

Scene: 1

Narrator: Marilyn walks on stage, looking tired. She stretches and slumps down on a seat.

Director: "Marilyn, up, up! You know you've got a photoshoot at 5"

Marilyn: *Sits up straight*

Marilyn: "We just got back from one!"

Director: "Marilyn, you know you can't slack! Up!"

Marilyn: "Sighs."

Director: "Up!"

Marilyn hesitantly gets up and walks over to her makeup artist.

Makeup artist: "My dear, your dark circles are horrible!! Marilyn dear, you know you have to maintain your image! You can't go walking around like this!"

Marilyn: "I know, I know." *rolls her eyes*

The makeup artist sighs and places her hands on Marilyn's shoulders.

Makeup artist: "Marilyn.... It's going to be alright. I know. You're tired, but it's going to be worth it. Tomorrow, you're going to be attending a huge party, and we've got this GORGEUS dress made with rhinestones just for you.....just.....hold on."

Marilyn: "I know." She says as a tear leaves her eye and she let out a small sob "That's what everybody says, everything's going to be okay." "But nobody knows what I have to go through everyday." "Getting criticized for every little thing, not getting enough sleep, working like a machine every single day, NEVER BEING ENOUGH!" she whimpered as she let out a last sob, getting herself back together.

Director: "Marilyn!!!"

The makeup artist sighs.

Makeup artist: "Well, go on."

Marilyn: "Sighs" "I can do this" she mutters to herself

Scene: 2

Narrator: Marilyn gets up and walks over to the camera. Instantly, a wide smile forms on her face, and we see her looking completely different from 2 minutes ago.

scene change

It is the next day, Marilyn is wearing a beautiful rhinestone dress whose shine can be seen from miles away. A bunch of reporters surround her.

“Miss Marilyn, that dress is exquisite! May I ask, who made it?”

Marilyn: “This dress was made by our very own, Bob Mackie and Jean Louis” she says, smiling wide.

Suddenly she spots a little girl, holding up a notebook and pen. She walks over to her.

Little girl: “Marilyn! Can I have you sign?”

Says the girl, her eyes glittering and her smile wide.

Marilyn: She smiles. “Of course, darling”

Little girl: *Smiles*

Little girl: “I’m going to be just like you when I grow up! I’m going to become a star! And I’m going to wear dresses that shine like gold, and everybody’s going to clap for me!”

Marilyn smiled with a hint of sorrow in her eyes.

Marilyn: “My dear, it’s just not like that.....it’s complicated....” Marilyn, here!”
Calls out her assistant.

Marilyn: *She quickly turns back to the girl* “Just always know- All that glitters is not gold”

Marilyn says as she leaves giving the girl a smile, filled with sorrow and grief, bombarded by the crowd.

