

FOREVER MARILYN

An Original Screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

On a half-dozen RED ROSES, being carried across a green lawn and toward a small mausoleum, which is open at the front.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

The unseen delivery man approaches a wall of crypts stacked four high. He places the flowers in a holder attached to right side of the grave third from the top and second from left, making sure they're perfectly arranged.

ANGLE ON: the flowers. We see imprints of lipstick kisses all over the marble slab. The CAMERA tracks slowly to the left. The NAMEPLATE comes into view:

MAN'S VOICE  
Rest, baby girl. They're never  
gonna hurt you again..

"MARILYN MONROE 1926-1962"

FLASH!! FLASH!! FLASH!!

CUT TO:

EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO - EVENING (FEBRUARY 1954)

[The following scenes are shot in black and white.]

As the flashbulbs keep popping -

FIRST REPORTER (O.C.)  
Just one more, Miss Monroe!

SECOND REPORTER (O.C.)  
You too, Joe. Yeah, put your arm  
around her -

FLASH!! The pop of a million Graflex camera bulbs lights up the twilight.

FIRST REPORTER (O.C.)  
How's the honeymoon?

EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL -

Where we see the subjects of all the attention. He is JOE DIMAGGIO, 39, the most famous baseball player in the world. A tall, handsome Italian with squared-off shoulders, he has one big arm thrown around the waist of -

MARILYN MONROE, 27, one of the most famous and instantly recognizable faces on earth, the star of HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE.

Practiced pros, they both beam for the cameras -

MARILYN  
Oh, it's been wonderful.  
(turning to Joe)  
Isn't that right, Joe?

Joe squeezes her a little more tightly -

JOE  
Japan's been great - but we're sure  
looking forward to getting back  
stateside, settling down -

ANGLE ON: the press corps. Reporters in pork pie hats, armed with pens and notebooks, photogs with Speed Graphics and an endless supply of flash bulbs.

FIRST REPORTER  
(to Marilyn)  
How do you feel, Miss Monroe?

JOE  
(correcting)  
Mrs. DiMaggio -

SECOND REPORTER  
(overlapping)  
How was it playing a love scene  
with Robert Mitchum in this new  
picture of yours coming out?

FEMALE REPORTER  
Jane Russell, Betty Grable - that's  
some pretty fast company you're  
keeping there, sister.

Marilyn can sense Joe bristling. She turns toward her new husband, careful to give the photogs her good side as she tilts her face up to his -

MARILYN  
Fast?  
(beat)  
They don't call him the Yankee  
Clipper for nothing!

Joe relaxes a little. The reporters pretend to laugh. The Female Reporter is about to ask a follow-up when a LIMOUSINE pulls up in front of the hotel. All eyes turn to look at the car as its doors open -

Over "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" we -

CUT TO:

EXT. CHUNCHEON, KOREA - DAY

In freezing weather, Marilyn stands on a makeshift stage in a spaghetti-strapped black dress, wrapping up her signature tune from GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES. Behind her, on the bass drum of the drum kit, we see the words, "Anything Goes."

As she finishes, she throws her arms up in the air and does a little shimmy; thousands of men go nuts over her, yelling, screaming, whistling, clapping. As FLASHBULBS pop over the din, we hear via ship-to-shore radio telephone:

MARILYN'S VOICE

Oh Joe, darling, you've never heard  
such cheering....

JOE (O.S.)

Oh, yes, I have...

FLASH! POP!!

VIDEO CLIP: OVER THE HIT TUNE, "JOLTIN' JOE DIMAGGIO," WE HEAR THE CRACK OF THE BAT AND SEE THE CROWD GOING WILD AS DIMAGGIO'S RECORD HIT STREAK REACHES 56.

INT. DIMAGGIO-MONROE HOME, 508 N. PALM, BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT  
(FEBRUARY 1952)

As we gradually bleed to color...

Joe, at the other end of the line -

JOE

... Yes I have.

The connection is terrible. But in b.g., we can HEAR thousands of servicemen reacting to Marilyn -

MARILYN'S VOICE

Joe? Joe? I gotta go now -

JOE  
(overlapping, not quite  
hearing)  
But just miss the ball once and  
you'll see they can boo as loud as  
they can cheer.

MARILYN'S VOICE  
I love you.

JOE  
I love you too.

Joe pads into the kitchen to make himself something to eat.  
Switches on the radio. There's a Dodgers' game on.  
Somebody's just hit a homer and the crowd is cheering. He  
switches it off.

TITLES

EXT. MARILYN AND JOE'S BEVERLY HILLS HOME - FEBRUARY 1954 -  
EVENING

A luxury car pulls into the circular drive -

INT. HOME - FOYER

Joe has his back to the door, waiting for MARILYN, who steps  
into view. She is wearing a glittering silvery-white slip  
dress with drop crystals and a snow-white mink stole. She  
stops just shy of Joe to put on an earring. Transfers her  
clutch to her right hand lowers her head, blinks and looks up  
to Joe -

MARILYN  
You like?

JOE  
And to think we were gonna stay  
home.

JOE opens the door and steps aside with just enough space for  
MARILYN to pass-clicks off the hall light.

The reflected light from the car catches MARILYN's luminous  
face. JOE leans in to kiss her. She looks up, opens her mink  
slightly exposing her smooth shoulders and allows herself to  
be kissed.

EXT. PERINO'S RESTAURANT, 4101 WILSHIRE BLVD. - EVENING

FLASH! FLASH!

A sea of photographers parts to allow JOE and MARILYN'S CAR to pull through.

INT. CAR -

Bodies and cameras obscure the view. The Driver opens the door to allow Joe out; the crowd steps back to get a better view. Joe walks around to open Marilyn's door.

WE SEE Marilyn's leg, then an extended hand, and then Marilyn, glittering in the street lights and the flashes of the cameras.

MARILYN  
Hello, fellas.

As a visibly annoyed Joe escorts his wife to the landing of the restaurant -

VARIOUS REPORTERS  
Over here! Over here! Miss  
Monroe!

Joe wants to keep moving, but Marilyn stops and turns -

REPORTER  
What was it like over in Korea?

Marilyn beams. Joe walks into the restaurant, leaving Marilyn in her element...

INT. PERINO'S - CONTINUOUS

A man with slicked-back hair and wearing a tuxedo shakes Joe's hand - he is the famed ALFRED KONIG, the fashionable eatery's famed Maitre D'.

ALFRED KONIG  
Mister DiMaggio, how nice to see  
you again. Your lovely bride, is  
she is joining us?

Joe gestures over his shoulder to the scrum out front. Konig grasps the situation immediately, signals to a Waiter who scurries right over -

ALFRED KONIG (CONT'D)  
Show Mr. DiMaggio to his usual  
table.

His glance at Joe says: I'll take care of it. Joe follows  
the Waiter -

EXT. PERINO'S - MOMENTS LATER

As Marilyn holds court out front, a man's hand lightly  
touches her waist -

ALFRED KONIG  
(to the crowd)  
That's enough, boys.  
(to Marilyn)  
I thought you could use a little  
help.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(to Marilyn)  
Just one more!

FLASH!

INT. PERINO'S BOOTH - A LITTLE LATER

Joe and Marilyn sit in an upholstered booth, about six inches  
of chilly space between them. Occasionally scanning the room  
to catch a gaze and beam a smile, Marilyn is radiant: they're  
having a great time!

Joe sulks, drains a beer glass and sets back on the table a  
little too forcefully.

MARILYN  
Someone's thirsty.

JOE  
Someone's been sitting here like a  
jerk. I look like a jerk. I didn't  
need to come here to be alone in a  
room full of people. Especially  
some of these people -

Joe glances across the room at a swarthy Italian, sitting  
cozy in a booth with a girl half his age. Take a good look  
at mobster SAM GIANCANA, 46; we'll meet him again later in  
our story.

Giancana returns the gaze, briefly. Joe looks away -

MARILYN

Well I'm certainly here now, aren't I?

Joe doesn't answer, but signals to the waiter for a refill.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

What say we forget all about that?  
After all, aren't we the two  
happiest people in all of  
Hollywood?

Joe's not buying it -

JOE

Keep it up, Marilyn. Hollywood.  
That's what matters. Or was it  
Korea? Maybe you should go back to  
Korea. They need you, right? Can't  
win the war without you? Or those  
dopes outside. What do they need?

MARILYN

Joe, honey.

JOE

We're leaving.

He gets to his feet as the Waiter brings the beer. Joe picks it up and takes it with him as Marilyn reluctantly follows him.

EXT. PERINO'S - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up in front. The Driver hops out and races to open Marilyn's door as Joe turns to the Reporters -

JOE

Cheers.

He pours the beer on their shoes, then climbs in the car -

INT. DIMAGGIO BEDROOM - MORNING

Marilyn's glittering dress lies on her bedside table, heels on the floor. She is asleep on top of the still-made bed wearing her slip from the night before and clutching her white fox.

Marilyn awakens, looks around. The bedroom door is closed and Joe is nowhere in sight.



She sits upright on the edge of the bed. Her hair is slightly tousled but still coiffed. Lipstick and makeup pretty much intact. She removes her earrings, places them on the bed and pads out of the room and down the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM -

MARILYN

Joe?

No response. She shuffles in her stockinged-feet to the kitchen. The veranda, the back of the house. Nothing. She circles back to the front of the house, opens the front door and steps out. No car. No Joe.

INT. KITCHEN -

The clock reads 10:55. Marilyn cracks two raw eggs into a glass of milk and stirs it with a fork. She settles herself on the counter, legs dangling off the floor and begins to drink her breakfast.

SFX: A car pulls up in the driveway.

Marilyn hops off the counter and heads toward the foyer -

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joe comes through the front door, with a pink box tied up with string in one hand and a rolled newspaper under his arm. Marilyn's face lights up at the sight of him -

MARILYN

You're here.

JOE

Where else would I be?

MARILYN

I don't know. I didn't see you. I thought... I didn't know.

Joe holds up a pink box with red string.

JOE

I got bakery.

Joe sets the box down on the formica kitchen table, sits.

JOE (CONT'D)

You got a plate?

Marilyn jolts into action, opens several cabinets before finding a plate. She puts it on the table, sits - begins placing the pastries on the plate.

JOE (CONT'D)  
We got coffee?

MARILYN  
I don't think so. Lemme look.

Marilyn rises, goes through the motions of looking for coffee.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
We'll get some.

Marilyn goes behind Joe's chair, touches the back of his neck.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
You know, Joe, when I didn't see  
you this morning. I thought...

JOE  
You thought what?

MARILYN  
Well, I thought you...

JOE  
I went out for the paper.

Joe reaches back to Marilyn's hand, pulls her around. She sits on his lap.

JOE (CONT'D)  
And bakery.

MARILYN  
(looking up at Joe)  
I'm awfully glad you did.

They kiss. And kiss again. Joe pulls her tighter. The kisses grow more passionate. At last they come up for air -

JOE  
But you gotta have coffee.

EXT. ECHO PARK LAKE - AFTERNOON

Three men stand at one edge of the Echo Park Lake near downtown Los Angeles, puffing on cigarettes, their fishing rods in the water. a few empty beer cans lie at their feet.

We recognize Joe right away; the other two are his friend, JOE NACCIO, and his younger brother, DOM DIMAGGIO, both in their 30s.

JOE NACCIO  
So what's it like?

JOE  
What's what like?

Dom shoots Naccio a reproachful glance -

DOM DIMAGGIO  
Shhh, you'll scare the fish.

NACCIO  
It's a miracle there are any fish  
here in the first place -  
(looking around)  
Besides, where are they gonna hide?

Dom spies movement in the water - his lure bobs, then dives -

DOM DIMAGGIO  
I got one...

He reels in his line... no fish. But the bait is gone.

DOM DIMAGGIO (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Joe stretches, casts his line farther out.

JOE  
Pretty much, yeah.  
(to Dom)  
Miss it yet?

Dom baits his hook -

DOM DIMAGGIO  
What, baseball?

He casts. The lure drops with a plop -

DOM DIMAGGIO (CONT'D)  
Sure. Maybe. Not yet.

JOE  
Liar. Got ya -

He reels in a big fat catfish. Naccio holds the ice chest as Joe drops the wriggling fish into it.

NACCIO  
Did you ever think....

Joe plants his fishing rod, lights up another smoke.

JOE  
Gimme another beer, will ya?

We notice now there are quite a few beer cans at Joe's feet; he's been drinking pretty hard. Naccio yanks another cold bottle from the cooler, pops the cap with an opener, and hands it to Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(drinking)  
Did I ever think what? That when I was a kid in San Francisco I'd hit in 56 straight games for the New York Yankees?  
(voice rising)  
Have a lifetime batting average of .325? Smack 361 homers?  
(beat)  
Is that what you meant, Joey?

Naccio backs away, picks up his own rod again -

NACCIO  
Joe, I didn't mean nothin' -

JOE  
(aggressively)  
Well, you meant something -

Dom interposes himself between them -

DOM DIMAGGIO  
Joe, he didn't mean nothin'. We're just fishin' and shootin' the breeze -

JOE  
(snapping to Dom)  
The fuck do you know? You played for the Red Sox.

The situation is spiraling out of control -

JOE (CONT'D)  
Did you mean, what's it like to screw Marilyn Monroe? Huh? Is that what you meant? Because that's all anybody seems interested in these days.

Joe tosses the empty bottle aside then snaps his fishing rod over his knee and tosses the pieces into the lake. Joe watches the pieces float for a moment, then -

JOE (CONT'D)  
Guess I'll go home and find out.

He storms off.

EXT. DIMAGGIO-MONROE HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Joe's Cadillac roars into the driveway. He kills the motor, gets out, slams the door, and heads inside -

INT. DIMAGGIO-MONROE HOME -

JOE  
Marilyn, I'm home.

Silence. No response. Instantly, he calms a bit -

JOE (CONT'D)  
Marilyn?

Nothing. Joe moves quietly from the front hall and into the living room. It's empty. The door to the dining room is at the other side of the room. It's closed.

Joe's starting to get alarmed. Gingerly, he opens the door, steps inside -

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The table is set. Candles are burning. The place settings are perfect, the cloth napkins spotless and folded. There's a decanted bottle of wine. A beat, then - Marilyn pops out from behind one of the curtains, dressed to kill -

MARILYN  
Surprise!

Joe's heart skips a beat. Shakes his head to clear the beer cobwebs from his brain. Notices that something smells good, wafting in from the kitchen -

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
It's your favorite.

She claps her hands and the swinging door to the kitchen opens -

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Isn't that right, Alfred?

Alfred Konig, in his tux, carries three covered plates emerges and sets the dishes from Perino's on the table.

JOE  
(noting the third plate)  
We expecting somebody?

MARILYN  
That's a surprise, too!

JOE  
I guess I'd better go clean up.

INT. JOE AND MARILYN'S BATHROOM -

Where we find Joe in the shower, scrubbing away the fishing expedition. He emerges wrapped in a towel - he still in near-perfect physical condition.

INT. BEDROOM -

Joe passes by a full-length mirror - we just know it's Marilyn's - but doesn't so much as glance at it as he heads for his walk-in closet, where rows of fine suits hang.

INT. BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Joe finishes knotting his tie and is ready to head back to the dining room when a voice from behind freezes him.

JOE JUNIOR  
Hi Dad.

It's his son, JOE DIMAGGIO, JR., 12, wearing a military-school uniform and standing at parade rest. The boy looks at him with a mixture of fear, admiration, awe, and trepidation.

JOE  
Son.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

The dinner plates have been cleared away, and three perfect pieces of cheesecake await devouring. We notice a second bottle of wine, half-gone, on the table.

This is the happiest we've seen Marilyn so far, domestically.  
Before she can speak -

Joe bumps the table. The wine in his glass sloshes a little  
onto the pristine white tablecloth. Joe turns to his son -

JOE  
Shouldn't you be getting back to  
Black Foxe? What time is bed  
check?

JOE JUNIOR  
I have an overnight pass, sir.

MARILYN  
He's staying with us tonight. I  
cleared it with the Institute -

Joe dabs at the wine stain with his napkin, tops up his  
glass.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
I just love that we're a family. A  
real family. I wish we could do  
this every night!

Joe ignores her, looks at his boy -

JOE  
How are your grades this term?

MARILYN  
They're getting better. Isn't that  
right, Joseph?

JOE  
I asked him.

He turns to Junior -

JOE (CONT'D)  
I want to hear that you're at the  
top of your class this semester.  
Not like last term. You don't know  
how I had to -

Junior starts to wilt under his father's glare -

MARILYN  
Joe, he's just a boy.

JOE  
So was I, when I started my career.  
(to Junior)  
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)  
I never finished high school.  
Started playing semi-pro ball.  
Made the Seals when I was 18. How  
old are you now?

JOE JUNIOR  
Going on 13, sir.

Joe finishes off the wine, looks at Marilyn for a refill -

MARILYN  
I think we've both had enough -

We see she's barely touched her glass; Joe has drunk most of  
both bottles.

JOE  
I'll be the judge of when I've had  
enough - when either of us has had  
enough.

Junior stands up -

JOE JUNIOR  
Ma'am, I'm sorry. Maybe I should  
go back tonight.

MARILYN  
You'll do no such thing. Isn't  
that right, Joe?

Joe pushes himself away from the table -

JOE  
I'll drive him. It's just over on  
Wilcox.

Marilyn is crushed, but tries not to show it -

MARILYN  
Joe...

JOE  
(to Junior)  
Go get your gear.

Junior kisses Marilyn on the cheek, good-bye. His father  
notices, goes over to Marilyn, leans down to kiss her - but  
she turns her face away.

Joe's face flushes. Turns to his son -

JOE (CONT'D)  
I said go get your gear.



Joe Junior splits. Joe looks at Marilyn -

JOE (CONT'D)  
There it is. The Hollywood  
princess thinks she can disrespect  
me in my own house?

MARILYN  
I just wanted us to have a nice  
family dinner at home.

JOE  
You call this a family dinner?  
This isn't a family dinner. This is  
a night out, only you changed the  
scenery.

Marilyn looks around to see if Joe Junior is within earshot -

MARILYN  
Joe please, not in front of Joe  
Junior -

JOE  
Don't tell me what I can and cannot  
say in my own house.

MARILYN  
In your house? This is what you  
said you wanted in YOUR house. A  
wife to come home to, dinner on the  
table - well maybe you forgot about  
the things we promised each other -  
but I didn't.

JOE  
Well ya coulda fooled me, baby. You  
think acting like a mother makes  
you a mother? You're not a mother!  
And ordering dinner or whatever you  
call this does not make you a wife.  
This is not what I wanted.

Joe storms out of the room. Slams a door.

SFX: A RINGING DOORBELL

CUT TO:

INT. DIMAGGIO-MONROE HOME - THE NEXT MORNING

RINGGGGGGG

Dressed in his military-school uniform, Joe Junior answers the door. We see a studio car from Twentieth Century Fox in the driveway

DRIVER  
Miss Monroe, please.

MARILYN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Coming.

Marilyn rounds the corner into the foyer. She's attired in a close-fitting pale pink suit, matching pumps, rhinestone brooch, clustered pearl earrings and large pearl bracelet. Whatever the purpose of this meeting, she's getting what she wants.

MARILYN  
(to Joe Junior)  
Good morning, poppet. Can I give you a lift?

Marilyn tousles Joe Junior's hair and they get in the car.

EXT. BLACK FOXE MILITARY ACADEMY ENTRANCE - A LITTLE LATER

Marilyn and Joe Junior stand outside the car, Joe Junior has his bag in his hand. Marilyn hugs him close to her breast, kisses him on the forehead.

MARILYN  
You know your father loves you very much, and now I love you just as much as if you were my very own boy, truly I do.

JOE JUNIOR  
(tearing a bit)  
Thank you Ma'am. Really, thank you.

MARILYN  
Can I tell you a secret? I've never been a mother before. I never even had a mother or a father - not real ones anyway, and so we're kind of learning this together you and me.

It's all Joe Junior can do to control his emotions -

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
And your dad and me, well, it doesn't happen like in the movies.  
(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Sometimes you have to learn to  
love. I truly believe that, don't  
you?

Joe Junior loses his struggle -

JOE JUNIOR  
Yes, ma'am, and thank you.

Marilyn removes a handkerchief from her clutch and wipes away  
Joe Junior's tears.

MARILYN  
Oh sweetheart, thank you. It gets  
easier. Every day, and every week.  
And just when you think you're  
about to burst, life has a way of  
making it all okay. I promise.

She presses her handkerchief into Joe Junior's hand and gets  
back into the car. Blows him a kiss as they pull away...

INT. THE POLO LOUNGE - NIGHT

The CAMERA moves from the iconic banana-leaf wallpaper to a  
grand piano, to a bank of tufted green-leather booths.

CLOSE UP on Joe and Marilyn poured into the last booth on the  
left. Not an inch of space between them. Marilyn is radiant,  
Joe is beaming as they kiss and laugh, oblivious to the white-  
jacketed waiters that move seamlessly around the room.

It's obvious to everybody that these two beautiful creatures  
would find each another.

MARILYN  
Oh Joe, this is all I ever wanted.  
Me and you, and the rest of our  
lives to be deliriously happy.

JOE  
I am the luckiest bastard on this  
whole damn planet earth. And don't  
think I don't know it. I love you.  
I mean it Marilyn, I love you.

MARILYN  
Oh, darling. Let's never fight  
again.

JOE  
Never.

MARILYN

Never. Never, never, never

They kiss again and seemingly nothing would have stopped them but a waiter arrives with two flutes of champagne and a NOTE:

INSERT: THE NOTE - "FROM 'MAGGIO' TO THE DIMAGGIOS"

Joe and Marilyn look up to see FRANK SINATRA, 39, waving at them from across the room and holding up his own glass in silent toast.

Marilyn nods her head in Sinatra's direction, smiles, then turns back to Joe, her glass tilting toward his:

JOE

And what are we celebrating?

MARILYN

(casually)

Oh just that I struck a deal with Twentieth.

JOE

You did what?

MARILYN

You bet I did, I marched right in there and I told them I am Mrs. Joseph DiMaggio - you know, that tall, handsome star slugger and generally irresistible guy and that I wasn't taking no for an answer.

Joe blushes, plays along.

JOE

And then. When you got to the part about your suspension?

Marilyn giggles. Then steels her eyes against Joe's -

MARILYN

You would have been so proud of me. I said if you want me for your silly old musical you're going to have to promise me a big part, in a big picture! And no more dumb blonde roles - just like you said.

JOE

You said that?

MARILYN

I did.

JOE

That's my girl.

MARILYN

And the picture's called "The Seven Year Itch" and Fox is getting Billy Wilder to direct and it starts shooting September first and stars-- yours truly!

JOE

So you signed on to do TWO pictures this year? This is the good news?

MARILYN

The good news is, I'm getting important roles. They are going to have to take me seriously... AND it's the end of my suspension.

JOE

And how are we going to start a family with two pictures?

MARILYN

Oh you just leave that to me Joseph DiMaggio. I know exactly how we start.

INT. A THEATER - EVENING

Dressed in a barely-there tropical bikini that would have made Josephine Baker blush, Marilyn dances her way through the Irving Berlin song, "Heat Wave" on a set colored like Dante's Inferno.

[We're watching a clip from her 1954 movie "There's No Business Like Show Business."]

Surrounded by a bevy of "Latin" male dancers, she shimmies, she vamps, she shakes it -

MARILYN

I started this heat wave/ and in such a way that/ the customers say that/ I certainly can/ can-can...

CUT TO:

INT. 20TH CENTURY FOX SOUND STAGE -

Where we find Joe standing quietly, watching his wife perform in front of her co-stars Dan Dailey, Ethel Merman, and Donald O'Connor, the director, WALTER LANG, and the crew. He's not happy.

MARILYN

"The way that I move/ that  
thermometer proves/ I certainly,  
certainly can/ can-can."

The dancers hoist her aloft, set her down. She swirls to the lip of the stage, bows -

WALTER LANG

And... CUT!

Applause on the set: she nailed it.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

All right, everybody... lunch break  
and then back at 2:30.

The crew heads out. Lang comes up to Marilyn -

WALTER LANG

Great work, Marilyn. That'll leave  
'em wanting more.

Still in costume, Marilyn blushes, thrilled with the compliment -

MARILYN

Oh, thank you, Mr. Lang. Was it  
really good?

Lang turns to the DP -

WALTER LANG

And PRINT.

Marilyn squeals with delight. Coming from behind her, Joe slips his arm around her bare waist.

JOE

Hello, beautiful -

Still up on her performing high, Marilyn's surprised and delighted for him to see her in her element. She spins coquettishly and gestures around at the stage, the camera, the lights, Hollywood.

MARILYN  
Oh, Joe, isn't it wonderful?

JOE  
It is if makes you happy.

From his expression, we can see that Joe is less enamored of show business than Marilyn. His eye takes in the scantily-clad male dancers trooping off to their dressing room -

MALE DANCER  
(calling out to Joe)  
She certainly can can-can!

Marilyn gives the boy a wink. Joe notices -

JOE  
I hope you know what you're doing.

MARILYN  
(missing his point)  
I've known what I was doing since I was six years old.

JOE  
Waddaya say we paint the town red tonight?

MARILYN  
I dunno, Joe - I'm awful pooped after all this...

She looks at Walter Lang to bail her out -

WALTER LANG  
You're finished for the day, Miss Monroe. She's all yours, Joe.

INT. THE MOCAMBO - LATER THAT EVENING

Hollywood's hottest nightspot is jumping. There's a sister act swinging pop tunes on the stage, and the dance floor is packed. Joe and Marilyn watch the action from one of the booths -

JOE  
(pointing to dance floor)  
I heard that Latin bandleader fella took a swing at a guy right over there.

MARILYN

Oh, no. That's where he caught his wife dancing with another man. But they took it outside.

JOE

Who won?

MARILYN

I forget.

The song ends and the sister act leaves the stage -

JOE

Not a patch on the McGuire Sisters, if you ask me -

The band strikes up "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" in honor of Marilyn's presence in the house -

JOE (CONT'D)

They're playing your song.

He rises from the booth, extends his hand -

JOE (CONT'D)

May I have the honor?

Marilyn hesitates -

JOE (CONT'D)

Can't a guy dance with his own wife in this town?

Reluctant but game, Marilyn gets to her feet, takes Joe's hand. He leads her to the dance floor. The dancers part as they take the floor. From above, a SPOTLIGHT shines down on American's golden couple -

Dancing, Marilyn whispers in Joe's ear -

MARILYN

My feet are killing me.

JOE

I love you too, baby.

FLASH FORWARD

TO:



EXT. 12305 FIFTH HELENA DRIVE - GUEST HOUSE (1962)

Poolside (at what we'll learn later is Marilyn's home in Brentwood) we see the famous actor PETER LAWFORD, 38, in pants and tie, his suit jacket thrown over a chair. He fidgets nervously, and sips a glass of champagne.

Over his shoulder, in near b.g., we can see inside a small guest house through its open French doors. We can hear the SOUND of a man's voice, shouting.

THROUGH THE GUEST HOUSE DOOR:

Marilyn is seated, wearing capri pants, a sleeveless cotton blouse and bare feet. BOBBY KENNEDY - the brother of the president of the United States - stands over her, screaming, waving his hands and finally chucking a manila envelope on her lap, spilling the contents:

Although we can't make them out, we see that they're photographs, some of which fall near the feet of a man who's leaning against the bookshelf wall.

Marilyn turns away, avoiding the sight. Bobby continues screaming and now kicks her chair. Marilyn gets up and walks to the main house. Lawford stands up as if to stop her.

BOBBY KENNEDY  
(screaming after her)  
Marilyn - I'm not leaving!  
(beat)  
GIVE ME THE GODDAMNED BOOK!

MARILYN  
(yelling back to him)  
THEN STAY!  
(softer)  
And enjoy the sunshine Mister  
Attorney General.

Bobby tears out of the guest house to chase after her. Marilyn sees him, runs into the main house. We hear a loud noise and Marilyn screams.

PETER LAWFORD  
(mortified)  
Bobby-Jesus Christ!

We see the man who had been in the guest house cross the pool area toward the main house with a doctor bag.

DOCTOR  
(to Peter)  
I'll give her something.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ORPHANAGE - DAY

Marilyn arrives in a car with TWO STUDIO SUITS. In b.g. we catch a glimpse of nearby PARAMOUNT STUDIOS and the iconic water tower.

Marilyn's wearing a white linen shift dress with black trimmed pockets and a matching cropped jacket with three-quarter-length sleeves and short white gloves. A smart choice for summer - but she can't help still looking like a movie star.

One of the SUITS gets out to open the door and Marilyn follows.

MARILYN  
(fanning herself)  
Whew! It's hot out here today.

Marilyn removes her jacket and puts it in the back seat.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
You know fellas, I think I'm going to do this one on my own. This place has nothing on me anymore.

The SUITS get back in the car, a CAMERAMAN and BOOM OPERATOR hop out of a truck and follow her in.

A little boy who has been crouched by the entrance takes off like a mouse that's just been spotted by a cat.

ORPHAN BOY  
(shouting and running)  
She's here, she's here! The lady is here!

INT. HOLLYWOOD ORPHANAGE -

Marilyn is overwhelmed taking it all in. Head high, she keeps walking. The ORPHANS part like a sea - mostly silent, just staring. One little GIRL sitting on the edge of her bed drops her dolly. Marilyn picks it up and hands it to her -

MARILYN  
Is she your favorite?

The Girl just nods and stares at her.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
(extending her hand)  
Come on - let's go outside.

Marilyn walks slowly through the dormitory, through a large room with an upright piano...

EXT. ORPHANAGE - PLAYGROUND -

... and out to the back, passing an open kitchen door and some trash bins. She takes a seat on a picnic table takes a deep breath, puts the little Girl on her lap, smooths the dolly's hair. The orphans follow pied-piper style and crowd around her.

MARILYN  
Goodness! So many of you. Thank  
you so much for having me here  
today. My name is Marilyn.

ORPHAN BOY #2 (PETER)  
(calls from the back)  
I'm Peter!

The orphans giggle.

MARILYN  
Hello Peter. There was a Peter  
here when I lived here.

A collective gasp and whispering is heard.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
I lived here once. This was my  
home. I had my lunch on this very  
table and I helped out in that very  
kitchen.

The kids chuckle and begin to relax. They like her.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Of course it was a very, very long  
time ago, and boy was it hot in the  
summer, but I worked hard, and I  
grew up just like all of you will  
do. And just like all of you,  
before I came here, I lived in a  
real home, and I had a mother and I  
never forgot the good times.  
(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

She used to take me to Hollywood Boulevard to watch the movie stars arrive for movie openings - even from across the street you can see the sparkling gowns and the red roses. I loved that. She told me Hollywood was the most exciting city in the whole world and she was right.

The Little Girl looks at Marilyn in wide-eyed wonder:

LITTLE GIRL

Where's your momma now??

Marilyn almost chokes up.

MARILYN

She's very proud of me.

Marilyn points at the Paramount water tower in the near distance -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You know just over there, they make the movies that the whole world comes to see. When you watch a movie, it's like watching magic. And when I first came here, there used to be a tree just there and I would climb and stare at that big water tower - Paramount Pictures - and wonder what exciting new movie they were making. Sometimes I would imagine the whole movie in my head - like I was in charge of the whole thing.

She looks out across Hollywood: her Hollywood. She lets out one of her famous giggles -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I got in trouble all the time for being up in that tree but I didn't care. I loved to dream and I just wanted to be as close to that dream as I could be. And that's really why I wanted to see all of you today, because all of you are lucky to be living right here in Hollywood - that's why they call it the city of dreams.

(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

And just outside that door, well  
whatever you dream about you just  
have to look for it. And you can be  
whatever person you want to be.

The kids all look at her raptly - a goddess among them.  
Marilyn is lost in reverie, and memory...

MARILYN (CONT'D)

That's the real magic.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 52ND ST., MANHATTAN - NIGHT

SUPER: "SEPT 15, 1954"

Wearing a pleated white halter dress, Marilyn and a Man (Tom Ewell) emerge from a movie theater whose marquee shouts: THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. They walk and talk in the hot summer's night -

"THE GIRL"

Didn't you just love the picture?  
I did. But I just felt so sorry  
for the Creature. At the end.

"RICHARD" (TOM EWELL)

Sorry for the Creature? What, did  
you want him to marry the girl?

Marilyn turns to Ewell; they're standing on a subway grate -

"THE GIRL"

He was kind of scary-looking, but  
he wasn't really all bad. I think  
he just craved a little affection.  
You know, a sense of being loved  
and needed and wanted...

TOM EWELL

That's an interesting point of  
view.

Suddenly, we hear the ROAR of a subway train in a tunnel  
below.

MARILYN

Do you feel the breeze from the  
subway?

Her skirts blow up past her waist, exposing her bare legs.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
 Isn't it delirious?  
 (hesitates)  
 Delicious?  
 (goes up)  
 Oh, shoot -

BILLY WILDER (O.C.)  
 Cut! Cut cut cut cut CUT!!

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 52ND ST. - NIGHT

That was fantasy, this is reality. We're on location in New York, where Marilyn is shooting THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH for 20th-Century Fox. The diminutive, Austrian-born director BILLY WILDER scurries up to Marilyn -

MARILYN  
 I'm sorry, Mr. Wilder. I just  
 can't seem to -

BILLY WILDER  
 (thick Austrian accent)  
 Delirious delicious delightful  
 d'lovely, what's de matter with  
 you! Can't you speak English?

Marilyn casts a glance beyond the lights:

MARILYN'S POV:

Hundreds of press and studio photographers, some up on scaffolds, recording her every move, every take. Their faces seem to leer at her. Marilyn's on the verge of panic when she notices a friendly face among them.

This is MILTON H. GREENE, 32, a fashion photographer, whom we'll see more of later in our movie. She gives him a small smile and an even smaller wave, looks at Wilder -

MARILYN  
 It's one o'clock in the morning,  
 and -

BILLY WILDER  
 And nothink! We work. This is our  
 job! This is our livelihood! And  
 so we do it AGAIN!

MARILYN  
 But we've already done it 26 times!

Wilder signals to the crew to set up again. He pulls Marilyn aside to give her some direction when she casts a glance into the crowd and sees Joe. As she reacts -

BILLY WILDER  
I was going to tell you. The studio called Winchell and Winchell called DiMaggio and here he is and here we are.

Marilyn is shaking -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
So do it again. Lose yourself in your character. You're "The Girl." The girl everyone wants to see. So do it again, and show them that girl.

Marilyn nods bravely, gets back on her mark -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
(to the crew)  
We go again! And... ACTION!

Marilyn steps on the grate. The wind blows up her dress. Several onlookers WOLF-WHISTLE loudly.

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
And, CUT!

Marilyn's eyes meet Joe's. He's outwardly calm, but inside he's seething. As Marilyn demurely smooths her skirt for the next take, Joe turns his back on her and walks away...

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
ACTION!

CUT TO:

EXT. 164 E. 61 ST., MANHATTAN - THE NEXT MORNING

The exterior of "Richard's" building. Wilder and crew wait for Marilyn, who's obviously late. Wilder fidgets - turns to his Soundman -

BILLY WILDER  
She's killing me. We're already over budget, I have the studio up my ass, and now I've got to deal with a jealous -

A murmur among the crew. Billy turns: it's Marilyn. Finally. He signals to Ewell, who's standing inside the open doorway of the apartment building.

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
Ready, Tom?

Ewell nods and closes the door. Marilyn greets her director -

MARILYN  
Oh, Mr. Wilder, I'm so sorry about -

BILLY WILDER  
Let's get to work. Now in this scene all you have to do is walk up the stairs und Richard opens the -

He finally looks at her -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
What the hell is wrong with your face?

ANGLE ON: Marilyn. Despite her own best efforts, her face visibly bruised in several places.

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
That son of a bitch. That SON OF A BITCH!

Wilder may be little, but right now he's a mountain of rage -

MARILYN  
Oh no, Mr. Wilder, please don't do anything. Don't even say anything -

Marilyn's makeup girl appears at her side -

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Dolores, you can fix this, right? Right? Oh, tell me you can!

But Wilder's having none of it -

BILLY WILDER  
Ten minute break, everybody.  
(to Marilyn)  
Come with me.

INT. BILLY WILDER'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Wilder and Marilyn sit alone.



MARILYN

I'm so sorry about last night -

BILLY WILDER

Forget it, we shoot it on the lot back home. No kibitzers, no press, nothing -

MARILYN

Oh, thank you -

BILLY WILDER

And most of all - no husbands. This can't go on -

MARILYN

But, Mr. Wilder - he's not just my husband, he's Joe DiMaggio.

BILLY WILDER

But this Mr. DiMaggio is a problem. For you, for me, for Twentieth, for everybody on this crew. Already we have trouble with the censors and already we are over budget and trust me when I tell you that this Zanuck is a bastard and he will shut us down if we don't get this picture in the can.

Marilyn looks at him blankly -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)

What I am telling you is that starting right now, you have to choose. Between Joe and your career. You can be the greatest star in Hollywood, or you can be Mrs. Joe DiMaggio, but you can't be both.

Marilyn starts to cry. Her makeup runs. The bruises are even worse than we thought.

MARILYN

But I'm trying, Mr. Wilder, I really am - he's trying, I'm trying, we're both trying. Maybe I just have to try harder. He's very Italian -

BILLY WILDER

So's the Pope. So what?

Marilyn struggles not to break down -

MARILYN

Oh, why can't I just be normal?  
Why can't we all just be normal?

BILLY WILDER

God forbid. Then where we would  
be? We'd had to work for a living.

The day's shooting pages in hand, Wilder rises and throws  
open his trailer door -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)

Dolores! Get your ass in here  
right away!

He turns back to Marilyn, points at the script -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)

No close-ups today, thank God.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE - PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (OCTOBER 1954)

REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS crowd around a small stage with a  
microphone.

Marilyn is demurely attired in a black turtleneck sweater and  
slim black pants. She's flanked by her attorney JERRY  
GIESLER, a middle-aged balding man with a paunch, dressed in  
a tan suit.

Several other microphones are thrust into their faces as  
Giesler speaks:

JERRY GIESLER

Miss Monroe will have nothing to  
say this morning. All I can say as  
her attorney is that this is what  
we would say is a conflict of  
careers. And as regrettable as it  
may be, it will have to be  
presented in the proper place at  
the proper time.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

Can we ask about her health? Are  
you feeling all right this morning,  
Ma'am?

Marilyn blinks back tears, says nothing.

The reporters surge forward, note pads and mics at the ready, shouting questions AD LIB -

JERRY GIESLER  
That's all for today, boys.

One reporter breaks through the scrum -

FIRST REPORTER  
Miss Monroe? Marilyn? Do you have anything to say to Joe?

Marilyn seems about to speak, but her attorney touches her lightly on the arm -

JERRY GIESLER  
Miss Monroe and Mr. DiMaggio remain good friends.

Giesler leads Marilyn away, daubing her eyes... but managing a brave smile.

EXT. DIMAGGIO HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

SUPER: "NOVEMBER 5, 1954"

Joe sits alone in the house he used to occupy with Marilyn. There's a ball game on the radio, but he's not listening to it. He has a beer in his hand; several empties stand on a table nearby. He sitting, staring into space when -

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS

Who could it be at this time of night? Joe sets his beer down and walks, a little unsteadily, to the door. Opens it -

It's Frank Sinatra.

AT THE DOOR

SINATRA  
Mind if I come in?

Joe looks around, as if Marilyn were still there -

JOE  
It's kinda late, isn't it Frank?

SINATRA  
You drinking alone now?

Joe opens the door -

JOE  
What're you having?

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Between them, they've killed a bottle of Italian red wine.

JOE  
You're sure about this?

SINATRA  
You asked me to ask around, so I  
asked around. You can take this  
guy to the bank. Hell, I used him  
myself when I was divorcing Ava.

ON JOE, not quite in his cups but getting there -

JOE  
All I want to do is back her off  
this divorce, make her reconsider.  
So we can get back together. You  
know...

SINATRA  
I know.

JOE  
What's his name?

SINATRA  
Ruditsky. Barney Ruditsky. Used  
to be a cop in New York. Busted  
Dutch Schultz, for Chrissakes.  
He's a private dick now.

JOE  
And he says what again?

Sinatra's a little lit up, so he chooses his words very  
carefully around the far drunker Joe -

SINATRA  
That she's been jungling up with  
that vocal coach of hers, you know,  
the one that tried to kill himself  
last year -

Joe vibes anger at the memory -

JOE  
Schaefer. I knew it. Hal  
Schaefer. Little prick was always  
hanging around. Where are they?

SINATRA  
An apartment over on Waring.  
Belongs to some dame who lets them  
use it for, you know...  
assinations.

JOE  
I can't just let this happen -

SINATRA  
They're there right now.

Joe thinks for a second, then drains his glass -

JOE  
Okay, we're going.

SINATRA  
I'll drive.

EXT. 8122 WARING AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Sinatra's car pulls up silently in front of a triplex  
apartment building and glides to a stop at the building's  
rear entrance on North Kilkea Drive. There's a man lurking  
in the bushes out front.

SINATRA  
There he is - that's Ruditsky.

Joe gets out the passenger's side and is about to slam the  
door when -

SINATRA (CONT'D)  
Easy, pal -

Joe closes the door quietly as Ruditsky bustles up, He's  
holding a Graflex camera. -

RUDITSKY  
We get pictures, then we go.

JOE  
How about I take a swing at him?

RUDITSKY  
How about you don't.

JOE  
At least lemme kick the door down.  
I want to see their faces.

RUDITSKY  
Frank?

Sinatra shrugs: whaddaya gonna do? They walk up the steps to the lobby door and enter the building -

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -

Joe, Sinatra and Ruditsky stand in front of a ground-floor apartment's back door -

JOE  
(whispering)  
You sure this is the place?

Ruditsky nods -

RUDITSKY  
Take it to the bank.

SINATRA  
(sotto, to Joe)  
What'd I tell ya?

There's a glass pane in the door. Joe peeks through, but all is dark inside. He rolls up his sleeves -

JOE  
Then what are waiting for?

Joe lashes out with his foot - WHAM! The door splinters - the glass pane SHATTERS -

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! the door flies open. Three men rush forward into the apartment -

A WOMAN SCREAMS. She's in bed, pulling a pillow over her head. We see blonde hair. It's -

JOE  
Marilyn!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!!

Oops. Not Marilyn. It's FLORENCE KOTZ, 30, a Hollywood secretary, scared out of her wits and screaming as Ruditsky fires away.

SINATRA  
Guys... guys!

They're in a studio unit, with a Murphy bed occupying most of the room. A far cry from a swanky Hollywood flat.

SINATRA (CONT'D)  
(to Florence)  
Sorry, wrong number.

Florence is still screaming her lungs out. We hear NOISES from above. Neighbors are roused and responding -

RUDITSKY  
Let's get outta here -

Joe, Ruditsky and Sinatra am-scray, crunching the broken glass under the shoes -

CUT TO:

INT. 8120 WARING AVENUE -

In the triplex directly adjacent, Marilyn pokes her head out a window. A female voice behind her asks -

WOMAN (O.C.)  
What the hell's going on?

Marilyn, in her pajamas, sees Joe and Sinatra and a guy she doesn't recognize running for their cars. She can't believe her eyes -

MARILYN  
Oh, my -

INT. SINATRA'S CAR - MOVING -

They're roaring west on Waring at 60 mph. Sinatra's at the wheel. Joe's riding shotgun.

SINATRA  
Maron!

JOE  
"Take it to the bank," huh?

SINATRA  
He told me it was golden -

JOE  
What a dope I was to agree to this -

SINATRA  
(bristling)  
Hey, paيسان, you're the one that  
asked me for help -

JOE  
- this ain't helping. That asshole  
detective...

They fall silent for a moment. Sinatra checks the rear-view mirror for traffic cops. Suddenly, a small voice from the back seat. Both men in the front startle -

RUDITSKY (O.C.)  
But it was golden -

They turn to see Ruditsky in the back. Sinatra hits the brakes hard -

SINATRA  
What the fuck!?

RUDITSKY  
It was just dark, is all. Coulda  
happened to anybody.

Sinatra looks at Joe as he bangs a left on La Cienega - they don't know whether to laugh or cry. A beat, then -

SINATRA  
Barney, where's your camera?

Ruditsky fishes around frantically -

RUDITSKY  
I musta dropped it in the  
commotion. We gotta go back -

SINATRA  
We all know that's not fuckin'  
happening -

Sinatra hits the gas pedal hard, speeding toward Beverly Hills -

JOE  
Jesus, that's just great -



Another thought occurs to Sinatra -

SINATRA  
BARNEY... WHERE THE HELL IS YOUR  
CAR?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON ENTRANCE - A MONTH LATER

A STUDIO CAR pulls into the circular drive. Marilyn exits. She is wearing a pouffy pale-gold sundress, wide-brimmed tan hat, sunglasses, heels and carrying a large gold straw beach bag.

MARILYN  
(to driver)  
Thanks, Frankie. And Merry  
Christmas.

DRIVER  
Merry Christmas, Miss Monroe.

Marilyn exits the car. A PHOTOGRAPHER hoping for a celebrity sighting snaps off a few pictures: "Over here, Miss Monroe." Marilyn takes off her sunglasses and beams a smile that could light up the world.

Marilyn walks through the front door held by a doorman and almost skips through the lobby. She makes a right toward the pool but instead walks past the entrance, takes a set of stairs down one level and ducks into a bathroom.

Marilyn stuffs her hat into the trash bin and walks into a stall. She takes off her dress revealing black pants that have been rolled up above her knees and a white tunic. She rolls down the pants, changes into black flats and crumples the dress into a tiny ball, stuffs it in her bag with the heels and dons a scarf.

Exiting the bathroom she walks to the end of the corridor and into Trader Vic's Restaurant then out the front entrance and into a taxi.

MARILYN  
Los Angeles Airport, please.

Marilyn removes her sunglasses, dons regular glasses and tucks them into the edges of her scarf.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -

Marilyn hops out of a cab, a skip in her step, and walks into the terminal where she sees photographer Milton Greene (whom we first saw on the "Seven Year Itch" set). Milton's holding two suitcases, with two winter coats slung over his arm - his and Marilyn's.

MARILYN  
(to Milton)  
Hello Mr. Smith.

MILTON  
It's Johnson, actually. Jack  
Johnson.

MARILYN  
And I am?

MILTON  
(handing her the coat)  
Judy Johnson. Says so right here on  
your ticket.

Marilyn giggles.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - TWA TERMINAL DEPARTURE GATE

Marilyn and Milton board TWA Ambassador Flight #2 overnight service from LAX to IDL, and take their seats in coach. Marilyn is in the window seat.

MILTON  
Just eight hours, baby.

Marilyn is already asleep.

INT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT - THE NEXT DAY

Passengers disembark and walk down the narrow stairs onto the tarmac. Photographers wait outside, cameras poised to shoot any celebrities.

A LATECOMER rushes up, stamps out his cigarette, raises his camera waist-high while hurrying toward the throng of other Photogs.

LATECOMING PHOTOG  
(to one of his colleagues)  
I miss anything?

REPORTER

Nothin'. That's it for first class.

As the photographers disperse, Marilyn and Milton and the other COACH PASSENGERS walk up the stairs into the airport and make their way to the taxi stand -

INT. AN AIRPLANE - FLYING - DAY

Joe is sitting in first class, staring at a copy of Photoplay Magazine, which is open to a lavishly illustrated article about Marilyn. Suddenly a voice interrupts his brooding reverie -

STEWARDESS (O.C.)

Mr. DiMaggio? Can I get you anything?

JOE

Not just now, thanks -

He looks up to see a smiling blonde flight attendant... who's practically the spitting image of Marilyn Monroe. All at once, his mood changes. The light comes back into his eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)

What'd you have in mind?

The girl blushes. Her eyes fall on the magazine.

STEWARDESS

(a little nervous)

She's my favorite... I hope that's okay to say.

Joe closes the magazine and looks up at the stew -

JOE

You have the prettiest blue eyes.

She reacts. He puts the magazine face down on the empty seat next to him, smiles -

JOE (CONT'D)

Even been to the Rainbow Room?

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGIA DINER - FLUSHING QUEENS, NY DAY

The taxi pulls up, Marilyn and Milton get out walk into the restaurant, through the restaurant, through the kitchen and out the back. There's a car waiting for them, its engine running.

A man and a woman in the front seat emerge as Milton and Marilyn approach. Milton kisses the woman -

MILTON  
Hi, sweetheart,  
(to Marilyn)  
This is my wife, Amy.

Marilyn shakes hands with AMY GREENE, a very pretty brunette -

MARILYN  
So nice to meet you.

Marilyn turns to the driver of the car, JAY KANTER -

JAY KANTER  
Jay Kanter. I'm Marilyn's New York  
agent - and part-time chauffeur.

Milton and Amy climb in the back seat. Kanter goes to the trunk and opens it, gestures with a flourish-

JAY KANTER (CONT'D)  
Your chariot awaits.

Marilyn tucks into the trunk, giggles -

MARILYN  
I guess I'm starting to get more  
serious roles already.

INT. LIVING ROOM - GREENE HOUSEHOLD - WESTON, CT

A PRODUCTION CREW, cameras and are shooting EDWARD R MURROW's show "Person to Person."

SUPER: "APRIL 8, 1955"

CLOSE UP on MURROW, in a studio in Manhattan, smoking a cigarette -

MURROW

Milton Greene is a photographer. For years, millions of us have seen his pictures on the covers of Look, Life, Vogue and others, but few people outside advertising offices heard of Milton Greene until he became Vice President of Marilyn Monroe Productions Incorporated.

WIDE SHOT shows profile of Murrow and the view of a country house from a window

MURROW (CONT'D)

Milton who is 33, his wife and his year-old son, live in this 150-year old home in Weston, CT, It's here on eleven acres and 16 rooms that Marilyn Monroe has been spending some of her time since she came to New York.

CAMERA goes to a shot of Milton live on a screen, Murrow in profile on the left of the screen.

MURROW (CONT'D)

Good evening Milton. I gather those pictures on the wall must be your work.

We see LOOK Magazine covers he has shot of Grace Kelly, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Ava Gardner, Marilyn, and Audrey Hepburn.

MURROW (CONT'D)

And who are these other pictures of?

MILTON

Well that's my son Josh, Jimmy Durante, Dorothy and Dick Rodgers, Marlene Dietrich, Amy Kanter and this one...

The CAMERA pans right to show us Marilyn's picture on the cover of Look magazine. If we are supposed to believe they're one big happy family, no one's buying it.

MURROW

Oh yes, that's Marilyn Monroe, isn't it?

MILTON

Yes, it is.

MURROW

And what does she think of it?

MILTON

Why don't we go inside and ask her?

The CAMERA follows Milton into the kitchen where we find Amy and Marilyn sitting demurely at the kitchen table, pretending to be ordinary folks.

MURROW

Hello Marilyn, now Amy that's quite an impressive kitchen, are you the cook?

AMY

NO I'M NOT! We have a wonderful girl named Sadie Ingram who I'm sorry isn't here today - but why don't we move to a more comfortable room?

It's painful to watch as the CAMERA follows a clumsy segue in which Milton, Amy and Marilyn troop through the hallway and into another room. Despite Amy's impromptu suggestion, there just so happens to be another camera in the den.

MURROW

(smugly)

Now Milton, I was asking you just before you moved about Monroe Productions, have you and the president had any offers yet?

Murrow has punctuated the words "the president" as though he was expecting a laugh.

Marilyn and Amy take their seats on the sofa, Milton stands behind Amy, they take their places with the ease of a first-time extra looking for a tape mark on the floor.

INT. DEN -

A phone rings -

MILTON

Oops, there's telephone. That's another offer!

Murrow, Milton, Marilyn and Amy laugh -

MILTON (CONT'D)

Yes, we've had quite a few, Ed...  
We've had some for TV and uh,  
theatre, in Europe and here, uh,  
movies, books, umm, real estate...

O.S., Murrow chuckles -

MURROW

But you haven't decided on any one  
yet, is that it?

MILTON

No, we've got a few things in mind  
but nothing definite as yet.

MURROW

Uh huh. Marilyn, tell me what's the  
basic reason for this corporation?

MARILYN

Primarily to contribute, to help  
making good pictures.

O.S. The fire crackles loudly in the background, someone  
knocks over a chair...

MURROW

Marilyn, what's the best part you  
ever had in a movie?

MARILYN

Well one of the best parts I've  
ever had was in "The Asphalt  
Jungle," John Huston's picture, and  
then umm... "The Seven Year Itch"?

Milton reaches back to grab his pipe (clearly a prop that  
he'd forgotten and only just remembered) Amy shifts  
uncomfortably.

Marilyn strokes her gorgeous gams; she's trying to look every  
bit the Connecticut village local but she's Hollywood all the  
way... someone cues the dog, who then ambles in.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Well... Billy Wilder's picture.

MURROW

And you think that's going to be a  
big one too, don't you - the "Seven  
Year Itch?"

MARILYN

Yes, I think it's going to be a very good picture, and I'd like to continue making this type of picture

Amy pets the dog on the floor, the fire crackles wildly.

MURROW

Is it true, Milton, that she can go about without being recognized in New York?

MILTON

Well sometimes it seems that way. Sometimes uh...

Milton shakes his head -

AMY

(trying to save the day)  
Oh remember that time in the taxicab? That was quite funny, we were depositing her back at her hotel and there were about five million people outside and the taxicab driver turned around to the three of us in the backseat-- Marilyn in the middle- and said HEY- you know who's in that hotel? Marilyn Monroe!

CUT TO:

INT. NATE AND AL'S DELICATESSEN - BEVERLY HILLS - THE NEXT MORNING

CAMERA follows a STUDIO EXECUTIVE as he walks past the cashier and toward a booth with THREE other STUDIO SUITS.

Throwing his paper down on the table and taking a seat. Paper reads "Monroe 'Unrecognizable' in Connecticut Country Cottage."

EXECUTIVE

Fellas, you see this last night? Murrow had her on his show. Seems she's been holed up with Milton Greene in a converted barn all this time.

SECOND SUIT

Who's Milton Greene?



## EXECUTIVE

Exactly. Who's Milton Greene? One of the two hundred photographers we invited to cover the subway scene in "Seven Year Itch," that's who.

The Executive makes a "name in lights" gesture -

## EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

Fancies himself a studio head now. Milton Greene, head of Marilyn Monroe Pictures - I mean assistant head of studio.

The Executive makes a face -

## EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

Get this - Marilyn is the "president."

Table laughs.

## THIRD SUIT

Touched in the head, that one. DiMaggio left her, mother was a nutcase too.

## EXECUTIVE

Five minutes ago she was bustin' my balls over a raise. She'll be lucky to get scale plus overtime, she ever comes back... plus looks to me like she's putting on weight.  
 (shouting to the waitress)  
 Can I get a coffee over here?  
 (to the table)  
 And Murrow... Murrow's watchin' her die up there. Some studio. Some star.

## FOURTH SUIT

Greene! Yeah, Milton Greene, he's been lightin' up the switchboard... Milton Greene for Mr. Zanuck, Milton Greene for Billy Wilder...

## SECOND SUIT

And?

## FOURTH SUIT

He ain't getting through.

THIRD SUIT  
Stupid dame. She leaves Twentieth  
for Milton Greenhorn.

EXECUTIVE  
Go with God I tell ya.

SUITS all laugh. The waitress plops down the check. Nobody reaches for it.

INT. MARILYN MONROE PRODUCTIONS - 480 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Where Marilyn and Milton sit at a desk in a plainly furnished leased office. The sign on the door says, MARILYN MONROE PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Marilyn looks at Milton Greene as he hangs up the phone -

MILTON  
Nothin'. "He's unavailable." "I'm  
sorry Mr Greene, but he's simply  
not in."

MARILYN  
Did you try ringing Zanuck himself?

Milton looks at her like she's crazy -

MILTON  
Darryl Zanuck, take my call? I  
can't get past the secretary.  
(beat)  
Let's face it - he doesn't know me  
and he doesn't want to know me.

His voice trails off. But Marilyn's not about to give up so easily.

MARILYN  
OKAY. Let me handle this. I know  
how to get through to Mr. Darryl F.  
Zanuck.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - A FEW DAYS LATER

Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey Circus. The Garden is packed.

Spotlights land on a glittering Marilyn, who rides in on a pink elephant, dressed in a velvet corset with ostrich plumes and the most brilliant diamond necklace ever strung together - Diamonds really are a girl's best friend.

Propped up by her hands on the elephant's head, Marilyn's ample cleavage is center stage and not escaping a single flashbulb. The crowd goes wild.

FLASH! FLASH!!

A SERIES OF NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHS

Every paper from Los Angeles to Luxembourg runs with the photo of Marilyn atop a pink elephant.

EXT. DIMAGGIO HOME - DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Joe pads out in his robe, picks up the *Los Angeles Times*, sees the photo. It reads "The Greatest Showgirl on Earth"

JOE

Good for you, baby. Good for you.

CUT TO:

INT. 20TH CENTURY FOX - DARRYL ZANUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

The elegantly appointed executive suite at Fox, where studio chief Darryl Zanuck is sitting behind a polished desk covered with newspapers showing Marilyn on the pink elephant. He doesn't look happy -

ANGLE ON: The Four Suits we saw making fun of Marilyn and Milton at Nate and Al's. They definitely don't look happy. In fact, they look like they're about to get fired -

Zanuck sweeps the newspapers off his desk, right at the suits - all but the *Los Angeles Times*, which features Marilyn spilling out of her circus costume on board the elephant -

DARRYL ZANUCK

"Putting on weight"? She looks pretty fucking fantastic to me, and I guarantee you every red-blooded American boy feels exactly the same way.

The terrified Suits all nod in unison -

DARRYL ZANUCK (CONT'D)  
So why the hell isn't she making  
pictures? For us!!?

EXECUTIVE  
She wants to produce a picture  
called "Bus Stop" -

DARRYL ZANUCK  
So make it happen.

EXECUTIVE  
Yes, Mr. Zanuck. Right away, Mr.  
Zanuck.

Zanuck looks at the four terrified Suits -

DARRYL ZANUCK  
Well, what are you waiting for?

The Suits rise and bolt for the exits. As they leave, we can  
hear them shouting: "Get me Milton Greene! Yes, THAT Milton  
Greene!"

Zanuck sighs, looks down at the picture of Marilyn on the  
pink elephant... and smiles.

DARRYL ZANUCK (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
You got me, kid.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWE'S STATE THEATER, TIMES SQUARE - EVENING

SUPER: "JUNE 1, 1955"

Surrounded by photographers and press, Joe escorts a glowing  
Marilyn into the lobby of Loew's State Theater on Broadway  
for the glittering premiere of "The Seven Year Itch." It's  
her 29th birthday.

He's dressed in a dark suit with a white pocket square.  
Marilyn is radiant in full movie-star mode. He's almost shy  
around her, like a guy on his first date with the prom queen.

There's a birthday cake waiting for them, placed right in  
front of a blown-up cutout of Marilyn with her skirts  
orbiting her waist. If Joe notices, he doesn't say anything.

JOE  
(sotto, to Marilyn)  
I wasn't sure I'd ever see you  
again.

Marilyn's smiling for the media, her smile on full wattage -

MARILYN  
We're here now, aren't we?  
Together?

JOE  
I quit drinking.

MARILYN  
Oh, Joe, I'm so happy for you.

FLASH! FLASH! They move through the lobby toward the  
auditorium, their every move recorded for posterity.

JOE  
Not exactly the "normal" life we'd  
hoped for, though, is it?

Marilyn waves at somebody -

MARILYN  
Oh look, Joe, it's Mayor Wagner.  
Hi, your honor!

Joe has her by the arm, guiding her gently but firmly through  
the scrum -

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
(to Joe)  
This is as normal as it gets for  
people like us.

There's an impromptu media stand set up; no way to escape it.  
Joe and Marilyn bravely face the gentlemen of the press:

REPORTER #1  
Marilyn, how's it feel to be back  
on top?

Marilyn knows just what to say -

MARILYN  
I owe it all to Billy Wilder, who's  
just wonderful to work with... and  
of course to Mr. Zanuck and  
Twentieth Century Fox.

REPORTER #2

Are you ever going back to  
Hollywood?

Marilyn giggles, gestures around -

MARILYN

Oh, but this is Hollywood - I never  
left.

REPORTER #2

What's your next picture?

Marilyn smiles coyly -

MARILYN

Well, it's not announced yet, but  
it's going to be a serious drama, I  
can tell you that.

JOE

She deserves it.

REPORTER #3

Hey Joe - when are you and Marilyn  
getting back together again?

Joe tenses - looks at Marilyn. She gives him an affectionate  
squeeze.

JOE

Well, boys, all I can say is, right  
now, I'm the luckiest guy on earth -

A small band hired by the studio strikes up "Happy Birthday."

REPORTER #3

Hey Marilyn - are you going to cut  
the cake?

Right on cue, Marilyn guides Joe over to the cake, where a  
handy cake cutter and some plates await. The photogs are  
loving their shots of Joe standing next to the cut-out of his  
former wife. Joe endures it manfully.

FLASH! POP!! FLASH!!

Marilyn cuts the cake. Impulsively, she turns to Joe and  
holds the piece up to his mouth. Joe opens up and takes a  
bite, then leans down to whisper to her:

JOE  
(sotto)  
How could I have screwed this up so  
badly?

Everyone bursts into applause.

CUT TO:

MARILYN, EMERGING FROM WHAT LOOKS LIKE A CHURCH

But it's not -

MONTAGE:

\* Marilyn, at the Actors Studio on W. 44th St. with Lee Strasberg. The building was once a church.

\* Marilyn, out on the town with Marlon Brando, a fellow Actors Studio movie star.

\* Marilyn, at home in her apartment, reading a book of poetry.

\* Marilyn, escorted to a legit stage production by the celebrated playwright, ARTHUR MILLER.

\* Newspaper headlines: "Famed playwright, wife to divorce."

\* Headline in the *Roxbury News-Times*: "Local Resident Will Marry Miss Monroe of Hollywood."

\* Marilyn and Arthur Miller are married in a Jewish ceremony in upstate New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIMAGGIO-MONROE HOME, BEVERLY HILLS -

There's a FOR SALE sign out front. No car in the driveway.  
Joe's not at home.

EXT. MUSSO AND FRANK GRILL, HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Joe is ensconced in one of the booths, having dinner with his pal Joe Nuccio. Nuccio has a beer in front of him, while Joe sips on soda pop -

NACCIO  
Can you believe it? A Jewish  
egghead -

JOE  
I had it coming.

NACCIO  
Yeah, but Joe, the guy is a nobody.  
A real nebbish - a pencil pusher.

JOE  
Maybe that's what she needed -

NACCIO  
C'mon, you're Joltin' Joe. What's  
he got that you ain't got?

JOE  
He's got Marilyn. The guy won a  
Pulitzer, for Chrissakes.

A uniformed waiter sets down a couple of plates of veal chops  
and some shared pasta. Nuccio tucks into the linguine -

NACCIO  
And you won three MVP awards.

JOE  
But he can still win another one.

NACCIO  
You ever see girls swarming around  
a Pulitzer Prize? That thing ain't  
gonna keep her warm at night.

Joe slices into his veal -

JOE  
You know, we were still seeing each  
other, now and then. Funny thing  
is, we got along better than we  
ever did when we were married.

NACCIO  
What's so funny about that?

JOE  
You know what I mean. It's like  
there was no pressure, no movie  
business, no Hollywood -



Naccio laughs, gestures around the restaurant - we might catch a glimpse of several MOVIE STARS at the neighboring booths: HUMPHREY BOGART, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, PETER LAWFORD.

NACCIO  
(slightly star-struck)  
Doesn't get more Hollywood that  
this, Joe. Geez, can you believe  
it? A couple of ordinary Joes like  
us...

Joe looks around discreetly. His eye passes over the stars - he's seen plenty of them - and alights on a man who we've briefly glimpsed earlier in our movie: the gangster, Sam Giancana, sitting with his "niece."

Giancana gives Joe an almost imperceptible "salud," then returns his attention to the young lady -

JOE  
(turning back to Naccio)  
You know what I mean. Just me and  
her, the way it was meant to be.  
The way it could never be. Thanks  
to me.

A red-coated Waiter stops by the table - puts a bottle of expensive red wine on the table. Joe gives him a quizzical look -

WAITER  
From an admirer, Mr. DiMaggio.

Joe looks over at where Giancana was sitting, but the table is now empty, the busboys cleaning away the plates -

JOE  
Send it back.

The waiter picks up the bottle -

WAITER  
Everything else all right, Mr.  
DiMaggio?

JOE  
Everything's just fine, Vincent.  
Never better.

INT. AN UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT, MANHATTAN - EVENING

Marilyn. ARTHUR, and several of his friends are enjoying cocktails and a game of charades.

The apartment is a hodge-podge of mismatched furniture, art. The place positively screams "rumpled Manhattan intellectuals."

It is Marilyn's turn up at charades. She stands facing a group of eleven other people sitting on the sofa, floor and chairs. Behind her are books crammed into every available wall space.

Marilyn gestures at an open book -

MIDGE

Book.

GUEST

(inaudible to Marilyn)

Oh look - she can act.

Marilyn mimes catching something -

JAMES

Catch!

Marilyn nods enthusiastically, shapes a box in the air and mimics putting something into it -

MIDGE

Catcher. Baseball. Joe DiMaggio.

O.C. Chortling. One of the women in the back whispers to the man sitting next to her: "Arthur's first wife was Irish."

Marilyn shakes her head, makes a NO gesture with her hand, repeats the Open Book gesture.

ARTHUR

(amused)

Guys, she already established it's a book.

MIDGE

Who knew she reads?

Marilyn ignores the insults, repeats her gesture of the box -

TODD

IN!

Marilyn points to her nose, then at Todd -

TODD (CONT'D)

Catch - in ...

HELEN  
Catch in your stockings?

Group snickers.

JAMES  
Guy's she already said book. Go  
on... CATCH - IN -

Now Marilyn mimes making a sandwich -

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Lunch? Catch in lunch?

ARTHUR  
It's RYE, she's doing "Catcher in  
the Rye."

MARILYN  
(jumps and claps)  
YES! "Catcher in the Rye" by J.D.  
Salinger.

Marilyn goes over to Arthur, gives him a hug and kiss.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
(to Arthur)  
You're up next.

ARTHUR  
Maybe we've had enough games for  
one night.

The group disperses, some to the kitchen, Arthur and others  
go out on the landing for a smoke.

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE

Marilyn is left with no one to talk to. She goes over to  
another guest, WILLIAM GADDIS, who's admiring the host's book  
collection.

MARILYN  
So many nice books don't you think?  
I recognize a few of the titles  
from Arthur's study.

WILLIAM GADDIS  
Yes, New York must seem far away  
from your Hollywood.

MARILYN

Oh, I just love New York, it really feels like the center of the universe.

WILLIAM GADDIS

THE POINT of the entire New York movement is that it is the center of bohemian culture and decidedly NOT the hub in a larger global network. We're satirizing modernism and recognizing newly altered modes of perception.

Marilyn glances down at the book Gaddis is holding in his hand. We see the name of the author is on the jacket: WILLIAM GADDIS.

MARILYN

Is that in your book? Arthur says it's great. I am planning to read it.

WILLIAM GADDIS

Do you have an interest in aesthetic autonomy?

MARILYN

Well I won't know until I read it, but it's a parody, right?

WILLIAM GADDIS

It's an explicit parody of Goethe's "Faust." I do ask something of the reader though, and many reviewers say I ask too much...

MARILYN

Oh, I would never say that...

Gaddis talks right past her -

WILLIAM GADDIS

I admit, it's not reader-friendly but I think the reader gets satisfaction out of participating in, collaborating, if you will, with the writer, so that it ends up being between the reader and the page.

MARILYN

Sounds a little like acting, and you know Arthur says the poor initial reaction you've received is really unfortunate and not at all deserved. Will you please excuse me?

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - BATHROOM -

Marilyn walks to the bathroom, it's tiny, she can barely turn around, nowhere to put her pocketbook. She sets it on the window ledge, looks at herself in the mirror.

Struggles to control her emotions. Pulls herself together - and OVERHEARS the guests out on the fire escape -

MIDGE

(to Arthur)

That was painful. Thank God you were able to get rye from sandwich, How do you bear it?

ARTHUR

Why do you think I haven't written anything lately? That's what I'm around all day. And she's always asking, asking. At breakfast she's asking me what we are going to do for dinner - or if I'm going to write today. I say Marilyn, who talks at breakfast?

ON MARILYN, wounded by what she's hearing, but determined not to show it -

ON THE FIRE ESCAPE -

MIDGE

You poor thing, who could write with someone asking if you are going to write?

ARTHUR

I close the door in my study and at dinner she asks how it went.

TODD

She doesn't get it. She's not an artist.

MIDGE

At the risk of sounding callous,  
what did you see in her?

Arthur has to think about that -

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I like what Mailer said: the Great  
American Brain meets the Great  
American Body.

Arthur pretends to smile -

TODD

Curse of the shiksa goddess, my  
friend. The curse of the Jews since  
the beginning of time.

We switch to b/w as Marilyn emerges from the bathroom IN A  
SEQUINED, BACKLESS LOW-CUT GOWN and onto:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. A LUXURY YACHT - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -

Where she and Tony Curtis, imitating Cary Grant, are playing  
a seduction scene -

SUGAR (MARILYN)

I'm sure you're a gentleman.

JUNIOR TONY CURTIS)

It's not that. It's just that  
I'm... harmless. I've got this  
thing about girls.

SUGAR

What thing?

JUNIOR

They just sort of leave me cold.  
When I'm with a girl, it does  
absolutely nothing to me.

SUGAR

(leaning forward)  
Have you tried?

JUNIOR

Have I? I'm trying all the time.

Curtis puts down his drink and lunges for Marilyn, moving in  
for a classic smooch -

BILLY WILDER (O.C.)  
And... CUT!

[back to color]

We're on the set of SOME LIKE IT HOT, the second picture Marilyn made with Wilder.

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
(to Curtis)  
You're kissing her too hard. You look like you like it. Pretend not to like it so much.

TONY CURTIS  
But I do like it. Hot -

BILLY WILDER  
In this scene, you're supposed to be almost a *fegeleh*.

MARILYN  
That's very hard for him, Mr. Wilder.

TONY CURTIS  
Pretending to be a *fegeleh*.  
Inside, I'm all man.

MARILYN  
You certainly are!

Wilder gestures to Curtis's dresser, who is holding the actor's costume for the next scene: a dress and a wig.

BILLY WILDER  
Try to keep it under wraps, Josephine...

INT. MGM STUDIOS LOT - WILDER'S OFFICE - LATER

Wilder and Marilyn, wearing casual clothes, sit in comfy arm chairs. Wilder smokes a cigar.

BILLY WILDER  
We wouldn't be making this picture without you, Marilyn.

Before she can respond -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
Okay, we might be, with Mitzi Gaynor.

(MORE)

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)

And instead of Jack Lemmon, Frank Sinatra - who by the way stood me up for lunch when I went to talk to him about it. Then a little bird told me you were interested in the part -

MARILYN

I called you, remember?

BILLY WILDER

So you're the *Voegelein*. Anyway, you called me and said you wanted in, and I said absolutely, we don't make this picture without Marilyn Monroe, but we do make it without that schmuck Sinatra. We got two fake girls, we need a real one. How's the marriage?

The question blindsides Marilyn. She hesitates, stammers -

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)

Sugar, listen to me. Last time, on the "Itch," they surprised both of us. I didn't know Joe was going to be there.

MARILYN

I didn't either -

BILLY WILDER

And for this I am very sorry. I'm also sorry I called him a son of a bitch.

MARILYN

(wiping a tear)

He's a good man, Mr. Wilder, he really is.

Billy lights up another cigar.

BILLY WILDER

Now we have this Miller fellow. And Paula Strasberg, your coach. I'm trying to get you into sack with Tony and already there's two other people in the bed.

MARILYN

But Arthur's just trying to -



BILLY WILDER  
 Help, schmelp. Do I look like I  
 need help? If he wants to write a  
 picture, let him write a goddamn  
 picture -

Marilyn perks up -

MARILYN  
 Oh, he is! He's writing one just  
 for me. And maybe Clark Gable.

BILLY WILDER  
 Mazel tov! But this is my picture.  
 I wrote it with Iz Diamond. I'm  
 directing it. You're starring in  
 it. Enough, already.

Billy takes a deep drag on his cigar.

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
 Marilyn, look - they're making you  
 crazy. They're making me crazy.  
 And we're making the Mirisch  
 company crazy with late and  
 overtime and what have you.  
 Already we're three-quarters of a  
 million dollars over budget. I  
 need you to focus. Concentrate.

Marilyn is so confused, so vulnerable, and yet so determined.  
 She may be a mess, but she's still MARILYN MONROE.

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
 You're carrying this picture,  
 Marilyn - nobody else could do it.

MARILYN  
 (brightening)  
 Gosh, do you really think so?

Billy mashes his cigar into the ashtray -

BILLY WILDER  
 Name me a star that's bigger than  
 you.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM - 1960 DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION - NIGHT

JACK KENNEDY, 43, and several CAMPAIGN SUITS are doing a walk-through of the hall, a construction crew is building the stage, hanging signage, etc. Close behind, BOBBY KENNEDY, 35, chats with another CAMPAIGN SUIT but it's Jack we see, a movie star if ever there was one.

Jack shakes hands with a few of the construction workers -

JACK

Make it strong boys, we're going to  
have quite a few big egos up there  
come Friday night.

Jack walks under the stage toward a group of girls in white dresses, straw boaters and the word "KENNEDY" on their belts. Meanwhile, his brother Bobby attends to seating details on the convention floor.

BOBBY

No, we can't have this at all. We  
need Arizona way further back,  
Texas too, can't risk an outburst  
so close to the stage. Put them  
back, way back there, less light on  
them - Illinois is good here and  
bring Wyoming right to the front.  
It's about time they get some  
better real estate.

(laughs to himself)

They'll not believe their good  
fortune.

O.C. We hear the gaggle of girls laughing in Jack's company -

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(wrapping up)

OK, great work -

He makes a bee-line over to Jack.

JACK

Look at this support, and all right  
here from the great state of  
California.

Jack begins introducing the bevy of girls to Bobby -

JACK (CONT'D)

Mary, Roberta, Enid, Pamela...  
(almost forgets, then-)  
Martha.

The girls are thrilled that he remembered all their names. A born politician and lady-killer.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Ladies, this my kid brother, Bobby.

Both Jack and Bobby are pictures of youthful, alpha-male, entitled vigor.

BOBBY  
Well, keep up the good work girls  
and we'll see you in a few days.

Jack and Bobby exit briskly.

JACK  
(sotto)  
Can you arrange some one-on-one  
campaigning with either of those  
two on the end? Or both.

INT. PETER LAWFORD'S BEACH HOUSE - SANTA MONICA - THE NEXT  
DAY

Jack, Bobby, twenty-odd GUESTS, Sinatra and most of the RAT PACK are drinking cocktails poolside. A few guests are wearing Kennedy campaign buttons, including Sinatra. Bobby is working the room like his life depends on it. He sees all, fixes all.

BOBBY  
(to Lawford)  
I need you to keep an eye on Jack.  
We're just four fund-raisers and  
five days away from his nomination.  
He needs to rest. He needs to stay  
in.

LAWFORD  
He seems pretty comfortable at the  
moment.

Bobby's eyes travel to the shoreline, where we see Jack talking to Marilyn.

BOBBY  
How'd she get here?

LAWFORD  
Frank brought her.

BOBBY

Just see he doesn't wander away  
anywhere.

ANGLE ON: JACK AND MARILYN

Near the water's edge, the sounds of the party are barely  
audible to them. Marilyn throws her arms wide, as if to  
embrace the ocean -

MARILYN

Gee, I sure miss this.

JACK

Me staring at you?

She turns to him -

MARILYN

No silly, the Pacific Ocean, the  
smell of the orange blossoms - I  
grew up here, you know. I've been  
away for a really long time.

JACK

And you didn't miss me? Not even a  
little bit?

MARILYN

I believed you when you told me  
your father said you had to marry  
Jackie.

JACK

He did, though. This was all his  
doing - congressman, senator and  
now this. I'm gonna be president,  
you know.

MARILYN

That's what everyone keeps saying.

JACK

(leaning in)

Am I going to have your vote?

Marilyn takes a step back, toward the water. The tide  
sloshes at her bare feet, splashing her rolled-up pants.

MARILYN

Jack, that's all behind us now.  
You've moved on, I've moved on.

(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be a serious actress, and well -looks like we're both getting what we wanted.

JACK

You know I only ever wanted you.

The tide rolls in again, lapping higher.

MARILYN

Be careful, Jack - your shoes -

He doesn't care. He follows her into the water -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Jack...

JACK

It's true. That's the thing about being a Kennedy, that's the thing about having parents - well at least my parents. It's got to be the same way for you with the studios - you just have to do what they want for long enough until you have the power and the position to make your own choices. I'm there now, or nearly there, and I need someone that understands that by my side.

They look at each other in fading light, two of the most beautiful people in the world...

CUT TO:

INT. LAWFORD'S POOLSIDE CABANA - DAWN

We see three empty bottles of champagne, Marilyn's pink angora sweater, Jack's tie, one of Marilyn's shoes - we almost don't want to see the obvious.

Marilyn is sitting up on an upholstered rattan chair, legs doubled up under her, wrapped in a giant striped beach towel. She's been crying - her blue eyes are a little bluer.

Jack wakes up, sees Marilyn -

JACK

Oh, honey, are you OK?

MARILYN

I'm fine. Just drank a little too much champagne, I think. And I need to make a phone call.

In an instant, Jack's up and out of bed, pulling on a bathrobe -

JACK

Give me a minute - I'll check to see if the coast is clear.

Jack exits the cabana. Marilyn shuffles over to the other side of the room, looks under the bed for her other shoe as Jack pops back in.

JACK (CONT'D)

ALL clear! Just you, me and the California sunshine which I've scheduled for 30 minutes from now. And orange blossoms - extra orange blossoms!

Marilyn giggles.

MARILYN

I need to find a powder room and a telephone.

INT. LAWFORD KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Jack is in a beach robe, barefoot, at the stove making eggs. We might notice his expensive shoes, ruined by the seawater, are sticking out of a trash can.

MARILYN

This IS a new Jack Kennedy!

JACK

Good morning, princess. You can't leave before breakfast.

MARILYN

No one's answering my call, must be too early. Do you have a car?

JACK

I will have, but first-  
(presents the eggs with a flourish)  
This will make you feel better, I promise.

Marilyn drags herself the last four steps, hops up onto the counter. Jack feeds her a bite of fluffy scrambled eggs, leans in and kisses her slowly.

MARILYN

Jack, I'm not her anymore, I'm not that naive girl you first met. I know we both said a lot last night but...

JACK

And I meant every single word of it. It's always been you. I was enchanted by you from the moment you first said you were too tired to dance with me. And I know who I am now, I can stand up to my father now, I'm the man you need to be with. It about broke my heart when you married Joe.

MARILYN

And now I'm married to Arthur.

JACK

And you should be married to me. I'm about to become president of the United States, and my dad can't tell me who I can and can't love anymore.

Jack puts down the plate of eggs, brushes a strand of hair from her face and gently kisses her again.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's not Marilyn the movie star I'm talking to - but you. I see you.

Marilyn presses her forehead against Jack's...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - MORNING - SUMMER, 1960

Dirt and baked dust. In the distance, mountains. At a card table near a trailer, Arthur Miller sits pounding a portable typewriter, sweating profusely in the desert heat.

An unsteady Marilyn stands next to him, looking down as new script pages come flying out -

MARILYN

(woozy)

How am I supposed to learn all  
these new... these new -

Miller stops writing, looks at her with thinly veiled  
disgust.

ARTHUR

Don't tell me you're drunk already.  
It's bad enough around here with a  
plastered director and -

He wipes his face on his sleeve -

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

- this fucking heat.

Marilyn snatches up a couple of pages, pretends to read them -

MARILYN

These new lines are shit.

ARTHUR

I wrote them for you. To give you  
something to say. To give you  
something you actually can say.

MARILYN

I have a headache -

ARTHUR

Go ahead, take some more pills,  
Marilyn.

Marilyn tosses the pages at Arthur. The desert wind catches  
and scatters them. Arthur jumps up, enraged -

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This how you treat my work? I  
wrote this goddamned script for  
you! As a peace offering, to try  
and save our marriage - and your  
career.

Marilyn laughs in his face.

MARILYN

Don't kid yourself, buster. You  
wrote it for yourself. Because all  
your precious intellectual friends  
were starting to notice that you  
couldn't -



It's a full-dress fight now -

ARTHUR

Couldn't what? Get it up? Who  
could, married to you? Some  
fucking sex symbol!

He kicks his folding chair, which goes flying -

MARILYN

Couldn't write. Not a word. You  
were afraid you were all washed up,  
Arthur, that you were just another  
pathetic bore, about to take your  
final dive.

Arthur raises his hand to her, thinking about taking a swing,  
but pulls it back. Marilyn laughs in his face -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

HA! GO AHEAD - except Jews don't  
hit, remember? You think I'm stupid  
but I remember lots.

Arthur's hand drops to his side -

ARTHUR

(defeated)

Yeah, well...

He picks up the chair and puts it back into place,  
reorganizes his desk -.

MARILYN

Well, what! You think I need you in  
my life? You think I can't get  
someone bigger, better, more  
famous? More important? You,  
Arthur Smarty Pants - are nothing.

ARTHUR

I tried. I really did. But I  
never could teach you a damn thing.

Marilyn's morning buzz has worn off; she's stone-cold sober  
now. She points off toward the mountains -

MARILYN

Reno's right over those hills.

That tears it -

ARTHUR

(shouting)

I wanted a full-time wife - not a public embarrassment!

MARILYN

And I wanted a man! Not a father, not a teacher, not someone always trying to teach me a new trick like I'm some stupid dog.

(beat)

Well I learned one thing from you, Arthur. I learned what a farce is, and I'm not laughing.

She picks up a copy of the script on Arthur's makeshift writing table, laughs -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

No wonder you called it THE MISFITS.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

- \* "Beauty and the Brain Call It Quits"
- \* "Let's Not Make Love!"
- \* "Monroe, Miller to Divorce"
- \* "What's Next for Marilyn? Something's Got to Give"

CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THE WEST WING - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Bobby storms into a small steam closet. Jack is in a towel with an ace wrap on his lower back. The steam dissipates.

JACK

Bobby?

Bobby is holding a sheaf of papers in one hand, which he chucks at Jack's feet.

BOBBY

This is the White House call log.

JACK

Can you close the door, Bobby?

BOBBY

(undeterred)

There are over two hundred calls from Marilyn. And that's just this month. On Monday alone we have five, six, SEVEN calls, Jack. SEVEN CALLS IN ONE DAY from Marilyn Monroe.

JACK

Sometimes she just needs to talk.

BOBBY

No one just wants to talk seven times a day! Nobody calls seven times a day unless she believes she has a reason to call.

JACK

We're just friends.

BOBBY

No Jack, you're just "acquaintances," and it has to end.

JACK

I'm taking care of it.

BOBBY

And now I've got to come up with a way to explain all of this. I'll say the calls were for me. And so help me god, Jack - I mean it. No more. And I will talk to her myself.

JACK

Be careful.

Bobby picks up the soggy call log from the wet floor of the steam room, storms out, slams the door -

CUT TO:

BOBBY'S OFFICE - THE WHITE HOUSE - LATER

Bobby is sitting on the edge of his desk, his legs crossed at the ankles, phone in his hand.

BOBBY

(into the phone)

This is Jack Kennedy for Miss Marilyn Monroe.

SPLIT SCREEN

Marilyn is at her apartment on Sutton Place in New York City,  
She's holding a white Princess phone -

MARILYN  
Oh, hello darling.

BOBBY  
No darling! Marilyn, it's Bobby.  
Now I don't know what my brother  
told you, but this calling the  
White House has got to stop.

MARILYN  
Can I talk to Jack?

BOBBY  
No you most certainly cannot talk  
to Jack. There are going to be no  
more calls to the White House. Do  
you hear me? None. Now we are all  
looking forward to you singing for  
the president's birthday in May and  
there's the end of it. Goodbye,  
Marilyn.

Marilyn salutes the phone, stifling a smile.

MARILYN  
(in her sexiest voice)  
Goodbye, Bobby.

ON MARILYN

Marilyn hangs up the phone. Waits a second, picks it up and  
dials.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Jack Kennedy, please.

A NEWSREEL:

Santa Anita Racetrack. Joe and MYRNA DELL, a Hollywood  
starlet and Marilyn look-alike, make their way down the steps  
and into the sun and the snapping shutters of the  
photographers.

NARRATOR VOICE

And down the stretch they come,  
baseball legend Joe DiMaggio and  
his new filly, Myrna Dell, enjoying  
a day at the races -

Joe signs a few autographs while Myrna basks in the reflected  
glory -

JOE

That's all for now, boys - got a  
hot date.

The reporters yuk it up -

NARRATOR VOICE

But some fans are doing a double-  
take to determine just who it is  
coming in on the lead. No folks,  
it's not Marilyn Monroe, but  
another Hollywood starlet hoping to  
make her mark here at Santa Anita  
today.

Joe and Myrna take their seats near the finish line -

NARRATOR VOICE (CONT'D)

One thing's for sure - hold onto  
your tickets until this race is  
called!

EXT. MARILYN'S SUTTON PLACE APARTMENT - EVENING - A FEW DAYS  
LATER

SUPER: "MARCH 1961"

Marilyn arrives home on a late-winter evening. She is wearing  
a close-fitting belted trench coat, silk scarf, slim black  
pants and black kitten heels. Her doorman SONNY sees her and  
follows her to the front entrance.

SONNY

They came, two of em, with badges,  
we couldn't stop them.

MARILYN

Who came, Sonny?

SONNY

Feds. They had badges and a search  
warrant and they pushed through.  
They had one of New York's finest  
with 'em too.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

He stayed in the lobby while they  
went up to your place.

Marilyn absorbs this information, trying to conceal the look  
of anxiety on her face -

MARILYN

Oh, gee, I didn't mean to cause any  
trouble, I - probably just  
something I left behind. Thank you,  
Sonny.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT -

Tossed. Every drawer emptied, cosmetics smashed and strewn  
across the floor, a trail of face powder with men's shoe  
prints leads away from her dressing table. A milk bottle  
lies on the kitchen floor, contents emptied. Her furniture  
has been knifed apart, pictures strewn.

Marilyn walks back to her bedroom - the phone has been pulled  
out of the wall, receiver disassembled. Somebody's sending  
her a message.

She grabs her purse and heads for the door -

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT -

She emerges from the elevator, rattled but trying not to let  
her concern show -

SONNY

Everything okay up there, Miss  
Monroe? Miss Monroe?

EXT. SUTTON PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Marilyn exits her building walks to the end of her block,  
makes a right, walks one more block to a phone booth. She  
looks around, looks behind her. We can smell her fear.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -

Marilyn places her coins and dials the rotary phone - her  
call is picked up on the second ring -

MARILYN

(into phone)

Jack Kennedy please, this is an  
emergency.

There's a funny crackle on the line -

MAN'S VOICE  
Who's calling please?

Marilyn hesitates, then -

MARILYN  
What happened to the White House  
Operator? I need to speak to  
President Kennedy, this is an  
emergency.

MAN'S VOICE  
Right away ma'am, who's calling?

MARILYN  
I'm a friend of the president's,  
and Bobby, this is Marilyn Monroe.

The strange voice on the other end of the line lowers and  
nearly whispers:

MAN'S VOICE  
Do you mean the late Marilyn  
Monroe?

Marilyn nearly drops the receiver -

MARILYN  
(panicked)  
WHO IS THIS?

Nothing in return but sinister laughter...

Marilyn SLAMS down the receiver, glances across the street,  
sees a van. The driver gives her a smile and a wave. Marilyn  
shudders and runs off up First Avenue, heading north...

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING

The hospital for the rich and famous on Manhattan's upper  
east side.

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL -

Marilyn approaches the building on foot, winded and out of  
breath. As she nears, an AMBULANCE roars up to the entrance.  
She watches as the emergency doctors rush out and help the  
ambulance crew with a badly wounded victim.

She stops, tosses a glance over her shoulder to see if anyone's followed her. Over there! That car! No - it's just dropping off somebody who lives in the neighborhood.

She looks around frantically, unsure what to do. Sees a sign on a building just nearby: "PAYNE WHITNEY HOSPITAL." There's a bright light on under the awning. A safe harbor.

INT. PAYNE WHITNEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, 525 E. 68TH ST. - NIGHT

Not an emergency room, but a welcoming reception area. A woman steps forward to meet her -

RECEPTIONIST

Hello. Welcome to Payne Whitney.  
How can I assist you?

She seems friendly enough, but a girl can't be too careful. Marilyn pulls Margaret aside conspiratorially.

MARILYN

Can we talk?

MARGARET GLASS

That's what we're here for.

Margaret guides Marilyn over to a private corner and a couple of chairs and a table. There's a pitcher of water and a couple of glasses. Margaret pours one for Marilyn -

MARGARET GLASS (CONT'D)

(as Marilyn drinks)

Now, what seems to be the matter?

Marilyn takes a couple more demure sips and sets her glass down, lipstick visible on it -

MARILYN

The Kennedys are trying to kill me.

If Margaret recognizes her famous visitor, she doesn't let on.

MARGARET GLASS

And who are the Kennedys?

MARILYN

You know, the ones who live in the White House. The president. Or maybe just his brother...



We see now that Margaret has a small notebook in her hand, in which she starts making notes. She glances up at the clock near the entrance to note the exact time.

MARGARET GLASS

Do you mean Robert Kennedy, the attorney general?

MARILYN

Yes, him, exactly. They broke into my apartment, they booby-trapped the pay phone, and a man in a van is following me and -

Marilyn breaks down. Margaret refills her water glass, rises, goes over to the reception desk and presses a hidden button -

MARGARET GLASS

(returning)

Miss Monroe? May I ask you a question?

Marilyn looks up - tries to pull herself together.

MARGARET GLASS (CONT'D)

Are you shooting a movie nearby?  
Is this... you know...

MARILYN

Oh no. This really happened.

Marilyn seems fearful she won't be taken seriously. Margaret sits next to her, takes her hand, strokes it to calm her -

MARGARET GLASS

Don't worry about a thing. You just need a little rest... Why don't you follow me.?

Margaret leads Marilyn to the elevator. She takes out a key and inserts it into a lock. We notice there are no floor buttons. The elevator doors close...

FLASH FORWARD  
TO:

EXT. 12305 FIFTH HELENA DRIVE - MAIN HOUSE (AUGUST, 1962)

Where an LAPD cop, SGT. JACK CLEMMONS, late-30s, is speaking with a terrified Teenage Boy. We see a stretcher covered by a sheet in b.g.

SGT. CLEMMONS

Kid, look at me. Whaddya mean they told you to get lost? We're talking about Bobby Kennedy, the attorney general of the United States -

TEENAGE BOY

Yes sir, it was him - he just palmed me a \$20 bill and said, you know the drill.

SGT. CLEMMONS

Last night?

TEENAGE BOY

No, earlier in the day, and a couple of times before that. When we got back the place was a mess, papers everywhere. Obviously they were looking for something.

SGT. CLEMMONS

But you said you saw all three of them last night.

TEENAGE BOY

Yes, I did, but they didn't see me.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARILYN'S ROOM - PAYNE WHITNEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL -  
THE NEXT DAY

Marilyn lies in bed, half-asleep, in a room that resembles a jail cell. The walls are made of cinder blocks, there are bars on the windows and a glass window in the door, so she can be observed at all times.

Off to one side, there's a desk bolted to the wall, with a flimsy wooden chair in front of it. Marilyn wakes as a NURSE comes through the door -

NURSE

Time for your physical.

Marilyn stretches, sits up. She's wearing a hospital gown.

MARILYN

I'm feeling much better, thanks.

NURSE

Time for your physical.

Marilyn cries out as the Nurse grabs her, takes her pulse, checks her pupils, even feels her breasts for lumps -

MARILYN

Watch it!

The examination is rough and pitiless. When she's finished, the Nurse turns and heads for the door -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Hey - how do I ring for a nurse?

NURSE

You don't.

MARILYN

But isn't this a hospital?

NURSE

This is the psychiatric floor.

MARILYN

I need to get to a phone.

THUNK. The door closes. Before it does, we hear the SOUND of women in the distance, SCREAMING...

INT. PAYNE WHITNEY - MARILYN'S FLOOR - NEXT DAY

Still in her hospital gown, Marilyn is stretching her legs in the corridor. There's another Female Patient on the floor, doing the same thing. The woman sidles up to her -

FEMALE PATIENT

What're you in for, sister?

MARILYN

I'm sorry - what?

FEMALE PATIENT

I'm here on account of my mental condition.

Before Marilyn can answer, the Female Patient puts a finger to her nose -

FEMALE PATIENT (CONT'D)

Careful what you say... they're always listening.

The Female Patient studies Marilyn intently. For a moment, Marilyn looks as if she expects to be recognized, even in her current state, but instead -

FEMALE PATIENT (CONT'D)  
Why so sad? You should call a  
friend.

MARILYN  
I would if I could just find a  
phone.

FEMALE PATIENT  
I'll show you -

The Female Patient guides Marilyn down to the end of the hall, turns a corner. There's a phone booth at the end of a short corridor. A man in a gray uniform, some kind of security guard, stands nearby.

Marilyn approaches the phone -

SECURITY GUARD  
What do you want?

MARILYN  
I need to make a call.

SECURITY GUARD  
You can't use the phone.

Marilyn turns back and shuffles barefoot back the way she came. As she turns the corner -

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR -

The Female Patient is waiting for her -

FEMALE PATIENT  
Did you reach your friend?

MARILYN  
They wouldn't let me use the -

She breaks off. She looking at the Female Patient's forearms and wrists, which are all slashed and scarred....

INT. MARILYN'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

She sits on the bed. All the lights go out: bed-time. The moment she's been waiting for.

Marilyn slips off her bed and picks up the chair. By the light streaming in through the door, she BANGS the chair repeatedly against the glass. Wham! Wham! WHAM!!

THE CHAIR SPLINTERS, but she's chipped a little piece of glass out of the window.

FOOTSTEPS as the Nurse and other staff come running - the lights in her room blaze on as the door opens -

ANGLE ON: MARILYN, holding the piece of glass in her right hand, ready to slash her left wrist - everybody freezes.

MARILYN

Nobody move, or I'll cut myself.

MARILYN RISES, still holding the shard of glass. Walks slowly past the Nurse and out into the corridor.

IN THE CORRIDOR -

Marilyn bolts down the hall, turns right and dives for the phone booth. She only has seconds.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Operator, I'd like CRestwood 2-7198. Collect, please.

NOISES as the Nurse and the staff march down the corridor after her. She doesn't have much time -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Joe? Joe!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PAYNE WHITNEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - THE NEXT DAY

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!!

A horde of press photographers swarms the hospital entrance as Marilyn leaves, leaning on the arm of Joe DiMaggio. She waves gamely for the fans as she gets into a waiting car. Behind her, a hospital administrator reads a statement:

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

"... was hospitalized for study and treatment of an illness of undetermined origin...

As the chauffeured car pulls away with Marilyn and Joe in the back seat -

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

I would describe her condition as improved. That's all.

ON MISS GLASS, at her desk in the lobby, speaking quietly into the telephone -

MARGARET GLASS  
I'm sorry, we just couldn't hold  
her any longer... Yes, yes... I  
know. But I don't think you  
understand how popular Joe DiMaggio  
is in this town...

CUT TO:

EXT. A RENTED HOUSE - ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA - A WEEK LATER

A simple Florida home on a quiet street, indistinguishable from its neighbors.

Basking in the Florida sunshine, Marilyn sits at a small metal table with an embroidered pink tablecloth drinking lemonade and reading a magazine. A large umbrella shades her from the sun.

She's wearing pink checked pedal pushers, a white blouse, black sunglasses and white mules. In the distance we see a man mowing the lawn and we hear the faint whir of a manual lawn mower.

A 50-something housekeeper emerges from the back door -

HOUSEKEEPER  
Miss Marilyn - telephone for you.

Marilyn puts down her magazine, rises, stretches, heads inside -

INT. SUN ROOM -

Marilyn plops down on a chintz sofa and picks up the extension phone -

MARILYN  
(calling to the  
housekeeper)  
I've got it!

We hear the housekeeper hang up her end.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
This is Marilyn.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. BAL HARBOUR MARINA

There is background noise, seagulls, boat motors, voices. We see Frank Sinatra speaking on a pay phone at the dock

FRANK  
(talking over the noise)  
Marilyn, it's Frank. How are you?

MARILYN  
I am fine, thank you, just fine.

FRANK  
Listen, I'm right in your back yard, we're here in Miami, you should come over.

MARILYN  
I'm supposed to be resting. I am resting.

FRANK  
I've got someone for you to talk to.

ANGLE ON: JOHN F. KENNEDY, in shorts and a print shirt, grinning from ear to ear. We might notice some Secret Service guys standing discreetly in b.g.

Frank motions to Jack who runs over and grabs the phone.

JACK  
Hello, Princess.

MARILYN  
Jack?

JACK  
How are you?

MARILYN  
Jack, why are you...

JACK  
Listen, I'm only here for two days, the water is glorious... you've got to come down.

MARILYN  
Your brother made it very clear I was not to talk to you.

JACK

Oh that brother of mine - hey,  
don't be sore we just had to lie  
low for a while - you know that.

MARILYN

Your brother nearly had me killed.

JACK

Baby! That's crazy talk-he would  
never do such a thing.

MARILYN

My entire apartment - and I called  
the White House... Jack, I was in  
the hospital.

JACK

Yes, awful bit of business that and  
I am sorry I couldn't come to see  
you, truly I am baby but you have  
to understand-I couldn't very  
well... well. God, I hate  
hospitals... How are you now  
though?

MARILYN

Jack, the things Bobby said to me.

ON JACK. A boat is pulling into the marina; he can barely  
hear her over the roar of the engine -

JACK

(to Marilyn)

Sorry, I can't...

Jack signals to the Secret Service guys, who motion  
menacingly at the boat's captain to CUT THE ENGINE. He  
complies immediately -

JACK (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

That's better... Now, tell me  
everything he said. If he was mean  
to you I swear to God...

MARILYN

He told me never to call you again.

JACK

(on phone)

Yeah, I figured - I'm sorry about  
that.

(MORE)



JACK (CONT'D)

I told you we were going to have to cool it if I was ever to make my escape.

MARILYN

But he said -

JACK

Bobby came to me with the log book, something about two hundred calls - it didn't look good, and he said at least for the time being, we had to cool it, he told me that he would tell you it was just for a little while - that it just wasn't the time. You know we talked about this, we would have to wait until after the general election. What else did he say to you?

MARILYN

Well actually -

(beat)

- just that I shouldn't call, under any circumstances.

ON MARILYN

Joe walks past the open door. Marilyn blows Joe a kiss. Lowers her voice as she speaks to Kennedy -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Jack -

JACK

(on phone)

I'm at the Fontainebleu, Suite 1784.

JOE (O.C.)

Marilyn, honey - the game starts in twenty minutes.

MARILYN

(sotto)

Jack, I have to go.

(to Joe)

Be right there ~

She hangs up -

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DRESSING ROOM BACKSTAGE -EVENING

We see Marilyn dressed in a robe and walking around with a glass of champagne. She's gliding around and tipsy, pours herself another glass of champagne.

"MR. KENNETH" (Kenneth Battelle) hairdresser to the stars enters. He is twisting on the nozzle of a spray bottle as he walks in.

KENNETH  
Hello gorgeous!

They air-kiss.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
They've been in three times to  
check on you.

Kenneth puts his finger to his lips.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
I told them you were looking for  
wardrobe.

MARILYN  
(mouths the words)  
Thank you.

Marilyn hiccups -

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
I'm just a little bit nervous  
tonight.

Kenneth gently takes the glass from Marilyn.

KENNETH  
Maybe a little less courage, hmm?

MARILYN  
Just one more sip!

Marilyn digs into her pocket, fishes out two large pills and washes them down with the last of her champagne.

KENNETH  
Mumm's the word. Now what do you  
say we show 'em the real reason  
they turned out in droves?

Kenneth goes to work with his rat-tail comb. Tears stream down Marilyn's face. Kenneth goes round and puts his face at eye level with her -

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Baby, baby, baby. You've got this.  
You've faced tougher days, tougher  
crowds. Higher stakes -

Marilyn reacts, nods, and sniffs. Tears continue to roll down her cheeks and she needs a tissue for her nose.

MARILYN  
He was going to marry me you know,  
and they set me up to look crazy.

KENNETH  
(serious as a heart  
attack)  
Listen to me kiddo, I remember you  
back in the days of Johnny Hyde.  
That's right. But it's you who  
survived. And tonight you're gonna  
go out on that stage and show the  
world what becoming Marilyn Monroe  
looks like.

MARILYN  
I can do that.

Kenneth glances at his watch: she's running way late -

KENNETH  
Now get out there and show 'em!

Stitched into her skin-tight dress, Marilyn moves gingerly to the wings. She looks back at Kenneth, who gives her a nod of encouragement. She steps out onto the stage -

LAWFORD (O.C.)  
Ladies and gentlemen... the late  
Marilyn Monroe...

CUT TO:

INT. TOOTS SHOR'S, MANHATTAN - EVENING

The circular bar at the famous hangout on W. 51st St. Joe DiMaggio sits nursing a Coke, with some of his buddies and hangers-on. A TELEVISION set is tuned to the birthday party.

There's a gasp as Marilyn practically minces on stage. A drunk starts to wolf-whistle, but one glance from Toots Shor shuts his mouth. One of Joe's pals puts a steadying arm on Joe's shoulder -

MARILYN  
 (on TV, in the Garden)  
 Happy birthday, Mr. Pres-i-dent...

ON JOE, his face a mask - but we recall it's the same look he had on his face when he saw his wife's skirts blow up around her waist during the "Seven Year Itch" shoot...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HYANNIS PORT, MASS. - SAME TIME

Where we find JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, 73, the family patriarch, in a wheelchair, also watching Marilyn on television. He's exhibiting the after-effects of a severe stroke, is paralyzed on his right side, and can barely speak - but his fury at what he's watching is obvious.

He furiously punches a call button on the arm of his wheelchair. Finally, a private nurse responds. His mouth moves. She leans in to make out what he's saying:

JOE KENNEDY  
 Bobby... get Bobby...

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - PRIVATE RECEPTION ROOM - LATER  
 THAT SAME EVENING

Fifty or so guests mill about in black-tie attire. The famous six-foot birthday cake is cut and guests are being served large squares of Jack's cake. Marilyn poses for photographs with several guests.

Bobby leads Jack over to GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER -

BOBBY  
 What did you think, Sir?

ROCKEFELLER  
 I think if Jack can have a birthday every month, the Democratic party will have more money than I do.

Jack flashes a pro-forma smile at Rocky, tosses a glance over the governor's shoulder and sees whom he's been looking for. He makes a bee-line over to Marilyn.

JACK  
 Hello, Princess.

Marilyn pretends she didn't hear him but can't hide her smile. She's still woozy and tipsy and exhilarated and nervous and everything...

JACK (CONT'D)  
Tell me you know a secret way out  
of here.

MARILYN  
Oh, you just put a bag over Bobby's  
head and we RUN!

They both laugh.

JACK  
I don't even know how I got here, I  
just said take me to my birthday  
wish and there you were.

MARILYN  
Where's Jackie?

JACK  
No part of my birthday wish.

MARILYN  
Really?

JACK  
Really. It's my birthday, dammit.

O.C. a photographer CALLS Jack for some pictures.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Where are you staying?

MARILYN  
Who wants to know?

JACK  
The birthday boy, your commander-in-  
chief, and your future husband.

MARILYN  
Carlyle. The honeymoon suite.

JACK  
First of many from now on,  
Princess. I love you. I love you. I  
love you.

Marilyn catches Bobby's glare, gives him a smile and a  
fingertip wave.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE AT THE CARLYLE HOTEL

Marilyn is staring into the fireplace, by the number of open bottles, we gather she's been here for a while. We hear a knock at the door. Marilyn jumps up and runs to the door.

MARILYN

Jack!

She opens the door, a flood of light from the hallway temporarily blinds her. She squints, sees Bobby and her face goes from blissful to cold -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

GET OUT!

Marilyn tries to close the door on him but he pushes in.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Get out, I mean it.

BOBBY

Now, Marilyn...

MARILYN

(screaming)

GET OUT! GET OUT! Where's Jack?

Marilyn picks up a bottle of champagne, tries to sit on a chair but misses and slides to the floor. She tries to stand, still with the bottle in her hand.

BOBBY

Jack's not coming. Not tonight, not ever.

MARILYN

(slurring)

You don't know so much. Jack made Jackie stay home for me.

BOBBY

Now Marilyn, come here and let's discuss this like good friends.

Bobby shakes a bottle of her pills. Marilyn goes over, sits down near Bobby, snatches the bottle -

MARILYN

GIVE ME THOSE!

Bobby opens his hand, feeds her four pills, one at a time.

BOBBY

Now Marilyn, I'm your friend, and I  
am trying to help you.

Marilyn wipes her nose with the sleeve of her robe. Cries  
fresh tears.

MARILYN

(sobbing)

But he promised me.

She can hardly breathe between the sobs -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

He - said - he... he...

BOBBY

(leaning in, kissing her)

... loves you? There, there, baby,  
it's all gonna be just fine, just  
lie back, I'm going to take care of  
you now, and you won't even miss  
him.

Bobby takes off his jacket. Marilyn falls back on the bed,  
her robe opening as her eyes close...

EXT. KENNEDY COMPOUND, HYANNIS PORT - THE NEXT DAY

Establishing shot of the family manor. A helicopter lands  
near the main house. As we watch, Bobby Kennedy emerges and  
heads for the house -

INT. KENNEDY COMPOUND -

Joe Kennedy sits in his wheelchair, waiting as Bobby comes  
through the door. His left side trembles slightly.

BOBBY

I took care of everything I  
personally kept her far away from  
Jack all night long.

Old Joe says nothing; he's harnessing what little strength he  
has -

BOBBY (CONT'D)

She won't bother us any more.

Joe Kennedy shakes his head, then signals with his left hand  
for his son to come near. Even greatly diminished, he's  
still has the mien of a king on his throne.

Bobby approaches respectfully, kneels next his dad's wheelchair so they can be at eye level, and so that he can hear every word - he's still at heart a supplicant.

JOE KENNEDY  
(barely audible croak)  
Where was Jackie?

BOBBY  
We made sure she was nowhere near  
the Garden.

JOE KENNEDY  
What does the country think when a  
man's own wife isn't there for his  
birthday?

BOBBY  
Uh... we thought it was best -

Joe Kennedy is getting more agitated by the minute -

JOE KENNEDY  
This girl will bring down our whole  
house. Take care of it.

BOBBY  
I did, Pop, I -

Instinctively, Joe's left hand strays to his emergency buzzer and hits the button. BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRZZZZ. Gently, bobby pries his hand from the buzzer -

JOE KENNEDY  
I said, take care of it. We have  
friends in Chicago. Who do you  
think got Jack elected?

It's starting to sink in - Bobby's face reveals his gradual understanding of what his father means -

BOBBY  
We're pressuring the Chicago Mob  
pretty hard right now, Pop.

JOE KENNEDY  
That's business. This is personal.

Bobby rises -

BOBBY  
I'll take care of it.



Joe Kennedy looks at his son. A small, barely perceptible nod says: see that you do.

JOE KENNEDY  
No loose ends.

CUT TO:

INT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL MIAMI BEACH - LOBBY - AFTERNOON -3  
DAYS LATER

A slightly disheveled woman arrives in a lumpy sweater, slim pants and sunglasses even though it's likely 90 degrees and humid. Luggage in tow.

Several bellhops walk in a procession with Marilyn's things. It's her. She scans the lobby looking for her old pal Floyd Mac, a bellman who has been with the Fontainebleu since it opened. He is behind the bell stand, doesn't recognize her -.

MARILYN  
(breaking the first smile)  
Mac!

Mac still isn't sure who she is, he looks up, trying to make her out. When finally he gets that it's Marilyn, he moves with haste and a beaming smile -

MAC  
Welcome home! What's wrong with the world when a queen can't be recognized in her own castle! Must be I'm gettin' old - my apologies.

Mac is mortified that he didn't recognize her straightaway -

MAC (CONT'D)  
Hey - I watched you on the telly -- we all did!

MARILYN  
Oh, Mac. Seems a long time ago already.  
(removes her sunglasses)  
Listen I need something.

MAC  
Shoot.

MARILYN  
I need three security guys to stay in the suite with me.

MAC

Marilyn, you're home, no one's gonna bother you here.

Marilyn looks him square in the eye -

MARILYN

Mac, this is important.

MAC

You know we got security in the hotel, why would you need three security guys?

MARILYN

I'll feel safer.

Marilyn drops her voice to nearly a whisper -

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'm going to Washington tomorrow, Mac.

MAC

What for?

MARILYN

I'm going to expose the Kennedys for what they've done with me.

Mac reacts, then signals for the bellhops -

MAC

Suite 1782.

INT. MARILYN'S SUITE - FONTAINEBLEAU - EVENING

A small table with a large vase of roses has been pulled in front of the door. The CAMERA pans through the sitting room to find Marilyn in bed, on the phone.

MARILYN

President Kennedy, please.

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR

(on phone)

I'm sorry Miss Monroe, the president is not available to take your call.

MARILYN

Did you tell him it's an emergency?

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR

I'm sorry ma'am. There is really nothing else I can do - but I can assure you I have personally taken down at least two dozen messages for you and I promise you, I have done all that I can.

MARILYN

Then let me talk to Jackie.

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR

I can take a message for Mrs. Kennedy.

Marilyn bristles -

MARILYN

Mrs. Kennedy - HA! That's a laugh. I demand you put me through on the grounds that will be clear to Jack when I speak to him.

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR

(clearly frustrated)

Again, ma'am, I'm sorry.

(beat)

Hold the line please.

Marilyn waits, her anger rising as her call is patched through. To her surprise, it's:

BOBBY

(on phone)

Now Marilyn, what I believe I have made abundantly clear is that you are not to call the White House ever again.

MARILYN

Jack wants to talk to me.

BOBBY

Marilyn, you listen to me, and you listen good. I spent the better part of a day promising my father that I have taken care of this, and I will bring the full weight of the U.S. Government if I have to, but you are not going to talk to Jack, or see him, now or ever, is that clear?

Feeling secure in her hotel suite, Marilyn's not about to take any guff from Bobby Kennedy -

MARILYN

(voice rising)

I'm not scared of you! I'm going to tell Jack what you've done. I'm going to tell Jackie, I'm going to tell everything!

An icy silence greets this outburst. A beat, then -

BOBBY

What exactly is everything Marilyn? That you're a drunk? A whore? A mental patient? How many have you had already?

MARILYN

You can't hurt me anymore, Bobby. You're not the president - Jack is, and the world saw me by his side at Madison Square Garden. Jack WANTS me by his side and the whole world is gonna know what you've done to me, Bobby Kennedy!

BOBBY

MARILYN!

Marilyn slams down the phone.

INT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL - LOBBY - NEXT MORNING

Marilyn strolls through in a white linen shift dress, white clutch and white heels.

MAC

Good morning, Marilyn. Are you off to Washington?

Marilyn gives Mac an enigmatic smile -

MARILYN

Maybe.

EXT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL

Marilyn steps outside, Joe DiMaggio is waiting in his Rolls Royce. A DOORMAN opens the car door and she gets in.

EXT. THE BREAKERS HOTEL - PALM BEACH, FLORIDA - TWO HOURS  
LATER - ESTABLISHING

Joe's Rolls drives up the palm-lined entrance to the Breakers  
Hotel. The place screams money.

EXT. BREAKERS OCEAN CLUB GOLF HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Joe and Marilyn are snuggled side by side in an upholstered  
corner table on the sweeping veranda of the restaurant.

JOE

Sweetheart. You don't need to tell  
me anymore. I already know, the  
Kennedys are bad people.

MARILYN

Not Jack, though.

JOE

Listen, you need to stay away from  
those people. Sam Giancana got Jack  
elected, then to shut him up, Bobby  
and the Justice Department screwed  
with his businesses in Nevada, in  
Cuba... He's under 24-hour  
surveillance - and Bobby's not  
letting up. They double team  
everybody - good cop bad cop.  
That's how they work.

MARILYN

Do you think Jack knows all of  
this?

JOE

It doesn't matter if he knows or  
doesn't know? The point is,  
they're dangerous. Bad, bad guys  
and if they can do that to Sam,  
what could they do to my sweet  
girl? The point is, you have to be  
done with them. Rear view mirror.

MARILYN

Of course.

JOE

Now tomorrow, we go back to  
California, you're gonna fly with  
me, I'm gonna see that you're safe,  
and taken care of.

(beat)

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I let you down - hell, I let us both down - once before, and I'll be damned if it's ever gonna happen again.

MARILYN

You're always here for me.

JOE

And I'm always gonna be. And from now on, we only deal with people we know and trust. I'll take care of you, Marilyn.

(beat)

Don't think about what they done, we've got the whole damn world in our hands.

Marilyn gives a small smile. Joe who has been holding Marilyn's hand gives it a kiss.

JOE (CONT'D)

The whole damn world.

EXT. THE CAL-NEVA LODGE, LAKE TAHOE - A FEW WEEKS LATER

A luxury resort hotel-casino high in the mountains, right on the California-Nevada border. It just so happens to be owned by Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and... silently... Sam Giancana.

A taxi pulls up in front. Marilyn gets out. She looks a little tired, but happy and excited -

MARILYN

(to doorman)

Oh hello. I'm Marilyn Monroe.

Of course, the Doorman recognizes her instantly -

DOORMAN

Welcome back, Miss Monroe.

A BELLHOP scurries down the stairs -

BELLHOP

Hello, Miss Monroe, We have you in Bungalow 52. Right this way.

The bellhop leads the way, Marilyn follows.

MARILYN

Is Frank here?

BELLHOP  
Just ring the operator...

They walk across the grounds to the bungalows. The bellman opens the door with the key, allows her to pass and follows her in -

INT. BUNGALOW 52 - CONTINUOUS

A high-end room of the period, spacious, comfortable, and with views of the mountains and Lake Tahoe. A bottle of champagne and flowers on the dresser are there to welcome her.

BELLHOP  
Everything is to your satisfaction?

Marilyn glances around, nods.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)  
I see you have champagne and ice...  
is there anything else I can get  
for you?

MARILYN  
No, thank you.

BELLHOP  
Here's your key, Miss Monroe.  
Enjoy your stay.

The Bellhop leaves. Marilyn flops on the bed, pours herself a glass of champagne, picks up the phone.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Good evening Miss Monroe, how may I  
help you?

MARILYN  
I'm looking for Frank Sinatra.

OPERATOR  
May I give him a message?

MARILYN  
Well just that I'm here, that I've  
checked into my room.

OPERATOR  
I'll be sure to give him the  
message.

Marilyn flops back on the bed, unsure of what to do with herself. Starts to kick off her shoes, but then on a whim, jumps back up and grabs her purse -

INT. CAL-NEVA LODGE - THE CELEBRITY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Marilyn stands at the door of the Celebrity Room, the Lodge's main theater. There's no sign advertising her performance. She sticks her head in the door -

INT. CELEBRITY ROOM - CAL-NEVA LODGE -

Doesn't look like they've started setting up yet. The stage is bare. Marilyn enters, walks up the steps, looks out at the empty house. A look of peace comes over her face: this is what she was born to do.

She smiles at the invisible audience, gives them a wink and a poop-poop-ee-doo, and comes down off the stage. As she exits the theater, she notices a pay-phone booth just across the corridor.

INT. A PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Marilyn inserts a dime into the phone. Waits for the dial tone and then dials a number on the rotary phone. One ring... two rings...

Joe DiMaggio picks up -

JOE  
(on phone)  
Hello?

Marilyn giggles -

JOE (CONT'D)  
Marilyn, is that you?

MARILYN  
Joe, can you hear me?

JOE  
Marilyn, where are you?

MARILYN  
I'm at the Cal-Neva

JOE  
The Cal-Neva?



MARILYN

Yes, to sing a benefit gig in the  
Celebrity Room tonight. Frank sent  
his private plane for me.

JOE

What benefit?

MARILYN

I don't know, it just came up this  
morning, out of the blue.

JOE

(half-joking)

You know, I'm in San Francisco now -  
I could be there in a couple of  
hours, if you need me in the front  
row.

MARILYN

Don't be silly. I'll be just fine.  
I'm among friends, old friends.  
People we trust - just like we  
talked about.

JOE

All right, then. But don't tax  
yourself.

(jocularly)

Go back to your room and don't  
answer the door for anybody but me.

MARILYN

If you say so -

(giggles)

I'll be back in L.A. tomorrow.

JOE

I love you, baby. Take care of  
yourself.

Click. Marilyn looks at the phone -

MARILYN

(affectionately, to  
herself)

Same old Joe, always bossing me  
around.

INT. CAL-NEVA BEAUTY PARLOR

Marilyn sticks her head in. One BEAUTICIAN is fitting cotton cord around the perimeter of a client's full head of rollers. A couple of others are just chatting away.

MARILYN

Hello, excuse me, is there someone here to do my hair before the show?

BEAUTICIAN

Goodness! Miss Monroe! I'm sorry do you need an up-do?

MARILYN

I do - just a little something.

BEAUTICIAN

Of course! I will meet you in your room in five minutes. Will that work?

MARILYN

Perfect.

INT. BUNGALOW 52 - MARILYN'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Marilyn shakes out her dress and lays it on the chair. Her hair is now perfect. She grabs the telephone and its very long cord, sets it on one side of the bed and lays down - very carefully - flat on her back so as not to mess up her hair.

INT. MARILYN'S ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Marilyn wakes from a fog, looks at the clock, it's 8:15 p.m. She picks up the phone, dials the operator -

OPERATOR

Good evening, Miss Monroe.

Sitting up on the bed now -

MARILYN

Oh, hello, I left a message for Mr. Sinatra earlier, can you just give him the message that I'm getting dressed and will be down in twenty minutes?

OPERATOR

I'll give him the message.

Groggy, Marilyn goes to her train case for some uppers and takes two of them. Dresses in a sleeveless red dress with dropped crystals, adds earrings, lipstick, and steps into her shoes.

She sits on the edge of her bed for a minute more then hears a KNOCK at the door. She stands, goes to the door.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!!

We SEE: A group of TOUGHS in suits, one raises a CAMERA overhead snaps another photo.

They start to muscle in, Marilyn tries to push past them -

HEAD TOUGH  
Where do you think you're goin'?

FLASH!

Marilyn recoils from the glare, starts to tumble backward. Two of the Toughs grab an arm before she can fall -

HEAD TOUGH (CONT'D)  
It's showtime.

CUT TO:

INT. CAL-NEVA LODGE - CASINO - EARLY MORNING HOURS

Staggering, Marilyn makes her way through the nearly-deserted casino. Her hair and face are a mess, her dress is soiled and she's clutching her coat like a security blanket.

EXT. CAL-NEVA LODGE

Marilyn can barely make it down the steps and outside. The lobster-shift doorman barely takes notice of her - just another broad he gets paid not to make uncomfortable.

MARILYN  
Taxi please.

The doorman signals. A cab pulls up.

IN THE CAB -

DRIVER  
Where to, lady?

MARILYN  
Los Angeles, California.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH HELENA DRIVE, BRENTWOOD - MIDNIGHT

SUPER: "AUGUST 4, 1962"

A quiet cul-de-sac running east off South Carmelina Avenue in the Brentwood district of Los Angeles. We move toward the house at the dead end of the street, where there are still some lights on.

As we approach, one by one they switch off. The place goes dark.

EXT. 12305 FIFTH HELENA DRIVE - MIDNIGHT

In the darkness, we can just make out three men emerging from the house. There's a big Lincoln Continental parked just outside the open gate. They get into it and drive off into the night.

EXT. OLYMPIC BOULEVARD INTERSECTION - BEVERLY HILLS 12:30AM

A Beverly Hills cop car, its motor running, is standing at the side of the boulevard. A cop has pulled over a driver and is about to call in the plate number when -

WHOOSH - the big Lincoln we roars past him at high speed, doing at least sixty..

IN THE COP CAR

OFFICER FRANKLIN  
(on his radio mic)  
Yes, California plate 574 XF- whoa!  
Never mind -

Police officer Lynn Franklin chucks his mic back on the hook and tears out after the Lincoln, siren wailing. He lights up the Lincoln -

EXT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL -

Officer Franklin shines a flashlight on the driver and passengers. The driver rolls down his window -

We recognize him at once as Peter Lawford. He's already holding his license in his hand -

LAWFORD

Good evening, Officer. Is there a problem?

Lawford's not the first famous actor Officer Franklin has pulled over in Beverly Hills. He points his flashlight at the passenger in the back seat (Marilyn's psychologist Dr. RALPH GREENSON), who blinks in the glare -

The spotlight falls next on the man in the passenger seat. It's Bobby Kennedy. Officer Franklin freezes. He looks at Bobby, who gives him the famous Kennedy stare...

CUT TO:

INT. 12305 FIFTH HELENA DRIVE - EARLY MORNING

A bustle of activity. Cops cars, press, gawking civilians. Something's going on.

Sgt. Clemmons is doing a walk-through of the house, following EUNICE MURRAY, the housekeeper -

EUNICE

I spent the night here, yes. At Dr. Greenson's insistence. He didn't think she should be alone.

Eunice suddenly stops, turns - the burly Sgt. Clemmons nearly bumps into her -

EUNICE (CONT'D)

I called the doctors the minute I saw her, lying there...

Eunice starts to cry -

EUNICE (CONT'D)

She was talking on the phone, you know, like she always does. And then she just got... quiet.

SGT. CLEMMONS

Let me see her.

INT. MARILYN'S BEDROOM -

Strangely spartan - certainly not the plush boudoir we might expect of a movie star of Marilyn's magnitude.

EUNICE

There she is. This is where she died.

Sgt. Clemmons steps through the doorway to Marilyn's bedroom, removes his hat.

ANGLE ON: Marilyn's body.

She's lying face down on the bed, naked, a sheet draped over her bottom. America's greatest sex symbol is dead at the age of 36.

Two men are in the room with her: DR. HYMAN ENGLEBERG, 48, and DR. RALPH GREENSON, 51 (whom we saw in the Lincoln).

DR. GREENSON

She took all of them.

Greenson's pointing at three empty pill bottles on the night table adjacent to the bed -

SGT. CLEMMONS

And you are...?

DR. GREENSON

I'm Dr. Greenson, her psychiatrist.

DR. ENGLEBERG

I'm Hyman Engleberg, Miss Monroe's personal physician. I'm the one who called.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL CHAPEL - FOUR DAYS LATER

SUPER: "August 8, 1962"

Marilyn's flower draped casket is carried by six pall bearers from the CHAPEL and placed into a HEARSE.

We see a handful of Marilyn's closest friends, Joe, and Joe Junior, wearing a Marine Corps uniform and doing his best to fight back tears. No Kennedys, no Sinatra, no Rat Pack.

PULL BACK TO  
REVEAL:

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!!

Throngs of press, photographers, cameramen, and onlookers are penned in a roped-off area. Shock, grief, curiosity play across their faces. Some weep openly.

Joe and Joe Junior get into their car -

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - SAME DAY

The hearse pulls up. The rear door opens and Marilyn's coffin is pulled out by the pallbearers. Joe and his son are two of the pall-bearers. They carry her a short distance to her final resting place, in the wall of an open-air mausoleum.

JOE JUNIOR  
(sotto, to Joe)  
I talked with her, Dad. The night  
before.

Joe is silent; Joe Junior moves to fill the silence as they carry Marilyn.

JOE JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
You know what she said to me? "It  
gets easier. Every day, and every  
week, it gets easier."

They're in front of the mausoleum wall now. The empty crypt gapes. There are flowers everywhere. A Catholic PRIEST intones the Prayer for the Dead -

PRIEST  
Libera me, Domine, de morte  
aeterna..."

A single tear rolls down Joe's cheek. He makes no move to brush it away -

CUT TO:

INT. PACIFIC TURF CLUB - GOLDEN GATE PARK - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER"

Sam Giancana sits at the Turf Club Bar, alone. It's too early even for the waiters to be there. Giancana wears an overcoat and hat, and studies the Daily Racing Form while he waits.

He looks over the top of the newspaper as Joe enters. Folds it neatly and sets it down on the counter. Rises, extends his hand -

SAM GIANCANA  
Giuseppe.

JOE  
Salvatore.

SAM GIANCANA  
Let's take it outside.

INT. TURF CLUB DINING ROOM -

Giancana and Joe sit on a table facing each other in their coats and hats in the open-air dining room. We see the track below, the morning fog hasn't burned off yet.

A bus boy pushes through with two cups of coffee and sets them on the table. Sam nods a thank you, and the kid leaves.

SAM GIANCANA  
I'm sorry. You can't know how sorry I am. She was a great kid.

JOE  
Thank you. It's been hard.

SAM GIANCANA  
You did the right thing, keeping the press away, keeping them all out. I respect that.

JOE  
We were going to get married again.

Giancana sips his coffee -

JOE (CONT'D)  
Marilyn and I had never been happier. I was makin' her laugh - it was like I finally figured out how to make her happy: just love her, its all she wanted.

SAM GIANCANA  
Absolute heart of gold that one. I never saw a mean bone in her body.  
(beat)  
She loved you, Joe.

JOE  
Took me long enough to figure that out.

Joe chokes. Giancana squeezes Joe's arm -



JOE (CONT'D)  
Why weren't we friends, you and me?

SAM GIANCANA  
Your family's from Femmine, mine's  
from Partanna... what would the  
Nonnos think?

They both laugh -

SAM GIANCANA (CONT'D)  
Why'd you send back that bottle of  
Sassicaia I bought you at Musso  
Frank's?

JOE  
I stopped drinking.

Joe turns somber -

JOE (CONT'D)  
Sam, couple of things - I gotta  
know what happened that night at  
the Cal-Neva.

SAM GIANCANA  
You don't wanna know.

JOE  
I have to know.

GIANCANA  
And the other thing?

JOE  
I'm looking for a guy, and I'm  
hoping you're that guy.  
(beat)  
Cause if you're not that guy, I'm  
gonna have to do it myself -

Increasingly emotional, but still tightly wound, Joe  
continues:

JOE (CONT'D)  
They can't be allowed to get away  
with it.

Giancana SLAMS an open palm on the table -

SAM GIANCANA  
 And right under everybody's noses.  
 Those fuckin' smug Mick bastards  
 don't have the decency to cover  
 their tracks - whoever the fuck  
 they're praying to...  
 (beat)  
 Listen, there were pictures...

INT. CAL-NEVA LODGE - HOTEL ROOM -

[Giancana's narration continues, over FLASHBACKS in black and white]

The THUGS shove Marilyn into a plain room with a bed in the middle. The place is set up as if for a photo shoot - screens, lights, a movie camera, the works -

There are several men in the room. They are wearing masks. They are also naked. We notice the dresser top is lined with pills and booze...

One of the Thugs shoves Marilyn onto the bed -

THUG  
 Make yourself comfortable.

FLASH!

SAM GIANCANA (O.S.)  
 Said it was the only way to get her  
 to stop callin'...

FLASH!

SAM GIANCANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 To shut her up...

One of the naked men kisses her as others fondle her -

SAM GIANCANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 They threatened to spread 'em  
 around, show 'em to the studio,  
 ruin her for good.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. TURF CLUB DINING ROOM -

Joe is absorbing this with mounting inner fury. Giancana reacts -

SAM GIANCANA  
I told you -

JOE  
Keep talking.

INT. CAL-NEVA LODGE - HOTEL ROOM - B/W FLASHBACK

Marilyn lies half-conscious on the bed as two different masked men have sex with her. The movie camera is rolling -

SAM GIANCANA (O.S.)  
But she didn't care.

Marilyn wakes, struggles, tries to push the thugs off her -

SAM GIANCANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
She wasn't giving up. Said she didn't care. Said they were the one's who were gonna be exposed, that they couldn't hurt her.

One of the Thugs hits her hard, knocking her back on the bed -

THUG  
Wait til Joe sees these...

With all her remaining strength, Marilyn LAUGHS and SPITS in his face...

FLASH!

INT. TURF CLUB DINING ROOM -

Joe is crying.

SAM GIANCANA  
You need a drink?

Joe shakes him off -

JOE  
Who's got the pictures?

SAM GIANCANA  
Two guesses.

The two men sit in silence for a while. The fog in Golden Gate Park is starting to lift. There's the promise of bright California sun ahead, but it's still hidden.

SAM GIANCANA (CONT'D)  
 She was tougher than they were, Joe  
 - said the studios could go fuck  
 themselves -

JOE  
 - that's my Marilyn -

SAM GIANCANA  
 - that she was truly loved, and  
 that no one who mattered to her  
 would care.

JOE  
 (touched to the heart)  
 Oh, baby girl...

There's nothing more to say. Joe pulls himself together,  
 stands.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 She knew I loved her. That's  
 why... why I -

SAM GIANCANA  
 Nobody's safe with them around.  
 They're animals. It's never gonna  
 end.

Sam looks directly at Joe, man to man:

SAM GIANCANA (CONT'D)  
 You asked if I know a guy.  
 (beat)  
 I know a guy.

FADE TO BLACK, then -

FADE IN:

EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DALLAS, TEXAS - NOON

SUPER: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

POV: Six floors above Dealey Plaza. A MOTORCADE has just  
 turned right onto Houston Street from Main Street.

As we watch, the motorcade moves slowly down the street  
 toward Elm Street. The cars take the hairpin left turn very  
 slowly. Cheering crowds line the streets and cluster in the  
 small green park to wave at the President of the United  
 States.

JFK's car makes the turn. Wearing a pink suit, Jackie Kennedy sits beside her husband. As the car clears the turn and begins to head for the Stemmons Freeway -

FLASH! FLASH!! FLASH!!!

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK -

As in the beginning of our movie.

The man's hand fiddles with the roses, getting them just so.

PULL BACK TO  
REVEAL:

JOE DIMAGGIO

Perfectly attired in a tailored suit, white pocket square, freshly shaved, his hair neatly combed. Although now in his 80s, he looks like a guy heading out for a first date with the most beautiful girl in the world.

Joe leans forward and, ever so gently, touches Marilyn's nameplate -

JOE  
(to Marilyn)  
Rest, baby girl. They're never  
gonna hurt you again..

He steps back. Smiles.

BLACK

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END