FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
NOAH OPPENHEIM

A PABLO LARRAIN FILM

Jackie
JACKIE

Written by

Noah Oppenheim
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 rumpled -- 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.
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 (1961)**

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 (1962)**

PUSH IN on Jackie, basking in Casals'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 --
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)

JACKIE: (confused) I'm sorry?

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

(beat)

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

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

INT./EXT. DALLAS - LOVE FIELD - DAY

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

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(beat)
I knew he was dead.

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

JOURNALIST
Mrs. Kennedy--

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

(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?
Jackie's eyes drift downward, blank.

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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 --
(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.

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

The exit?

He says Johnson wants to talk to the press.

Jackie takes Bobby's arm...  

(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 --

The casket will be closed won't it? At the funeral?

We can sort that all out later.

I want it closed so badly, Bobby.

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

Bobby's exhausted.

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...

(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.

(MORE)
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...
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?
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

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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?

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 AUCHINCLOOS. 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
decet 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)
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:

EXT. 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)
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JACKIE
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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.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(MORE)

37.

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

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 --

39.
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 UNDRESSING, 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)
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 --

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

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I used to make them smile.

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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.

(MORE)

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)

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?
INT. WEST SITTING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

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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.
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.
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Darling?

President Johnson sits.

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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 (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)
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.
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 (CONT’D)
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She goes to pick up her daughter.

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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.

JACKIE (CONT’D)
55.

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. 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:

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INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND

A long beat, and then--

JOURNALIST

Are you saying it was a mistake?

JACKIE

No, of course not.

CUT TO:

57.

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)
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.
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)
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(beat, one more regret)
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I'm sorry.

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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.


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)
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)
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)
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
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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 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.


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.


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.