



KENNEDYS DON'T CRY

based on a true story

FADE IN:

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - DEER PARK - DAY

Red deers observe a DASHING motorcycle across the snowy expanse of land. SUPER: "SOUTH YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND 1948".

The MOTORCYCLIST's goggles reflect the skinny clearing alongside the country road.

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - EAST FRONT - NEXT

The motorcycle RUMBLES toward the Palladian-style building.

Pheasants flit about among the pinnacles.

The vehicle sides in velocity the entire length of the country house facade. The Motorcyclist accelerates.

EXT./INT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - STABLES - NEXT

The motorcycle enters the largest British complex of stables through a pedimented Tuscan arch and parks in one of them.

A boot lowers the motorcycle stand. WILLIAM HENRY LAWRENCE PETER WENTWORTH-FITZWILLIAM, 8TH EARL FITZWILLIAM (37) takes off his helmet.

A horse neighs in a stall next to the parked motorcycle.

Peter takes off his goggles going toward the animal.

PETER
Don't you worry Champion, you're
still faster.

Peter caresses the chestnut stallion.

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - CAMELLIA HOUSE - DAY

A flowery secret garden with a fountain at its center.

KATHLEEN "KICK" AGNES CAVENDISH, MARCHIONESS OF HARTINGTON NÉE KENNEDY (28) sits cross-legged in a garden chair. A cup of tea on the garden table next to her.

Wrapped in a winter coat, she inflates a chewing gum out of her mouth.

As she turns the page of a book, the glass door opens.

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Kathleen's bubble gum explodes together with her frenzy.

Peter steps into the idyllic green scenario.

She rushes into Peter's arms.

PETER

With this lack of personnel I
couldn't find you anywhere.

Kathleen's cheek on Peter's chest.

KICK

I've missed you.

PETER

Three hundred rooms in this manor
and you decide to stay in the cold.

KICK

These walls couldn't be warm enough
without you.

The two kiss.

KICK

Which cheerful news does my earl
bear today?

Peter's quick nervous smile.

Another kiss on Peter's cheek.

The two mirrored in the brick-framed window.

PETER

Olive sent for me.

Kick stares at herself in the glass holding Peter's back.
Her dark reflection leaves the grasp on Peter.

KICK

From where, the bottom of a whiskey
bottle?

Kathleen picks the empty porcelain saucer in a rush.

She's at the edge of the door. Peter looks at her shoulders
standing behind her.

PETER

She agreed to divorce.

Kick stops and fixes on the round tea residue in the cup.

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PETER

I intend to marry you this June.

The teacup RATTLES on the saucer as she goes back inside.

INT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - MARBLE SALOON - DAY

Peter exits in hunting gear.

INT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - WHISTLEJACKET ROOM - SUNSET

Kick's eyes study the George Stubbs' portrait of the racehorse *Whistlejacket*.

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - DEER PARK - SUNSET

Peter rides on horseback with two hunting dogs ahead.

EXT. RIVER DOVE - NIGHT

Kathleen gets off her horse. Stomps on the dirty snowy gravel -- an oil lamp lights her way to the river bed.

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - DEER PARK - NIGHT

Peter points his shotgun at the bushes. A CRACKLING SOUND startles him in the opposite direction.

MEMORY HIT - EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Peter gropes for cover in a dark smoke screen, bullets illuminate the smoke as nails of light passing through it in different trajectories. Peter SOUNDLESSLY screams.

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - DEER PARK (BACK TO PRESENT)

A doe innocently looks at Peter. He lowers his shotgun still with eyes wide open and breathes out condensed air.

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - EAST FRONT - NEXT

A hare and a pheasant fastened to the saddle -- Peter gallops back to the main residence. The lighted windows seem warm stars in contrast with the blue moon.

INT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - TILE PASSAGE - NIGHT

A trail of coloured paper shreds on the floor. Peter follows it increasing his pace.

EXT. WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT

Peter spots the last shreds -- Kick sits on the bed.

KICK

I went by the river. It was filled with trouts and yet it seemed so empty, rushing like a man.

Peter hugs her at the bed's edge.

PETER

I'm aware that Rose won't accept me in your family even if I divorce.

KICK

Mommy thinks I'm duking around with you, she'll disown me if this goes further.

Kick takes Peter's hands.

KICK

And her beliefs are still mine.

PETER

If I'm not part of your beliefs then I must--

Kick puts his hand on her heart.

KICK

You're part of a church with an equally strong storm-proof ceiling.

Peter lightly smiles. Kick reciprocates.

KICK

There's still Darling Daddy.

PETER

You said he stayed silent when you told them about us.

KICK

In West Virginia they were in the same room, next time they won't.

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Peter's demoralized expression.

KICK

Listen, he's due to be in Paris in May. We can have lunch at the Ritz so he'll have the chance to know you better.

PETER

If I were a working-class Catholic father, sucking oysters with an aristocrat Protestant in love with my favourite daughter wouldn't seem an idyllic meal plan.

Kick radiantly smiles.

KICK

How do you know I'm his favorite?

The two laugh cuddling each other on the duvet.

CUT TO BLACK.

INSERT - ARCHIVE PICTURE

In the foggy image: Peter (left) poses with an arm around Kathleen's shoulders (right).

From *Kennedy Family Collection*. Series number: 6.

Series Name: *Post-War Years, 1945-1960*.

SUPER: On their way to meet up with Kick's father, the couple died in an airplane crash during a storm in France.

Kick's father, Joseph P. Kennedy Sr., was the only Kennedy at the Catholic funeral.

Of his nine children, Kick remained his favorite.

The Kennedy family kept the death quiet due to the scandalous circumstances surrounding Kick's death and because of JFK's burgeoning political career.

Peter and Kick never married.

She was buried in a small churchyard in Edensor, England, as Kathleen Cavendish, Marchioness of Hartington.

FADE OUT.