

GRACE OF MONACO

by

Arash Amel

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"You know, I just love Grace Kelly. Not because she was a princess, not because she was an actress, but because she was just about the nicest lady I ever met. Grace brought into my life as she brought into yours, a soft, warm light every time I saw her, and every time I saw her was a holiday of its own."

Jimmy Stewart, Euology for Princess Grace

"I fell in love with Prince Rainier. What followed was more difficult than I had thought."

Her Serene Highness Gracia Patricia of Monaco
aka Grace Kelly
aka Gracie

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO - DAY

A '58 Rolls Royce Silver Cloud navigates the winding mountain roads of the Mediterranean Principality of Monaco. A man with bulldog features peers out of the glass at the harbor segueing into the sprawling sea. ALFRED HITCHCOCK, 62, the legendary film director. He glumly surveys the wondrous beauty of Europe's playground for the rich and famous. The yachts and the boats down below are like toys in the sparse, freezing, yet idyllic winter setting.

It is December, 1961.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO. WAITING ROOM - DAY

C.U. on a B&W PHOTOGRAPH of a blonde WOMAN and a MAN with their backs to us, looking out at that same Monegasque vista. A famous LIFE MAGAZINE PHOTO of GRACE KELLY and PRINCE RAINIER III OF MONACO, taken shortly before their fairytale wedding many years ago. A picture of dignified romance.

Hitchcock sits under the CREST of THE GRIMALDIS, the ROYAL HOUSE OF MONACO, staring at the photo. He is alone in a gigantic waiting room, clutching his cane and hat in one hand, and a screenplay in the other. He is surrounded by CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, and the portraits of the GRIMALDI FAMILY looking down with the stern disapproval of history.

Hitchcock checks his watch impatiently, just as the door CREAKS open and in walks MADGE TIVEY-FAUCON. Early 30s. The stern, overly confident lady-in-waiting, who has worked hard to lose her Australian heritage in a refined European palace.

MADGE

Well come on, Mr Hitchcock, We
don't have all day.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. CORRIDORS - DAY

Hitchcock walks in step with Madge through the magnificent hallways of the 190-Room Palace. Their heels clip on the marble, as PALACE STAFF rush by on their errands --

MADGE

-- you are to refer to her as *Your Highness* or if you speak French you can call her *Votre Altesse* --

-- now sweeping through a HALLWAY being refurbished -- scaffolds erected and WORKMEN making a racket -- passing a giant christmas tree --

MADGE (CONT'D)

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

HITCHCOCK

Whatever you say, madam.

MADGE

(stops)

I do not run a bordello, Mr Hitchcock. If you must, it's Ma'am.

(then)

You're not going to give me trouble, are you, Mr Hitchcock?

HITCHCOCK

Trouble?

-- something SMASHES at the other end of the corridor -- servants quickly chastise the culprit and clear up the mess. Madge, wary of Hitchcock, walks on, as he follows towards a set of GRAND DOUBLE DOORS -- the ROYAL QUARTERS --

MADGE

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

She opens the doors for him. Hitchcock surveys the royal quarters beckoning-

HITCHCOCK

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

He walks into the royal quarters, leaving Madge speechless.

INT. PRINCESS' QUARTERS - DAY

A PEN in slender female hands ... a long LETTER in BIG LOOPED HANDWRITING to "MA KELLY". BLUE EYES scan the text -- the WOMAN's lips pursing in thought -- then the pen moving to a pad where she begins to practice a SIGNATURE: Grace de Monaco, Grace de Monaco. Repeatedly. But can't get it right. A further pause ... before the pen returns to the letter and the woman simply WRITES: "See you later alligator, Gracie."

CUT TO:

Hitchcock navigates the royal quarters ... to the STUDY ... where he sees the solitary woman sitting at a bureau by the window, her back to him, dressed practically in slacks and blouse. The winter sun casts through the bars of the castle's windows like a gilded cage.

He accidentally steps on a child's squeaky toy, which breaks the silence. The woman stops ... turns to face him-

GRACE KELLY. 32. Princess Grace of Monaco. The sharp cheek bones, the depth behind her porcelain gaze, off-set by striking blonde hair tucked back. Except now a mother of two, her modern dress at odds with the world she inhabits, a million miles from the fairy-tale of the newsreels.

GRACE

Hitch?

HITCHCOCK

Altesse.

In an instant, her whole demeanor LIGHTS UP with joy, and she breaks into BIG SMILE that lights up the whole room.

GRACE

Are you ever a sight for sore eyes.

OVER -- we HEAR the SCREAMS of CHILDREN --

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

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

(whenever a foreign language is spoken subtitles are assumed)

GRACE (FRENCH)
 (to parents)
*Good day ... welcome ... Merry
 Christmas ... What a handsome young
 man ...*

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

HITCHCOCK
 Where's the Prince?

PHYLLIS
 Oh, he never comes. Far too busy.

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

PHYLLIS
 Every Christmas.

Hitchcock feels someone tugging at his coat tails. It's Princess Caroline.

HITCHCOCK
 Yes?

PRINCESS CAROLINE
 You're in my way.

Hitchcock stares at the impudent little Princess with a raised eyebrow.

GRACE
 Caroline, apologize!

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

CUT TO:

Grace takes the small podium ... a MICROPHONE ... standing before more than five-hundred children and their parents ... she clears her throat ... her hand imperceptibly shaking ... She's awkward. Nervous. An American careful not to break decorum before the eyes of her European subjects-

GRACE (FRENCH) (CONT'D)
I'd like to thank you all-
 (feedback, which clears)
 (MORE)

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

There's APPLAUSE as she nods, smiles self-consciously, keen to get off the stage.

EXT. GREAT GARDENS - DAY

Hitchcock lays the SCRIPT down on the table. Grace sits opposite him sipping her tea, eyeing the script, away from the maddening crowd. She turns it around, trying not to seem curious, eyeing the title.

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

HITCHCOCK
 Oh I don't know. Cubby Broccoli
 just made a spy movie with some
 Scottish fellow he's raving about.
 (then)
 It's probably not going to be my
 best work, but it could be yours.

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

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
 We start production in the spring.
 Universal will pay you one million
 dollars.

GRACE
 It's not about the money, Hitch.

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

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

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
 It's going to be the role of a
 lifetime, Gracie.

GRACE

Do I look that unhappy, Hitch?

HITCHCOCK

You look tired, Gracie.

He says it with warmth and sincerity. A sympathetic smile, before putting on his hat, picking up his cane-

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

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

GRACE

How is Cary?

HITCHCOCK

His wife still sticks pins in your effigy every night.

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

GRACE

Hitch.

(he stops)

THIS is the role of a lifetime.

HITCHCOCK

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

He remembers to nod in curtsy, then leaves, taking that flavor of Hollywood glamor with him. Grace, his blunt words settling, as she realizes her personal secretary Phyllis standing alongside her. Grace hands her the LETTER-

GRACE

Mail this, will you please Phyllis?
It's going to my mother.

Phyllis nods and departs, as Grace picks up the script and feels its weight in her hands ... only to notice MADGE has been watching her from the window, and now moving away from it.

CUT TO:

B&W NEWS CLIP: PATHE NEWSREELS of EUROPEAN ARISTOCRACY arriving on a HUGE CRUISER YACHT moored in Monte Carlo Bay-

REPORTER (V.O.)

The place to be seen for New Year's Eve is Monte Carlo, the playground of the great, the good, the rich and the beautiful. Here's President Charles De Gaulle with his elegant wife Yvonne. They join guests on board The Christina, the largest yacht moored in Monte Carlo Bay, owned by that Greek shipping tycoon himself, Aristotle Onassis.

The images cut to GRACE being escorted by the dashing PRINCE RAINIER III, her husband, onto the yacht-

REPORTER (V.O.)

And the guests of honor, their Serene Highnesses Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, who in 1962 will be celebrating the sixth anniversary of their Wedding of the Century.

Grace smiles at the cameras and crowds, and waves. Her smile lighting up the screen every time.

INT/EXT. THE CHRISTINA - NIGHT

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

We're with Grace, moving through the guests. To her eyes, these European aristocrats are somewhat grotesque, eccentric. She simply smiles and nods as she glides among them, leading De Gaulle's wife, YVONNE VENDROUX, 61, through the party-

YVONNE

Are any of your Hollywood friends here?

GRACE

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

(they share as smile)

Have you met Father Tucker?

FATHER FRANCIS TUCKER, 72, Prince Rainier's seasoned Irish-American chaplain and counsel.

A kindly old soul with a glint in his eye, who played an integral role in bringing together a lonely Prince and a restless actress. For now, he's propping up the bar, wearing scarf and hat at a jaunty angle, motioning for a refill, surprised as Grace takes his arm-

GRACE (CONT'D)

Tuck married us you know.

Father Tucker doffs his cap towards Yvonne.

FATHER TUCKER

Oh, how do you do, ma'am?

GRACE

You know its against protocol to wear your hat indoors.

FATHER TUCKER

Pray don't tell Madge. I won't hear the end of it.

GRACE

Have you seen Rainier?

FATHER TUCKER

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

Tucker nods towards a seating area where Onassis holds court-

CUT TO:

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

ONASSIS

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

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

MARIA

That's not how it happened at all-

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

ONASSIS

Madame, you are now sitting on the largest penis in the world.

(off her puzzlement)

The chair covers. They're made from whale's scrotum.

Antoinette bounces up like she's been electrocuted.

PRINCE RAINIER III. 38, Prince of Monaco. An ambitious young monarch who married a Hollywood star against tradition. Breaks from his conversation-

RAINIER

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

ONASSIS

I wasn't.

RAINIER

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

ONASSIS

Would you like me to buy the rest of your tiny country?

Onassis grins and hiccups. A common joke between him and the Prince. Antoinette looks to her husband, the dutiful and ever-somber JEAN-CHARLES, 48, and decides to gingerly sit anyway.

Grace and Yvonne arrive into the thick of all this --

Grace sits by Rainier as Yvonne takes her seat by PRESIDENT CHARLES DE GAULLE. 72. This isn't De Gaulle popularized in uniform and mustache, this is De Gaulle during France's Fifth Republic. A dark-suited towering stern-faced ogre of a man who has become France's answer to Churchill. As he continues his conversation with Rainier-

DE GAULLE

I'm telling you, the British will always side with the Americans. Their Atlanticism will be the end of our culture. A third pillar. Between the Soviets and the United States. That's what Europe must become.

GRACE

What will I tell my children, Mr President?

Grace, searching her handbag for her cigarettes-

DE GAULLE

About what?

GRACE

They are Monegasque, yet also
American. Should I perhaps drop
them in the middle of the Atlantic?

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

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)

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

GRACE (FRENCH)

They are most precious to me.

DE GAULLE

(clasps his hands)

Tres bien! Your French has
improved.

De Gaulle turns to EMILE PELLETIER, a thin grey man, Monaco's
French Minister of State, standing behind his chair-

DE GAULLE (CONT'D)

Isn't she adorable, Emile?

PELLETIER

Adorable.

RAINIER

(takes Grace's hand)

Grace is the best ambassador I have
ever had.

Grace absorbs De Gaulle's condescension, but her smile
doesn't waiver, as De Gaulle lights her cigarette for her.

DE GAULLE

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

FATHER TUCKER

(arriving - interrupting)

Let us talk of lighter subjects, Mr
President.

DE GAULLE

This is just friendly conversation.

Tucker takes Rainier's side, his chief counsel, with a 'don't let this happen' glance to the Prince ...

RAINIER

Francis is right, Charles-

DE GAULLE

I insist.

Rainier knows De Gaulle won't let it drop ... sits back, with a thin smile ... as De Gaulle looks to Grace-

DE GAULLE (CONT'D)

Right now, we are faced with a terrible war in Algeria. Yet as I try to deal with it, the O.A.S. a far right nationalist movement in my own country disagrees with my Algerian policy and has been trying to assassinate me. How should I deal with the OAS, or for that matter the Algerian colony?

GRACE

One would ask why in heavens you would be fighting a war in Africa anyway. I suspect you should arrange a vote for the Algerian people and just concentrate on problems in your own country. Colonialism seems so last century.

DE GAULLE

(niggled)

Maybe you're right, Rainier. Maybe a Princess shouldn't be occupying herself with such complex matters.

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

RAINIER

I'll have a Bourbon, please.

YVONNE

Tell me more about Los Angeles, Grace. I have been meaning to go, but of course, Charles doesn't like the United States so much.

But Grace isn't listening, still calm, still cordial, still demure, as she regards De Gaulle-

GRACE

We were brought up to participate,
Mr President. My father didn't care
what interests we had but we had to
be interested in something. He
would be terribly upset to see
someone without enthusiasm.

DE GAULLE

Of course. It is the American way.

GRACE

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

De Gaulle. Stony faced. Onassis guffaws, breaking the
tension, but just making De Gaulle's intellectual humiliation
worse. Rainier grows red with embarrassment. Grace sips her
drink, a picture of innocence. Father Tucker can't help but
smile at the French President's embarrassment.

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

Rainier is pacing, furious. Grace sits removing her make-up.

RAINIER

This is not America, Grace, People
don't just - SPEAK - their minds!

GRACE

Why not?

RAINIER

Because that man is a vindictive
psychopath, and he never forgets!

GRACE

What did you expect me to say?

RAINIER

I don't know. You used to be an
actor. Act.

Madge walks in carrying a dress-

RAINIER (CONT'D)

GET OUT, MADGE!

Madge walks straight back out again.

Silence.

GRACE

I'm sorry if I embarrassed you,
Ray. But that man is a bully.

RAINIER

He's the most powerful voice in
Europe.

GRACE

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

Rainier pinches his tired eyes. Sighs. He knows she's right-

RAINIER

There's a time and place for
everything. I need De Gaulle on-
side if I'm to have any hope of
modernizing this country.

(off her silence)

How was the children's party?

GRACE

It was wonderful. We missed you.

A soft moment between them.

RAINIER

Madge says Hitchcock came to see
you.

GRACE

Well that is a surprise.

RAINIER

She's just doing her job.

GRACE

Her job is to be my lady-in-waiting
not your eyes and ears.

RAINIER

She was my personal secretary for a
very long time. She is very loyal.

(then)

Is everything all right?

Grace holds his gaze in the mirror. Beat. She nods and smiles-

GRACE

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

Rainier eyes her through the mirror, then relaxes, believing the lie. He kisses her on the head.

RAINIER
Good night, my love.

GRACE
Good night.

Rainier leaves. She watches the door close behind him. Her wistful smile fades as she lingers on the silence, then observes the make-up - her persona - on the cotton pads ...

INT. PRINCE RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

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

INT. CHILDREN'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Caroline and Albert are fast asleep in their beds. Madge dozes in a chair, clutching a book on EUROPEAN ROYAL HISTORY. Grace leans quietly over her sleeping kids, tucking them in, with a kiss for each child. As she gets up, she notices bruises on Albert's arm. She frowns. Bite marks.

Madge stirs and wakes, seeing her mistress in the room ...

GRACE
Do you know how he got these?

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

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

GRACE
You think one of them bit him?

MADGE
Their playroom is usually indescribable disorder.

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

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

MADGE

What shall I do with your dresses
for tomorrow?

GRACE

I'll deal with it in the morning.
It's been an exhausting night.

MADGE

I've always been very frank with
you, ma'am. And I know we've ...
never quite seen eye-to-eye. But if
there's ever any service I can be,
it's that you don't try to change
him. Rainier. You must make sure he
doesn't modernize too much.

GRACE

How so?

MADGE

By becoming too attached to what
you perceive to be a modern
sensibility.

GRACE

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

MADGE

The House of Grimaldi is the oldest
monarchy in Europe. It can be a
petty, squabbling house, but it has
survived by its own peculiar ways.
You make Rainier happier than I've
ever seen him. But your subjects
will never forgive you if they felt
you were alienating their prince
with hot dogs and bourbon.

GRACE

Is that a warning?

MADGE

It's simple advice, ma'am. Find
your place among your subjects. Or
their love affair with you will end
quicker than you'd expect.

Madge ... off Grace's look ... picks up her book ...

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

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

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Grace pulls open a bureau drawer to reveal the script for MARNIE. Beat. She takes it, crawls into bed, puts on reading glasses ... and starts to read by the light of the bed lamp.

EXT/INT. MONACO. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

The bureaucrats and civil servants come and go --

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAY

A grand meeting of the Monaco Council.

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

PELLETIER

The top ten trucking contractors in Marseille have all relocated their registered addresses to Monaco-Ville, yet don't even have a working office here.

(off his maps and papers)

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

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

JEAN-CHARLES

What do you want us to do about it?

PELLETIER

Stop spending so much time actively courting French companies in Paris.

Princess Caroline runs in, picks up her DOLL from the floor of the cabinet room, her poodle OLIVER yapping after her. She disturbs Pelletier, but Rainier doesn't even notice.

PELLETIER (CONT'D)

President De Gaulle is worried you are stealing French taxes and French jobs.

RAINIER

I know he pays your salary, but you're supposed to be our Minister of State. Did you explain everything to him?

PELLETIER

He's very preoccupied with the war in Algeria right now. I can tell you he's very concerned that French companies in Monaco will somehow finance attempts by the OAS on his life.

RAINIER

That's completely irrational.

Rainier surveys Pelletier, who is unmoved. Pelletier eyes him wearily get up and walk to the MODEL of FUTURE MONACO by the open balcony, before he regards little Caroline playing with the dog. Her disregard for decorum grates with Pelletier. Rainier surveys the great CASINO in the square opposite-

RAINIER (CONT'D)

Monaco has only ever been about the casinos. That's what I inherited. A playground for French aristocracy. Your wealthy come, spend, and go.

PELLETIER

And that's a problem?

RAINIER

Let me tell you something, Emile, what Monaco was is not what Monaco will be. Ten thousand people live here. In fifteen years it will be twenty-thousand. Most of them aren't rich, aren't from nobility, they're ordinary working class people who need schools, hospitals, a social safety net. I'm responsible for that, and the casinos alone can't pay for it. We make nothing, we export nothing.

(MORE)

RAINIER (CONT'D)

There are no arable lands, no agriculture, we still haven't recovered from the second world war.

PELLETIER

What are you proposing?

RAINIER

I'm proposing that if your aristocrats are going to drain Monaco, then it is not unreasonable for us to attract French businesses to pay for its upkeep.

PELLETIER

Well, it certainly puts us at an impasse, your highness. Because the President wants you to not only impose income tax on Monaco, but to pay the proceeds to France.

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

DELAVENNE

You want us to pay tax to France?

PELLETIER

You are a French protectorate which has only ever existed because of the good will of France.

RAINIER

What is this? Some kind of protection racket? We're a sovereign nation. No matter how hard Charles finds that to stomach.

PELLETIER

I am to return to Paris tomorrow with your answer.

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

RAINIER

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

PELLETIER

Some would say that would be an improvement.

(MORE)

PELLETIER (CONT'D)

(off Caroline)

Some of Monaco's offspring are running around like the grandchildren of a Philadelphia bricklayer.

The ministers shuffle uncomfortably. Pelletier gathers his stuff -- as Rainier, his expression frozen on his face ... anger visibly rising -- and --

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

Caroline stops playing with her toys.

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

RAINIER

Get on the first bus back to Paris, Emile. And tell your President that Monaco no longer needs a 'French' Minister of State. We can choose our own Prime Minister.

PELLETIER

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

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

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

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

DELAVENNE

De Gaulle will not take this well.

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

A man's polished shoes urgently clip on the MARBLE. Through hallways - an ante-room, passing aides and assistants towards the President's Office -- It's Pelletier. And he is UPSET.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

President De Gaulle hovers over a map of ALGERIA and THE MEDITERRANEAN, in conversation with his military officers and MINISTER FOR DEFENSE -- when Pelletier barges in --

DE GAULLE
What are you doing back here?

PELLETIER
He hit me.

DE GAULLE
Who did ... ?

PELLETIER
Prince Rainier. He has made his intentions very clear.

DE GAULLE
He struck a representative of France?

PELLETIER
And banned me from ever returning to Monaco.

DE GAULLE
Did you say something to annoy him?

PELLETIER
I merely expressed that he may want to examine where his loyalties lie.
(then - closer)
He is beating the drum for national identity, Mr President. He's grown dangerously anti-French.

De Gaulle grows silent. This is like a red rag to a bull.

INT. PRINCESS GRACE HOSPITAL. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

A table-tag in front of Grace at the conference table -- *HSH Princess Grace, President* -- she is flanked by her young secretary Phyllis, who is dutifully taking notes. They are surrounded by the LADIES OF THE RED CROSS, wives of Monegasque aristocrats who sit on this philanthropic committee. Helping themselves to the tea and cake buffet --

It's a RABBLE of CHATTER. In MONEGASQUE, the local dialect, which Grace doesn't understand --

GRACE

Ladies! If we can please just concentrate on the issue. The local orphanage is severely underfunded, whichever way we look at it.

COUNTESS BACIOCHI, 50s, large, outspoken, sets down her tea-

BACIOCHI

Ma'am, we cannot justify the orphanage being financed from our budget. The hospital already accounts for most of our spending.

GRACE

I can pay from palace funds.

BACIOCHI

If the palace pays for the orphanages, the retirement homes will expect you to do the same, and then the schools. It sets a bad precedent.

GRACE

How about the palace gives you an endowment, the Red Cross pays for the orphanages, no one need know-

BACIOCHI

It's very irregular.

GRACE

We can fit all of our orphans into one hospital wing, so there's no reason why we can't guarantee them some dignity. We're only converting an open dormitory so each child can have his or her own separate living area. Surely you can't have a problem with that, whatever class these children may come from.

Grace regards the aristocratic women, staring back blank.

BACIOCHI

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

(changing the subject)

The next matter on the docket is the Annual Red Cross Ball.

GRACE

That isn't due until October.

BACIOCHI

No, ma'am. But we'll need to start planning now. The annual ball is the most important party in our social calender.

Beat. Grace, frustrated- closing her notebook.

GRACE

I'm sorry, Countess, I mistakenly thought we were here for charity.

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY

Grace. Out the door, Phyllis struggling to keep up with her -- into the elevator -- punches the button -- glimpses the aristocratic wives of Monaco, chattering away in their little bubble. She will never be one of them-

GRACE

The Red Cross will be the death of me, Phyllis.

As the doors close --

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO. MOUNTAIN ROADS - DAY

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

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

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

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

EXT. COUNTRY-SIDE - DAY

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

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

The DOORBELL. Father Tucker opens the door, surprised to see Grace standing lost and dishevelled on the other side.

GRACE

Can you drive me home please?

INT. RECTORY. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

We see Tucker's sparse existence. A humble old man who lives alone. Grace eyes PHOTOS of his EXTENDED FAMILY, the EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES, the PIPE, the piles of CORRESPONDENCE marked 'DELAWARE USA', as Tucker gets his coat and subtly hides the letters. He observes Grace sitting in silence.

FATHER TUCKER

Are you alright?

GRACE

Did I make a mistake?

FATHER TUCKER

What kind of mistake?

GRACE

I can't speak my mind for it might offend someone, Tuck. Everything I do or say is wrong. Do you know how I spent most of my afternoon? Trying to get a group of noble ladies who have never done a day's work to pay for partitions in a children's orphanage. Wall partitions. Instead they'd rather waste their time planning a Ball because orphans clearly aren't high on their agenda.

FATHER TUCKER

You're in Monaco, Grace. A country with eight-hundred years of history. They have their ways.

GRACE

Well it isn't my way. To think I came here thinking I might actually be able to make a difference.

FATHER TUCKER

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

Grace. Clearly not, but that doesn't solve her problem.

INT. TUCKER'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Tucker drives Grace in silence, rolling through the sleepy streets of Monaco-Ville. Grace regards the beauty through her own reflection in the window.

GRACE

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

FATHER TUCKER

What's the movie about?

GRACE

A frigid, compulsive thief.

FATHER TUCKER

You always know how to make things
easy for yourself.

(off her look -- they
share a smile)

Have you talked to Rainier?

GRACE

I'm afraid he'll say no.

FATHER TUCKER

When has he ever said no to
anything you've asked for?

(beat)

If there's anything I've learned,
it's people have a habit of
surprising me. Not least of all
Ray. There'll be those who won't
like the thought of a Princess
acting, but I guess they made up
their minds about you a while ago.

GRACE

Like Madge?

FATHER TUCKER

Madge is a nobody.

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

GRACE

What's the secret Tuck?

FATHER TUCKER

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

Grace, finding solace in his wise gaze. An ally. They are
disturbed by a commotion in the PALACE GROUNDS, where a dozen
official vehicles block their path.

GRACE

What's going on ... ?

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. GREAT OFFICE - DAY

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

Rainier lights a cigarette, as President De Gaulle reads a
statement on TV:

DE GAULLE (FRENCH)

*We have set a time limit of six
months for Monaco to impose income
tax on its people, levies on its
businesses, and to cease its active
courtship of French companies. If
our concerns are not met within
this time-frame, we shall not only
commence an economic blockade of
the principality, but will not
hesitate to reclaim it for France.*

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

JEAN-CHARLES

(to Grace - whispers)

He's calling the registered office
of every French company relocated
to Monaco.

D'ESTAING (FRENCH)

*See? No one answers. French
companies with empty offices in
Monte Carlo. And these-*

(holds up papers)

*-these are the financial accounts
and correspondence of Monaco's
government with these businesses.*

(MORE)

D'ESTAING (FRENCH) (CONT'D)
*Stealing money from the French
 treasury. We will stop this even if
 it means by force.*

RAINIER
 Turn it off.

Rainier paces as someone switches off the TV.

RAINIER (CONT'D)
 This is a disaster. How did he get
 hold of confidential government
 papers?

DELAVENNE
 We must have a leak.

JEAN-CHARLES
 More likely Pelletier took them
 with him.

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

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

Rupert takes his seat with a nod of recognition to all,
 including Grace, who is simply observing in silence.

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

FATHER TUCKER
 Publicity is not the answer. It'll
 only antagonize him.

RAINIER
 I think you've strayed too far from
 the parish, Francis.

FATHER TUCKER
 You're never too old to be spared
 the rod, my boy.

Rainier regards Tucker -- the only man able to take a tone
 with him--

RAINIER

Okay, fine, what do you think I should do?

FATHER TUCKER

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

RAINIER

Poppycock.

FATHER TUCKER

You don't have an army. You don't have a navy. You're in no position to hardball the French President. Especially as he's about to lose Algeria and he needs to show his people that he's strong. He's made a bold threat, he'll carry it out.

JEAN-CHARLES

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

FATHER TUCKER

You need to take control of the situation by seeming contrite. That will buy you time, appease his ego. A space to think. Plan. For the next move.

RAINIER

Cardinal Richelieu had nothing on you, Francis.

FATHER TUCKER

It was your temper that got you into this mess. I've always warned you about that. Monaco hasn't lasted this long by locking horns with France.

Rainier, off Tucker, begrudgingly looks to his ministers ... and nods. Grace has watched this all unfold in silence. Rainier notices her watching. He seems to draw himself together, trying to seem more decisive.

RAINIER

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

INT. GRAND DINING HALL - EVENING

Grace and Rainier eat supper with their kids. Family meal. Oliver the poodle sits gnawing on a bone in the corner of the room. Otherwise, they eat in silence.

RAINIER

This pumpkin soup's great. Maureen made it?

GRACE

My new recipe.

More silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What if he doesn't accept your apology? Are we going to war?

RAINIER

If we do, it'll be the shortest war in the history of mankind.

GRACE

Are we stealing his taxes?

RAINIER

France has been bleeding us dry for centuries.

(then - more circumspect)

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

(leans in - with passion)

Monaco used to stand for something. An ideal. If my choice is pay money to De Gaulle to fund his colonial wars, or take what's rightfully ours and use it to give our people a better life, then it's not a choice I'd contemplate.

Beat. He starts to eat again. The weight of expectation on his shoulders isn't lost on Grace. A sense that they share a common idealism.

GRACE

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

RAINIER

(chews thoughtfully)

That's a good idea. I will.

(then)

How did it go with the Red Cross?
Will they redevelop the orphanage?

GRACE

The treasury's going to pay.

RAINIER

I bet Countess Baciochi was pleased-

GRACE

She said it was irregular. Whatever that may mean.

RAINIER

It means you're forcing her do something for a reason other than to her own benefit.

GRACE

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

He eyes her with a sense of pride, yet-

RAINIER

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

Grace. His seeming support now a little less meaningful.

Beat.

GRACE

Hitchcock offered me a role.

RAINIER

Oh?

GRACE

I think it might be inappropriate to accept now.

RAINIER

Were you considering accepting?

GRACE
I've thought about it.

RAINIER
It means that much to you?

GRACE
I miss it.

Rainier mulls the sentiment, then back to cutting his chicken-

RAINIER
You should do it.
(off her surprise)
Did you think I was going to say
no?

GRACE
Well I just presumed ...

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

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

RAINIER
The only thing I ask is you manage
the publicity. Get Rupert to word a
release before he returns to Los
Angeles. You'll find that your
subjects will tolerate just about
anything, as long as they know you
have their best interests at heart.

Grace nods, relieved it turned out so much easier than she'd
dreaded. Even if his last words don't ring true for her.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Grace steps out onto her bedroom balcony, and watches her
husband taking Caroline and Albert for a stroll in his
PRIVATE ZOO in the garden. Past lions, leopards and monkeys
in their cages. If nothing else, Rainier is wonderful around
his kids. They look up at her and wave. She waves back,
feeling almost content for the first time in a long time.

INT. OFFICE OF PRINCESS GRACE - DAY

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

GRACE

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

The three men swap concerned glances.

DELAVENNE

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

GRACE

There's always a first time for
everything Monsieur Delavenne.

CORNET

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

GRACE

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

CORNET

And the Prince, ma'am?

GRACE

What about the Prince?
(off his silence)
Mr Allan and I are going to write
the statement. You will hold on to
it until our conversations with
France are resolved. Mr Hitchcock
has agreed to be patient, and we
shall be most discreet.

CORNET

What about the studio? They will want to publicize it.

GRACE

They've agreed to follow your lead. They will only publish when the palace publishes. Which won't be until the crisis is over.

Cornet nods. Though with a strong air of disapproval.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

Cornet. Reading the release. He looks to MADGE who has delivered it, before returning it to the envelope, and depositing it into his filing cabinet. He LOCKS the cabinet.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grace bathes Caroline and Albert. The kids SPLASH away in the huge bath, as she turns to pick up their towels.

GRACE

Okay, kids, time to get out-

Grace glances in the mirror to see CAROLINE leaning over and BITING her little brother on the arm. Albert immediately bursts into TEARS. Grace spins on her heels-

GRACE (CONT'D)

Caroline!

Grace picks up Albert, wraps him in a towel, soothes him. She looks to Caroline once more, the culprit for her brother's bite marks, now looking contrite.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Why would you do such a thing?

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

GRACE (CONT'D)
That's how you made your little
brother feel. It's not nice, is it?

Caroline ... beat ... shakes her head ... Grace softens,
holds the towel up, before Caroline ... wary of her mother,
allows herself to be wrapped. Grace turns to see Madge in the
doorway, having seen what happened.

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

GRACE
(noting the surprise)
I found the biter.
(off the look)
Spare me the indignation, Madge.

Madge gently stops her from passing-

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

Grace absorbs this, and walks on.

INT. PRINCESS GRACE HOSPITAL - DAY

FLASH BULBS.

A huddle of photographers and reporters -- US and European
PRESS -- following Grace on an official visit to the
ORPHANAGE in the newly unveiled hospital wing. We can clearly
see the brand new partitioned off living areas. Grace has won
her battle, and is among the kids, exchanging words with the
orphanage staff. A YOUNG GIRL presents her with a PICTURE OF
GRACE she'd painted herself, curtsies -- FLASHBULBS --

Grace holds the picture to the camera --

GRACE
It's a good likeness, no?

A murmur of WARM LAUGHTER. There's a lot of goodwill in the
air towards philanthropy as Grace plays with the KIDS --

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

GRACE

Well, I think we have to work hard to make sure that standards for those who aren't privileged are no different to those who are; wherever in the world they may be. And we're starting at home, with something as simple as ensuring sanitation, privacy and dignity for those in our orphanages and retirement homes. Not everybody is lucky enough to be born into wealth or marry a prince.

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

REPORTER 2

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

GRACE

I have had the pleasure of meeting President De Gaulle, and he strikes me as a very reasonable man. I have every faith in my husband's ability to resolve the issue. I think you'll find this will all turn out to be a terrible misunderstanding.

REPORTER 3

When will you start on Marnie, Grace?

Silence.

GRACE

I'm sorry ... ?

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

REPORTER 3

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

GRACE

(smiles)

No, there must be some kind of-

REPORTER 3

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

(reading)

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

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

GRACE

(speechless)

No, I ...

FLASHBULBS blind her.

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS. PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

The PHONE RINGS. The SECRETARY answers.

SECRETARY (PHONE)

Universal Pictures. Alfred J Hitchcock Productions.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

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

HITCHCOCK

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

The phone RINGS. He grabs it-

HITCHCOCK (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello? Of course. Put her through.

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

Grace, on the other end of the line.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)

Grace?

GRACE (PHONE)
The studio said they would wait.

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

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

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

GRACE (PHONE)
Impossible.

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

Silence as Grace absorbs what this could mean.

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

HITCHCOCK
I can talk to the studio. If it
helps, we can push it back into
later in the year. But while we're
getting all the good news out of
the way, we got a rather stern
letter from your old employers.
(reading)
*If Grace Kelly is to ever return to
the motion picture business, she is
still under contract to MGM.*

GRACE (PHONE)
That contract expired years ago-

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

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

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

GRACE (PHONE)
Thanks, Hitch.

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

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

HITCHCOCK

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

(sighs)

Take a trip to Monaco.

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

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

CORNET

That cannot be. I ... I put it here and locked it. I have the only key.

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

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

GRACE

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

We're in Grace's own crisis room. The PHONE is on CONFERENCE, Rupert is on the speakerphone from his OFFICE IN LOS ANGELES (we may cut to him, but most of the action focuses on Grace). Every major publication stacked high, Phyllis and Madge sifting through them, a very embarrassed Cornet in attendance with his PR juniors-

RUPERT (PHONE)

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

All eyes to the bumbling Cornet-

CORNET

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

He looks to Madge, who is affronted.

MADGE

How dare you, Mr Cornet?

CORNET

I'm only suggesting a mistake may have happened.

MADGE

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

PHYLLIS

Or it wasn't a mistake.

MADGE

I'm sorry?

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

GRACE

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

I guess we're a full-time job.

RUPERT (PHONE)

I'll make a few calls to the bigger publications. Explain it was to be during your summer vacation to the States, that you were planning to use your fee to set up a charitable fund. But I need you to keep a low profile until you hear from me again.

GRACE

I'll try.

RUPERT

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

GRACE

Silly Rupert, nothing is ever off the record.

RUPERT

If I were less loyal, Gracie, I'd say 'how dare you'?

GRACE

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

Silence.

RUPERT

Hang in there, alright?

GRACE

Sure.

They hang up on each other. Grace, feeling very much alone and unwanted in this huge palace.

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

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

GRACE

Tuck.

She motions for him into an ante-room-

INT. ANTE-ROOM - EVENING

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

GRACE

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

TUCKER

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

GRACE

Why should De Gaulle care?

TUCKER

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

GRACE

Ugh, why does everything have to be so complicated?

FATHER TUCKER

Is there anybody on your staff you absolutely trust?

GRACE

Phyllis. She's an honest girl from upstate New York. I handpicked her.

Grace watches Tucker, the wheels of his mind turning-

FATHER TUCKER

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

GRACE

That's why I haven't told him yet.

FATHER TUCKER

There may be no good time to tell him at all. We need this crisis to go away. If Ray asks, call it incompetence and blame the palace Press Office.

(MORE)

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

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

RAINIER (O.S.)
 Ray mustn't be troubled by what?

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

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

RAINIER
 Was it his fault?

GRACE
 I don't know.
 (then)
 Are you mad?

RAINIER
 (struggling with the
 buttons, clearly not
 happy-)
 These things happen. It can't be
 helped. Francis, we can't keep the
 French waiting.

GRACE
 Oh Ray, you've-

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

GRACE (CONT'D)
 You do get caught up in your own
 silly little head sometimes.

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

RAINIER

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

She nods and forces a smile. Rainier lingers off the buttons, done perfectly, forces a smile back. He wants to say something, but can't figure out how to articulate it. He gives her a mechanical peck on the cheek and leaves. Father Tucker follows, with a nod to Grace.

EXT. ROC AGEL ESTATE - DAY

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

It is now July 1962.

INT. KITCHEN / BAR AREA - DAY

Madge is fussing over the preparation of the SALADS by the CHEF and his staff. We follow her making sure every piece of presentation is to the Prince's tastes. Throughout, she notices Phyllis loitering in the background, watching her. Madge grows frustrated, turns to Phyllis-

MADGE

Is there something you'd like to
say to me?

PHYLLIS

Nope.

Madge, can't muster a response, walks on.

EXT. OUTDOOR DINING AREA - DAY

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

CAROLINE (MONEGASQUE)

Mamon! Look at me!

Caroline is among KIDS, extended friends and family, practicing a swan dive into the pool, executed imperfectly. Grace doesn't understand what Caroline is saying, but-

GRACE

Good job!

Caroline looks very pleased with herself -- when -- SPLASH!
She's ENGULFED by someone DIVE-BOMBING into the pool-

ANTOINETTE

Christian!

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

ANTOINETTE (CONT'D)

I told you to stop that, you'll
hurt yourself.

MARIA CALLAS, stunning in her bikini, shades and sun-hat,
sets empty cocktail glasses on the bar --

GRACE

Are they still holed up in the
office?

MARIA

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

ANTOINETTE

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

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

ANTOINETTE (CONT'D)

Peasants. If it wasn't for us,
they'd be speaking French.

GRACE

They are speaking French.

ANTOINETTE

Ecoute. They are speaking
Monegasque.

Grace strains at the TV ... realizes that she can't
understand a word of being said ...

GRACE

What are they saying?

Antoinette turns up the TV and translates on the fly-

ANTOINETTE

(off Man 1)

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

(off Man 2)

We're in crisis and she's leaving. For Hollywood!

(off Woman 1)

No, I'm not sure she can ever be one of us.

Grace absorbs that feeling of alienation.

MARIA

I noticed you've got stables.

GRACE

Do you ride?

MARIA

Do I ride?

INT. ROC AGEL. RAINIER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

RAINIER (PHONE)

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

DE GAULLE (PHONE)

Non.

RAINIER (PHONE)

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

DE GAULLE (PHONE)

Non!

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. ROC AGEL. RAINIER'S OFFICE - DAY

Rainier rests his head in his hands-

RAINIER (PHONE)
 It's all a misunderstanding,
 Charles.

DE GAULLE (PHONE)
 So why did you release the news? Is
 she going to Hollywood or not?

RAINIER (PHONE)
 No.

DE GAULLE (PHONE)
 You're lying.

RAINIER
 (the phone's gone silent)
 Charles?

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

The mention of his children makes Rainier angry-

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

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

JEAN-CHARLES
What happens now?

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

ONASSIS
Can he really do that?

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

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

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

ONASSIS
Why don't you call Kennedy?

FATHER TUCKER
We've tried, they're calling it a
French matter.

Onassis wracks his brains for a solution ...

ONASSIS
So let's make it a non-French
matter. You have European
neighbors, they can put pressure on
De Gaulle.

RAINIER
I'm listening.

ONASSIS

Fire Rogers & Cowan, bring Rupert Allan in to come and work exclusively for you. He's a bright publicist. He can paint it like David and Goliath -- you're trying to look after your people, the big oaf is trying to take it by force. Make Monaco's security seem like a threat to Europe.

FATHER TUCKER

You will only-

RAINIER

-antagonize De Gaulle. I understand.

Rainier sits back, struck by indecision.

ONASSIS

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

RAINIER

Some would say that's more a disability than a benefit.

ONASSIS

Then maybe it's time you brought her into line, instead of letting her do what she wants.

FATHER TUCKER

That's not a solution.

RAINIER

What is a solution, Francis? Do you have one? Because we just tried your way and failed.

EXT. ROC AGEL, GROUNDS - DAY

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

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

GRACE
How do you do it?

MARIA
How do I do what?

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

MARIA
(amused)
We weren't rutting, my dear, we were fucking! I have nothing to hide. What they say is who I am.

Maria, a fire that burns singular and bright, as her horse circles Grace, like a predator, and she comes closer-

MARIA (CONT'D)
You have a ... restlessness.

GRACE
Oh?

MARIA
You want to be public, and private. You want to live out there, and also live in here. You want them to adore you, but leave you alone.

Grace. Regards Maria closely, awkwardly. Trying to understand-

MARIA (CONT'D)
I only live out there.

GRACE
But are you happy?

Maria closer now, lingering off Grace's gaze, intrigued-

MARIA
I am. But you ... you're married to a Prince. You must live where and how they tell you. Even I know that. And your only way out, is that way-
(- points to the gates)

Maria and Grace. Fire and Ice. Before Maria breaks into a grin, pulls away, and kicks at her horse -- she bolts, leaving a trail of dust. Grace watches her go, then the gates of the estate, before turning her horse and kicking at it too-

EXT. VERANDA. DINING AREA - EVENING

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

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

Antoinette is the first to break-

ANTOINETTE
It's all just so unfair.

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

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

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

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

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

Ghislaine sees Rainier's displeasure, deflects the question.

PRINCESS GHISLAINE
Who put out white lilies?

GRACE
(off the flowers)
I did.

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

GRACE

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

MADGE

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

GRACE

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

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

RAINIER

I suppose your hair was Madge's fault too.

GRACE

My hair?

RAINIER

Who told you to cut it that short?

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

RAINIER (CONT'D)

It looks dreadful. It yells of disrespect.

GRACE

To whom?

ANTOINETTE

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

PRINCESS GHISLAINE

She's a modern woman-

RAINIER

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

(to Ghislaine)

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

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

GRACE

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

RAINIER

What do you want, Grace?

GRACE

What do I want?

RAINIER

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

GRACE

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

RAINIER

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

GRACE

Because De Gaulle says so?

RAINIER

Because I say so.

GRACE

That's not your decision to make.

RAINIER

I am the Prince, and your husband.

GRACE

I won't do it, Ray.

RAINIER

You will and you must!

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

FATHER TUCKER

Rainier. This is uncalled for.

Rainier. His frustrations getting the better of him-

RAINIER

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

GRACE

It's just a movie, Ray.

RAINIER

And you're just an actress.

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

GRACE

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

(off Rainier's silence)

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

An uncomfortable stir. Rainier, struck by her words.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Maybe you shouldn't ask WHO would want to be an enemy of Monaco, but look in the mirror and figure out WHY. With all our backward ways I'm sure you'll find a reason.

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

A marriage in crisis, and everybody was witness to it.

INT. MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

FATHER TUCKER

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

Tucker soaks up her brooding silence-

GRACE

You believe in fairy-tales, Tuck?

FATHER TUCKER

I believe in happily-ever-after.

GRACE

Even this far away from home?

FATHER TUCKER

God helps. So does whiskey.

He drinks. The moment settles.

GRACE

When I won my Oscar, do you know what my father said? *I always thought Jack would be the one to put the family name in lights.* Jack was my older brother, and an Olympic rower. Daddy was genuinely surprised I achieved anything in life. I think to him I was always going to be the disappointment.

(looks to Tucker)

Believe me, I never thought living with Rainier would be any easier than living with my father.

FATHER TUCKER

Rainier loves you, Grace.

GRACE

Rainier loves an image of me.

(then)

Once upon a time I also thought he was the most charming man I ever met. He was so ... different. Refined, in control, calm.

(and then again)

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now it's like we can't even speak the same language.

FATHER TUCKER

You've never spoken the same language.

GRACE

What happens if I was to get divorced?

FATHER TUCKER

Do you still love him?

(she doesn't reply)

Your children will suffer most. They are heirs to a European throne. You'll be lucky to ever see them again. I suppose the world will also hang its head in disappointment.

GRACE

Should I say no to the movie then?

FATHER TUCKER

I can't speak for you, Grace.

Grace gets up, refills her drink.

GRACE

I sent my mom a letter six months ago asking for her advice. She wrote back yesterday.

FATHER TUCKER

What did she say?

GRACE

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

FATHER TUCKER

If it makes you feel any better, I received a letter from the Vatican. The Pope would love to know why I didn't try harder to dissuade you from returning to Hollywood.

Grace. Growing quiet. Reality setting in.

GRACE

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

Tucker eyes the tired sense of defeat about her. A woman who has made everything herself, now at a dead end. It moves him. He mulls his next move very carefully, before coming in close-

FATHER TUCKER

When people dream of marrying royalty, they rarely comprehend what it means. The master of all you survey, yet slaves to your subjects. Power and duty. It is one of the most difficult skills a person can ever learn. Now add to that a culture a million miles away from your own, and it becomes an almost impossible undertaking. You feel very alone. Stranded.

(reflective)

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

GRACE

But you're still here.

FATHER TUCKER

I'm afraid what would happen if I left. This place has no heart. It needs me. Rainier needs me. He needs you.

GRACE

It doesn't feel that way.

FATHER TUCKER

Because he doesn't understand you. Yet he's still fascinated by you. To him, you are all the contradictions in one. Elegant yet clumsy. Emotional yet logical. Modern yet classical. And underneath it all, you give a damn. In you he sees everything he aspires to be. And that is why everybody else is so afraid of you. Because alongside Rainier, you might just become the greatest princess Monaco has ever seen.

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

GRACE

Why do you care so much what happens to me?

FATHER TUCKER

Because I believe in love. And I don't believe that you and Rainier have grown so far apart to have fallen out of it.

Awkward silence.

GRACE

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

FATHER TUCKER

You stopped being Grace Kelly six years ago. And you're not yet Princess Grace. Right now you're just a housewife with two bratty kids, mourning the loss of the romance of your wedding day.

(off her silence-)

Give Rainier, and Monaco, the ideal they crave, everything else will work itself out. I promise you. Rainier will follow you to the ends of the earth, and your people will do the same. Give yourself completely.

GRACE

If only it were that easy.

Grace, regarding her beautiful wedding plays on the screen-

FATHER TUCKER

Some of us still believe in you, your highness. But at some point every fairy-tale must end, and real life must begin. Nobody says it has to be easy.

GRACE

There's two people in a marriage, Tuck.

FATHER TUCKER

Yes, there are.

Silence. Grace sighs.

GRACE

Who'd have thought the hardest role
I'd ever have to play would be me?

FATHER TUCKER

I'm just a drunk old priest who has
outstayed his welcome. But I do
know people who can help you. What
you choose to do, is up to you.

Tucker. Squeezes her hand. Leaves her watching the flickering
images of the wedding ... the ghosts of a fairytale, the
ideal ... as it SEGUES TO-

EXT. MONACO FOOTBALL CLUB STADIUM - DAY

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

EXT. AUTOROUTE MONACO/FRANCE BORDER - DAY

A MONEGASQUE FAMILY drive in their car, heading for the
border. A FRENCH SOLDIER up ahead, motions for them to stop.
They slow to a FRENCH ARMY BLOCKADE, more barbed wire, trucks
and traffic being inspected. Traffic SNAKES all the way ahead-

FRENCH SOLDIER (FRENCH)

Papers.

MONEGASQUE MAN (FRENCH)

We're only going to Montpellier.

FRENCH SOLDIER (FRENCH)

Not without papers you're not.

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

Rainier's CHAUFFEURED CAR arrives at the church. Jean-Charles
opens the door as Rainier and his security team get out-

JEAN-CHARLES

He has raised a wall-to-wall
blockade. Barbed wire across the
entire border, his warships
stationed on the edge of our
waters, and we've been cut off from
Nice airport.

RAINIER

He can't do that. Our borders run
through the middle of town.

Jean-Charles motions to the spectacle before them --

BARBED WIRE FENCING runs straight through the church grounds,
splitting the cathedral between France and Monaco. FRENCH
SOLDIERS share cigarettes on the other side. The PRIESTS look
on from this side.

PRIEST

It was like this when we woke up.

Rainier eyes the beautiful landscape blighted by the ugly
wire. Approaches the line, addressing the French soldiers.

RAINIER

I demand to speak to your
commanding officer!

The soldiers look to each other, then turn their backs--

RAINIER (CONT'D)

I'm speaking to you, imbeciles!
(stepping over the wire)
Get me your--

The French soldiers abruptly draw their weapons. Rainier
stops, as his SECURITY TEAM draw their weapons in reply. An
absurd stand-off across the border. Jean-Charles pulls at
Rainier to step back.

JEAN-CHARLES

Monaco Prince shot by French Army
doesn't make for a great headline.

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

FRENCH LIEUTENANT

Put down your weapons!
(to Rainier)
Sir, you must keep to your side!
This is by the order of the
President himself. There is nothing
we can do!

Rainier. Helpless. Returns to his vehicle.

INT. CHILDREN'S CHAMBERS - EARLY MORNING

Grace tucks in Albert who has kicked off his covers.

She checks his arm. The bite marks are no longer there. She smiles, pleased. Caroline stirs and opens her eyes, to see her mother over her. They share a smile as Grace kisses her daughter and tucks her in also. Caroline goes back to sleep, comforted, angelic. Grace dwells on her, reaching a decision.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

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

INT. CHATEAU - DAY

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

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

COUNT FERNANDO

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

He nods efficiently. Kisses her hand.

GRACE

How do you do?

FATHER TUCKER

How are you, Fernando?

COUNT FERNANDO

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

He turns away. Grace looks to Tucker.

FATHER TUCKER

He can trace his line over three-hundred years, to the court of Prince Honore II. There's nothing about Monaco he doesn't know.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

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

COUNT FERNANDO

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

GRACE

That's very reassuring, Count.

COUNT FERNANDO

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

FATHER TUCKER

You're also an historian.

Fernando eyes them both-

COUNT FERNANDO

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

GRACE

The language, the customs, the protocol, I want to understand it all. Can you teach it?

COUNT FERNANDO

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

FATHER TUCKER

Without the Prince's knowledge.

COUNT FERNANDO

Discretion is the Monegasque way.

GRACE

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

Fernando surveys Grace, seemingly examining her, or making up his mind. She can be a very determined when she wants to be.

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAY

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

DELAVENNE

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

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

RAINIER

De Gaulle?

DELAVENNE

He's running down the clock.

RAINIER

You think he would actually invade?

JEAN-CHARLES

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

RAINIER

Where the devil is Francis?

INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

Rainier strides out of his office, to see Tucker arriving-

RAINIER

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

FATHER TUCKER

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

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

RAINIER

Have you spoken to Grace? Is she all right?

FATHER TUCKER

Why don't you call on her?

RAINIER

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

FATHER TUCKER

Maybe start by apologizing.

RAINIER

I didn't do anything wrong.

FATHER TUCKER

Then why do you feel awful?

RAINIER

I don't know.

(sighs)

It seems everything I do or say these days is just wrong. I don't know where I stand anymore. And I don't ... I don't want to lose her. You know I've never been good at these things. What should I do?

FATHER TUCKER

Sometimes when you think you're not being heard, you should just be quiet and listen. She gave up her friends, her family, her life, to start one with you. She's your wife, Ray, not your enemy.

(lets it settle)

A little space often brings immense perspective. Leave her be. Tend to your business. Let her decide what she wants to do.

RAINIER

Until when?

FATHER TUCKER

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

Rainier takes in Tucker's enigmatic counsel.

They are interrupted by the old press officer, EMILE CORNET, shuffling out of his office with a single box of his belongings.

Rupert Allan's army of young slick HOLLYWOOD PR MEN arrive in the opposite direction with their own belongings and take over the offices with military precision.

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)
Now is there anything I can say to dissuade you from this course of action with De Gaulle?

RAINIER
None whatsoever.

INT. FERNANDO'S CHATEAU. GREAT LIBRARY - DAY

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

COUNT FERNANDO (O.S. - OVER)
At any given time, there are four hundred people working within the palace walls. But they're not working for you, they're working for the palace.

INT. STUDY - DAY

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

COUNT FERNANDO
There's the Palace Protocol Office. Chamberlain, Aide-De-Campe, and of course your Lady In Waiting, Madge. They sit adjacent to the Palace Press Office, the Prince's Estate Administration, the Charge De Mission, and below the Cabinet of The Prince. His inner circle, which you know better than most.

Grace, dizzy with the magnitude of the diagrams.

COUNT FERNANDO (CONT'D)
You must know exactly where to place each one of these individuals in the pecking order, because almost every single one makes it a profession to flatter, deceive, and hide incompetence. You are a foreigner in Europe's oldest court.
(MORE)

COUNT FERNANDO (CONT'D)
And the target of all the hidden
agendas that come with that
privilege.

GRACE
How will I know who to trust?

COUNT FERNANDO
(off Grace's naivete)
What would you say are the true
qualities of a Princess, your
highness?

GRACE
She must stand by her husband. Be a
supportive mother. A family woman.

COUNT FERNANDO
Wrong. A Princess must be
everything to everybody at all
times. You must be Grace Kelly and
Princess Grace both at once.
(puts his fingers together
to illustrate)
The glamor of Hollywood, the
aspiration and idealism of an
American, married to the discrete
cunning and sophistication of a
European.
(then, conspiratorially)
In High Noon, you were a closed
book. In To Catch a Thief, a block
of ice. Out here you must become
serene. The 'grace' of Monaco. That
means, trust no one, become sincere
in your insincerity. How to say one
thing when in fact you mean
something completely different.

Beat.

GRACE
You've seen my movies?

COUNT FERNANDO
All of them. I adore your movies.

GRACE
(eyeing the mass of
information before her)
This is certainly a lot to take in.

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

INT. MONACO'S CENTRAL LIBRARY - DAY

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

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

INT. MONACO'S GREAT CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Grace, alone at night, seeing the history written into the
murals and stained-glass windows. Tucker stands talking to a
cleric, clearly a private event-

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)
The House of Grimaldi has been
responsible for protecting that
ideal-

GRACE (V.O.)
-since 1297. Francesco Grimaldi-

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)
-known as "Il Malizia"-

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

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)
Very good.

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO - DAY

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

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)

Louis XIV sought to take Monaco but failed. French Revolutionary forces actually succeeded, only until 1814 when Napoleon was driven out. During the Second World War, the country fell into the hands of the Nazis, until they too were eventually defeated. Monaco has always stood proud, the second smallest country in the world, protected by that most powerful of weapons, guile and determination.

INT. COUNT FERNANDO'S CHATEAU - DAY

Caroline and Albert sit playing with the dogs, as their mother sits with Count Fernando. He makes subtle movements and gestures. A scratch of the nose. A brush of the ear. Grace has to study them, then holds up cue cards with words on them: ANGRY, SAD, LYING, NERVOUS, UPSET etc. She gets it wrong often, but every once in a while gets it right.

COUNT FERNANDO (V.O.)

That is the Monegasque way. Learning to read people's smallest signals, conveying a message without words, reading the tells that give people away. Not only must you know what yours are, but you must make sure yours remain hidden at all times.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Father Tucker watches Count Fernando put his books and instruments away. They are alone.

FATHER TUCKER

What do you think?

COUNT FERNANDO

She needs work.

FATHER TUCKER

The prince has planned a state reception for the neighbor states in two weeks. He's going to make his case to them for economic and military support. She needs to be ready by then.

COUNT FERNANDO

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

FATHER TUCKER

Unfortunately, it is. It's the only
thing they have going for them.

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

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

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

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Madge enters and stands over her sleeping mistress. Snooping. She picks up one of the many books on PALACE PROTOCOL that Grace has fallen asleep surrounded by. She notices the MARNIE screenplay, lying ignored under papers on the floor. Now turning her attention to Grace's NOTEBOOK, the distinct looping hand-writing charting the TREE ORGANIGRAM of the PALACE STAFF. Annotations, observations -- and a BIG FAT '?' next to MADGE'S NAME:

"TRAITOR?"

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

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

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

INT. MADGE'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Madge picks up a phone and DIALS --

INT. PHYLLIS' ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Off Phyllis' intrigue --

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: The following is an extended sequence of MUSIC over VISUALS, occasionally underscoring dialog.

INT. PALACE. PRESS ROOM - DAY

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

Father Tucker watches this all unfold, in the background, ignored by Rainier. Tucker is handed a LETTER, bearing a DELAWARE US POSTMARK. He opens it, reads it. He becomes VISIBLY UPSET by its contents. But he puts on a brave face, trying not to show it to the other men in the room.

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

Grace RECITES Monegasque IDIOMS, blending French and Italian, as Fernando patiently corrects her. She stops, FRUSTRATED.

GRACE
 It's so DIFFICULT.

COUNT FERNANDO
 Try again, Altesse.

Grace. A look to Father Tucker, who is barely paying attention to her predicament, engrossed in a newspaper.

INTERCUT WITH:

Grace PERFECTING her knowledge of history.

Grace MEMORIZING the organigrams.

CUT TO:

Count Fernando SLAMS his notebook shut.

COUNT FERNANDO (CONT'D)
Bon. Time to meet your people.

EXT. MONTE CARLO HARBOR - DAY

A bustling FARMER'S MARKET in the harbor square. People are stockpiling, there's panic buying, the police are involved in arguments, stall-holders struggling to keep up-

INT. BLACK SEDAN (STATIONARY) - DAY

Grace sits with Tucker, watching the hustle from safety. He senses her hesitation.

GRACE
 What happens if De Gaulle wins?

FATHER TUCKER
 Rainier will lose the throne,
 Monaco will be absorbed into
 France, and an entire culture
 becomes history.
 (then)
 Fortitude, Grace. Give yourself
 completely. You can do it.

Grace, deep breath, taking strength from his encouragement.

EXT. MONTE CARLO HARBOR - DAY

Grace walks away from the car, looking back to see Tucker watching, as she strolls relatively unnoticed into the chaotic market. She nervously digs her hands into her coat pockets, mingling with the passers-by. She stops to inspect the produce on a VEGETABLE STALL. The STALLHOLDER, a WOMAN who is heavily over-worked, turns to see Grace and double-takes, dropping her potatoes. Grace, very self-conscious, holding a cabbage-

GRACE (MONEGASQUE)
How much are these-
 (searches for the word)
-cabbages?

The stallholder, frozen, can only mumble the price.

Grace feels a ripple passing through the crowd around her. *The Princess?!* She has to call on every ounce of strength to keep herself rooted to the spot.

Her ordinary subjects, those whom she's only ever seen in staged press events and behind a curtain of palace security, the people who had dismissed her as a flighty Hollywood star, now up close and personal. All staring at her flatly, in disbelief, a brief interruption to their day-to-day crisis.

The wave, passing through the whole market, bringing everything to a halt. Grace, holding her cabbage, intimidated, only the summer harbor breeze for company.

A POLICEMAN pushes through the crowd-

POLICEMAN (FRENCH)
 Altesse, what are you doing here?
 Where is your security detail?

Grace surveys the nervous policeman, then the alien stares, and she feels a surge of confidence, smiles-

GRACE (MONEGASQUE)
 (struggling in her dictum,
 but managing enough)
*You will only speak to me in
 English or Monegasque, officer. I
 will not speak the language of a
 country we are in conflict with.*
 (now in ENGLISH)
 And why would I need security to
 walk among my own people?
 (she turns to the
 stallholder)
 You look like you're struggling.
 Would you perhaps need some help?

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

INT. BLACK SEDAN (STATIONARY) - DAY

Father Tucker watches the market returning to normal with a sense of relief and satisfaction.

EXT. MONTE CARLO. SQUARE - DAY

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

INT. RECTORY. LIVING QUARTERS - EVENING

Father Tucker works through his correspondence. 'WILMINGTON, DELAWARE'. He sits back cradling his whiskey, reading one in particular, deeply disturbed, and now begins RESPONDING.

INT. RAINIER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Rainier, 24/7 at the office -- he and Grace leading very separate lives now --

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace, eating with Caroline and Albert, but Rainier's place is empty.

INT. RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAY

Rainier eats lunch while working-

EXT. FRENCH-MONACO BORDER - DAY

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

FRENCH LIEUTENANT
Can we help you, ma'am?

GRACE
We thought you might be hungry.

INT. RAINIER'S OFFICE - EVENING

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

Rainier watches her skillfully disarm their enemies with her common touch. He can't help but be surprised and enchanted.

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

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

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

YVONNE
 Those poor people, Charles.

He snorts derisively under his wife's disapproving gaze-

REPORTER (FRENCH)
*Monegasques barricaded themselves
 into their homes, fearing that
 French paratroopers may fall from
 the sky at any moment.*

The image cuts to a RESTAURATEUR bearing a shotgun:

MONACO RESTAURATEUR (FRENCH)
*Naturally! If I see a Frenchman,
 I'll shoot him!*

MONEGASQUE MAN (FRENCH)
*They've underestimated us. We will
 never surrender. We'd rather lose
 everything we have and go hungry.
 And when they invade, we'll fight
 them every step of the way.*

De Gaulle suddenly starts laughing. He laughs so hard, he almost chokes on his crepes. The LAUGH ECHOES, and the --

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. OFFICE OF PRINCESS GRACE - NIGHT

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

PHYLLIS
 She's meeting with a French private
 detective tomorrow night.
 (MORE)

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

While everybody else is occupied
with the state dinner. Why would
she need to do that?

GRACE

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

EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Grace's convertible pulls up in the gloom.

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Grace enters carrying a pile of Monaco books.

GRACE

Tuck?

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

INT. RECTORY. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

... Tucker slumped in a DRUNKEN STUPOR over his desk. Grace's
heart flutters-

GRACE

Tuck!

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

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

FATHER TUCKER

Grace!

(checks his watch)

Oh my, I-

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

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't be reading my
private mail-

GRACE

Why didn't you tell me about this?

FATHER TUCKER

It's nobody's business-

GRACE

It's my business.

(off his silence)

You're leaving.

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

FATHER TUCKER

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

GRACE

How long have you been planning this?

(off the many letters)

Seems like you play the Monaco game better than anybody else.

FATHER TUCKER

(brief guilty silence)

When I came to Monaco, Ray had only recently taken the throne. His parents had abdicated after a difficult divorce. He was thrust into the spotlight at twenty-one without any guidance. He chose me against everybody's wishes. America inspires him, don't ask me why. But I always knew I wouldn't be able to give him with what he truly lacks. He can only get that from a strong Princess who could love him unconditionally as a husband.

GRACE

Get what?

FATHER TUCKER

Courage. Stability. A confirmation of his faith in family.

(then)

I'll be 73-years-old soon. This is not where I want it to end. Your family is here. Mine is far away.

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

Awkward silence hangs between them.

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night, at the state dinner, Rainier will ask the European leaders to back him against De Gaulle. They will all refuse. No one is prepared to stand against France. Monaco does not hold enough significance. That's when someone will come to you with a solution to the problem.

GRACE

Why me ... ?

FATHER TUCKER

This whole fiasco smells of brinkmanship, and you're considered Rainier's weakness. Someone'll come to you to help persuade Rainier to make a deal with De Gaulle. That someone will be your traitor.

GRACE

You won't be there?

FATHER TUCKER

Rainier hasn't invited me. It seems he has outgrown me.

Tucker. A sense of finality. He picks up a newspaper, the stories reflect the era: Soviets sends missiles to Cuba, China and India going to war etc.

FATHER TUCKER (CONT'D)

This world is a hateful one, Grace. It's conflicted and ugly. If Monaco is to survive, it has to become a symbol of everything that is good.

(looks to her)

Give the world an ideal. An image it will want to aspire to and protect. That's the only way out of this mess.

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

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

Off Grace --

EXT. PARIS SUBURBS, PETIT-CLAMART - DAY

President De Gaulle steps out of a government building with his wife and into a Citroën DS. No sooner has his armed entourage rolled away, than two BLACK RENAULTS pull up and three men jump out with MACHINE GUNS. They spray the convoy with bullets with yells of *Vive la France!*

De Gaulle's Citroën is riddled with bullet holes. The assassins exchange fire with the French Presidential guard, before making their getaway. Leaving the Citroën smoking.

INT. MONACO. MONTE CARLO CASINO - EVENING

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

EXT. FRENCH-MONACO BORDER - EVENING

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

EXT. ROCK OF MONACO. LAY-BY - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

INT. MADGE'S CAR (STATIONARY) - NIGHT

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

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

Phyllis gets in beside her, off the envelope-

PHYLLIS

I think we got some talking to do.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

GRACE is gliding down the steps to meet him. He pauses for a moment. She is stunning, in a long flowing dress, her gloves, her porcelain features.

A Princess. Effortless. Timeless.

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

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

GRACE

How have you been?

RAINIER

Busy. You?

GRACE

Busy.

(then)

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

RAINIER

You can get lost for days.

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

RAINIER (CONT'D)

I can never get this blasted thing-

GRACE

Let me-

She fixes his button for him. Beat. Normality.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Shall we?

INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Grace enters on Rainier's arm, shaking hands with everybody, warmly greeting the FOREIGN MINISTERS of local European nations. Official photos being taken by Lukomski, a perfectly orchestrated political event, courtesy of Rupert.

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

Grace, scans the faces, the foreigners, but also the various ministers. Wondering where the traitor will come from the ranks of these politicians.

Grace feels Rainier watching her closely, still absorbing her transformation. Everything she is doing, from her handling of the eating implements, to the sublime smiles and looks she casts around, to the gentle chit-chat, is expert.

GRACE

You didn't invite Tuck.

RAINIER

I don't need Tuck.

Grace doesn't show an ounce of emotion. Rainier can't work out where his wife has gone. This woman seems so European.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

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

GRACE

What's wrong?

RUPERT

There was an attempt on De Gaulle's life this afternoon.

GRACE

My goodness, is he hurt?

RUPERT

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

GRACE

Surely he can't blame that on us.

RUPERT

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

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

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

INT. COMMITTEE ROOM - NIGHT

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

GRACE

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

Rainier, absorbing her words of support-

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

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

GRACE

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

JEAN-CHARLES

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

GRACE

What choice does he have?

JEAN-CHARLES

I can bring De Gaulle to the negotiating table. To reach a compromise. But Rainier won't listen to me. Maybe you can talk some sense into him.

Grace. Frozen. Her face. Like china. Staring at her own sister-in-law's husband, so nonchalant in his delivery. She has to call on every ounce of skill drummed into her by Count Fernando to hold it together. Jean-Charles downs his drink, absently pinches at his ear as he puts the glass down. Reminiscent of the 'lie' tell Fernando had shown her.

JEAN-CHARLES (CONT'D)

Will you speak with him? The French President is not that unreasonable. Not if you know how to frame the conversation.

Beat. Grace nods and smiles, softly-

GRACE

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

Jean-Charles smiles gratefully, before heading back into the room. Grace realizes that her sister-in-law, Antoinette, is glancing at her nervously from a conversation she's having across the room. Gauging Grace's reaction. At her side, as always, is her 13-year-old son CHRISTIAN. Antoinette smiles, under any other circumstances genuine, but now, sinister.

Grace's pasted on fake smile doesn't break.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

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

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Grace -- hyper-ventilating -- yanking off her tight-fitting gown -- loosening -- before crumpling on the bed and gasping for air. Unable to comprehend what may be true. She takes a moment to process what she just witnessed. Beat. She senses a presence. She realizes the door to her room has opened ...

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

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Rainier STRIDES through, checking the rooms --

RAINIER

Grace? Grace!

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

INT. PRINCE RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

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

RAINIER

Are you all right? They said you left early.

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

GRACE

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

RAINIER

Of course not, where did you get these?

GRACE

Madge. She acted on her own suspicions.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hired a private eye to follow Antoinette and Jean-Charles. Your sister made a deal with France to deliver Monaco to De Gaulle, in return for eventually taking the throne. It's all here. They leaked your papers, my press release, they've been visiting France every other week for the past five months, doing everything they can to sabotage us.

(off his look)

Tuck told me tonight someone in the court will offer to make peace between you and De Gaulle, and that that person will be our traitor. Jean-Charles.

RAINIER

Why didn't you tell me anything...?

GRACE

What would you have done?

Rainier regards the photos, in utter disbelief.

RAINIER

You want me to accuse my own sister?

GRACE

She's trying to topple you! If they can work with De Gaulle and somehow remove you, Antoinette's son Christian is next in line. Which makes her regent!

Rainier slumps, defeated. Absorbing the unexpected discovery.

A long moment of silence.

RAINIER

I should have listened to my parents. They warned me against marrying a ... a movie star.

GRACE

You mean an American.

RAINIER

I thought you were above this.

GRACE

Well I married a charming prince who turned into a stubborn, spoilt little man. Leading a stubborn, spoilt little Monaco. Have you ever wondered I might only have ended up here because my father disapproved of everybody else I brought home?

RAINIER

Why don't you leave?

GRACE

Because we've got children! Because I might just still love you!

She said it. It hits him right between the eyes. She sits, exasperated. Two people trapped in the same circumstance. A silent void between them.

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

RAINIER

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

GRACE

People do it all the time.

RAINIER

Not me, Grace. I spent most of my childhood in English boarding schools. Because I think I reminded them of how unhappy they were in their marriage. You know what the kids of the English nobility called me? Daddy's little croupier. That wasn't what I ever wanted for our children. I wanted them to have respect, I wanted them to grow up with parents who loved them, who loved each other. A family that would be the envy of everybody. When I saw you in The Swan, I said to myself 'she's the one'. An angel fit to be a Princess, a Princess fit to be a mother.

GRACE

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

RAINIER

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

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

RAINIER (CONT'D)

(softly)

You looked enchanting tonight. It
reminded me of the first time I met
you in Cannes.

The moment settles ...

GRACE

What happened tonight?

RAINIER

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

(turns way)

I'm sorry for everything I haven't
been, Grace. For the disappointment
I've become.

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

GRACE

Hey, stop it. Stop it right now.

RAINIER

I don't know what to do, Grace.

GRACE

I'm your wife. For richer for
poorer. In sickness and in health.
Til death us do part.

(off his silence, she
holds him)

So we lose a stupid old throne.
What's the worst that can happen?
We buy a nice little house in
Montpelier.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

You go to work every day, I'll have dinner ready every night when you come home. At least our kids might have a shot at growing up moderately well-adjusted. This is the only thing that matters, and no one can take that away from us.

Rainier, absorbing her courage, her perspective, her pragmatism, her strength-

RAINIER

Can you make pumpkin soup?

GRACE

My own special recipe.

Beat. He laughs through the tears. She wipes them for him-

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

She kisses him.

They observe each other for a moment longer.

Before they kiss again.

EXT. RECTORY - DAWN

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

INT. RAINIER'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAWN

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

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Grace places a call ...

GRACE (PHONE)
Hitch? It's me. Did I wake you?

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

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

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
No ... what time is it?

GRACE (PHONE)
I've reached my decision. I've
thought about it long and hard.
(beat)
I think you should find somebody
else for the role.

HITCHCOCK (PHONE)
Is everything okay, Gracie?

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

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

HITCHCOCK
To be honest, I never thought you
were right for the role anyway.
(beat)
Look after yourself, your highness.

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - EARLY MORNING

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

RAINIER
What time is it ... ?

Rainier enters, yawning, in his robe.

GRACE
Six A.M.

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

GRACE (CONT'D)
Tucker's gone.

RAINIER
Gone?

GRACE
Home.

RAINIER
He didn't say goodbye ... ?

GRACE
I think his work here was done.
(then)
What if I have a solution to our
problem? Will you let me try
something?

RAINIER
Like what?

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

Rainier, blank. She walks past him-

RAINIER
What about the movie?

GRACE
What movie?

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - EARLY MORNING

Grace, before a great mirror, getting dressed in her WHITE CEREMONIAL ROYAL DRESS. The make-up. The hair. Her staff are helping her. Phyllis and Madge dutifully involved.

GRACE
I owe you an apology, Madge.

MADGE
A princess must never apologize to
her servants, ma'am. It's not the
done thing.

A look of mutual respect. Before Phyllis hands Madge the tiara, which she places carefully on Grace's head, as Grace eyes the GREAT PORTRAITS of Monaco's past monarchs staring down at her. The weight Rainier feels all so clearly, now on her shoulders, as she rips open Tucker's letter to her-

INT. RAINIER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Rainier sits reading the letter Tucker left for him. We don't see what it says, but it has moved him profoundly.

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

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

MADGE

The Princess has summoned you,
ma'am.

ANTOINETTE

What? What time is it?

MADGE

She insists. It's very urgent.

ANTOINETTE

Alright, alright, I'm coming.

INT. MAIN PALACE HALLWAYS - DAY

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

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

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

ANTOINETTE

Grace? What's the meaning of this?

GRACE

You've brought shame to this house,
Antoinette.

ANTOINETTE

How?

GRACE

You've betrayed us.

ANTOINETTE
Betrayed you?

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

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

JEAN-CHARLES
This is preposterous, Grace-

GRACE
Altesse when you address me.

Grace. Her expression like ice.

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

GRACE
He's right behind you.

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

ANTOINETTE
Ray, this must be some kind of misunderstanding-

GRACE
You're to leave Monaco and never to return.

ANTOINETTE
(incredulous)
You can't banish me.
(she clearly can)
Rainier, please-

RAINIER
Listen to what Grace has to say.

JEAN-CHARLES
I will not be accused like this by the Princess-

RAINIER
SHUT UP!

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

GRACE

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

ANTOINETTE

(grimly)

Why would we do such a thing?

GRACE

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

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

ANTOINETTE

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

GRACE

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

INT. GRACE'S ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAY

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

RUPERT

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

INT. PRINCESS GRACE HOSPITAL. COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

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

COUNTESS BACIOCHI (MONEGASQUE)

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

RED CROSS NOBLE LADY 1 (MONEGASQUE)
*Does she think those glasses make
her appear any more capable?*

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

A glance at Baciochi, who is shocked and embarrassed into silence at Grace speaking her language.

GRACE (CONT'D)
But your country needs you more
than ever and we don't have much
time.

COUNTESS BACIOCHI
For what?

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

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

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)
And I'd be grateful if you were to
accompany me to Paris tomorrow.

COUNTESS BACIOCHI
What would we do in Paris, ma'am?

GRACE
Shopping, of course.

Baciochi, unsure if that was a joke or not.

INT. PRINCE'S PALACE. PRESS OFFICE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

The INVITES going into RED ENVELOPES by the palace staff.

EXT. AUTOROUTE MONACO/FRANCE BORDER - DAY

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

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

FRENCH SOLDIER (FRENCH)

Hey- you can't stop here.

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

FRENCH SOLDIER (FRENCH) (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

GRACE

We're flying to Paris!

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

INT. WASHINGTON, OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The SEAL of the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES. We are behind the President's leather chair. We don't see him, just his hands sliding a letter opener through the red envelope, to reveal the invite: *"To President John F Kennedy... We cordially invite you to the Annual Ball of the International Red Cross, Monaco... (signed) HSH Prince Rainier III and HSH Princess Grace."* An RSVP card is attached-

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

De Gaulle stands holding an invite too, his arm in a sling.

DE GAULLE

What is the meaning of this? Most of Europe walked out on him last month.

PELLETIER

They walked out on Rainier. This is for charity. And it's for Grace.

DE GAULLE

What's wrong with them? Don't they know their people are suffering?

PELLETIER

It gets even better.

Pelletier walks over and puts the TV on. It's on a French game-show. De Gaulle looks at him blank. Pelletier realizes he's on the wrong channel, changes it to show the NEWS:-

Footage of Grace and her entourage going from store to store in Paris. It's fun, lighthearted. She's trying on outfits.

PELLETIER (CONT'D)

She's been in Paris for the past few days. Staying at the Ritz. She's shopping.

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

DE GAULLE

Is Kennedy going?

PELLETIER

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

INT. PARIS, RUE SAINT HONORÉ - DAY

Grace and her entourage, hunted by the press, as she navigates the *haute couture* stores. She's sublime, suave, a European Princess and Hollywood movie star rolled into one -- avoiding EVERY question, mostly about the 'CRISIS' and 'RETURNING TO HOLLYWOOD' -- which seems to drive the press crazy - now diving into the nearest BOUTIQUE-

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

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

GRACE

How long do you think before De Gaulle interferes?

RUPERT

I doubt he'll cause a scene. Better let you hang yourself. Are you ready?

EXT. RUE SAINT HONORÉ - DAY

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

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

GRACE

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

(the silence settles)

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

COUNTESS BACIOCHI

I am pleased to announce that on
the ninth of October, the Prince's
Palace of Monaco will host the
Annual Ball for the International
Red Cross. In a large measure to
the kindness of Her Serene Highness
Princess Grace, we have the
opportunity to use this white tie,
tails, and tiara event, to reaffirm
awareness of a global organization
that has given so much to the
world, and the need to support its
humanitarian endeavors.

REPORTER

Who's going to attend?

GRACE

Everybody, I hope.

REPORTER

Has President De Gaulle been
invited?

GRACE

Of course.

Her smile creates a hell of a response-

FLASH BULBS.

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

De Gaulle and Pelletier are on a CONFERENCE CALL.

PELLETIER (PHONE)

Are you absolutely sure there's no
other motive behind this?

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

INT. MONACO, OFFICE - DAY

Jean-Charles on the other end of the line.

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

JEAN-CHARLES (PHONE)
He has nowhere else to turn. I
think he'll just about agree to
anything, including handing over
Monaco's sovereignty.

Jean-Charles wipes the sweat from his brow.

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

JEAN-CHARLES (PHONE)
Thank you, Mr President.

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

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

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

PELLETIER
Maybe we should snub the Ball.

DE GAULLE
I've had paramilitary organizations
try to kill me. I'm not afraid of
an ex-actress. There are moments,
Emile. Moments where greatness is
defined. Where what has gone before
is just a prelude.

PELLETIER
Monaco means that much to you?

DE GAULLE

Monaco means nothing to me. It's a message. I am Charles De Gaulle. And this is France's Fifth Republic.

(off the thought)

Call Rainier and tell him I will accept his wife's invitation. We will ride into Monte Carlo before the eyes of the world in triumph.

(then)

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

INT. PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

Father Tucker sits in the DEPARTURE LOUNGE, reading a NEWSPAPER. He scans PHOTOS of PRINCESS GRACE shopping, the announcement of the RED CROSS BALL. He smiles to himself. His flight is called -- the boards flicker -- from PARIS to NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL. He gets up and heads for the gate.

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

It is October 1962.

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

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

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

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

De Gaulle watches the streets of Monaco passing. He's dressed in his trademark military uniform. Here to make his statement with as much pomp and circumstance as possible. He regards the barbed wire splitting the country in two with a sense of satisfaction.

Yvonne sits alongside him, reading the LE MONDE newspaper.

YVONNE

Mr Hitchcock's giving the role to someone called Tippi Hedren.

DE GAULLE
Never heard of her.

EXT. MONTE CARLO. SQUARE - NIGHT

The FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL CONVOY navigates the streets. It is an ominous sight. Not just the imposing Citroëns whose headlights cut through the rain, but also the huge army escort that bookends the cars as a result of the earlier failed assassination attempt.

INT. RAINIER'S LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Grace, nervous but determined for what's to come, the rain-soaked streets rolling by as she travels to the palace from another part of town. Rainier at her side. He holds her hand and gives it a squeeze. She takes strength from it.

EXT. PRINCE'S PALACE OF MONACO - NIGHT

Someone throws a rotten vegetable at De Gaulle's convoy, which hits his limo's windscreen. The wipers just washes it away with the rain --

-- and the convoy pulls into the grounds -- footmen are quick to open the doors. De Gaulle and Yvonne disembark, as umbrellas are held over them. The French contingent set off a barrage of CAMERA FLASHES, BLINDING us. De Gaulle, proudly making an imperial entrance at the Palace.

YVONNE
Oh look, there's Cary Grant.

De Gaulle casts his gaze around to see stars of stage and screen mingling with statesmen, the red carpet a blinding flash of photographers--

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

Pelletier joins them, as De Gaulle lingers on something else--

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

PELLETIER
No, why?

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

DE GAULLE
So why the chicken wire?

PELLETIER
(whispers)
Mcnamara's here.

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

DE GAULLE
I suppose nobody can resist a ball.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

Mcnamara looks over to De Gaulle, a nod, but he doesn't look too happy.

The color drains from De Gaulle's face. A sinking feeling at what just happened -- feeling everyone singling him out --

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

De Gaulle realizes Delavenne is standing next to them.

DELAVENNE

Welcome to Monaco, Mr President.

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

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

Grace, into the hall, the lights, the string orchestra playing music, the waiters serving, the guests talking to us, it's all so ghostly. Center of the world. Eyes scanning for De Gaulle-

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

-- comes face to face with ANTOINETTE and JEAN-CHARLES, who takes her hand and publicly curtsies. Grace, knowing De Gaulle's eyes are on her, steps in, and KISSES Antoinette on BOTH CHEEKS.

Grace holds Antoinette in an intent stare, this was her final act of service, a public display of unity and affection with Monaco's royal family.

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

DE GAULLE

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

PELLETIER

We can't-

DE GAULLE

She won't make a fool of me-

PELLETIER

If you storm out now, it will look very bad. It's the Red Cross. It's an international charity that has frequently helped France.

A VOICE wafts over ... calling De Gaulle ...

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

MCNAMARA

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

DE GAULLE

What would it matter to you if I did?

MCNAMARA

Let's grab some time to chat after dinner, shall we? Jack sends his regards, by the way.

Mcnamara, friendly, but his tone pretty firm, sits and turns his attention back to his own table. But it's apparent the Americans have taken the incident badly. They're clearly still talking about what America's Princess had to endure.

De Gaulle, tasting helplessness and an impending sense of defeat. He slumps down, trapped, next to Yvonne, who is enjoying herself immensely, oblivious to the politics being played below the surface of this facade.

TIME CUT:

The BALL is under way. The serene strings play. We're with Grace. She's watching De Gaulle not eating and not taking his eyes off her. He knows who just check-mated him.

APPLAUSE.

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

GRACE

(nervous to start ...)

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

A gentle laugh ripples through the audience. Which grows quiet again, in anticipation of what's to come--

GRACE (CONT'D)

When I was acting in New York, with my Uncle George, I used to pray every night. The same prayer.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

Grace pauses. She can't see the faces now, the lights have
blinded her ...

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

(looks to Rainier)

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

A ripple of laughter from everyone except De Gaulle. Grace
observes him glaring at her. The beast in the military
uniform. Grace, the Princess under siege.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Because I believe fairy-tales can
exist if we really want them to. If
we're prepared to work hard enough.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

I believe that the world won't always be full of hatred and conflict, but eventually love will win out, no matter what your differences may be. That's what Monaco means to me.

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Welcome.

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

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

Grace sits down to silence.

... when ... a LONE CLAP from the back of the hall ... two more joining in ... the guests ... getting to their feet ... becoming applause ... and ...

... the applause becomes a standing ovation for a very honest and serene princess.

De Gaulle. Blown away by her strength ...

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

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

RAINIER
(whispers)
I love you.

De Gaulle meanwhile is growing puce at the colossal image of fairy-tale romance Grace has erected before him. The applause dying down. Everyone returning to their conversations. The MUSIC STARTS. Beat. He throws his napkin down-

CUT TO:

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

Her face, perfectly blank. Innocent. Somewhere in the background, Count Fernando is smiling to himself.

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

De Gaulle, no more to be said, motions to Pelletier to leave, and he strides back the way he came. Grace looks to Rainier as they watch him go-

GRACE
American Aphrodite. That's good,
right?

RAINIER

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

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

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)

Long after I'm gone, long after the
Grimaldis have fallen, the world
will remember your name, your
highness-

DISSOLVE TO:

Rainier and Grace DANCE at the ball. The Prince and the
Princess. A husband and wife, together in their fairytale.
The world around them blurring.

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)

For you are the fairy-tale. The
beauty and serenity we all aspire
to achieve. A peace that comes not
from what others think of you, but
of the confidence you have in the
role you are destined to play.

DISSOLVE TO:

YEARS LATER. The ERA is LATE-1960s. Grace in her office at
the palace. She is nearing 40. The first lines on her face.
Reading Father Tucker's note, which had given her the
strength, for the thousandth time. Which we are HEARING:

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)

A devout mother, a loyal wife, a
compassionate leader.

CUT TO:

SOMEWHERE IN DELAWARE. Father Tucker in a SMALL TOWN CHURCH.
Now 80. Opening a LETTER that carries the SEAL OF THE ROYAL
HOUSE OF GRIMALDI: H.S.H. PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO. Her
looped handwriting, now so familiar to us-

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)

Those that preceded you will be
forgotten. Those that follow you
will aspire to your greatness.

CUT TO:

Grace writing the LETTER that Tucker has just opened. Time has made her more graceful. Her hand is steady and assured-

FATHER TUCKER (V.O.)
For no matter where you are, they
will continue to whisper your name:
The Princess Grace. A timeless
symbol of everything that is good.
And I will forever remain your
servant.

CUT TO:

Father Tucker looks to the bottom of the letter from Grace. The SIGNATURE ... and he is proud because-

CUT TO:

Grace, hovering over the signature portion of the letter. Like she did at the start of the movie. Except now she signs it perfectly, confidently, first time.

"GRACE DE MONACO."

She surveys it for a moment, before sitting back and looking out of the window. As we leave her at the same desk we once found her, now with a sense of peace. Of serenity.

FADE OUT.

END TITLES:

"In October 1962, De Gaulle lifted his blockade and demands for total taxation. This was considered a total victory for Prince Rainier, and led to the foundation of Monaco's new constitution.

For attempting to depose her brother, Princess Antoinette was exiled from the palace, but permitted by Princess Grace to stay in Monaco, where she passed away in March 18, 2011.

Father Francis Tucker never returned to Monaco, living the rest of his natural life in the United States. Though he had many successors in the Prince's Palace, no one managed to recreate the bond he had formed with the royal household.

In 1964, the Princess Grace Foundation was formed, a first milestone in Grace's many humanitarian endeavors.

Grace and Rainier went on to have a third child, Stephanie.

Grace Kelly never acted again."