

HYDE PARK ON HUDSON

Written by

Richard Nelson

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE BATHROOM. DAY. 1938.

A young woman in a white nightgown, Daisy, stands in front of the mirror over the sink, tooth brush stuck in her mouth; she has stopped brushing and looks at her reflection.

DAISY VO

Back then, this is years ago, I
couldn't afford secrets. I just had
chores.

With toothbrush in mouth she moves her hair around, trying it one way, then another.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE AUNT'S BEDROOM. DAY

Daisy, dressed, on her knees, helps her elderly Aunt pull her stockings up over her thick legs.

DAISY VO

As a child, growing up, we had been
rich. And then -- well, we weren't.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE PORCH. DAY.

Daisy comes out onto the porch followed by two Scottie dogs; the screen door slams shut behind her. The dogs start barking at the noise; she ignores them.

DAISY VO

And like most people during the
Depression, I now lived each day as
it came, no longer expecting
anything.

She carries an empty milk bottle; with her foot -- she's done this so many times before - she flips open the top lid of a white wooden box on the porch. She takes out full milk bottle from the box, replacing it with the empty one.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE KITCHEN. DAY.

Daisy stirs a pot of hot cereal on the stove, as she stares at the coffee percolating in the little glass bubble on the top of the coffee pot.

DAISY VO

Waiting -- for nothing.

The Aunt, at the table, turns a page of a tired-looking, well-thumbed and old magazine.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE HALLWAY. DAY.

The telephone in the hallway begins to ring; and two Scottie dogs suddenly start barking.

DAISY VO
And then...

The Aunt looks at Daisy, wondering who that could be?

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE HALLWAY. DAY.

Daisy answers the telephone.

DAISY
(into the phone)
Hello? Yes. What??
(to the yapping dogs)
Sh-sh!! Be quiet.
(into the phone)
Sinus?

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE KITCHEN. DAY.

Daisy takes the pot off the stove and begins to serve them, her mind far away. The dogs are yapping.

DAISY
(to the dogs)
Sh-sh...

AUNT
(seeing her face)
Did someone die?

DAISY
No. No one died...

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM. DAY

DAISY rifles through clothes on hangers in her closet; she takes out a dress on a hanger, holds it up, looks it over, puts it back, and takes out another.

DAISY VO
I wasn't the first relative his
Mother called that day. Maybe not
even the tenth.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE/ LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Daisy descends the stairs.

She peeks around the corner, and smiles nervously at her Aunt, sitting in the living room.

DAISY
I won't be long.

As Daisy disappears, the Aunt struggles to get herself up and out of her chair.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE PORCH. DAY.

A large car is parked in front of the house; an Aide stands by the passenger door, and doffs his hat to Daisy.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE, CAR. DAY.

Once in, Daisy turns back toward the house, sees her Aunt peeking out around the lace curtain in the window.

The Aunt nervously 'waves.' Daisy smiles nervously, and gives a very faint wave back.

DAISY VO
But I was around.

The car begins to drive off.

INT. CAR. DAY.

The car drives down a long tree-lined driveway.

Daisy sits in the backseat, her hands nicely folded on her lap. She stares straight ahead.

DAISY VO
His Mother said he needed someone to take his mind off his work. Why she thought I could do that, I had no idea.

DAISY
(after a nervous sigh, to the driver)
We're fifth -- or sixth cousins. Depends on how you count...

DRIVER/AIDE

I suppose he's related to half of everybody up here.

(looks at her through the mirror, reaches into his pocket)

Cigarette?

DAISY

No. No, I don't. Thanks.

Aide puts his cigarettes away. She looks out the window.

DAISY VO

I figured I'd spend the afternoon there, and after having thoroughly bored him to death, go quietly back to my quiet life.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS.

The car pulls up in front of a mansion, Springwood. Other cars and a few military vehicles are parked along the drive. A few cars drive off, others are arriving - this seems to be a busy place.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

AN AIDE leads Daisy down the hallway which is full of people working, sitting at make-shift desks, speaking in hushed and important-sounding voices. Others are typing ... Aide 3 is speaking on the telephone in French. Daisy has to step over the phone cables that run across the floor. No one pays any attention to her.

DAISY VO

But that's not what happened.

A door opens down the hall and a man comes out with a piece of paper and practically runs down the hall. Daisy has to get out of his way. The Aide leads her by the arm now.

AIDE

He's not been feeling well. Sinuses.

Daisy nods, she knows this.

AIDE

Seems to happen every time, the second he comes home.

They reach an imposing door, and the Aide knocks, waits, then opens the door.

AIDE
Mr. President?

The Aide guides Daisy into the study. DAISY is hesitant.

INT. STUDY. DAY.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT sits behind his desk, turned away, lost in deep even profound thought. DAISY enters, and the door is closed behind her. All the bustle of the hallway is gone. All we can hear is the tic of the clock on the mantelpiece.

She stands, self-conscious.

He continues to concentrate. The warm glow of the desk isolates him. Lost in some other world, he takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, a lonely sigh -- unaware that anyone is watching this rare peek into the toll his office takes.

She nervously waits for him to notice her. Then she 'coughs.'

Franklin swivels his chair around and sees her; at first he doesn't recognize her.

FRANKLIN
Daisy. What a rare treat. I hope my mother didn't force this on you.

DAISY
She said everyone else was away.

FRANKLIN
Did she? She shouldn't have said that. How nice to see you. How long has it been?

DAISY
Oh, years. The Dows' wedding, sir. In Rhinebeck?

FRANKLIN
Oh, were you there?

DAISY
Where would you like me to sit?

FRANKLIN
There's tea... I think there's still tea. Will you..?

She goes and pours tea for herself.

Franklin opens a desk drawer, takes out a flask. Before he can pour, he touches his forehead, closes his eyes, reaches for his handkerchief and blows his nose -- painfully. Daisy watches all of this with interest. He then pours liquor into his tea.

FRANKLIN

I can do this because my mother's not here.

He laughs.

She doesn't believe in sinus medicine...

He looks at her, then decides not to offer, and puts the flask back in the drawer.

FRANKLIN

(sips his tea)

That's better. Do you collect stamps, Daisy?

DAISY

I - don't.

He reaches across his desk and picks up a large stamp album and a magnifying glass.

FRANKLIN

Come and look at these...

She politely goes to the desk, looks for a chair, finds one, and brings it to in front of the desk, where Franklin, magnifying glass in hand, has begun looking over his stamps.

He hands her the magnifying glass.

Daisy 'studies' the stamps through the magnifying glass -- there are stamps of rich colors and exotic and distant places and peoples.

She turns the page -- and the stamps on this page are of people of today -- General Franco; Josef Stalin; Haile Selassie of Ethiopia; Mussolini of Italy and so forth.

DAISY

I suppose you've met pretty much everyone of these...

She looks closely at a stamp of Hitler through the magnifying glass.

FRANKLIN
Not every one. Not yet.

DAISY
They're -- fascinating.

The door opens and a secretary, MISSY, enters without knocking. She carries a file. On seeing Daisy:

MISSY
Excuse me, I should have knocked.

She sets a paper in front of him. As he signs, Missy briefly looks over Daisy who is pretending to look at the stamps.

FRANKLIN
(As he skims the letter,
to Missy, incredulous)
I actually wrote this?
(Missy just waits, then to
Daisy)
My cross, Daisy, is that I am too
nice.
(To Missy)
But -- we need the Senator's vote.
Don't we? Why can't politicians
just be honest?
(He smiles at Daisy, then
as he signs, explaining
Daisy to Missy)
My cousin.

Missy 'smiles' at her, and Daisy smiles back.

As she continues to 'study' the stamps, she hears the door close and Missy leave. Then she notices Franklin looking at her. She turns to a page of the album. Franklin leans over and looks.

FRANKLIN
Those are from Africa.

She slowly turns the pages.

They say that's the highest
waterfall in the world.

She turns another page and stops--.

Daisy looks at the stamps, then looks at him, smiles. She turns the page and looks at a stamp.

DAISY
 (seriously and proper)
 I understand Africa can get very
 hot.

She looks at him. She makes him smile.

FRANKLIN
 Very hot, Daisy.

When sees him smiling, she likes this -- she's doing what she's supposed to be doing. She turns the page.

Franklin once again presses his fingers to his forehead -- relieving the sinuses.

She watches him, concerned.

DAISY
 Would you like me to go?

FRANKLIN
 No. Please. I wouldn't.

Franklin sips his spiked tea, lights a cigarette -- both of which make him feel better for a moment, and so he turns his attention back to enjoying watching Daisy look at the stamp album.

DAISY
 (pointing out a stamp)
 This one's pretty. I'd like to go
 there.

FRANKLIN
 Where is that?

DAISY
 Well. To be honest, I'd like to go
 almost anywhere.

This makes him laugh.

DAISY VO
 The President spent a lot of time
 that spring in Hyde Park-on-Hudson.

EXT. DRIVEWAY / FRONT OF HOUSE . DAY.

President Roosevelt's motorcade is arriving. A flurry of excitement, as aides hurry out of their cars before they have even stopped, and rush to go and set up.

DAISY VO

In Europe there would certainly be another war, one we would be dragged into, whether we liked it or not.

Franklin smiles in the passenger seat of a limousine, as his Mother and servants come out to greet him.

DAISY VO

Here at home, he said, everyone was just shouting at each other.

Daisy stands under a tree, at a distance, watching all the excitement of his arrival.

DAISY VO

So the President spent an awful lot of time that spring in Hyde Park On Hudson. He said -- I helped him forget --.

Daisy waves to Franklin.

DAISY VO

-- 'the weight of world'.

INT. STUDY. DAY

A microphone is being set up on Franklin's desk by technicians as he looks over a speech. Franklin's Mother straightens her son's tie, smooths his hair, fusses with his collar -- still taking care of her boy.

FRANKLIN

(a joke to the technicians)

Will someone please tell her -- it's radio?

The technicians laugh. Mother keeps fussing.

DAISY VO

His Mother said he'd run the whole country from here if he could.

A crowd has formed in the open doorway to listen to his speech.

DAISY VO

But he couldn't. Not with how things were -- so many people out of work.

AIDE
Quiet please...

FRANKLIN
I think that means you, Mother.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

A radio is on in the kitchen:

FRANKLIN'S VOICE
(on the radio)
But I know many of you have lost
your jobs or have seen your friends
or members of your families lose
their jobs.

In the kitchen five or six servants stand, paying rapt attention to the radio broadcast.

DAISY'S VO.
Everyone scared. No one knowing
what was going to happen.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

We move out of the kitchen and through the living room where military men sit listening to a large radio.

FRANKLIN'S VOICE
(on the radio)
and I do not propose that the
Government shall pretend not to see
these things.

INT. LIVING ROOM / STUDY. DAY.

We move down the hallway and Franklin's voice on the radio gets fainter and fainter until we reach a group of staff and servants in the study's doorway and through these craning necks and bobbing heads we see Franklin giving the chat into the microphone:

FRANKLIN
But I conceive the first duty of
government is to protect the
economic welfare of all the people
in all sections and in all
groups...

DAISY VO
And everyone looking to him.

Daisy sits in a corner arm chair, magnifying glass in hand, looking at stamps, while listening to Franklin make his broadcast.

EXT. LAWN. DAY

In front of the house, the President sits in a chair on the steps as a local German-American brass band (lederhosen, etc.) under a banner ("Hyde Park German-American Friendship Society") plays for him.

DAISY VO
And even here he couldn't get completely away. They all wanted something from him. The local labor union, the Hyde Park Chamber of Commerce, the German-American Friendship Band.

He catches sight of Daisy in the crowd of servants and staff watching the band from the driveway.

DAISY VO
And all he wanted -- was to relax.

He smiles, and winks at her.

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAR. DAY.

Franklin drives. He pushes a button on a small contraption and a lit cigarette appears as if by magic.

Daisy is with him in the passenger seat.

DAISY VO
That spring I learned to smoke.

Daisy takes the lit cigarette out of the contraption; starts to hand it to Franklin, but impulsively takes a puff first herself, then smiling, she gives the cigarette to him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Another day. They drive down a country road through a wood, where trees are being lumbered. Following behind them is a State Trooper car.

DAISY VO

Each time he came home, he'd telephone and ask: Daisy where would you like to go today? And I would always answer -- 'anywhere.'

EXT. HILLY ROAD. DAY

Another day. The car climbs the hill with the police car right behind.

DAISY VO

His wife, he said, didn't like to take drives. I learned the names of birds and trees I'd seen my whole life. We drove along country roads, up hills, through woods, through fields.

EXT. FIELD. DAY

The two cars drive through a field.

DAISY VO

He'd had the car built so it could be driven with just the hands.

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAR. DAY

Franklin brakes with his hands, then, using only his hands -- accelerates. Daisy in the front seat watches his hands closely. Then she turns and looks back at the police car behind.

DAISY VO

A Police Car always followed just behind.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

A Police Car follows Franklin's car.

DAISY VO

That is, until one day...

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAR. DAY

Franklin drives the car up a very bumpy road. Franklin has his left arm out the window, and with his left hand he is gesturing behind him -- waving the police escort away. Daisy doesn't see this.

Daisy turns and looks back, where she sees the police car pulling off the road and turning around.

She turns back to Franklin as he drives.

DAISY

Where's the police car going?

EXT. BUMPY PATH. DAY.

Franklin maneuvers the car up a steep dirt road in the woods. The car shakes from the bumps.

FRANKLIN

Oh, they don't follow all the time.
Sometimes they have to go and catch
a crook or something, I suppose.

He laughs. Daisy laughs.

The car continues up through the woods and comes to a slow stop on the hillside overlooking the valley.

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAR. DAY

Franklin turns off the engine. For a moment there is only the sound of the birds and the wind.

DAISY

What a lovely spot. We've not been
here before.

FRANKLIN

No. I've been saving this.

DAISY

What a beautiful view.

As she looks off, he leans over and turns on the car radio.

DAISY

I like this song.

As the song plays, Franklin smiles one of his big smiles at Daisy, then dispenses a lit cigarette from the little machine. He puffs. The cigarette smoke curls out of the car as they listen.

Daisy is lost in the song, in the view, in the swirling smoke, she hums along with the song. Then she notices that Franklin is looking at her; he takes her hand in his. He her puts her hand on his thigh. And leaves it there.

Daisy looks down at her hand on Franklin's thigh. She looks at him, looking out the window, smoking.

He takes her hand, and puts it on his groin.

She hesitates, then begins to unbutton his trousers; checking to see if he objects or if this is what he wants.

He just looks off, smoking. Then without looking, he helps by unbuckling his belt.

From the perspective of the backseat, it soon becomes clear that she is rubbing him, masturbating him.

He closes his eyes, bites his lip, as he looks off into the woods.

And after a moment of this, it is clear that he comes. Pause.

Daisy doesn't know what to do. She looks at him; he begins to button up his trousers, buckle his belt.

She looks away into the woods, not sure whether to be embarrassed or not.

Franklin finishes buttoning and tries to hand her his pocket handkerchief. She doesn't notice at first; her mind racing.

He touches her knee, which startles her; she sees the offered handkerchief, and takes it.

DAISY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm--

FRANKLIN

I'm the one who should
apologize...

With his handkerchief, she begins to wipe her dress and her hands.

FRANKLIN

Should we go back?

Daisy nods, as she wipes.

DAISY VO

I knew, even without him saying
anything that we were now -- not
just fifth cousins -- but very good
friends.

He turns off the car radio and a telephone rings.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE HALLWAY/ KITCHEN. DAY.

Daisy is on the telephone, giggling like a schoolgirl,
unconsciously playing her hair, smiling, transfixed by the phone
conversation.

DAISY

(into the phone)

As soon as I can get away.

(She laughs.)

She hangs up and as she fixes her hair she goes into the
kitchen.

The moment she enters the kitchen, she stops preening. Here
her Aunt sits at the table; a good-sized lunch finished in
front of her. Daisy starts to pick up her Aunt's dishes and
take them to the sink.

AUNT

Who was that?

DAISY

The President wishes to see me.

(and this answers
everything)

And he's the President.

Aunt looks at her. Daisy begins to wash the dishes.

DAISY

He wishes to show me a new -- stamp.

Daisy washes a pot.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE PORCH. DAY.

DAISY runs out of the door, the screen door slamming behind her,
and she hurries into her own car and begins to drive off.

DAISY VO
 And so time passed. Time measured now
 in Franklin's visits home.

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAR. DAY.

Franklin's car as he drives it back up a very narrow, steep and bumpy road. Daisy is at his side. She looks back. They are alone.

DAISY
 Look at that -- the police have left
 us alone yet again.

EXT. A HILLSIDE. DAY.

DAISY
 They seem to have a sixth sense
 about that.

FRANKLIN
 They do, don't they?

EXT. DIRT ROAD. DAY.

The car comes up a steep incline, it is shaking and bouncing through ruts, and over rocks.

Daisy looks at Franklin, smiles, as she bounces, holding on.

He reaches down and puts the car into first gear and drives a little farther up. The road gets even narrower, trees limbs bang against the windshield.

DAISY
 Where are we going?

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

19 And there, suddenly revealed, hidden from the road is a 19
 stone cottage. She looks at him, confused: what is this?

He stops the car, and turns off the engine.

DAISY
 It's lovely.

They sit in the car looking at the cottage.

FRANKLIN

I had it built. It's where I'll retire. I'll write those detective books I'm always talking about.

She looks at him and nods.

FRANKLIN

Go look around.

She gets out of the car, and goes toward the house; she can't believe her eyes.

Franklin's car door opens and first one and then the second leg are lifted out, held tight by leg braces.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Daisy runs excitedly through the cottage, opens the sliding glass doors and bursts out onto the porch.

DAISY

It's heaven!!

Franklin has made it to the porch. He looks off across the valley:

FRANKLIN

I have been thinking, Daisy...

He hesitates.

DAISY

What?

(no response)

What have you been thinking?

FRANKLIN

That I.. I'd like to--. To share with you -- this.

She stands across the porch from him, watching him.

FRANKLIN

When I have to be away...You know I have to be away.

He turns to her, she nods.

FRANKLIN

Should you ever miss me...?

She looks at him.

FRANKLIN
You think you might miss me?

She smiles -- of course she will.

FRANKLIN
(teasing her)
Well, if you ever do --

DAISY
(interrupting)
Do you ever miss me?

He looks at her, then:

FRANKLIN
I always do.
(about the house)
A place to come. And be alone.
(he smiles at her)
And miss me...

She looks at him lovingly. Franklin just smiles.

She clumsily hugs him, which nearly knocks him over; she grabs him as he totters; he just keeps smiling at her.

FADE TO BLACK

CAPTION: **ONE YEAR LATER**

CONTINUOUS STEADICAM.INT. STUDY/ HALLWAY/ LIVING ROOM /
HALLWAY/ KITCHEN. DAY

Daisy, in Franklin's study, pulls out a drawer of the desk, fumbles through some papers, and takes out a small bottle of aspirin.

DAISY VO
By now everyone was used to me. I was the cousin who's always visiting. No one ever even asked me why that was.

She opens the door to the Living Room where she finds Franklin's Mother, with Tommy QUALTERS, a copy of Scribners magazine in her hand. Around them, staff are cleaning and moving furniture, flowers, etc.

MOTHER
Has he read this?

QUALTERS

I believe he has.

MOTHER

(reading from the
magazine, as she moves
toward the Hallway with
Daisy and Qualters)

"If one could choose, from all
possible British personalities, the
two who might make the best impression
upon Americans -- King George and
Queen Elizabeth would not even make
the short list."

(She looks up, outraged)
How dare they talk about Royalty
like this!

The Hallway is packed and buzzing with tides of servants and
tradesmen carrying flowers and various packages. Everyone
seems busy and in a hurry.

DAISY VO

No King of England had ever visited
America before. But now he was
coming -- to Hyde Park on Hudson.

We move off, following Maid 2 who hurries towards the Kitchen
clutching a large vase, taking us into the 'backstage' area
of the house which is also teeming with activity. Maid 2
almost collides with Maid 1 who is rushing towards the Dining
Room. We follow Maid 1 who nervously approaches Mother, who
by now has reached the Dining Room.

MAID 1

Mrs Roosevelt, we appear not to have
enough plates.

MOTHER

What??

DAISY VO

Franklin warned us, today, stay out
of Mother's way.

MAID 1

We don't have enough plates. Someone
miscounted.

MOTHER

You tell me this now?

Mother's English Butler now hurries in.

BUTLER

Mrs Astor has called again.

MOTHER

Mrs Astor. She'll have plates. We'll borrow hers.

(Mother starts to head off
towards the Kitchen)

On second thought -- we'll ask her cook. Mrs Astor is so rich, she doesn't know what she has.

The Butler hesitates -- this is all too much for him -- then he straightens his coat and we follow him as he heads off into the Hallway, where two black servants, Nelson and Thomas, have entered from outside, carrying their bags, and dressed in their travel clothes.

The Butler stops and stares at them.

THOMAS

(to the Butler)

Good morning.

The Butler looks them up and down.

NELSON

Could you tell us which way's the kitchen?

The Butler ignores their question and heads off at speed towards the Kitchen to protest their presence.

We follow the Butler into the Kitchen where there is a chaotic scene of preparation for that evening's dinner. Dishes being prepared, vegetables cut, pots boiling, with cooks and cooks' helpers working at double-speed.

Mother is inspecting a vast and ornate dessert. A female cook stands next to her, waiting for the verdict.

MOTHER

Good. Good. But is 'good' the best we can do? They are royalty.

Maid 1 is holding the kitchen telephone. With her hand over the receiver, she calls to Mother:

MAID 1

We can borrow the plates, ma'am!

MOTHER

Thank God for rich neighbors.

Maid 2 appears out of breath.

MOTHER
 (to Maid 2)
 What is it?

MAID 2
 Their rooms are ready, ma'am.

MOTHER
 (she heads off to check on
 their rooms))
 The poor dears are going to be
 exhausted.

Daisy stands at the sink, she takes a water glass off of a shelf, and turns on the tap.

COOK
 (wiping the perspiration
 from her brow, to a
 Scullery Maid)
 'Poor dears.'

MAID 2
 Exhausted my arse.

BUTLER
 I'd watch what I said, if I were
 you.

The Butler follows Mother out of the Kitchen.

Maid 2 sticks her tongue out at the departed Butler.

The Cook then clears her throat and gestures to Maid 2, that Daisy is standing right there.

Maid 2 then turns to Daisy, and smiles. Daisy, filling the glass at the sink, 'smiles' back and then leaves via the back door towards the Lawn.

DAISY VO
 The only quiet place left to work
 was outside.

EXT. LAWN. DAY.

Daisy, water glass and pill bottle in hand, heads across the lawn toward Franklin and Missy who sit together at a healthy distance from all of the chaos of the house.

Piles of papers and files surround Franklin who is just finishing the article in the magazine as Daisy reaches them. A phone on a very long lead is on the ground next to him.

FRANKLIN

Missy, have you seen this?

MISSY

Scribner's? Not this month.

He hands her the magazine to read.

MISSY

(seeing the glass and pills)

What are those for?

DAISY

He has a headache.

MISSY

(to Franklin)

You do?

DAISY

His sinuses again. Happens this time every year.

MISSY

I know that.

Daisy hands Franklin the glass and a couple of aspirin.

MISSY

(to Franklin)

You didn't say anything about a headache.

DAISY

He's not going to trouble you with everything, Missy. You have enough on your plate.

MISSY

What does that mean?

Aide 2 has brought Franklin a few messages, which he opens and reads as:

FRANKLIN

It means -- you take very good care of me, Missy.

(then)

I mean you both do.

(MORE)

FRANKLIN (cont'd)
(to the Aide, about the
message)
I'll call in the morning. They --
can wait. Can't they?

AIDE 2
They can, sir.

Aide 2 heads back as Qualters now reaches them, having
crossed the lawn from the house.

QUALTERS
They have left New York. Estimated
time of arrival: 6pm.

FRANKLIN
Good.

Both Daisy and Missy are listening now.

QUALTERS
The State Police are predicting crowds
of up to three hundred thousand along
their route here.

DAISY
(to Franklin)
You're smiling.

FRANKLIN
I am. It means a lot -- that
they're welcomed. It says
something.

QUALTERS
I thought you'd appreciate that, sir.

DAISY
(to Franklin)
And what does it say?

FRANKLIN
That maybe, Daisy, their visit will
be a success. And that is very
important.

He suddenly looks at her and smiles.

FRANKLIN
To show the whole world that we are
the best of friends.

Qualters has started to head back, stops.

QUALTERS

And in each town, as the Royals
drive through, we're ringing church
bells.

FRANKLIN

Excellent.
(then shouts to him as he
goes)
Set up the drinks tray in the library.

Qualters hearing this looks pained.

MISSY

Is this something you've addressed
with your mother?

FRANKLIN

I'm trying not to address it with
my mother, which is why I'm asking
him to do it.

INT. AN UPSTAIRS BATHROOM. DAY

A PLUMBER is on his knees installing a new toilet seat.
Franklin's MOTHER stands over him watching everything he
does. He finishes the last screw, looks to Mother:

PLUMBER

Real rosewood. Still got the
smell.

MOTHER

Is that why it cost so much?

He smells the toilet seat. Rubs his hand around it -- showing
off its smoothness.

A couple of Maids stand in the doorway watching, as Mother
hesitates then leans down and opens and closes the seat a few
times to test it out.

INT. STUDY. DAY

Qualters is setting up a drinks tray.

The door is open and a severe looking woman, Eleanor, stops
in the doorway. She just looks at what is being set up.

QUALTERS

I'm just doing what I'm told.

We notice MAID 1 in the corner cleaning the curtains. They look at her, and she hurries out.

ELEANOR
 (about the Maid leaving
 and the drinks tray)
 So much for your little secret...

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Eleanor comes out of the study and heads down the hallway, only to pass Franklin's Mother, who is furious, on her way to the study, MAID 1 right behind her.

Mother and Eleanor look at each other:

ELEANOR
 Good morning, Mother.

MOTHER
 Good morning.

Mother reaches the study door, and goes in without knocking.

MOTHER'S VOICE
 We are not going to serve the King
 of England - a cocktail!!

The Maid, seeing Eleanor listening, closes the door to the study.

EXT. LAWN. DAY

Missy continues to read the magazine. Franklin is finishing correcting a speech.

FRANKLIN
 (to Aide 1)
 Mike, read this over the phone to Harry. If he thinks it sounds all right have him hand it personally to the Speaker.

AIDE 1
 I will, sir.

He hands him the speech.

Missy looks to Daisy who is lost in thought, and just staring at Franklin.

Eleanor joins them with a tray of coffee.

ELEANOR
Who'd like coffee?
(to Franklin, as she pours
coffee)
Your Mother has now told me for the
tenth time -- not to call her Royal
Highness -- Elizabeth.

MISSY
She's told me that too.
(turns to Daisy)
Daisy? Daisy? Hello? Anyone home in
there?

DAISY
(coming to)
What?? Oh yes. She told me that
too.

ELEANOR
(to Franklin)
I told her who did she think I was?

FRANKLIN
(to Eleanor)
I think she knows.

MISSY
(to Daisy)
You're just staring at the
President.

DAISY
I'm not. I wasn't.
(to Missy)
What do you want?

MISSY
Eleanor's just brought out fresh
coffee. She was asking if you'd
like any. She's staring again.

DAISY
What?? I'm not.

ELEANOR
She's blushing. Leave her alone,
Missy. My husband lives for the
adoring eyes of young women. We all
know this.

She smiles.

FRANKLIN
 ('joking')
 Let's change the subject, shall we?

ELEANOR
 Don't tell me you're embarrassed.
 That day, I would like to see.

FRANKLIN
 I didn't say *I* was embarrassed.

MISSY
 Daisy's blushing again.

Daisy is very lost now, and as she looks from one to the other.

ELEANOR
 What is she thinking? What's going on in that mind?

FRANKLIN
 What are they doing?

He has looked off and we see what he is seeing: three large tractors with mowers attached are idling in a row across the lawn.

AIDE 2
 They've been told to mow. They're waiting for you to move.

FRANKLIN
 Why didn't someone tell me this?
 Were they just going to sit there?

They start picking things up. Daisy stands and starts to push Franklin. As they head off:

ELEANOR
 (new subject, to Franklin)
 Hick called. For this morning's Royal visit to the World's Fair -- you won't believe this -- she'd been ordered to produce five thousand children overnight.

FRANKLIN
 What? Why?

ELEANOR
 As buffers for holding back the crowds.

FRANKLIN

No.

ELEANOR

Children. She couldn't believe it. Police said that's what they'd done in Washington and Canada. Put the kids between the King and Queen and the crowds. The Girl Scouts refused outright--.

MISSY

Good for them.

ELEANOR

They said their girls had taken an awful beating in DC!

Laughter from the group as they get set to head off.

ELEANOR

So she finally got some Boy Scouts!

More laughter.

ELEANOR

But when they were pushed, they pushed back! Started something like ten fist fights!

MISSY

Poor Hick.

ELEANOR

When she finally got back to her office, she kicked off her shoes, opened her window and shouted out: 'God damn the King and Queen!'

All laughing hard.

FRANKLIN

Maybe we'll be saying the same thing tomorrow!

More laughing. Daisy, 'laughing', watches Eleanor laugh with abandon.

DAISY VO

'Hick' was short for Lorena Hickock. One of those friends of Eleanor's Franklin called - -- 'she men.'

Eleanor pushes Franklin in his wheelchair across the lawn. As Daisy follows, watching Eleanor:

DAISY VO
 People said their marriage was
 troubled and unhappy. That they lived
 mostly separate lives.

Daisy watches Franklin reach and pat Eleanor's hand as she pushes him.

DAISY VO
 But I never saw that. That's now how
 they seemed when they were together.

Eleanor has said something that has made Franklin laugh again. They clearly know how to make each other laugh.

INT. STABLE. DAY.

Missy and Eleanor now sit together, and drink the coffee that Eleanor brought. It's dark inside, with shafts of light through the cracks in the wood. Daisy is with the women, but she keeps looking over at Franklin who sits alone, a single light bulb on overhead as he continues to work on papers. An Aide stands with him.

Missy is still reading the magazine:

MISSY
 (reads from article)
 "A large part of the country still
 believes that Edward, Duke of
 Windsor, is the rightful owner of
 the British throne --

ELEANOR
 "Thrones?' 'Kings and Dukes.' It
 all sounds like the Middle Ages.

There is a knock on the door. They women look at each other -- is it Mrs. Roosevelt looking for them?

FRANKLIN
 (without looking up)
 Is it my mother?

MISSY
 See who it is, Daisy.

Daisy goes and peeks through the crack.

DAISY
 (back to Franklin)
 Tommy.

Franklin nods, and Daisy opens the door and Qualters sneaks in, Daisy closing the door behind him.

MISSY
 (still reading the
 article, having looked
 up)
 A very chastened-looking Tommy.

ELEANOR
 As he should be. He was on his way
 to set up a drinks tray in the
 library.

FRANKLIN
 Really?

ELEANOR
 (to Franklin)
 Did you tell him to do that?

FRANKLIN
 I did not and Missy is my witness.

Qualters stands next to Franklin.

QUALTERS
 Mind if I sit in here with you?

FRANKLIN
 Gotten a little warm inside?

He sits on a nearby bench.

QUALTERS
 Your mother -- well, she's very
 much in control.

The women listen to this.

FRANKLIN
 (as he works)
 What's all this I hear about a
 drinks tray?

Qualters looks to Eleanor, then:

QUALTERS

I've been told that my idea of setting one out was not a very considered one...

EXT. STABLE. DAY.

Aide 1 is running a phone line from the house to the stables. Other Aides now come in and out of the door.

INT. STABLE. DAY.

Inside the stables, it's become almost an office; there are the papers and files that had been with Franklin on the lawn.

FRANKLIN

(as he works)

I was told this King didn't even want the job.

Franklin's engagement gets the women's attention.

DAISY

Really?

FRANKLIN

I'm told he's -- quiet. Even a little -- shy.

Franklin rubs his eyes.

ELEANOR

We must remind ourselves that these kings and queens or whatever-- are no better than us. They're just people.

FRANKLIN

I read that in your column, Eleanor.

He is rubbing his eyes again.

ELEANOR

Are you all right? You look in pain.

MISSY

(to Eleanor, explaining,
as she continues to
'read' the magazine)

He has a sinus infection.

DAISY
He gets them -- this time of year.

MISSY
He often gets them around this time
of year.

ELEANOR
(with irony which Daisy
doesn't catch)
Oh does he? I didn't know that.

FRANKLIN
I took an aspirin.

Aide 1 running the phone line enters.

AIDE 1
They just left Beacon.

FRANKLIN
So it won't be too long.

He looks at the women.

FRANKLIN
(continuing with Eleanor)
And -- Eleanor, we must also remind
ourselves that they are also our
guests; and deserve to be treated
with the utmost dignity and
respect.

INT. LIMOUSINE. DAY

Outside the car, through closed windows, the sounds of church
bells tolling and cheering crowds.

DAISY VO
And all the while the King and
Queen were getting closer.

BERTIE, THE KING OF ENGLAND, is bent over in the backseat,
hiding from the crowds and starving; he is trying to
unobtrusively look through a bag on the car floor.

BERTIE
It appears there is also potato
salad.

Bertie continues to rummage in the bags on the floor looking
to see what food has been packed for him.

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, is sitting next to her husband in the backseat. Elizabeth is just finishing reading the Scribner's magazine article.

ELIZABETH

Will you sit up. What are you doing down there?

BERTIE

I'm starving. There's only a rather odd cheese. The bread has funny little seeds. I'm still picking them out.

He takes another bite of potato salad and then, mouth full and chewing, he turns and looks out the window and smiles, with mouth closed, as he waves to the crowds.

The cheering and the bell tolling continues.

BERTIE

Who re-re-reads this magazine anyway? And where did we get it?

He leans forward and speaks to an Embassy Official CAMERON, who is in the front passenger seat.

Who gave it to me?

CAMERON

I don't know, sir. Someone at the University, I suspect.

BERTIE

It is you-your job--!

ELIZABETH

Listen to this.

BERTIE

Elizabeth--

ELIZABETH

(she reads from Scribner's)
"Queen Elizabeth... too plump of figure..."

BERTIE

(to himself)
Oh god.

Elizabeth is close to tears.

BERTIE

Don't cry, dear. Please don't.

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't give them the
satisfaction.

They wave royally.

INT. STABLE. DAY.

Eleanor is reading the article and trying not to laugh.

An Aide has entered with a tray of sandwiches and a pitcher of lemonade. As Missy and Eleanor choose sandwiches. Daisy still soothes the horse, and feeds it straw.

ELEANOR

Franklin, why don't we just come
out and say it?

FRANKLIN

Say what, Eleanor?

ELEANOR

They're here with their hand out.

The room is still.

ELEANOR

I mean, please -- what century is
this?

(to everyone in the
stables))

Why do we care what a 'king' or
'queen' thinks about us?

Daisy has watched closely; still patting the horse.

ELEANOR

Hick says I should get a month of
columns out of this weekend.

She smiles.

FRANKLIN

(without looking up))
Eleanor...

ELEANOR

Hick says this King hates his
brother. There's a column there.

(MORE)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
 One of those medieval rivalries --
 who wears the crown? I tell you,
 they're living in the middle ages!

MISSY
 His brother's met with Hitler.

ELEANOR
 There's a column there too. And
 this is the family we're having to
 our home for the weekend.

FRANKLIN
 Eleanor, you don't even live here.

ELEANOR
 I am staying the night. I told your
 mother I would do that.

Daisy is petting a horse and listening. She chimes in:

DAISY
 I thought the brother gave up being
 king so he could marry the woman he
 loved.

Franklin looks up to take a peek at this conversation.

ELEANOR
 Daisy, have you ever met a man who
 would do that?

Franklin goes back to his work.

ELEANOR CONT'D
 (continues, to Missy)
 Hick says she thinks the brother
 might be positioning himself to be
 the savior of the monarchy, once
 England has been defeated and the
 fascists have taken over.

FRANKLIN
 He's young, Eleanor

This gets the women's attention.

(as he works)
 So is she. They're both young.

The horse Daisy is petting whinnies; Missy turns to Daisy
 and puts her finger to her mouth. Daisy then does the same to
 the horse.

FRANKLIN CONT'D

(looks up)

Now let's give them a break. Can we?

ELEANOR

('innocently')

Are you saying that to me?

Daisy and Missy closely watch this husband and wife exchange.

FRANKLIN

I'm saying it to all of us.

INT. LIMOUSINE. DAY.

Elizabeth is looking at her arm.

BERTIE

How's the sunburn?

ELIZABETH

I don't have sunburn.

BERTIE

It was terribly hot. And there wasn't any shade.

ELIZABETH

I am not sunburned.

BERTIE

(to Cameron)

Why doesn't she have any ointment?

ELIZABETH

I don't need any ointment.

Cameron turns around from the passenger seat.

CAMERON

Should we talk through the itinerary, sir?

ELIZABETH

You're not going to get ill?

CAMERON

Sorry?

ELIZABETH

Leaning backwards like that, in the car.

CAMERON

I'll be fine.

ELIZABETH

Bertie gets ill when he looks back in a moving car.

BERTIE

I haven't for a long time--

ELIZABETH

That's because you're now always in the backseat. Still I make sure he keeps looking forward. I taught him to do that.

BERTIE

I f-feel fine.

ELIZABETH

Because you're looking forward.

BERTIE

Perhaps we should stop and meet some people. Wouldn't that be a good idea?

CAMERON

(confused)

But... We've just left... We're almost there. I don't think there are any more towns until...

He looks to the driver who shakes his head.

CAMERON

It's just a country road now.

BERTIE

Still...

ELIZABETH

He wants a cigarette.

BERTIE

(looks at his watch)

We don't want to be e-e-e-arly.

ELIZABETH

No. No we don't. Oh God no.

BERTIE

And I'd like to meet some Americans.

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

The entourage of limousines and police cars have pulled over.

The roadside is deserted. There is a stone wall and a field behind that. The King and Queen are out of the car. He smokes, looks around. Others mill around not knowing what to do.

A farmer on a tractor drives by harvesting wheat. The King smiles and waves. The farmer stares at him and drives past.

The Queen looks out at the empty field and the tractor.

ELIZABETH
(about the Farmer)
Doesn't he want to meet you?

BERTIE
He's busy.

The King smokes. Queen watches him.

ELIZABETH
(quietly, under her
breath)
I know how important this is.
You're not going to let the side
down. Don't worry.

He looks at her.

ELIZABETH
That is what I've been telling
myself too.

Bertie turns to Cameron.

BERTIE
You started to say about the weekend's
itinerary.

CAMERON
(takes out his notebook)
You will be staying in the Roosevelt
house. Adjoining rooms. In fact, it
is the President's mother's house, and
she will officially be your hostess.

A car goes by. Bertie waves.

ELIZABETH
Where is the President's house?

CAMERON

This is where he lives. When he's not in Washington.

BERTIE

With his m-m-mother? He doesn't have a house?

CAMERON

He has a room.

ELIZABETH

And his wife?

CAMERON

She lives in another house. Hers.

BERTIE

And he doesn't--?

CAMERON

Which she shares with other -- women. Who make furniture.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry?

Bertie has finished his cigarette, he lights another one.

CAMERON

Furniture. They make it. Build it. They're couples. They're the sort who like each other.

ELIZABETH

And the President's wife lives with them?

CAMERON

Yes.

The farmer on the tractor drives by again, a little closer this time. Bertie smiles and waves. The farmer just stares at him and drives past, plowing.

BERTIE

Where is this furniture factory-house?

CAMERON

About a mile away from the mother's house.

ELIZABETH

I see. I think it was a good thing we changed our minds and did not bring Lilibet with us, Bertie. It does not sound like the type of weekend where you bring the children.

Four or five curious cows, in the field across the road, come to the fence and watch. Bertie watches them and smiles and then waves.

BERTIE

(to Elizabeth)

Cows. We have cows.

CAMERON

The Ambassador's wife, after having visited Hyde Park...

ELIZABETH

Why do they call it that?

CAMERON

What?

ELIZABETH

Hyde Park? That's in London. It's confusing to me.

CAMERON

I don't know. Our Ambassador's wife wrote - and I think you need to hear this. She wrote after staying a night with the Roosevelts in their home

(he reads)

"It is a dismal house, extremely badly run, and most uncomfortable."

Bertie watches the farmer on the tractor drive by one more time, unsmiling.

The cows stare and moo at him.

EXT. GATE-HOUSE. DAY.

The King and Queen's motorcade turns into the drive on the Roosevelt home.

EXT. DRIVE. DAY.

The motorcade drives down the tree-lined drive.

DAISY VO

Half of his cabinet had been
against the visit. The country,
they said, was in no position to
take sides in another European War.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. DAY.

The motorcade approaches the house. Franklin is on the front
steps, sitting in a chair.

DAISY VO

So Franklin invited them here to
the country, where, out of the
spotlight, we could all relax and
just be ourselves.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. DAY.

The cars stop and the King and Queen are helped out of their car
and walk up the steps and greet the smiling President, then his
Mother, Eleanor, and others who are around him.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE / INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

The King and Queen are shown into the house. All go in except
for Franklin. As soon as the King and Queen are in, Qualters
lifts up Franklin and quickly carries him in his arms around the
side of the house.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. DAY.

DAISY is at distance watching.

DAISY VO

Looking back, I now see how
important this day was, to them, to
us, to the world. And of course --
as it turned out, to me.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE / INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

King and Queen are looking around, obviously commenting on how
nice the house is, although we hear none of this. They notice
through the side window, Franklin being carried by. They
pretend to ignore it.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE. DAY.

Franklin is carried through a back door into the living room.

INT. HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM. DAY.

In the hallway, the Royals are waiting.

ELIZABETH
Oh, what lovely ships.

A shelf of model ships in the corner.

MOTHER
My son built them when he was a
boy.

ELIZABETH
How very clever. (to Bertie) Wasn't
that clever?

BERTIE
T-t-terribly clever.

As Eleanor points out some stuff birds:

ELEANOR
He also did the birds... as a boy.

They all try and look 'interested' at the birds.

ELEANOR
Until the taxidermy smells made him
ill. He'll tell you about it.

ELIZABETH
I shall look forward to that.

The door to the living room opens and they are shown in to greet an already seated and smiling Franklin.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM. DAY.

A Bedroom done in chintz where Eleanor is showing Elizabeth where she will be staying. Awkward pause. Their hollow footsteps on the hard wood floor.

ELIZABETH
Charming.

ELEANOR
Hopefully not too small.

Elizabeth just 'smiles.' She goes to the window and looks out.

ELIZABETH

Look at that view. You must tell me about everything.

Eleanor follows her to the window. They both look out at the field.

ELEANOR

(pointing)
That's -- the field.

ELIZABETH

(nodding)
We have fields just like that.

ELEANOR

(pointing)
Those hills -- lead down to the river.

The awkwardness has gotten painful. They have nothing to say to each other.

ELIZABETH

So that's where they go.

A creak of the floor makes Eleanor turn around. Daisy is in the doorway.

ELEANOR

Daisy? What are you doing?

DAISY

What do you mean?

ELEANOR

You're just standing in the doorway.

DAISY

I came to see if I could be any...

They just look at her. Daisy turns to Eleanor expecting an introduction, but Eleanor just looks at her, so Daisy very self-consciously tries a curtsy which she doesn't quite pull off and then she hurries out of the room.

Eleanor turns back to Elizabeth who is looking over the beds now.

ELEANOR

Do you mind if I call you -- Elizabeth?

Elizabeth is stunned, but tries not to show it.

ELIZABETH

No. No.

(then)

So these are the beds -- you mentioned.

ELEANOR

Yes. Those are them.

ELIZABETH

How clever of these women to decide to be carpenters.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY.

Daisy clearly is the only person not busy, with nothing to do. Qualters and Cameron, carrying his briefcase, are heading up the stairs toward her. As they meet:

QUALTERS

What are you doing skulking around up here?

DAISY

(smiling)

You know me, I'm always skulking.

She laughs.

QUALTERS

Mr. Cameron's with the embassy -- this is Daisy.

CAMERON

(as he shakes her hand)

How do you do?

DAISY

Showing the gentleman his room?

CAMERON

Daisy--?

(to Qualters))

I don't recall a 'Daisy' on tonight's dinner list.

QUALTERS

Oh Daisy's not a guest. She's--. What are you, Daisy?

DAISY
I'm part of the furniture.

The men laugh at the joke, and continue down the hall; she smiles and starts down the hallway as Mother comes out of the King's bedroom; Daisy steps out of her way.

DAISY
Is there anything I can help with,
Mrs Roosevelt?

MOTHER
(holding her chest)
Oh, Daisy. You startled me.

She hurries along. Daisy, with nothing to do, slowly walks down the hall.

INT. STUDY. DAY.

Daisy knocks on a door, doesn't wait for a 'come in' and opens the door to Franklin's study. Franklin is at his desk, a drinks tray in front of him, which he is carefully arranging.

Daisy closes the door -- she is obviously very comfortable coming in and out of Franklin's study.

FRANKLIN
Is my wife behaving herself?

DAISY
Yes!

FRANKLIN
Has my mother calmed down?

DAISY
She's fine!

FRANKLIN
It's like a madhouse.

DAISY
Don't worry. All quiet on the upstairs
front.

She throws herself into a big soft chair and puts her feet up. She is very relaxed here. She watches him as he begins to mix and then shake the drinks.

DAISY
He's definitely younger than I'd
imagined. For a King, you know....

FRANKLIN

Is he...

DAISY

And they both seem nervous. That surprised me.

FRANKLIN

(shaking the drinks) Without some help from us, Daisy -- there soon might not be an England -- to be King of. So I'd be nervous too.

She watches him shake the cocktails.

FRANKLIN

So many of our countrymen seem to dislike England now. But who better than two such fine young people to maybe change all that. Anyway, that's why they're here.

Thinking about this, he shakes a little too long. He now notices what he has been doing, stops, opens the shaker, and the drink spills.

FRANKLIN

Damn it.

Daisy is surprised by this show of temper and nerves. Franklin starts to clean up. Daisy gets up and helps him.

DAISY

Let me do it.

He sits back and lights a cigarette as she cleans up the tray in front of him.

DAISY

(as she cleans up) They seem very nice people.

Franklin smiles and lets her clean up the rest; she is very near him; as he watches her:

FRANKLIN

Later tonight, after the dinner and all that is over, what do you say, you and I get out of here? Go someplace quiet. I think I'll need that.

DAISY
 (as she cleans)
 Well -- I think I'm free. (smiles)

She is very close to him; she looks up, kisses him sweetly on the cheek, pats his head gently.

DAISY
 It's going to be a big, big
 success.

And she continues to clean up the spill.

INT. PINK BEDROOM. DAY.

A bedroom done in Pink where Bertie has just opened a small traveling liquor cabinet and is beginning to make himself a drink, though his attention is on a series of pictures on the wall. He turns when he hears a creak. It is Elizabeth. They are both already dressed for the dinner.

BERTIE
 Oh -- it's you.

ELIZABETH
 We share a bath.
 (She has come through
 their shared bathroom.)

BERTIE
 So I was t-t-told.

ELIZABETH
 So we don't have to go through the...

BERTIE
 Yes.

He takes a sip of his drink.

ELIZABETH
 What were you looking at when I came
 in?

BERTIE
 These prints.
 (He gets closer to them.)
 I just told the President's mother how
 humorous I found them.

Elizabeth is looking closely at them.

ELIZABETH
What are they of--?

BERTIE
British soldiers. The 1812 War.
Cartoons actually. Mocking them. Us.

He takes a bigger sip.

ELIZABETH
They put you in a room with--?

BERTIE
The mother tried to apologize. I told
her I found them funny.
(he finishes his drink)
She said she tried to remove them, but
her son insisted.

ELIZABETH
Why would he do that? What was he
trying to say?

BERTIE
I don't know.

He bends over the cabinet and begins to pour himself another.

I don't know. He knows this is
important. He knows why we're here.

ELIZABETH
May I have a drink too?

She looks at the pictures on the wall, as he pours her a
drink.

How many have you had?

BERTIE
The mother just left.

He hands her the drink.

BERTIE
Cheers. She apologized for everything.
For Eleanor m-m-mostly. And for the
hot dogs.

ELIZABETH
Hot dogs? What are you talking about,
Bertie?

BERTIE

It appears that at the picnic tomorrow-
-.

ELIZABETH

There's a picnic tomorrow?

BERTIE

In our honour.

ELIZABETH

You hate picnics.

BERTIE

At the picnic, the President's wife has organized that hot dogs be served as our main dish. I gather she's even publicized this in the column she writes.

They sip their drinks, lost in thought, then:

ELIZABETH

Are they trying to make fun of us?

BERTIE

I d-d-don't kn-kn-know. What do you think?

INT. LIVING ROOM / STUDY. DAY.

Light knock on the door, then Qualters peeks his head in.

QUALTERS

His Majesty will be down shortly.

Franklin nods and sips his drink.

Is that a drinks tray, sir?

Franklin doesn't answer. Qualters and Daisy share a look of 'what's going to happen?'

INT. PINK BEDROOM. DAY.

The King and Queen, with drinks in their hands. Elizabeth is once again staring at the pictures/cartoons on the wall.

ELIZABETH

These are revolting. They make our seamen look like monkeys.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
I can't believe he thought these would
make you laugh, Bertie.

BERTIE
I 'laughed'.

ELIZABETH
They're trying to make us seem --
common. Your brother would never have
stood for this. I'm sorry, but he
wouldn't.

BERTIE
I th-th-think if we j-j-just ignore
the-the-these--.

ELIZABETH
Please, stop stuttering!
(Pause. They both sip
then)
I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. I didn't
mean it, Bertie. I think I have a
headache. My face feels hot. I'm
sorry.

BERTIE
It's the sunburn.

ELIZABETH
I shouldn't have said.. I didn't
mean...

BERTIE
I am not my brother.

ELIZABETH
Thank God for that.

BERTIE
And you are not the D-d-duchess of
Windsor. You are better than that.

Pause.

ELIZABETH
I just hate to see you...

BERTIE
See me...?

ELIZABETH
Laughed at.

She looks back at the pictures, and sips, then:

How do you eat a hot dog?

BERTIE

I believe with your hands.

INT. LIVING ROOM / STUDY. DAY.

Door opens and Maid 1 (Mary) enters with a full tea tray. She carries the tray to Franklin's desk -- stops when she sees the drinks tray already there. She hesitates, then sets her tray beside the other.

FRANKLIN

(smiling)

You're not going to tell anyone, are you, Mary?

MAID 1

Not a soul, sir.

DAISY VO

Mary, we all knew, was Mother's spy. Mother had them too.

The Maid goes.

INT. PINK BEDROOM. DAY

Bertie and Elizabeth sitting on his bed, drinking.

ELIZABETH

There was in my room -- left there -- I'm sure so I couldn't help but see it -- a copy of that magazine with the article.

BERTIE

I see.

ELIZABETH

Who would have left it?

BERTIE

Maybe a m-m-maid. They look Irish. Except for the one who looks Jewish. We're not home.

ELIZABETH

No.

BERTIE

I-I-I'd leave it untouched. Another drink?

ELIZABETH

Why not?

The drinks cabinet is now on the bed with them. He starts to make another drink.

BERTIE

The President seemed...?

ELIZABETH

What?

BERTIE

That was a question. I'm asking you.

ELIZABETH

I can't tell yet.

He hands her the drink.

BERTIE

It was peculiar -- being greeted on the s-s-steps. Then ushered in -- and, di-di-did you see through the window? Did you follow that?

ELIZABETH

I did.

BERTIE

We were told he could walk with a cane.

ELIZABETH

He has two canes.

BERTIE

They seem to be mostly for show.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Now it is MOTHER coming through the living room, and she opens the door to Franklin's study without even knocking.

DAISY VO

Mother, who had a sixth sense for sniffing out alcohol, was on the warpath. Mother's father had been a nasty drunk.

INT. STUDY. DAY

MOTHER enters and Daisy suddenly stands up. Franklin just 'smiles'.

Mother is looking at the drinks tray.

FRANKLIN
Is he coming down?

MOTHER
What is that doing in here?

She goes and picks up the drinks tray -- glasses rattle.

FRANKLIN
Leave it, Mother.

MOTHER
I thought we agreed.

FRANKLIN
That's not true.

MOTHER
I'm not going to let the King and
Queen of England see us--

FRANKLIN
(shouts)
Dammit, I said -- leave it!! Daisy,
close the door.

Daisy turns to close the door as Eleanor hurries in:

ELEANOR
What's happening? Why are you
shouting?

FRANKLIN
Close the door, Daisy!

DAISY
Should I stay?

FRANKLIN
Just close it.

Daisy closes the door and stays.

MOTHER
He's brought out the drinks tray,
Eleanor.

ELEANOR
Franklin, you promised.

FRANKLIN
As I said to Mother, that's not true.

MOTHER
Maybe after dinner!!

ELEANOR
Don't shout, Mother. We have
guests.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Servants listening the hallway to the argument in the Study.

MOTHER'S VOICE
I know we have guests! And I know
who they are! And my son is not
going to serve them cocktails!

FRANKLIN'S VOICE
They're my guests!!

INT. STUDY. DAY.

MOTHER
It's my house!!

ELEANOR
You're the one who wants us to live
here.

FRANKLIN
Eleanor, don't--.

MOTHER
Give me the tray.

ELEANOR
(to Franklin)
Isn't it true?

FRANKLIN
No. Yes.
(then)
I'm the President!!

ELEANOR
Stop this. Please stop this!!

INT. PINK BEDROOM. DAY.

Bertie and Elizabeth are still drinking on the bed.

BERTIE

I have the programme for tomorrow's
'event.'

He searches in his jacket pocket.

BERTIE

It's been printed. Here.

He tries to show her, she doesn't take it.

ELIZABETH

This is for the hot dog picnic?

BERTIE

There will be entertainment as well.

ELIZABETH

Perhaps I should be surprised.

She sips.

BERTIE

(looking at the program)
Indians.

ELIZABETH

No.

BERTIE

Indians.
(reads)
"Ish-Ti-Opi."

ELIZABETH

What???

BERTIE

He's called here "The Indian
Baritone." So he's going to sing.
There's "Princess Te Ata." She is
going to show us "The Indian Corn
Ceremony."

ELIZABETH

Oh god.

BERTIE

"Accompanied by Kurkus Pahitu on the
tom-tom."

ELIZABETH

There's our incentive not to be hung-
over. Perhaps our only incentive. The
'tom-tom.' 'Hot dogs.' 'Cartoons of
British naval officers as monkeys.'

Knock on the door.

BERTIE

Come in.

Cameron is at the door.

CAMERON

The President is waiting for you in
his study, your Majesty. He said it
was time for -- 'children's hour.'

Bertie is confused.

CAMERON

(explains)

Drinks.

Bertie nods, finishes his drink and stands.

BERTIE

And the Queen?

CAMERON

She's been allowed more time to relax.

Elizabeth smiles at Bertie and sips her drink.

BERTIE

(leans over and kisses her
on the cheek, then sighs)

Here we go...

He gets up.

INT. STUDY. DAY.

The room is icy. Franklin sits behind his desk. Daisy stands in
a corner. Mother sits, a frozen expression on her face.
Eleanor sits to one side, obviously unhappy.

A knock on the door. The door opens. Qualters announces:

QUALTERS

His Majesty.

Bertie comes into the room. Mother immediately stands and curtsies. Daisy copies her. She looks to Eleanor who just 'politely nods' to Bertie.

FRANKLIN
(a big smile)
Come in. Come in, my friend. Forgive
me for not getting up.

Franklin holds out his hand. Bertie goes to the desk and shakes hands.

On the desk now are the drinks tray and a tray for tea. Bertie looks at the competing trays.

FRANKLIN
Sir, my Mother does not approve of
cocktails.

Mother's face is very stern.

And thinks you might rather have a cup
of tea.

Bertie looks around the room, then at the competing trays:

BERTIE
M-m-my m-m-mother would have said the
s-s-s-same thing. Actually I-I-I-I-I
prefer a-a-a-a...

The suspense builds. Daisy holds her breath. The others look at each other, then finally

... cocktail.

Franklin laughs, the others follow and then Bertie laughs pleased with his joke. As we watch Daisy who exhales, relieved that the King finally got it out.

FRANKLIN VOICE
(as he begins to pour)
A man after my own heart...

Daisy starts to sip her drink, then stops, when she sees Mother watching.

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

The kitchen crowded with servants, cooks, getting the dinner ready.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

The guests for dinner having cocktails. Bertie and the President are together - others listening intently as Franklin tells a joke:

FRANKLIN

So *she* said: 'I'm so pleased to meet you, Mr. President, I've only met three Americans. Joe Kennedy, J.P. Morgan, and Fred Astaire.'

He pauses for the punch line:

FRANKLIN

(continues) 'Thank God,' I said, 'you met Mr. Astaire, or what would you think of the rest of us?'

The guests laugh.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Elizabeth comes down the hallway; just before she enters the living room, she takes a deep breath, puts on her public face, and as she walks in there is a 'buzz.' She and Bertie share a look, she is nervous but acting confident. Guests curtsy, she shakes their hands. Mother introduces her. Eleanor greets the Queen, and is obliged to curtsy, which she does as perfunctorily as she can. Bertie watches his wife; Franklin gets his attention back.

INT. STUDY. EVENING.

In the study doorway, peeking into the living room are a few Maids -- and Daisy.

The Butler comes up behind them and is telling them they shouldn't be there. The Maids hurry off to work; Daisy is suddenly alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM / HALLWAY / DINING ROOM. EVENING.

Mother stands ringing a little bell -- for dinner. The guests start to pair off. All watch as the King goes right up to Mother, with his arm out:

BERTIE

Mrs. R-r-r-r-r-ro-ro...

MOTHER

(taking his arm)

I'd love to, your majesty.

And they lead the procession into the dining room where the table is beautifully set for approximately twenty. Servants stand, Mother is beaming. Right behind is Franklin who moves painfully on his braces and sticks. Elizabeth is 'pretending' to hold onto his arm. On his other arm is Qualters, unobtrusively, letting Franklin hold on.

FRANKLIN

(to Elizabeth, a joke)

We could have sold tickets to this dinner, and made ourselves a pile of money.

She doesn't know what to make of this; he winks at her, as they continue toward the dining room.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. EVENING.

Up in the sky is a gorgeous full moon.

Even the chauffeurs outside are divided by class tonight; in one group, the permanent employees of the wealthy, and in another, five or six drivers hired for this night. These drivers talk and smoke among themselves under a tree by the driveway. The cars are parked along the drive.

One of them notices the moon, and taps another on the shoulder. The conversation stops as they look at the moon.

FIRST DRIVER

(he's Irish-American)

You think it's full?

SECOND DRIVER

I think it's got another day.

FIRST DRIVER

I think it's full. Let's see what Daisy thinks.

For the first time we see Daisy sitting on the front steps of the house. Behind her the house is lit up. From the open porch, a small military band is heard playing "You For Me."

She too is looking up at the moon.

The FIRST DRIVER leaves the group and goes up to her.

FIRST DRIVER

Daisy?

She is startled, having been lost in her thoughts.

DAISY

Oh hello, Dick.

FIRST DRIVER

You think it's full tonight?

DAISY

What? Oh -- yes. That moon certainly is full.

FIRST DRIVER

(shouts back)

She says I'm right!

DAISY

(suddenly worried)

Oh, I didn't know you--. I could be wrong. I don't know for--.

FIRST DRIVER

Do you need a ride home?

DAISY

Me? No. No thank you. I have my car. I just.... Such an important night.

She stands up, notices the other drivers from this group looking at her.

FIRST DRIVER

Is it? I don't know. What's one king more or less? He still has to put his pants on one leg at a time.

2ND DRIVER

(calls)

Did you curtsy for the Queen, Daisy?

DAISY

(calls back)

I certainly did, Tommy! And I think I did it right.

(smiles)

I didn't fall down!

They laugh. The other group of official Chauffeurs ignore them.

THIRD DRIVER
How come you're not inside there,
Daisy?

DAISY
Me? Oh I don't belong in there. I'm
glad to see you working, Frank.

THIRD DRIVER
It's just for the one night...

DAISY
Well it's something...

A MAID comes from around the house with food for the drivers. The official chauffeurs ignore this.

The others line up to eat. Daisy watches this from a distance:

FIRST DRIVER
(to Maid, joking)
Can I take some home for my dog?

FOURTH DRIVER
He doesn't have a dog.

Laughter at their situation. As Daisy wanders off into the dark:

MAID 2
(to one of the younger
chauffeurs)
Touch me there again, you'll be
wearing it and not eating it...

Laughter.

EXT. FRONT/SIDE OF HOUSE. EVENING.

We follow Daisy as she turns the corner of the house to the porch where the military band is finishing playing a song under strings of festive lights.

A Maid with a tray of snacks has come out and waits.

BAND LEADER
Fifteen minutes, gentlemen.

And the band members stand, and circle the Maid with the tray of food.

INT. DINING ROOM. EVENING

Franklin sits next to the Queen; he taps a spoon against his glass to get the table's attention.

FRANKLIN
 (whispers to the Queen)
 You'll forgive me for not getting
 up.
 (raises his glass, to the
 Table)
 To His Majesty, the King.

Suddenly all the guests stand -- chairs pushed back. Only Franklin and the Royals remain seated. The Guests all raise glasses and repeat:

GUESTS
 To His Majesty, the King.

Everyone drinks.

As the guests begin to sit, Franklin has an afterthought:

FRANKLIN
 (toasts)
 And to Her Majesty, the Queen!

The guests hesitate, some stand again immediately, some hesitate, and look among themselves -- what to do; they all finally stand.

CAMERON
 (to Eleanor, next to him,
 as he stands)
 Actually, normally, we wouldn't
 toast the Queen.

And they drink. Some repeating "To Her Majesty, the Queen." Some just saying to "The Queen." Some saying nothing or just "Welcome."

During this confusion, the Queen, taken aback by this afterthought, and what actually is being toasted, drinks as well.

Her drinking to her own toast gets the attention of Mrs Astor, one of the guests. She turns to her neighbor.

MRS. ASTOR
 (under her breath)
 She drank to herself.

EXT. LAWN. EVENING.

Daisy still stands at a short distance from the house, looking back. The house is lit up and looking magnificent, romantic, festive. The band again is playing on the porch. She stands lost in her thoughts. She smokes a cigarette.

MISSY'S VOICE
 Shoot!

Daisy turns, there is Missy leaning over looking at her shoes; she has stepped in something.

MISSY
 (wiping her shoes)
 Those damn horses. And these are
 my best shoes.

Daisy approaches her, looks down at her black and white shoes.

DAISY
 It's not the horses' fault--.

MISSY
 (trying to clean her shoe)
 I know. I know. You like them. I've
 been looking for you.

DAISY
 Do you need a handkerchief?

MISSY
 Come here.

Daisy comes to Missy who puts her hand on Daisy's shoulder to keep her balance as she cleans the horse shit off her shoes.

The band music continues from the porch.

MISSY
 We saw you out here--.

DAISY
 We??

MISSY
 Franklin's asked me to tell you
 that you could go home.
 (MORE)

MISSY (cont'd)
 He thinks he's going to be occupied
 with the King all evening now.

Daisy turns back toward the house, try to hide her
 disappointment.

DAISY
 Of course he is...

INT. HALLWAY / DINING ROOM. EVENING.

The soup course is about to be served. A waiter holds a
 stopwatch at his side. A Maid whispers:

MAID 2
 What are you doing with that?

WAITER
 (under his breath)
 We've been told the Queen is served
 exactly 30 seconds after the King.

The King is served his soup, and the Waiter starts the
 stopwatch ticking.

Suddenly we hear an enormous crash.

A serving tray with a pile of plates has collapsed, startling
 everyone.

MOTHER
 What happened?

MAID 1
 (holding the King's soup)
 I don't know. No one touched it.

BERTIE
 I su-su-suppose an angel just passed -
 a ve-ve-ry clumsy one.

He smiles at his joke. Franklin leads the laughter, and gives
 Bertie a big nodding smile. The King is very pleased with
 himself. Mother is embarrassed but trying not to show it.

Franklin looks to Eleanor who smiles, and then nods her head;
 she has appreciated the King's sense of humor and grace.

ELEANOR
 (to Cameron, about the
 King's joke))
 That was very good...

Maids 1 & 2 have quickly started to clean up.

MAID 2
 (to the other, explaining
 the crash)
 It's the full moon.

The Maid 1 nods.

MRS. ASTOR
 (to a neighbor)
 I hope those weren't mine.
 (to Cameron, another
 neighbor, explaining)
 She didn't have enough plates.

EXT. LAWN. EVENING.

Missy and Daisy sit on a bench, under a tree; the house aglow in front of them, and the music. Both look at the moon. Both smoke.

DAISY
 She doesn't leave him alone. She
 doesn't let him relax.

MISSY
 Is that what he tells you?

DAISY
 What?

MISSY
 Does he talk about her with you,
 Daisy?

DAISY
 With me? Why would he talk about
 his wife with me?

MISSY
 I don't know how he stands it.

Missy has finished her cigarette and tosses it on the ground and stands.

DAISY
 Stands what?

MISSY
 Eleanor's always off to places.
 Meetings. How he must miss it.

Daisy tosses her cigarette down and stands.

DAISY

Miss what?

Missy starts to head back to the house, Daisy right behind her.

MISSY

Having a happy married life together.

DAISY

I don't think that is the President's fault --.

MISSY

I wasn't saying--. I think it pains him more than we can know -- not having a wife to care for him.

As they head toward the brightly lit house, we hear only their voices:

DAISY VOICE

This morning she didn't even know about his sinuses.

MISSY VOICE

Didn't she?

DAISY VOICE

She said she didn't. It's sort of like they've become just -- friends. Just good friends.

MISSY VOICE

She is a busy woman.

DAISY VOICE

She's his wife...

INT. DINING ROOM. EVENING.

Franklin is telling the table the story of Bertie being given the choice of tea or a highball.

FRANKLIN

"My mother treats me in the exactly same way, Mr. President... But I too prefer a cocktail. Who wouldn't?"

Great laughter; Bertie enjoys the attention and is smiling, soaking it in.

Mother is not too keen about telling this story; and Elizabeth is a bit surprised. But the table finds it very funny. Eleanor especially is now laughing.

Maid 1 is whispering in Mother's ear.

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

In the kitchen, Mr Johnson, Mother's English butler, stands in his coat, holding his hat. An Aide is with him.

JOHNSON
I apologize, Madam. For the timing.

AIDE 3
I've tried to talk to him.

JOHNSON
(very stiff, very proper,
very English)
Madam, I simply cannot stand by and watch the King of my country being served by....Negroes.

For the first time we see the problem -- the two Negro waiters, Nelson and Thomas, stand in the corner listening to this.

MOTHER
Mr. Johnson, you are the best butler we have. I understand the situation.
(to Aide)
Isn't there something we can do?

AIDE 3
They came with--.

ELEANOR
Me.

Eleanor, sensing the problem, has followed them into the kitchen.

ELEANOR
Mr Thomas and Mr. Nelson are part of the White House staff.

MOTHER
I realize that, Eleanor. What if we kept them in the kitchen?

ELEANOR

Mother, we're not going to hide them in the kitchen.

MOTHER

Eleanor, why are you even involved in this?

ELEANOR

You knew we were bringing help. You agreed.

MOTHER

I didn't know they were -- them.

JOHNSON

Either they go, or I go, Ma'am.

Mother turns to Eleanor.

ELEANOR

They are not going anywhere. As long as I am here.

EXT. WINDOW. CONTINUOUS

Daisy and Missy now at the window to the dining room, peeking in.

Through the window -- The Negro servants enter, Mother and Eleanor behind them; Eleanor smiling to herself, triumphantly. We look around the table, Franklin laughing, Bertie listening to someone on his right, etc.

Missy touches Daisy's shoulder to move her along:

MISSY

Do you need a ride home--?

DAISY

(still staring into the window)

No.

Along the house, the English Butler, Johnson, bag in hand, is walking toward the front of the house and the road.

Daisy stares into the window.

DAISY

Look at him.

MAID 2

I told you -- it's the moon.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. EVENING

The full moon. The guests are all leaving, coming out of the house, saying their good-byes to Mother. Chauffeurs and drivers are lined up with their cars. One by one their owners get in, and are driven off down the tree-lined lane.

EXT. LAWN. EVENING.

The military band are packing up their things.

INT. HALLWAY/ LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Franklin starts to wheel his chair from the hallway into the living room. In the background, the final guests are leaving.

FRANKLIN

Let's go to my study. We'll be left alone in there. Unless you need to--.

BERTIE

No. No.

Franklin stops.

FRANKLIN

Would you mind pushing?

Bertie gets behind Franklin and pushes him into the living room.

Her Majesty has gone to bed?

BERTIE

She has. And -- your wife?

FRANKLIN

Who knows?
(he laughs)
I'm sure.

INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Bertie pushes Franklin in, Franklin gestures that he should close the door.

FRANKLIN

Night cap? Mother's gone to bed.

Still sitting in his wheelchair, he begins to make them drinks.

I was worried for her....if one more thing went wrong...

Smiles, hands Bertie a drink.

(about the drink))

They worry about me. My Mother and Eleanor. Both their fathers were nasty drunks. Cheers.

BERTIE

Cheers.

They drink, Bertie is looking around the room.

FRANKLIN

Do you collect stamps?

BERTIE

I did. I have. I understand you are a serious stamp collector. Perhaps, you would show me some of your stamps.

FRANKLIN

You can't be interested.

BERTIE

But I am --.

FRANKLIN

Don't -- protest. Thank you for the thought, though.

Toasts him.

When I was a young man -- before my marriage of course -- I found that showing one's stamps was a very helpful way to get a young woman's attention.

BERTIE

Was it.

FRANKLIN

They have to sit close to you. Share the magnifying glass.

He 'winks' at Bertie. And smiles.

But I suppose if your father's the king... Who needs stamps?

Bertie sips his drink.

The Queen is certainly a lovely woman.

Bertie looks up at him.

BERTIE

As is the first lady.

FRANKLIN

She's a --
 (choosing his words
 carefully)
 strong -- person
 (smiles)
 Some days you feel like you don't
 even want to get out of bed -- but
 then these women, they won't let
 you do that, will they?

He looks at Bertie, who sips his drink and says:

BERTIE

No.

FRANKLIN

What do you do -- to be alone?

Bertie looks confused.

(explaining)
 I have my stamps... You need to
 give them
 (gestures to those outside
 -- wherever)
 a reason not to bother you. You can
 figure things out in the quiet of
 your own head. I open up my stamp
 books and that tells everyone not
 to bother me.

Bertie nods.

You were wonderful tonight, young
 man.

Bertie is taken aback by this.

BERTIE
What do you mean?

FRANKLIN
Just what I said. You were graceful. You were confident. You're going to be a very fine king. I'm sure of it.

BERTIE
I don't know what to say.

FRANKLIN
Your father would be very proud.

BERTIE
('smiling')
I'm not so certain about that.

Franklin sips his drink, looking right into Bertie's eyes:

FRANKLIN
If I were your father, I'd be proud.

They sip their drinks, Bertie looks around, thinking about what to say.

FRANKLIN CONT'D
I know -- some men have an entire home as their castle, I only get a study.
(then)
But then you must have many many castles.

He smiles; Bertie looks at him.

BERTIE
The Queen -- she's... She worries so much. It's been hard for her.

FRANKLIN
(a fact)
Women worry.

BERTIE
I just stop listening to her sometimes. Forget I said that.

FRANKLIN
Forgotten.

Bertie takes a folded up piece of paper out of his inside jacket pocket, and looks at it.

BERTIE
(explaining)
I've been asked to say things...

He looks up and begins:

BERTIE
Such a war as we now co-co-
contemplate --. The carnage, look
at S-S-S-Spain. Ch-children -- b-b-
bombed. Tha-tha-that's what we can
expect. It will b-b-be horrific.
Beyond anything m-m-man has seen.

Bertie takes a sip, then looks up at Franklin.

BERTIE
(he tries again)
And yet we know some of your
countrymen wi-wi-wi-sh my country i-
i-i-i-ill... And w-w-want us to
fail. And want me to fail wi-th-th-
th you...
(he looks away)
This god damn st-st-stutter...

He looks back into his drink.

FRANKLIN
What stutter?

Bertie is surprised by this, looks closely at Franklin, then:

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
This god damn polio.

They look closely at each other.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Sometimes I think -- they des-
deserve better than me. My --
'subjects.' I'm sorry. I don't know
why-why I'm saying this to you. I'm
s-s-supposed to be trying to
convince you to help us.

FRANKLIN
Let me confess something now to
you.

Bertie looks at him.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

As you have been so -- honest with me. No one -- ever mentions to me that I can't move my legs. It's never referred to.

Bertie is very intrigued by this.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Not by anyone. I used to think it was because they were embarrassed about it.

Franklin starts to stand up out of his wheelchair; Bertie stands to help, Franklin waves him off. As he heads to his desk, moving slowly on his braces, holding on to the backs of chairs.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

But now I think it's because that's not what they want to see.

He sits at his desk, takes a cigarette (his reason for coming to the desk), offers one to Bertie as he talks.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Of course we
 (gestures he and Bertie)
 think they
 (gestures everyone out
 there)
 see everything that we are. All our
 flaws. Or transgressions. Or
 failures. But that is not what
 they're looking to find when they
 look to us. And God help us if that
 ever changes.

They look at each other.

Think of the disappointment... when
 they find out what we really are.
 (smiles)
 Sometimes it might make one feel an
 imposter...

He is lighting Bertie's cigarette now so their faces are close. This last comment strikes home for Bertie.

BERTIE

(unable to look up as he
 speaks)
 They didn't want me as their King.

FRANKLIN

I didn't know they voted for that
in England.

Bertie smiles. Franklin relaxes behind his desk.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Pretending at times to be someone
we know we aren't. Young man,
that's what I've learned it takes
to be a President. And I'm going to
hazard a guess that it takes the
same damn thing to be a king.

He smiles that big smile, smoking his cigarette.

FRANKLIN

I'm thinking -- another drink?

INT. LIVING ROOM / HALLWAY. NIGHT.

The living room is empty; laughter is heard coming from the
Study.

Missy enters from the hallway, on her way to the study,
having obviously been called.

She stops when she sees Bertie, come out of the study,
smiling to himself.

He quietly closes the door behind him; he appears to be a
somewhat changed man, at least for the moment -- a new spring
in his step; a satisfied smile.

At first he doesn't notice Missy.

BERTIE

(after nearly bumping into
her)

Pardon me...

MISSY

Sir.

(corrects herself)

I mean, Your Highness.

(corrects herself again)

Your Majesty...

She curtseys. He smiles at her and she watches him head up
the steps, two at a time.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Bertie goes through the bathroom, and gently pushes the door open to Elizabeth's bedroom.

Elizabeth asleep in bed. Bertie stands for a moment, then 'coughs.'

BERTIE
You're still awake?

ELIZABETH
Mmmmmmm.

BERTIE
I think I'll go to sleep. It's late.

ELIZABETH
Why are you smiling? Are you drunk?

BERTIE
No. He's a very funny man. Has some wonderful jokes.

ELIZABETH
Like what?

She sits up in bed.

BERTIE
(hesitates, then)
I couldn't tell them to you. They're not meant for women.

ELIZABETH
They sound very 'funny.'

BERTIE
He liked my stories too.

Concerned, she turns on bedside lamp.

ELIZABETH
What stories?

BERTIE
I-I-I told him about the coronation. About how they p-p-put the crown wrong way around.

He laughs, she doesn't.

And the stepping on my robe so I couldn't move.

ELIZABETH

You shouldn't have told him that.

BERTIE

Why? He laughed.

ELIZABETH

We don't make fun of ourselves.

BERTIE

That's not true.

ELIZABETH

Not here. Of course he liked those stories, they make us look like fools.

BERTIE

They make us look like people!

ELIZABETH

Don't be naive, Bertie.

Bertie goes and looks out the window and again there is the full moon.

BERTIE

He made fun of himself too. He said at the picnic tomorrow--

ELIZABETH

Oh god that picnic.

BERTIE

(sitting on the bed,
smiling)

He said that the Indians -- they were Eleanor's ideas. "One of my-my-my wife's crazy ideas." His Mother is furious about it. Franklin's just trying to keep it short.

ELIZABETH

He talks about his wife like that to you? I hope you didn't talk about me to him.

BERTIE

I didn't. I wouldn't do that. We didn't talk about you.

(then)

I asked him -- without mentioning you -- about these hot dogs? What's that about? You want to know what he said?

(MORE)

BERTIE (cont'd)
(she stares at him)
He said he doesn't get the fuss.
They're just a good thing to eat at a
picnic. There's no 'meaning.' Nothing
more.

ELIZABETH
You didn't say I was concerned?

BERTIE
No.

ELIZABETH
I'm not sure I believe you--.

BERTIE
That's not fair.

ELIZABETH
Three different women tonight asked me
if I thought there could ever be an
American queen. If we'd ever 'allow'
that.

BERTIE
That was rude.

ELIZABETH
Do you have a cigarette? I have
smoked all of mine.

BERTIE
That won't help you sleep.

ELIZABETH
I know.

He gives her a cigarette.

Thank you. A light?

He lights her cigarette.

ELIZABETH
I never wanted this life.

BERTIE
I know.

ELIZABETH
It's hard.

He nods.

Go to bed. I'll be fine.

She smokes.

BERTIE

If there's a war -- and we know there will be -- he believes America could be persuaded to help.

ELIZABETH

Did you see some of the people here tonight? Hear their names? They're from Germany. Italy.

BERTIE

Their ancestors--

ELIZABETH

They're Irish. They're Jews. They hate us, Bertie!! They want to see us fall on our face!! They want to laugh at us!!

She starts to cry.

BERTIE

I think you're wrong. I th-th- think we just need to be a little more confident.

He gets up off the bed and heads back to his bedroom. Elizabeth is amazed, stunned by this new attitude; she has never heard him talk like this before.

BERTIE

Goodnight. I'm not sure I can even sleep.

(turns back to her)

Finally, he patted me on the knee and said, 'young ma-ma-man, it's time for you to go to bed.' Like a father, I suppose. He's very happy that I am king.

(Then one more thing)

When he retires, he's going to write detective stories. I told him I love detective stories.

She just looked at him.

He's built a cottage. He told me I could come and stay anytime. I love detective stories.

He closes the bathroom door behind him.

INT. PINK BEDROOM. / EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. NIGHT

Bertie, in his pajamas now, sits in a chair in the corner and smokes in the dark. He gets up and goes to look at the War of 1812, anti-British prints on the wall, which are lit only by the moonlight, one more time. He strikes a match to take a closer look.

When noises outside distract him and he shakes out the match. He goes to the window, pulls back the curtain and looks down below.

From his perspective, we see an idling car -- having just been brought from the garage. A uniformed officer waits.

Qualters and then Missy come out of the house.

QUALTERS

(to Missy)

Do you want to drive?

Without answering she goes around to the driver's seat; Qualters is telling the officer something. Bertie watches this officer then hurry off. Qualters gets in and drives Missy off.

Bertie watches the car go down the long drive; he looks up at the moon. He is about to leave the window when a second car is driven up by the Officer, this car is Franklin's.

Suddenly the light in the room is turned on, startling Bertie.

ELIZABETH

I thought you were asleep.

BERTIE

(whispering)

Then why did you turn the light on?

Outside a car is driving off. Bertie looks out the window.

ELIZABETH

Who's that?

BERTIE

It's Franklin.

Bertie goes to the wall switch and turns the light off.

ELIZABETH
Can we call home? I want to speak
with Lilibet.

BERTIE
What?? It's--.

Looks at the clock.

ELIZABETH
It's morning there. She's up. We know
she's up.

They hear another car pull up outside. They look at each other, then both go to the window, pull back the curtains, and peek out:

THREE WOMEN sit in an idling convertible, as Eleanor hurries from the house and gets into the back seat; there is muffled laughter/giggling from the women. The King and Queen watch as they drive off:

ELIZABETH
Who are they? With Eleanor.

BERTIE
I'm just guessing now -- but: the
ones who made your bed?

ELIZABETH
(totally confused)
Maids?

BERTIE
The furniture makers.

ELIZABETH
Oh. Where do you think they're
going, Bertie?

BERTIE
Back to the furniture factory where
they all live? I'm just guessing.

Then:

ELIZABETH
I want to call home.

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Daisy, in a white nightgown, lies in her bed, her bedsheets twisted, unable to sleep, staring off toward the window and the full moon. She is restless, tries to lie on a different side, then reaches and turns on a little bedside lamp, and picks up a book to read.

DAISY VO

No one could sleep that night.

She impetuously jumps out of bed, grabs a sweater from a hook on the back of her bedroom door, and goes out, quietly closing the door behind her.

We see for the first time, on the back of the door, visible only when closed is a framed official portrait of President Roosevelt -- the kind they hang in post offices.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE PORCH. NIGHT.

Daisy swings gently in the porch swing, pushing with her bare feet; smoking, staring out into the night. The full moon looking down upon her.

Suddenly she gets up, quickly stubbing out her cigarette in the ashtray. She rushes inside, then quickly stops and grabs the screen door to keep it from slamming shut and making noise.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE / INT. DAISY'S CAR. NIGHT.

IN HER CAR, dressed now, she sits in the dark; only the reflection of the moon on the hood of the car; she sighs a big sigh and releases the brake and the car rolls a little.

Only when it has rolled a comfortable distance from the house does she turn on the engine and then the headlights. And she heads off, the moon in front of her, it's as if she is being pulled by the moon.

EXT. PINK BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Elizabeth sits on the bed waiting. Bertie comes in from the hallway in his robe.

BERTIE

They're putting us through.

Phone in the room rings. Elizabeth answers it.

ELIZABETH

(into phone)

Yes. Yes, put her on.

(short pause, then)

Darling! It's Mummy! How are you?
I'm sure it is. Is Margaret with
you? Tell her -- it's still night
here.

She smiles at Bertie -- Margaret will get a kick out of hearing that, she thinks.

But Margaret clearly doesn't understand this concept of time differences.

Tell her -- it's night. It's dark.
The sun isn't.... What is she saying?
Yes I know, it's morning there. But
it's... I'm not trying to scare her,
dear. Why is what I'm saying scary?
The sun will come up, tell her that,
just not--.

Holding her hand over the phone, to Bertie:

She's upset. She's thinks.... I
don't know what she thinks.

Listens.

Now Lilibet's crying too.

He takes the phone.

BERTIE

(into phone)

Hello, my Lilibet! Tell your sister
it's because the world is round. It
goes around the sun so--. It--.

(to Elizabeth)

They're crying.

(what to do? Then into
phone)

Oh look, the sun has just come out.
It was behind a cloud all this time.
Tell Margaret that we're sorry to have
confused her. That's right. We're
fine. We just wanted to say hello.
Lilibet? Lilibet?

(to Elizabeth)

She's gone.

(then)

She rung off.

INT. DAISY'S CAR / EXT. THE ROAD NEAR TOP COTTAGE. NIGHT.

Daisy drives along the main road; she pulls the car onto a patch of grass on the side of the road, and cuts the engine. She gets out and starts to head into the woods.

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Daisy climbs, lit only by the moon. She seems to be in no rush to get anywhere -- rather enjoying the night, the magical moonlight, the mystery of the woods, the cries of owls, the barking and howling of distant dogs.

DAISY VO

If ever I missed him, there was a
place he'd built for me to come,
and be alone, and miss him.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. NIGHT.

She reaches the top, her destination -- and there is Top Cottage, dark and bathed by the moon.

EXT/INT. TOP COTTAGE. NIGHT.

Daisy sits on the porch where she has sat so often before with Franklin, and where she now sits looking off at the distant hills. She lights a cigarette and bathes in the beauty of the evening.

Behind her, the house is dark; lit only, as is everything else, by the moon.

Suddenly through the glass door, we see a shadowy naked female figure scurry, then stop, seem to pick up something -- and for a instant we see her lit, then the lighter is closed and all we see is the glow of her cigarette. Daisy stares off, utterly oblivious to all of this.

All of a sudden a flashlight shines in Daisy's face, startling her, and making her jump up.

MAN'S VOICE

What the hell are you doing here?

Daisy, trying to calm herself from the shock, shades her eyes and sees:

DAISY

Tommy? What the hell are you doing
here?

QUALTERS

You shouldn't be up here now.

DAISY

Why? Why not?

Daisy, still covers her eyes.

DAISY

Can you get that out of my face,
please?

He lowers the flashlight and she sees, lit now by the flashlight, a pair of shoes on the ground -- women's black and white shoes -- Missy's.

QUALTERS

You really shouldn't be up here,
Daisy.

Daisy stares at the shoes.

Two bare feet appear beside the shoes in the light of the flashlight.

It is Missy.

MISSY

(very friendly)

Daisy! How nice to see you up
here. '

Daisy looks at Missy, who is finishing a last button; then at her bare feet, then at the shoes.

A door closes in the house. She turns and looks there, then, it all suddenly dawns on her.

DAISY

Oh my god... Oh my god...

She bolts for the woods.

MISSY

Stop her!

QUALTERS

(going after Daisy)

Daisy, stop! Don't go in--.

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Daisy hurries through the forest.

Qualters runs after her, and immediately gets caught in the brambles and trips, falls down.

QUALTERS

Fuck. Fuck...

Missy follows, still barefoot.

MISSY

(as she heads into the woods)

Daisy! Ouch. Daisy!

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Daisy madly fights her way through a brush, then falls and begins sliding, then rolling down a steep hill.

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Missy fights her way through the underbrush.

MISSY

(calling)

Come on, Daisy! What the hell are you doing? Daisy!

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Qualters is now sliding down the same hill, holding onto limbs and bushes and he hurries down.

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Daisy lies on the ground; she hears Missy's voice.

MISSY'S VOICE

Daisy! Come on, Daisy!

The voice is getting closer. Daisy starts to stand up, when out of the dark a hand grabs her arm.

QUALTERS VOICE

I have her!

Daisy suddenly bites the arm, pushes away Qualters and plunges into the dark, only to fall again. Qualters flashlight falls onto the trapped Daisy.

Missy charges through the brush and hurries to the voice.

QUALTERS

Get up. Get up, Daisy. You fucking bit me. What is wrong with you?

Daisy is crying, very upset, nearly hysterical.

QUALTERS

I said get up.

He pulls her up, as Missy appears.

MISSY

(to Daisy)

It's all right. It's all right. I understand. Just calm down now.

QUALTERS

She fucking bit me.

MISSY

You'll live.

(to Daisy)

Take a deep breath.

(to Qualters)

Let go of her. Let go...

Qualters lets go of Daisy.

MISSY

Now, that's better isn't it?

Now why are you so upset?

Missy tries to touch Daisy's cheek.

DAISY

Don't touch me.

MISSY

What do you think happened?

Missy is breathing heavily. She looks at Qualters then:

(desperate)

Do you want to see the President?

For the first time Daisy looks at her.

He's just up there. I think he'd very much like to see you.

Missy picks some leaves and pine needles out of her hair.

Look at you. We don't want him to see you like this, do we?

Daisy stares at her.

Tommy, could I have your
handkerchief?

He gives her his handkerchief. She licks it and begins to clean Daisy's face. As she cleans, and as Daisy stares at her, no longer crying:

MISSY

This is a very important weekend
for everyone. I wouldn't want any
of us to forget that. So we all
need to be on our best behavior.
Don't we?

Missy continues to fuss, pulling out a leaf from Daisy's tangled hair...

Suddenly, Daisy pushes Missy hard; Missy falls, and Daisy bolts again and again charges into the woods.

MISSY

(on the ground)
Daisy!! Get a hold of yourself!
Stop this! God damn it!

Missy looks at Qualters. Winded, she notices her nose is bleeding.

QUALTERS

Don't look at me. I didn't do
anything.

He starts to head back toward the house.

QUALTERS

Fuck this, I'm going to stay with
the President.

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

Daisy is running, desperate, crying; she fights her way through the bushes. She slips and falls, struggles and hurries to get up and throws herself, down the hill. Anything to get away.

She is a mess; twigs, leaves in her hair; she's cut her leg, ripped her dress.

She runs recklessly down the hill, tripping, grabbing onto branches to steady herself until she pushes herself out of a bush and literally falls onto a road.

EXT. THE ROAD NEAR TOP COTTAGE. NIGHT.

She looks first one way, and then the other down the road -- and no more than fifty yards away is her car. Just where she left it.

EXT. THE ROAD NEAR TOP COTTAGE. NIGHT.

She reaches her car, opens the door, gets in, and discovers her keys are gone. In a panic, she starts to look on the floor, on the seat when:

MISSY'S VOICE

Here.

Missy is in the backseat, dried blood on her face from her bloody nose. She shows her the keys.

DAISY

No. Get out of here.

Missy reaches and touches Daisy's shoulder.

DAISY

(shaking her off)
Get out of here--

MISSY

Listen to me, Daisy.

No one says anything for a moment, then:

MISSY

He wants to talk to you.

DAISY'S

(shouts)
I don't want to talk to him!!

Daisy sits very still.

MISSY

You're being ... silly.

They both notice lights and the noise of a car engine coming down the dirt driveway. Daisy doesn't know what to do; and Missy doesn't know what Daisy is going to do.

As the headlights get closer, Daisy reaches for the door handle, but Missy grabs her arm and holds her.

MISSY

He's going home. He's headed home.

Franklin is being driven by Qualters; the car passes right by Daisy's car, inches away. Franklin in shadow and silhouette is in the backseat; he doesn't look out. Daisy covers her face.

As Franklin's car drives off, Missy lets go of Daisy's arm.

MISSY

You want a cigarette?

(no response)

I want you to listen to me. And I want you to listen very very carefully. Understand? Look at me. Understand?

Daisy looks at her.

DAISY

What can you say?

MISSY

Understand?

DAISY

Yes.

MISSY

I read all your letters, Daisy. And his -- to you. He knows this. Probably wants this... I read the letter where he asks you to live with him. I know you are --
 (searches the for the word)
 intimate. I've known since the day it happened.

DAISY

What??

MISSY

Those things he wrote? He meant them. I know that. That hurt. Cigarette? I need one.

She lights a cigarette.

But I accepted. Like you will.

DAISY

What do you mean?

MISSY

I am a part of his life, and I accept that you are too.

DAISY

I don't accept you.

MISSY

What about Dorothy Schiff? Do you accept her?

(then)

Why do you think she has built that place next to Top Cottage?

DAISY

There are other cottages on that hill--

MISSY

He asked her to. He asked her to build a cottage, so they could live close together when he retired, while he wrote those goddamn detective books he's always talking about writing.

DAISY

I don't believe--.

MISSY

I read the letter.

DAISY

When was this?

MISSY

(shrugs)

This year.

DAISY

No.

(then)

Why don't you leave him?

MISSY

For the same reason you won't.

Daisy looks out -- into the dawn.

MISSY

It wasn't Eleanor who 'abandoned' him. She caught him too.

DAISY

With you?

MISSY

(laughs)

No. This was -- long ago. Years and years ago. Someone else. He promised never to see her again. Swore on his knees.

DAISY

Did he? See her again?

MISSY

She's been to the White House. Maybe you've met her. Mrs. Rutherford.

Daisy looks back out the window.

DAISY

I'm sorry that I... I misunderstood her.

(then)

I don't think I can 'share'--

MISSY

Oh I think you can. You can.

She lights both cigarettes and hands one to Daisy.

DAISY

Thank you.

They smoke in silence. Then: She hands Daisy her car keys. And she opens the car door.

MISSY

You decide.

Pause.

INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Franklin alone; a half-played game of solitaire on his desk in front of him. He fiddles with the cards in his hand, his mind elsewhere; he looks at the played cards, begins to scoop them up to start another game.

INT. HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

A dishevelled Daisy walks down the hallway at Springwood.

Franklin's Mother sits outside of Franklin's study, as if guarding it. She sees Daisy and watches her approach.

MOTHER
(standing)
He won't go to bed. He's waiting for
you.

Daisy goes into the study without knocking.

INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

Daisy has sat down.

FRANKLIN
Would you like a drink?

DAISY
No.

He starts to pour himself one, then decides not to.

FRANKLIN
Missy and my Mother have both severely
criticized me for not having invited
you to the dinner tonight. I want to
apologize. They both said I should not
treat you that way. In the future --
it will be different.

She musters all of her strength:

DAISY
Yes.

Uncomfortable, Franklin picks up his magnifying glass.

FRANKLIN
I think I showed you these when you
first came to visit me, Daisy. But
you probably don't remember.

Daisy says nothing. Then:

DAISY
I remember.

FRANKLIN
From Africa. Aren't they beautiful?
Can you see from there?

Daisy is standing at a distance.

DAISY
I can.

She can't.

He turns the pages of the stamp album.

FRANKLIN

The highest waterfall in the world.
That's on this stamp.

He is pointing out a stamp in his stamp book.

FRANKLIN

I really don't think you can see from
way over there, Daisy. I really
don't. And that -- would be terrible.
Not to. That, Daisy, I believe would
be an awful mistake. From which
neither of us would recover...

DAISY

Do you really think that?

FRANKLIN

Yes, I do. I do.

He looks at her. No longer smiling, but beseeching.

DAISY

How do you see me?

FRANKLIN

What?

DAISY

Am I -- to you -- just stupid?

FRANKLIN

No. No, Daisy. But I can understand
how you can feel that way.

DAISY

Am I -- like a whore?

FRANKLIN

(almost laughs)
No, no you are not 'like a whore.'

DAISY

Am I just 'comfortable' for you?

FRANKLIN

I don't know what you mean.

DAISY

Am I -- a pet?

Pause.

FRANKLIN
Is that what you think?

DAISY
Maybe.
(Pause)
It isn't.

FRANKLIN
Good. Now come and sit next to me.

DAISY
(yells)
No, you're not getting off that easy,
you son of a bitch!!

DAISY VO
But that's not what I said.
Instead:

DAISY
No. I need to go.

FRANKLIN
Daisy...

This stops her at the door.

Daisy... Mother's -- quite --
worried. I told her there was
nothing to be worried about -- with
Daisy. That you'd understand. And
you'd never do anything... or cause
any... Because you --. We
understand each other, don't we,
Daisy? And you know that
everything I've ever said to you
was true.

She looks at him, then nods and starts to leave the study.

I'd say I'm sorry -- but that
wouldn't do any good right now,
would it?

INT. PINK BEDROOM./EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. DAWN PRE-SUNRISE.

Elizabeth at the window; Bertie, with the door cracked open,
listening at the door.

BERTIE
Someone's coming out.

He hurries to the window.

BERTIE
Which one is she?

ELIZABETH
The one you think looks like a
governess.

From Elizabeth and Bertie's perspective we see Daisy having just come out of the house, she now heads for her car.

BERTIE
I thought she was the governess. Has she stopped crying? Can you tell?

ELIZABETH
I think so.

BERTIE
(as they watch)
By the way, I understand that's a very common thing -- men and their children's governesses.

ELIZABETH
Is it? How do you know?

BERTIE
So I'm told.

ELIZABETH
She's not the governess. But she's obviously his mistress.

BERTIE
She dresses like a--.

ELIZABETH
She's not the governess, Bertie.

BERTIE
Men find -- some men find-- I think because they're around children, there's something quite attractive about--

ELIZABETH
(as she continues to look out the window))
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
 Why do you keep talking about
 governesses? Is there something
 you want to tell me?

BERTIE
 No. Nothing. Why?

Daisy is driving away.

BERTIE
 Well, she's gone.

ELIZABETH
 Look over there.

From Elizabeth and Bertie's perspective, we see Missy in the
 distance on a bench.

BERTIE
 The secretary?

ELIZABETH
 (nods)
 I hadn't seen her before. You can just
 make her out now. It's going to be
 light soon. See her?

BERTIE
 And she's his mistress too. According
 to Cameron.

ELIZABETH
 We don't need Cameron to--.

BERTIE
 Cameron says there's another one.

ELIZABETH
 Another--?

BERTIE
 Who's married. But she's built a
 cottage by his? Or something.

ELIZABETH
 Another mistress?

BERTIE
 (after another look toward
 Missy)
 Good thing we changed our minds about
 bringing Lilibet with us.

ELIZABETH

You changed your mind. I never wanted to bring Lilibet to America.

BERTIE

Only be-be-because you don't like Americans.

ELIZABETH

I like Americans. That's not fair. I don't like a lot of Americans. I like some.

(then)

Are you going to eat a hot dog?

BERTIE

What???

ELIZABETH

At the picnic. Tomorrow. Today. Are you? I mean, isn't it like having say the PM over and serving him bangers and mash?

BERTIE

He probably would like--.

ELIZABETH

To a guest! If we did that he'd know we were trying to tell him something. He'd understand.

BERTIE

What would he understand?

ELIZABETH

How we felt about him.

BERTIE

The PM knows how we feel about him. We like him. As if that matters.

ELIZABETH

(over this)

You know what I mean.

BERTIE

I wish I did.

ELIZABETH

Bertie, I don't think your brother would eat a hot dog.

BERTIE
 (upset now)
 How would you know that?

ELIZABETH
 Because he'd know what was meant!!

BERTIE
 It doesn't mean anything!!!

A light knock on the door, which is still open a bit; Cameron sticks his head in; he's in his pajamas and robe.

CAMERON
 The walls, sir. They are quite thin.

BERTIE
 We know.

CAMERON
 One can hear--.

BERTIE
 Everyone in this house is already
 awake.

Bertie looks at the window, Cameron follows his look and sees Missy standing now, smoking.

BERTIE
 (to Elizabeth)
 But to answer your question,
 Elizabeth, I am going to eat a hot
 dog, no five hot dogs, ten! I'm going
 to shove them into my mouth, stick two
 up my nostrils, two more in my ears,
 then walk around so people can take
 pictures of the King of England with
 hot dogs hanging out of his orifices!!

Elizabeth suddenly looks out the window.

BERTIE
 (as they watch)
 Don't ever compare me to my brother
 again.

Elizabeth doesn't know what to say. Cameron steps in:

CAMERON
 Look, sir.

BERTIE
 What?

CAMERON
The President.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE. DAWN PRE-SUNRISE.

Franklin is coming out on his own. His legs are in braces, and he uses a cane.

Missy throws down her cigarette and walks over to him.

FRANKLIN
(quietly to Missy)
Has she gone?

Missy nods.

FRANKLIN
(quietly)
What do you think she's going to do?

MISSY
(quietly)
I don't think she'll cause you any trouble. If that's what you're asking. Is that what you're asking?

INT. PINK BEDROOM. DAWN.

Elizabeth and Bertie at the window. Cameron peeks over them.

From their perspective, we watch Missy look up at the window.

ELIZABETH
They'll see us.

Too late. Franklin, following Missy's glance, has looked up and seen them. He tries to hide his surprise and any embarrassment.

From their perspective:

FRANKLIN
(putting on a good front)
Hello! And good morning!

BERTIE
(whispers through his smile)
Wave.

ELIZABETH
 (through her smile)
 I am.

Both are waving now.

BERTIE
 (shouting down)
 Hello! Lovely morning, isn't it?

ELIZABETH
 (calling down)
 Hello! Hello!

Missy and Qualters wave now too.

MISSY
 Hello!

FRANKLIN
 (calling up)
 Sleep well?!

BERTIE
 (calling down)
 Oh yes. Yes, very well. Didn't we?

ELIZABETH
 (calling down)
 We did!

MISSY
 (waving)
 Yes!

FRANKLIN
 (shouting up)
 Good! Me too!!
 (then)
 I thought I might have a swim...
 Come along?

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE HALLWAY / STAIRS. DAWN.

The very dishevelled Daisy, dress ripped, hair a mess, knee bloodied, passes the hallway mirror.

She stops and stares at herself in the mirror -- a mess.

AUNT'S VOICE
 Daisy is that you?

Daisy continues to stare into the mirror.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE, AUNT'S BEDROOM. DAWN.

Daisy enters her Aunt's dark bedroom. She can just make out her aunt sitting on her bed in her nightgown, trying to put her stockings on by herself.

DAISY
Let me help.

Daisy goes and kneels in front of her and helps.

AUNT
(oblivious to Daisy's
condition)
You're up early.

DAISY
I just woke up.

Daisy rolls up the Aunt's stockings.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. DAY.

The door opens and Bertie, feeling quite self-conscious in his bathing suit, stands in the doorway.

Franklin, in his car, smiles and waves.

Bertie 'waves.' Steps out and immediately sees the single Marine, keeping guard on the steps. The Marine, seeing the King, immediately salutes and stands at attention.

Self-consciously in his bathing suit, Bertie salutes the soldier, and tries not to hurry to the car.

EXT. GATE-HOUSE. DAY.

Franklin, in his bathing suit, at the wheel of his car. Bertie in his bathing suit in the passenger seat. They approach the gate house; across the drive, twenty or thirty reporters/photographers, nearly all with cameras around their necks, are clustered together.

He slows door to banter with the reporters:

FRANKLIN
They feeding you all right out
here? Throwing you boys, the odd
bone?

PHOTOGRAPHER

We're eatin' like kings. Mr. President.

FRANKLIN

You can thank him for that.
(smiles at Bertie)

They drive past, not a photo has been taken:

FRANKLIN

(driving)

I made them all agree -- no pictures in our bathing suits.

(looks down at Bertie's legs)

Though you don't look so bad. Maybe you should get your picture taken like that...

As they drive off:

FRANKLIN'S VOICE

And get the women's vote. But that's right -- you don't vote for king.

EXT. VAL KILL SWIMMING POOL. DAY.

The King and the President alone together in the pool; swimming past each other, curling left, then right, playing and enjoying the freedom, the peace, the water, and the company.

EXT. ROAD TO TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Franklin, cigarette in mouth, is at the wheel of his car, climbing up the steep and bumpy hill. Bertie in the back. Elizabeth, in the front seat, bounces around, looking sick to her stomach.

A line of soldiers has formed along the edge of the woods on one side of the dirt road; as the car passes, the soldiers salute.

The King, bouncing in the backseat, tries to wave back.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

The picnic. Crowds of people milling around -- locals, government officials, friends -- all with glasses in hand, greeting each -- checking out who else has been invited. The women in fancy summer hats. A makeshift stage has been built off of the porch for the entertainment.

Tables are covered in dishes: Virginia ham, cold turkey, sausages, salads, rolls. A table of beer.

Daisy has brought her Aunt lemonade and a drink for herself. They are at a table on the periphery.

AUNT

What are you drinking?

DAISY

(hesitates, then)

It's a beer, Aunt Sophie. I like it.

Daisy sits. As she looks off across the crowd, she instinctively takes a cigarette out of her pocket, and starts to light it. The Aunt is amazed.

AUNT

When did you start to do that?

DAISY

Do what?

Suddenly some word starts to spread through the crowd, and everyone starts to head toward the driveway -- the Royals are coming.

Aunt stands to follow, but Daisy just sits, lost in her thoughts, smoking.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Cameron is the first to reach Roosevelt's car; he helps Elizabeth out of the car.

ELIZABETH

(under her breath to
Cameron))

I'm not driving with him again.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Eleanor has taken Bertie's arm, and leads the King and Queen into the waiting and eager crowd for a few important introductions.

Women immediately begin to curtsy.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Franklin is carried around the crowd to the main table on the porch. All of the guests pretend not to see this.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Bertie has a small movie camera, and he takes a panoramic shot of the house and countryside -- as he pans, guests duck so as not to obstruct his view. The King gestures for the guests to wave to him. They wave. He films.

He finishes the shot; winds the camera; and then with Elizabeth at his side, he sees the grill -- and the cooking hot dogs.

After a look at Elizabeth, he begins to film the hot dogs.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Missy and Qualters stand at the lemonade table, and watch the crowd watch Bertie film the hot dogs and the guests.

Qualters nudges Missy and nods. He's just noticed Daisy.

QUALTERS

She's here.

MISSY

(watching Daisy)

Good for her.

Missy takes the glass and heads toward Daisy.

QUALTERS

What are you doing?

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Daisy and her Aunt sit at the distant table, now full of unimportant guests who have been relegated to the far reaches of the party.

The Aunt, because of the crowds and the distance, is having a hard time seeing.

Daisy sits, seemingly completely disinterested.

Missy works her way through the crowd.

MISSY
Mind if I join you?
(quietly)
I'm so pleased you came.

DAISY
I promised my Aunt.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

An Aide helps Franklin into one of the chairs. No one is taking pictures. Bertie sits in the other chair. Everyone waits for the wheelchair to be pushed out of view and then suddenly all take photographs of the King and Franklin posing together.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE DAY.

With the photographers' flash bulbs going off behind him, and a crowd laughing at Franklin and Bertie's show of playfulness, Qualters comes to Daisy, Missy and the Aunt's table.

MISSY
(feigning surprise)
Tommy, looks who's here.

QUALTERS
Daisy, would you come with me?

He tries to take her arm.

MISSY
(stopping him)
Tommy, she has every right to be here.

QUALTERS
He wants her sitting with him.

He tries to take her arm again.

DAISY
I'm not doing that.

AUNT

Who wants you sitting with him?

QUALTERS

The President, ma'am. Daisy, please.

DAISY

I don't want to. No.

AUNT

Daisy, please. Where are your manners?

(standing)

Let's sit up with the President.

QUALTERS

Just Daisy, ma'am. He just wants her.

(to Daisy)

Please.

Daisy looks to Missy. Who nods.

The photos are over and there is a big cheer.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Daisy is led to the head table -- nearly everyone is now curious and watching.

Franklin and Bertie are laughing together. As Daisy approaches -- there's that big Franklin smile:

FRANKLIN

What were you doing way over there, Daisy? The special guests are here on the porch. You should be here.

He turns to the King.

FRANKLIN

You've met Miss Daisy Suckley, haven't you, your Majesty?

BERTIE

I'm not sure I've had the pleasure.

Daisy does a faint curtsy. Bertie and Elizabeth share a quick look.

The guests are all rubber-necking to see what is happening on the porch.

FRANKLIN

She's going to join us. Aren't you,
Daisy? Tommy get her a chair.
(introducing Daisy to the
Queen)
And her Majesty.

A bigger curtsey for the Queen as Qualters brings a chair for Daisy. She will sit next to Franklin.

Eleanor -- understanding -- scoots over to make room for Daisy's chair.

FRANKLIN

Daisy, please, sit down.

She hesitates. He looks at her.

FRANKLIN

Please, Daisy.

She just stares at him.

Daisy looks to Eleanor, then at Franklin.

ELEANOR

Would you like some beer?

Daisy hesitates, nods. And sits.

ELEANOR

Franklin, pour Daisy some beer.

Franklin smiles, gives Eleanor a look of 'thank you' and pours beer into Daisy's glass. As the Royals try not to watch.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

A medley of the entertainment:

Ish-Ti-Opi, the Indian Baritone sings The Zuni Blanket Wooing Song. The King and Queen are attentive.

He sings The Traditional Potato Song. Franklin looks to Daisy, and smiles at her; she attempts to ignore this and him, and watch the Indian performer instead.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE. DAY.

Bertie stands and with his movie camera films Princess Te Ata performing the Indian Corn Ceremony. As he films with one hand, he loosens his tie with the other.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE DAY.

Princess Te Ata finishes demonstrating Indian Sign Language. The King, now with his tie off, and Queen politely applaud.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE DAY.

Ish-Ti-Opi now in full Indian Head Dress doing the Sun Rise Call as Franklin leans over Daisy to Eleanor:

FRANKLIN
(Half whisper)
How much more of this is there?

Ish-Ti-Opi finishes to polite applause. He turns to the tomtom player and begins The Canoe Song. Franklin notices the Queen's eyes beginning to droop; it has been a long day.

FRANKLIN
(applauds and shouts out)
Thank you, Indian Baritone! Thank you
so much.

ELEANOR
(applauding, under her
breath, across Daisy)
He wasn't finished.

Daisy, still expressionless, looks Eleanor, then to Franklin for his response.

FRANKLIN
(smiling)
Oh. I thought he was.

Then Daisy looks to Eleanor for her response; she is right in the middle of the Husband/Wife spat.

The Queen is startled awake by the applause. Elizabeth and Bertie applaud.

EXT. TOP COTTAGE DAY.

At the head table, Thomas whispers in Franklin's ear, he nods. Franklin leans over and touches Bertie on the arm to get his attention:

FRANKLIN
Your Majesty...

Thomas brings over a platter of hot dogs in buns. He holds the tray out for the King.

Word of this spreads fast through the crowd, and suddenly everyone watching this, some people get up and stand so they can see better.

Missy helps the Aunt get up and watch.

Daisy has the best view, right next to Franklin. She watches, though still without showing any enthusiasm.

Silence.

Franklin takes the platter from Thomas and holds it out to the King.

Would you like -- a hot dog?

The Queen looks away. Everyone else is looking at the King.

BERTIE
Mr. President, I very much would like
a hot dog.

What he has just said is passed along through the crowd.

The King takes a hot dog in his hands.

FRANKLIN
Do you take mustard?

BERTIE
I take whatever you think I should
take with my hot dog.

FRANKLIN
Allow us then to put a bit of
mustard on for you.

Smiling, Franklin nods to Daisy to pick up the mustard pot that is already on the table. Daisy doesn't know what to do; Eleanor starts to pick it up, but Franklin shakes his head. He wants Daisy to do this.

Eleanor hands Daisy the mustard pot.

Suddenly with all eyes watching, a nervous Daisy carefully takes the mustard and holds it out, as if it were a crown. Then Franklin hands her a knife.

FRANKLIN

Show him how we put it on, Daisy.

Daisy nervously takes the knife and gently and very very carefully spreads mustard on the King's hot dog.

Every one in the crowd watches her every move.

The Aunt stands now, looking so proud, Missy stands watching at her side, keenly interested.

When Daisy has finished putting on the mustard, she carefully sets down the knife.

BERTIE

(to Daisy)

You are too kind.

Daisy is embarrassed by the attention.

Then Bertie raises the hot dog to his mouth -- and bites into it. Suddenly the crowd of guests burst into cheers and applause. Bertie is confused.

BERTIE

(over this, to Franklin)

Why are they applauding? What's this about?

Franklin is smiling, patting the King on the back; Daisy is caught in the middle of all this cheering. She's embarrassed.

DAISY VO

And like that -- we felt America and England were back on the road to being very good friends. At least, I'm told that's how some people took it.

A very happy crowd of Americans still applauding.

DAISY VO

It made me wonder -- maybe the hot dogs hadn't been Eleanor's idea after all.

Franklin watches Bertie bask in the applause.

DAISY VO

When he left for England later that day, the King sent back a telegram, in which he wrote that our two nations had now 'forged' -- and these are his words: 'a special relationship.'

Smiling, Bertie shouts out:

BERTIE

I'll have another!!

Another burst of exuberant cheers.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE. DAY.

DAISY VO

The next day, he sent a car.

A car is parked in front of Daisy's house.

DAISY VO

But I said I was too ill to take a drive.

A driver stands on the porch talking to the Aunt who holds open the screen door.

DAISY VO

I was ill the next day. And the next. And the next day after that.

He turns and walks back across the porch and to his car. The door slams.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE. DAY.

DAISY VO

A week after the Royals' visit to Hyde Park, the President came in person to my house.

129 Franklin, at the wheel of his car, drives up to Daisy's house. 129

Daisy's Aunt is on the porch, having her morning cup of coffee, when suddenly she sees who is arriving. She stands, knocks over the little wicker table, starts to pick it up, then doesn't bother and hurries inside.

DAISY VO
I had been waiting.

After a moment, Daisy hesitantly comes out of her house. She looks at Franklin.

EXT. HARDWARE SHOP. DAY.

Franklin, smoking, with Daisy next to him in his car, as he slowly drives through the village of Hyde Park.

DAISY VO
He drove us by the plumbing shop
where his mother had returned the
toilet seat she had ordered for the
Royal Visit, without paying for it.

The car stops outside the hardware shop. There is a toilet seat and a sign: "THE KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND SAT HERE."

He starts to laugh, and she can't help but smile and warm a little to him.

As she looks up at him:

DAISY'S VOICE
He tried to make me laugh. And he
was good at that. He was after all
a politician.

FRANKLIN
Mother wants to pay him now. But he
says it's really been good for
business.

He smiles at her.

DAISY VO.
He hoped I would forgive him. But I
was damned if I was going to tell
him that I already had.

EXT./INT. MISSY'S CAR AT DAISY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Daisy comes out of her house, pulling on her glove, holding her hat. She slides into the passenger seat of Missy's car. Missy, in the driver's seat, leans over and they give each other a hug.

DAISY VO
Occasionally now, Missy would come and
fetch me when she felt --.

Daisy looks into the rearview mirror and starts to put on her hat.

MISSY

I think he could really use -- your company tonight.

Missy watches as Daisy continues to put on her hat, trying to get it right.

Missy looks at her watch.

DAISY

Let him wait.
(she smiles)

Missy begins to help fix Daisy's hair, around the hat. Daisy adjusts her hair and hat just so, with Missy's help and approval.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

DAISY VO

I learned, as we got to know each other better, of Missy's bouts with her 'blackness.'

Franklin, Missy, Daisy and Qualters around a card table playing bridge; Missy and Daisy sit across from each other, they are partners.

Missy takes a trick, and smiles at her partner.

DAISY VO

And of her 'dark days.' And suicide attempts.

She takes another trick and the Girls are having a very good time beating the Boys, who show no expression -- they don't like losing.

INT. STUDY. DAY. 1942

Papers and files are being packed up by Aides and Missy, who is on her knees in the middle of the room, sorting things.

DAISY VO

When Missy fell terribly ill. He paid for everything.

Daisy sits alone in a corner pretending to read a book, but every now and then looking at Missy:

DAISY VO

He even changed his will -- giving her half -- should she outlive him. But to the surprise of nearly everyone -- he did not visit her once in the hospital. I asked him why.

Franklin wheels himself into the study, in his chair, and heads for his desk. His mind on other things. Daisy just watches him.

DAISY VO

It's a terrible fault of mine, he said. I find it too painful to be around illness.

INT. LIVING ROOM/STUDY. DAY. 1942.

Everything is being packed up; phone lines rolled up; furniture returned to its proper places. Daisy watches from the doorway.

She turns and heads through the room, trying to stay out of the way of the moving.

As she reaches the study, the door opens and Mother comes out; looking suspicious. Daisy smiles politely at Mother and goes in.

FRANKLIN

(whispers)

Close the door, Daisy.

She closes the door. And Franklin suddenly lifts a hat up off his desk and there, under it -- is a drink.

Others in the room, bring out the drinks they'd hidden from Mother -- from a plant, a bookcase, under their jacket. All laugh -- a wonderful camaraderie.

FRANKLIN

Someone pour Daisy a drink!

Missy pours a glass and gives it to her. The two share a look -- a shared understanding. And the others, the men go back to packing up the study. Daisy looks around, smiling -- she will miss this.

DAISY VO

I grew close not only to Missy but to all of Franklin's boys.

(MORE)

DAISY VO (cont'd)

They seemed to accept me, no questions asked. And no more promises were made so none could be broken.

EXT. ENTRYWAY OF HOUSE / DRIVEWAY. DAY. 1942.

The caravan of official cars are lined up for the exodus back to Washington.

Daisy stands at a distance and watches Franklin be carried to his car.

DAISY VO

Though he found he could now visit home -- Hyde Park -- less and less. There were elections. Then the war. Always so many things...

A line of photographers patiently waits until he is in; and then -- he turns to them, an Aide nods to the photographers, Franklin smiles and the flashbulbs pop like fourth of July.

They continue to pop -- and the newsreel cameras buzz -- as caravan heads off down the drive. A few townspeople stand in clusters and wave.

Daisy slowly heads off across the field, alone, watching the caravan snake its way down the long tree-lined driveway to the road.

DAISY VO

He always seemed confident that I'd be here waiting...

She watches the cars.

DAISY VO

And oh how I resented that...

As the caravan reaches the road and turns; Daisy suddenly begins to run toward it, faster and faster; and she starts to wave as she runs.

She continues to run and wave until the cars, the caravan, and Franklin are out of sight. And stops and stares off toward where he has disappeared.

CAPTIONS: FDR eventually kept his promise and by 1942 Britain and the United States were fighting shoulder to shoulder.

When Daisy died in her hundredth year, a box of letters and diaries was found under her bed.

Her special relationship with the President was, finally, no longer just their secret.

END