I don't smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

Jackie sits in the backseat of a limousine. Where - or when -- we are isn't clear. Another 'interview' -- this one with a PRIEST, who sits across from her.

JACKIE

I shouldn't say these things...

PRIEST

That's why you're here, isn't it?
To talk about what happened?

JACKIE

Is this a confession?

PRIEST
Only if there's something you
regret.

Resisting...

JACKIE
Everyone knows my story.

PRIEST
God isn't interested in *stories*.
He's interested in *truth*.

JACKIE
I came here looking for sympathy,
Father.

PRIEST
Of course.

JACKIE
Father, are you listening?

PRIEST
I'm listening. Yes, I think so.

Their conversation moves to...

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, DC

Jackie and the Priest walk down a long path.

JACKIE
I think God is cruel.

PRIEST
Well now you're getting into
trouble.
(beat)
God is love. And God is everywhere.

She has him trapped.

JACKIE
Was he in the bullet that killed
Jack?

All the Priest's answers are defiant and firm --

PRIEST
Absolutely.

JACKIE

Is he inside me right now?

PRIEST

Yes. Of course he is.

JACKIE

(weary)

Well that's a funny game he plays --
hiding all the time.

PRIEST

The fact that we don't understand
him isn't funny at all.

LATER - on a bench now...

JACKIE

If there's a heaven, there's your
God -- with all his empty promises.

(angry)

What kind of God takes a father
from his two little children?!

PRIEST

Thy Lord sacrificed his only son--

Jackie cuts off his pat reply --

JACKIE

--And my two babies.

(beat)

Arabella in the womb. And Patrick.
Thirty-nine hours on this earth.
Just long enough to fall in love
with him.

She looks the Priest in the eyes, rage brimming over --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What did I do to deserve that?

A long beat, as he waits for her rage to subside -- and to
summon an answer.

PRIEST

Nothing.

Jackie falls into deeper resentment.

JACKIE

Jack and I hardly ever spent the
night together. Not even that last
night in Forth Worth.

The Priest treads lightly --

PRIEST
Your husband loved you, Mrs.
Kennedy. I'm sure of it.

JACKIE
(bitter)
I seem to remember there being more
to our vows.

The Priest looks at her with pity in his eyes. And it's the one thing she can't stand. She snaps --

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that.
(beat)
I was First Lady of the United
States. Women have been doing far
worse for far less.

A beat as it hangs there -- the Priest, taken aback by her candor.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
There are two kinds of women.
Those who want power in the world.
And those who want power in bed.

And then, lamenting the marital bargain she made --

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Of course, now what am I left with?
When men see me now, what do you
think they feel?

PRIEST
Sadness. Compassion.
(beat)
Desire, maybe. You're still a
young woman, Mrs. Kennedy.

JACKIE
I used to make them smile.
(beat)
No one understands the pain he was
in and how loyal he was. Some of
his friends were so crude. Jack
wasn't of course. But he could get
caught up in it. Still...he was a
great father.
(beat)
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 I picture him in that rocking chair
 in his office. Caroline and John
 at his feet...How could I hate him?

PRIEST
 Take comfort in those memories.

JACKIE
 I can't. They're mixed up with all
 the others.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Jackie is draped in black cloth -- in this case a silk slip.
 Barely recovered from the night before, she chain smokes,
 while Nancy arranges her outfit on the bed.

Jackie puts out one cigarette, and goes to light another.
 She catches Nancy's look of disapproval.

JACKIE
 Do you have the latest list from
 the State Department?

Off Nancy's confusion --

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Of the dignitaries planning to
 attend the funeral.

NANCY
 Oh, yes. I have it right here.

Nancy rummages through some nearby files and finds the list.
 She scans it --

NANCY (CONT'D)
 General De Gaulle. Prince Phillip.
 Even the Soviet Foreign Minister.

JACKIE
 More than we were expecting?

NANCY
 Oh, yes. There are *dozens* of
 names.

Jackie can't help feel some pleasure.

JACKIE
 Good. Will you read them to me?

NANCY

Yes. From the United Nations,
there's Paul Hoffmann. The King of
Belgium. From Denmark, the crown
prince George...

Nancy reads the list as Jackie continues to smoke. The names
go on and on...

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE - LATER

Jackie now sits at her dressing table, Nancy trying to place
a veil on her hair.

NANCY

I don't know. I think you should
just try it without it.

Nancy strokes Jackie's hair with her hand. Jackie rests her
head on her shoulder.

JACKIE

(grateful)
We've been together a long time,
Haven't we, Nancy?
(beat)
I used to worry that you might be
jealous of me.

NANCY

Oh stop it.

JACKIE

You never did anything to make me
feel that way. But I worried.
After I married Jack. And after he
won the election.
(beat)
Now that seems ridiculous. *Anyone*
being jealous of me. I've buried
two children and now I'm burying my
husband.

Nancy isn't sure how to respond. But she is no longer an
employee -- just an old friend..

NANCY

You know I *was* jealous. Of that
dress you wore in Vienna.

Jackie smiles, grateful for the release.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I know it is hard to see it right now, but you have your whole life ahead of you.

Rejecting the trite consolation --

JACKIE

That's a terrible thing to say.

They both smile.

NANCY

But you do!

JACKIE

That's a terrible, terrible thing to say...

Nancy comforts her. Holds her.

NANCY

But you do. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

JACKIE

What will you do now?

NANCY

Oh, I'll stay with you.

JACKIE

You won't go anywhere?

NANCY

No, I'm not going anywhere. I don't have anywhere to go.

They share a welcome laugh.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Those kids are so lucky to have you.

JACKIE

(between sobs)

No, they're not lucky at all. They're not lucky. I'm scared, Nancy, I'm scared, I'm scared...

NANCY

I know. I know.

CUT TO:

INT. WEST SITTING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

President Johnson, Lady Bird, Bobby, Ethel, and the rest of the Kennedy family wait for Jackie and the children. Like the rest of the country, they watch the news...

BRINKLEY (ON TV)

At the Capitol where the President's body will lie and stay for the remainder of the day after it has been removed from the White House, there will be three short speeches before the public is allowed to start viewing the body. To Dallas, Texas and Tom Pettit...

Mary enters the room and announces...

MARY

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

No one turns away from the TV.

President Johnson looks at his watch.

ON TV: 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.

REPORTERS surge forward, blocking the camera again...

REPORTER

(on TV)

There is Lee Oswald --

And then -- RUBY runs across the screen and fires.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(on TV)

He's been shot. He's been shot. Lee Oswald has been shot. There's a man with a gun!

Off the BANG! of the fatal SHOT, the phone immediately RINGS.

INT. CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie helps John Jr with his tie.

JACKIE

Are you ready to go?

JOHN JR.

Yes.

JACKIE

Will you look at me?

JOHN JR.

Mommy, is it my birthday?

JACKIE

Not yet, dear.

She kisses his forehead and holds his face.

From the doorway, announcing himself --

HILL

Special Agent Hill. Whenever Mrs. Kennedy is ready.

JACKIE

Oh Clint... We're nearly done here.

Jackie rises to greet him. But as she locks eyes with him -- she seems to falter on her feet.

She stares at him, trying to recapture some lost memory.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

It's the strangest thing. I hardly remember anything after.

(beat)

But I've read about what you did in the papers. And I just wanted to thank you.

INT. WEST SITTING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

CHAOS in the wake of Oswald's assassination.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

(increasingly enraged)

We need to get a handle on this thing. We've got to get involved.

VALENTI

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

This is making us look like a bunch of goddamn barbarians!

Mary announces..

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

BOBBY
Turn the television off!
(he does)
You're not to speak a word of this.
Understood? I'll tell Jackie when
the time is right.

The group remains frozen in horror.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(to Johnson)
Sit down.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Excuse me?

BOBBY
Sit down.

LADY BIRD
Darling?

President Johnson sits.

INT. CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie continues speaking to Hill.

JACKIE
What do you remember? Will you tell
me everything. I need to hear.

He sees the desperation in her eyes. Has no choice...

HILL
I was ten yards back when I heard
the first shot. As my eyes crossed
the President's car...

He hesitates to continue.

HILL (CONT'D)
Mrs. Kennedy...

JACKIE
Keep going.

HILL

I had to get to you to put myself
between you the President and the
shooter.

JACKIE

Who was it? Was it that Oswald?

HILL

They think so.

JACKIE

I need to talk to him.

(beat)

I need to talk to him.

HILL

(nervous)

I don't know about that, Mrs.
Kennedy.

For a moment, they just stand in silence. And then --

NANCY

The children are ready. Shall I
take them downstairs to ride with
Maud?

JACKIE

I'd like them to come with me.

NANCY

The press is out front. I thought
you'd prefer --

JACKIE

Their father is leaving this house
for the last time. They should be
there to say goodbye to him.

NANCY

But the cameras? Those pictures
are being broadcast to every corner
of the world.

Jackie has found some burst of strength in her encounter with
Hill.

JACKIE

Those pictures should record the
truth. Two heartbroken, *fatherless*
children are a part of that.

(beat)

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 You can tell them I'm ready to
 leave -- with Caroline and John.

Nancy is taken aback by her intensity.

NANCY
 Yes, Mrs. Kennedy.

As Nancy turns to leave --

JACKIE
 Nancy?

NANCY
 Yes?

JACKIE
 I'm not the First Lady anymore.
 (beat)
 You can call me Jackie.

NANCY
 I will.

Jackie turns back to the children.

JACKIE
 Caroline, are you ready sweetheart?

She goes to pick up her daughter.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 My brave girl.

And now John begins to sob. She reaches for her son.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Oh, John, John, John --

Off his cries...

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

Jackie sits with the Journalist at the table.

JACKIE
 I value my privacy. I always have.

JOURNALIST

And yet in the days after --
directly after -- something seemed
to change.

JACKIE

In what way?

JOURNALIST

Before the funeral. The day you
moved the casket to the Capitol.
Your children were on full display
for the whole world to see.

JACKIE

What are you insinuating? That I
exploited them?

JOURNALIST

No, of course not...

EXT. PORTICO - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Jackie leads Caroline and John Jr out onto the PORTICO,
squinting in the mid-day sun.

She takes 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.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Jackie looks out at the crowd of mourners lining the street.
Their reflection scrolls by her face in the window.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

The Journalist is now on the offensive.

JOURNALIST

I'm only wondering if you considered doing more to shield them. I think most people would have--

JACKIE

We aren't 'most people'.

(beat)

Most people don't have to make those kinds of decisions, hours after watching their husband get murdered next to them.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST STEPS - UNITED STATES CAPITOL

The caisson comes 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.

Jackie turns to the new PRESIDENT...

JACKIE

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

Before he can reply, she walks ahead.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND

A long beat, and then --

JOURNALIST

Are you saying it was a mistake?

JACKIE

No, of course not.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL ROTUNDA

Jackie and Caroline follow the casket to the catafalque. Bobby helps John Jr to a seat in the first row.

The HONOR GUARD steps aside and the room silently watches.

Jackie kneels, and Caroline kneels beside her.

Jackie presses her lips gently against the flag. Caroline follows.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE

Bobby is back at his desk on the phone. Jackie storms into his office. Her eyes are wild -- brimming with a rage we've never seen.

JACKIE

How dare you?!

BOBBY

Jackie--

She charges toward him. He hangs up the phone --

JACKIE

They murdered him!! Inside the jail! These people can get to anyone!

BOBBY

We don't know--

JACKIE

--How dare you keep that from me?!

BOBBY

We didn't know any of the details. And the ceremony at the Capitol... We had to keep moving--

JACKIE

You had no right! The children! I took them out the front door!

She physically shudders at the thought of it...

BOBBY

Are you--

JACKIE

--This is all insanity!!!

He tries to reach for her, but she backs away--

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You and your brother. All these years, all your goddamn secrets!

BOBBY

That's not fair...

JACKIE

Caroline and John are all I have left. And I put them in danger because of you--

BOBBY

I would never put you at risk--

JACKIE

--You can't know that! You think you all control everything. That you have the world on puppet strings. You're ridiculous! And I let myself believe it.

(beat)

And this parade? Who is it really for? For Jack? One more campaign stop along the way to the grave?!

(beat)

Lyndon's people are right. It's not worth it! It's not worth risking people's lives!

Bobby doesn't know what to say.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You tell them we're calling it off.

(beat)

We'll motorcade to the Cathedral. The back way. We'll bury him. And we'll put an end to all this. I don't give a damn anymore.

BOBBY

We would never put you and your children in--

JACKIE

I know you think I'm some silly little debutante--

BOBBY

--Listen to me.

JACKIE

You don't protect me, anymore!

BOBBY

I would never put you and the children in danger.

JACKIE

You don't know anything.

She turns and leaves him standing there.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, DC

Jackie walks with the Priest.

JACKIE

I lie awake at night and all I can think is...I wish I'd been a shop girl, or a stenographer. I should have married an ordinary, lazy, ugly man.

The Priest studies her -- considers the depth of her suffering. He tries one more time to get through --

PRIEST

Let me share with you a parable.

(beat)

Jesus once passed a blind beggar on the road, and his disciples asked -- 'Who sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?'

(beat)

Jesus answered - 'Neither this man nor his parents sinned. He was made blind so that the works of God could be revealed in him.'

(beat)

And with that, he placed mud on the man's eyes and told him to wash in the Pool of Siloam.' The man did, and he came back seeing.

(beat)

Right now you are blind. Not because you've sinned.

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

But because you've been *chosen* --
so that the works of God may be
revealed in you.

A long beat of silence, as Jackie stares back at the Priest,
still unsatisfied.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE

The morning sun peaks through the edges of the drawn
curtains, but the Oval Office is dim and vacant.

Jackie is on her knees, in a new black dress, freshly
showered, but still groggy.

She is surrounded by the RESOLUTE DESK, which John Jr was
famously photographed playing beneath.

The COCONUT the PRESIDENT used to scrawl a rescue message
when his boat was sunk in the South Pacific.

The MODEL of the naval vessel, The Danmark, he meticulously
constructed.

And finally -- the ROCKING CHAIR where he used to sit, the
children playing at his feet.

She runs her hand across the NEW CARPET, pleased.

JACKIE

It's perfect.

WALTON (O.S.)

We installed it while you were
away.

Walton stands in the doorway.

WALTON (CONT'D)

I thought it would be a nice
surprise for you and the President.

Jackie rises.

JACKIE

It changes everything.

She stands, admiring her handiwork.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And the Treaty Room?

WALTON

Hunter green. Exactly as you
imagined it.

JACKIE

I wish Jack...

She trails off. And then--

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Who knows if he would have cared.

She laughs, bitterly.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I lost track, somewhere. What was
real. What was performance.

WALTON

Well, he was a President.

A beat, and then --

JACKIE

You were right earlier.

(beat)

I've told them I'm not going to
march tomorrow. I won't put people
in danger on account of my vanity.

WALTON

I was scared for you. I still am.
But I never thought it was vanity.

Jackie gestures to the redecorated room --

JACKIE

You know, that's what Jack called
all this. When he saw what we were
spending. He said your little
'vanity project' is going to
bankrupt the federal government.

This is Walton's life's work, his purpose for being --

WALTON

People need their history. It
gives them strength. They need to
know that real men actually lived
here. Not ghosts and storybook
legends. People who faced
adversity and overcame it.

(beat)

(MORE)

WALTON (CONT'D)
 What you've done in this house
matters.

Jackie considers his words. They've struck a chord, but she's still not convinced.

JACKIE
 That's kind of you, Bill. But even
I'm starting to lose him.
 (beat, she stands)
 Pretty soon, he'll just be another
 oil portrait lining these hallways.

INT. CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie holds a cake as a Secret Service member lights the third and final candle.

She enters the room to join Nancy, Maud, and Caroline celebrating John Jr's 3rd birthday. She sings...

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

John blows out the candles.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie sits at the edge of Lincoln's arched mahogany bed, staring up at the portrait of Mary Todd that hangs above it.

Outside, the sun is setting.

Bobby enters the doorway.

BOBBY
 I spoke to Johnson.
 (beat)
 Tomorrow...it's being handled.
 Everyone will ride. No procession.

Jackie nods. Bobby slowly sits beside her, utterly defeated.

JACKIE
 I'm sorry, Bobby.

A moment of silence, and then, gesturing to the portrait.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Do you think Lincoln's widow knew?

BOBBY
What?

JACKIE
That we'd build a monument to her
husband?

Bobby doesn't answer.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Why is this room so *peaceful*?

A long pause.

BOBBY
Peaceful?
(beat)
Every time I walk by this room I'm
reminded that on January 1, 1863,
an ordinary man signed a document
that freed four million people from
slavery.
(beat)
So I don't think of it so much as
'peaceful', but as a place of
profound *legacy*.
(beat)
And it's too bad that ours is
totally fucking wasted.

He turns to leave.

JACKIE
Bobby!

He slams the door shut and turns back to her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Bobby, watch your mouth--

BOBBY
What did we accomplish?!
We're just the beautiful people? Is
that what we are?!

JACKIE
Bobby!

BOBBY

What did we truly accomplish? Maybe Jack will be remembered for the way he handled the missile crisis. Or maybe he'll be remembered for creating the crisis in the first place...

He sits next to her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We could have done so much. Civil Rights, the space program. Vietnam...

(beat)

We teed up Vietnam. Now Johnson gets to knock it down.

(beat, one more regret)

I shouldn't have pushed him so hard on Castro.

JACKIE

You can't do that, Bobby.

He looks at her.

BOBBY

What's wrong with you?

He stands.

JACKIE

What's wrong with me?

BOBBY

History is harsh.
We're ridiculous. Look at you...

As he walks away...

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie enters to find workers packing up her husband's belongings. His books. His rocking chair.

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

More workers pack as she clings to an antique turquoise vase, reluctant to let go.

INT. CAROLINE KENNEDY'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Starting to give in, Jackie tosses a doll into a box.

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie throws a heap of her dresses into a box.

She tapes the box closed - but the tape catches on her wedding ring.

Angry, shaking, she struggles to take the ring off.

Jackie swallows a pill.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Lingers...

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE

Johnson's top aide, Jack Valenti unpacks his belongings into Bobby's old office. He's interrupted by --

JACKIE

How do you like your new office?

Jackie stands in his doorway.

VALENTI

Mrs. Kennedy. Come in. Sorry I'm just trying to do my job ma'am.

She knows the jab was unfair.

JACKIE

(sincere)

Of course you are. I remember when we won the election, how overwhelming it was.

VALENTI

Everyone's thoughts are with you right now.

Jackie smiles graciously.

JACKIE

That's very kind of you.

(beat)

I've come to discuss tomorrow.

VALENTI

The Attorney General relayed to me your desire for a more modest ceremony.

JACKIE

I've changed my mind.

VALENTI

I'm sorry?

JACKIE

I said I've changed my mind. We will have the procession. And I will walk to the Cathedral. With the casket.

Valenti is stunned.

VALENTI

Well even if we could resume the arrangements, I'm sure you can understand... The Secret Service still has their concerns.

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 should anything--

He catches himself.

VALENTI (CONT'D)

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

JACKIE

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

VALENTI

As I'm sure you know, we're expecting close to a hundred Heads of State.

JACKIE

One hundred *three*.

Surprised by her precision --

VALENTI

Yes. I'm sure that's right.

(beat)

And I suspect they'll all make their own decisions.

JACKIE

Based on what?

Trying to intimidate her --

VALENTI

There's a great deal of classified intelligence that I can't get into.

Jackie stares at him, unimpressed, and he knows he'll have to give her more than that.

VALENTI (CONT'D)

We've intercepted a threat against General De Gaulle. From our assets in Geneva.

(beat)

I'm afraid if he refuses to march, others may follow.

Jackie considers this. Seeming to waver --

JACKIE

(sympathetic)

I understand.

Valenti thinks he's won.

VALENTI

As I said, Mrs. Kennedy I wish there were more we could do to accommodate your wishes.

(beat)

I'm terribly sorry.

Jackie seems to accept this.

JACKIE

Don't be. You and the Johnson's have already done so much.

VALENTI

Good day, Mrs. Kennedy.

Jackie turns to go -- then stops in the doorway.

JACKIE

Mr. Valenti. Would you mind getting a message to all the funeral guests when they land?

Not sure where this is going --

VALENTI

Of course.

JACKIE

Inform them that I will walk with Jack tomorrow.

(beat)

Alone if necessary.

(beat)

And tell General De Gaulle -- if he wishes to ride in an armored car -- or in a tank for that matter -- I won't blame him.

(beat)

And I'm sure the tens of millions of people watching won't either.

She turns to leave.

VALENTI

Why are you doing this Mrs. Kennedy?

JACKIE

Oh, I'm just doing my job.

With that, Jackie exits.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

Jackie and the Journalist sit across from each other.

JACKIE

Would you like to write this down?

JOURNALIST

Do you think I should?

JACKIE

I... I do.

The Journalist opens his notebook to a blank page and begins to take dictation.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

We all live on far after our deaths. Presidents will come and go and every one of them will look up to Jack for guidance, for inspiration.

He finishes writing the paragraph.

JOURNALIST

What do you say to those who say he didn't deserve it? The scale of it?
(off her confusion)

He was a great President -- but he didn't win the Civil War, for instance.

JACKIE

It was a funeral for the President of the United States.

JOURNALIST

Your husband drove cars, he didn't ride horses.

An outburst --

JACKIE

Yes and there should have been more of them. There should have been more horses, more soldiers, more crying, more cameras!

JOURNALIST

I'm guessing you won't allow me to write any of that?

JACKIE

No, because I never said that.
(beat)

Perhaps Jack didn't have time to defeat Communism--

JOURNALIST

--with all due respect, you were at the center of it all Mrs. Kennedy.
(beat)

And I'd imagine, from that vantage, it was impossible to have any perspective.

(beat)

But I can assure you -- it was a *spectacle*.

And now INTERCUT -- the FUNERAL PROCESSION, the Journalist, and the Priest...

EXT. PORTICO - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The caisson comes to a stop in front of the White House.

ANGLE UP to Jackie, peering out at the assembled crowd.

JACKIE'S POV -- looking down on Bobby and Ethel. Ted and Joan. Janet and Hugh Auchincloss. Sargent and Eunice Shriver. O'Brien, O'Donnell, and Powers.

President and Lady Bird Johnson.

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 -- manifest only through Jackie's force of will.

A long beat, as she takes it all in. In her eyes -- the faintest hint of pride behind the sadness.

Finally, Jackie steps forward and takes her place between Bobby and Ted. She wears a veil over her face -- and the BLACK WATCH PIPERS begin their plaintive dirge...

The caisson lurches forward, pulled by a train of WHITE STALLIONS, 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 (O.S.)
Nancy said they wanted to share my
grief.

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC

JACKIE
So I let them.

She continues to speak with the Priest.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

But after, I realized...all the pageantry, all the demands I made to honor him. It wasn't for Jack. Or his legacy.

(beat)

It was for me.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

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

ANGLE WIDE, REVEALING -- the long, empty street ahead.

Quick CLOSE-UPS: A MAN IN A FEDORA. A BLACK MAN. A WOMAN and CHILD. Threats? Or grieving citizens?

In the back of a black car, John Jr and Caroline ride in the procession, looking out at the crowd through the rear window.

Jackie takes a step and continues bravely marching forward.

JACKIE (O.S.)

I wrote him a letter. That night, before we moved the casket to the Capitol. Do you know what I wrote?

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC

JACKIE

That I wanted to die.

PRIEST

(empathetic)

I understand.

JACKIE

(skeptical)

Do you?

PRIEST

I do. Unless you are asking my permission.

JACKIE

No, only crass, self-indulgent people kill themselves.

(beat)

I was just hoping...

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 if I walked down the street next to
 Jack's body maybe someone would be
 kind enough to do it for me.

PRIEST
 In front of the whole world... A
 famous life, a famous death.

JACKIE
 I never wanted fame. I just became
 a Kennedy.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - WASHINGTON, DC

Jackie continues to lead the march. Bobby flanking her.
 Mourners watching from the windows. Hats over their hearts.

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC

JACKIE
 I've told everyone that I can't
 remember.
 (beat)
 But that's not true. I *can*
 remember. I can remember
 everything.

And now, finally, we see the ASSASSINATION --

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE - DALLAS, 1963

Jackie is back in that limousine in Dallas. She waves to the
 cheering crowd.

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC

JACKIE
 The first bullet.
 (beat)
 Boom.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE - DALLAS

And this time -- the sequence continues:

CLOSE ON Jackie -- everything that now follows tracking her
 experience.

BANG! -- Jackie startles, confused. (In her mind, this was the missed opportunity to act.)

JACKIE (O.S.)
Then boom.

BANG! -- Jackie turns -- eyes widening in horror as the President grips his throat. She's about to reach for him--

And BANG! -- she is showered in BLOOD and GRAY MATTER as his head explodes all over her.

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC

JACKIE
I could have saved him.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE - DALLAS

Jackie panics -- climbing out of her seat, onto the back of the still-moving car.

She claws her way to the rear-bumper, hanging on for her life.

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC

JACKIE
I should have known it was a
gunshot. I should have shielded
him.

INTERCUT --

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

Bagpipers march. Marines stand in formation.

JACKIE (O.S.)
I tried to stop the bleeding. But
by the time we got to the hospital
it was...

She stands, watching through her black veil.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE

CLOSE ON Jackie -- back in the car, where her husband's body is slumped over, BLOOD pooling everywhere.

Jackie resists, but Hill shoves her down into the carnage, shielding her body with his.

Jackie lies prone, sandwiched between Hill and her dying husband -- trapped in an unspeakable, visceral horror.

Jackie reaches out for Jack's head -- and tries to hold together his shattered skull.

We stay with her -- as the car now accelerates toward the hospital.

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC

JACKIE

That night, and every night
since... I've prayed to die.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

The casket is carried through the mourners gathered.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Won't God let me be with my
husband?

Marines fold the flag and hand it to her.

She stands staring at the casket. Remembering the horror of the limo as it sped with his head in her hands.

The casket is lowered.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

Jackie sits with the Journalist.

JACKIE

Can I look?

She slides Field's notes to her side of the table.

JOURNALIST

It's just, I haven't--

JACKIE

--You don't write very legibly, do
you?

He watches her read.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - KITCHEN - LATER

The Journalist paces as Jackie rewrites furiously.

JOURNALIST

You left your mark on this country,
Mrs. Kennedy. These past few
days...That's the story.

(long beat)

Losing a President is like losing a
father. And you were a mother to
all of us. And that's a very good
story.

(beat)

The entire country watched the
funeral from beginning to end.
Decades from now, people will
remember your dignity, and the
majesty...

(beat)

They'll remember you.

CUT TO:

INT. MONROE ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1962)

Collingswood and Jackie have reached the end of the tour --
the Monroe Room on the second floor.

JACKIE

It will serve a definite purpose.

(beat)

My husband has so many meetings up
here, in this part of the house.
All the men who wait to see him,
now sit in the hall, with baby
carriages going by them. So they
can sit in here and have a
conference around this table,
waiting for him.

COLLINGSWOOD

Well, he's going to come in and--

PRESIDENT KENNEDY -- handsome, resplendent -- enters the
room.

COLLINGSWOOD (CONT'D)

(excited)

Mister president...

They shake hands.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Mister Collingswood.

COLLINGSWOOD
Mrs. Kennedy has been showing us about the White House and all the changes she has made therein. What do you think of the changes that she's made?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Well, I think that the great effort she's made has been to bring us much more intimately in contact with all the men who lived here. Of course, I think anyone who comes to the White House as a President desires the best for his country.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY - WHITE HOUSE

Nancy leads Jackie down the stairs, out of the White House for the last time...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (O.S.)
And I think he receives stimulus from the knowledge of living in close proximity to the people who are legendary but who actually were alive and were in these rooms.

Jackie notices -- down the hallway, Lady Bird reviews new fabric swatches with Walton.

Walton catches her glance. A hint of shame in his eyes -- but this is no longer her home.

Jackie looks down and exits.

EXT. PORTICO - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Caroline and John Jr head into a waiting limousine.

All around them, the chaos of the MOVERS continues.

NANCY
Everything will be held in storage until you decide where to settle.

The two women embrace. Jackie finally enters the car.

She looks back through the window to the home she devoted so much of her life.

Echoing the first scene of the White House tour -- Nancy encourages her to smile.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

The Journalist watches Jackie from across the room.

JACKIE

There's one last thing -- more important than all the rest...

(beat)

You know every night before bed, we had this old Victrola. We'd listen to a couple records. And his favorite was *Camelot*.

JOURNALIST

The musical?

JACKIE

Oh, I'm so ashamed of myself. Every quote out of Jack's mouth was either Greek or Roman. And that last song, that last side of *Camelot* is all that keeps running through my mind.

(beat)

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

CUT TO:

INT. BALL ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1961)

A boisterous, glamorous party is in full swing. Jackie laughs in a red regal dress with elbow-length white gloves.

President Kennedy grabs her hand and they dance.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Jack loved history. It's what made him what he was. Imagine him... this little boy, with scarlet fever in bed, reading history.

(beat)

(MORE)

JACKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 King Arthur and the Knights of the
 Round Table. That's what Camelot
 is about. Ordinary men banding
 together to fight for a better
 world. Don't misunderstand me...

(beat)

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

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

JOURNALIST

And will those ideals live on?

JACKIE

I'm sure they will. Of course
 there will be other great
 Presidents. The Johnson's have
 been so generous to me.

(beat)

But there won't be another Camelot.
 Not another Camelot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, DC

The Priest and Jackie sit at an impasse, their talk coming to
 an end with no resolution.

Slowly and deliberately, the Priest's face darkens -- his
 tone sharpening.

PRIEST

Why are you really here?

An awkward silence, Jackie taken aback--

JACKIE

I--I needed to talk.

PRIEST

You say you pray every night to
 die. That your children have no
 use for you. That you wish only to
 be with your husband.

(beat)

And yet -- I'm not burying you
 today.

(beat)

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

There comes a time in man's search
for meaning, when one realizes --
there are no answers.

(beat)

When you come to that horrible,
unavoidable realization -- you
accept it. Or you kill yourself.
Or you simply stop searching.

Jackie is reeling--

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I have lived a blessed life. And
yet every night when I climb into
bed, turn off the lights, and stare
into the dark, I wonder...*is this
all there is?*

Jackie's tone softens -- the Priest's honesty finally getting
through to her...

JACKIE

You wonder?

The Priest nods --

PRIEST

Every soul on this planet does.

INTERCUT --

EXT. HYANNIS BEACH - DAY

Jackie playfully runs after Caroline and John Jr.

PRIEST (O.S.)

And then, when morning comes, we
all wake up and make a pot of
coffee.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Why do we bother?

She catches up to John Jr and picks him up. Twirls him.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Because we do. You did this
morning, and you will again
tomorrow.

Jackie stops to watch her laughing children.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 God, in his infinite wisdom, has
 made sure...it is just enough for
 us.

Jackie looks on as Caroline and John Jr build sand castles
 under gray skies.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM

The Journalist dictates his article to his editor...

JOURNALIST (INTO PHONE)
 Once more... Mrs. Kennedy has
 expressed her desire to reinter the
 bodies of the two children they
 lost to rest alongside their
 father.
 (beat)
 You got that part, right?
 (beat)
 She wants them to always remember,
 for one brief shining moment there
 was a-- yeah, Camelot. Yeah.

Finally, the Journalist hangs up.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)
 I hope you have a good night, Mrs.
 Kennedy.

A moment of silence between them. And he exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE, WASHINGTON DC - DUSK

Jackie relates to the Priest, with some satisfaction --

JACKIE
 He wrote down every word.

PRIEST
 And did that help... *Heal* you?

Jackie thinks. Not exactly an answer--

JACKIE
 It's been reprinted all over the
 world.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Maybe that's what they'll all
 believe now.
 (beat)
Camelot.
 (beat)
 People like to believe in fairy
 tales.

PRIEST
 And you? Do you believe you've
 done him justice?

Jackie can't bring herself to say yes. Instead --

JACKIE
 I believe the characters we read
 about on the page end up being more
 real than the men who stand beside
 us.
 (beat)
 I should have guessed it was too
 much to ask that we grow old
 together. See our children grow
 up.

The Priest studies her -- hoping she's slowly making her way
 toward some semblance of solace.

But it's clear -- she's not yet there.

PRIEST
 The darkness may never go away.
 But it won't always be this heavy.
 Come. They're waiting for us at
 Arlington.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DUSK

The Eternal Flame burns over President Kennedy's grave -- two
 fresh, small graves dug beside it.

Patrick Bouvier Kennedy. August 17, 1963 - August 19, 1963.

Daughter. 1956.

PRIEST
 ... the Father, the Son, the Holy
 Spirit...

Jackie watches another tiny casket lowered into the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Walton mounts a plaque outside Jackie's bedroom. It reads:

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

CUT TO:

I/E. JACKIE'S MOTORCADE - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

Jackie looks out the window at the now-quiet streets.

We hear *Camelot* begin to play...

"Each evening from December to December, before you drift to sleep upon your cot / Think back on all the tales that you will remember...of Camelot..."

The limo slows and Jackie notices:

Across the street -- A MAN is carrying a MANNEQUIN over his shoulder.

Porcelain skin. Jet-black bouffant. Perfectly symmetrical features.

Jackie stares at a perfect plastic reproduction of herself.

A surreal, disorienting moment.

And then ANOTHER MAN, carrying another, *identical*, MANNEQUIN.

Jackie tracks them back to a nearby TRUCK -- where WORKERS unload DOZENS more of them.

The workers carry the dolls into a MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

In the store windows -- STYLISTS dress the mannequins in reproductions of the outfits Jackie has been wearing for the past five days.

Jackie stares in disbelief at her own image frozen in time, the widow, forever in mourning.

INT. DINING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1962)

Jackie and Collingswood continue their tour in front of the cameras. (*Camelot* continues to play...)

JACKIE

I'm just so happy that he could be proud. Because then I was having a baby and I couldn't campaign and then we got in the White House and all the things I'd always done, suddenly they became wonderful. And I was just so happy for Jack that he could be proud of me.

(beat)

Those were our happiest years.

INT. EAST ROOM - WHITE HOUSE (1961)

Jackie is seated between President Kennedy and Bobby.

Pablo Casals finishes his performance of Felix Mendelssohn's Piano Trio No. 1 in D minor, Op. 49.

A standing ovation.

Jackie gives Casals her gloved hand to kiss.

INT. BALL ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

Jackie dances in her red dress with President Kennedy.

She rests her head on his shoulder as *Camelot* finally crescendoes. She smiles.



PROTOZOA



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