

THE WIVES OF THOSE WHO MATTER

Written by

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Inspired by True Events
&
Gossip

"PILOT"

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE NAIL SALON - NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

A SLOW PAN of a WOMAN'S lavender-manicured INDEX FINGER over ESSIE NAIL POLISH BOTTLES. Snug, hard, glass and lacquer marbles. Grey to purple. Oyster to Aubergine.

FEMALE VOICE OVER

There's that phrase, "Practice makes perfect." Kind and gentle. It's true too. To look perfect, to act perfect, to be perfect-- it takes practice.

The finger plucks a bottle out, releasing pressure from the assembly line.

FEMALE VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Trouble is: no one cares about practice.

REVEAL:

A tall BLONDE WOMAN (33) stands next to a VIETNAMESE MANICUREST (50s). 200 Essie nail bottles behind them.

PULL OUT FURTHER AND REVEAL:

The Blonde Woman dons a black pencil skirt, a crisp white tee shirt, and delicate camel sling backs.

EVEN FURTHER:

WHITE WOMEN in massage chairs stare at the Blonde Woman, as they wear tank tops stained with boob sweat and unfit pencil skirts, soaking sausage feet in tubs.

In a world full of copycats, she's the original.

In broken English, the Manicurest taps the shoulder of The Blonde, presenting her with a nail polish bottle.

MANICUREST (O.S.)

What about this one, Mrs. Kennedy?

REVEAL:

CAROLYN BESSETTE KENNEDY (33). Her face hollow but glowing; cold but hot tempered; good pushing bad. She laser-focuses on the Manicurest, a python before eating her prey.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Look at the swatch.

Carolyn seduces the Manicurest towards her with a fabric swatch.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Now do you see my nails?

Carolyn flips her hands and shows the top. A SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND BAND on her ring finger.

MANICUREST
(uneasy)
Yes, I see.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Do they look the same to you?

MANICUREST
Very close.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Not good enough. Again.

MANICUREST
A third time?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
As many as it takes.

The Manicurest looks at the clock: 6:50pm.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Now.

The Manicurest, panicked, grabs another BOTTLE from her cart.

Carolyn examines the bottle. It is not the same color as the swatch but Carolyn reads the bottom, like she might be interested.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
'Nice is nice.'

MANICUREST
Just like you!

She shoves the bottle back to the Manicurest.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(angry)
I don't need nice. I need *lavender*!

The Manicurest stares in fear, unsure of what to do.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(slow, quiet)
Get me something special. Get me
something *lavender*.

The Manicurest hurries to the back of the salon as the
Customers quickly return to their tabloids.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(to no one)
Thank you.

A PHONE RINGS...

Carolyn takes her Nokia 3210 out of her Louis Vuitton purse.

JOHN CALLING

Carolyn Bessette rolls her eyes like a teenager about to get
grounded. She pulls out colors from the wall, already bored.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(into phone, sing-songy)
The more you keep calling me, the
longer it will take.

The Manicurest presents Carolyn with a special box of colors.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'm not going then.

POV: CAROLYN BESSETTE looking down into the box of colors.
All the same, all different.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Then I'll meet you there... Fine!

Carolyn throws her phone in her bag, the Customers staring.

She selects a color-- gray more than purple-- and hands it to
the Manicurest as she sits in a massage chair.

MANICUREST

Are you sure, Mrs. Kennedy? This is not lavender.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Fuck the lavender.

Carolyn Bessette presents her hands and smiles at the Manicurest. She grabs the Manicurest's hand with hers.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)

(softly)

I'm sorry. Thank you.

The Manicurest SMILES back and starts filing her nails as A SINGLE TEAR streams down Carolyn Bessette's face. She winces as she swallows the rest of them and closes her eyes...

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

Practice for men is different. They spend their whole lives *practicing* to become whatever they want to be because there's always a woman encouraging them to keep going.

She swallows big. Eyes shut. Tears stopped.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

And sometimes all you want to scream is, "Execute, you fucking pussy!"

With tears absorbed back into her skin, her face is hard.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

But no, that's for the dads, or brothers, or coach.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF **REAL FOUND FOOTAGE** in reverse:

- JFK Jr. (22) at Brown with CHRISTINA HAAG walking The Quad.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

There's his college sweetheart.

- JFK Jr. (17), the football player with a CHEERLEADER.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

High school girlfriend... summer love.

- JFK Jr. (15), Cape Cod, in tiny shorts running up from the beach with a boombox and a sun-kissed GIRL trailing behind.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
All these women. Practicing to be
the trophy for *his* role as Captain
or CEO...

- The famous footage of John (2) waving his father's casket
goodbye with JACKIE and CAROLINE.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
... or even President.

SMASH TO:

- 1994, JFK Jr. and Carolyn Bessette, walking next to John
who's in a suit and a baseball cap, as he walks his bike.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
For women, every test, every game,
every job, leads to the inevitable
moment where you get sidelined.

- 1996, JFK Jr. and Carolyn Bessette on their wedding, in her
famous silk white Narcisso Rodriguez gown. Perfect trophy.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
The worst part?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE NAIL SALON - PRESENT - AN HOUR LATER

Carolyn EXITS the salon, carrying her heels in a plastic bag,
The Manicurest waving her off.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
You thought you had a choice...

A CROWD of PAPARAZZI lift up their cameras. Light bombs
thrown her way.

PAPARAZZI 1
Carolyn! Carolyn!

PAPARAZZO 2
Over here!

She keeps her head down as a BLACK CAR pulls up to the curb.

PAPARAZZO 1
Where's John? He get his nails done
too?

Carolyn SMILES. It's funny.

SLO MO as Carolyn Bessette instinctively turns to see who made the joke, when her icy blue eyes freeze the PAPARAZZO 1. Everything except his finger on the shutter.

CLICK.

FREEZE FRAME:

THE PERFECT SHOT: Carolyn Bessette Kennedy smiling after just getting her nails done, carrying her shoes in a plastic bag.

Stars, they're just like us.

UNFREEZE as her gaze lingers on his, a momentary human connection as she OPENS the door, when--

PAPARAZZO 1 (CONT'D)
Is there a little John on the way?

She turns her back, sour, immediately rejecting him. So, he--

PAPARAZZO 1 (CONT'D)
(screams)
WHORE!

Carolyn SLAMS the door SHUT. A flutter of birdies over

MONTAGE OF **REAL PHOTOS** OF JOHN AND CAROLYN OVER HEADLINES:

- PAGE SIX: "#1 Hunk SOBBING ALONE ON SIDEWALK"
- NATIONAL ENQUIRER: "JFK AND CAROLYN SPLIT TO SAVE MARRIAGE"
- DAILY NEWS: "LEAVE HER ALONE: JOHN'S PLEA TO GIVE CAROLYN SPACE"
- THEN, VIDEO FOOTAGE of John and Carolyn being hounded by Papps.

JOHN
Cut the--

John angrily smashes the video camera. The feed cuts--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

As we match Carolyn's POV over her shoulder, through the window, thick air hazes over the setting sun. Bumper to bumper traffic. Summer Friday in The City.

Her phone rings. She looks at the ID and SMILES with relief.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(into phone)
I'm late. Sue me.

INTERCUT:

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - BACK PORCH - HYANNIS PORT - SAME TIME

CAROLE RADZIWELL (35) is on the other side of the phone. She is married to Anthony Radziwill, John Kennedy Jr.'s best friend. She is Carolyn Bessette's best friend too. Double date soulmates.

Carole sits on the expansive, ocean-view porch, watching the sunset with a glass of wine.

CAROLE
I don't need your money.

Carole is tiny in stature, mighty in brains. She's proudly mousey in comparison to Carolyn, as if there's merit in natural beauty.

Behind her, through the french doors, is her husband, cancer-stricken ANTHONY RADZIWELL (39).

He lies in a white robe in his hospice bed, dressed in Egyptian cotton sheets. Anything to make his situation look more like the Ritz over Sloan Kettering.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
How's he doing?

CAROLE
Excited to see you guys.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I'm only getting on this plane for Anthony.

CAROLE
He's waiting for you.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Good because we're going to watch movies all weekend while you entertain John.

CAROLE

I don't need Anthony leaving me for you now. I put a lot of work into him.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Then throw out your Gap sneakers.

Carole looks down at her feet. She's wearing beat up Gap sneakers. She LAUGHS.

CAROLE

I guess he's yours.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Finally!

CAROLE

Wise choice. I hear widows get much more sympathy than divorcées.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

(laughing)

I love you.

CAROLE

See you real soon.

Carole hangs up, hanging on the pride of a good joke when--

ANTHONY (O.S.)

(weak)

Have they landed yet?

Carole heads back into ...

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Anthony lies in his bed, looking out at the patio and beach below.

CAROLE

They're leaving soon.

ANTHONY

They were supposed to leave two hours ago.

CAROLE
You know Carolyn.

ANTHONY
And how John reacts to Carolyn.

CAROLE
There's always space for separate
bedrooms at The Compound.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESSEX AIRPORT - NEW JERSEY - 8:20PM

The Black Car pulls up onto the tarmac where a Piper PA-32R-301, Saratoga II AIRPLANE stands waiting.

JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR. (38) stands on crutches, waiting with LAUREN BESSETTE (34). John's movie star looks don't disappoint. He's the kind of handsome that makes every wife question if she's settled and every husband know she did.

And yet there's something Monet-ish about him. Maybe it's his marriage; or maybe it's the ankle injury; but up close, the perfect package seems blurry.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
You imagined him to be Prince
Charming.

Carolyn Bessette gets out of the car and John decides this is the moment to hobble into the plane, turning his back on her.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
Don't be sad. So did I.

Carolyn Bessette approaches Lauren, the "before" to Carolyn's "after," and smiles big with open arms.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Is this going to be hell?

LAUREN
No. It's going to be great!

With that, Carolyn follows Lauren up the stairs of the plane.

The propellers start turning over as the door finally closes as we FADE TO BLACK...

CHYRON: July 16, 1999

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES--

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - DAY

We see A YOUNG BOY launch a PAPER PLANE out of a 50 STORY HIGH-RISE. We follow the Paper Plane as the breeze slowly cascades it through the BLUE SKY, then further down into the TREE LINE, then through MIXED FACES OF NEW YORKERS, until it slowly lands in THE POND in Central Park.

EXT. THE POND - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

When the Paper Plane gently lands on the pond's water, it unfolds and REVEAL:

DAILY NEWS COVER PAGE: "LOST: JFK JR., WIFE PRESUMED DEAD IN PLANE CRASH OFF VINEYARD."

The ink of the headline dilutes off the page and ERASES, leaving a perfect picture of America's picture perfect couple.

FADE IN:

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - FRONT YARD - HYANNIS PORT - MORNING

The last drops of dew sparkle on blades of grass as the morning sun shines through the humid summer air.

CHYRON: July 17, 1999

The sound of a LANDLINE RINGS--

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carole shoots out of bed and answers the phone. Anthony sleeps heavily next to her.

CAROLE
(into phone)
Hello?!

Over the phone, we hear...

CAROLYN BESSETTE (O.S.)
Meet me for a smoke?

Carole exhales a sigh of relief, as if she expected a different call.

CAROLE
Where are you?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
In the back.

Carole gets out of bed and opens the drape and peeks through.

REVEAL:

Carolyn Bessette standing in John's button-down and Calvins, tucked into that season's BURBERRY RAIN BOOTS, her Nokia to her ear. She's the best ad campaign that never ran in Vogue.

CAROLE
Did you cut your hair?

REVEAL: Carolyn Bessette's hair is now cut into a sharp-angled long bob*.

**This hair cut is not only for character, but to distinguish the shift between actual historical events and the re-imagination of history moving forward.*

CAROLYN BESSETTE
It was dead.

CAROLE
When did you do it?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Just now. Still on the floor.

Carolyn Bessette's big grin is met with Carole's silence.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
It's fine. He can make a voodoo doll when I'm gone.

CAROLE
I'll meet you outside.

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - PRIVATE BEACH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Carolyn Bessette and Carole share a cigarette as small breaks of waves rush in and out.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Once we were told another plane wasn't making the trek because of low visibility, I refused to go.

Carole checks if anyone's coming before she takes a drag.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
I mean, it's not like getting lost
in the Hamptons looking for a gas
station. I wasn't going to die
because John can't ask for
directions.

CAROLE
Did you say that to him?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Of course!

Carole EXHALES and NODS at her expectation being met.

CAROLE
So what'd you end up doing?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
We left at six this morning and I'm
here just in time for my morning
cigg.

Carolyn gingerly grabs the cigarette from Carole, proud of herself.

CAROLE
Where's Lauren?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
After last night's fight, Lauren is
going to spend the weekend here.
She's staying in a hotel nearby
with Bobby.

CAROLE
I can't believe they're dating.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(exhaling)
Don't get me started.

CAROLE
Are you and John talking?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Small talk.

Carolyn gestures the cigarette to Carole, but she declines.

CAROLE

I hate small talk. If Anthony and I talk about the pulp in his orange juice instead of the fact that he's dying, I think I might just die first.

Carole grabs the cigarette back and looks up at the house again before she takes a drag.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

How's Anthony? Does he hate me?

CAROLE

No, he doesn't hate you. And I don't hate John.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Please do. I need the company.

Carole laughs.

CAROLE

Well, I love the cut. It's bold and blunt.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

That's me, baby.

Carolyn Bessette grabs the cigarette, taking a thoughtful drag, the kind that makes people want to smoke again.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - KITCHEN - LATER

This is a "smaller" kitchen designated for the guests of the compound. Full chef's kitchen, nonetheless.

Anthony and John sit next to each other at a round table. Carolyn Bessette sits on the other side.

Carole serves fresh-squeezed orange juice and Anthony slowly takes a sip.

ANTHONY

Lots of pulp today.

CAROLE

It's good for you.

Carole ignores Carolyn's stare as she goes back to juicing.

With John and Anthony oblivious, Carole looks back to Carolyn and rolls her eyes.

JOHN

That new Star Wars movie has made
so much money already. Man, am I in
the wrong business, or what.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

He is.

JOHN

Don't answer that.

ANTHONY

I love your new hair, Carolyn.
Don't you, John?

Carolyn Bessette looks up with hopeful anticipation but John
doesn't look up from his *Arts & Leisure* section of the Times.

JOHN

If it means less time getting
ready...

ANTHONY

I love it. What made you do it?

Carolyn still stares at John, her eyes stabbing him for
attention.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

(provocative)

It's important the world know
blondes actually have *less* fun.

She makes everyone uneasy in the room, then looks at Anthony.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)

(matter of fact)

I was paying someone 500 bucks
every three weeks to burn the skin
off my scalp just to look like a
Disney Princess and I thought 'I'm
smarter than that.' So, chop chop.

Still without reaction from John, Carolyn Bessette gets up
from the table. And then...

JOHN

Where are you going?

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Wash my face.

JOHN

We have to be ready soon.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Which is why I'm washing my face.

John looks at Carole for help. Carole juices oranges instead.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - POWDER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carolyn Bessette washes her hands and looks herself in the mirror. Something on her face catches her attention and she leans over the sink towards the mirror and examines her face.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
In order to have perfect pores,
you've got to get the dirt out.

Carolyn presses her index finger around, looking for a pore to pop.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
Men don't do this. They just expect
you to ignore the imperfections
buried under the skin.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Carolyn Bessette's face in the mirror as the pressure from her fingers forces a black head into EXPLOSION.

Pus hits the lens.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
I always find them, though.

She wipes away the pus and dirt, blissfully satisfied, and walks back into ...

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Carolyn's energy is light and positive.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
What's everyone doing now?

John gets up from the table as if Carolyn's mood inspires him to reject her.

JOHN
I'm going for a bike ride.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Don't you want to hang out? Let
your ankle rest?

JOHN
Biking is rest.

John heads for the door on his crutches.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I love you...

She calls out to him like a dare and John Jr. loves a dare.

JOHN
I love you too.

He hobbles back to her and gives her a kiss on her forehead.
She smiles with the satisfaction after a hard morning's work.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

There's so much Toile on the walls, curtains, and bedding,
it's hard to know up from down.

Carolyn Bessette sits on the bed READING something closely on
John's IBM THINK PAD. She is talking on her Nokia as she
compares her issue of GEORGE to what's on her laptop.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(into phone)
He's just not making the numbers. I
mean if he doesn't do something big
... And what's that going to cost
me if --

Carolyn Bessette looks out and sees John limp across the
property towards their door with a BOUQUET OF WILDFLOWERS.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
He's coming back. I'll call you
later.

Carolyn Bessette hangs up, clicks out of damaging material,
shuts the computer, and grabs the steamer near her LAVENDER
DRESS that hangs from the closet door.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
He loves catching me being a
housewife. As if it's a deep down
secret. Watch.

John BURSTS IN, sweaty from his ride and Carolyn is standing
by her dress, struggling to turn on the steamer.

JOHN

Hi, Sexy.

He brings her close and starts kissing her neck and she doesn't even turn to acknowledge he's walked in the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mmm... That's my wife.

John turns her around and presents her with the flowers. Carolyn continues to fiddle more with the steamer.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

I can't get this to work.

He tries again.

JOHN

Look what I picked. Reminded me of you. Perfectly wild.

She finally looks up.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

You were thinking about me?

JOHN

I'm always thinking about you.

She smiles, feigning surprise from the gesture. John grabs the steamer in exchange for the flowers.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here, let me help you.

Carolyn smells the flowers, pleased, but John can't get the steamer to work either. He throws it on the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Forget the steamer.

They look at each other then he grabs her face as they PASSIONATELY KISS.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

Damsel-in-distress-wife works too.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Carolyn Bessette and John lie on the floor, post-coital.

JOHN

We have a bed.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
No one wants to fuck on toile.

JOHN
Why do you hate this house so much?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Not the house, just the taste.

John looks around more.

JOHN
Now that you mention it, me too...

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
Being agreeable is such a turn off.

She curls up in his arms, both staring at the ceiling.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I'm going out for this job at
Hilfiger.

JOHN
What? Why?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I like having a job. The money's
great too.

JOHN
I thought we're trying for a baby.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I can do both.

JOHN
But you don't need the money.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I'm happier when I'm busy.

JOHN
I want you on all thing's George.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Hire me at George then.

John pulls away. Really threatened this time.

JOHN
Are you serious?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I have a ton of fashion and PR
experience. Arguably more than you--

She leans into him as if this conversation is a turn on.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(sexy)
If we do it together, maybe George
could be our first baby.

Carolyn becomes inspired and excited.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Then when we have our real babies,
you run things until I come back.
And then I can bring the kids!

John pulls away.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Can you imagine? Twins hanging from
my tits in the board room.

A step too far.

JOHN
No.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Fine, no twins.

JOHN
George is mine, not yours.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
We're married. What's yours is
mine.

He shoots up and puts his gym clothes back on. Abs again.

JOHN
It's my magazine. Politics, art,
celebrity. That's me. I'm George.
Not you.

John looks genuinely desperate, like a lost boy looking for
his mom. A common panic. Carolyn reaches her hand out.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Babe --

He doesn't notice.

JOHN
(defiant)
If you want money, stay married.

Now she's pissed.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I don't want *your* money.

JOHN
Not according to our prenup.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
My stock portfolio at Tommy would
out-earn that bullshit in less time
than it takes being married to you.

JOHN
Fine. Leave me and work at Tommy.
Then you can put your ex-boyfriend--
Michael Bergin-- in all the
underwear ads.

Carolyn gets up, puts on her clothes, as John watches her, unsure of what her next move will be. She gets super close and puts her arms around him, like she's about to kiss him passionately.

Their eyes LOCK. Her icy stare. He's terrified and intrigued. Carolyn leans in and whispers in his ear.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
You think you know me and yet you
don't know me at all.

She shoves him.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Get out.

John's bad ankle makes him wobble and fall down slowly, taking his ego with him.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anthony is in a comfy chair, already in his tux and tie, while John is fresh out of the shower, in a towel, pissed.

Anthony looks tired from life and the same conversation.

JOHN

I'm ready for the next phase, you know? Kids and family and pre-schools.

John's entitlement is not lost on us. Washboard abs, pinnacle of health, complaining about his perfect life to the dying guy next to him.

ANTHONY

She's not?

JOHN

Not when I come home late and she's doing lines of cocaine with her gays before going out.

John grabs a pair of briefs from his weekend bag, turns his back to Anthony and drops his towel to slip on briefs.

ANTHONY

Do you tell her you're working late?

John lifts a BLACK TIE in the mirror.

JOHN

Sometimes.

Then another one -- also BLACK. Same to the naked eye.

ANTHONY

Are you?

JOHN

(sheepish)
Sometimes.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - GUEST HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Carolyn Bessette is standing in a white waffle bathrobe and a towel turban, applying make-up, while Carole looks on from the bed in a red silk wrap dress, seemingly ready to go.

Carolyn's lavender dress still hangs from the closet.

CAROLE

You're not making it easier.

Carolyn applies under eye concealer.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Since getting married, I feel like
I go between totally exposed and
totally invisible all at the same
time.

Carole gets up and meets Carolyn Bessette at the mirror.

CAROLE
In marriage, there are some times
you are invisible and some times
you shine.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
How do you feel right now?

CAROLE
Like a big shiny ghost.

Carole grabs Carolyn's mascara and starts applying it.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
I miss my job too. Sometimes I just
imagine myself sipping coffee over
a conference table, the smell of
the Xerox lingering on fresh pages.

She pauses and thinks about what she just said.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
And I know this is *the* moment. This
is what the marriage thing is all
about. In sickness and in health.

Then...

CAROLE (CONT'D)
But I'd do anything to have a total
meltdown over a manicure or
something. You know?

Carolyn Bessette avoids the reference.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Or wear sweatpants in public.

Carolyn takes off her robe, revealing big ribs and sharp
breasts. She steps into her dress. Carole helps with the
zipper. It stops at the widest part of Carolyn Bessette's
back.

CAROLE
Suck in.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Whatever you say, Princess.

Carolyn grips the post of the bed. The zipper doesn't budge.

CAROLE
More.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(flirty)
I like when you boss me around.

Carolyn sucks in so deep, she almost disappears.

CAROLE
You can take the girl out of
Suffern but you can't take Suffern
out of the girl.

The zipper comes up. Carolyn exhales deeply.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Where is Suffern, again?

CAROLE
It's basically Jersey.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
That's right. Carole Radziwill,
Princess of Basically Jersey.

Carole laughs as Carolyn applies lipstick in the mirror.

CAROLE
Ready?

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

John and Anthony wait outside a black limousine, with the passenger door open, each with a CANE.

Carole comes out first, pretty in the way someone average suddenly looks fancy. But not to Anthony, whose smile lights up his ashen face.

ANTHONY
Twirl, please.

Carole twirls bashfully just as Carolyn Bessette ENTERS, stealing the spotlight.

She's a blonde Jackie, shuffling in skin tight lavender silk and red lipstick. She's universally breathtaking.

Carolyn approaches the passenger door where John waits. He puts his hand on her lower back and ushers her into the car.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I'm sorry about before.

He looks deep into her eyes and KISSES her on her forehead.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - HYANNIS PORT - EARLY EVENING

The Church is packed. Pink, Irish, Kennedy, Boston faces. A blockbuster movie star. A Clinton, maybe some Bush's too.

It's a wedding you've seen a thousand times. Not just because every choice was decided by the "because it's the right thing to do" doctrine, but because the predictability of it all is a necessary component for a family so stricken with tragedy.

MARK BAILEY (31) waits for his bride, as guests get scorched in tuxedos and gowns. Beads. Starch. Sweat.

Carolyn Bessette and John sit close to the front with Carole and Anthony next to them.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE cues up on the STRING QUARTET and everybody stands.

REVEAL: RORY KENNEDY (31) at the back of the church.

Carolyn Bessette leans into John, making co-dependency fashionable. He leans into her ear. Sexy, soft.

JOHN
Beautiful, right?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Picture perfect.

Carolyn turns her head and it's clear how she really feels.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
It's impossible for a Kennedy bride
to look like anything other than a
mallard duck in bad taffeta.

Just then, Carolyn notices her thumb nail. Is that a chip? Pissed off, she investigates further:

CLOSE UP:

No, no chip.

She grabs a nail file out of her purse and files the nail just in case.

John elbows her to stop filing her nails in the middle of his cousin's wedding ceremony.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING TENT - HYANNIS PORT - EVENING

The 10-PIECE BAND is going off with, "SHOUT," as the drunken-faces of Camelot sweat out weeks of booze through The Twist.

Carole and John are at the bar, laughing.

Carolyn Bessette sits with her glass of champagne next to Anthony, legs up on his lap. A generous gesture to his degrading masculinity.

ANTHONY

I love weddings.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

I hate weddings.

ANTHONY

At the ceremony, everyone questions every life choice they've made. By the reception, everyone drunkenly forgets.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Speak for yourself.

ANTHONY

Come on, Care--

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Come on, what?

ANTHONY

The whole thing. This fake miserable marriage thing. Just get over it. You have your whole lives ahead of you.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

We do? I'm a Kennedy now.

She puts her feet down and starts putting on her shoes.

ANTHONY

I'm not and look at me.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Tell me. What makes you and Carole
so in love?

ANTHONY
Being terminally ill makes it
easier.

Carole walks over, leaving John with EUNICE KENNEDY.

CAROLYN
Sounds like the perfect second
husband.

Anthony LAUGHS at the joke and nods to her wit.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
Sometimes I don't think before I
speak.

Carolyn's gaze follows TED KENNEDY (67) and his wife, JOAN,
as they float behind Anthony. Carole APPEARS.

CAROLE
You guys talking about me?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(stone cold fox)
Chappaquiddick.

Anthony nearly spits out his wine.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
Sometimes I do.

CAROLE
Care --

CAROLYN BESSETTE
What? The Cape's a scary place for
a woman with a Kennedy. You could
be left for dead at the bottom of a
river for the sake of Presidential
legacy.

CAROLE
Come on...

CAROLYN BESSETTE
That accident was 30 years ago
tomorrow. And what will we be
doing? Nursing hangovers with
mimosas and bagels.

In Carolyn's POV, we see jovial celebrations and Lauren dancing with BOBBY SHRIVER.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Here we are, rewriting history.

John leads EUNICE KENNEDY (70s), over to the group. John grabs Carolyn's hand, for balance and for show, then smiles big to Eunice.

EUNICE
Isn't it a lovely evening? Rory
looks so gorgeous.

Carole and Carolyn nod and smile at the same time.

CAROLYN BESSETTE CAROLE
Gorgeous! Gorgeous!

*

Their reaction is obvious, but Eunice expects brown-nosing.

EUNICE
Speaking of which, Carolyn, your
sister and Bobby are getting on
quite well.

JOHN
I tried to warn him!

John expects a laugh but it falls on deaf ears.

EUNICE
When are you two going to have a
baby?

CAROLYN
Not for awhile.
JOHN
Soon!

Eunice looks at Carolyn Bessette, confused.

EUNICE
I don't understand women like you.

Carolyn Bessette smiles through gritted teeth.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
The feeling is mutual.

Eunice shuffles out. Over Carolyn smiling and waving to Eunice--

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
She hates me.

John puts his arm around Carolyn Besette.

JOHN
Well, I love you. Even when you
want to steal my magazine from me,
I still love you.

Carolyn Besette gives John a kiss and an ear nibble.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Let's get outta here.

Off their chemistry--

CUT TO:

INT. DUCK INN PUB - HYANNIS PORT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The sleepy local pub where plebeian Irish-Catholics are "the calm" until the wedding party arrives-- including Carolyn and John.

John's tux tie is loose and Carolyn is wearing his jacket.

Bruce Springsteen plays on the juke box as John holds Carolyn Besette's hand, bringing her to the bar.

INT. DUCK INN PUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

John runs his finger tips gently through her short hair and soft skin. He twirls her hair around his index finger.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Stop.

He looks at her like she put a knife in his heart.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
It's so damaged, it'll break off.

JOHN
Is that really why you cut it?

GERRY (60s) APPROACHES from the bar back. His face is red with Jupiter-blue eyes, and yellow teeth. The type to consider Boston the big city.

GERRY
John John!

John reaches over the bar to hug Gerry.

JOHN

Gerry! You got the late night wedding party over here.

GERRY

Kennedy wedding? Faaack. Good thing I already called the cabs.

(to Carolyn)

How can I serve you, your highness?

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Vodka rocks.

Carolyn turns away to take stock of the room while Gerry lingers for a please or a thank you or a smile.

GERRY

And you, my prince?

JOHN

Same.

John matches Carolyn Bessette with his back towards Gerry as they look out at the bar.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

This is what I love. Small town. Small bar. No one taking our picture. Can we move here?

JOHN

And then what?

CAROLYN BESSETTE

You run the bar and I'll be your bar maid.

She leans in closer and whispers in his ear.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)

Spank me when I spill.

He likes her offer, but leans back and smiles.

JOHN

No Springsteen, though.

Now she leans back from him. Offended.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Because he's blue collar?

John goes back in for her. Flirty yet corrective.

JOHN
I like blue collar. I *have* blue
collars! White collars too. And red
and green.

She's almost back in.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And lots of black ties.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
You love black tie.

She pulls his black bow tie and unravels it right before
Gerry serves them their drinks.

John lifts his to Carolyn.

JOHN
To black tie parties and blue
collars.

Carolyn Bessette SMILES...

CAROLYN BESSETTE
You're so cheesy.

-- Until a beautiful BLONDE walks in the bar.

Judging by her freshly sprouted boobs in her tank top, she's
safely 19. A micro-aggression for any woman in her 30s.

John and Carolyn Bessette BOTH see her. John immediately
looks down into his drink and turns his back to face Gerry
again.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Who is that?

JOHN
Who?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
That girl that just walked in.

JOHN
I don't know.

His dodging eye-contact move is like something out of an
eighth grade dance. For Carolyn, it's laughably pathetic.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Wanna know why you're not fit for
politics? You're a terrible liar.

She SLAMS her drink down and RUNS OUT of the bar as John chases her out, slowed down by his ankle and cane.

EXT. DUCK INN PUB - HYANNIS PORT - CONTINUOUS

Carolyn Bessette is trying to hail a cab, despite the line of them waiting.

JOHN
(charmed)
You don't hail cabs here.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I do.

JOHN
Stay.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
You give me shit about Michael Bergin, but we can't even go into a trashy dive bar without some blonde you fucked walking in.

JOHN
That's not true.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Oh really? Darryl Hannah couldn't make it to the Cape?

JOHN
Come on. Stop it.

He GRABS her arm again and she tries to push him off.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Let go of me!

He pulls her in again and holds onto her arm, hard.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
LET GO!

Just then, CAROLINE KENNEDY (41), John's older sister, and her husband, ED SCHLOSSBERG (52), walk out of the bar.

Upon first glance, these two are pretty forgettable-looking WASPS in pastel, but in John's world, they're everything.

Caroline and Ed look Carolyn Bessette up and down: loud, pathetic, victim.

CAROLINE KENNEDY
Need a ride home, John?

John now tries to pull away from Carolyn, but she DIGS her finger nails into his forearm so hard she DRAWS BLOOD.

John notices the blood and looks at Carolyn, shocked. He wipes it away, glaring at her, offended.

JOHN
Yeah, I do.

Carolyn Bessette watches John WALK AWAY with his sister and Ed. Each of them with his arm around him, like a wounded child in Pee Wee football.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
And then there's the kind of
perfection that's unattainable.

Caroline Kennedy turns back to glare at Carolyn. She has the kind of presence that proves looks aren't everything.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
And you're a fucking loser if you
try to compete.

Carolyn Bessette looks down and checks her hand, surprised at her own ability to weaponize her nails.

That's when she notices: A CHIP IN HER NAIL POLISH.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Carole is half dressed, half under the sheets, with her head on Anthony's hairless, skeletal chest.

She starts to open her eyes into the morning light. She turns around to view her lover, sleeping peacefully, when suddenly Anthony COUGHS so loud it wakes him up.

He jolts up in bed, coughing, vomit comes out of his mouth.

CAROLE
Anthony!

She runs into the bathroom and gets a towel and comes back and wipes off his sick body.

Angry, he snatches the towel and takes care of himself.

ANTHONY
I'm fine. Leave it.

Carole sits back on the bed and watches him.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Stop looking at me like that.

CAROLE
Like what?

ANTHONY
Like I'm already dead.

Avoiding the truth of that, Carole walks out into

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Family portraits line the walls. American Royalty. Hallway posturing. Carole doesn't look as she goes by.

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She methodically cuts oranges in halves when she notices Carolyn Besette through the window with a packed duffle bag walking towards the end of the driveway.

CAROLE
Hey..!

Carole puts the knife down and heads toward a side door.

EXT. KENNEDY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Carole picks up her pace trying to catch up to Carolyn Besette.

CAROLE
Hey!

Carolyn Besette sees Carole and starts walking faster.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
Don't walk away from me. Carolyn!

Carolyn finally stops and turns around.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I'm done.

CAROLE
You're not done.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Only with this family are you
expected, as a woman, to just shut
up and take it.

CAROLE
Give me a break. Your privilege is
showing.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Wow. You too?

Carole relents.

CAROLE
Where are you going?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Lauren's picking me up and we're
going to drive back to the city.

CAROLE
And then what?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Get a job, move out, file for
divorce, and restart my life.

CAROLE
It's that easy?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Easier for a widow than a divorcée.

Carole **SLAPS** Carolyn Bessette.

CAROLE
Don't talk like that.

Carolyn Bessette holds her face, shocked, but not hurt.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Like what?

CAROLE
Like he's already dead.

Lauren pulls up in A BMW convertible at the end of the
driveway. Carolyn runs down the driveway, her chic bob
bouncing in step. Calvin Klein perfume ad.

Carole watches Carolyn run. Wild and free.

CAROLE (V.O.)
That's the thing about Carolyn.
Everything she does is so
effortless, it's hard to know if
she's trying at all.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

It's a tiny powder room, intended only for the merriment of
relieving oneself after too many glasses of champagne.

Anthony's head is in the toilet throwing up, while Carole
holds onto his bony shoulders, looking away to save them both
a little dignity.

Anthony COUGHS, spitting out the last of it. His face is
thinner, less color.

CAROLE
Ready?

He NODS. She starts to lift him.

REVEAL:

Two half-naked 90 pound bodies standing side by side, as she
puts one of his arms around her. She carries him into --

INT. LIVING ROOM/ KITCHEN - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A barely-used chef's kitchen looks out into a living room
layout of books from ceiling to floor. It's Carrie Bradshaw's
dream apartment with Big, except Big is dying.

Carole gently places Anthony on the bed and lifts his legs so
that he can lay down.

She stares at ABC News with DIANE SAWYER on the tiny TV in
the kitchen.

CAROLE (V.O.)
I grew up believing there's room
for everybody in this world. I
believed it too.

She looks over to Anthony, lying in his hospital bed.

CAROLE (V.O.)
And then I got married.

Then back to the TV and Diane.

DIANE SAWYER (O.S.)
 Carolyn Bessette Kennedy debuted a controversial new hair cut at Rory Kennedy's wedding this weekend. Carolyn is the wife of the beloved John F. Kennedy Jr.

CAROLE (V.O.)
 And realized there isn't.

Anthony starts coughing more.

CAROLE
 (to Anthony)
 Juice?

ANTHONY
 Water.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Carole stands in front of the marble sink with a glass under the brass faucet.

POV Carole watching the glass fill up from the sink's tap.

CAROLE (V.O.)
 The water in New York is perfect.
 They say it's the copper pipes.
 Well-made infrastructure paying
 off.

She turns off the tap and starts walking over to Anthony.

CAROLE (V.O.)
 It's just a matter of time before
 the decay sets in though.

Carole hands him the water and sits down next to him. He takes a sip, a drop of water hanging on his lip. She leans in and kisses him gently.

ANTHONY
 What was Sawyer talking about?

CAROLE
 (matter of fact)
 Carolyn's hair.

ANTHONY
 Doesn't anyone care about the news anymore?

Anthony looks out the window to the New York City skyline from Central Park. It's a beautiful, perfect, New York day.

CAROLE

Diane wants to come and see you.

ANTHONY

No.

CAROLE

No?

ANTHONY

I don't even like to say goodbye at a party, why do I have to do it now?

CAROLE

People want to pay their respects.

ANTHONY

I call bullshit.

Carole LAUGHS. Their connection sparking, even if he's fried.

CAROLE

What do you mean "bullshit"?

ANTHONY

It's all for them. Have you ever thought about what it's like for the dying guy?

Carole swallows her momentary resentment and takes his hand.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm at my own funeral.
All to make them feel better.

CAROLE

Then fuck it. No Dying Man's comedy act here. If you don't want anyone to come, no one has to come.

Off Anthony's smile --

INT. GEORGE MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

A woman's LONG LEGS hang over the side of a couch, in front of a large desk that belongs to MATTHEW BERMAN (30s), who is equally comfortable with his feet up on the desk, LAUGHING.

MATTHEW

You did not say that.

REVEAL: The woman's legs belong to Carolyn Besette.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Of course I did. Why would they sit
me next to Puff Daddy! He's a thug!

Matthew has this non-threatening male energy that makes women
like Carolyn feel wanted yet safe all at the same time.

MATTHEW

So why are you here when John's out
at lunch?

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Why'd you say it was ok?

Matthew knows better than to respond.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)

I think I can save George.

MATTHEW

Does George need saving?

Carolyn Besette gives Matthew the "cut the bullshit" look.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Ok, what's the idea?

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Bring me on as creative director.

Matthew leans back, uneasy. And shocked.

MATTHEW

Carolyn, wow, I don't have the
power to do that.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

But I need you on my team.

MATTHEW

You're First Lady of George. What's
a better team than that?

Carolyn jumps off the couch and grasps either side of the
desk with each arm.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

You saw what I did at Calvin Klein.

MATTHEW
This is different.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
How?

MATTHEW
Care, come on.

Carolyn grabs her trench coat like she's going to storm out, not before a last word to Matthew.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Do you know how hard it is to always be noticed but never taken seriously? I just want a chance.

Then --

MATTHEW
What do you need?

INT. COLONY CLUB - TEA ROOM - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

It is the land of BLUE-HAIRED LADIES in this real-life women-only social club. High ceilings, high society.

It's the type of place where everyone whispers-- not because it's a library, but because proper women don't raise their voices.

In fact, there's a plaque hanging in the corner of the atrium that reads:

THE COLONY CLUB: FOR THE WIVES OF THOSE WHO MATTER

Carole ENTERS, spots Carolyn Bessette, and walks over. Together, they look like underage teenagers walking into a fancy bar they could never afford.

Carole deposits her coat and bag on the chair next to them and sinks into her chair, exhausted.

CAROLE
(looking around)
What decade are we in?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
You mean what century.

Carole LAUGHS, drawing negative attention from other Patrons.

A small balding WAITER, in a tuxedo with a white linen napkin hanging off his arm, inserts himself.

WAITER

Can I get you ladies any tea?

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Wine.

CAROLE

Wine.

*

WAITER

I'll get the red then, Mrs.
Kennedy.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Thank you.

He walks away and her smile quickly fades.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)

(to Carole)

I hate this place.

Carole looks around at the other Patrons, all drinking tea, evaluating Carolyn's scale of hatred.

CAROLE

I'm sure there's a nice old lady
here who has some rich grandson
that can get me get a job.

(then)

ABC isn't interested.

Carolyn puts her hand out on Carole's. Genuine.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

I'm sorry, Care.

CAROLE

I'm just scared for that day where
he's going to be gone and I'm going
to look around and have nothing to
do and nowhere to go.

CAROLYN BESSETTE

You can always come stay with me.

CAROLE

In the loft you don't actually
share with your estranged husband?

CAROLYN BESSETTE

Yes, exactly.

(selling it)

It's very lonely there too.

The Waiter returns with their wine. Carolyn takes a long thoughtful sip of wine as her eyes follow The Waiter's every move until he's out of ear shot.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
I have something.

CAROLE
What do you mean?

Carolyn Bessette reaches into her work bag and pulls out a FILE and hands it to Carole.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
George Magazine's financials from last quarter.

CAROLE
Where'd you get them?

Carole starts looking through.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Doesn't matter. Now that I have all the financial information, I can pitch myself as the solution. A totally bananas, star-studded issue. Then, you know, we're keeping it in the family... but not.

CAROLE
John is going to flip out.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
He won't find out until it's too late anyway. I've set a meeting with the head of the board.

Carole thinks on her sip.

CAROLE
Why do you want to do this?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Because I can.

CAROLE
Doesn't mean you should.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Can is capable, should is shit.
I've been should-ing all over
myself my entire life and I'm sick
of it... I'm changing the story.

Carolyn takes a sip of wine again.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Because I'm capable.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRIBECA LOFT - SAME TIME

All exposed brick, decorated in the effortless chic of industrial leather furniture with soft white accents and dying plants.

Carolyn Bessette and her friend, LEWIS, gay by 90s New York standards -- out and proud (only if anyone asks).

Despite the plethora of seating, they find themselves on the floor grinding up cocaine on the coffee table. THE REPLACEMENTS blasts on the surround sound CD player system.

LEWIS
Dickey Shriver, huh. So where is
Lauren now?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Bobby. No idea. Can you believe it?
I'm trying to get out and that
bitch's trying to get in!

Lewis laughs and Carolyn Bessette takes the comedic timing as an opportunity for another bump.

The buzzer RINGS and Carolyn Bessette flies to answer.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(into buzzer)
Who is it?

By her tone, she knows who it is.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(through the speaker)
It's me.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Party's here.

Carolyn Bessette hits the buzzer and scurries back over to the coffee table.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Finally. He's always late.

LEWIS
So are you.

She furiously cleans up the remains of the cocaine, then touches up her nose with her finger tip.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Then we must be perfect for each other.

The door to the loft opens and MICHAEL BERGIN (31) ENTERS. Michael is a top model for Calvin Klein and looks like it too. Perfect tan, perfect hair, perfect teeth, and perfect abs. Just like John but less complicated.

LEWIS
Well, well, well, look who the pussy dragged in.

Carolyn Bessette turns around to face the door and throws her arms in the air for dramatic emphasis.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Michael! Light of my life!

She runs towards him.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
Fire of my loins! My sin! My soul!...
(then)
My bitch.

Carolyn Bessette throws her arms around him to kiss him but he pulls away.

MICHAEL
Not funny.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Aren't you reading Lolita in your little acting class?

She walks back to the table and takes everything she tidied out and makes a little line for herself. Michael looks with curiosity and judgment.

MICHAEL
Acting isn't little.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
You're right. It's incrementally
more valuable than modeling.

This stings Michael.

MICHAEL
Calvin Klein made my dick the size
of a skyscraper.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Thanks to me.

She snorts the line. Michael is not turned on.

MICHAEL
I just came by to give you this.

He hands over a small box with non-essential items and mail.
She look through it, unimpressed, and tosses the box.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I would have sent a messenger.

This isn't the first time she talked to him like the help. He
heads for the DOOR, already exhausted by the familiar scene.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (CONT'D)
(angry)
Where are you going?

The door SLAMS behind him.

Carolyn Bessette follows him to the window where the door
lets out to the street.

INT./ EXT. TRIBECA LOFT - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

She peers outside as Michael opens the door into the street.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(yelling)
Don't come back here!

Suddenly, a MOB OF PAPARAZZI swarms Michael as they shoot
photos of Carolyn Bessette giving THE MIDDLE FINGER.

POV Michael, looking up, as Carolyn Bessette ducks inside.

The sound of the birdies going wild feels like being caught in a swarm of pigeons in Central Park. Small-minded madness.

VOICE (O.S.)

What the fuck are you doing?

Carolyn Bessette turns around and REVEAL: John standing in the doorway in his gym clothes.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carole pulls a terrible-looking lasagna out of the oven, while Anthony lies in his kitchen/ living room bed.

CAROLE

Dammit.

The PHONE RINGS and Carole rushes to get the portable.

CAROLE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

My lasagna looks like poison...

Oh... Are you sure?... I'll tell

Anthony. Love you.

She hangs up the phone.

CAROLE (CONT'D)

Babe. Babe...

Carole moves over to Anthony. Always worried.

CAROLE (CONT'D)

Anthony.

She grabs his hand and he looks over to her. She breathes a sigh of relief.

CAROLE (CONT'D)

John called. They can't make it tonight. It'll be just us and my shitty lasagna.

ANTHONY

Sounds like we get take out.

Anthony brings her in closer to him, his hand around her neck. They look deep into each other's eyes, no need to kiss.

CAROLE (V.O.)

The thing about perfection is you put so much love and care into nurturing it, you think it might show up for you... Be something for you. Be real for you.

She slips out of his un-threatening arms and escapes back to the lasagna, gasping for emotional air.

CAROLE (V.O.)

Then you realize it was just this intangible shell of something that never existed in the first place.

Carole wipes a single tear off her face as she picks up a Chinese Food TAKEOUT MENU and the portable.

CAROLE (V.O.)

And that's when you learn --

INT. TRIBECA LOFT - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Carolyn Bessette's face, lying on the floor. Those blue eyes stunned open, as if she's dead.

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)

-- There's no such thing as perfection.

PULL BACK and REVEAL the cocaine from the coffee table strewn over furniture and oriental rug.

John pours himself a scotch, shirtless. The man is teflon to cotton. Carolyn WINCES in pain at the sound of the ice cubes clanking against John's glass. She stares at his gym bag, his SHIRT poking out of the bag.

JOHN

Get up.

He moves over to her and starts pushing her up with his feet, like a dog or a toddler having a tantrum.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get. Up.

With every nudge, she winces more, holding back tears, not taking her eyes off the shirt. There's something about it.

She squints her eyes, dries her tears, gets up, and heads directly for the shirt. John's suddenly interested in her moves, invested even.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Carolyn Bessette picks up the shirt and smells it.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
This is clean.

JOHN
What are you talking about?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
You didn't work out. You changed.

JOHN
Oh, please.

She throws the shirt at him but gravity mocks her intensity as the shirt slowly falls to the ground. Angry, she charges after him.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
If you're out fucking girls, why
bother coming back here?

He dodges away from her but Carolyn follows him.

JOHN
Make sure you're not doing anything
crazy to get us in the press. Guess
I was too late.

Carolyn takes a stand in front of him. John tries to step out of her way. She pivots, not letting him get by her.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Day late and a dollar short.

They're nose to nose. The defiant energy between them makes her wobble.

JOHN
Excuse me, please let me by, you
have cocaine on your face.

Embarrassed but not thwarted, Carolyn wipes her nose with her forearm, then lays back in.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Don't you dare walk away from me.

He walks away from her.

JOHN
Thanks to you and your fashion
fags, we're going to be on the
cover of Page Six tomorrow.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
--Don't you...!

JOHN
What? Walk away? Get divorced? Or
stay here, married? Doesn't matter.
You're tied to me either way.

He turns around and pushes her up against the wall. Carolyn
Besette FREEZES. Her nose and her eyes are red and racy.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Go to bed.

John ROLLS HIS EYES at her and heads for the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Tomorrow might be a long one.

FADE TO BLACK:

CHYRON: AUGUST 10, 1999

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Page Six is on the counter with Carolyn on the cover giving
the middle finger out the window. Carole slices oranges
quickly, reading the article, annoyed. She CUTS her finger.

CAROLE
Dammit.

She sucks the blood. A sound from the bedroom.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
Ant?

Nothing. She grabs a paper towel and wraps her finger.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carole goes straight for Anthony in bed, holding her finger.

CAROLE
Anthony?

She gently shakes his arm, but he doesn't move.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
Anthony. Babe.

Carole shakes him again, harder. Nothing. She puts her fingers at his pulse in his neck. Nothing. She steps back, staring. Nothing.

Off Carole as she looks out to the city skyline --

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE NAIL SALON - TWO DAYS LATER

Carolyn Bessette and Carole are standing side-by-side looking at colors. Carole looks hollow, all the tears cried out.

Carole finds herself staring at Carolyn Bessette. Her new bob has gone from harsh angles to soft curls.

CAROLE
You changed your hair.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
(self-conscious)
I softened it up. For the funeral.

Triggered, Carole puts her head in her hands and cries then wipes her hands away. Carolyn Bessette holds Carole. Sister-friend tender love. CUSTOMERS look on.

CAROLE
(talking herself down)
It was always going to happen. It was always happening. And then it happened.

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

Carole and Carolyn Bessette lie side by side in massage chairs, TWO VIETNAMESE WOMEN working on each of them.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
John will always blame me for missing dinner that night.

CAROLE
Comes with the job.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Which is why I quit. He moved out.

CAROLE
With Anthony's gone, does that mean
I quit too?

CAROLYN BESSETTE
I think you're just retired.

CAROLE
That makes me feel old.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
Hey, everyone loves a comeback.

Carole LAUGHS for the first time in days. She notices the dark purply-black color on Carolyn Bessette's finger tips.

CAROLE
I like your nail polish.

Carolyn Bessette lifts up her LEFT HAND. No wedding ring or engagement ring to speak of.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
It's called "Wicked."

Carole gets up from her chair, moves to the nail polish wall looking for a color. Mirror shot of our opening scene. She PULLS out a bottle, READS the bottom, TAKES the bottle, and heads back to the chair.

CAROLE
I'd like to change my color,
please.

EXTREME CLOSE UP as Carole hands over the bottle, we see the name on the bottom: "WICKED."

CAROLYN BESSETTE (V.O.)
Practice makes perfect.

Off Carolyn's smirk --

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Carole stares at a giant bowl of oranges on the kitchen counter, as she sips her coffee.

PULL OUT AND REVEAL the kitchen is full of flowers arrangements-- peonies, orchids-- on the counters, on the table, on the floor. If it weren't so sad, it would be tacky.

She turns on the TV and looks longingly as DIANE SAWYER does the newscast. She suddenly turns off the TV, grabs her keys and heads out.

INT. TRIBECA LOFT - SAME TIME

The place is empty. No flowers. Sterile, dark, and cold.

Carolyn stands in the kitchen, in head-to-toe chic black power suit, sipping espresso out of the tiniest, most precious, little ceramic cup.

Carolyn sees her own face on the cover of Page Six:

A PHOTO OF HER AND JOHN WALKING OUT OF ANTHONY'S FUNERAL
LOOKING MISERABLE.

HEADLINE: DEATH & DIVORCE

She tosses the paper and then grabs her briefcase and heads for the door.

When she opens the door, Carole is standing there, about to knock.

CAROLYN BESSETTE
What are you doing here?

CAROLE
Can I stay here awhile?

Carolyn SMILES as she opens the door for Carole.

END OF EPISODE