

JOE AND MARILYN

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FADE IN:

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

CLOCK on wall: 8:30. EVERYONE at this fabled eatery is having good time. Everyone except DAVID MARCH (40s), slick, who is in a TELEPHONE BOOTH, his life flashing before his eyes. IN the booth is a SMALL CALENDAR: MARCH 1952.

MARCH (ON PHONE)

Where have you been?! He's been here since seven o'clock!

(long beat)

No! You can't do this to me! He isn't just anyone!

INT. CHASEN'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

"He" is JOE DiMAGGIO. Strong. Precise. And agitated. He checks his WATCH: 9:00. March tries to placate him.

MARCH

(desperate)

She's late for everything.

JOE

Two hours?!

(beat)

Either you don't know her or I've been stood up.

Joe stands, nods to the OTHERS at the table in recognition, heads for the exit, then STOPS.

AT THE ENTRANCE/EXIT

MARILYN MONROE stands against a wall. Insecure. Nonconformist. And gorgeous.

March RUNS UP to her like a man who just dodged a hail of bullets. He takes her hand, leads her to Joe.

MARCH

Miss Monroe, this is Joe DiMaggio.

His patented stoicism can't hide the fact that he has just been struck-dumb by the vision now before him.

She smiles, pleasantly-surprised, offers him her hand. He SNAPS OUT of his reverie, offers his hand. They shake.

INT. CHASEN'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

CLOCK: 11:00. Marilyn is bored. Worse, she realizes the others are SHOWING OFF for Joe. She 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 to meet 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.

JOE

I'll walk you to your car.

She grits her teeth as they approach 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 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

Joe listens intently to Marilyn.

MARILYN

I'm sorry. I was at the studio all day, and I completely forgot. I just got home when Dave called.

JOE

Well, I was headed for the exit when I turned, and there you were.

MARILYN

And you wish you had just kept right on going!

He grins/shakes his head as she chuckles a bit.

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

It's now Marilyn's turn to hear Joe out.

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CONTINUED:

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, and pries the girls loose when I tire of 'em.

MARILYN

Is Mr. Solotaire in town with you?

JOE

He is.

MARILYN

I promise I won't make too much trouble when he starts prying 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 has paid her.

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

JAZZ ON radio. Joe and Marilyn fidget. Finally...

JOE

I saw your picture.

MARILYN

Which movie was it?

JOE

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

He produces/shows her a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: Marilyn "at bat" with TWO CHICAGO WHITE SOX PLAYERS. She winces.

MARILYN

Oh, that.

(beat)

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 or 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 ENTRY. 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 leans over, gives her an ardent yet sincere kiss. She gives in, then pushes him away. He REACTS.

EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - PARKING LOT - DAWN

March meets Marilyn as she locks her car.

MARILYN  
 He struck out!

He gives an incredulous grin as she walks away.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY

Sparse. Stuffed with BOOKS. Sofa bed. White BABY GRAND PIANO - pictures of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ELEONORA DUSE, AND WALT WHITMAN on it - in a corner. BEETHOVEN ON a record player.

Curled up in a chair, Marilyn wears glasses, reads. 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.

JOE (OVER PHONE)  
 Tomorrow evening, then?

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

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Bourgeois. Joe is ON the phone as the line CLICKS. He hangs up, dejected yet determined.

GEORGE SOLOTAIRE (50s), father hen, enters with Joe's dry cleaning. He sees Joe, shakes his head in dismay.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - DAY

Marilyn eats with manager INEZ MELSON (50s) matronly, and her burly make-up man "WHITEY" SNYDER (30s). As she reads 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 makes more money than I do.

WHITEY

That's because I have a better agent.

Marilyn sticks her tongue out at him. He chuckles.

INEZ

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

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

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 laughs. 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 - EVENING - LATER

As the PATRONS at this posh 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, napkin in hand.

(CONTINUED)

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PUDGY MAN

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

Joe gives an annoyed grin as he signs the 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. Joe gives a SIGH.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

MARILYN

Yeah -- when you're dead!

He nods as she BURSTS out laughing, then STOPS suddenly. It throws him, but tries not to let on. Pause.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

What's that?

She points at 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 eagerly. He pulls the ring off. As he drops it in her hand, their fingers touch. They blush.

INT. PERINO'S - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Elegant Italian eatery. Joe signs an autograph for a BOY, only to watch him take it to his Joe-worshipping FATHER.

He shakes his head, turns to Marilyn, who gives him a shrug: "What are you going to do?" They resume 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  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
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 --  
(freezes)  
Jim lived next door. How Grace talked  
him into it, I'll never know. We  
hardly knew each other.  
(sudden shame)  
I don't like thinking about the past.  
It depresses me.

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 it.

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. On it are an envelope and  
the April 7, 1952 issue of *Life*, MARILYN ON THE COVER.

She grabs the envelope, removes the check in it, signs it,  
hands it to Natasha. VOICES O.S. They turn in REACTION.

NEAR SOUND STAGE ENTRANCE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN AND NATASHA

observe the O.S. HUBBUB.

NATASHA  
(Russian accent; scorn)  
I doubt he has read a book in his life.

MARILYN  
That's not true. He likes to read  
*Batman* and *Superman*.

To say Natasha is mortified is an understatement. As a PUBLICIST escorts Marilyn away, she turns to her. But Natasha returns a stare that would freeze Hell.

SOUND STAGE - OFF-SET - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and CARY GRANT shake hands; they've been pals for years. Joe is INTRODUCED by a PUBLICIST to director HOWARD HAWKS as Marilyn is brought over. She and Joe share a shy smile. They are lined up for PHOTOGRAPHERS, who shoot away.

ENT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BACKLOT - LATER

Joe and Marilyn walk as PEOPLE approach him to get his autograph or shake his hand. She watches, as if to gain pointers on how to handle celebrity.

JOE  
(re: *Life*)  
"Marilyn Monroe: The Talk of Hollywood".

She reacts with a HOP, giddy.

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

Her giddiness suddenly gives way to chagrin.

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 girl can make fifty dollars without any danger of being "exposed".

He can't argue with that. Pause.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Pause.

JOE (CONT'D)

Who was that with you?

MARILYN

Natasha? She's my coach. She's from Russia and is very cultured. She gives me books to read. She takes me to plays 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?

JOE

Of course it does. But it'd only sell more papers if I made a stink. One of the 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 the lights ON, escorts Marilyn in. Sure enough, on a table are PLAQUES and TROPHIES. He points them out:

JOE  
 Baseball Writers Association;  
 Philadelphia Writers Association;  
 Philadelphia Sportswriters; Wheaties  
 All-American; Golden Laurel; Ray E.  
 Dodge Trophy; Pacific Coast League MVP;  
 American League MVP; Sporting News  
 Athlete of the Year.

He grabs/opens a wood box: eight diamond/10K 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  
 Babe Ruth for the nineteen thirty-five  
 season? A buck. A single dollar. And  
 all the man did was save baseball.

(pause)

Baseball is all I know. It's all I  
 ever wanted to know. Now, I feel as  
 though the rug has been pulled out from  
 under me. I have no idea what I am  
 going to do with the rest of my life.

He surprises himself by the admission. But there is  
 something about her: he feels he can tell her anything.

He turns to her. Their eyes lock. He bends in, kisses her  
 softly, breaks, then again, more-assured. She melts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - MORNING

Joe and Marilyn sit on a sofa as the BELLHOPS, supervised by  
 the BELL CAPTAIN, pack his trophies. They have to smile.

BELL CAPTAIN  
 Mr. DiMaggio? The lady's cab will be  
 here shortly, 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 take the bus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
Nonsense.

George Solotaire enters, tips the bellhops and captain as they leave. Joe produces a pad and pen, writes, tears off the page, hands it to her. He points to each item:

JOE (CONT'D)  
The phone number to Yankee Stadium; the number to my hotel; 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.

She is baffled, not used to being treated like a one-off.

He stands, turns to her. He doesn't want to go; she now doesn't want him to leave. He leaves, finally, followed by George, who gives her a smile of approval.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)  
Know what I did? I wrote a note to Dr. Rabwin, and taped it to my stomach.

JOE (PRE-LAP)  
(a laugh)  
You did what?!

INT. HOTEL ELYSÉE (NEW YORK CITY) - SUITE - NIGHT

Deluxe. A smiling Joe, phone to his ear, sits on a couch watches TV. He eats a hoagie, drinks milk.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)  
I just wanted to make sure he didn't take out any ovaries!

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 tell me to just take a bunch of aspirin.

INSERT: INT. CEDARS OF LEBANON - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roses in a vase. Marilyn is in bed, fan mail around her, as a STYLIST works on her and a PHOTOGRAPHER sets up. She PANICS as Fox PR man ROY CRAFT (40s), wily, gets agitated.

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CONTINUED:

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?

BACK TO SCENE

JOE (ON PHONE)  
(explodes)  
Tell them to go to Hell!

No response. Long pause.

JOE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
(gentle)  
Marilyn?

BACK TO INSERT

Staring into nothingness, she now puts on a brave smile, as though he can see her.

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

EXT. BEVERLY-CARLTON HOTEL - 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.

EXT. NORTH HARPER AVE (NORTH HOLLYWOOD) - DAY

Marilyn and Joe approach a modest ABODE. Door opens, and out waddles ANNE KARGER (60s). Marilyn runs to her, they hug. Marilyn then YELLS in delight as Anne's grand-kids, BENNETT (13) and ANNE (12) DAUBREY, race out, tailed by their mom, Anne's daughter, MARY DAUBREY (30s). Group hug.

INT. KARGER HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

Stuffed with mementos from Hollywood's Golden Age. Joe sits at the table, has coffee with Anne and Mary.

ANNE

My husband was general manager of Metro Pictures before it became Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Our son Fred is a music director at Columbia. And that is how Marilyn came into our lives. How long ago 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 at all.

MARY

"She's ignorant, she's immature, she's needy". She was nothing to him but --

Joe nods; she doesn't need to elaborate further.

Marilyn and the kids ENTER the KITCHEN, WINDED from playing outside. She opens/closes the icebox, grabs three sodas, opens them, hands one to each kid, grabs the other soda. They enter. She walks behind Anne, wraps an arm around her.

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 to him: "Don't listen to her!". He grins.

INT. EXT. WHITLEY AVE (HOLLYWOOD) - EARLY MORNING

Joe escorts his son JOSEPH III [LITTLE JOE] (10) from an apartment building ACROSS the street to a PARKED CAR, where Marilyn, looking like a sexy June Cleaver, waits INSIDE.

Joe opens the back door; Little Joe hops in. Joe opens the driver's door, hops in. Doors close. She and Little Joe smile, bond instantly. Joe produces a paper. Sensing it's an itinerary, she stops him.

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CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Let's just go where the day takes us.

Little Joe nods eagerly, but Joe is thrown, clearly not the spontaneous type.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOE, MARILYN, AND LITTLE JOE'S DAY

A) INT. THE PANTRY -- PATRONS REACT as Marilyn, Little Joe, and Joe walk to a booth. As they sit, a WAITER puts three HALF-LOAFs of BREAD, and three HEAPS of COLESLAW on their table. Little Joe REACTS with stunned delight.

B) INT. MOONLIGHT ROLLERWAY (GLENDALE) -- PATRONS try not to stare as Joe sits on a bench while Little Joe and Marilyn stand at the rail, roller skates on, waiting for him, but he hasn't even untied his shoes.

Trying to goad him, Marilyn IMITATES a CHICKEN. Little Joe cracks up. Joe shakes his head/waves them off. Little Joe and Marilyn give up/skate off.

C) INT. THE HUNTINGTON - ART GALLERY (SAN MARINO)

Joe stands before the PAINTING *Sam with Sam Chifney, Jr. Up.*

Marilyn stands before the PAINTING *Sarah Siddons as the Tragic Muse.*

Little Joe stands before the PAINTING *The Blue Boy.*

E) EXT. CARROLL AVE -- Marilyn has plopped Joe and Little Joe into a sea of stately VICTORIAN MANORS.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEL AIR COUNTRY CLUB - SWIMMING POOL - LATER

Joe sits in a lounge/signs autographs for KIDS. Marilyn and Little Joe sit at a table nursing Shirley Temples. She DRAWS a DIAGRAM for him.

MARILYN

The pilot chute catches the air and pulls out the canopy. These are lines, risers, and the container. What you see 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.

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CONTINUED:

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

MARILYN  
Sad, but true.

Joe smiles in reaction. Little Joe and Marilyn then turn  
back to each other.

LITTLE JOE  
How do you know about all these places?

MARILYN  
I was born here.

LITTLE JOE  
(scoffs)  
I didn't think anybody was actually  
born here.

MARILYN  
Yeah, right?

They chuckle. Pause.

LITTLE JOE  
You're the first girl Dad's introduced  
me to. He must really like you a lot.

She doesn't know how to respond.

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

MARILYN  
Really? Your dad took me shopping. I  
didn't want to, but he insisted:  
(imitates Joe)  
"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 if I take pride in myself, then  
people won't think they can push me  
around and take advantage.

He takes that in. She brightens.

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 even wore  
a uniform, and learned how to salute.

She executes a crisp salute. He smiles. 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 - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Eminent law firm. DOROTHY SCHUSTER (30s), Nordic beauty,  
sits with ALBERT PEARLSON (40s), formal, across from Joe and  
LOYD WRIGHT (50s), distinguished.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)  
She had you take Butch to a place where  
there was drinking and adult talk.

PEARLSON  
The Bel Air Country Club, is that  
correct?

Joe can't believe what he's hearing.

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

Pearlson turns to Wright, ready to talk deal.

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CONTINUED:

PEARLSON

Loyd, we are asking for full custody of Joseph, a thousand dollars per month child support, and a stipulation that all future visits are to take place exclusively 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 other people change their underwear!

DOROTHY

And we are at Miss Monroe's attorney's office because you and she are "just good friends".

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

WRIGHT

Albert, Mr. DiMaggio pays quadruple the support agreed upon in the MSA, 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 completely, to the point of preventing me from seeing him on several occasions. I am his father.

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?  
(beat; explodes)  
Because they weren't Joe DiMaggio! And the fact that I was pulling in twenty-five grand didn't hurt, either!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stands, daggers in her eyes. Pearlson and Wright stand, but Joe does not: 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 swift kick.

INT. MARILYN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DUSK - LATER

Door OPENS. Marilyn enters holding a BAG: "Bay Cities Italian Deli & Bakery". She glances to her right as she walks to the KITCHEN, puts bag on counter/removes FOOD.

MARILYN

Hope you're hungry. I made the mistake  
of telling the man at the counter that  
my boyfriend is Italian, and, boy, did  
he load me down!

No reply. She turns around to find Joe looking out a window. He smokes, lost in thought. Finally...

JOE

She's taking me to court.  
(long beat)  
Mr. Wright says no judge will find for  
her. I wish I had his confidence.  
(longer beat)  
I am the only one in my entire family  
to have ever been divorced. Do you  
have any idea what a stain that is?

That hangs in the air.

MARILYN

It's not your fault. Your life has  
been nothing like theirs.  
(beat)  
And if Loyd says she has no case, she  
has no case.  
(long beat)  
Now, are you going to help me with  
this or are you going to stand there  
feeling sorry for yourself?

He breaks into a smile in spite of himself, crushes the cigarette out in an ashtray, walks toward her.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Closed French doors REVEAL a ROOF DECK offering a 360° VIEWS of SAN FRANCISCO. Inside is neatly-ordered: family photos, sports mementos, and a toy train layout.

Joe, in bed, AWAKENS suddenly, realizing he's alone.

## BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marilyn, in a dress shirt, sits on the toilet, bent-over. PILLS/glass of water, Tampax applicator on counter.

He enters, alarmed. Arthritis has ARCHED his back, and his ripped, perfect body is riddled with SCARS. She looks at him, TREMBLING. He moves into her/lifts her UP.

## BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She clings to him as he carries her. He lays her on the bed, 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 Marilyn's 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 close their eyes. Long pause. His eyes then snap OPEN.

## JOE

I smell bacon. And coffee.

Her eyes snap OPEN. She INHALES/HUMS, affirming.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Joe and Marilyn, in PJs/robes, enter. His sister MARIE KRON (40s), earthy, is at the stove MAKING BREAKFAST. Her daughter, BETTY KRON (14), typical teenager, sits at the table. A CAT weaves its way under the table.

## MARIE

About time you sleepy-heads showed up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
Morning.

MARIE  
Don't forget: Boy Scouts at one o'clock.

He HUMS/nods his thanks. He holds out the chair next to Betty for Marilyn, he motions at Betty.

JOE  
Marilyn, Betty. Betty, Marilyn.

Marilyn sits next to a now-starstruck Betty. Joe grabs Betty's HOMEWORK, reads it, as Marilyn turns to Betty.

MARILYN  
What's it like having him for an uncle?

BETTY  
He's a nice uncle.

JOE  
Four and six are the other two factors of twelve.

He returns the homework. Betty grabs a pencil/corrects. Joe goes to the coffee maker, gestures to Marilyn; she nods.

Betty turns to Marilyn as they both reach down/pet the cat.

BETTY  
Are you really Marilyn Monroe?

MARILYN  
(sheepish)  
That's what tell me, so, I guess I am.

BETTY  
What's it like being a movie star?

Marilyn has to think about that for a long moment.

MARILYN  
You know, I don't know. I really don't know. When I'm not on-set, I'm at rehearsals or in classes or in 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.

He mulls that over as he hands Marilyn her coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

Everything I learned about raising Betty, I learned from Joe. Mama had the older kids take care of the younger kids: Fran got Vince; Mamie got Dominic; and I got stuck with him.

Chuckles. He carries two mugs to the table, puts one before an empty seat, sits next to Marilyn.

Marie puts three plates of bacon, eggs, and toast on the table. He motions at Marie.

JOE

Will you sit down already?!

MARIE

All right, all right.

Marie carries her breakfast as he pulls out a chair with the mug before it for her; she sits. He sits. Everyone eats.

TOMMY (PRE-LAP)

It's Uncle Joe.

INT. APARTMENT (SAN FRANCISCO) - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Working class, with a VIEW of the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

A DOG leads TOMMY DiMAGGIO (12) to the front door. Tommy opens it to find Joe and Marilyn. Joe grins/musses the boy's hair as he ushers her in.

JOE

Tommy, this is Marilyn.

Tommy and Marilyn shake hands. Tommy closes the door. She pats the dog as Tommy's sister ROSALIE (3) races in.

ROSALIE

Uncle Joe!

Joe goes into a crouch, arms open, big grin.

JOE (CONT'D)

Princess!

She runs to him. He scoops her up, turns to Marilyn.

JOE (CONT'D)

And this is my princess, Rosalie.

He looks at Rosalie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)  
Are you my princess?

Rosalie beams at him. He smiles, kisses her on the cheek.

MIKE and TOM DiMAGGIO, Mike's wife MAMIE, Tom's wife LEE (each in their 40s) enter. Tom points at Joe.

TOM  
Something's wrong. You're happy!

Laughter. Joe shakes Tom's hand, then Mike's; kisses Lee, then Mamie. Joe introduces Marilyn to them.

JOE  
My brother, Tom; his wife, Lee. My brother, Mike; his wife, Mamie. Everyone, this is Marilyn.

Marilyn and they exchange GREETINGS.

MIKE  
The Army has decided all of a sudden 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 Marilyn is "the one".

INT. MIKE DiMAGGIO'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. Us kids didn't know  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

English until we got in school. One time, Joe was called on by the teacher in class. He said the wrong thing in English and the other kids laughed at him. He just went into this shell. When Dorothy walked, it killed him, but you'd never know it.

Marilyn takes that in. Long pause.

Tommy and Rosalie race in with 7 small bags, "IT'S IT" STAMPED on them. They put the bags on the table, remove the chocolate chip cookie/ice cream sandwich inside each bag.

AN "IT'S IT" BAG

DANGLES BEFORE Marilyn. She spins around to find Joe behind her, holding it. Their eyes lock. Mike, eating an It's It, wedges himself in between them.

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

She cracks up. Joe shakes his head.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - 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 in the PRE-WAR SICILIAN DIALECT, SUBTITLES OVER:

GIANNI

The world is changing. Our way of life is disappearing before our eyes. My sons, they work in the factory. They tell me there is no money in fishing.

JOE

Mike has formed a cooperative with some fisherman around the Bay, 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

walking dreamily, carrying a picnic basket.

                  LUIGI (O.S.)  
 You have fallen in love with a very  
 beautiful girl.

                  SAL (O.S.)  
 She will make you a proper wife, and  
 give you many children.

                  GIANNI (O.S.)  
 What a piece of ass!

END SUBTITLES

JOE

reacts. The old men laugh; he shakes his head. He grins as she comes to him, 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.

He waves at them/SAYS "goodbye"; 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 puts one hand on the wheel next to his tentatively, then the other. He lets go. Her eyes widen as she realizes she's actually steering, and JUMPS up and down, excited.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS YACHT CLUB - DOCK A - LATER

The BOAT DOCKED, Joe and Marilyn, with the picnic basket, walk slowly toward MARINA BOULEVARD.

                  JOE  
 After my rookie year, I entered into a  
 number of ventures I should have  
 rejected out of hand. One of the more-  
 juvenile was Vince and me doing a  
 vaudeville act.

She is surprised and intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN  
Did you... sing and dance?

JOE  
No... but I did hit fungo balls into  
the audience.

She cracks up as he shakes his head, embarrassed.

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

Joe holds a BABY as a PRIEST CHRISTENS her. The baby's parents RENO and PATTY BARSOCCHINI (30s), their daughter NANCY (5), and a GODMOTHER (30s) stand with him. Marilyn and the Barsocchini's FAMILY and FRIENDS sit in the pews.

INT. DIMAGGIO'S RESTAURANT (CLOSED) - DINING AREA - LATER

Hip Big Boy's with a commanding VIEW of FISHERMAN'S WHARF.

WOMEN and CHILDREN huddle around Patty, Nancy, and the baby.

Mike and Mamie give their SON (19) fishing gear. Mamie fights back tears as Mike gives him a big hug.

Joe and Reno stand off to one side, watching everything.

RENO  
Nancy has been pestering us for a baby brother ever since she found out there are such things as baby brothers. But I think she's happy with a baby sister.

JOE  
She's beautiful, Reno. Absolutely beautiful.

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

RENO  
How did it go with the Archbishop?

Joe sighs/shakes his head.

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

The weight of his dilemma sinks in.

Marie walks over with a jar, gives it to Joe; he OPENS it with ease. She shakes her head, beside herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, looks around.

JOE  
Honey?

He finally sees her, squeezed into a CORNER. Baffled, he comes to her, squats, tries to make eye contact. After a pause, she looks at him, 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.

EXT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL (SANTA CLARA) - MORNING

Joe and Marilyn stand on the sidewalk, having walked from the TRAIN DEPOT which serves the facility. She looks at the stately "clock tower" BUILDING before them with dread.

INT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL - LOUNGE - MINUTES LATER

Sterile. PATIENTS mill about, attended by NURSES and ORDERLIES. Marilyn enters, then Joe. He looks around, calm yet unsettled. She notices SOMETHING O.S., leaves him.

AT A TABLE

GLADYS ELEY (40s), in NURSE'S GARB, sits, absorbed in a FAN MAGAZINE. Marilyn walks over, squats beside her, looks up; the RESEMBLANCE is eerie. Gladys finally notices her.

GLADYS  
You received my letters! You're taking me back to Norwalk!  
(sudden fear)  
Do you know why they put me here? I voted for the Socialists by mistake. That is why I am studying to be a nurse. The Army needs me. I must prove that I am a patriotic American.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All Marilyn can do is nod. Relieved to see Joe walk over, she now divides her attention between him and Gladys.

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 now scrutinizes him for a long moment.

GLADYS

Are you Catholic?

JOE

(puzzled)

Yes, ma'am.

Gladys RECOILS in terror.

GLADYS

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

Marilyn takes Gladys's arm to reassure her.

MARILYN

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

Marilyn looks at him. He nods to Gladys quickly, going along. That puts Gladys at ease.

A burly yet cheery ORDERLY puts a TRAY before Gladys: boiled potatoes; spaghetti with sauce; bread with butter; milk. She digs in, delighted. 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. After a pause, Gladys turns to Joe as she points at Marilyn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLADYS (CONT'D)

This is my child. I named her after Norma Talmadge, the greatest star of her day.

(beat)

You see, to be in the pictures was my child's destiny; her reason for 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)

You do know she is a bastard? 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 now turns to her.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

I am ready to return to Norwalk now.

MARILYN

(flustered)

B-b-but you hated it there.

GLADYS

(irrational rage)

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

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 toward the TRAIN DEPOT quickly as Joe finds himself struggling to keep up with her.

She stops and turns to him, sure he is going to dump her. Indeed, it is gut-check time. Long pause. He walks to her, draws her to him. She clings to him, and CRIES.

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

Niagara. Marilyn lays on the floor, stares at the massive BELLS ABOVE her. Co-star JOSEPH COTTEN, sitting to her left, BREAKS her LINE-OF-SIGHT, looks at the bells. They share a LOOK: MAJOR Heebie-Jeebies. He pulls back.

COTTEN

So... will Mr. America marry Miss America? And if they split, who gets custody of the Wheaties?

She gives an incredulous scoff.

COTTEN (CONT'D)

Do you not understand, dear lady? We the people wish for you crazy kids to get hitched. Nay, we demand it!

She gives him a LOOK: "Stop it!" He cracks up. A CLAPBOARD CLAPS, O.S. She closes her eyes.

HENRY HATHAWAY (O.S.)

Places... speed... and... action!

COTTEN

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

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

Marilyn sits/writes in a prompt-book as he-man director HENRY HATHAWAY has the CREW set up the next shot.

As Roy Craft approaches them, she JUMPS out of her chair automatically. Hathaway points at her.

HATHAWAY

Sit down! You're going nowhere!

CRAFT

Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Brand --

HATHAWAY

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

Livid yet powerless, Craft leaves. Stunned, she sits down meekly. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

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

He knows the story. He leans over to her.

HATHAWAY

You say you feel like you're knocking at the door and nobody's answering? Well, this this isn't gonna open the door; it's gonna 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.

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

Opulent. Joe AWAKENS to KNOCKS. He gets up, wraps a robe around himself, goes to the door. He opens it to find a TIPSY Marilyn in the HALL, champagne bottle on the floor.

She holds the September 1, 1952 *Life*, ERNEST HEMINGWAY ON THE COVER. With a wicked grin, she opens it, reads:

MARILYN

"I must have confidence and I must be worthy of the great DiMaggio, who does 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 and the magazine, opens/digs into her purse, produces a HOTEL TAG KEY, reads the tag.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

the Sherry-Netherland.

She cranes her head to see into his room.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Was I interrupting anything?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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 slowly.

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

You have first base, second base.

MARILYN

(high)

I know where you are!

JOE

You mean, where I was.

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 that name makes him even more-agitated, if that is at all possible. He now directs that agitation at producer JACKIE PHELPS.

JOE

Jackie, if that card is not here in one minute.

CREWMAN (O.S.)

Found it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

A CREWMAN

hands a CUE CARD to the CUE CARD MAN. Cue card READS: "Hi, I'm Joe DiMaggio. Welcome to 'The Joe DiMaggio Show'".

INT. TOOTS SHORE'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

Joe and Marilyn eat as owner "TOOTS" SHORE (40s) slobbers all over him. You could cut the tension with a chain saw.

SHORE  
Everything good, Clipper?

JOE  
Everything is fine, Toots. Just fine.

Shore leaves, shoots her an ugly STARE. Joe turns at her, contrite. She turns to him. If looks could kill...

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

Marilyn undresses, her clothes fly off angrily in all directions. BAGS/BOXES on floor: Bergdorf-Goodman; Argosy; Ferragamo; William Barthman.

MARILYN  
And don't give me that crud about trying to protect me! I couldn't even say "Hi" to the security guards without you going off!

Down to her slip, 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, mesmerized. He finally gives her a boyish smile.

JOE  
When are you going to marry me?

MARILYN

shakes her head, disarmed.

He offers a hand. She smiles, comes to him. He pulls her to him, but loses his balance; they FALL BACK 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 to be there, as HARRY BRAND (50s), Fox's slovenly Head of Publicity, moves beside her, serves himself huge portions.

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, too. And to answer your question, it's good publicity. Which is neither here or there, seeing how as you and Mr. DiMaggio are officially *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 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.

(long beat)

Anyway, 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 damn Boy Scout he is, I know he didn't throw you over for some broad. So, either he has conveniently forgotten your number, or he has called it quits on account of him being none-too-happy about certain aspects of your career.

FLASHBACK: EXT. ATLANTIC CITY, NJ - BOARDWALK - DAY

Marilyn - in a LOW-CUT dress, wearing a "Miss America Grand Marshal Parade" BADGE - poses with FOUR SERVICEWOMEN before a PHOTOGRAPHER, who stands 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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAND

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

She takes this in as he leaves.

INT. CAR (MOVING)/EXT. W PICO BLVD - LATER

Marilyn DRIVES, feeling utterly alone.

EXT. CASTILIAN DRIVE (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - LATER

Spanish bungalows tucked behind modest wood fences.

As Marilyn leaves her car in front of "2393", carrying a bag and her purse, she notices a DOG NEXT DOOR. She goes to it, removes some FOOD from the bag, FEEDS the dog.

INT. CASTILIAN DRIVE HOUSE - DEN - MINUTES LATER

Door UNLOCKS. Marilyn turns the lights ON, enters. High-end, with a patio. Her PIANO is in a corner.

She puts the bag and purse on the KITCHEN counter, pulls a business card from the purse, picks up the phone, dials.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)

Hello, Mr. Archer? This is Marilyn Monroe. I apologize for the later hour, but when I get something in my head, I can't get it out.

(long beat)

I want to break the lease.

(beat)

Oh, no, it's wonderful. It's j-just...

(pained; comes up with a "reason")

I need to be closer to the studio.

(long beat)

Yes, I can be by Saturday morning.

(beat; a laugh)

And Merry Christmas to you. Thank you. Goodbye.

She hangs up/SIGHS heavily. She enters the kitchen, opens the fridge, removes a BOTTLE of RUM/unscrews the cap, takes a gulp. She then glances to her right, NOTICES...

A SMALL CHRISTMAS TREE

on a table, a card at its base.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts the bottle down, walks over guardedly, picks up the card, reads it/MOUTHS: "Merry Christmas, Marilyn". Panic. DOOR CREAKS O.S. She spins around behind her with a GASP.

JOE

steps out of the CLOSET, huge grin on his face.

She SHRIEKS/flies into his arms, overjoyed. He LIFTS her as they spin around/kiss. He then puts her down, teary-eyed himself. He bows his into her; their foreheads touch.

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, 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.

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 grin. She closes the book/carries it under her arm.

MARILYN  
 So, okay, just to humor you, I marry Joe, and quit. Then something happens, because with my luck, it always does. We wind up getting divorced or, God forbid, Joe dies. Then what am I going to 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 and a STYLIST work on Marilyn, in a lamé gown. She sits/gazes into the mirror, psyching herself up to be "Marilyn Monroe". Phone rings. 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?

INSERT: INT. TOOTS SHOR'S (CLOSED) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Joe is in a PHONE BOOTH as George, Shor, and TWO CRONIES sit at a 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.

MARILYN (OVER 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!

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

She slams the receiver down.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY

Joe at door "#3", knocks. Marilyn opens it, BLOCKS him from entering. She half-turns, produces his SHIRTS, SUIT PANTS, JACKETS, TIES, UNDIES, PJ's. She THROWS them AT HIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She THROWS his BELTS, SUSPENDERS, SOCKS, and TOILETRIES AT HIM, shoves a GOLF BAG into his chest, slams the door.

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, totally befuddled. He SIGHS, knocks. She opens the door. The sight of him makes her melt. He grins.

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

Posh. Joe sleeps. Marilyn, in one of the shirts she threw at him, climbs on the bed/on TOP of him. He AWAKENS, sees her, 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 *Life* off the news cart next to them, SHE and Blondes co-star JANE RUSSELL ON THE COVER.

JOE

And you were paid how much?

She gives an exasperated SIGH.

MARILYN

Can't you just be happy for me?

He gives an exasperated SIGH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - EARLY EVENING - 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 the others, Elvin and Bob went to the dock to look for him.

(with difficulty)

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

JOE

Any reporters come around?

TOM

There was someone here from the *Chronicle*.

Joe nods. After a pause, he turns to Marilyn, holds out his hand. She looks at him, somewhat-startled, puts her hand in his. He grasps it.

They enter the LIVING ROOM: Mamie, Tommy, and Rosalie sit on a couch, surrounded by FAMILY, FRIENDS, and a PRIEST.

Tommy runs to him. He holds him as Tommy SOBS. He breaks, looks at the boy, assuring him, walks him to the couch. He 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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Mamie smiles gratefully through her tears.

ROSALIE  
Uncle Joe? Is Daddy in Heaven?

He turns to Rosalie, takes her tiny hands into 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) - DAY

MOURNERS are gathered around Mike's closed casket as the Priest READS from a *Bible*.

Joe looks at Marilyn, who grasps his upperarm with both hands, then looks across at Mamie, Tommy, Rosalie, and Mike's son, in Army dress.

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

Joe and Marilyn side-by-side in bed. Sensing he is about to break, she draws him to her, holds/kisses him as he clings to her, his shoulders heaving with SOBS.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - COURTYARD - DAY

As FANS/MEDIA watch, Marilyn and JANE RUSSELL kneel/put their hands INTO the WET CEMENT BLOCKS before them.

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

Marilyn (then 8) puts her HANDS INTO MARY PICKFORD'S HAND PRINTS, and is crushed to discover her hands are too big.

BACK TO SCENE

Marilyn raises her wet hands, ecstatic, her HAND PRINTS in the BLOCK as the FLASHBULBS pop.

INT. APARTMENT (HOLLYWOOD) - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe stands at door "#7", rings BELL. Door opens, Dorothy behind it. She turns to her left.

DOROTHY  
Butch, your father is here.

LITTLE JOE (O.S.)  
Waikiki, here I come!

She turns to Joe.

DOROTHY  
How are Mamie and the children?

JOE  
As well as can be expected.

DOROTHY  
Please give them my best.

He nods. There is clearly still something between them.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)  
I keep thinking about the Christmas in  
Tahoe. You, me, and Butch. It was as  
if we were a family again.

He nods, not knowing how to respond. Awkward pause.

Little Joe races to her, suitcase in hand. She straightens his jacket and cap.

DOROTHY  
Be good for your father.

LITTLE JOE  
I will.

They hug/break. Little Joe sprints OUT, DOWN the hall. Joe turns to her, smiles: "Thank you". She smiles. Reconciliation in the works?

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH (WAIKIKI, HAWAII) - DAY

Joe and Little Joe march onto the beach lugging a surfboard. Joe props the board against their COTTAGE as Little Joe grabs a towel off a nearby deck chair, dries off.

Joe walks to a chair, grabs a towel, dries off. Little Joe has been wanting to ask him something. Finally...

LITTLE JOE  
Don't you like Marilyn anymore, Dad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe is thrown. He is pained by the question, yet feels his boy deserves an answer.

JOE  
How do I put this?

LITTLE JOE  
(helpful; hesitant)  
She's a flake?

Joe points at him: "Bingo!".

JOE  
Lesson for today, son: steer clear of flakes.

Joe escorts him inside the cottage.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Unless they're corn flakes. Corn flakes are good for you.

Little Joe nods.

EXT. BANFF AVE (BANFF, CANADA) - DAY

LOCALS CHEER as Marilyn, her River of No Return CAST MATES, and CREW "invade" their tiny town.

INT. PARIS TEA ROOM (BANFF) - DAY

Mom-and-Pop. A glum Marilyn, tailed by Natasha and Whitey, take a table. PATRONS gawk. Whitey grabs a menu.

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

Natasha turns to her.

NATASHA  
How fortunate you are to be rid of that boor, at last. He had no appreciation for you as an artist. He was dragging you down to his level.

He turns to/points at Natasha.

WHITEY  
You, lady, are a snob!

Natasha turns on him with queenly rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 had to save her after she took those sleeping 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 - NELL HELQVIST (50s), MAMIE JACOBSEN (40s), and FRANCES PETROMILLI (40s) - sit at the table, eating cake, smoking, drinking coffee. A TV is HEARD O.S.

MARIE

She went to this awards thing wearing next to nothing, and he hit the roof.

FRANCES

What does he expect? Honestly?

MARIE

She keeps promising him she'll quit.

MAMIE

Yeah -- when pigs fly!

They shake their heads/roll their eyes.

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.

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) - JUNIOR SUITE - DAY

5-star cozy. Joe sits next to an UPSET Marilyn, who sits on a divan as a DOCTOR (50s) EXAMINES her LEFT ANKLE.

MARILYN

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

JOE

What the hell were you doing on a raft?!

DOCTOR

The ligaments appear to be torn.

Joe winces in empathy.

MARILYN

And now Preminger's thrown Natasha off the set because she told Tommy he has to study or 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! I owe her everything!

JOE

You owe her nothing! You owe nothing to nobody!

MARILYN

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

She takes his hand. He looks at her.

EXT. BANFF NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Ankle in a CAST, Marilyn and TOMMY RETTIG (10) hold hands, GOOF OFF for a grinning Joe as he takes their picture.

INT. TEKARRA LODGE (JASPER) - CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rustic. Joe and Marilyn in bed. She SLEEPS as he stares at the roaring FIREPLACE, the impossibility of their romance conking him over the head.

He now realizes how close she is and how tight he is holding her. He closes his eyes/buries his face in her hair.

INT. HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - DEN - NIGHT

Mod. GENE KELLY 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)  
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. She takes a big gulp.

KELLY  
I hear Wasserman wants you to jump to MCA.

MARILYN  
(amazed)  
A year ago, nobody knew I existed. 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 spread 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 (30s), boyish snot, 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.

(imitates Joe; mocks)

"I'll take care of you. Show business is no business for a girl like you".

(long beat)

What am I going to do?

GREENE

Make your next movie with Chaplin.

She looks at him, thrown.

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

ASSISTANTS buzz about/IGNORE Marilyn, who sits in a chair along a wall, staring ahead, frozen.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - CORPORATE - OFFICE - LATER

Oozing with power. Doors swing open. Marilyn enters.

DARRYL ZANUCK (O.S.)

Marilyn, Marilyn!

Head of Production DARRYL ZANUCK, vile, comes to her, huge grin. Doors close.

He escorts her to a chair before his desk. She sits, wary. He sits, pours a drink, takes a self-satisfying gulp.

ZANUCK (CONT'D)

Who are you to reject the deal Charlie Feldman and I hammered out?

She fidgets.

MARILYN

Well, um, I just wrapped How to Marry a Millionaire and River of No Return, and if I sign, then you'll 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His face twists into sheer incredulousness.

ZANUCK  
Where the hell did you get that?!  
DiMaggio?!

She nods. He leans forward. War has just been declared.

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 what the fuck I  
tell you! Is that clear?!

Pure rage fills her eyes.

INT. APARTMENT (SAN FRANCISCO) - DEN - NIGHT (1954)

Modest and informal. Joe, Marilyn, FAMILY, and FRIENDS help  
Tom CELEBRATE his 49<sup>th</sup> birthday.

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

CHRISTMAS DECOR. Marilyn stands at a table, ON the phone.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)  
You can't take other students?

NATASHA (OVER PHONE)  
No! The suspension gave Zanuck all the  
inducement he needed to expulse me!

MARILYN (ON PHONE)  
But I don't have five thousand dollars!

NATASHA (OVER PHONE)  
I found you, I created you, I fought  
for you, I have sacrificed everything  
for you! You owe this to me!

Terror swamps her.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Joe on a couch, watches TV. He stands/grins as Marilyn - a  
FULL-LENGTH MINK COAT around her shoulders (his gift to her)  
- joins him. She sits; he sits. She gives him a tiny  
smile, the phone call on her mind, tugs on the coat.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ON TV: "The Name's the Same" (January 12, 1954). A MAN (30s) and a WOMAN (20s) sit with ROBERT Q. LEWIS across from JOAN ALEXANDER, GENE RAYBURN, and BILL STERN.

Joe points the Woman out to Marilyn.

JOE

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

I was introduced once to a fellow named Joe DiMaggio. He was a school teacher in Brooklyn.

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 honey moon out of the trip.

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

MARILYN

They don't look a thing like us.

He HUMS/nods in agreement.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL/MCALLISTER STREET - DAY

Reno, and Tom hustle the newly-married Joe and Marilyn OUT. Joe wears a blue suit and the TIE he wore the night they met. She wears a brown dress suit with an ermine collar.

As TWO of the dozens of REPORTERS happily escort them to Joe's 1952 blue Cadillac Fleetwood 60-Special, she looks back, as if reaching for something.

MARILYN

Wait! I forgot my coat!

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL - CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

ON the door: "Hon. Charles S. Peery, Municipal Court".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A flummoxed CHARLES PEERY (30s) 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 Cadillac zooms past.

INT. COTTAGE (IDYLLWILD) - DEN - LATER

Provincial. Billiard table. Stone fireplace. No TV or phone. Door UNLOCKS/OPENS. Joe and Marilyn enter, casual, look around like a pair of wide-eyed kids. She sprints upstairs, excited. He watches her until she is gone.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - LATER

Joe opens the icebox, finds a bottle of MOËT (1936), note around its neck. He grabs the bottle, reads the NOTE: "Joe and Marilyn, May the years bring you every happiness. With Our Best Wishes, Loyd and Julia Wright".

MARILYN (O.S.)  
Slugger?

JOE  
In here, Baby!

RUSHED FOOTSTEPS O.S.

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

She peers around him. He shows her the Moët. She HUMS.

INT. COTTAGE - DEN - DAY

Joe teaches Marilyn BILLIARDS. He studies the table, 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, takes a shot: the cue ball seems to take a leisurely stroll. Disgusted, she SLAPS the ball she meant to hit into the POCKET. He laughs.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

SNOW. Joe and Marilyn walk/TALK. She suddenly sprints ahead, shovels snow on him. He gives chase, gathers snow/forms a ball, THROWS, HITS her square in the back.

She STOPS. He STOPS. She turns around slowly. As if on cue, each gathers snow/form balls, 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 members of the 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. After a pause, 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.

Marilyn lays on her stomach in bed, a diamond/platinum RING ON her left hand. Joe lays beside her, transfixed. He kisses/moves down her. His mouth finds her rear, BLOWS on a cheek. She STIRS. He FLIPS her ONTO her back.

She snaps AWAKE, frightened - and excited - by his brute strength. She smiles sweetly, reaches for him. He smiles, boyish, comes to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He kisses/fondles her hungrily, MURMURS "sweet nothings" IN ITALIAN; she GIGGLES. The giggles turn into WHIMPERS as he TAKES her, gentle yet dominant, demanding.

She clings to him, MOVES with him, his completely. She then FREEZES suddenly, almost-catatonic.

MARILYN  
 (trying to  
 convince herself)  
 I'm gonna to be a good wife, Daddy.  
 I'm gonna 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.

AMERICAN REPORTER  
 Marilyn, do you really want six kids?

JOE  
 Hey, you should ask me about that!

Laughter.

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

Joe and Marilyn look at each other. She turns 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 - SUITE - DAY

Ornate. Joe sits with an American REPORTER.

JOE  
 Everything has been fine. We have enjoyed our trip.

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

FIVE-PIECE BAND. Poured into a cocktail dress, Marilyn waves at SCORES of CHEERING TROOPS, in her element. She is not wearing her wedding ring. SPLINT on her right thumb.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The only thing that I have to complain about is that I haven't seen very much of Marilyn.

Now at the microphone, she PERFORMS "Do It Again".

IN THE AUDIENCE PIT

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.

MARILYN (O.S.)  
Honey --

She squats/leans forward, 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 AFB - COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

SOLDIERS listen to the PUBLIC ADDRESS SPEAKERS.

MARILYN (OVER SPEAKERS)  
Do you still love me, Joe? Miss me?

JOE (OVER SPEAKERS)  
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 - HANGER - MINUTES LATER

Escorted by COPS, a giddy 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. STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) - DAY

Marilyn and Little Joe (now 12) make their way to the front. 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, you 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 might bite.

MARILYN

Dogs never bite me. Just humans.

She pets it. It slobbers all over her.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Hey, can we ring the bell?

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

MALE TOURIST (O.S.)

Hey, Marilyn!

They turn around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A MALE TOURIST

turns to his PARTY: "It is her!" The FANS CHARGE.

LITTLE JOE

jumps IN FRONT of her, FIGHTS them off, leads her OUT.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marilyn sits in a chair like a petulant child.

JOE (O.S.)  
What have I told you?

She rolls her eyes.

JOE (O.S.) (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 (20s), 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, STARTLING her. Bell RINGS O.S.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Playback... speed... and... action!

PLAYBACK: "HEAT WAVE" BY MARILYN. She lip syncs, hits her MARKS, and DANCES at the same time.

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/FALLS BACKWARDS. Bell RINGS O.S. PLAYBACK ENDS. She is chagrined as PEOPLE race over, help her up.

JOE

has been watching, disgusted. Marilyn goes to hug him; he TIGHTENS his body against hers. Rejection crosses her face. She kisses him on the cheek as if to make it up to him. A PHOTOGRAPHER then approaches them.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Hey, Joe, how about a picture of you  
with Marilyn?

She POSES automatically, big smile, but Joe SCOWLS, making the Photographer back off.

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

He turns to the VOICE, smiling. Battle-ax ETHEL MERMAN walks over to him; they've been pals for years.

JOE  
How are you?

ETHEL  
You know how it is.

They share a nod/smile.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PHOTOGRAPHER

How about a picture with Miss Merman?

He grins, leaves Marilyn. She watches the Photographer take photos of Joe 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 at a table 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) - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Refined. Sitting with sportswriter JIMMY CANNON, Joe smokes, divides his attention between Cannon and the TV. Marilyn's PIANO is in a corner.

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

Marilyn's remark has the Reporter go in a new direction.

REPORTER

Does Joe want to act or produce?

INT. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cannon's question has Joe irritated.

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, acting in  
 the movies, Jimmy. She works like a  
 dog. It's hard work.

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

A GUIDE TALKS, points to his left.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 She's up at five in the morning, and  
 doesn't get through until around 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 now betrays irritation, to the Reporter's delight.

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. JOE AND MARILYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cannon tosses Joe an innocuous question.

CANNON  
 Is she a good cook?

FLASHBACK: INT. MARILYN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT (1952)

Joe sits at a table, eager, as Marilyn happily serves him  
 DINNER: the PASTA looks like STRAW, the SAUCE is WATERY, the  
 GARLIC TOAST is BURNT, the SALAD greens are LIMP, and the  
 VEGETABLES are in CHUNKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.)  
When she's working, she's usually too tired.

He smiles at her/digs in: CRUNCH!

BACK TO SCENE

Joe fidgets at the memory of that culinary misadventure, then brightens.

JOE (CONT'D)  
But she broils a hell of a steak.  
We're both meat people. We like our steak.

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

Joe sits with Inez on the couch, shows her a typewritten page with hand-written notes. She looks it over.

JOE  
As long as she's hell-bent on staying in the pictures, I have determined that she is to do no more than two a year -- and she will be paid what she's worth.

She nods, reads:

INEZ  
"Option: Four pictures, next two years at one-hundred twenty-five thousand per picture. Option: Four pictures, next two years at one-hundred fifty-thousand per picture. Option: Four pictures, next two years at two-hundred thousand per picture".

He points to an item.

JOE  
What do you think of this third-picture breakdown?

They CONTINUE as Marilyn now walks down the stairs in her "birthday suit". Inez notices her, nudges him.

INEZ  
I think she's trying to tell you something.

He glances at Marilyn, then waves a hand, dismissive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
Eh, she's just showing off.

Inez shakes her head slowly.

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, as Joe enters from the BATHROOM, having just cleaned it, exasperated.

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

Phone rings. He grabs the receiver.

JOE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
(angered)  
Hello?

WALLA OVER PHONE. 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, PILLS and a BOTTLE of WHITE-OUT beside him.

INT. SANTA MONICA HOSPITAL - LOBBY - MORNING - LATER

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 I am not finishing the recordings until Hal recovers.

He stares a hole through her.

JOE

Why? You screwing him, too?

She is stunned. He stands. He wants to buy the DESPAIR now etched on her face. But he can't. He throws his napkin down, leaves. She BURSTS into tears.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

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. TOWNHOUSE (GREENWICH VILLAGE) - 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. The fans 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 a slip, Marilyn 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?

Joe grins. WALTER WINCHELL (50s) sleazy, sits next to him.

WINCHELL  
Scotch.

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 thought you didn't come with her.

JOE  
I didn't. I arrived this afternoon.

Joe's TONE of voice gets Winchell's mind racing.

WINCHELL  
I'm going over to Lexington. How about  
coming along?

Joe shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (NEW YORK CITY) - LATER

The Seven Year Itch. In the iconic ecru halter dress, Marilyn, her RIGHT FIST CLOSED, huddles with production manager SAUL WURTZEL, co-star TOM EWELL, and Natasha.

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; the crew SCRAMBLES. Whitey comes to Marilyn. She 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 (20s), 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 BILLY WILDER runs up to confront 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

Joe 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 and 1106. Awakened GUESTS, in PJ's and bathrobes, open their doors, peer down the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Inez opens the door to find crusty lawyer JERRY GIESLER (60s) and his secretary HELEN KIRKPATRICK (20s), who holds a "blue-back" document. REPORTERS and NEWSREEL CAMERAS are CAMPED OUT on the FRONT LAWN.

GIESLER  
I am Jerry Giesler.

He gestures at Helen.

GIESLER (CONT'D)  
My secretary, Miss Kirkpatrick.

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

Giesler ushers Helen inside ahead of him. Inez closes the door. Helen climbs up the stairs. Phone RINGS O.S. Inez GROANS, stressed out. Gesler doesn't notice.

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

She nods. Geisler then shakes his head, befuddled.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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.

All she can do is nod. He then notices...

JOE

in the LIVING ROOM, on the couch, smoking, watching TV, enveloped by his BELONGINGS. He has moved downstairs.

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

Marilyn, in black, sits at the vanity, an open *Bible* before her, as Geisler paces the floor.

GIESLER

Once we reach the rose bushes, that will be when you --

She BURSTS into tears. Geisler SIGHS, walks over, gives her his handkerchief, and a fatherly pat on the shoulder, at a loss at what else to do.

She then sees Joe's REFLECTION in the mirror. She FREEZES, transfixed. Geisler notices, takes the hint, leaves.

Joe walks over with a glass of orange juice. He offers her the glass; she takes it/drinks. 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 tenderly, leaves.

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

Led by Reno, Joe runs the gauntlet of MEDIA.

INSERT: INT. NATASHA'S HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD) - DEN - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

Wilder talks to a REPORTER.

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

INSERT: INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - 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 Marilyn stand before a cluster of microphones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIESLER

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

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

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 (50s) 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 and Mary. He now raises his massive hands, as if to take stock.

JOE (CONT'D)

These hands. All they're good for is hitting a ball with a bat.

HOHENBERG (PRE-LAP)

(Hungarian accent)

It wasn't the first time. Was it?

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

Marilyn, frumpy, wearing glasses, slouches in a chair across from MARGARET HOHENBERG (50s), maternal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marilyn nods slowly, confirming.

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

Marilyn enters to find Joe on the sofa. She races to him, ecstatic, but STOPS when he holds up a MAGAZINE to her: a PHOTO of her on a MAN'S LAP, his BACK TO the CAMERA.

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.

BLOMBERG (PRE-LAP)  
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.

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

Joe sits, broods. Psychiatrist WALTER BLOMBERG (60s), fatherly, sits across from him.

BLOMBERG (CONT'D)  
Nor could you reconcile that the  
actress performing the rigors of her  
profession was also your wife.

INT. OFFICE OF DR. HOHENBERG - DAY

Hohenberg shows a PHOTO to Marilyn of her and Joe at their WEDDING, about to kiss. She POINTS to Marilyn's left hand.

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

Marilyn takes this in, stunned.

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

Joe still broods as Blomberg lays down some harsh truths.

BLOMBERG  
As her refusal to forgo her career became evident, you then castigated her for deceiving you when it was you who had deceived yourself all along.

He looks at Blomberg, struck.

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

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

Joe raps on the steering wheel, checks his watch, MUTTERS to himself, annoyed.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Don't be a shit. Be patient, no matter what.

His patience is rewarded when Marilyn finally EMERGES out of the WALDORF-ASTORIA. He greets her with a huge grin.

INT. CAR (MOVING)/EXT. PARK AVE - LATER

Joe DRIVES, Marilyn beside him. They CONVERSE warmly. They now STOP at a RED LIGHT.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Talk from the heart. Be warm, affectionate, and love.

TRUCK STOPS BESIDE them. Its burly DRIVER sees them, HONKS. They turn to the SOUND. He gives Joe a smile/"thumbs up", points to their CAR RADIO. She turns it ON.

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO)  
Repeating, 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 relieved disbelief.

INT. ACTORS STUDIO (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

Bare-bones. Owlsh LEE STRASBERG (50s) TUTORS TWO ACTORS on the STAGE before him, Marilyn, and other ACTORS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.)  
Don't talk about her business or her  
friends.

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.) (CONT'D)  
Be friendly toward her friends.

MASTER CONTROL OPERATOR  
Fox should forget all about 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.) (CONT'D)  
She is a fine girl, and remember how  
unhappy you made her. Happiness is  
what you strive for, for her.

INT. TOOTS SHOR'S (CLOSED) - LATER

Marilyn STORMS OUT of the BIRTHDAY PARTY Joe threw for her.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
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 now STORMS OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Marilyn strolls with ARTHUR MILLER (30s), self-righteous  
nerd. She then turns to him, impish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 ahead of Miller as PEOPLE come to her, BUZZING.

INT. 444 EAST 57TH 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 - DEN - LATER

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

MARILYN

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

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

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

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 are 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 beside her. With them is gynecologist HILLIARD DUBROW (40s).

Miller rises, kisses her forehead. He and Dubrow leave.

INT. DOCTOR'S HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Miller and Dubrow stepped out of the room, close the door.

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 that is preventing us from having children.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Dubrow is floored by his warped insensitivity.

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

Dubrow senses that he's getting nowhere.

PHOTOGRAPHER (PRE-LAP)  
Smile, Joe.

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

FLASHBULB goes OFF as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of Joe, who is 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.

REPORTER #2  
Ever get tired of being recognized?

JOE  
It's nice, but it has its drawbacks. Sometimes I want to be alone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)  
 Sometimes I don't feel like smiling. I  
 was always shy. I am never relaxed,  
 really.

INSERT: PHOTOS of Joe escorting WOMEN - Marilyn LOOK-A-LIKES  
 - to NIGHTCLUBS/PARTIES, etc.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)  
 I hear you're seeing 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 again.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 Smile, Joe!

Joe FREEZES/smiles.

INT. PIED-À-TERRE (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT (1959)

PARTY. Strasberg and his wife, PAULA (40s), ghoulish, tend  
 to their GUESTS, every bit as pretentious as they, in their  
 book-stuffed abode.

Miller is surrounded by the cream of the THEATER WORLD, who  
 FAWN over him. Marilyn stomps over.

MARILYN  
 Get my coat! We're leaving!

Miller EXCUSES himself, meekly, leaves. The guests are  
 mortified by her treatment of him.

A refined OLDER MAN approaches her. Before he can say  
 anything, she turns on him, icy.

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

The Older Man is blown away.

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

PRESS PARTY for Let's Make Love: Marilyn, YVES MONTAND (near-twin for Joe), FRANKIE VAUGHAN, WILFRED HYDE-WHITE; MILTON BERLE, director GEORGE CUKOR, producer "BUDDY" ADLER MINGLE with REPORTERS.

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

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW - DAY

In the MINK COAT Joe gave her, Marilyn is before Montand, who just opened his door. The coat drops. She is NAKED.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Art Deco watering hole with VIEWS of the SIERRA MOUNTAINS.

BUNNY GARDELL (50s) 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 (40s), petite; AGNES FLANAGAN (50s), doughy; RALPH ROBERTS (40s), hulk; and Whitey follow Bunny. The host is chastised, does an immediate 180.

HOST

No, Miss Monroe. No problem at all!

He grabs six MENUS, leads them to a corner table, leaves. As they sit, Marilyn turns to her posse with a wicked grin.

MARILYN

I just love doing that!

Laughter. Being a megastar definitely has its advantages.

A GIRL (20s) serves them (and the dog) water; Whitey ogles her. Marilyn shoots him a LOOK; he REACTS: "What?".

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You're married. Cut it out!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE BAR

A MAN sits on a stool, nursing a drink. Marilyn peeks around his shoulder discreetly, STUNNED at what she sees.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Joe!

Indeed. Joe turns to her VOICE, is equally-stunned.

JOE

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 one believing this. He 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. All Arthur and Huston care about is their stupid movie. They just want to keep me alive long enough to finish their stupid movie.

(catches herself)

Sorry.

He nods, sympathetic.

JOE

Joey has told you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN  
Told me what?

He whispers in her ear. She REACTS, turns to her table.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Guys! Joe's son gotten into Yale!

Everyone (except the dog) REACTS. She grabs onto his arm, points everyone in her posse out to him:

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Bunny does my body make-up; Shirlee, my dresser; Agnes, my stylist; Ralph, um, 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.

JOE  
Maybe it got lost.

MARILYN  
Where we are? No way.

He shakes his head in disgust. A BARTENDER now waits on them. She looks at Joe's glass.

JOE  
(re: his drink)  
Ginger ale.

She shakes her head/rolls her eyes, 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 television commercial. What was that stuff you were pushing?  
(needles)  
"Brillo"?

He breaks into a self-conscious grin.

JOE  
Brylcreem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She strikes an exaggerated POSE.

MARILYN  
"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, the  
leading supplier to post-exchanges.

He produces/hands her a business card. She reads it.

MARILYN  
(over-the-top)  
Whoa, *Vice-Presidente Ejecutivo!*

He grins. She notes the address on the card.

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

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

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 did for *Esquire*. It's hard to  
explain. There's no real plot to speak  
of. Basically, I play this girl who  
came to Reno to get a divorce, and this  
mechanic, who's played by Eli Wallach,  
introduces me and my landlady, who's  
played by Thelma Ritter, to his buddies,  
and they're played by Clark Gable and  
Montgomery Clift. And all of us go to  
Eli's house. Then, I go with them to  
find mustangs, and I lose it when I  
learn that they are rounding them up so  
they can sell them for dog food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

MARILYN  
Arthur and Huston couldn't have gotten  
it off the ground without me.  
(long beat; brightens)  
So... how's Miss America?

He has to shake his head/smile.

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. He looks  
at the CLOCK on a wall. She watches him produce his wallet,  
pull a bill out, set the bill on the counter.

He then 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. He then turns  
to INGE MORATH (30s), the anti-Marilyn, a camera around her  
neck. It's clear that they are intimate.

EXT. DRY LAKE BED - NEAR DUSK - LATER

CLARK GABLE bundles his elegant, PREGNANT wife KAY into his  
Mercedes 300SL, kisses her/closes her door as...

MARILYN

watches, a lost vision of her life with Miller.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - DAY (1961)

STUDY is empty, except for a PHOTO of Marilyn on a wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the bed in the ADJOINING BEDROOM is a NEWSPAPER, 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  
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 O.S. A DOCTOR (40s) 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 O.S. 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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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 then reaches out, puts a hand on his cheek. He turns his head, puts a hand over hers, kisses it tenderly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./EST. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD (ST. PETERSBURG, FL) - DAY

Spring training home of the New York Yankees.

INT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD - CLUBHOUSE - LOCKER - DAY

Joe changes into his uniform as he speaks to 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 flopped. There is talk as to if you will ever work again.  
 (beat)  
 You're feeling sorry for yourself. Now, you either come down here or I'm coming up there to get you.

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

Marilyn has disembarked from her PLANE, holds a small case.

MARILYN  
 I'm here. Happy?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. The reporters, still freaked-out, leave.

Little Joe (now 19) walks over. She smiles as they embrace. She then sees George and his WIFE (50s). They embrace.

GEORGE  
We have been beside ourselves with  
worry. First, Joe tells us you are  
fine. Then, we hear they put you in a  
straight jacket.

She is jarred by one-more painful memory, then banishes it, smiles at him.

MARILYN  
I'm okay. But you know what I did when  
I left? I told them they ought to have  
their heads examined!

Joe nods. Laughter. As they walk to a waiting CAR, she and Little Joe hang back; she links an arm through his.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
What happened to that ten year old boy  
who told me he wanted to join the Air  
Force and become an engineer?

LITTLE JOE  
(sudden rage)  
He had to tell you!

MARILYN  
He didn't tell me. He didn't have to.  
(long beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)

So... as your way of getting back at  
your mom and dad for not being  
(over-the-top)  
the world's greatest parents ever,  
(normal)  
you drop out before they kick you out.  
(long beat)  
Sure, they'll be upset. They'll spend  
a lot of sleepless nights wondering  
where they went wrong. But they'll get  
over it. Because they won't have to  
live with throwing away a once-in-a-  
lifetime opportunity.

She looks at him: "Understand?". He nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You hit those books, straighten up and  
fly right, and I'll be right there 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./EST. BEACH (REDINGTON BEACH, FL) - DAY

ADULTS and KIDS sit on the beach, eat picnic lunches, play  
catch/Frisbee/volleyball, swim/wade in the surf.

EXT. BEACH (REDINGTON BEACH, FL) - DAY

Joe and Marilyn sit under a canopy. He smokes. Her eyes  
are closed/TONGUE OUT. He watches, baffled. Finally...

JOE

What are you doing?

She turns to him.

MARILYN

What's it look like I'm doing? I'm  
giving my tongue a suntan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns head back/closes eyes/sticks tongue out again.  
You could knock him over with a feather right now. He then notices SOMETHING O.S. to their right.

JOE  
Why, look, darling. Mortals.

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 up to them.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Please, please, no autographs. Just  
money. Thank you.

Joe has to chuckle.

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' crusty manager, RALPH HOUK watch a ROOKIE take his CUTS in the BATTING CAGE.

She watches Joe watching the Rookie with growing chagrin.

JOE  
He's got the bat practically wrapped  
around his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN  
Well, not everyone can be perfect like  
you, DiMaggio.

He scoffs in spite of himself.

Houk looks at Joe: "Want in?" He nods. Houk signals to the Rookie as Joe pulls his World Series ring off his finger, turns to her.

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, sees her. He CROUCHES behind the bat, as if afraid of getting hit by a pitch. She cracks up.

He grins at her as he assumes his stance. A BALL LAUNCHES from the machine. He HITS it; it SLAMS into the net near her. 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, but Mickey left an hour ago.

The boys GROAN in disappointment.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Come back tomorrow, and I will see to  
it that each of you gets his autograph.

The boys THANK him, leave. They watch them go.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They share a chuckle. She links an arm through his; they continue walking.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
I have a confession to make: I was the  
shortstop on the Orphan Home's  
softball team.

Floored by this bit of info, he breaks into a grin.

JOE  
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. She then looks around, struck by the EERINESS.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
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  
(a laugh)  
"Hide the children".

Chuckles.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I have to ask: what the hell did you  
ever see in Miller?

She is thrown. Finally...

MARILYN  
He's brilliant, cultured, and learned.  
(beat)  
And people respect him. Like they  
respect you. They just laugh at me.

He takes that in.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - DEN - NIGHT

ON TV: "33<sup>rd</sup> Annual Academy Awards". BOB HOPE'S MONOLOGUE is PUNCTUATED by LAUGHTER from the O.S. AUDIENCE.

BOB HOPE (ON TV)

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, good evening and welcome to Jackpot Praying. This is the historic occasion in which 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.

JOE

sits on the sofa; Marilyn lays across it, head on his lap. She can tell 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 watching 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 boondoggle 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"?

MARILYN

He even got a bunch of mayors to declare an "Alamo Day" in their town.

(beat)

But that wasn't good enough for  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
 (mock Texas accent)  
 "Cousin Chill".  
 (normal)  
 He hired his own press agent. I can't pronounce the man's 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, you're a commie-fascist-pinko!"

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/MILLER APARTMENT - DEN - LATER

Joe and Marilyn sit on the couch, eating CHINESE FOOD out of delivery containers, as the "Academy Awards" CONTINUES.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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 jumping off the roof.

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's got  
cancer and has six weeks left 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.

BOB HOPE (ON TV)  
Here now is Jane Morgan to perform Best  
Song Nominee "The Second Time Around",  
which I'd like to dedicate to Joe  
DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe.

O.S. LAUGHTER/APPLAUSE. She cracks up. He shakes his head.  
She then clutches her RIGHT SIDE in PAIN.

INT. POLYCLINIC HOSPITAL (NEW YORK CITY) - ROOM - DAY

Posh. In bed, Marilyn AWAKENS to find Joe at her side. She  
gives him a weak smile. He smiles back.

JOE  
Bad news: Doc says you can have no more  
fried foods for the rest of your life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN  
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.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
You know, this is the fifth time I've  
been here since August? I may as well  
just move in.

He smiles at the joke.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Hey, thanks... for being here.

JOE  
You did the same for me. When I was  
laid up with that bleeding ulcer.

INSERT: INT. CEDARS OF LEBANON - ROOM - DAY (1954)

THANKSGIVING DINNER catered by CHASEN'S. A "Happy Birthday,  
Joe" CAKE on a bed table.

Joe winces as Marilyn puts a party hat on him, then gives  
him a SMALL BOX. He opens it: a GOLD WATCH FOB. He notices  
an inscription on it (from *The Little Prince*).

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I received no messages or phone calls.  
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 the inscription:

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.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Sorry I was such a lousy wife.

He gestures: "Not now". She shakes her head, insisting.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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, if memory serves, 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/MILLER APARTMENT - DEN - DAY

MAF, a Maltese puppy, scampers across the carpet. When he reaches the sofa, Marilyn scoops him up. She sits with her half-sister BERNICE MIRACLE (40s), plain.

MARILYN

You can't tell Joe how I got him; he and Sinatra are mortal enemies. They were pals, then Frank played this joke.

(beat)

Joe and I had broken up, but we were still seeing each other. Anyway, Frank told Joe 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 my friend Sheila to try 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!

MAE REIS (50s) dour, enters with a cake-sized box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)  
Why would anybody want to poison you?

Marilyn turns to Bernice, icy.

MARILYN  
People hate me.

Marilyn turns to Mae.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Throw it out.

Mae leaves with the box. Bernice is floored.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER 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 to correspond.

She walks over to a dresser, grabs a black and white PHOTO,  
returns, shows it to him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
She sent me this photo of Mother. She  
was fourteen, around the time she  
became pregnant with Robert.

He looks at her, stunned. She nods, confirming.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
There was this family I was living  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
 with. They were moving to Louisiana  
 and wanted to take me. But Mother  
 said no. I was so angry. Why didn't  
 she want me to have a family? Then,  
 when Bernice told me how she and  
 Robert's father kidnapped them and took  
 them to Kentucky, I realized that I was  
 all she had left. And I hated myself  
 for being so angry and selfish.

They turn to their "friends". 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/MILLER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

Joe stands at the window. The REPORTERS are still across  
 the street. He shakes his head in disbelief.

Marilyn is ASLEEP in bed. He bends OVER her, kisses her  
 repeatedly. He finally, unwillingly, 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/MILLER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

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".

FADE TO BLACK. SLOW FADE UP INTO:

INT. GREENSON HOUSE (SANTA MONICA) - ENTRY - DAY

Upscale. CHRISTMAS PARTY. RALPH GREENSON (50s), paternal yet arrogant, opens the door to find Joe and Marilyn with a gift basket. She waves a hand 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 (40s), son DANIEL (20s), daughter JOAN (20s) 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 glass 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 everybody else?

Greenson scoffs, then walks to his desk.

Joe turns to Greenson as Greenson pulls out his chair. He gestures for Joe to sit, but he shakes his head, remains standing. Greenson sits.

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/MILLER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

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, by having her interact with my family, I hope to create an environment to alleviate her anxiety, and provide her a foundation to build on her self-worth.

BACK TO SCENE

Joe takes that in.

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. STUDIO APARTMENT (BEVERLY HILLS) - LATER

SAME PLACE Marilyn was living at when she met Joe. 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.

JOE

I have 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 a fistful of 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 (50s), 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". Neat, huh?

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?

He finds himself holding one handle of the bag as she holds the other.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She finds/puts on her glasses, then finds/opens a notebook.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
 City National will give me fifteen  
 years at six-and-a-half 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.  
 (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 the house 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 this year,  
 but the hotel the team uses is whites-  
 only. I told Topping if he broke the  
 contract 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 A1A - LATER

Joe and Marilyn sit in the back, look out the windows.

MARILYN  
Arthur married that photographer  
Saturday. She's pregnant.

She BURSTS into tears. 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 - MINUTES LATER

Joe and Marilyn turn to each other, her PLANE (PAN-AM) on  
the TARMAC, as PEOPLE notice them/BUZZ.

MARILYN  
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. They kiss. She turns/walks through the gate,  
climbs the stairs. He watches, his smile turns to concern.

INT. CONTENTIAL HOTEL (MEXICO CITY) - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

Marilyn, in a Pucci dress, sits/drinks champagne. Publicist  
PATRICIA NEWCOMB (30s), college-type, and Mrs. Murray stand  
near. REPORTERS hold their recorders inches from her, some  
PHOTOGRAPHERS zero in on her privates, unbeknownst to her.

INT. HOTEL BEL-AIR (LOS ANGELES) - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Five-star. 19<sup>th</sup> 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 (20s).  
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 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, SNIFFLING, 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, as Patricia Newcomb, ON a SECOND PHONE, paces the floor, doing 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 ground! But I'm the enemy! I'm always the enemy!

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DUSK

Joe, holding a box with Russian lettering, is at the door/rings BELL. Marilyn opens the door, looks at him, slams it. He sighs, shakes his head, utterly befuddled.

As he turns to leave, the door opens. A frazzled Patricia peers around it. He is surprised to see her. 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 bad angles. As far as he's concerned, she's finished. Being the "kind soul" she is, Hedda promised him 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 for her. He then shot her up with something; he said they were vitamins.

(beat)

The housekeeper, Mrs. Murray?. She's been working for Greenson for years. And her new lawyer, Rudin?, is his 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 PIANO, Maf beside her. Door OPENS O.S. FOOTSTEPS O.S. Joe comes over, pets Maf. Door CLOSES O.S.

He takes 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 ajar slightly.

MARILYN (V.O.)  
(desperate)  
Don't leave me. Please don't leave me.

FLASHBACK: INT. MARILYN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT (1952)

Having placed her on the sofa bed, he hovers OVER her as he kisses/undresses her. He STOPS, stares deeply into her eyes, runs a hand up one side of her face.

JOE  
(sudden emotion)  
Never. I will never leave you.

## BACK TO SCENE

He closes his eyes as the memory floods him.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

Joe SLEEPS. A HAND nudges him. He SPRINGS UP.

Marilyn is STARTLED. Maf JUMPS UP beside him; she sits on the floor. He gains his bearings, smiles. 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 would be 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  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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 an accident. The next day, Betty came to me to thank me. "For what?", I said. And she said: "You were the only person from the studio who called about Vicky".

(beat)

Everything she did. All the money she 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 (40s) shows Joe and Marilyn his modern ceramic vases, jugs, planters, bird feeders, etc.

INT. PILGRIM FURNITURE (WEST LOS ANGELES) - DAY

Owner EARL SHERO (50s) show Joe and Marilyn around, 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. A HUMMINGBIRD FEEDER and a WILD BIRD FEEDER hang nearby.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stocked with food. Joe and Marilyn PREPARE dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
I have been hearing the rumors.

FLASHBACK: INT. TOWNHOUSE (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT (MAY 1962)

Exclusive PARTY at the exclusive home of lawyer ARTHUR KRIM (50s), the CRÈME DE LA CRÈME of the ARTS, ENTERTAINMENT, and POLITICAL WORLDS.

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

She turns on him.

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.

She now CHARGES AT him with queenly rage.

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.

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!

(beat)

Charlie Chaplin once entered a Charlie Chaplin look-a-like contest. He came in third.

JOE

That sure as hell 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

(intrigued)

What kind of crap?

MARILYN

(a laugh)

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 opens/reads it.

JOE

This is poetry, right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARILYN  
Yeah, and it stinks!

JOE  
No, it doesn't. You know what would?  
My paintings.

He has lost her completely.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I have always wanted to learn how to  
paint.

She BURSTS into a fit of incredulous laughter. He rides it out with his trademark dignity as he closes the diary.

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: "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 is thrown.

JOE  
You asking me --

He points at Maf.

JOE (CONT'D)  
or him.

He looks at Maf/gives a shrug. She punches Joe playfully.

MARILYN  
You, silly!

He takes a BREATH, then...

JOE  
Well, long answer: of all the people I  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)  
 have met since I left home to play for  
 the Yankees, you are the only one who  
 has 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 then suddenly becomes despondent.

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.

DISSOLVE TO:

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 lightning,  
 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.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Joe and Marilyn in bed, ASLEEP. His arms around her, her  
 head on his chest, they look like innocent children.

Maf enters, jumps ON the bed. He AWAKENS, sees/pets him. A  
 BARK. He gestures: "Shhh". More BARKS. She AWAKENS,  
 groggy, lifts her head. She sees her pooch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Oh... Maf.

She drops her head back onto his chest.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Having opened the GATE, Joe walks to Marilyn, who stands by his rental car, sad. He runs a hand up the side of her face; their eyes lock.

Maf darts out to her. 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 - BOOTH TABLE - DAY

Marilyn pokes at a grapefruit as she sits with a REPORTER.

REPORTER

Do you have any fantasies?

MARILYN

(sheepish)

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 (50s), prick. 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 (50s), who isn't feeling so jovial as he holds Joe's LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

JOE (PRE-LAP)  
What are you doing 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 at all! And Larry  
Schiller came over this morning, and --

JOE (ON PHONE)  
(INTERRUPTS)  
Whoa, whoa, back up! Who?

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 (20s), punk, and two PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOOT AWAY, none 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)  
"My body?! Is that all I'm good for?!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT: INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - SUNROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marilyn sits/drinks a Bloody Mary, WIRED. There are enough PILL BOTTLES on the table before her to open a pharmacy.

JOE (OVER PHONE)  
(sincerely)  
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?

BACK TO SCENE

He shakes his head as she LAUGHS.

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.

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)  
Yes!

She CRACKS UP.

BACK TO INSERT

MARILYN (ON PHONE)  
Fox has agreed to replace Cukor, but they want me to get rid of Paula.  
(sudden despondency)  
Why must I always have to fight? I'm tired of fighting. I don't want to fight anymore.

EXT. MAURCIERI HOUSE (BRENTWOOD) - BACKYARD/PATIO - LATER

JOHN MAURCIERI (30s), wife JOAN (20s), their TWO DAUGHTERS eat. He glances up the HILL which buttresses the property, and sees Marilyn watching them, a truly-ghostly figure.

John and Joan share a LOOK. They resume eating/ignore her. Marilyn BACKS AWAY slowly 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 20s) holds a PILLOW. She stares ahead, robotic, toward a CRIB where Marilyn (then 2), is ASLEEP. Gladys moves the pillow OVER her baby.

SCREEN GOES BLACK. TELEPHONE RINGS. FADE UP INTO:

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Joe is in bed, ASLEEP. Phone at his end table RINGS. He finally AWAKENS, half-turns, grabs it.

JOE (ON PHONE)  
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, covered by a sheet, soiled, TAGS TIED to toes in need of a pedicure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Bernice and her husband PARIS (40s) enter. She ANSWERS the phone. STUNNED, she hands it 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.  
(beat)

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". Also in Paris, Darryl F. Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, stated: "I disagreed and fought with her on many occasions, but, in spite of her temperament, she never let the public down".

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

POLICE SEAL the house as Patricia walks a sad Maf OUT.

REPORTER #3 (V.O.)  
John Huston, who directed Miss Monroe in The Asphalt Jungle and The Misfits, said: "It's a terrible pity that so much beauty has been lost to us". The Soviet government newspaper *Izvestia* declared: "Marilyn Monroe was a victim of Hollywood. It gave birth to her and it killed her".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She now confronts the PRESS swarming the place.

PATRICIA  
Keep shooting, vultures! Keep  
shooting!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK (WESTWOOD) - ROOM - DAY

Inez Melson and Bernice enter. CLARENCE PIERCE (40s) and GUY HOCKETT (30s) somber; AARON FROSCH (30s) genial; MILTON RUDIN thuggish (40s), all at a table, rise.

Joe walks over to Bernice; they embrace, break. He then motions to Pierce and Hockett.

JOE  
Mr. Pierce, the park's director. His  
associate, Mr. Hockett.

Bernice, Pierce, and Hockett nod to each other. Joe then motions to Frosch and Rudin.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Marilyn's New York attorney, Mr. Frosch.  
Her Los Angeles attorney, Mr. Rudin.

Bernice, Frosch, and Rudin nod to each other.

JOE (CONT'D)  
This is where Marilyn had "Aunt" Grace  
buried. Grace is here because her Aunt  
Ana is here.  
(beat)  
I would not have begun to handle things  
had I known you would be able to arrive  
so soon.

BERNICE  
No. It's all right. We need you.

They embrace again, break. Joe leads the women to the table, seats them. 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 met.

Rudin nods. Bernice nods, grateful. Frosch opens a folder.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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.

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)

Now, you can contest. But if you lose, the previous will will take effect, leaving Arthur Miller with the bulk of the estate.

This sends an already-overwhelmed Bernice near breaking.

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 married, and I was pregnant with

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNICE (CONT'D)  
 our daughter. One day, I received 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".  
 (beat)  
 I read that... and I cried and cried.

Joe takes her hand.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - GROUNDS - LATER

Joe escorts Inez and 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 both.

BERNICE  
 You don't have to.

JOE  
 (sudden emotion)  
 I have to.

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Joe enters to find Hockett and his WIFE (30s) doing their best to handle the phones, RINGING NON-STOP. Pierce walks over to Joe with a sheet of paper.

PIERCE  
 Mr. DiMaggio? This is a partial list of the personalities who have requested to attend the service.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT: NAMES ON PAPER, WITH NOTATIONS

Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Ella Fitzgerald, Sammy Davis, Jr., Patricia Lawford (sister of President Kennedy), Gene Kelly, Rock Hudson, José Ferrer, Milton Berle, Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons, Lew Wasserman, Walter Mirisch, Marvin Mirisch, Harold Mirisch (producers of Some Like It Hot).

Joe CROSSES-OFF EVERY NAME with a pen.

BACK TO SCENE

Pierce takes the paper, surprised, but tries not to let on. He then hands Joe a NOTE-SIZED piece of paper.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
This was found in Miss Monroe's desk.

He give Joe the note; he reads it.

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 dress she wore in Mexico City, lays in a 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. Whitey now enters quietly, puts his make-up case on a table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITEY  
 (almost to himself)  
 What a hell of a birthday!

He opens the case. As he prepares the make-up, he produces a bottle of GIN/takes a slug.

JOE  
 I keep expecting her to wake up.

Whitey stops. Joe then 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.

Winchell DIRECTS 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, in Marine dress blues, stands next to Joe, who shakes Mae Reis's hand, THANKS her for coming. Anne Karger and Mary Daubrey 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, Joe BLOCKS him. Rudin turns on him with righteous fury.

RUDIN  
 You have no right to do this! You're 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 Greensons; Frosch; Rudin; George; 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 (40s).

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.

AT THE PODIUM

Lee 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 (80s), who conducted the service; and the 6 PALLBEARERS (including Whitey and Pierce) mill OUTSIDE, near the door. Joe stands at the open casket, stares at Marilyn.

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. He kisses her tenderly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - MEMORIES SECTION - LATER

The mourners disperse as the service ends.

JOE

seems lost as he looks around him. He then looks at the CRYPT where Marilyn was placed just moments ago. He waves at it, waving goodbye.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - GROUNDS - MINUTES LATER

Joe walks alone, past the mourners, past the hordes of FANS and MEDIA whom have been ROPED OFF from the service.

WINCHELL (O.S.)

Joe! Joe!

Winchell tries to catch up/get his attention, to no avail.

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: Joe 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.

Dominic DiMaggio stated in his eulogy that his brother had everything -- except the right woman to share his life with.

TITLE UP: He never remarried.

FADE OUT.

END