

JOE AND MARILYN

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FADE IN:

INT. CHASEN'S (BEVERLY HILLS) - NIGHT (MARCH, 1952)

MARILYN MONROE (25) stands against a wall of this legendary eatery. She is nervous, yet resents being here.

DAVID MARCH (40), slimy, runs up to her, relieved. He takes her hand, leads her to a BOOTH TABLE, where TWO MEN, slick, sit. March directs her attention to his right.

MARCH

Miss Monroe, this is Joe DiMaggio.

JOE DIMAGGIO (37) is on his feet. Strong. Precise. Yet his patented stoicism can't hide that he has just been struck-dumb by the vision now before him. She smiles, surprised, and offers her hand; they shake.

INT. CHASEN'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

The men TALK as Joe and Marilyn sit together, eating. Each steals shy glimpses of the other; the attraction is strong. She then notices something.

MARILYN

There is a polka dot exactly in the middle of your tie. Did it take you long to fix it that way?

He looks at her, shakes his head. She resumes eating. He looks at her for a long moment, resumes eating.

INT. CHASEN'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

Marilyn is bored. Worse, she realizes the men are SHOWING OFF for Joe. She finally turns to March.

MARILYN

Dave, I have a long day ahead. I really have to get home.

She turns to Joe as she gets to her feet.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

It was nice meeting you.

He springs to his feet, startling her.

JOE

May I see you to the door?

EXT. CHASEN'S - PARKING LOT - MINUETS LATER

Marilyn keeps her distance. But Joe doesn't take the hint.

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JOE
I'll walk you to your car.

She grits her teeth. They walk to a 1950 Pontiac Catalina Deluxe Coupe. She opens her purse, digs for the keys.

JOE (CONT'D)
I came alone and don't have transportation. Would you be so kind as to give me a lift? I am staying at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

MARILYN
(surprises herself)
I'd be happy to.
(long beat)
I'm sorry I don't know anything about baseball.

JOE
That's all right. I don't know much about the movies.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. DOHENY DRIVE - LATER

Marilyn DRIVES, stares ahead. Joe stares ahead.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - LATER

Marilyn stares ahead. Joe stares ahead.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. VINE STREET - LATER

Joe nor Marilyn show any sign of making the first move.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - LATER

Marilyn turns ONTO IVAR AVENUE. The HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER SIGN crawls up the windshield. Joe fidgets.

JOE
It's still early and I don't feel like turning in. Would you mind driving around a bit longer?

She is suddenly filled with happiness, but remains stoic.

MARILYN
It's a lovely night for a drive.

After a beat, he looks at her.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. SUNSET BLVD - LATER

MARILYN

I'm sorry I was late. I mean, I'm late for everything, but I completely forgot. I just got home when Dave called: "You can't do this to me! He isn't just anyone!".

He smirks a bit.

JOE

Two hours had passed and you still hadn't showed. I said to Dave: "Either you don't know her or I've been stood up". Just as I was about to head for the exit, I turned, and there you were.

MARILYN

And you wish you had just kept right on going!

He grins/shakes his head.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. N BEVERLY DRIVE - LATER

JOE

I am always nervous when I go out with a girl. The first time I don't mind; it's the second time I don't like. The third time very-seldom happens. I have this friend, George Solotaire, who runs interference for me, and pries the girl loose when I tire of 'em.

MARILYN

(takes that in)

Is Mr. Solotaire in town with you?

JOE

He is.

MARILYN

I promise I won't make too much trouble when he starts to pry me loose.

JOE

I don't believe I will have use for Mr. Solotaire's services this trip.

She is taken aback by the compliment he just paid her.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. MAPLE DRIVE - LATER

JOE

I saw your picture the other day.

MARILYN

(suddenly excited)

Which movie was it?

JOE

It wasn't a movie. It was a picture of you on the sports page.

He produces a newspaper clipping of her at bat with TWO CHICAGO WHITE SOX PLAYERS. She takes a quick glance/winces.

MARILYN

Oh, that. I bet you've had your picture taken doing publicity stunts like that dozens of times.

JOE

Not quite. The best I ever got was General MacArthur and Ethel Barrymore. You're prettier.

She looks at him. The ice has officially been broken.

INT. MARILYN'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - LATER

Marilyn PULLS UP to the ENTRANCE. Joe turns to her.

JOE

Would you care to come up and take a look at a few of my trophies?

She isn't sure if he's kidding. Long beat. He gives her an ardent yet sincere kiss. She pushes him away.

EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX (LOS ANGELES) - PARKING LOT - DAWN

David March approaches Marilyn as she locks her car.

MARILYN

He struck out!

He gives an incredulous grin as she walks away.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY

Sparse, stuffed with books. White baby grand piano - pictures of Abraham Lincoln, Eleonora Duse, and Walt Whitman on it - in a corner. Beethoven PLAYS on a record player.

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Curled up in a chair, Marilyn wears glasses, reads a book. Phone beside her rings. She picks up, weary.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Hello?

JOE (OVER PHONE)
Marilyn, this is Joe. Would you care to have dinner with me this evening?

Her lips purse in irritation; he's called before.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
No, thank you. I'm busy.

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Bourgeois. Joe is on the phone.

JOE (ON PHONE)
Tomorrow evening, then?

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
No, thank you. I'm busy then, too.

Phone line CLICKS. He hangs up, dejected yet determined. GEORGE SOLOTAIRE (50), father hen, enters with Joe's dry cleaning. He sees Joe, shakes his head in dismay.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - DAY

Marilyn eats lunch with her business manager INEZ MELSON (51) matronly, and her burly make-up man ALLAN "WHITEY" SNYDER (36). As Marilyn goes over her tax returns, she slides a plate of ground raw liver into a glass of tomato juice, stirs, takes a gulp, winces.

MARILYN
I don't make enough money to pay taxes. Whitey make more money than I do.

WHITEY
Well, I have a better agent.

Marilyn sticks her tongue out at him. He scoffs. Inez turns to her.

INEZ
I received another letter. We really need to discuss this.

She is not eager to discuss whatever Inez wants to discuss.

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WHITEY

So, when are you seeing him again?

It takes her a moment to realize who he's talking about.

MARILYN

He's a jerk! You go out with him!

He chuckles. She shoots him a look, softening a bit.

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - DAY

Joe is on the phone.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)

Do you want to take me out to dinner tonight?

He smiles, somewhere between elation and disbelief.

INT. THE WINDSOR (LOS ANGELES) - EVENING - LATER

As the PATRONS at this French eatery gawk, Joe and Marilyn eat. He is delighted. She is reserved.

MARILYN

My make-up man, Whitey, thinks you're God. So, I figured, if Whitey worships him, he can't be that bad.

He has to chuckle. Then, as if on cue, a PUDGY MAN bounds over to their table.

PUDGY MAN

I was at Griffith Stadium, Joe! I was there! You hit those homers - bam!, bam!, bam! - and I was there!

He gives an annoyed grin as he signs Pudgy Man's napkin.

JOE

Look, I am just a man. And it's nice to meet you, too.

Joe shakes his hand. Pudgy Man leaves on a cloud. Pause. Joe finishes eating.

JOE (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I smoke?

She shakes her head. He breaks out a pack of Camels, lights up. She then notices something.

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CONTINUED:

MARILYN
What's that?

She points to a ring on the third finger of his left hand.

JOE
It's my first World Series ring. Would
you care to look at it?

She nods. He puts the cigarette in an ashtray, pulls the ring off. As he places it in her hand, their fingers touch. They catch each others' eyes, and blush.

INT. PERINO'S (LOS ANGELES) - EVENING

Same scenario: PATRONS gawk; Joe and Marilyn try to eat. He signs a piece of paper for a BOY, only to watch the Boy take it to his Joe-worshipping FATHER.

JOE
Someday, I tell myself, this madness
will end, and I will have my life back.

MARILYN
Yeah -- when you're dead!

He nods, resigned. She laughs, STOPS suddenly. It throws him, but tries not to let on. He resumes eating.

JOE
Did you always want to be in the movies?

MARILYN
I can't think of a time when I didn't.
I mean, the idea there was a world
outside that didn't have a thing to do
with the movies never even occurred to
me until I was sixteen. That's when I
got married.

He's thrown. Sensing this, she panics a bit.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Aunt Grace, she wasn't really my aunt.
She was Mother's best friend. She
looked after me after Mother --
(long beat)
Jim lived next door. How Grace talked
him and his mother into it, I'll never
know. We hardly knew each other.
(sudden shame)
I don't like thinking about the past.
It depresses me.

He takes that in.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - ON SET - DAY

Monkey Business. Marilyn, in costume, sits at a desk in a mock office/waiting room, speaking to a point OFF-SCREEN:

MARILYN

"Oh, yes. Mr. Oxley's been complaining about my punctuation, so I'm careful to get here before nine".

HOWARD HAWKS (O.S.)

And... cut! Print that.

She looks nervously to her right at NATASHA LYTESS (40) stern, standing OFF SET. She gives a haughty nod. Marilyn beams like a child receiving her mother's approval.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - OFF SET - LATER

She and Natasha meet at a chair. Luminous before a camera, she is ordinary, even drab, away from it. She takes an envelope off the chair, removes the paycheck, signs it, gives it to Natasha. VOICES O.S. They turn in reaction.

INSERT: INT. SOUND STAGE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Joe is in a sea of PEOPLE, treated like a conquering hero.

BACK TO SCENE

Marilyn and Natasha observe the now-O.S. HUBBUB.

NATASHA

(Russian accent; scorn)

I doubt he has read a book in his life.

As a PUBLICIST escorts Marilyn away, she turns to Natasha. Natasha returns a stare that would freeze Hell.

PUBLICISTS have brought Joe and CARY GRANT (48) together. They shake hands; they know each other. Joe is INTRODUCED to he-man director HOWARD HAWKS (55) as she is brought over. She and Joe share a shy smile. The four are then lined up for PHOTOGRAPHERS, who shoot away.

EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BACK LOT - LATER

Joe and Marilyn walk as PEOPLE approach him to shake his hand and/or get an autograph.

JOE

"Marilyn Monroe: The Talk of Hollywood".

She reacts with a tiny hop, giddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)
 (without bluster)
 I made the cover of *Life* twice.

She takes that in, then becomes chastised.

MARILYN
 Sorry, I should have told you about the calendar. The studio told me to deny it, but how could I? Besides, there are plenty of other ways a pretty girl can make fifty dollars without any danger of being "exposed".

He can't argue with that.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 I had no idea you knew Cary.

JOE
 I know a great many people in show business. Of course, none of them would give me the time of day had I wound up driving a truck for a living.

She is struck by the burst of cynicism.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Who was that with you?

MARILYN
 Natasha. She's my drama coach. She's from Russia, and is very cultured. She gives me books to read. She takes me to plays and concerts and museums. She even taught me how to use a knife and fork.

He mulls that over.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 People make up stuff about you?

He is thrown by the question, then nods.

JOE
 When I'm not tying one on at some bar I have never been to, I'm hitting on some girl I have never even met.

MARILYN
 And it doesn't bother you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Of course it does. But it'd only sell more papers if I made a stink. A beat writer put it to me this way: "They don't mean to hurt you, just use you".

MARILYN

(takes that in)

"They don't mean to hurt you, just use you".

He stops walking, turns to her.

JOE

Would you care to go to my hotel, and take a look at a few of my trophies?

She smiles to herself, conceding "defeat".

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - LATER

Joe flips on the lights, escorts Marilyn in. Sure enough, on a table are numerous trophies. He points them out:

JOE

Philadelphia Writer's Association;
Wheaties All-American; Golden Laurel
Award; Pacific Coast League MVP Award;
American League MVP; Sporting News
Athlete of the Year.

He grabs/opens a wood box: eight diamond/gold rings.

JOE (CONT'D)

The rest of my World Series rings.

He points to a large trophy behind the others.

JOE (CONT'D)

That was presented to me by Babe Ruth. Do you know what the Colonel offered him for the thirty-five season? A buck. A single dollar. And all the man did was save baseball.

(long beat)

I have played baseball since I was six years old. It's all I know. It's all I ever wanted to know. I have no idea what I am going to do with the rest of my life.

He surprises himself. But there is something about her: he feels he can tell her anything. He puts the box down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They suddenly become shy, unsure. He finally turns to her. Their eyes lock. He leans in, hesitant, kisses her softly, breaks, then again, more-assured. She melts.

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - MORNING

Open door. Joe, in a coat, and Marilyn sit on a sofa, watch the BELLHOPS pack his trophies. They have to smile.

He produces a pen from his coat, writes on the pad on the table before them, tears off the page, hands it to her.

JOE

This the number to Yankee Stadium.
This the number of my hotel. And this
is my private line at home. My sister
Marie always knows where I am, so if
you can't reach me, call her, and she
will get hold of me.

The BELL CAPTAIN enters.

BELL CAPTAIN

Mr. DiMaggio? The lady's cab will be
here in a minute, and, as instructed,
the fare will be charged to your bill.

Joe nods. But this doesn't sit well with her at all.

MARILYN

No! I can call Natasha to get me.

JOE

Nonsense.

She is stupefied. George Solotaire tips the bellhops and Bell Captain as they leave. Joe rises, turns to her; he doesn't want to go. He leaves, followed by George, who gives her a fatherly smile of approval.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

Know what I did? I wrote a note to
Dr. Rabwin and I taped it to my stomach.

JOE (PRE-LAP)

You did what?

INT. CEDARS OF LEBANON (HOLLYWOOD) - MARILYN'S ROOM - DAY

Marilyn lays in bed as a STYLIST works on her. Publicist ROY CRAFT (44), wily, arranges fan mail around her as a PHOTOGRAPHER sets up. Roses in a vase on an end table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
I just wanted to make sure he didn't
remove any ovaries!

**INT. HOTEL ELYSÉE (NEW YORK CITY) - JOE'S SUITE - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS**

Luxurious. A smiling Joe, phone to his ear, sits on a couch
watches TV, eats a hoagie/drinks beer.

JOE (ON PHONE)
The appendix ain't anywhere near there.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
Well, I know that now! But he brought
in Dr. Krohn, and they figured out why
I have such terrible periods. I always
knew I wasn't normal, but no one ever
believed me. Jim would always tell me
to take a bunch of aspirin.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOE AND MARILYN

She panics as Craft does a slow burn.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
I gotta go. The studio needs photos.

JOE (OVER PHONE)
What?!

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
They're only doing their job. What am
I supposed to do?

JOE (OVER PHONE)
Tell them to go to Hell!

She freezes, stares into nothingness.

JOE (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
Marilyn? Honey?

She puts on a brave smile, as though he can see her.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
I got your roses. They're beautiful.

He begins to realize how needy - and troubled - she is.

EXT. BEVERLY-CARLTON HOTEL (BEVERLY HILLS) - CURB - NIGHT

Marilyn, zoned out, locks her car.

INT. BEVERLY-CARLTON HOTEL - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Marilyn is at the top of the stairs when she realizes she just blew past Joe, at the bottom of the stairs. She turns to him, can't believe it. He grins at her.

INT. KARGER HOME (NORTH HOLLYWOOD) - DAY

Modest bungalow stuffed with mementos from Hollywood's Golden Age. Marilyn is at the screen door as ANNE KARGER (65) waddles up, ecstatic. Anne opens the door; they hug. Anne is floored when she notices Joe behind Marilyn.

ANNE
(Boston-Irish accent)
I thought you were pulling my leg!

Marilyn grins, looks past her. She YELLS in delight as Anne's grandchildren, BENNETT (12) and ANNE (10) DAUBREY, run in. Group hug. They are tailed by their mother, Anne's daughter, MARY DAUBREY (32). Another group hug.

INT. KARGER HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

Joe has coffee with Anne and Mary while Marilyn PLAYS in the BACKYARD with Bennett and Anne.

ANNE
My husband was general manager of Metro Pictures before it merged with Goldwyn and Mayer. Our son, Fred, is a music director at Columbia. And that is how Marilyn came into our lives. When was that, Mary, four years ago?

Mary nods.

MARY
She was head-over-heels for Fred. She wanted to marry him in the worst way.

ANNE
It pains me to say he did not treat her well.

MARY
"She's uneducated. She's immature. She's too needy. She isn't good enough".

Marilyn and the kids enter the KITCHEN. She opens the icebox, grabs three soda bottles, opens them, hands one to each kid, grabs the other soda, closes the icebox. They enter. She walks behind Anne, wraps an arm around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

What have you been telling him, Nana?

Anne pats her arm, matronly.

ANNE

Now, now, nothing to worry your pretty little head over.

Marilyn MOUTHS: "Don't listen to her! Don't listen to her!". He grins at her.

INT. CAR (PARKED)/EXT. WHITLEY AVE (HOLLYWOOD) - MORNING

JOSEPH DiMAGGIO III [LITTLE JOE] (10), red-haired version of his father, hops in the back. Joe hops in the driver's seat. Marilyn, looking like a sexy June Cleaver, turns to Little Joe; they smile, bond instantly. Joe produces a paper. Sensing it's an itinerary, she stops him.

MARILYN

Let's just go where the day takes us.

She turns to Little Joe, who nods eagerly, then to Joe, who's befuddled, clearly not the spontaneous type.

INT. LAS ANITAS (LOS ANGELES) - LATER

Legendary Mom-and-Pop Mexican café. Joe, Marilyn, and Little Joe sit at a corner table, reading the menus.

JOE

They passed down slips of paper for me to sign. That was when Little Joe, bless him, turned to them, and yelled: "Will you leave my dad alone?!".

Chuckles. He musses his boy's hair, then sees an OLD LADY at the front door struggling with a bag.

He and Little Joe get up, go to her. Little Joe takes her bag as Joe holds the door. Surprised yet grateful, she INDICATES to them that she is going to the kitchen. They escort her to there, return to the table to a amazed and impressed Marilyn. WAITER approaches. She leans into them.

MARILYN

Do you trust me?

They don't understand, but nod. She turns to the waiter.

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CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
*Pastel de manzana y pasas, y
 champurrado. Tortilla de patatas, y
 café con leche. Huevos motuleños, y
 café de olla.*

The waiter scribbles on his pad, takes the menus, leaves.

JOE
 Apple cake with raisins, and hot
 chocolate. Potato omelet, and coffee
 with milk. Rancher's eggs, and coffee.

He turns to her.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Italian and Spanish were once the same
 language.

MARILYN
 Hey, I didn't know that.
 (long beat)
 Does "DiMaggio" mean anything?

JOE
 "Di" means "of". And "Maggio" is
 "May", as in the month.

LITTLE JOE
 I didn't know that!

Chuckles. The waiter serves them their drinks.

INT. ROLLERDOME (CULVER CITY) - LATER

Little Joe and Marilyn at the rail, roller-skates on, wait
 for Joe, on the bench, who hasn't even untied his shoes.

LITTLE JOE
 Come on, Dad!

MARILYN
Pollo!

She IMITATES a CHICKEN. Little Joe cracks up. Joe shakes
 his head/waves them off. They give up/skate off.

RINK FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

LITTLE JOE
 That's the thing about Dad: if he
 doesn't think he'll be the best at
 something, he won't even try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes that in.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
You're the first girl he's introduced
me to. He must like you a lot.

She does not know how to respond. Pause.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
I like your dress.

MARILYN
Really? Your dad took me shopping. I
didn't want to, but he insisted: "No
more borrowing clothes from the goddamn
studio!"

They laugh, then she does a 180, not wanting him to think
she is mocking Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
He says that if I take pride in myself,
then people won't think they can push
me around and take advantage.

He nods, then wobbles. She grabs his hand. They smile.

EXT. BEL AIR COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - LATER

Joe signs autographs for some KIDS as Marilyn and Little Joe
sit at a table. She draws a diagram for him.

MARILYN
The pilot chute catches the air and
pulls the canopy out. These are lines,
risers, and the container. The things
the GIs hold onto in the movies are
toggles. They control the steering
lines. That's how you brake and turn.

He turns to Joe, then she does.

LITTLE JOE
Hey, Dad! Marilyn was a parachute
inspector during the War!

MARILYN
Sad, but true.

Joe smiles. She turns to Little Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Do you like military school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE JOE

Yeah. I'm going to join the Air Force,
and become an engineer.

MARILYN

I played a WAC in a movie. I wore a
uniform, and learned how to salute.

She executes a crisp salute. He smiles.

LITTLE JOE

What's it like being a movie star?

She thinks about that for a long moment.

MARILYN

I don't know. I really don't know.
When I'm not on-set, I'm in wardrobe or
rehearsals or post-production or doing
publicity. Ten hours a day, five days
a week. And I wonder why I'm anemic.
(sudden enthusiasm)
But I love it. I love it. I get to
pretend. I get to be somebody.

Suddenly, Joe points to PHOTOGRAPHERS across from them as he
confronts a POOL ATTENDANT.

JOE

Who allowed them in here?!

The Attendant shakes his head, having no idea.

JOE (CONT'D)

Clear them out or I will!

The Attendant USHERS them out. Marilyn is stunned, but
Little Joe is excited by Joe's "take charge" mode.

DOROTHY (PRE-LAP)

I do not want my son in the company of
that woman!

INT. WRIGHT, WRIGHT, GREEN & WRIGHT (LOS ANGELES) - DAY

DOROTHY SCHUSTER (34), Nordic beauty, sits with her lawyer
ALBERT PEARLSON (40), formal, across from Joe and lawyer
LLOYD WRIGHT (59), distinguished.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

She had you take Butch to a place where
there was drinking and a lot of adult
talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe can't believe what he's hearing.

JOE

There were dozens of other kids there!
Later, I took Miss Monroe and Little
Joe to dinner, then we took the kid
home.

Pearlson turns to Wright, ready to talk deal.

PEARLSON

Lloyd, we are seeking modification of
the MSA; child support increased to a
thousand dollars per month; and a
stipulation that all future visits
between Mr. DiMaggio and Joseph are to
take place at Mrs. Schuster's home.

DOROTHY

After all, I must think of my son's
emotional security.

JOE

Oh, that's rich, coming from you! You
change husbands the way most people
change their underwear!

DOROTHY

And we are at Miss Monroe's attorney's
office because the two of you are "just
good friends".

Were she a man, he'd deck her. Wright clams Joe down, then
turns to Pearlman.

WRIGHT

Albert, Mr. DiMaggio pays quadruple the
support agreed upon in the MSA, tuition
to the Black Foxe Military Academy, and
provides fully for Joseph's needs as
well as what can be deemed as non-
essentials: trips, summer camp.

JOE

Money is not the issue.

Everything STOPS. Joe turns to her.

JOE (CONT'D)

For some time now, you have attempted
to shut me out of the boy's life to the
point of preventing me from seeing him
on several occasions. I am his father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY

What do you want, my congratulations?
I didn't have to marry you. There were
plenty of other men interested in me.

JOE

Then why didn't you marry one of them?
Because they weren't Joe DiMaggio!

She stands, daggers in her eyes. Pearlson and Wright stand,
but Joe does not, for him, the ultimate show of disrespect.

WRIGHT

Mrs. Schuster, a boy needs his father
just as he needs his mother.

DOROTHY

Well, Butch has turned out more secure
without the influence of his father.

She and Pearlson leave. Joe gives the table a kick.

INT. MIKE DIMAGGIO'S APARTMENT (SAN FRANCISCO) - DAY

Working class. TOMMY DiMAGGIO (12) opens the door to find
Joe and Marilyn. Joe musses the boy's hair/ushers her in,
closes the door as Tommy's sister ROSALIE (3) races in.

ROSALIE

Uncle Joe!

JOE

Princess!

He scoops her up, introduces the kids to her.

JOE (CONT'D)

This is Tommy. And this is my
princess, Rosalie.

He turns to Rosalie.

JOE (CONT'D)

Are you my princess?

ROSALIE

Yeah!

Joe's brothers MIKE (43), TOM (47), Mike's wife, MAMIE (40),
Tom's wife, LEE (42) enter. Tom points at Joe.

TOM

Something's wrong -- you're happy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laughter. Joe shakes Tom's hand, then Mike's, kisses Lee, then Mamie. He turns to Marilyn.

JOE
My brother, Tom; his wife, Lee. My
brother, Mike; his wife, Mamie.

Marilyn and they exchange GREETINGS.

MIKE
The Army has decided they can't live
without our boy, so we've moved the
party up to Sunday.

JOE
The christening is Sunday.

TOM
Yeah. Tell Reno Patty better make a
ton of that braciuni or else.

Chuckles. Marilyn sees the messy KITCHEN, turns to Mamie.

MARILYN
Would you like some help cleaning up?

MAMIE
Oh, I'd sure appreciate it.

Joe watches her leave with Mamie as the others watch him. They can tell she is "the one".

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Mamie wipes the counters as Marilyn washes the dishes with a scary intensity. Mike sits at the table, nursing a beer.

MIKE
Ma and Pop came over from Sicily. They
knew no English. None of us kids knew
English until we got in school. One
time, Joe was called on by the teacher.
He said the wrong thing in English, and
the other kids laughed at him. He went
into this shell. When Dorothy walked,
it killed him, but you'd never know it.

She takes that in. Tommy and Rosalie race in with 7 bags, put them on the table, and remove the "It's It" (chocolate chip cookie/ice cream sandwich) out of the bags.

A bag dangles before Marilyn. She spins behind her to find Joe holding it. Mike wedges himself in between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Uh, in case you're wondering, the
bedroom's down the hall.

She laughs. Joe shakes his head.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF (SAN FRANCISCO) - DOCK - DAWN

Wooden Mom-and-Pop boats are dwarfed by a steel cutter.
DIMAGGIO'S, the family's restaurant, is in the B.G.

Joe stands/smokes as GIANNI, SAL, and LUIGI (70s), old
salts, sit on a bench. They speak the PRE-WAR SICILIAN
DIALECT, **SUBTITLES OVER:**

GIANNI

Our way of life is disappearing before
our eyes. My sons work in the factory.
They say there is no money in fishing.

JOE

Mike is part of a cooperative and they
are actually giving these boys --

He thumbs at the cutter.

JOE (CONT'D)

a run for their money.

The old men nod. They now notice Marilyn walking dreamily,
carrying a picnic basket.

LUIGI

You have fallen in love with a very
beautiful girl.

SAL

She will make you a proper wife, and
give you many children.

GIANNI

What a piece of ass!

END SUBTITLES

Joe reacts. The old men laugh. She comes to him. With a
big grin, he slides an arm around her waist.

JOE

These gentlemen worked the Bay with
Pop: Gianni, Sal, and Luigi.

He INTRODUCES her to them IN SICILIAN. They are charmed.
Joe shakes their hands. They leave. The old men nod to
each other in approval.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - LATER

Joe steers a 35' mahogany sloop. He gestures for Marilyn to take the helm. She shakes her head. He reassures her.

She tentatively puts one hand on the wheel next to his, then the other. He lets go. Her eyes widen as she realizes she's actually steering, and jumps up and down, excited.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - BEDROOM - MORNING

View of the Golden Gate Bridge and San Francisco Bay. Lionel toy train O-Gauge layout on a large table.

RAIN taps on the windows. Joe sleeps in bed, then awakens suddenly, realizes he's alone.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In a dress shirt, Marilyn is bent-over on the toilet: pill bottle, glass, tampon applicator on the counter. He enters, alarmed. Spinal Osteoarthritis has arced his back, and his ripped, otherwise-perfect body is riddled with scars.

He moves into her. She wraps her arms around his neck. He lifts her up.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He carries her to the bed, lays her on it, covers her with blankets. She smiles at him weakly.

MARILYN

Funny, ever since they diagnosed the endometriosis, my periods hurt a hundred times more now. Maybe God is trying to tell me something.

FLASHBACK: INT. BEL AIR COUNTRY CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Little Joe and several KIDS PLAY Cops to her Robber.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'd make a really kooky mother.

BACK TO SCENE

His smile tells her otherwise. He lays down, wraps his arms around her. She feels completely safe. They fall asleep.

INT. CHURCH OF SAINTS PETER AND PAUL - SANCTUARY - DAY

Joe holds a BABY as a PRIEST CHRISTENS her. Parents RENO (36) and CATHERINE "PATTY" BARSOCCHINI (30); daughter NANCY (5); and GODMOTHER stand with him. Marilyn, and the Barsocchinis' FAMILY and FRIENDS sit in the pews.

INT. DIMAGGIO'S - DINING AREA - LATER

Upscale Big Boy's. CLOSED for a PARTY. WOMEN and CHILDREN FUSS over Patty, Nancy, and the baby. Mike and Mamie give their SON (19) fishing gear as a going-away gift.

Joe and Reno stand off to one side.

RENO

Nancy has been pestering us for a baby brother ever since she found out there is such a thing as a baby brother. But I think she's happy having a baby sister.

JOE

She's beautiful, Reno. Absolutely beautiful.

Joe offers his hand: "Congrats". They shake. Pause.

RENO

How did it go with the Archbishop?

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

Even if I could wrangle an annulment, Marilyn is divorced.

The weight of his dilemma sinks in. Joe's sister MARIE KRON (44), earthy, walks over with a jar, gives it to Joe; he opens it with ease. She shakes her head, beside herself.

JOE (CONT'D)

Have you seen Marilyn?

MARIE

She said she had to call her answering service, so I pointed her to the office.

INT. DIMAGGIO'S - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe enters to find Marilyn huddled in a corner. Baffled, he comes to her, squats, removes his jacket, wraps it around her, tries to make eye contact. She looks at him, gives him a tiny smile, then bursts into tears.

MARILYN

A reporter called Harry! He found out!
He found out!

He realizes this is a lot worse than a nude calendar.

INT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL (SANTA CLARA) - ENTRY - MORNING

Marilyn then Joe enter. She meekly walks to the reception window. The NURSE pushes a sign-in sheet at her.

INT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL - LOUNGE - MINUTES LATER

PATIENTS mill about, attended by NURSES and ORDERLIES. Joe looks around, calm yet unsettled. Marilyn walks ahead.

TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

GLADYS ELEY (49) sits in nurse's garb, absorbed in a fan magazine. Marilyn walks over, squats beside her, looks up; the resemblance is eerie. Gladys finally notices her.

GLADYS

Child! You received my letters! You're taking me back to Norwalk!

(sudden fear)

Did they tell you why they put me here? I voted for the Socialists by mistake while I was living in Hawthorne. That is why I am studying to be a nurse. The Army needs me. I must prove that I am a patriotic American.

All Marilyn can do is nod as Joe walks over.

MARILYN

This is Joe. Joe, this is my mother, Gladys.

Gladys motions for him to sit. He stands until Marilyn sits; she does, self-conscious of his propriety. He sits. Gladys scrutinizes him for a long moment.

GLADYS

Are you Catholic?

JOE

(puzzled)

Yes, ma'am.

GLADYS

(sudden horror)

The Catholics infiltrated our congregation! That is what happens when you go to Church instead of listen to the Readers!

MARILYN

It's all right, Mother. He is not a practicing Catholic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marilyn looks at him. He nods to Gladys, puts her at ease.

A burly yet cheery ORDERLY puts a food tray before Gladys: boiled potatoes; spaghetti with tomato sauce; bread with butter; milk. A delighted Gladys sets the magazine aside, digs in. He turns to Joe and Marilyn.

ORDERLY

Only thing Mrs. Eley will eat. No meat or fish or poultry. Won't even eat gravy if she thinks it's made from fat.

GLADYS

I do not need a meat substitute for my health, thank you very much.

Marilyn smiles her thanks. The orderly nods, leaves. Gladys then turns to Joe, points at Marilyn.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

This is my child. I named her after Norma Talmadge, the greatest star of her day. You see, to be in the pictures was my child's destiny, the reason for her being.

She taps on the magazine.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

And my child has fulfilled her destiny, just as the Lord promised she would. I'm so proud of her.

Marilyn beams. He now realizes "the pictures" is much more to her than a way to pay the bills.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

She is a bastard, you know? Charles Stanley Gifford was a bastard, and his child is a bastard.

Gladys smiles at her ingenuity. Marilyn's reaction affirms she is, indeed, illegitimate. Gladys turns to her.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

I am ready to return to Norwalk now.

MARILYN

B-b-but you hated it there.

GLADYS

I brought you into this world, and I am entitled to my conditions! Now, I do not belong here! I belong at Norwalk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marilyn is at a loss. Gladys moves away from her.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Get away! I don't need you! I have
God! He knows the evil in your heart!
And He will strike you dead!

EXT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - LATER

Swamped by terror, rage, shame, and guilt, Marilyn walks as Joe follows. She turns to him, sure he's going to dump her. But he draws her to him. She clings to him, and cries.

INT. BELL TOWER (NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA) - DAY

Niagara. Marilyn lays on the floor. JOSEPH COTTEN (47) sits to her left. As he just "killed" her, she can move her mouth only. They look at the massive bells hanging over them, then at each other. Major Hebe-Jeebees.

MARILYN
What do you think the deal is with Jean
and Howard Hughes?

COTTEN
Who knows? What's the deal with you
and Joe DiMaggio?

MARILYN
Now, never you mind!

They laugh. A MAN with a clapboard steps in front of them. She closes her eyes. Board claps, the Man leaves.

HENRY HATHAWAY (O.S.)
And... action!

COTTEN
"I loved you, Rose. You know that".

EXT. BUS DEPOT (NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA) - PLATFORM - LATER

Marilyn sits/writes in a prompt-book as he-man director HENRY HATHAWAY (54) has the CREW set up the next shot. Roy Craft approaches. She jumps up. Hathaway points at her.

HATHAWAY
Sit down! You're going nowhere!

CRAFT
Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Brand --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HATHAWAY

(interrupts)

Can shove a finger up his ass! I believe that is within the realm of his technical facilities!

Livid yet powerless, Craft leaves. Stunned, she meekly sits down. Hathaway turns to her.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

Who's your agent? Don't you got somebody to tell these cocksuckers to back off while you're working?

MARILYN

William Morris. But ever since Johnny died, they act like I don't exist.

He knows the story. He leans into her.

HATHAWAY

You say you feel like you're knocking at the door, but nobody's answering? Well, this isn't going open the door -- it's going to blow it right off the goddamn hinges!

(deadly serious)

Get help and get it now. You won't be able to handle what's coming on your own.

She nods quickly, shaken.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION (ATLANTIC CITY, NJ) - DAY

Marilyn is greeted by Mayor JOESPH ALTMAN (59) - who saddles her with a large bouquet - FANS and MEDIA. A banner is carried by THREE TEEN BOYS: "Welcome, Marilyn Monroe, Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production 'Monkey Business'".

INT. BETTY BACHARACH HOME (LONGPORT, NJ) - DAY

Rehabilitation center. Marilyn TALKS to several CHILDREN, signs autographs, displays her genuine warmth.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL (NEW YORK CITY) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe sleeps. LOUD KNOCKS. He awakens, wraps a robe around himself as he walks to the door. He unlocks/opens the door to find Marilyn in the HALL, champagne bottle in one hand. She holds the September 1, 1952 issue of *Life*, Ernest

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hemingway on the cover. With a wicked grin, she puts the bottle down, opens the magazine, READS:

MARILYN
 "I must have confidence and I must be
 worthy of the great DiMaggio who does
 (over-the-top)
all things perfectly".

She laughs, picks up the bottle, takes a swig.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 I will have you know that for the sake
 of
 (over-the-top)
propriety,
 (normal)
 I have checked into --

She hands him the bottle, drops the magazine, opens/digs into her purse, produces a hotel tag key, reads the tag.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 the Sherry-Netherland.

She then cranes her head to see into his room.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 Was I interrupting something?

It takes him a few moments to figure out what she means.

JOE
No!

She cracks up. He can only smile. She enters, leans against the door frame. He closes the door.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM (BRONX, NY) - CONCOURSE - MORNING

As the field is prepared by the GROUNDS CREW, Joe points to each corresponding field position to Marilyn:

JOE
 The pitcher stands on the mound. The catcher is behind the plate. Then you have first base, second base.

MARILYN
 I know where you are!

JOE
 You mean, where I was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She points to the middle of the field.

MARILYN
Center.

JOE
That's right. Center.

They share a smile.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - TV STUDIO - LATER

Joe, smokes, paces like a caged tiger. Marilyn, wary, tugs on his sleeve. He turns to her.

MARILYN
Natasha taught me this. Close your
eyes, and --

The very mention of Natasha makes him even more-agitated, if that is possible. He now directs that agitation at producer JACK PHELPS (40).

JOE
Jack, if it is not here in...

CREWMAN (O.S.)
Found it!

Joe notices she is gone. He signals to George Solotaire to follow her. George nods, leaves.

A CREWMAN hands a cue card to the CUE CARD MAN, who stands next to a camera. The cue card READS: "Hi, I'm Joe DiMaggio. Welcome to 'The Joe DiMaggio Show'".

INT. TOOTS SHORE'S (NEW YORK CITY) - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

Joe and Marilyn eat. You can cut the tension with a chain saw. Owner BERNARD "TOOTS" SHORE (49) slobbers over Joe.

SHORE
Everything good, Clipper? Steak the
way you like it?

JOE
Everything is fine, Toots. Just fine.

Shore leaves, but not before he shoots her an ugly stare like a jealous lover. Joe tries to make eye contact. She finally turns to him. If looks could kill...

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - JOE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - LATER

Marilyn undresses to an all-in-one slip as clothes fly angrily in all directions. Shopping bags on the floor: Bergdorf-Goodman; Argosy Books; Ferragamo; William Barthman Jewelers. The shopping spree is his way of apologizing.

MARILYN

And don't give me that crud about wanting to protect me! I couldn't even say "Hi" to the poor usher without you going off!

Pause. She turns to her right.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

What's that supposed to be?! Strong and silent?! Say something!

Joe sits on a sofa arm, jacket off, transfixed by her. He finally gives her a boyish smile.

JOE

When are you going to marry me?

She is disarmed. He holds out a hand. She comes to him. He pulls her to him, but loses his balance. They fall backwards on the sofa.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

CHRISTMAS PARTY. Marilyn stands at a buffet, serves herself tiny portions, as if she has no right being there. HARRY BRAND (57), the studio's slovenly head of publicity, moves beside her. She turns on him.

MARILYN

Why did you plant that about me and Mr. DiMaggio? "What coordination". I would never say a thing like that!

BRAND

And a Merry Christmas to you.

(beat)

And to answer your question, it's good publicity. Which is neither here nor there, since you and Mr. DiMaggio are now kaput.

She's about to respond when he cuts her off.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Marilyn, it's me, Harry. The all-seeing, all-knowing czar of the Fox
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAND (CONT'D)
 promotional machine. The man who made
 a certain "orphan girl" America's
 newest sweetheart.

(an aside)
 Yeah, only the public can make a star.
 Whatever.

(beat)
 I know Joe bolted from your love nest
 exactly three weeks ago. And I further
 know he hasn't so much as given you a
 jingle since returning to the warm
 embrace of his loving family.

(beat)
 Now, since everybody knows what a Boy
 Scout he is, I know he didn't throw you
 over for another broad. So, either he
 has conveniently forgotten your phone
 number or he has called it quits on
 account of his being none-too-happy
 about certain aspects of your career.

FLASHBACK: EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - DAY (AUGUST 1952)

Marilyn - in a low-cut dress and wearing a "Miss America
 Grand Marshal Parade" badge - poses with FOUR SERVICEWOMEN
 before a PHOTOGRAPHER on a ladder. She dips subtly.

MARILYN (V.O.)
 But I didn't lean forward! He stood on
 this ladder and shot down!

BACK TO SCENE

BRAND
 Whatever. You ask me, you're better
 off without that stuck-up guinea prick.

She takes this in as he leaves.

EXT. SIDEWALK (BEVERLY HILLS) - LATER

Marilyn walks, carrying a bag, utterly alone. A DOG barks
 in a fenced yard ahead of her. She goes to it, squats,
 removes/unfolds a foil-wrapped item from the bag, feeds it
 to the dog.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL (BEVERLY HILLS) - LOBBY - LATER

The DESK CLERK checks if Marilyn has any messages. None.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SUITE - MINUTES LATER

Modest. Marilyn flips the lights on, enters, drops the purse on a chair, walks to the KITCHENETTE. She puts the bag on the counter, opens the fridge, removes a liquor bottle, takes a swig. She glances to her right, notices: a SMALL CHRISTMAS TREE on a table, an angel on top of it, a card at its base.

She puts the bottle down, walks to the tree guardedly, picks up the card, MOUTHS: "Merry Christmas, Marilyn". Panic. Door CREAKS O.S. She spins around behind her with a gasp.

CLOSET - THAT MOMENT

Joe steps out. She flies into his arms, overjoyed. He lifts her up as they spin around/kiss. He puts her down, wipes her tears, which only produces more tears.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)
 "Give your hearts, but not into each others' keeping. For only the Hand of Life can contain your hearts".

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT (1953)

Marilyn drives herself to master a DANCE from Gentlemen Prefer Blondes with choreographer JACK COLE (41), beatnik.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 "And, stand close, but not too close together. For the pillars of the Temple stand apart".

EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BACK LOT - DAY

Marilyn READS from The Prophet as she and Whitey walk. She makes eye contact with the MEN who walk past them; if she's being a tease, it's hard to tell.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 "And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each others' shadow".

WHITEY
 You keep reading all those nutty books, your brain's going to turn to mush.

She shoots him a look. He gives her a shit-eating grin.

MARILYN
 So, okay, just to humor you, I marry Joe, and quit. Then something happens,
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 because with my luck, it always does.
 We wind up getting divorced or, God
 forbid, Joe dies. Then, what do I do?
 I can't go back to my career. I don't
 have any job skills. I didn't even
 finish high school. How am I going to
 take care of me and our kids?

She challenges him to counter that logic. He can't.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - DRESSING TRAILER - NIGHT

Whitey, a BODY MAKE-UP MAN, and a STYLIST work on Marilyn, who sits before a mirror in a gold lamé gown. She gazes into it, psyching herself up to be "Marilyn Monroe". Phone rings. Roy Craft picks it up.

CRAFT (ON PHONE)
 Craft. Publicity.

He puts a hand over the mouthpiece, turns to her.

CRAFT (CONT'D)
 It's Joe.

She shuts her eyes, her concentration shattered. She takes a deep breath, opens her eyes. Craft hands her the phone.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
 You couldn't do this for me? Just this
 once?

INT. TOOTS SHOR'S - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSED. Joe is in a phone as George Solotaire, Shor, and TWO CRONIES sit at a F.G. table playing poker.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Or do you care more about what your
 buddies will think?

JOE (ON PHONE)
 I could give a damn what anyone thinks.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOE AND MARILYN

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
 Then why aren't you here?! You're
 never here! You don't love me! I'm
 just another bimbo for "Georgie" to
 pry loose!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (ON PHONE)
Honey, you're being ridiculous.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
(irrational rage)
I'm ridiculous?! Fuck you! Fuck you,
fuck you, fuck you!

She slams down the receiver.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY

Joe stands at door #3, knocks. Pause. Marilyn opens it, peeved. She blocks him from entering, bends to her left, produces his shirts, suit pants/jackets, ties, undies, PJ's. she throws them at him.

She throws his belts, suspenders, socks, toiletries at him. She shoves a golf bag into his chest, hurls several golf clubs at the B.G. fountain, slams the door. Pause. Door opens. He brightens -- until his shoes and slippers fly at him, forcing him to duck. Door slams.

He stands there, golf bag in his arms, clothes hanging on him, befuddled. He takes a deep breath, knocks. Pause. Door opens. She stands there. He looks silly, yet his dignity remains. She melts. He smiles.

**INT. HOTEL RIVIERA DEL PACIFICO (ENSENADA, MEXICO) - SUITE
- BEDROOM - MORNING**

Posh. Joe sleeps in bed. Pause. Marilyn climbs on top of him, wearing one of the shirts she threw at him. He awakens, greets her with a smile of pure joy.

MARILYN
Heard the latest rumor about me?

He shakes his head.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I'm a female impersonator.

His heart stops. She laughs at his reaction, then tears suddenly stream down her face.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I'll do anything you want. I'll be
anything you want. Just don't say
goodbye.

Moved beyond words, he draws her to him.

EXT. HOTEL RIVIERA DEL PACIFICO - CAFÉ - LATER

Joe and Marilyn eat breakfast. Even here, the PATRONS gawk. She grabs the May 25, 1953 issue of *Life* off a news cart near them - she and Gentlemen Prefer Blondes co-star Jane Russell on the cover - holds it up to him proudly.

JOE

And you were paid... how much?

MARILYN

Can't you just be happy for me?

He gives an exasperated sigh.

JOE

With all respect to Miss Russell, the people ain't paying to see her. Hell, Whitey made more than you did!

MARILYN

Well... he has to put up with my shit!

He laughs. A BELLHOP approaches with a small envelope. Joe pulls a bill from his wallet, tips him. Bellhop leaves. He opens the envelope, removes a telegram. They read it.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Joe and Marilyn are met by a somber Tom.

TOM

Mike went to Bodega to join the salmon fleet. When he didn't meet up with Elvin and Bob, they went to the dock.

(with difficulty)

They found him in the water about a hundred yards away from the boat. The Sheriff says they think he had a heart attack while he was casting off, fell off the boat, and drowned. The Army has contacted Joe's unit. Vince and Dom are on their way.

JOE

Any reporters come around?

TOM

There was someone here from *The Chronicle*.

Joe turns to her, holds out his hand. She looks at him, puts her hand in his. They walk into the LIVING ROOM: Mamie, Tommy, and Rosalie sit on a couch, surrounded by FAMILY, FRIENDS, and a PRIEST.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy runs to him. He holds him as Tommy sobs. Joe breaks, looks at the boy, assuring him, walks him to the couch. Joe drops to a knee before Mamie, takes her hands in his.

JOE

You and the children will be provided for. You will not want for anything.

Mamie smiles gratefully through her tears.

ROSALIE

Uncle Joe? Is Daddy in Heaven?

He turns to Rosalie, takes her tiny hands in his.

JOE

Yes, he is, honey. He's with Grandma and Grandpa.

ROSALIE

And the angels?

JOE

(sudden emotion)
And the angels.

Marilyn looks on, tears in her eyes.

EXT. HOLY CROSS CEMETERY (COLMA) - MAUSOLEUM - DAY

MOURNERS gather at Mike's closed casket as the Priest READS from a *Bible*. Joe looks at Marilyn, beside him, then at Mamie, Tommy, Rosalie, and Mike's son, in Army dress.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Joe and Marilyn in bed. Long pause. She draws him to her, holds/kisses him as he clings to her, and sobs.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - COURTYARD - DAY

Marilyn and JANE RUSSELL (32) lay on their stomachs, lower their hands into wet cement blocks before each of them.

FLASHBACK: EXT. GRAUMAN'S - COURTYARD - DAY (1934)

Marilyn (then 8) puts her hands into Mary Pickford's hand prints, and is crushed to find her hands are too big.

BACK TO SCENE

Marilyn raises her wet hands, ecstatic, her prints in the block as the flashbulbs pop.

INT. PARIS TEA ROOM (BANFF, CANADA) - DAY

Family eatery. A dejected Marilyn, tailed by Natasha and Whitey, take a table. The PATRONS do a double-take. Whitey grabs a menu off a menu stand, reads.

WHITEY

Ice cream. Ice cream. Ice cream. Hey, guess what? They've got ice cream.

NATASHA

You are so fortunate to be rid of that boor, at last. He was dragging you down to his level.

Whitey turns to Natasha.

WHITEY

You are not only a snob, you are a bat-shit crazy snob!

Natasha turns on him with queenly rage.

NATASHA

Where were you when Harry Cohn released her because she would not indulge him?! Where were you when Fred Karger stomped on her heart?! Where were you when Johnny Hyde died and all Hollywood blamed her?! Were you the one who saved her when she took all those pills?!

Marilyn bursts into tears. As much as they can't stand each other, they hate to see her upset.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marie and her sisters ANDRIANA "NELL" HELQVIST (54), MAMIE JACOBSEN (49), and FRANCES PETROMILLI (46) sit at the table, smoking/drinking coffee/eating cake. TV ON O.S.

MARIE

He saw her in this magazine wearing next to nothing, and he hit the roof.

FRANCES

What does he expect? Seriously?

MARIE

She keeps promising him she'll quit.

MAMIE

Yeah -- when pigs fly!

They shake their heads/roll their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAMIE (CONT'D)
So... is it over?

MARIE
All I know is she's up in Canada, and
he's in the living room, sulking.

More head shaking. Joe enters, opens the icebox door.

NELL
May I offer some advice, dear brother?

He turns to her. Phone rings. Frances gets up/ANSWERS it.

NELL (CONT'D)
Stick to dating grown-ups.

Frances covers the mouthpiece, turns to him: "Guess who?".

INT. BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL (BANFF, CANADA) - BEDROOM - DAY

Motel 6 chic. Joe sits next to a greatly-upset Marilyn as she lays on a bed and a DOCTOR examines her left ankle.

MARILYN
First, they kicked me out of the Jasper
Lodge for wearing "inappropriate dinner
attire". Then, Tommy, the little boy
in the movie, told me his priest said
it was okay for him to work with "a
woman like you", but we couldn't be
friends or anything. Then, I fell off
the raft, and hit a rock.

JOE
What the hell were you doing on a raft?!

DOCTOR
The ligaments are torn.

Joe winces in empathy.

MARILYN
And now, Preminger's thrown Natasha off
the set because she told Tommy he's at
that age where he has to study or else
he'll lose his instrument!

Joe mulls that one over. She senses his disapproval.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
You don't know what she's done for me!
I owe her everything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
You owe her nothing! You owe nothing
to nobody!

Chastised, she takes his hand.

MARILYN
Let's not fight again, please? No more
arguments, okay?

He looks at her.

EXT. BROOK (BANFF, CANADA) - DAY

River of No Return. Ankle in a cast, Marilyn and co-star TOMMY RETTIG (10), both in costume, make faces at a grinning Joe, who takes their picture.

INT. TEKARRA LODGE (JASPER, CANADA) - COTTAGE - NIGHT

Joe and Marilyn in bed. She sleeps as he stares ahead, the impossibility of their romance conking him over the head. He then looks down, realizes how close she is and how tight he is holding her. He buries his face in her hair.

INT. GENE KELLY'S HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - DEN - NIGHT

Mod. PARTY. Hooper GENE KELLY (41) moves past his GUESTS, who PRAISE him on a great shindig. He opens the door to find Marilyn.

KELLY
Darling! Where's Joe?

They exchange pecks on the cheek.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(exaggerated sarcasm)
Oh, that's right -- we're the scum of
the Earth!

MARILYN
You forgot "sharks", "phonies", and
"leeches"!

They laugh. He closes the door, ushers her in. BUTLERS serve them canapés and champagne.

KELLY
I hear Lew Wasserman wants you to jump
to MCA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a gulp, then nods.

MARILYN
Now, everybody wants a piece of me.

KELLY
Welcome to The Club, kiddo!

She beams as they clink glasses. She takes another gulp.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Love that shoot you and Milton did for
Look.

MARILYN
Wasn't I just --

She strikes an exaggerated "glamour" POSE.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
the picture of sophistication?

They laugh as MILTON GREENE (30), boyish snort, walks over.

MARILYN
Milton. Fancy meeting you here.
Where's the missus?

He thumbs over his shoulder.

GREENE
She's a couple of drinks behind me.

EXT. GENE KELLY'S HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

Marilyn smokes as she and Greene sit on a bench.

MARILYN
Whitey and Natasha are ready to kill
each other. They want me to choose,
but I can't. Natasha is my teacher,
and Whitey is my pal. I need them both.
(long beat)
Then, there's Joe. He hates the girls I
play; he says they're sluts. He hates
the clothes I wear; he says they attract
the wrong kind of attention: "I'll take
care of you. Show business is no
business for a girl like you". What am
I going to do?

GREENE
Make your next movie with Chaplin.

She looks at him, thrown.

INT. BUNGALOW (WAIKIKI BEACH, HI) - DUSK

Beach Bum Nirvana. Phone on a table rings. Little Joe, wet, in a t-shirt/shorts, runs in from the BEACH through an open set of doors, grabs the receiver.

LITTLE JOE (ON PHONE)
Hello? Hey, Marilyn!... Wait, wait a second.

He covers the mouthpiece, turns to the doors.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
Dad! Dad! It's Marilyn!

Joe, in shorts, also wet, props a surfboard against the outer wall, enters. Little Joe hands him the receiver.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
She's crying.

Seized, he grabs the receiver.

JOE (ON PHONE)
Marilyn?!

INSERT: INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marilyn sits at a table, in hysterics. Unkempt, she drinks tequila out of the bottle, pops pills. A "fan letter" on the table is a photo of her bosom, "cunt" written on it.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
I'm sorry, Dad! I'm so sorry! I'll be a good girl from now on, I promise! Please forgive me, Daddy! Please!

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOE AND MARILYN

Tension crosses his face as she descends into uncontrollable sobs. Little Joe looks on, concerned.

LITTLE JOE
What's wrong, Dad? Is she okay?

JOE
Everything will be fine.

He motions with his head to his wallet on the dresser.

JOE (CONT'D)
Go grab us a bite to eat.

Little Joe nods, goes to the dresser, pulls a few bills out of the wallet, leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns his attention to the call. His weariness of the roller-coaster ride that is their romance is overwhelmed by the depth of his love and need for her.

JOE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
I'm here, Baby, I'm here. Deep breath,
Baby, deep breath.

She inhales, holds it, exhales. Pause as she tries to pull herself together.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
How... how... do you do a funeral?
(quickly)
Grace... s-s-she k-k-killed herself.
She had cancer, and s-s-she k-k-killed
herself, and I have to do the funeral.

JOE (ON PHONE)
I'm on my way.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
No, no! I just, I just need to know!

JOE (ON PHONE)
Well... did she have family?

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
Doc, her husband.
(beat; hard)
He's a drunk. He's useless.

He's thrown by the sudden change in demeanor.

JOE (ON PHONE)
Did she want to be buried or cremated?

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
I don't know.

JOE (ON PHONE)
Where did she want to be laid to rest?

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
I don't know.

He feels like he's playing Twenty Questions.

MARILYN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Wait... Aunt Ana. Grace's aunt... she
was so wonderful... where is she?
(ah-ha moment)
Westwood Village Cemetery!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (OVER PHONE)
There you are. Contact them, and they
will guide you through it.

She sniffles/wipes away tears, relieved.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
(much calmer)
It must be so nice having Little Joe
with you.

JOE (OVER PHONE)
I had to all but nab him.

She smiles to herself. Long pause.

JOE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
I am the one who needs to beg
forgiveness from you.
(sudden emotion)
I love you... so much. You are
everything to me. There is nothing I
want more than to spend the rest of my
life with you.

Stunned, she cries again, but now for a different reason.

JOE (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
(more-controlled)
And I want you to stop saying you're
sorry.

She has to chuckle. He smiles, relieved this latest crisis
has passed.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - CORPORATE - LOBBY - DAY

Marilyn sits in a chair along a wall, stares ahead, feeling
alone and very small.

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

Oozing with power. Domed ceiling. 3 Oscars and 3 Thalberg
Awards under glass. Doors swing open. Marilyn enters.

DARRYL ZANUCK (O.S.)
Marilyn, Marilyn!

Head of Production DARRYL ZANUCK (50) vile, comes to her,
huge grin. Doors close. He escorts her to a chair before
his massive oak desk. She sits, smiling yet wary. He walks
to his throne-like chair, sits. Long pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZANUCK (CONT'D)

Who are you to reject the deal Charlie Feldman and I hammered out? A deal you signed off on?

She fidgets, nervous.

MARILYN

Well, uh, Mr. Zanuck, I just wrapped How to Marry a Millionaire and River of No Return. And if I sign this, then you will have a backlog of my movies you can release whenever you want, with no incentive to assign me better roles or pay me what I'm worth.

ZANUCK

Who told you that?! DiMaggio?!

She gives a tiny nod. He leans forward.

ZANUCK (CONT'D)

Get this through your damn skull. You are not Grace Kelly. You are not Audrey Hepburn. You are a no-talent cunt with big tits! And if you don't want your fat ass back on the party circuit, you will do whatever the fuck I tell you to do! Is that clear?!

Pure rage fills her eyes.

INT. TOM DIMAGGIO'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT (1954)

Modest and cozy. Joe, Marilyn, FAMILY, and FRIENDS help Tom CELEBRATE his 49th birthday.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DEN - LATER

Christmas decor. Marilyn is at a table on the phone.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)

You can't take on other students?

NATASHA (OVER PHONE)

No! The suspension has given Zanuck the inducement he needed to have me expelled! I am now *persona non grata*!

MARILYN (ON PHONE)

(panics)
But I don't have five thousand dollars!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA (OVER PHONE)
I found you! I made you! I fought for
you! I have sacrificed everything for
you! You owe me!

Terror swamps her.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Joe sits on a couch, watches TV. He grins/stands as Marilyn joins him. She sits; he sits. She give him a tiny smile, the phone call in her mind, and tugs a full-length mink coat around her, his Christmas gift to her.

ON TV: "The Name's the Same" (January 12, 1954). An average MAN (30s) and WOMAN (20s) sit with host ROBERT Q. LEWIS, across from panelists JOAN ALEXANDER, GENE RAYBURN, and BILL STERN. Joe points the Woman out to Marilyn.

JOE
The girl's name is Marilyn Monroe. The
fellow's name is Joe DiMaggio.

She looks at him: "You're kidding?". He nods. Long beat.

JOE (CONT'D)
I was introduced once to a fellow named
Joe DiMaggio. He was a school teacher.

She again registers disbelief. He nods/smirks. Pause.

JOE (CONT'D)
Look, you're having all this trouble
with the studio, and not working, so
why don't we get married now? I have
to go to Japan with Lefty on some
baseball business. We can make a
honeymoon out of the trip.

He looks at her: "Yes?". She looks at him, smiles: "Yes".
They turn back to the TV. Pause.

MARILYN
They don't look a thing like us.

He hums/shakes his head in agreement.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL/MCALLISTER STREET EXIT - DAY

Reno Barsocchini, FRANK "LEFTY" O'DOUL (56), and Tom hustle the newly-married Joe and Marilyn out. PRESS is there to greet them. Joe wears a blue suit and the tie he wore the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

night he met her at Chasen's. She wears a brown dress suit with an ermine collar. She looks back, as if reaching for something.

MARILYN
Wait! I forgot my coat!

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL - CHAMBERS OF JUDGE CHARLES S. PERRY - CONTINUOUS

Painted on open door: "Hon. Charles S. Peery, Municipal Court". A flummoxed CHARLES PEERY (36) is besieged by REPORTERS. On a bench across from him is Marilyn's coat.

PEERY
I forgot to kiss the bride!

Everyone laughs.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE ROAD 243/SOUTH CIRCLE - DAY

Snow. Mountains. Sign: "Welcome to Idyllwild. America's Cleanest Forest". Joe's blue Cadillac zooms past.

INT. COTTAGE (IDYLLWILD) - DEN - LATER

Billiard table. No TV or phone. Door opens. Joe and Marilyn enter, casual, look around like a couple of wide-eyed kids. She sprints upstairs, excited. He watches her until she is gone.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - LATER

Joe opens the refrigerator door, finds a 1936 bottle of Moët, note around its neck. He grabs it, reads the note.

MARILYN (O.S.)
Slugger?

JOE
In here, Baby!

MARILYN (O.S.)
The bedroom has a balcony and a fireplace! I wonder how much Lloyd paid for this.

Marilyn peers around him. He shows her the Moët. She hums.

INT. COTTAGE - DEN - DAY

Joe teaches Marilyn billiards. He fixes on a shot, takes it: the cue ball slams a ball into a pocket. She sticks her tongue out at him. He grins.

She studies the table, leans over, takes a shot: the cue ball seems to take a leisurely stroll. Disgusted, she slaps the ball she wanted to hit into a pocket. He laughs.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Snow. Joe and Marilyn walk/TALK. Pause. She now sprints ahead, shovels snow on him. He gives chase, gathers snow, forms a ball, throws, hits her back. She stops. He stops. She turns around slowly. As if on cue, they gather snow, engage in a good old-fashioned snowball fight.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Joe and Marilyn sit at a small table, eat dinner, drink the Moët, enjoy the roaring fire. A radio is on.

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO)
The newest inductees into the National
Baseball Hall of Fame are --

He stops eating, listens.

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)
Bill Terry, Bill Dickey, and the late
Walter Maranville.

Announcer CONTINUES. He is clearly disappointed. She leans forward, impish.

MARILYN
Know what I think? I think they're
jealous. Like the guys who kicked you
out of the Church. I mean, here are
these bunch of old farts who've
probably never had it - and never will
- and you go and marry me!
(beat)
That must really just bust their balls!

He cracks up.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

SNOWING. Plates of half-eaten dinner, empty champagne flutes on the table. Dying fire. His clothes are folded over a chair; hers are strewn all over the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marilyn is on her stomach in bed, asleep. On the third finger of her left hand is a diamond and platinum "eternity" ring. Joe lays beside her, transfixed. He kisses her back, moves down slowly. She stirs; he flips her onto her back.

She give a YELP, frightened, and aroused, by his brute strength. She smiles, reaches for him. He smiles, comes to her. She clings to him for dear life as he kisses and fondles her hungrily, MURMURS "sweet nothings" IN ITALIAN. She giggles, then does a 180.

MARILYN
 (trying to convince
 herself)
 I'm going to be a good wife... I'm going
 to make the best wife.

He breaks, runs a hand on her cheek, calming her.

SCREEN FLASHES WHITE. FADE UP INTO:

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL (TOKYO, JAPAN) - LOBBY - DAY

PRESS CONFERENCE. Joe and Marilyn sit together. She eats it up; he is ill at ease. He strains to hear a QUESTION.

JOE
 I don't mind playing second fiddle to
 Marilyn. She's my wife.

AMERICAN REPORTER
 Marilyn, do you really want six kids?

JOE
 Hey, you should ask me about that!

Laughter. Pause.

JAPANESE REPORTER #1
 Excuse, please. Do you sleep naked?

Joe and Marilyn look at each other. She turns back to them.

MARILYN
 No comment.

JAPANESE REPORTER #2
 Excuse again, please. Do you wear
 undergarments?

MARILYN
 (prim)
 I'm buying a kimono.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - JOE AND MARILYN'S SUITE - DAY

Ornate. Joe sits with an American REPORTER.

JOE
Everything has been fine. We've enjoyed our trip. The only thing that I have to complain about is that I haven't seen very much of Marilyn.

EXT. DAEGU AIR FORCE BASE (DAEGU, KOREA) - STAGE - DAY

Poured into a cocktail dress, Marilyn PERFORMS "Do It Again" for SCORES of TROOPS, totally in her element. She is not wearing her wedding ring. A splint is on her right thumb.

AUDIENCE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

A SOLDIER readies to take her picture with the lens cap on his camera. SINGING/MUSIC STOPS. FOOTSTEPS O.S. He lowers the camera, this look on his face. She bends forward.

MARILYN
Honey --

She flicks the lens cap off.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
you forgot to take the cap off.

He nearly faints as his COMRADES go NUTS.

INT. DAEGU AIR FORCE BASE - OFFICER'S CLUB - NIGHT

Marilyn stands next to a SIGNAL CORPS OFFICER, who operates a mobile radio. He nods as he gets a signal, then hands her the receiver, flips a switch.

INSERT: EXT. DAEGU AIR FORCE BASE - MOMENTS LATER

SOLDIERS listen to the public address (P.A.) speakers.

MARILYN (OVER P.A.)
Do you still love me, Joe? Miss me?

JOE (OVER P.A.)
Yes. Of course I do.

They try desperately to suppress their laughter.

BACK TO SCENE - MINUTES LATER

Solemn, she hands the receiver to the Signal Corps officer, who grins like a Cheshire Cat.

EXT. ITAMI AIR BASE (ITAMI, JAPAN) - TARMAC - NIGHT

POLICE struggle to hold back the MOB as Marilyn exits the plane/waves, spent yet elated.

INT. ITAMI AIR BASE - MINUTES LATER

Escorted by COPS, Marilyn comes to a glum Joe. She sniffles. He feels her forehead/throat, clinical.

MARILYN

For the first time in my life, I feel like a movie star! Oh Joe, it was so wonderful! You have never heard such cheering!

He looks right at her.

JOE

Yes. I have.

INT. CABLE CAR (MOVING)/EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) - DAY

Marilyn and Little Joe (now 12) make their way to the front. The splint on her thumb is off.

MARILYN

Bronchitis! I had to stay in bed the rest of the trip! I couldn't even go to the Kabuki!

(beat)

It was so crazy! We had to leave the plane through the cargo hatch! They even smashed in the hotel windows!

(impish)

Oh, know what they call me? "Honorable Buttocks-Swinging Actress".

They laugh. At the front is the CONDUCTOR (60s), a brass bell beside him. His "co-conductor" is a mean-looking CHOW, which sits beside him. She moves to pet the dog.

CONDUCTOR

You should never pet strange dogs. Especially chows. They may bite.

MARILYN

Dogs never bite me. Just humans.

She pets it. It slobbers all over her.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Can we ring the bell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods. She and Little Joe tug on the rope. Bell rings.

MALE TOURIST (O.S.)
Hey, Marilyn!

They turn around. A MALE TOURIST turns to his PARTY: "It is her!". The FANS, as if one, charge at her. Little Joe gets before her, fights them off, leads her out.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marilyn sits in a chair like a petulant child.

JOE
What have I told you?

She rolls her eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)
You go anywhere in this town, take the car!

Joe paces before her, upset, yet clearly concerned.

MARILYN
You just hate it because they want me and not you!

He's perplexed, about to speak, when she jumps up.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Stop telling me what to do! Just stop it! Stop it!

She runs out.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - DRESSING TRAILER - DAY

Wedding ring on, Marilyn sits on a chair arm as an EXECUTIVE talks to REPORTERS. At a piano is HAL SCHAEFER (28), wuss.

EXECUTIVE
Miss Monroe will have script approval, and her salary will increase five-fold. She will join There's No Business Like Show Business, in production --

He motions to Schaefer.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
Hal Schaefer, its vocal arranger, then do The Seven Year Itch for Billy Wilder.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - ON SET - DAY

There's No Business Like Show Business. Marilyn, costumed like a slutty Carmen Miranda, is surrounded by asexual-looking MALE DANCERS. A clapboard now blocks her face.

CLAPBOARD MAN (O.S.)
"Heat Wave". Ten-B. Mark it.

It claps, startles her. Bell rings O.S.

WALTER LANG (O.S.)
Playback... speed... and... action!

PLAYBACK UP: "HEAT WAVE" BY MARILYN. She must lip sync, hit her marks, and DANCE all at once.

MARILYN (ON PLAYBACK)
"I started a heat wave by letting my --
She moves her rear in an exaggerated dip-and-sway.

MARILYN (ON PLAYBACK) (CONT'D)
wave in such a way that/The customers
say that/I certainly can, can..."

She trips backwards/falls. PLAYBACK ENDS. Bell rings O.S. She is chagrined as PEOPLE race over, help her up.

OFF SET - MINUTES LATER

Joe is disgusted. As Marilyn goes to hug him, he tightens his body. Rejection crosses her face. She kisses him on the cheek as if to make amends. A PHOTOGRAPHER approaches. She poses, big smile, but he scowls, making him back off.

ETHEL MERMAN (O.S.)
Oh, Joooooee!

He turns to the VOICE, smiling. Battle-ax ETHEL MERMAN (46) comes to him; they've been pals for years.

ETHEL (CONT'D)
How are you?

JOE
You know how it is.

PHOTOGRAPHER
How about a picture with Miss Merman?

He grins, leaves Marilyn. She watches him pose with Ethel, deeply hurt.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)
Joe knows he will always come first
with me. Everything else is second.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - DAY

Marilyn sits with a REPORTER.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

But he understands my career is very important to me. I fought very hard to get it. Sometimes starved. And the same goes for his career with me. But if we can help it, and we will, we will never let our work come between us.

INT. HOUSE (BEVERLY HILLS) - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Refined. Sitting with sportswriter JIMMY CANNON (45), Joe smokes, divides his attention between him and the TV.

JOE

My life is dull. I never interfere in Marilyn's work. I don't go to the studio to see her act anymore. It's the same thing all the time: shoot a scene, then hang around. I wait and see the picture.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - CONTINUOUS

REPORTER

Does Joe want to act or produce?

INT. HOUSE (BEVERLY HILLS) - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOE

Are you kidding? She was working long before she met me. And for what? What has she got to show for it after all these years?

EXT. PALM DRIVE (BEVERLY HILLS) - CONTINUOUS

Tree-lined. A TOUR BUS CRAWLS past a TUDOR-STYLE HOUSE.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't think it's easy work, Jimmy, acting in the movies. She works like a dog. It's hard work.

INT. TOUR BUS (MOVING)/EXT. PALM DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

A GUIDE TALKS, points to his left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She's up at five in the morning, and
 doesn't get through until seven at
 night.

EXT. BUS (MOVING)/PALM DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

TOURISTS poke their heads out the windows, take pictures.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Then we eat dinner, watch a little
 television, and go to sleep.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - CONTINUOUS

MARILYN
 I have picked up a few rules and
 expressions. But I wouldn't break my
 neck to go to a game. And I'm not
 crazy about watching television. But
 Joe loves it. That's his idea of real
 fun: staying home and watching
 television.

INT. HOUSE (BEVERLY HILLS) - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CANNON
 Is she a good cook?

JOE
 When she's working, she's usually too
 tired. But she broils a hell of a
 steak. We're both meat people. We
 like our steaks.

INT. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

His side is spotless; her side looks like a bomb hit it. TV
 ON. Marilyn sits at a vanity, doped. Joe enters from the
 adjacent BATHROOM, having just cleaned it, exasperated.

JOE
 Would it kill you to put the cap back
 on the goddamn toothpaste?!

Phone rings. He ANSWERS it. WALLA. His eyes fix on her.

SCHAEFER (PRE-LAP)
 Why, it's ridiculous that Mr. DiMaggio
 could be any more jealous of me than he
 is of any of the other people working
 with Marilyn.

EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BACK LOT - DAY

An uncomfortable Schaefer speaks to a REPORTER.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)
 She is a wonderful girl and kind to us
 all. I am embarrassed by the whole
 thing.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BUNGALOW - PRE-DAWN

A MAN BREAKS DOWN the door to find Schaefer on the floor,
 comatose, pill bottle and a bottle of white-out by him.

INT. SANTA MONICA HOSPITAL - LOBBY - MORNING - LATER

Harry Brand talks to REPORTERS.

BRAND
 A nervous collapse due to overwork.

The reporters nod cynically to each other as they jot this
 bit of info into their notebooks.

INT. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe and Marilyn sit at opposite ends of a long table, eating
 dinner in angry silence. Long pause.

MARILYN
 I told Alfred that I'm not finishing
 the recordings until Hal recovers.

He stares a hole through her.

JOE
 Why? You screwing him, too?

She is stunned -- but not surprised.

MARILYN
 No! There is no one but you!

He stands. He wants to buy it. But he doesn't. He throws
 his napkin down, leaves. She bursts into tears.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
 We're here to make The Seven Year Itch.

REPORTER (PRE-LAP)
 That's your latest picture, right?

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)
 Yes. I'm looking forward to it very
 much.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE TOWNHOUSE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

MEN and TEENAGE BOYS mill about. CREW MEMBERS enter/leave.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Joe didn't come along with you, huh?

MARILYN (V.O.)
No.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Did he see you off in Hollywood last night?

MARILYN (V.O.)
Oh, yes.

REPORTER (V.O.)
You brought your hairdresser, your make-up man, your drama coach. All this, and no Joe.

MARILYN (V.O.)
Yes. Isn't that a shame?

Marilyn pops her head out of a second story window. They see her, go NUTS. She blows a kiss to a FAN: he ACTS as if he's been "hit" by "it".

INT. TOWNHOUSE - SECOND STORY - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In an all-in-one slip, she kneels on a mattress, waving and laughing. Natasha is off to one side, watching, amused.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Where's Joe?

Natasha smirks. Pain crosses Marilyn's face, but before anyone notices, she puts on her "happy" face/waves.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL (NEW YORK CITY) - THE KING COLE - NIGHT

Fabled pub dominated by the Maxfield Parrish mural "Old King Cole". A BARTENDER waits on Joe.

JOE
Ginger ale, please.
(sensing his doubt)
I don't drink.

BARTENDER
(incredulous)
How do you live?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe grins. WALTER WINCHELL (57) sleazy, sits next to him.

WINCHELL
Scotch on the rocks.

BARTENDER
Yes, sir, Mr. Winchell!

Winchell feigns noticing Joe.

WINCHELL
Hey, aren't you the guy who's married
to Marilyn Monroe?

Joe scoffs. They are served. Joe nods his thanks, but Winchell can't be bothered.

WINCHELL (CONT'D)
I'm going over to Lexington. How about
coming along?

Joe shakes his head.

WINCHELL (CONT'D)
Come on, Joe. I have to be there. It
might make good copy for me.

Joe shakes his head again, more-emphatically.

EXT. TRANS LUX THEATER/LEXINGTON AVE - LATER

The Seven Year Itch. Marilyn, in the iconic ecru halter dress, co-star TOM EWELL (45), and Natasha huddle with production manager SAUL WURTZEL (42).

WURTZEL
The fan will simulate a train passing.
Just a light breeze.

MARILYN
Are you sure? Because I'm not wearing
panties, it's been so hot.

Wurtzel reassures her with a grin, turns to the CREW.

WURTZEL
Okay, everybody, Billy wants to run a
rehearsal!

Wurtzel leaves. Whitey comes to Marilyn as the crew scrambles for the rehearsal. She meekly opens her fist to him: her wedding ring.

EXT. TRANS LUX THEATER/LEXINGTON AVE - LATER

FANS sitting in bleachers BUZZ as Joe, lead by Winchell, finds himself standing next to Milton Greene's urbane wife, AMY GREENE (24), as Greene, to their right, sets up. Joe zeroes in on Marilyn, who, as if on cue, turns to her left. Their eyes lock.

BILLY WILDER (O.S.)
(Austrian accent)
And... action!

She breaks contact, and walks with Ewell. She then looks down, as if noticing the sidewalk grate, steps on it. The fan blows the skirt over her head. Ewell tries to pull the skirt down as Wilder confronts him.

WILDER (CONT'D)
You damn fool! You're ruining a
million dollars worth of free publicity!

She steps off the grate, dazed, yet strangely triumphant.

Joe is numb as Winchell and the MEN around them grin. Only Amy senses Joe's rage. A REPORTER approaches him.

REPORTER
What do you think of Marilyn showing
more of herself than she's shown
before, Joe?

He freezes for a long moment, then walks away.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - THE KING COLE - LATER

A BARTENDER serves Joe a drink. It's not ginger ale.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER

YELLING/HYSTERICAL CRYING are HEARD from SUITES 1105/1106. GUESTS open their doors, peer down the hall.

INT. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Inez Melson ushers crusty lawyer JERRY GIESLER (67) inside. REPORTERS/newsreel cameras on the FRONT LAWN.

INEZ
Mr. Giesler. I am Inez Melson, Miss
Monroe's business manager.

They shake hands. She closes the door. Phone RINGS O.S. She groans, stressed out; he doesn't notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIESLER

The charges will be innocuous, the usual "mental cruelty".

She nods. Geisler shakes his head.

GIESLER (CONT'D)

This is a crazy divorce, even for this town. They still seem to love each other. It's much better when they hate. Better for the lawyers, anyway.

He notices Joe in the LIVING ROOM, on the couch, smoking, watching TV; he has moved downstairs.

INT. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Marilyn, in a black dress, sits at the vanity, an open Bible before her. She cries as Geisler PREPS her. She then sees Joe's reflection; he holds a glass of orange juice. She freezes, transfixed. Geisler takes the hint, leaves.

He walks over, offers her the glass. She takes it/drinks as he squats beside her. She opens her mouth to speak, but he holds up a hand. For once, he wants to do the talking.

JOE

I don't know what your thoughts are of me. But I love you sincerely, way deep in my heart, irregardless of anything.

(beat)

There is nothing I would like better than to restore your confidence in me.

She is stunned. He rises, kisses her, leaves.

EXT. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - ENTRY - LATER

Led by Reno Barsocchini, Joe runs the gauntlet of MEDIA.

INSERT: INT. LYTESS HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD) - DEN - DAY

Modest yet snooty. An elated Natasha talks to a REPORTER.

NATASHA

Some people are small enough to resent things that bring success to others, you know?

INSERT: EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - DAY

Billy Wilder talks to a REPORTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILDER
I'd be upset, too, if fifty-thousand
cameras were pointed up my wife's dress!

INSERT: INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - ROY CRAFT'S OFFICE - DAY

Craft, sleazy grin on his face, talks to a REPORTER.

CRAFT
She had a flamboyant reputation when
they got married.

BACK TO SCENE

CRAFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When you build a home behind a
slaughterhouse, you don't complain when
you hear the pigs squeal.

REPORTER #1
Where are you going?

JOE
San Francisco.

REPORTER #2
Is that going to be you new home?

JOE
San Francisco is my home, and it always
will be.

REPORTER #3
Are you coming back?

He turns, looks up at the second floor, turns away.

JOE
No. I will never be back.

EXT. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - ENTRY - LATER

Geisler and a heartsick Marilyn stand before a cluster of
microphones.

GIESLER
I can only say that a conflict of
careers has brought about this
regrettable necessity.

The reporters SHOUT QUESTIONS at her. She struggles to
answer them, but breaks down. Flashbulbs.

SCREEN GOES WHITE. FADE UP INTO:

FLASHBACK: INT. AIRPLANE (FLYING) - DAY (FEBRUARY 1954)

Joe and Marilyn sit together, very much the lovebirds.

JOE (V.O.)
Everything seemed to go wrong from the trip to Japan on. We had everything set for a beautiful trip. The Defense Department found out --

Interrupted, they turn to find MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES CHRISTENBERRY (59) before them. He smiles, then TALKS.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
and they sent some general over to ask if she would be willing to go to Korea to entertain the troops.

Joe and Marilyn look at each other.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Marilyn looked at me and I looked at her. I told her to go ahead if she wanted to.

INT. KARGER HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Joe sits with a sympathetic Anne Karger and Mary Daubrey. He raises his massive hands, as if to take stock.

JOE (CONT'D)
(bitterness)
These hands. All they're good for is hitting a ball with a bat.

INT. OFFICE OF DR. MARGARET HOHENBERG (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY (FEBRUARY 1955)

Marilyn, wearing glasses, slouches in a chair across from MARGARET HOHENBERG (56), maternal.

HOHENBERG
(Hungarian accent; grave)
It wasn't the first time, was it?

Marilyn nods quickly, confirming.

FLASHBACK: INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - TRAILER - DAY (JUNE 1953)

Marilyn enters to find Joe on the couch. She races to him, ecstatic, but STOPS when he holds up a magazine to her: a photo of her sitting on a MAN'S lap, his back to the camera, her hands around his head and neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Who is he?!

The tone of his voice panics her.

MARILYN
I don't know. I-I never met him before.
It-it was just publicity.

He puts the magazine down, stands, walks to her.

JOE
Don't you lie to me. Don't you ever
lie to me!

At the "ever", he smacks her so hard, she slams into the floor. He storms out. She trembles, too stunned to cry.

INT. OFFICE OF DR. WALTER BLOMBERG (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Joe sits/broods. Psychiatrist WALTER BLOMBERG (65), fatherly, sits across from him.

BLOMBERG
You wanted Marilyn for the same reasons any other man would want her. But you did not want her to be that way for any other man. Nor could you reconcile that the actress performing the demands of her profession was also your wife.
(long beat)
As her refusal to forgo her career became evident, you castigated her for deceiving you when it was you who had deceived yourself all along.

He looks at Blomberg, struck.

INT. OFFICE OF DR. HOHENBERG - DAY

Hohenberg shows a photo to Marilyn of she and Joe at their wedding, about to kiss. She points to Marilyn's left hand.

HOHENBERG
Notice where your hand is? It is on his shoulder. You were pushing him away. Deep down, you did not want to marry him.

Marilyn takes this in, stunned.

JOE (V.O.)
One: Don't ever be critical. Two:
Forget ego and pride.

INT. CAR (MOVING)/EXT. PARK AVE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Joe DRIVES, Marilyn sits beside him, CONVERSE warmly. They stop at a red light.

JOE (V.O.)

Three: Talk from the heart. Four: Be warm, affectionate, and love.

A TRUCK stops beside them. Its burly DRIVER sees them, HONKS. They turn to him. He gives Joe a smile/"thumbs up", points to their car radio. She turns it on.

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO)

Repeat, the newest members of the Baseball Hall of Fame are: Joe DiMaggio...

Announcer CONTINUES. She SHRIEKS in delight/hits him on the shoulder. He reacts with an incredulous smile.

INT. ACTORS STUDIO (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

Bare-bones. Owlsh LEE STRASBERG (53) TUTORS TWO ACTORS on the stage before him, Marilyn, and other ACTORS.

JOE (V.O.)

Five: Don't be a shit. Six: Be patient, no matter what.

INT. CBS STUDIOS (NEW YORK CITY) - MASTER CONTROL - NIGHT

"Person to Person" (April 8, 1955). EDWARD R. MURROW INTERVIEWS Marilyn, Milton and Amy Greene LIVE at the GREENE HOME. Marilyn is anxious; Amy is cool sophistication.

JOE (V.O.)

Don't talk about her business or her friends. Be friendly toward her friends.

MASTER CONTROL OPERATOR

Fox should forget Marilyn, and sign Amy Greene instead.

The STAFF around him nod/hum in agreement.

INT. LOWE'S STATE THEATER (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

Joe escorts Marilyn to the premier of The Seven Year Itch.

JOE (V.O.)

Seven: No jealousy. This is not your wife. She is a fine girl, and remember how unhappy you made her. Happiness is what you strive for, for her.

INT. TOOTS SHOR'S - LATER

Marilyn storms out of the surprise BIRTHDAY PARTY Joe has thrown for her.

JOE (V.O.)
Don't forget how lonesome and unhappy
you are -- especially without her.

A befuddled Joe is approached by Shor.

SHOR
Ah, come on, Joe. What do you expect
when you marry a whore?

He turns on Shor. Shor just crossed the line, and he knows it. Joe storms out.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Marilyn strolls with ARTHUR MILLER (39), self-righteous nerd. She turns to him, impish.

MARILYN
Hey, you wanna see me be "her"?

He's puzzled. She stops, closes her eyes. When she opens them, she is "Marilyn Monroe". She walks backwards and ahead of Miller as PEOPLE come to her, BUZZING.

INT. APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY (1956)

Two bed/two bath in exclusive Sutton Place. View of the East River. MOVERS carry boxes in as Miller DIRECTS them.

Marilyn wears glasses and a thin gold band on the third finger of her left hand. She unpacks a box, a BASSET HOUND at her feet. She removes a book: Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth by William Hazlitt. She opens it, reads the message Natasha wrote inside. Her eyes harden. She drops it in the trash bin beside her.

An ASSISTANT hands her a typed 8/1/1956 check - "Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc. Marilyn Monroe, President; Milton H. Greene, Vice-President" - made out to Mary Slattery Miller for \$16,000. Check memo: "8/56 Alimony". Marilyn grabs a pen, signs it.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - LATER

Miller's tomboyish daughter JANE (12) and Marilyn watch MOVERS maneuver in the white baby grand piano.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
My mother bought it for me when she
rented this house for us.

FLASHBACK: INT. HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD) - FOYER - DAY (1934)

Marilyn (then 8) is held back by a MAN and a WOMAN (60s) as
TWO AMBULANCE MEN take a RAVING Gladys (then 35) out.

BACK TO SCENE

The piano inside, the movers leave. Jane turns to her.

JANE
Can I play it?

Marilyn snaps out of her reverie, looks at her, nods. Jane
sits on the bench, plays.

BOBBY (O.S.)
What's this?

Miller's son BOBBY (9) comes to her holding the "eternity"
wedding ring. Struck, she takes it from him.

MARILYN
I was married to this man before I
married your daddy.

MILLER (O.S.)
And where did DiMaggio get it? From
the bottom of a Cracker Jack box?

Miller, smirking, takes it, holds it up to inspect it.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Well, I'll be, they're real. No doubt,
"procured" for him by one of his many
admirers.

She snatches it from him.

MARILYN
Shut up! You don't know the first
thing about him!

MILLER
You're the one who always talks about
what an ogre he is.

She's stopped in her tracks, quiet, sad. Finally...

MARILYN
He loved me.

She walks away. Bobby and Miller share a reaction.

INT. DOCTOR'S HOSPITAL (NEW YORK CITY) - ROOM - DAY (1957)

Marilyn, in bed, comes out of anesthesia. Miller sits beside her. With them is gynecologist HILLIARD DUBROW (45). Miller rises, kisses her forehead. He and Dubrow leave.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MILLER

Don't you think this is, well, cruel?
I mean, she knows me. She knows the
children. She knows there is nothing
wrong with me which is preventing us
from having children.

Dubrow is floored by his warped insensitivity.

DUBROW

The endometriosis does complicate
matters. However, we see no reason why
she can not conceive again, and
successfully carry to term.

Dubrow senses that he's getting nowhere.

INT. LEXINGTON HOTEL (NEW YORK CITY) - SUITE - DAY (1958)

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of Joe sitting on a pine desk. His modern abode features a terrace and books. With the Photographer are TWO REPORTERS. Joe breaks out a pack of Camels, lights up.

REPORTER #1

You're looking good, Joe.

JOE

And I haven't had a ulcer pain in over
a year.

He raps on the desk to "knock on wood".

JOE (CONT'D)

Guess that means I'm satisfied.

REPORTER #2

How do you get your kicks these days?
You used to get your thrills out of
baseball. You get any out of business?

JOE

I don't know if I get any thrills in
business as in baseball. But I like my
work. I like traveling, covering
ground. I did twenty-five thousand
miles between October and December.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #2
Ever get tired of being recognized?

JOE
It's nice, but it has its drawbacks.
Sometimes I want to be alone.
Sometimes I don't feel like smiling. I
was always shy. I am never relaxed,
really.

INSERT: SERIES OF PHOTOS of Joe escorting YOUNG WOMEN -
Marilyn look-a-likes - to NIGHTCLUBS/PARTIES/SOCIALS.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)
I hear you're dating Miss America.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Didn't she do a Marilyn routine in the
talent portion to win it?

BACK TO SCENE

Joe raises his hands: "Whoa!".

JOE
Miss McKnight and I are co-workers.
Nothing more.

They buy it. The Photographer raises his camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Smile, Joe!

Joe freezes/smiles. Flashbulb.

INT. STRASBERG APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT (1959)

Stuffed with books. Strasberg and his wife, PAULA (49),
ghoulish, tend to their GUESTS, as pretentious as they.
Miller is surrounded by the cream of the THEATER WORLD.
Marilyn stomps over to him.

MARILYN
Get my coat! We're leaving!

The guests are mortified as he meekly EXCUSES himself. A
refined OLDER MAN approaches her. She turns on him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
(icy; scary calm)
You think I shouldn't have talked to
him that way? Then, why didn't he hit
me? He should have hit me.

He is blown away.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POLO LOUNGE - DAY (1960)

PARTY for Let's Make Love: Marilyn; actor YVES MONTAND (38), near-twin for Joe; singer FRANKIE VAUGHAN (31); actor WILFRED HYDE-WHITE (56); comic MILTON BERLE (51); director GEORGE CUKOR (60); producer MAURICE "BUDDY" ADLER (50) MINGLE with the PRESS.

Miller, and Montand's wife, SIMONE SIGNORET (38), doughy, sit with Marilyn as she gulps champagne, and throws herself at an indulgent Montand. Miller is upset, but Simone is blasé about the whole thing.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW - DAY

In the mink Joe gave her, Marilyn stands before Montand, who just opened his door. The coat drops. She is naked.

INT. MAPES HOTEL - SKY ROOM (RENO, NV) - DAY

Art Deco watering hole with views of the Sierra Mountains. BUNNY GARDELL (50) brassy, enters, a small STRAY DOG in her arms. The snooty HOST confronts her.

HOST

You cannot bring that dog in here, Miss.

MARILYN (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

Marilyn, SHIRLEE STRAHM (40), petite; AGNES FLANAGAN (57), doughy; RALPH ROBERTS (41), hulk; and Whitey follow Bunny.

HOST

Uh, no, Miss Monroe. No problem. No problem at all!

He grabs a handful of menus off the maître'd podium, leads them to a corner table, puts the menus on the table, leaves. Marilyn turns to the others with a wicked grin.

MARILYN

I just love doing that!

Laughter. Being a megastar definitely has its advantages.

A GIRL serves them (and the dog) water as Whitey ogles her. Marilyn shoots him a hard look; he looks at her: "What?".

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You're married! Cut it out!

He knows not to argue. She now sees something before her O.S., and stands. Whitey and the others are puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A MAN sits on a stool, nursing a drink. She peeks slyly around his shoulder.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
(stunned)
Joe!

Indeed. Joe turns his head to her VOICE.

JOE
(equally-stunned)
Marilyn!

He jumps to his feet.

JOE (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?!

MARILYN
I'm making a movie. What's your excuse?

JOE
My flight is on layover.

They exchange goofy smiles, neither believing this. A BARTENDER comes over; she directs him to her table. Joe holds out a stool for her, but she declines. She then notices something about him.

MARILYN
Hey, you got your teeth fixed. You don't look like a woodchuck anymore.

He chuckles sheepishly.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
And you're getting a bald spot.

She taps the bald crown of his head a few times.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Seriously, you look good. You look so good. Don't tell me how I look. I look like death. I feel like death. Arthur and Huston just want to keep me alive long enough to finish their stupid movie.
(catches herself;
chagrined)
Sorry.

He shakes his head, sympathetic. Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Has Joey told you?

MARILYN
Told me what?

He grins, whispers in her ear. Her jaw drops. She turns to her table, as does he.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Guys! Joe's son got a football scholarship to Yale!

Everyone (except the dog) react. She grabs onto his arm, and points out every one in the posse to him:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Bunny, she does my body make-up;
Shirlee, my dresser; Agnes, my
hairstylist; Ralph, um, I'm not sure
how to describe Ralph. He's, well,
Ralph. And you know who that is.

Joe and Whitey smile/wave. She points at the dog.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
And that little man we found wandering
around in the desert this morning.

JOE
Maybe it got lost.

MARILYN
Where we are? No way.

He shakes his head in disgust. They turn to the bar as the bartender returns. She looks at Joe's glass.

JOE
(re: his drink)
Coca-Cola.

She shakes her head/rolls her eyes in exaggeration, then turns to the bartender.

MARILYN
Nothing for me, thanks. I only get
myself into trouble.

The bartender nods, leaves. She turns to Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I saw your commercial. What was that
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 stuff you were pushing?
 (needles)
 "Brillo"?

He breaks into a self-conscious grin.

JOE
 Brylcreem.

She strikes an exaggerated pose.

MARILYN
 (as Joe)
 "Works for me".

He shakes his head as she chuckles.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 So, what have you been doing with
 yourself, besides pushing "Brillo"?

JOE
 Well, for the past two years, I have
 been in the employ of the V.H. Monette
 Company. We are a food brokerage, and
 the leading supplier of post-exchanges.

He produces/hands her a business card.

JOE (CONT'D)
 My job entails visiting our military
 bases around the world.

MARILYN
 Wait. Didn't you quit baseball because
 you were sick of all the traveling?

He nods sheepishly as she reads the card.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 (over-the-top)
Vice-Presidente Ejecutivo! Whoa!

He grins in reaction.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 Where's Smithfield, Virginia?

JOE
 It's about seventy miles south of
 Richmond. Home of the Smithfield ham.
 The motto of Smithfield is: "Ham,
 History, and Hospitality".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him: "You're kidding"?. He nods.

JOE (CONT'D)
So, tell me about this picture.

MARILYN
Well, Arthur wrote it. It's based on a story he wrote for *Esquire*. It's hard to explain. There's no real plot to speak of. Basically, I play this girl who comes to Reno to get a divorce, and this mechanic who wants to buy my car, who's played by Eli Wallach, introduces me and my landlady, who's played by Thelma Ritter, to his friends, and they're played by Clark Gable and Montgomery Clift. And all of us go to Eli's house for drinks. Then, I go with them on a round-up, and I lose it when I realize they're rounding up mustangs to sell for dog food.

JOE
That's a hell of a cast you got there.

MARILYN
He couldn't have gotten it green-lit without me.
(long beat; brightens)
So... how's Miss America?

He has to chuckle.

JOE
That ended quite a while ago. Marian wanted to enter show business, and I wasn't about to go through that again.

MARILYN
Where's your sense of adventure?

JOE
You took it all out of me!

She cracks up. He surprises himself by his reply. Pause. He looks at the clock on a wall. She watches him remove his wallet from a back pocket, pull out a bill, set it on the bar, slide the wallet in the pocket.

He places a hand over hers gently: "If you ever need anything.". She gives him a tiny smile/nod. He leaves. She watches him go, suddenly sad.

EXT. DRY LAKE BED (NEAR DAYTON, NV) - DAY

The Misfits. Marilyn, doped, sits as Whitey WORKS on her, the CREW fumes, and PHOTOGRAPHERS snap away. Miller watches this, aged beyond his years; she has worn him out. He turns to INGE MORATH (37), the anti-Marilyn, a camera around her neck. It's clear they're intimate.

EXT. DRY LAKE BED - NEAR DUSK - LATER

CLARK GABLE (59) bundles his elegant, pregnant wife KAY (44) into his Mercedes 300SL, kisses her, closes her door as Marilyn watches, a lost vision of her life with Miller.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY (1961)

The STUDY is empty, except for a photo of Marilyn on a wall; Miller has cleared out. On the bed in the adjoining BEDROOM is a newspaper, dated November 17, 1960: "Clark Gable Dead; Movie's 'King' to be Father; Widow Blames Marilyn's Delays, Antics for Death".

Marilyn, doped, soiled, in a robe, stands at an open window, trying to psych herself to jump.

INT. PAYNE WHITNEY PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC (NEW YORK CITY) - 7TH FLOOR - LOBBY - DAY

WARD for the most-disturbed patients. Door bursts open. Joe, intense yet controlled, walks up to the DESK NURSE.

JOE
I want my wife.

DESK NURSE
(flustered, yet
controlled)
We cannot release any patient without
authorization of the treating doctor.

He grips the sides of her desk, looks directly at her.

JOE
I want my wife. And if you do not give
her to me, I will tear this place apart
brick by brick!

She - and the STAFF - get the message.

INT. COLUMBIA-PRESBYTERIAN (NEW YORK CITY) - HALL - LATER

Joe sits in a chair, agonized. Door opens. A DOCTOR steps out of a room. Joe looks up at him.

INT. COLUMBIA-PRESBYTERIAN - ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Cheery. Bathed, in a gown, Marilyn sits at a window. Door opens. She turns toward the sound, smooths her hair, putting herself on display. Joe walks over, tries to smile. She smiles, offers her hand. He takes it, sits with her.

JOE

Did the doctor tell you what they want to do?

MARILYN

Vitamin shots.

She makes a face: "Yuck!". He has to smile. Pause.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

"You are an evil child".

FLASHBACK: INT. HOUSE (VAN NUYS) - KITCHEN - DAY (1932)

A FOSTER MOTHER'S worn face is twisted in rage.

FOSTER MOTHER

Evil and wicked!

BACK TO SCENE

She snaps out of it, tries to focus. She reaches out, puts a hand on his cheek. He turns his head, puts a hand over hers, kisses it tenderly.

EXT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD (ST. PETERSBURG, FL) - CLUBHOUSE - LOCKER - DAY

Spring training home of the NEW YORK YANKEES. Joe changes into his uniform as he speaks to a few REPORTERS.

JOE

Perhaps I can help with fielding and base running. It's ridiculous to think I can teach hitting in two weeks. I'll do whatever Houk wants me to do.

INT. TIDES HOTEL INN (REDINGTON BEACH, FL) - SUITE - DAY

Modest yet fancy. Joe stands, holding a phone.

JOE (ON PHONE)

The TV deal with Strasberg fell through. The picture bombed. There is talk as to if you will ever work again.

(beat; concludes)

You're feeling sorry for yourself. Now, you either come down here or I'm going to come up there to get you.

EXT. TAMPA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (TAMPA, FL) - TARMAC - DAY

Marilyn has disembarked. She holds a case.

MARILYN
(mock anger)
I'm here. Happy?!

Joe comes to her, grins. He notices a watch on her wrist.

JOE
A watch? This could mean the end of
civilization as we know it.

Perturbed, she shoves the case into his gut. He laughs.

REPORTERS (O.S.)
Joe! Marilyn!

REPORTERS approach. She turns, charges at them.

MARILYN
I'm not her! I'm not Marilyn Monroe!
That's something you guys made up!

They are freaked. Joe gets between them and her, tries to assure her, but she shakes her head, almost-catatonic. Little Joe (now 19) now walks over. She smiles as they embrace. She then sees George Solotaire. They embrace.

GEORGE
I have been beside myself. First, Joe
tells me you are fine. Then, I hear
they put you in a straight jacket.

MARILYN
I'm fine. But you know what I did when
I left? I told them they ought to have
their heads examined!

Joe nods. Laughter. She and Little Joe now walk together. She notices a sophisticated GIRL (19) waiting by a car.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
You are way-too young for that!

He breaks into a grin. Pause.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
What happened to that ten year old boy
I met who wanted to join the Air Force
and become an engineer?

LITTLE JOE
(sudden anger)
He had to tell you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

He didn't tell me. He didn't have to.

(long beat)

So, as your way of getting back your mom and dad for not being the

(over-the-top)

world's greatest parents ever!,

(normal)

you drop out before you get kicked out.

Sure, they'll be disappointed. They'll

wonder where they failed you. But

they'll get over it. Because they

won't be the ones who will have to live

with throwing a once-in-a-lifetime

opportunity away. You will.

(long beat)

So, you hit those books, you straighten

up and fly right, and I'll be at your

graduation, front-row-center!

She gives a WHOOP as if he were receiving his diploma. He nods/smiles. She then points at him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

And no more kicking footballs through the dorm hall windows.

LITTLE JOE

I was practicing my field goal kicking!

She cracks up.

EXT. BEACH (REDINGTON BEACH, FL) - DAY

Joe and Marilyn sit in lounge chairs under a canopy. He smokes. Her head is back, eyes closed, tongue stuck out. He watches this, utterly perplexed. Finally...

JOE

What are you doing?

She turns her head to him.

MARILYN

What's it look like I'm doing? I'm giving my tongue a suntan.

She turns her head back, closes her eyes, sticks her tongue out. You could knock him over with a feather right now. He then notices something O.S. to their right.

JOE

Why, look, darling. Mortals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him, then at where he is now pointing.

MARILYN
And they've come to worship.

She looks back at him, smiles.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
How sweet.

He grins. They are suddenly besieged by FANS and REPORTERS. She raises her hands to them.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Please, please. No autographs. Just money.

Joe scoffs.

REPORTER #1
Are you getting back together?

MARILYN
(overly-cheerful)
We're just friends.

REPORTER #2
No reconciliation in the works, Joe?

JOE
We're friends.

He then sees a PHOTOGRAPHER aiming at him, gives him the raspberries. She laughs in reaction.

EXT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Joe, in uniform, Marilyn, in a scarf and sunglasses, and the Yankees's crusty manager, RALPH HOUK (43), watch a ROOKIE take his cuts in the batting cage. She watches Joe as he watches the Rookie with growing mortification.

JOE
He's got the bat practically wrapped around his head.

MARILYN
Well, not everyone can be perfect like you, DiMaggio.

He scoffs in spite of himself. Houk turns to Joe: "Want in?". Joe nods. Houk signals to the Rookie as Joe pulls off his World Series ring, turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 JOE
 Remember --

He drops it in her now-open hands.

 JOE (CONT'D)
 you asked for it.

She gives an incredulous scoff as he leaves her.

BATTING CAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Rookie gives Joe his bat, leaves. Joe steps in the batter's box, grins at her as he assumes his stance.

A ball launches from the pitching machine. He hits the ball, which slams into the net. She jumps, excited, as he crushes pitch after pitch.

EXT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD - MAIN ENTRANCE - DUSK - LATER

Joe leaves with Marilyn to find some BOYS milling about.

 JOE
 Sorry, boys, Mickey left an hour ago.

The boys GROAN in disappointment.

 JOE (CONT'D)
 Come back in the morning, and I'll see
 to it each of you gets his autograph.

The boys CHEER/THANK him, leave. They watch them.

 MARILYN
 They have no idea who you are.

 JOE
 They have even less idea who you are.

 MARILYN
 Well, I'm not a baseball player.

They share a chuckle, continue walking.

 MARILYN (CONT'D)
 I was just reminded of something Bobby
 Brown told me while we were in Japan:
 "Joe goes through life afraid people
 will ask him for his autograph -- and
 afraid they won't".

She makes a fist/puts it under her chin as if it's a mic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Would you care to comment?

She puts the fist under his chin. He "speaks" into "it".

JOE
While I have the greatest respect for
Doctor Brown as a friend and teammate,
he ought to stick to medicine.

She chuckles, puts her hand down. She links her arm through his, looks around/gestures, struck by the eeriness.

MARILYN
Look at this place. It's like Custer's
Last Stand. They must have found out I
was coming.
(over-the-top)
"Batten down the hatches! Hide the
children! Ahhh!"

JOE
"Hide the children".

Chuckles. Long pause.

MARILYN
I have a confession to make: I played
shortstop on the Orphan Home's softball
team.

JOE
(incredulous)
So, you do know about the game.

She nods sheepishly.

JOE (CONT'D)
And you had heard of me.

MARILYN
Well, it wasn't like I was living in a
cave. But the name didn't mean
anything to me.
(beat; ribs)
It still doesn't.

He grins. Pause.

JOE
I have to ask. What the hell did you
ever see in Miller?

She is thrown. Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

He is brilliant, cultured, and learned.
And people respect him. Like they
respect you. They just laugh at me.

He takes that in.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - DEN - NIGHT

ON TV: 33rd Annual Academy Awards. BOB HOPE's monologue is punctuated by NERVOUS LAUGHTER from the O.S. audience.

BOB HOPE (ON TV)

... when the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences decide which actor and actress has the best press agent. No, it's a whole new thing. I didn't realize there was any campaigning at all going on until I saw my maid wearing a Chill Wills button. But it is exciting. We have more candidates here than the Congo. And I use the comparison advisedly for, for the past month, Hollywood has made Katanga Province look like Pasadena. I wouldn't say feeling has been running high, but if The Alamo doesn't win, they may do it over again... live... right here.

Hope CONTINUES. Joe sits on the couch as Marilyn lays across it, her head on his lap. She can tell by the look on his face he has no idea what Hope is jabbering about.

MARILYN

Being the over-grown Boy Scout you are,
I assume you wasted three hours of your
life going to see The Alamo.

He shakes his head. She giggles wickedly, springs up, walks over to a pile of magazines, grabs some, returns. As she flips through a *Variety*:

MARILYN (CONT'D)

There are Oscar campaigns. And then there is the monstrosity John Wayne unleashed on behalf of his little opus.

She find the page, hands it to him. He READS:

JOE

"It's up to Oscar"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

He even got a bunch of mayors to declare an "Alamo Day" in their town. But that wasn't good enough for

(mock Texas accent)

"Cousin Chill".

(normal)

He hired his own press agent. I can't pronounce the man's last name to save my life, but his nickname is "Bow Wow".

JOE

"Bow Wow"?

She grabs a *Hollywood Reporter*, flips the pages, finds the page, hands it to him. He READS:

JOE (CONT'D)

"We of The Alamo cast are praying harder than the real Texans prayed for their lives in the Alamo for Chill Wills to win the Oscar as Best Supporting Actor. Cousin Chill's acting was great. Your Alamo cousins".

(mortified)

Oh, good Christ!

She cracks up.

MARILYN

I didn't mind him shoving his obnoxious little opus down everyone's throat; it was the insinuation:

(imitates John Wayne)

"If you don't vote for my movie, then you're a commie-fascist-pinko!".

He chuckles.

JOE

(re: impersonation)

Not bad.

(long beat)

What have I been saying to you all these years?

MARILYN

"Sharks, phonies, and leeches".

(exaggerated)

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

She grimaces, but she knows he's right.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Joe and Marilyn sit on the couch, eating Chinese food out of delivery containers, as the Academy Awards CONTINUES.

MARILYN
I pegged Peter Ustinov. But Shirley Jones?

She groans in mortification.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Do me a favor? When Liz Taylor wins, stop me from jumping out the window.

He cracks up.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
See? Now that's where
(mock Texas accent)
"Cousin Chill"
(normal)
went wrong. He should have come down with pneumonia. Or announced he has cancer and has got, like, six weeks to live.

He scoffs. She gets up, walks to a desk, pulls out a drawer, removes a letter, returns, hands it to him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I got a letter from Kay. She's invited us to her ranch.

He reads it.

JOE
I told you she wouldn't hold you responsible for Gable's death.

Her reaction tells him she still blames herself. They turn back to the TV.

BOB HOPE (ON TV)
Here now is the lovely Jane Morgan to perform Best Song Nominee "The Second Time Around", from High Time, which I'd like to dedicate to Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe.

O.S. LAUGHTER/APPLAUSE. She cracks up as he shakes his head. She then clutches her right side in pain.

INT. POLYCLINIC HOSPITAL (NEW YORK CITY) - ROOM - DAY

In bed, Marilyn comes out of anesthesia to find Joe at her side. She gives him a weak smile. He smiles.

JOE

Bad news. Doc says you can have no more fried foods for the rest of your life.

She gives him a look of utter disdain.

MARILYN

(weak)

Kill me... just kill me.

He scoffs.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Did you ask him why we have gall-bladders to begin with?

He shakes his head. Pause.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks... for being here.

JOE

You did the same for me. When I was laid up with that bleeding ulcer.

FLASHBACK: INT. CEDARS OF LEBANON - ROOM - DAY (1954)

"Happy 40th Birthday" cake on a bed table. Joe winces as Marilyn puts a party hat on him, then gives him a small box. He opens it to find a gold watch fob, then notices an inscription inside (from *The Little Prince*).

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I received no phone calls or messages that day. You were my only visitor.

MARILYN (V.O.)

You sound surprised I even bothered. Of course I would have visited. You were still my husband, you big jerk.

He READS:

JOE

"True love is visible not to the eyes, but to the heart, for the eyes may be deceived". What the hell does that mean?!

She rolls her eyes/shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

MARILYN

Sorry I was such a lousy wife.

He gestures: "Not now". She shakes her head, insisting.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I have to tell you. I have always been deeply-terrified to be somebody's wife, since I know from life one cannot love another, really.

He has no idea where this is coming from.

JOE

Well, I wasn't much of a husband.

MARILYN

You were better than I deserved.

He shakes his head. She takes his hand. He smiles.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - DEN - DAY

MAF, a Maltese puppy, scampers across the carpet. When he reaches the couch, Marilyn scoops him up. She sits with her half-sister BERNICE MIRACLE (42), plain.

MARILYN

Don't tell Joe how I got him; he and Sinatra are mortal enemies. They were pals, but then, Frank played this joke.

(beat)

Joe and I had broken up, but we were still seeing each other. Anyway, Frank told Joe that I was seeing a woman. A man, that would have been bad enough. But a woman? Joe went nuts! He found this goon, and they went to where I was visiting Sheila to "catch us in the act". But we were on the fourth floor; Frank told Joe we were on the third floor. They broke down the wrong door, and scared this poor little old lady half to death!

(laughs)

She sued! Joe had to pay her seventy-five hundred dollars! Frank thought the whole thing was hilarious! Joe's, like, real dignified, and he hates to be embarrassed. He must have let Frank have it -- but good!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAE REIS (56) dour, enters with a cake-sized box.

MAE
Marilyn, that new Italian restaurant
across the street sent this.

Marilyn sees Mae, makes introductions.

MARILYN
Oh, Bernice, this is my secretary, Mae.
Mae, this is my big sister, Bernice.
(re: the box)
It's probably poisoned. Throw it out.

BERNICE
(Appalachian accent;
incredulous)
Why would anybody want to poison you?

Marilyn turns to Bernice.

MARILYN
People hate me.

Marilyn turns to Mae.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Throw it out.

Mae leaves. Bernice is floored.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe and Marilyn stand at a window. FOUR REPORTERS watch her building from across the street.

MARILYN
When I was twelve, Mother sent me a
letter about Robert and Bernice.
Robert died when I was seven. Bernice
sent me her picture, and I sent her
mine, and we began corresponding.

She walks over to a dresser, grabs a black and white photo off of it, walks back, shows it to him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
She sent me this picture of Mother.
She was fourteen, around the time she
got pregnant with Robert.

He looks at her, stunned. She nods, confirming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)

There was this family I was living with. They were moving to Louisiana, and wanted to take me. But Mother refused. For years, I was so angry at her for not wanting me to have a family. Then, when I found out how Robert and Bernice's dad took them from her and back to Kentucky, I realized that I was all she had in the world. And I hated myself for being so angry and selfish.

Long pause. They now turn to their "friends". As he points from left to right:

JOE

Herald, Mirror, Daily News, Post.

She shakes her head, points from left to right:

MARILYN

No, no, no. *Newsday, World-Telegram, Journal-American, Times.* The *Times* guys always look like they just shit their pants.

He bursts out laughing.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

He stands at the window. The REPORTERS are still across the street. He shakes his head in disbelief.

She is asleep in bed. He bends over, kisses her repeatedly. He finally, reluctantly, breaks, leaves.

INT. P.J. CLARKE'S (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

Upscale pub. Marilyn, in a dark wig and tight dress, enters. Almost at once, she makes eye contact with THREE middle-aged BUSINESSMEN at the bar.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN - LATER

Photos of Joe taped inside a closet. Door UNLOCKS/OPENS O.S. STUMBLING O.S. Marilyn enters, bloodied, dress torn. She speaks to "him" as she rips the wig off her head.

MARILYN

Have to go on business! This is what you get! This is what you get!

She throws the wig AT "him".

INT. GREENSON HOUSE (SANTA MONICA) - ENTRY - DAY

Upscale. CHRISTMAS PARTY. RALPH GREENSON (50), paternal yet arrogant, opens the door to find Joe and Marilyn with a gift basket. She waves with a flourish.

MARILYN
Feliz Navidad!

She half-turns to Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
This is Doctor Greenson.

They shake hands. Greenson's wife HILDI (48), son DANIEL (24), daughter JOAN (19) approach; Marilyn GREETs them.

GREENSON
Mr. DiMaggio, my wife, Hildi. Our children, Daniel and Joan.

Used as they are to celebrities, Hildi, Daniel, and Joan are awed by their guest. Joe smiles/shakes their hands.

INT. GREENSON HOUSE - STUDY - LATER

Joe and Greenson stand at a sliding door which leads to the BACKYARD, where Marilyn and the other GUESTS eat/TALK. In the swimming pool is a rowboat.

GREENSON
(re: rowboat)
It's where I do my most-profound thinking.

JOE
Why don't you use the can like everyone else?

Greenson scoffs/nods, goes to his desk. He gestures for Joe to sit, but he remains standing. Greenson sits. Pause.

GREENSON
Marilyn is what I term a "borderline paranoid addict". Such people have a distorted self-image, which manifests as highly-impulsive, erratic, and self-destructive behavior. They are addicted to attention. They are sensitive and empathetic. In extreme cases, they hear voices, fall into deep depressions, and attempt suicide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASHBACK: INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (1961)

Joe comes across a notebook on a desk. In it, Marilyn wrote: "I will not be punished for it or be whipped or be threatened or not be loved or sent to Hell to burn".

GREENSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

By having Marilyn in my home, having her interact with my family, I hope to create an environment to alleviate her separation anxiety.

BACK TO SCENE

JOE

What treatment you are engaged in is between you and her. All I ask is that you make no move to have her committed without my consent. She will not end up as her mother and the rest of her people. I will not allow it.

Greenson senses that Joe is not a man you want to cross.

INT. APARTMENT (BEVERLY HILLS) - DEN - LATER

SAME APARTMENT Marilyn lived in when they were dating. She and Joe decorate a Christmas tree as Maf frolics.

MARILYN

Did he tell you how crazy I am?

She IMITATES a COO-COO CLOCK. He shakes his head. Pause.

JOE

I never understood your reliance on these psychiatrists.

(quickly)

I went to Blomberg only because you sent me. And, yes, were I you, I would have left me, too.

She is struck by this admission.

MARILYN

(vindicated)

Thank you! Thank you!

He throws some tinsel at her playfully. She laughs.

INT. CAR (MOVING)/EXT. BUNDY DRIVE (BRENTWOOD) - DAY (1962)

Joe and Marilyn sit in the back. DRIVING is EUNICE MURRAY (59), dowdy. Seeing PEOPLE, he slouches. Marilyn notices.

MARILYN
Oh, Joe! All you have to do is hide
your nose!

He looks at her in reaction as she cracks up.

EXT. HOUSE (FIFTH HELENA DRIVE) - ENTRY - LATER

Joe and Marilyn's feet stand at four pavers in the ground which bear a coat of arms and the words "*Cursum Perficio*".

MARILYN (O.S.)
"*Cursum Perficio*". It's supposed to
mean: "I ran the good race".

INT. FIFTH HELENA DRIVE HOUSE - LATER

Marilyn excitedly leads Joe by the hand through the one-story Mexican, a mini-me of Greenson's. He scrutinizes every cranny. Mrs. Murray follows, holding a handbag.

MARILYN
And it has walls!

He half-turns to Mrs. Murray.

JOE
Good for a house to have walls, don't
you think?

Mrs. Murray smiles/nods.

EXT. FIFTH HELENA DRIVE HOUSE - BACKYARD/HILL - LATER

Marilyn holds the handbag, looks out. Joe joins her.

MARILYN
I was looking at this house, and a man
came out, and he was very friendly,
very helpful, and he said: "I want you
to meet my wife". Well, she came out
and said: "Will you please get off the
premises?". Why can't people be more
generous with each other?

Pause. He now finds himself holding one handle of the bag as she holds the other handle. She reaches in, pulls out a notebook, opens, reads from it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 City National will give me a fifteen-year mortgage at six-and-a-half percent if I pay five-thousand now, and put my salary for Something's Got to Give and my share of Some Like It Hot up as collateral.

(beat; sheepish)
 Well, uh, I'm not sure how much of the five G's I can come up with.

He nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 And... it needs work.

He nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 And... it's a Mexican house, so it has to have Mexican furniture.

He nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 And... I have to have the neighbors checked out.

JOE
 Is that all?

The way he says it makes her laugh, relieved.

EXT. YANKEE CLIPPER HOTEL (FORT LAUDERDALE, FL) - DAY

BEACHFRONT resort owned by Joe. PEOPLE enter/leave. A limo PULLS UP, a CHAUFFEUR gets out, stands beside it.

JOE (V.O.)
 The family boarding Elston informed Topping they would not do so again this year, but the hotel the Yankees use is whites-only. So, I told Topping that if he broke the lease and held camp at Lauderdale, I would put all the guys up at my place.

MARILYN (V.O.)
 You are a bleeding-heart liberal.

JOE (V.O.)
 Bite your tongue!

She CHUCKLES.

INT. LIMO (MOVING)/EXT. FLORIDA STATE ROAD 1A - LATER

Joe and Marilyn sit in the back, look out the windows.

MARILYN
Arthur married that photographer
Saturday. She's pregnant.

Pause. She cries. He puts a consoling arm around her.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE-HOLLYWOOD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATER

Joe and Marilyn walk as a PORTER pushes her baggage.

MARILYN
When they finally make me a mother,
they have my children hate me! Why
can't they have them love me before
they find out I'm their mother?

GATE ENTRANCE - LATER

Joe and Marilyn turn to each other, her plane (PAN-AM) on
the TARMAC in the B.G.

MARILYN
Now, be a good boy, and don't do
anything I wouldn't do.

JOE
What wouldn't you do?

MARILYN
I'll think of something.

He grins, then leans into her. They kiss. She turns, walks
through the gate, climbs the plane stairs. He watches, his
smile becoming a look of concern.

INT. CONTENTIAL HOTEL (MEXICO CITY) - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

Marilyn, in a Pucci dress, sits/drinks champagne. Publicist
PATRICIA NEWCOMB (31), college-type, and Mrs. Murray stand
near. REPORTERS hold their recorders inches from her, some
PHOTOGRAPHERS zero in on her crotch, unbeknownst to her.

INT. HOTEL BEL-AIR - BALLROOM - NIGHT

19th Golden Globe Awards. At a table, Marilyn struggles to
her feet as the AUDIENCE APPLAUDS her.

Among the things she found in Mexico was JOSÉ BOLANOS (26).
Allegedly a screenwriter, his oily hair and skin-tight pants
betray him as the Z-grade gigolo he is. He gropes her slyly
as she stands. She's so far gone, she doesn't even react.

**EXT. NAVAL SUPPORT ACTIVITY NAPLES (CAPODICHINO, ITALY) -
BASEBALL FIELD - DAY**

Joe is swamped by LITTLE LEAGUERS who thrust balls, gloves, etc., at him. He signs everything as quickly as he can.

INT. PONTIFF APARTMENT (VATICAN CITY) - STUDY - DAY

Joe and George Solotaire are received by POPE JOHN XXIII. The Pope clasps Joe's hands in his, smiling.

George, a Jew, has been backing away until he's off to one side. The Pope surprises him by bounding over, and giving him a big hug. Joe and the Pope's ASSISTANTS laugh.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - MARILYN'S TRAILER - DAY

Marilyn, in costume, sits at a vanity, sniffing, gulping pills. Whitey and Agnes Flanagan work on her as Paula Strasberg, holding a script, FEEDS her her LINES.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - OFF SET - LATER

Marilyn is escorted by Whitey, Agnes, and Paula as PHOTOGRAPHERS circle her, shooting. She casts her eyes upward, like a saint moments before martyrdom, to find GRIPS in the rafters staring at her, daggers in their eyes.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Marilyn, on one phone, sits on a twin bed with no headboard. Maf lays next to her. Patricia Newcomb, on a second phone, does DAMAGE CONTROL.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
(trying to soften the blow)
They... t-they... fired me?

**INT. HOTEL BALTSCHUG KEMPINSKI (MOSCOW, SOVIET UNION) -
STUDIO SUITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Five-star. Joe sits up in bed, on the phone. St. Basil's Cathedral can be seen through his window.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
(anger; self-pity)
I've been sick! I can't be sick?! Liz Taylor's in Rome, screwing Richard Burton, and driving Fox into the fucking hole! But I'm the enemy! I'm always the enemy!

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DUSK

Joe holds a box with Russian lettering, rings door bell. Marilyn opens the door, looks at him, slams it. He sighs, shakes his head, befuddled.

As he turns to leave, the door opens. Patricia Newcomb peers around it. He is surprised to see her. Frazzled, she steps out, closes the door softly.

PATRICIA

George Cukor vented his spleen to Hedda Hopper. He told her Marilyn should have been fired weeks ago: she couldn't focus; her work was shit; she accused him of trying to destroy her by shooting her in bad light and at bad angles. As far as he's concerned, she's finished, she'll never work again. Being the "kind soul" she is, Hedda promised Cukor she'd sit on it until Friday -- so the whole town would be talking about it on Monday!

(long beat)

Greenson was here. He lectured Marilyn on how he's sticking his neck out, and she better pull herself together. He then shot her up with something; he said they were vitamins.

(beat)

Mrs. Murray?. She's been working for Greenson for years. And her new lawyer, Rudin?, he's Greenson's brother-in-law! He "suggested" she hire Rudin as her "personal representative", and dump MCA before Wasserman could dump her. Joe, Lew Wasserman handled Marilyn personally; Wasserman handles no one personally. He had no intention of dumping her!

(senses his reaction)

All she knows is Greenson pulled her through The Misfits after she got herself so messed up, no other doctor would touch her with a ten-foot pole.

(sudden emotion)

I'm afraid Cukor's right. I don't...

He places a hand on her shoulder, assuring her.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Empty. Sheets for drapes. A defeated Marilyn PLAYS her white baby grand piano, Maf beside her. Door OPENS. FOOTSTEPS. Joe comes over, pets Maf. Door CLOSES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He drops to a knee, tries to make eye contact. She STOPS, turns to him. He offers the box. She takes it, OPENS it: a "mother" nesting doll. She pulls it apart: a "child" doll.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

Joe looks in on Marilyn and Maf as they sleep in her BEDROOM. He leaves the door slightly ajar.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

Joe sleeps. A hand nudges him. He springs up. Marilyn is startled. Maf jumps up beside him as she sits on the floor. He gains his bearings, smiles at her. She smiles.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - SUNROOM - LATER

Maf eats as Marilyn sits at the table, in thought. Joe enters - showered, shaved, in new clothes - with two plates of hot food, utensils, and two mugs of coffee.

JOE

Mrs. DiMaggio made certain that each of her five sons were able to whip up a meal with whatever happened to be on hand. Otherwise, you would have to go begging for your breakfast.

MARILYN

I've had to do worse.

He takes that in. He puts the utensils, plates, and mugs on the table, sits beside her. Long pause.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

After I was assigned How to Marry a Millionaire, I learned Betty Grable had been cast, and I got scared because Zanuck had decided she was "used up", and I was to take her place. But she was wonderful to me. She said: "I've had mine, honey. Go get yours".

(long beat)

One day, she had to leave work because her little girl had had an accident. The next day, Betty came to me to thank me. "For what?", I said. And she said: "You were the only one from the studio who called about Vicky". Everything she did. All the money she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
made for them. And not one of those
pricks could take five minutes out of
their stupid lives to pick up the phone
to ask about her little girl. Not
Zanuck. Not Skouras. Not anyone from
Millionaire. Nobody.

(long beat)
That's when I began to hate them. When
I began to see that you were right.
And I promised myself it wasn't going
to happen to me. They weren't going to
make me play The Girl over and over
until they decided I was "used up".

That hangs in the air. He pushes her plate and mug toward
her. She finally picks up a fork. They eat.

INT. GAINEY CERAMICS (LA VERNE) - DAY

Owner JOHN GAINEY (41) shows them his modernistic ceramic
vases, jugs, planters, bird feeders, etc.

INT. PILGRIM FURNITURE (WEST LOS ANGELES) - DAY

They are shown around by owner EARL SHERO (50), as keen on
whom his potential clients are as he is on making a sale.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Maf "helps" Joe move a small shade tree into a freshly-dug
hole as Marilyn plants flowers into ceramic planters.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joe and Marilyn prepare dinner.

JOE
I have been hearing the rumors.

FLASHBACK: INT. TOWNHOUSE (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT (MAY 1962)

Exclusive PARTY at the exclusive home of lawyer ARTHUR KRIM.
Among the GUESTS: HARRY BELAFONTE, JACK BENNY, MARIA CALLAS,
DIAHANN CARROLL, BOBBY DARIN, SANDRA DEE, JIMMY DURANTE,
ELLA FITZGERALD, HENRY FONDA, DANNY KAYE, PEGGY LEE, SHIRLEY
MacLAINE, MARION MAKEBA, ELAINE MAY, MIKE NICHOLS, and New
York City mayor ROBERT F. WAGNER. You get the idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A tipsy Marilyn, in the infamous "skin and beads" dress, finds herself nearly-sandwiched between President JOHN F. KENNEDY, and Attorney General ROBERT F. KENNEDY.

MARILYN (V.O.)

I don't see how it's any of your business.

JOE (V.O.)

Anything that concerns you is my business.

BACK TO SCENE

MARILYN

It is not! I don't pry into your affairs! I don't ask you if you're sleeping with other women!

JOE

You don't have to. I have no secrets.

MARILYN

(sees the insinuation)
And I do.

(beat)

Isn't this why we broke up? You're still trying to control me!

JOE

I have never tried to control you. I have tried only to protect you.

MARILYN

Will you let me live my life the way I want?!

JOE

I would if you didn't ask me to get you out of these messes you keep getting yourself into!

Pause. She gives an exasperated YELL, stomps out.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

New everything. Furniture. Drapes. Joe and Marilyn sit on a settee, drink coffee. Maf eats the dinner scraps.

MARILYN

I spent my birthday at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Maf decided to get medieval on the carpet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at Maf.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 You cost me seven-hundred and fifty
 bucks, you little shit!

He looks at her: "You're kidding?". She nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 You know what I'm going to start doing?
 I'm going to start entering Marilyn
 Monroe look-a-like contests.

He looks at her again: "You're kidding?".

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 I got to pay the bills somehow!
 (long beat)
 Charlie Chaplin once entered a Charlie
 Chaplin look-a-like contest. He came
 in third.

JOE
 That sure doesn't bode well for you,
 now, does it?

They laugh. He then notices a diary on the table. He puts
 his cup down, grabs it. She tries to grab it. He holds it
 out at arms' length, a growing smile on his face.

MARILYN
 Please, Joe, it's just a bunch of crap!

JOE
 What kind of crap?

MARILYN
 Crap I don't want anybody looking at!

He brings it to him. She tries for it once more, but
 becomes resigned to her "fate". He reads it.

JOE
 This is poetry, right?

MARILYN
 Yeah, and it stinks!

JOE
 No, it doesn't. You know what would?
 My paintings.

He has lost her completely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

I have always wanted to learn to paint.

She bursts into a fit of incredulous laughter. He rides it out with his trademark dignity as he closes the book.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

LIGHTS from the kidney-shaped swimming pool detail the yard. Joe holds a French window open for Marilyn and Maf. She walks to the edge of the hill. He joins her.

MARILYN

I ran into Jim's brother and his wife the other day. They invited me to their house for dinner. I asked them: "How much is it going to cost me?". They looked at me like I was nuts. I thought it was a legitimate question.
(long pause)
Why do you put up with me?

He's thrown by the question.

JOE

Well, long answer: of all the people I have met since I left home to play for the Yankees, you are the only one who accepted me for myself.
(beat)
Short answer: I am a glutton for punishment.

MARILYN

Ladies and gentlemen, we have a winner!

They crack up. She suddenly becomes depressed.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

People die every day. Terrible things happen in the world every single day. And life goes on like nothing's happened. Does anything matter, really? I mean, what's the point? What's the damn point?

JOE

The point is... we're here.

She looks at him, is struck by that pearl of wisdom.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Joe and Marilyn remove each others' clothes in slow, gentle foreplay, culminating into lovemaking, achingly tender, each needing to complete the other. Suddenly, her eyes fly open, sudden panic. Like lightening, he moves above her.

JOE

I'm here, Angel. I'm here.

His kisses and touch calm her. They break partially. Like the child she is, she reaches up and grabs his nose. He breaks into a chuckle. She giggles.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

They lay in bed, asleep. His arms around her, her head on his chest, they look like a pair of innocent children.

Maf enters, jumps on the bed. He awakens, sees/pets him. A bark. He gestures: "Shhh". More barks. She awakens, lifts her head. She sees her pooch.

MARILYN

Oh... Maf.

She drops her head back on his chest.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Having opened the gate, Joe walks to Marilyn. She is at his car, sad. He runs a hand up the side of her face; their eyes lock. Maf darts out. She picks Maf up; he pets him. He gets in the car/starts it. As he backs out, she moves Maf's paw up and down, waving goodbye.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

I just want to say that if I'm a star,
then the people made me a star. No
studio. No system. But the people.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POLO LOUNGE - DAY

Marilyn sits with a REPORTER, pokes at a grapefruit.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I haven't reached a dramatic crossroads
yet. I've reached a comedic
crossroads. I think I got it across in
Some Like It Hot. Still, I don't know.

REPORTER

Do you have any fantasies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

My fantasies are too-intimate to be revealed in public.

REPORTER

Do you have any nightmares?

MARILYN

My nightmare is the H-Bomb. What's yours?

INT. LIMO (MOVING)/EXT. PICO BLVD (LOS ANGELES) - MORNING

Marilyn clutches a pillow. She sees a building: "Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation". She smashes the pillow into her face, as if trying to suffocate herself.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - PETER LEVATHES'S OFFICE - LATER

Wearing glasses, Marilyn sits across from Production Chief PETER LEVATHES (50), arrogant. Four drafts of Something's Got to Give on her lap, she reads from/compares each draft. After much BACK AND FORTH, he lays down the law.

INT. V.H. MONETTE (SMITHFIELD, VA) - OFFICE - DAY

Joe stands before jovial VALMONT MONETTE (58), who isn't feeling so jovial as he holds Joe's letter of resignation.

JOE (PRE-LAP)

What are you doing on Monday?

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

(upset)

You know I can't think that far ahead!

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe holds a presentation box: "Old Timers Game, Candlestick Park, San Francisco, California, August 4, 1962".

JOE (ON PHONE)

What's the matter?

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)

Patricia slept all night but I couldn't sleep! And Larry came over and --

JOE (ON PHONE)

Whoa, whoa, back up. Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASHBACK: INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - ON SET - DAY (MAY 1962)

Something's Got to Give. Marilyn frolics in a swimming pool naked as LARRY SCHILLER (25), punk, and two PHOTOGRAPHERS shoot away, none of them believing their luck.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Larry Schiller. He was one of the photographers on Something's Got to Give.

FLASHBACK: EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

Marilyn tends to some plants as Schiller approaches her.

MARILYN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
He wanted me to sign off on selling his photos to *Playboy*.

She yells at Schiller what she tells Joe over the phone:

MARILYN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
"Is that all I'm good for?! My body?!"

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - SUNROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marilyn drinks a Bloody Mary, wired. There are enough pill bottles on the table to open a pharmacy.

JOE (OVER PHONE)
You know that's not true.

She doesn't buy it.

JOE (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
You haven't answered my question. What are you doing on Monday?

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
(suddenly impish)
Why? You can't get laid?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOE AND MARILYN

He shakes his head as she CRACKS UP. Pause.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
Where are you?

JOE (ON PHONE)
I'm home. Vince, Dom, and I took part in a ball game for charity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
How did you do?

JOE (ON PHONE)
I went oh-for-four. Dom got a hit, and saved the family honor.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
You sure they got the right DiMaggio in the Hall of Fame?

JOE (ON PHONE)
(emphatic)
Yes!

She CRACKS UP. Pause.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Fox has agreed to replace Cukor, but they want me to get rid of Paula.
(sudden despondency;
near tears)
Why must I always have to fight? I'm tired of fighting. I don't want to do this anymore.

EXT. MAURCIERI HOUSE (BRENTWOOD) - BACKYARD/PATIO - LATER

JOHN MAURCIERI (35), wife JOAN (24), their TWO DAUGHTERS eat. He glances up the hill which buttresses the property, sees Marilyn watching them, a truly-ghostly figure.

John and Joan share a look. They resume eating, ignore her. She slowly backs away until she is gone.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Mrs. Murray springs up in bed, senses something is wrong.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Murray, robe over her gown, walks cautiously toward a closed door: a LIGHT peeks under it; a phone line runs under it. She approaches, raises her hand to knock.

FLASHBACK: INT. ROOMING HOUSE (LOS ANGELES) - DAY (1928)

Gladys (then 29) holds a pillow. She stares ahead, robotic, toward a crib where Marilyn (then 2), is asleep. Gladys places the pillow over her baby.

SCREEN GOES BLACK. TELEPHONE RINGS. FADE UP INTO:

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Joe is asleep. Phone at an end table rings. He finally awakens, half-turns, grabs it.

JOE (ON PHONE)
(groggy)
Hello?

HYMAN ENGELBERG (OVER PHONE)
Mr. DiMaggio? You don't know me, sir.
My name is Hyman Engelberg. I am Miss
Monroe's personal physician.

Engelberg CONTINUES. Joe can't grasp what he's hearing.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER - CORRIDOR - LATER

Joe walks, stoic, ushered by a WORKER.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER - MORGUE - MINUTES LATER

Wall of stainless steel drawers. A HAND grasps the handle of Drawer #33, pulls, revealing a body, soiled, tags tied to toes in need of a pedicure, covered by a sheet.

The worker walks to its right side as Joe walks to its left. The worker lifts the sheet. Joe looks down: it's Marilyn.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)
Miss Monroe's first husband, Los Angeles Police Officer James Daugherty, was informed while on patrol in North Hollywood: "I'm sorry", he said. Her third husband, playwright Arthur Miller, was quoted as saying: "It had to happen. I don't know when or how, but it was inevitable".

INT. MIRACLE HOME (GAINESVILLE, FL) - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Modest. Phone on a table rings. Bernice and her husband PARIS (44) enter. She answers the phone, listens. Stunned, she hands the phone to him, walks into the KITCHEN, turns the radio on. They share a look.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Mrs. Clark Gable said she went to Mass, and prayed for the star. In Rome, actress Sophia Loren burst into tears. In Gstaad, actress Elizabeth Taylor said she was very sad and deeply shocked.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In Paris, Billy Wilder, who directed Miss Monroe in The Seven Year Itch and Some Like It Hot, said: "Maybe she was tough to work with. Maybe she wasn't even an actress. But it was worth a week's torment to get three luminous minutes on the screen". In London, Sir Laurence Olivier, who starred with Miss Monroe in The Prince and the Showgirl, said she was "the complete victim of ballyhoo and sensationalism".

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

POLICE seal the house. Patricia, coat over her PJ's, walks a sad Maf out.

REPORTER #3 (V.O.)
 Actress Jan Sterling, whose late husband, Paul Douglas, co-starred with Miss Monroe in the film Clash by Night: "If everybody had been more understanding, it might not have happened". Evangelist Billy Graham said her death should be "a sermon to Hollywood". The Soviet government newspaper Izvestia declared: "Marilyn Monroe was a victim of Hollywood. It gave birth to her and it killed her".

She confronts the PRESS swarming the place.

PATRICIA
 Keep shooting, vultures! Keep shooting!

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK (WESTWOOD) - ROOM - DAY

Inez Melson and a dazed Bernice enter. CLARENCE PIERCE (49) somber; GUY HOCKETT (39) somber; AARON FROSCHE (38) genial; MILTON RUDIN thuggish (41), all at a table, rise. Joe comes to Bernice; they embrace. He leads the women to the table.

PIERCE
 Mrs. Miracle, I am Clarence Pierce,
 park director.

Pierce motions to Hockett.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
 My associate, Guy Hockett.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bernice nods to them. Frosch offers his hand to Bernice.

FROSCH
Aaron Frosch, Marilyn's New York
attorney.

Rudin offers his hand to Bernice.

RUDIN
Milton Rudin, Marilyn's Los Angeles
attorney.

Bernice shakes their hands. Joe seats the women. He and the men then sit. Frosch addresses Bernice.

FROSCH
Words can not express our shock.
Marilyn was more than a client. She
was one of the most remarkable people
we have ever known.

Rudin nods. Bernice nods, grateful. Frosch opens a folder.

FROSCH (CONT'D)
Marilyn was deeply in debt. Her
accounts at Irving Trust, The
Excelsior, The Bowery, and First City
National have a combined balance of
four-thousand, two-hundred, four
dollars, sixty-seven cents. But her
City National account has a negative
balance of four-thousand, two-hundred
eight dollars, thirty-four cents. The
State of New York last week filed suit
against her for back taxes.

Joe, Bernice, and Inez are stunned.

INSERT: INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - CASKET ROOM - LATER

Joe has an arm around Bernice's shoulder as Hockett shows them and Inez several caskets.

FROSCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There are enough funds to pay for a
modest interment. But there are not
enough funds to continue to provide for
your mother's care at Rock Haven.

BACK TO SCENE

BERNICE
You do know she wanted to change her
will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUDIN

Ma'am, my wife's brother was Marilyn's psychiatrist. There's no nice way of putting this: she should have been in an institution. She asked me to change her will, but we, my brother-in-law and myself, we felt that she was not of sound mind.

(beat)

You can contest. But if you lose, the previous will will take effect, leaving Arthur Miller with the bulk of the estate.

BERNICE

I don't care about the money; my sister is dead! I didn't know I had a sister until I was nineteen. Me and Paris just got married, and I was pregnant with our daughter. One day, I got a letter from Mother. Long. Rambling. She was at Norwalk, and everyone had it in for her. She wanted me to contact some relation I knew was long-dead, and have them get her out. "By the way, you have a baby sister. Her name is Norma Jeane and she's twelve years old".

(breaking)

I read that... and I cried and cried.

Joe takes her hand.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - GROUNDS - LATER

Joe escorts Inez and an overwhelmed Bernice to a cab.

INEZ

It's my fault. I should have kept her on, but she had gotten too big for me.

He shakes his head, assuring Inez she is not to blame.

BERNICE

Our minister offered to fly out with me. I should have accepted. How am I going to tell Mother?

They reach the cab. He turns to Bernice.

JOE

I would like to pay for the casket and the crypt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNICE
You don't have to.

JOE
(sudden emotion)
I have to.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bernice and Inez TALK O.S. as he enters, STOPS when he sees her bed. Where they had made love. Where she died. He has to turn away.

ON HER DESK

A large envelope, "My Children" written on it. He opens it to find photos of Little Joe, Bobby and Jane Miller.

Bernice and Inez appear at the door frame, show him the Pucci dress she wore in Mexico, matching shoes, and scarf. He nods. Bernice and Inez return to the room.

As he puts the envelope on the desk, he notices her address book was underneath it; sticking out of it is a note. He pulls the note out, reads.

MARILYN (V.O.)
"Dear Joe. If I could only succeed in
making you happy --

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - CHAPEL - NIGHT - LATER

Joe enters, walks half-way up the aisle, stops.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
then I will have succeeded in the
biggest and most difficult thing there
is, that is, making one person
completely happy".

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - ROOM - LATER

A large fan oscillates. Marilyn, dressed in the Pucci, lays in an ornate, hand-carved bronze casket. She looks like a doll. Joe places into her hands a spray of pink roses. And a heart-shaped velvet ring box.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"Your happiness means my happiness".

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - ROOM - MORNING

Joe sits beside the casket, stares at Marilyn, his eyes red from weeping. Very long pause. A sad Whitey enters, puts a bottle of gin and his make-up case on a table.

WHITEY
(almost to himself)
What a hell of a birthday!

He opens the case, prepares the make-up as he takes slugs of gin. Another very long pause.

JOE
I keep expecting her to wake up.

Whitey stops. Joe looks at him, breaking.

JOE (CONT'D)
But she ain't never going to wake up, is she, Whitey?

Tears come to Whitey's eyes.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - GROUNDS - LATER

Helicopters buzz. POLICE handle TRAFFIC and CROWD control. NEWS CREWS set up at various points. Walter Winchell DIRECTS his REPORTERS. MEN building a skyscraper northwest of the park have stopped to watch. PEOPLE in a high-rise across the street look out their windows.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - SERVICE CHAPEL - ENTRY - LATER

Little Joe (now 20), in Marine dress blues, stands next to Joe, who shakes Mae Reis's hand, THANKS her for coming. Anne Karger (now 76) and Mary Daubrey (now 42) follow. Anne grasps Joe's hands in hers.

ANNE
You were the only good thing that ever happened to her. God bless you.

Joe is overcome. Anne and Mary go in. He gathers himself as other MOURNERS follow. He shakes their hands, THANKS each for coming. As Rudin walks past, he blocks him.

RUDIN
You have no right to do this! You are keeping out all of Marilyn's friends!

JOE
Were it not for those "friends", she wouldn't be where she is.

Rudin is struck.

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - SERVICE CHAPEL - LATER

Modern. Sun streams through the stained-glass windows. Thirty-three PEOPLE - including Patricia Newcomb; Whitey, his WIFE, and DAUGHTER; the Greenson family; Frosch; Rudin; George Solotaire; Ralph Roberts; Agnes Flanagan; Inez and her HUSBAND; Mrs. Murray; and Paula Strasberg - sit in the pews. Joe and Little Joe sit behind Bernice and REV. FLOYD DARLING (41).

LEE STRASBERG (O.S.)

Marilyn Monroe was a legend. In her own lifetime she created a myth of what a poor girl from a deprived background could attain. For the entire world she became a symbol of the eternal feminine. But I have no words to describe the myth and the legend. I did not know this Marilyn Monroe.

THE PODIUM

Strasberg struggles to get the words out.

STRASBERG (CONT'D)

We gathered here knew only Marilyn: a warm human being, impulsive and shy, sensitive and in fear of rejection, yet ever avid for life and reaching out for fulfillment. I will not insult the privacy of your memory of her - a privacy she sought and treasured - by trying to describe her whom you knew to you who knew her. For us, Marilyn was a devoted and loyal friend. We shared her pain and difficulties and some of her joys. She was a member of our family. It is difficult to accept the fact that her zest for life has been ended by this dreadful accident.

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - SERVICE CHAPEL - LATER

Empty. Little Joe; REV. ADOLPH SOLDAN (84), who conducted the service; and the 6 PALLBEARERS (including Whitey and Clarence Pierce) mill OUTSIDE, near the door. Joe stands at the open casket, stares at Marilyn, frozen.

STRASBERG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I cannot say goodbye. Marilyn never liked goodbyes. But in the peculiar way she had of turning things around so that they faced reality, I will say "au revoir". For the country to which she has gone, we must all someday visit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN IN THE CASKET

Joe bends over her.

JOE
(whispers brokenly)
I love you... I love you... I love you...

He kisses her tenderly.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE UP: On August 17, 1962, the Los Angeles County Medical Examiner ruled Marilyn's death "a probable suicide".

TITLE UP: Joe had a half-dozen red roses delivered to Marilyn's crypt three times a week "forever". The order was canceled without explanation in 1982.

TITLE UP: Unlike James Daugherty, Arthur Miller, and others who knew or claimed to have known her, he never spoke about Marilyn publicly or wrote a book about their relationship.

TITLE UP: He died on March 8, 1999 of complications from lung cancer surgery, and is buried at Holy Cross Cemetery in Colma, California with other members of his family.

In his eulogy, Dominic DiMaggio stated that his brother had everything except the right woman to share his life with.

TITLE UP: He never remarried.

FADE OUT.

END