

JOE AND MARILYN

written by

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FADE IN:

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

Clock on a wall: 9:00 PM.

DAVE MARCH (35; slick) tries desperately to keep the MAN seated OFF-SCREEN from him from leaving.

DAVE MARCH
She'll be here. She's always late.
She's late for everything. She'll even
be late for her own funeral.

MAN (O.S.)
Two hours?! Either you don't know her,
or I've been stood up!

A dispirited March watches the Man stand, walk toward the entrance/exit. The Man then STOPS in his tracks.

INT: NEAR THE ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

MARILYN MONROE (25) stands against a wall. Her natural sweetness cuts through her clear resentment at being here. March RUNS UP to her, grabs her hand before she can bolt, leads her to the Man.

DAVE MARCH
(beyond relieved)
Miss Monroe, this is Joe DiMaggio.

JOE DiMAGGIO (37) has just been struck-dumb by the vision now before him. Surprised, she smiles, offers her hand. He snaps out of it, offers his hand. They shake.

INT: BOOTH TABLE - LATER

March and his GUESTS TALK. Joe and Marilyn sit together. Each steal shy glances of the other. The attraction is strong. She turns to him, finally, noticing something.

MARILYN
There's a blue polka dot exactly in the
middle of your tie knot. Did it take
you long to fix it like that?

He glances at the tie, looks at her, shakes his head. She shrugs, resumes eating. He resumes eating.

LATER

Clock: 11:00 PM. Bored, she watches the guests SHOW OFF for Joe. She turns to March, finally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
Dave, I'm tired and I have a hard day
ahead. I really have to get home.

She turns to Joe as she stands.

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 - MINUTES LATER

He OPENS the door for her, startling her again.

JOE
I'll walk you to your car.

She keeps her distance as they approach a 1950 Pontiac
Catalina Coupe. She opens her purse, gets the keys.

JOE (CONT'D)
I don't live very far from here and I
haven't any transportation. Would you
mind dropping me off at my hotel?

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

He sits beside her. They stare ahead.

ON SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

She stares ahead. He stares ahead.

ON VINE STREET

Neither show any sign of making the first move.

ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

She turns onto IVAR AVENUE. The sight of the Hotel Knickerbocker sign crawling up the windshield makes her depressed suddenly.

JOE
I don't feel like turning in. Would you
mind driving around a little while?

Her eyes light up, now happy, but she contains herself.

MARILYN
It's a lovely night for a drive.

He nods a bit. They stare ahead.

ON SUNSET BOULEVARD

Classical music ON the radio.

MARILYN
I'm sorry. I was at the studio all day,
and I completely forgot. I just got home
when Dave called: "You can't do this to
me! He isn't just anyone!"

He has to chuckle.

JOE
I said to him: "Either you don't know
her, or I've been stood up". And as I
made for the exit, I looked up and there
you were.

MARILYN
And you wish you had just kept right on
going!

He grins/shakes his head as she chuckles.

ON NORTH MAPLE DRIVE

She hears him out.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
(understands)
I'll try not to make him 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 stuck by the compliment he just paid her.

ON SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

They both fidget. Finally...

JOE
I saw your picture the other day.

MARILYN
(sudden excitement)
Which movie was it?

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

He can tell she doesn't remember. He produces/shows her a
newspaper clipping of her "at bat" with TWO CHICAGO WHITE
SOX players. She takes a quick glance, winces.

MARILYN
Oh, that! I imagine you must have had
your picture taken doing publicity stunts
like that thousands of times.

JOE
Not quite. Best I ever got was Ethel
Barrymore or General MacArthur.
(beat)
You're prettier.

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

ON IVAR AVENUE

She pulls up to the HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER. He turns to her.

JOE (CONT'D)
Would you like to come up and take a look
at a few of my trophies?

She is unsure if he's kidding. He leans over, gives her an
ardent, sincere kiss. She pushes him away hard.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - WARDROBE - DAY

March catches up to Marilyn, who is at the door.

MARILYN
He struck out!

He smirks as she turns and walks inside.

INT. BEVERLY-CARLTON - STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Stuffed with books. Sofa bed. White baby grand piano - pictures of Abraham Lincoln, Eleonora Duse, and Walt Whitman on it - in a corner. Jazz ON a record player.

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

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Hello?

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

Her lips purse in irritation. He's called before.

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

JOE (OVER PHONE)
Tomorrow evening?

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

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

On the phone as the line CLICKS, he hangs up, dejected. GEORGE SOLOTAIRE (49; father hen) enters with Joe's dry cleaning. He sees Joe, puts two-and-two together, shakes his head in dismay.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - DAY

Marilyn eats with her manager INEZ MELSON (51; matronly) and make-up man ALLAN "WHITEY" SNYDER (37; hulk).

Wearing glasses, she reads her tax returns as she slides a plate of ground raw liver into a glass of tomato juice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

I've wondered sometimes when I've been in a picture if the people making it hadn't had their children ghostwrite it for them, and I've thought: Wouldn't it be wonderful if I accidentally opened a door and there they were, the children who really make up the movies, a room full of eight-and-nine-year-old kids. Then, I could go to the studio head and say: I'd like to play in something a little better than the script you've given me. Something a little more human and true to life. And when he answered me that the script was made up by the finest brains in the country and I was a fool to criticize it, I'd tell him I know his secret: the room full of babies who were creating all the movies. And he'd turn pale and give in, and I'd be given a script written by some adult and become a real actress.

The three share a chuckle. Marilyn then stirs the glass, takes a gulp, winces.

INEZ MELSON

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

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

WHITEY SNYDER

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

He 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. MUSSO & FRANK GRILL (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT

They eat at a corner table as the PATRONS gawk at him. 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 (40s) bounds over to him, napkin in hand.

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

Joe sneers a bit, produces a pen.

JOE
Look, I am just a man.

He signs/returns the napkin, then shakes his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)
And it's nice to meet you, too.

They watch Pudgy Man leave, on a cloud.

JOE (CONT'D)
Someday, I tell myself, this madness will
end and I will have my life back.

MARILYN
Yeah -- when you're dead.

She chuckles a bit as he turns to her, resigned.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
No offense, but I didn't want to meet you.
When Dave said you were an athlete, I
imagined this loud, sporty fellow with
big muscles in a checkered suit and a pink
tie and a New York line of patter.

JOE
Sorry to disappoint you.

They share a chuckle. He finishes eating.

JOE (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I smoke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She shakes her head. He breaks out a pack of Camels, lights up. She then points at a ring on his left hand.

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

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

INT. BRUCE WONG'S MING ROOM (LOS ANGELES) - EVENING

As the PATRONS gawk at him, he has his wallet opened to shows her a photograph of his SON.

MARILYN
He looks like you.

JOE
It's the nose. When the Good Lord was
passing out schnozzes, me and Jimmy
Durante were definitely first in line.

She laughs, then STOPS. It throws him, but tries not to let on. He closes/shoves the wallet into a back pocket.

MARILYN
I want a family more than anything.

He's been waiting a long time to hear that, then...

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I got married when I was sixteen.

That throws him. His reaction makes her panic a bit.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Grace was Mother's best friend. She
kinda looked after me after Mother --
(long beat)
Jim lived next door. How Grace talked
him into it, I'll never know. We hardly
knew each other.

She looks down, suddenly ashamed.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I don't like thinking about the past. It
depresses me.

He takes that in.

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

"MONKEY BUSINESS". Marilyn sits at a desk in a mock office.

MARILYN

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

HOWARD HAWKS (O.S.)

And... cut. Print that.

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

INT: SOUND STAGE - OFF-SET - LATER

She grabs an envelope on her chair, removes the check inside it, endorses it, hands it to Natasha. VOICES. They react.

INSERT: INT. SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

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

BACK TO SCENE

Marilyn and Natasha observe the HUBBUB.

NATASHA LYTESS

(Russian accent)

I doubt he has read a book in his life.

MARILYN

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

Natasha is mortified. As a PUBLICITY MAN escorts Marilyn away, she turns to Natasha, who returns a stare that would freeze Hell.

INT: SOUND STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe shakes hands with CARY GRANT, who then INTRODUCES him to HOWARD HAWKS, who is genuinely in awe of his visitor. Marilyn is now brought over; she and Joe share a shy smile. The four are now lined up for the PHOTOGRAPHERS.

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

Joe and Marilyn walk. PEOPLE stop to shake his hand or get an autograph; she studies this, as if to gain pointers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
"Marilyn Monroe: The Talk of Hollywood".

She reacts with a tiny HOP, giddy.

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

Her giddiness suddenly gives way to morose.

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

He can't argue with that. Her mood turns suddenly defiant.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
And I won't apologize! I'm not ashamed! I've done nothing wrong!

Just as he's dealing with this 180, she shifts gears.

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

He recovers, gives a nod.

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

She is struck by the burst of cynicism.

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

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

He mulls that over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

He's thrown momentarily, then nods.

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

MARILYN
And it doesn't it bother you?

JOE
Of course it does. But it'd only sell
more papers if I made a stink.
(beat)
One of the beat writers put it to me
this way: "They don't mean to hurt you,
just use you".

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

She thinks about that. He turns to her.

JOE
Would you like to go to my hotel and take
a look at a few of my trophies?

She smirks, conceding "defeat".

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - DEN - LATER

Door UNLOCKS/OPENS. He escorts her in. Sure enough, on a
table are plaques and trophies. He points them out.

JOE
Baseball Writers. Philadelphia
Sportswriters. Wheaties All-American.
Golden Laurel. Pacific Coast League MVP.
American League MVP. Sporting News
Athlete of the Year.

He picks up a box, OPENS it: 8 diamond/10K gold rings.

JOE (CONT'D)
My other World Series rings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He CLOSES the box, puts it back on the table, then points to a large trophy behind all the others.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

(long beat)

Baseball is all I know. It's all I ever wanted to know. I have no idea what I am going to do with the rest of my life.

He surprises himself by this. He now turns to her. Their eyes lock. He bends in, kisses her softly. She melts.

DISSOLVE TO:

MORNING

They sit on the sofa as the BELLHOPS pack his plaques and trophies. The BELL CAPTAIN walks through the open door.

BELL CAPTAIN

Mr. DiMaggio. Your cab is here and the lady's cab is en route. 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.

JOE

Nonsense!

He produces a pen, writes on the notepad on the table before them, tears off the page, hands it to her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Telephone number to the Stadium broadcast booth. Number of 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 not being treated as a one-off. He stands, turns to her: he doesn't want to leave; she now wants him to stay. He turns and goes reluctantly, tailed by George, who gives her a smile of approval.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

JOE (PRE-LAP)
 You did what?!

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

A smiling Joe, phone to his ear, sits on a sofa, watches TV.

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 nobody ever believed
 me. Jim would tell me to just take a
 bunch of aspirin.

INSERT: INT. CEDARS OF LEBANON HOSPITAL (LOS ANGELES) - ROOM
 - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Red roses in a vase on a table. A PHOTOGRAPHER sets up as
 Marilyn is in bed, fan mail about her. She OPENS a letter:
 A cut-out photo of her bosom, "SLUT!" written across it.

As she tries to deal, studio publicist ROY CRAFT (43; wily)
 gets more-agitated by the moment. She now panics.

MARILYN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 I gotta go. The studio needs pictures.

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)
 Tell them to go to Hell!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No response.

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

BACK TO INSERT

She 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 - PARKING LOT - DUSK

A zoned-out Marilyn locks her car.

INT. BEVERLY CARLTON HOTEL - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

She is at the top of the stairs when she realizes Joe is at the bottom. She turns to him in disbelief. He grins.

EXT. 1312 NORTH HARPER AVENUE (HOLLYWOOD) - DAY

As they approach the HOUSE, OUT of it waddles ANNE KARGER (65; doughy). Marilyn runs to her; they hug. Marilyn then YELLS in delight as Anne's grand-kids BENNETT (13) and ANNIE (12) D'AUBREY run OUT, TAILED by their mom MARY D'AUBREY (33; brassy). Group hug.

INT. KARGER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Stuffed with mementos from Hollywood's Silent Era. Anne, Mary, and Joe sit at a table having coffee.

ANNE KARGER
My husband Max was one of the founders of Rolfe Photoplays. He was at Metro when it merged with Goldwyn. 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, then turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY D'AUBREY

She was head-over-heels for Fred. She
wanted to marry him in the worst way.
But she was nothing to him but a --

He nods. She doesn't need to elaborate.

As they TALK, Marilyn and the kids enter the KITCHEN from
the BACKYARD. She OPENS/CLOSES the icebox, removes 2 sodas,
OPENS them, gives one to each child.

She now enters. He springs to his feet, startling her. She
gives him a tiny smile, then walks behind Anne, wraps her
arms around her. He sits.

MARILYN

What have you been telling him, Nana?

She pats Marilyn's arms, matronly.

ANNE KARGER

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

Marilyn MOUTHS at him/gestures: "Don't listen to her! Don't
listen to her!". He breaks into a grin.

INT. CAR (PARKED)/EXT. WHITLEY AVENUE (HOLLYWOOD) - DAY

She watches him escort Joseph III [LITTLE JOE] (10) from an
APARTMENT BUILDING across the street. He OPENS the back
door, Little Joe hops in, CLOSES it. He OPENS the driver's
door, hops in, CLOSES it. She turns to Little Joe; they
smile, bond instantly. Joe produces a list. Sensing it's
an itinerary, she stops him.

MARILYN

Let's just go where the day takes us.

Little Joe nods but Joe is thrown, not the impulsive type.

JOE, MARILYN, AND LITTLE JOE'S DAY:

-- INT. THE PANTRY (LOS ANGELES) -- They sit in a booth as
the PATRONS react and a WAITER serves each a half-loaf of
bread and a pile of coleslaw, to Little Joe's delight.

-- INT. MOONLIGHT ROLLERWAY (GLENDALE) -- PATRONS stare at
Joe, who sits on a bench. She and Little Joe stand at the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

rail, skates on. She now goads him by imitating a chicken. Little Joe laughs. Joe shakes his head/waves a hand. She and Little Joe give up, SKATE off.

-- INT. THE HUNTINGTON (SAN MARINO)

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

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

Little Joe stands before *The Blue Boy.*

-- EXT. CARROLL AVENUE (LOS ANGELES) -- She has plopped father and son into a sea of stately Victorian manors.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEL-AIR COUNTRY CLUB - POOL AREA - LATER

He sits poolside, signs autographs for some BOYS. She and Little Joe sit at a table. She draws on a napkin.

MARILYN

The pilot catches the air, then 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.

LITTLE JOE

Dad! Marilyn was a parachute inspector during the War!

She shrugs at him. He smiles. She and Little Joe then turn back to each other.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)

How do you know about all these places?

MARILYN

I was born here.

LITTLE JOE

I didn't think anybody was actually born here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
(gets what he means)
Yeah, right?

They chuckle.

LITTLE JOE
My mom's an actress, too. She was in a
serial with Bela Lugosi.

She reacts: "Cool!"

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
She and Dad met when they did a movie.

She turns to Joe. He winces as Little Joe laughs.

JOE
"Manhattan Merry Go-Round".
(long beat)
I also appeared in a film titled "Angels
in the Outfield".

She points at him, recognizing the last title.

MARILYN
Paul Douglas! I just wrapped "*Clash by
Night*" with him and Barbara Stanwyck!

LITTLE JOE
Small world.

She turns back to him.

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

She doesn't know how to respond.

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

She looks at the dress, then at him.

MARILYN
Really? Your father took me shopping.
I didn't want to, but he insisted.
(*"as"* Joe)
"No more borrowing clothes from the
goddamn studio!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They chuckle, then she pivots.

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

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. They share a smile, then
notice PHOTOGRAPHERS across from them. Joe has noticed
them, too, and confronts a POOL ATTENDANT.

JOE
Who let them in here?!

The Pool Attendant shakes his head, having no idea.

JOE (CONT'D)
Clear them out or I will!

The Pool Attendant does as he is told.

Little Joe grins. Stunned at first, Marilyn now smiles,
appreciating this fiercely protective side of him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WRIGHT, WRIGHT, GREEN & WRIGHT - ROOM - DAY

Law office. CLOSE ON: Marilyn's nude calendar on a table.

DOROTHY SCHUSTER (O.S.)
I do not want my son in the company of
that woman!

DOROTHY SCHUSTER (34; hard beauty) and ALBERT PEARLSON (40;
sober) sit across from Joe and LOYD WRIGHT (59; stately).
Wright turns to her, calm.

LOYD WRIGHT
This was a matter of severe financial
exigency. Miss Monroe consented only if
photographer's wife was present.

Wright gestures at the calendar as he SAYS "this was a
matter". Dorothy scoffs as Pearlson turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT PEARLSON

We are seeking sole custody, a thousand dollars a month child support, and an addendum to the MSA that all future visits are to take place exclusively at Mrs. Schuster's home.

DOROTHY SCHUSTER

After all, I must think about his emotional and psychological well-being.

JOE

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

DOROTHY SCHUSTER

(barbed)

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

Were she a man, he'd deck her. Wright puts a calming hand on Joe's shoulder, then turns to Pearlson.

LOYD WRIGHT

As Mrs. Schuster knows full well, Albert, Mr. DiMaggio pays over quadruple the amount stipulated in the MSA. From June nineteen forty-four to June of this year, he has paid twenty-seven thousand, four-hundred, seventy-six dollars for Joseph's support; and five-thousand, four-hundred dollars to Mrs. Schuster directly.

Joe raises a hand, signaling a STOP. He then turns to her, controlled yet enraged.

JOE

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 SCHUSTER

What do you want, my congratulations?

(scorn)

I didn't have to marry you. There were plenty of other men interested in me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Then why didn't you marry one of them?
(explodes)
Because they weren't Joe DiMaggio! And
the fact I was pulling in thirty grand
a year didn't hurt, either!

Pearlson and Wright share a resigned look.

ALBERT PEARLSON
Well, Loyd, see you in court.

The two men then get to their feet as Dorothy stands, but
Joe stays seated.

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

DOROTHY SCHUSTER
"Butch" has turned out much more secure
without the influence of his father.

She and Pearlson leave. Joe gives the table a swift KICK.

INT. HOUSE (SAN FRANCISCO) - BEDROOM - MORNING

A door leads to a ROOF DECK with 360° VIEWS.

The room is tidy: family photos; sports memorabilia; fishing
and hunting gear; a Lionel toy train layout. Joe snaps
awake in bed, realizes he is alone.

INT: BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

He enters to find his pajama shirt on the floor... and
Marilyn IN the tub. She sees him, blanches a bit.

MARILYN
Hope I didn't wake you. I'm just giving
Norma Jeane a treat. She used to have
to bathe in water bathed in by six other
people. Now, she can bathe in water as
clean and transparent as a pane of glass.

His distress at how she halves herself vanishes when she
gives him her sweetest smile. He walks over, breaks into a
boyish grin, then sticks his thumbs under the waistband of
his pajama pants. She SQUEALS/giggles with delight as he
strips, then joins her.

INT: KITCHEN - LATER

They enter, robes over new pajamas. MARIE KRON (45; earthy) is at the stove before a skillet, a lid on it.

MARIE KRON
About time you two showed up.

He GREETs her, then is surprised to see ELIZABETH "BETTY" MORECI (21; perky) at the table drinking coffee. A TODDLER sits on her lap/chomps on a biscuit. He brings Marilyn to her. A CAT weaves its way under the table.

JOE
Marie's daughter, Elizabeth. Her boy,
Vincent. Betty, Vincent, Marilyn.

Betty is immediately star-struck.

BETTY MORECI
Are you really Marilyn Monroe?

Marilyn gives a resigned shrug.

MARILYN
That's what they tell me, so I guess I am.

Marilyn now gushes over Vincent.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
How old is he?

BETTY MORECI
He'll turn two on August first. Would
you like to hold him?

She nods. Betty hands her VINCENT, who takes to her right off. Joe holds out a chair; she sits, Vincent on her lap.

MARILYN
Is it okay if I just have a glass of
warm milk with two raw eggs? That's all
I ever have for breakfast.

Marie turns to her, thrown, as are Betty and Joe.

MARIE KRON
Are you sure? I'm making a frittata.
It's like an omelet with heavy cream.

She thinks, then nods. Marie smiles. He grabs the coffee pot, then 3 mugs, brings the pot and mugs to the table, sets a mug before Marilyn, FILLS it; they share a smile. He sets

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a mug before Marie's chair, then his, FILLS both, REFILLS Betty's mug. Betty nods her thanks.

JOE
Moreci giving you a hard time?

BETTY MORECI
No. He sends money. But I haven't seen or heard from him since the divorce.

JOE
Cardinals are so hard up, they invite a kid who twice got busted down to single-A to camp? He's better off in the Marines.

Betty nods. Marilyn turns to Betty.

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

BETTY MORECI
Oh, he's a nice uncle.

Marie half-turns to Marilyn.

MARIE KRON
Everything I learned about raising Betty I learned from Joe. Mama had the older kids care for the younger ones: Frances got Vincent; Mae got Dominic; and I got stuck with him.

Chuckles. He returns the pot. Timer DINGS. Marie turns off the burner, lifts the lid, cuts the frittata, comes to the table, puts a slice on each plate, returns to the stove. He holds out a chair, motions at her. Marie returns, sits. He sits next to Marilyn. Everyone digs in.

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

Modest. TOMMY DiMAGGIO (11) OPENS the door to find Joe and Marilyn. Tommy half-turns behind him.

TOMMY DiMAGGIO
It's Uncle Joe!

Joe grins at him/musses his hair as he ushers her in.

JOE
Tommy, this is Marilyn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She and Tommy smile/shake hands. Tommy CLOSES the door as his sister ROSALIE (3) RACES IN. Joe down goes, big grin. She runs to him. He scoops her up, turns to Marilyn.

JOE (CONT'D)
And this is my princess, Rosalie.

Rosalie smiles at him. He kisses her on the cheek as MIKE (43) and TOM (47) DiMAGGIO and their wives MAMIE (40) and LOUISE (49) now enter. Tom points at Joe.

TOM DiMAGGIO
Something's wrong. You're happy.

Laughs. Joe kisses Louise then Mamie on the cheek, shakes Tom's then Mike's hand, gestures between Marilyn and them.

JOE
My brothers Tom and Mike. Tom's wife,
Louise. Mike's wife, Mamie.

She and they GREET each other/shake hands.

MIKE DiMAGGIO
The Army's decided all of a sudden they
can't live without our boy, so we moved
the party up to Sunday.

JOE
But the christening is Sunday.

TOM DiMAGGIO
Yeah. Reno better get Patty to make a
whole mess of those *cassatelles* or else.

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

MARILYN
Would you like some help?

MAMIE DiMAGGIO
Oh, I'd sure appreciate it.

Joe watches Marilyn leave with Mamie as Louise, Tom, and Mike watch him. They can tell that she is The One.

INT: KITCHEN - LATER

Mamie wipes the counters as Marilyn washes the dishes with a scary intensity. Mike sits at the table, pets his DOG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE DiMAGGIO

Mama's pop lived in Pittsburg, up the road from here. He wrote her about how the fishing was better, so Pop came over. Took him four years to save enough to send for Mama and Nell. They knew no English. Us kids knew no English until we started school. One time, Joe was called on in class. He said the wrong thing in English and the other kids laughed at him. He went in this shell. When Dorothy walked, it killed him. But you'd never know it.

She ponders that as Tommy and Rosalie RACE IN, each holding two "It's It" bags, put them on the table.

An "It's It" bag now dangles before her. She spins around to find Joe behind her holding it. Mike, eating an "It's It", wedges himself in between them, looks at Joe.

MIKE DiMAGGIO (CONT'D)

Case you forgot, the bedroom's down the hall.

She laughs as Joe shakes his head, embarrassed.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAWN

Wood Mom-and-Pop boats are dwarfed by a modern steel cutter. "DiMaggio's", the family's RESTAURANT, lords over it all.

Joe smokes/stands before THREE OLD FISHERMEN, who sit on a bench. They SPEAK PALERMO SICILIAN, SUBTITLES OVER:

OLD FISHERMAN #1

The world is changing. Our way of life is disappearing before our very eyes. My son, he works at Boudin. He says there is no money in fishing.

JOE

Mike and these trawlers formed a cooperative and they are actually giving these boys a run for their money.

He thumbs at the cutter as he SAYS "these boys".

Fisherman #2 now points at a 1949 Chris-Craft 22' Sportsman Runabout, hitched to a 1949 Cadillac Sixty Special PARKED on JEFFERSON STREET. Joe nods, almost blushes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

The Yankees held a day for me a few years back. The boat and the car were among the gifts presented to me by the fans.

The old men nod. They now notice Marilyn walking dreamily on the DOCK, holding a picnic basket.

OLD FISHERMAN #2

You have fallen in love with a very beautiful girl.

OLD FISHERMAN #3

She will make you a proper wife and give you many sons.

OLD FISHERMAN #1

What a piece of ass.

END SUBTITLES

The old men laugh. His ire at being "mocked" melts when she comes to him. He grins/clamps a possessive arm around her.

JOE

These gentlemen worked the Bay with Pop.

He INTRODUCES her in PALERMO SICILIAN. She smiles, charms them. He waves "bye"; they leave. The old men nod/smile.

EXT. CHRIS-CRAFT (MOVING)/SAN FRANCISCO BAY - LATER

He STEERS as she sets up the picnic. He motions for her to take over. She shakes her head. He grins, assuring. She walks over, hesitant. He stands, has her sit, puts her hands on the wheel, lets go. Her eyes widen as she realizes she is actually STEERING, hops up and down in the seat.

LATER

Now ANCHORED, they eat.

JOE

The rocking of the boat and the smell of the dead fish make me sick to my stomach. I tried to explain, but he didn't want to know. As far as he was concerned, I was lazy and good-for-nothing.

She reacts: "How cruel!". He smirks a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

It was his dream for all five of us to work the Bay with him. I just happened to be the joker in the deck.

He looks at the sky; generations of fisherman instincts kick in. He motions at a group of seemingly-harmless CLOUDS.

JOE (CONT'D)

Storm's brewing.

She's about to ask how he knows this, but figures he does and nods quickly. They pack up.

JOE (CONT'D)

You see, what he wanted, what he really wanted, was for us kids to get out from under, to get away from the poverty and to make something of ourselves. And he didn't understand how we could do that playing ball. But once Vince then me showed we could, no one was happier or prouder than our father.

She nods. He stands. She watches adoringly as he walks to the port-side bow, HAULS anchor, then STARTS the boat.

EXT./EST. CHURCH OF SAINTS PETER AND PAUL - DAY

Hub of San Francisco's Italian/Sicilian community.

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

Joe holds a BABY as a PRIEST CHRISTENS it. RENO (36) and CATHERINE "PATTY" BARSOCCHINI (30), their daughter NANCY (4), and the GODMOTHER (30s) stand with him. Marilyn and the Barsocchinis' FAMILY and FRIENDS sit in the pews.

INT. DiMAGGIO'S (CLOSED) - DINING AREA - LATER

Hip Big Boy virtually on top of FISHERMAN'S WHARF.

-- 1st table: WOMEN and CHILDREN huddle around Patty, Nancy, and the Baby.

-- 2nd table: Tommy and Rosalie watch Mike give their brother/his SON (22) fishing gear as Mamie wipes away tears. Mike then gives him a big hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe and Reno stand to one side, watch everything.

RENO BARSOCCHINI
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 having a baby sister.

JOE
She's beautiful, Reno. Just beautiful.

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

RENO BARSOCCHINI
How did it go with the Archbishop?

Joe shakes his head.

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

That sinks in. Joe then looks around. Reno knows for who.

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

INT: OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

He enters. No Marilyn.

JOE
Baby?

No response. He looks around, begins to panic.

JOE (CONT'D)
Baby?!

WHIMPERS. He follows the SOUND, finds her squeezed in a corner. He crouches before her, removes his jacket, wraps it around her. She finally looks up at him.

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

Having walked from the facility's TRAIN DEPOT, she looks at the "clock tower" building before her with dread.

INT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL - LOUNGE - MINUTES LATER

PATIENTS cared for by STAFF. They enter. He looks about, calm yet unnerved. She sees something AHEAD, leaves.

INT: TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed as a nurse, GLADYS ELEY (50) is absorbed in an issue of Photoplay. Marilyn now sits beside her; the resemblance is eerie. Gladys turns finally, notices her.

GLADYS ELEY
You received my letters. You're taking
me back to Norwalk.
(sudden fear)
They put me here because 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.

Relieved when Joe walks over, Marilyn gestures between them.

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

He sits next to Marilyn. Gladys sizes him up.

GLADYS ELEY
Are you Catholic?

JOE
(puzzled)
Yes, Ma'am.

Gladys recoils from him in terror.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marilyn looks at him, pleading. He nods at Gladys quickly, going along, putting both women at ease.

An ORDERLY (40s) puts a food tray before Gladys: boiled potatoes; spaghetti and sauce; bread and butter; milk. She happily digs in as he turns to them.

ORDERLY

Only thing Mrs. Eley will eat. Won't even eat gravy if she thinks it's made from fat.

GLADYS ELEY

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

Marilyn smiles her thanks. The Orderly smiles, leaves. Gladys now turns to Joe as she points at Marilyn.

GLADYS ELEY (CONT'D)

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

She TAPS on the magazine.

GLADYS ELEY (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 turns to her.

GLADYS ELEY (CONT'D)

I am ready to return to Norwalk now.

MARILYN

But... but, you hated it there.

GLADYS ELEY

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 ELEY (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

She walks to the depot, swamped. He tries to keep up.

JOE
Why didn't you tell me?! All you told me
is what you told the papers!

She stops and turns on him, defiant.

MARILYN
"My whole family's nuts and I don't know
who my real father is"?! Is that what
you wanna hear?!

He takes a step forward, calm.

JOE
What I want is for you to be forthcoming.
(long beat)
When two people love each other, they
confide in each other. They place their
trust in each other.

Her defiance crumbles into SOBS. He comes to her, enfolds
her in his arms. She clings to him.

INT. RAINBOW TOWER (NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, CANADA) - DAY

"NIAGARA". Marilyn lays on the floor, "murdered"; she can
not move. Co-star JOSEPH COTTEN sits to her left.

MARILYN
So, what do you guys think the deal is
with Jean and Howard Hughes?

Cotten and the CREW shrug, as stumped as she is.

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

MARILYN
We're just good friends.

Beat. They crack up. A MAN now steps before them, SNAPS a
clapboard, leaves. She closes her eyes, "dead".

HENRY HATHAWAY (O.S.)
Speed... and... action!

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

EXT. RAINBOW BRIDGE COMPLEX (NIAGARA FALLS) - DAY

She sits and writes in a prompt-book as HENRY HATHAWAY DIRECTS the crew. Craft approaches. She sees Craft, jumps out of her chair. Hathaway points at her.

HENRY HATHAWAY
Sit down! You're going nowhere!

ROY CRAFT
Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Brand --

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

Livid yet powerless, Craft leaves. She sits down meekly, stunned. Hathaway turns to her.

HENRY HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Who's your agent?! Don't you got somebody to tell these cocksuckers to back off when you're working?!

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

He knows the story. He now leans over to her.

HENRY HATHAWAY
You say you feel like you're knocking at the door and nobody's answering? This isn't going to open the door, it's going to blow it right off the goddamn hinges!
(deadly serious)
Get help and get it now. You won't be able to handle what's coming on your own.

She nods quickly, shaken.

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

High-end. Joe awakens to FRANTIC KNOCKS. He rises, slides into his slippers, wraps a robe around himself.

INT: DEN - MOMENTS LATER

He OPENS the door to find a tipsy Marilyn holding a liquor bottle and the September 1, 1952 Life, ERNEST HEMINGWAY ON the cover. She opens the Life, READS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

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

She laughs. Alarmed and now more than a bit pissed, he GRABS her by the shoulders, JERKS her inside, PINS her to the wall, SLAMS the door, grabs the Life and the bottle, SLAMS them on the table near them.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

B-but I'm not 'pose to be here 'cause
you're a fuddy-duddy!

She opens her purse, produces a hotel key as she SPEAKS. He GRABS her by her upper arm, YANKS her into the...

BEDROOM

PUSHES her DOWN on a twin bed. He then grabs the phone on the end table between that bed and his.

JOE (ON PHONE)

Send the Bell Captain up.

He hangs up.

MARILYN

Mr. Hathaway says I gotta get help and
get it now 'cause this is gonna blow
the door right off the goddamn hinges!

He softens, realizes why she's gone off the rails. He grabs her hotel key and his wallet on the end table, leaves.

INT: HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He steps out/CLOSES the door as the BELL CAPTAIN approaches.

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

Fuddy-duddy!

Both men wince. Joe gives him her hotel key.

JOE

Have the Sherry-Netherland bring the
lady's baggage here and send me the bill.
Book her a room, put it on my tab, pay
the cab out front.

As he SPEAKS, he opens his wallet, hands him some bills/a tip. The Bell Captain gives a slight bow, leaves.

INT: JOE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He finds her asleep. He removes her shoes, maneuvers her in, pulls the covers up. He goes to his bed, removes his robe/slippers, gets in, staring at her all the while.

INT. CAB (MOVING)/EXT. EAST 161 STREET (BRONX, NY) - DAY
They sit in the back. The cab approaches YANKEE STADIUM.

MARILYN
Did you know he was gonna put you in his story?

JOE
Never mentioned it. But I don't mind.

She does a double-take.

MARILYN
Wait. You know Hemingway?

JOE
We go to the fights together.
(beat)
Would you like to meet him?

She scoffs, incredulous. He grins.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - LATER

He smokes, riled. She tugs on him. He turns to her.

MARILYN
Natasha taught me this. Just close your eyes, and --

The very-name makes him even more-agitated. He now directs that agitation at his PRODUCER (40s).

JOE
If that is not here in one minute!

CREWMAN (O.S.)
Got it!

Now noticing she is gone, he signals to George to follow her. George nods/leaves.

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

INT. TOOTS SHOR'S (NEW YORK) - NIGHT - LATER

A "guy place". They sit at a table/eat as BERNARD "TOOTS" SHOR (49; sleazy) slobbers all over Joe.

TOOTS SHOR
Everything good, Clipper?

JOE
Everything is fine, Toots. Just fine.

He shoots Marilyn an ugly stare as he leaves. Joe turns to her, contrite. She turns to him. If looks could kill...

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - JOE'S SUITE - NIGHT - SAME

She undresses angrily. Bags on the floor: "Russeks", "Bonwit Teller", "Stern's", "Argosy Books", "Ferragamo".

MARILYN
Don't give me that crud about wanting to protect me! I couldn't even say "Hi" to the poor ushers without you going off!

Down to her full 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 and tie off, utterly beguiled by her. He breaks into a boyish grin.

JOE
When are you going to marry me?

She sighs, disarmed. He holds out a hand. She smiles to herself, takes his hand. He pulls her to him, then loses his balance. They fall backwards on the sofa.

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

Christmas PARTY. Marilyn is at a buffet, serves herself tiny portions, feeling small. HARRY BRAND (57; slovenly) 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY BRAND

Merry Christmas to you, too. And to answer your question, it's good publicity. Which is neither here nor there, as you and Mr. DiMaggio are officially *kaput*.

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

HARRY BRAND (CONT'D)

Marilyn, it's me, Harry. The all-seeing, all-knowing czar of the Fox publicity machine. The man who made a certain orphan girl America's newest sweetheart.

(acidic)

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

INSERT: EXT. BOARDWALK (ATLANTIC CITY, NJ) - DAY

In a low-cut dress, a Miss America Grand Marshal Parade badge pinned on her, Marilyn poses with THREE SERVICEWOMEN before a PHOTOGRAPHER, who stands on a ladder.

MARILYN (V.O.)

But I didn't lean forward! He stood on a ladder and shot down!

BACK TO SCENE

HARRY 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. OUTPOST DRIVE - NIGHT - SAME

Marilyn drives, feels utterly alone.

EXT. 2393 CASTILIAN DRIVE - LATER

Car parked, she carries a bag, sees a DOG in a YARD. She walks over, removes some food from the bag, feeds the dog.

INT. CASTILIAN DRIVE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

She turns the lights ON, enters. Pool and a fireplace. Her piano in a corner. She goes to the KITCHEN, puts the bag and her purse on the counter, removes a bottle of tequila from the bag, OPENS it, takes a slug.

INT: DEN - MOMENTS LATER

She pops pills, takes another slug. She puts the bottle next to a phone, picks up the receiver, dials.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
 Mr. Archer? This is Marilyn Monroe. I'm sorry about the late 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 just
 (pained)
 I need to be closer to the studio.
 (long beat)
 Yes, I can there Friday at eleven.
 (beat; a laugh)
 Merry Christmas to you, too. Goodbye.

She hangs up, grabs the bottle, walks to the BEDROOM. She then sees a small Christmas tree and card on a table.

She puts the bottle down, walks over guardedly, picks up the card. She MOUTHS: "Merry Christmas, Marilyn". She begins to panic. FOOTSTEPS. She spins behind her with a GASP.

Joe enters from the PATIO, dinner on the table behind him.

She SHRIEKS, then flies into his arms. He lifts her as they spin around and kiss. He puts her down. She CRIES tears of joy. He smiles and laughs, teary-eyed himself.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)
 "Give your hearts, but not into each others' keeping. For only the Hand of Life can contain your hearts. And stand together, yet not too near together. For the pillars of the Temple stand apart".

EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BACK LOT - DAY (1953)

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

She shoots him a look. He grins. She closes the book.

MARILYN
 Okay, just to humor you, I marry Joe and
 quit. Then something happens, 'cause with
 my luck it always does. We wind up
 getting divorced or, God forbid, Joe dies.
 Then what am I gonna do? I can't go back
 to my career. I don't have any job skills.
 I didn't even graduate high school. How
 am I gonna take care of me and our kids?

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

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

Whitey and a STYLIST work on Marilyn, who sits at a vanity.
 Craft and an ASSISTANT (20s) are with them. A COP is at the
 door. She stares in the mirror, psyching herself up to be
 "Marilyn Monroe" while scrutinizing her face for signs of
 aging. Phone RINGS. Craft picks up.

ROY CRAFT (ON PHONE)
 Craft.

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

ROY CRAFT (CONT'D)
 It's DiMaggio.

Her concentration shattered, he 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. George, Shor, and TWO MEN play
 poker at a table nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

BACK TO SCENE

Her mood swings, like a roller coaster going 500 MPH, are
unnerving everyone -- even Whitey and the Cop.

MARILYN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
You don't love me! I'm just another
bimbo for "Georgie" to pry loose!

JOE (OVER PHONE)
Baby, don't be ridiculous.

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

She SLAMS down the phone. Everyone is in shock.

EXT. 882 NORTH DOHENY DRIVE, #3 (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY

He is at the door, KNOCKS. She OPENS it. He moves to
enter, but she BLOCKS him. She grabs his stuff, next to her
in piles, THROWS them at him, heaves a golf bag in his
chest, SLAMS the door. Door OPENS again. He smiles until
his shoes and slippers FLY at him; he ducks. Door SLAMS.

He stands there, clothes hanging on him, golf bag in his
arms, baffled. He KNOCKS again. She OPENS the door, still
pissed. Yet the sight of him makes her melt. He grins.

INT. HOTEL RIVIERA DEL PACÍFICO (ENSENADA, BAJA, MÉXICO) -
SUITE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Opulent. Open doors reveal the PACIFIC OCEAN steps away.

Joe sleeps. In one of the shirts she threw at him, Marilyn
climbs on the bed, straddles him. He awakens, greets her
with a smile of pure joy. She smiles, impish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
Heard the latest rumor about me?

He shakes his head, puzzled.

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

His heart stops. She laughs at his reaction, then tears up.

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.

INT: CAFÉ - LATER

They eat breakfast.

JOE
Monday is just around the corner.

She makes a face. He grins, needling her.

JOE (CONT'D)
What? You don't like birthdays?

MARILYN
Other peoples' birthdays. Mine? No!

He laughs. A MÉXICAN GIRL (8) now approaches her.

MÉXICAN GIRL
*¿Señorita Monroe? ¿Puedo tener su
autógrafo, por favor?*

She puts on their table the April 1953 Cine Variedades,
Marilyn and "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES" co-star JANE RUSSELL
ON the COVER. Joe hands Marilyn a pen. She signs it, hands
it to the girl with a smile.

MÉXICAN GIRL (CONT'D)
Muchas gracias.

MARILYN
Mi placer, cariño.

The Girl leaves with her MOTHER (20s). She turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
When you're born and raised in a place
called *El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la*
Reina de los Ángeles del Río de
Porciúncula, you pick up some Spanish.

He smirks. They resume eating.

JOE
And you got... how much?

She is exasperated. They have been through this before.

MARILYN
Can't you just be happy for me?!

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

She is thrown momentarily.

MARILYN
Well... he has to put up with my crap!

He cracks up.

A BELLHOP approaches with a telegram. He hands it to Joe,
who breaks out his wallet/tips him. The Bellhop leaves.
They share a look as he OPENS the envelope.

INT. MIKE DiMAGGIO'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - EVENING - SAME

They are met by a somber Tom and Louise.

TOM DiMAGGIO
Mike went to Bodega to join the salmon
fleet. When he didn't meet up with Alvin
and Pete, they went to the dock to look
for him.

(with difficulty)
Another fisherman found him in the water,
a couple of hundred yards away from his
boat. The Sheriff says they think he had
a heart attack while he was casting off,
fell off the boat and drowned.

(long beat)
The Army is contacting Joe's unit. Vince
and Dom are on their way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe nods slowly, trying to process, then turns to Marilyn, holds out his hand. Their eyes lock as she puts her hand in his. He grasps it. They walk into the...

LIVING ROOM

Mamie, Tommy, and Rosalie sit on a sofa. Marie and her sisters FRANCES PETROMILLI (41), NELL HELLOQVIST (53), and MAE SCRIVANI (48) surround them. Tommy gets up/RUNS to Joe. He holds him as Tommy SOBS. He breaks after a pause, looks at the boy, reassuring, walks him to the sofa. He crouches before Mamie, takes her hands in his.

JOE

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

Mamie smiles gratefully through her tears.

ROSALIE DiMAGGIO

Uncle Joe? Is Papa in Heaven?

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

JOE

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

ROSALIE DiMAGGIO

And the angels?

JOE

(sudden emotion)
And the angels.

Marilyn looks on, tears in her eyes.

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

Among the MOURNERS gathered around Mike's closed casket: brothers DOMINIC (36) and VINCENT (40) DiMAGGIO; Frances, Nell, and Mae with their HUSBANDS (50s); Marie and Betty; Tom and Louise. A PRIEST READS from his Bible.

Joe looks at Marilyn, who grasps his arm, then at Mamie, Tommy, Rosalie, and Mike's son, in Army dress.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed. Sensing he's about to break, she draws him to her. He clings to her, his shoulders heave with SOBS.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE (HOLLYWOOD) - COURTYARD - DAY

Amid FANS and MEDIA, Marilyn and JANE RUSSELL (31) put their hands into the wet cement blocks before them.

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

Marilyn (then 8) puts her hands in Mary Pickford's hand prints, crushed to discover her hands are too big.

BACK TO SCENE

She raises her wet hands, ecstatic, her PRINTS in the block as the flashbulbs pop.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH (HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII) - DAY

Joe and Little Joe (now 11) march out of the OCEAN with a surfboard. Joe props the board against their COTTAGE. Each grabs a towel off a side table, dry off.

Little Joe fidgets, wanting to ask him something. He finally decides to go for it.

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

He is thrown, pained by the question.

JOE
Uh... how do I put this?

LITTLE JOE
(on eggshells)
She's a flake?

Joe points at him: "Bingo!". He now escorts him inside.

JOE
Son, steer clear of flakes. Unless
they're corn flakes. Corn flakes are
good for you.

Little Joe nods dutifully.

EXT. BANFF AVENUE (BANFF, ALBERTA, CANADA) - DAY

The LOCALS CHEER as Marilyn, her "RIVER OF NO RETURN" cast-mates ROBERT MITCHUM (with his FAMILY), TOMMY RETTIG (with his MOTHER), RORY CALHOUN (with his FAMILY), and director OTTO PREMINGER "invade" their tiny town.

INT. PARIS TEA ROOM (BANFF) - DAY

Ice cream parlor. An abject Marilyn walks to a table tailed by Natasha and Whitey. They sit. The PATRONS gawk.

NATASHA LYTESS

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!

WHITEY SNYDER

You, lady, are a snob!

Natasha turns on him with queenly rage.

NATASHA LYTESS

Where were you when Cohn dropped her because she refused to indulge him?! Where were you when Karger stomped on her heart?! Where were you when Hyde died and all Hollywood blamed her?! Were you the one who had to save her after she took all those sleeping pills?!

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

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marie, Frances, Nell, and Mae sit at the table, smoke, eat cake, drink coffee. Betty feeds Vincent, who sits in a high chair. A TV can be HEARD.

MAE SCRIVANI

She will always be aces in my book for being there for him when Mike passed when she could have stayed in Hollywood.

Frances, Nell, Marie, and Betty nod.

MAE SCRIVANI (CONT'D)

But what does he expect? Honestly?

Frances, Nell, and Marie shake their heads.

BETTY MORECI

But, Aunt Mae, you forget. Nobody knew who Dorothy was until Uncle Joe married her. But everybody knows who Marilyn is. He can't just expect her to quit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone turns to Betty.

FRANCES PETROMILLI
Why not?

Betty shakes her head. Frances turns to Marie.

FRANCES PETROMILLI (CONT'D)
So... is it over?

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

The sisters shake their heads, then watch with amusement as
a glum Joe enters. He OPENS the fridge.

NELL HELLQVIST
May I offer some advice, dear brother?

Phone RINGS as he turns to her. Frances gets up/ANSWERS it.

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

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

INT. BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL (BANFF) - JUNIOR SUITE - DAY

Motel 6 chic. Joe sits next to an upset Marilyn, who sits
on a divan. A DOCTOR (40s) examines her left ankle.

MARILYN
First, the Jasper Lodge kicked me out for
wearing "inappropriate dinner attire".
Then, Tommy said his priest said it was
okay for him to work with "a woman like
you" but that 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?!

His reaction makes her JUMP. The Doctor turns to him.

DOCTOR
The ligaments appear to be torn.

Joe winces in empathy as she is now near tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

And now Preminger's thrown Natasha off
the set 'cause she told Tommy he has to
study or else he'll lose his instrument!

He mulls that one over. She senses his disapproval.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You don't know what she's done for me!
I owe her everything!

JOE

You owe her nothing! You owe nothing to
nobody!

He turns away, enraged. She grabs his hand in despair.

MARILYN

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

He looks at her.

EXT. BANFF NATIONAL PARK (BANFF) - DAY

Ankle in a cast, Marilyn and Tommy Rettig GOOF OFF for a
grinning Joe, who films them with his camera.

INT. TEKARRA LODGE (JASPER, ALBERTA) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rustic. In bed, post-coital, Marilyn sleeps as Joe stares
at the roaring fire before them, lost in thought. He now
realizes how close she is, how tightly he's 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
the SHINDIG. He OPENS the front door to find Marilyn.

GENE KELLY

Darling! Where's Joe?

(barbed)

That's right, we're the scum of the Earth.

MARILYN

You forgot "sharks", "phonies", and
"leeches".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They laugh. He CLOSES the door, ushers her in. BUTLERS serve canapés and champagne. She grabs a glass.

GENE KELLY
Hear Wasserman wants you to jump to MCA.

She takes a gulp, then nods in amazement.

MARILYN
A year ago, nobody knew I existed. Now, everybody wants a piece of me.

GENE KELLY
Welcome to "The Club", kiddo!

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

GENE KELLY (CONT'D)
Love the Look spread you and Milton did.

MARILYN
Wasn't I the picture of sophistication?

She strikes an exaggerated "glamour" POSE. They laugh as MILTON GREENE (31; boyish snort) approaches them.

MARILYN
Milton. Fancy seeing you. Where's Amy?

Greene thumbs behind his shoulder.

MILTON GREENE
She's a couple of drinks behind me.

EXT. GENE KELLY'S HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

Marilyn and Greene sit on a bench. She smokes.

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's my pal. I need them both.
(long beat)
Then, there's Joe. He hates the girls I play; he says they're sluts. He hates the clothes I wear; he says they attract the wrong kind of attention.
(mocks)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 "I'll take care of you. Show business
 is no business for a girl like you".
 (desperate)
 What am I gonna do?

MILTON GREENE
 Make your next movie with Chaplin.

She looks at him, thrown.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - CORPORATE - DAY

The SECRETARIES and OFFICE WORKERS ignore Marilyn, who sits
 in a corner, stares ahead.

INT: DARRYL ZANUCK'S OFFICE - LATER

Oozes power. Doors OPEN. She enters, wary. Doors CLOSE.

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

DARRYL ZANUCK walks over, big grin. He escorts her to a
 chair at his desk. She sits. He sits at the desk, pours a
 drink, takes a Master-of-the-Universe gulp.

DARRYL ZANUCK (CONT'D)
 Who are you to reject the deal me and
 Charlie Feldman hammered out?

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

He is incredulous. After a pause, he leans forward.

DARRYL ZANUCK
 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. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

She is ON the phone. On her bed is a suitcase, half-packed, and a TWA ticket and boarding pass.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Can't you take on other students?

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

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
B-but I don't have five thousand dollars!

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

She suddenly has an epiphany.

MARILYN
(to herself; steely)
I owe nothing to nobody.

She hangs up.

INT. APARTMENT (SAN FRANCISCO) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (1954)

Modest. Joe, Marilyn, FAMILY, and Tom's FRIENDS help him and Louise celebrate his 49th birthday.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DEN - LATER

Watching TV, he stands. She walks over, a mink coat around her shoulders. She sits, then he does.

ON the TV, "*THE NAME'S THE SAME*": a MAN (30s) and a WOMAN (20s) sit with ROBERT Q. LEWIS across from JOAN ALEXANDER, GENE RAYBURN, and BILL STERN.

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

She reacts: "You're kidding?". He nods.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She again registers disbelief. He again nods. After a pause, he turns to her.

JOE (CONT'D)
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 on some baseball business. We can make a honeymoon of the trip.

He smiles, hopeful: "Yes?". She smiles, finally: "Yes". The now-engaged couple turn back to the TV.

MARILYN
They don't look a thing like us.

He HUMS/shakes his head.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL/McALLISTER STREET - DAY

Reno and Tom hustle the just-married Joe and Marilyn out amid the MEDIA crush. He wears the tie he wore the night they met. She looks back, 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".

A flummoxed CHARLES PEERY (40) is besieged by REPORTERS. On a bench across from him is Marilyn's coat (not the mink).

CHARLES PEERY
I forgot to kiss the bride!

Everyone laughs.

EXT. BANNING-IDYLLWILD PANORAMIC HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

SIGN on a post: "Idyllwild. Elev. 5,413". Joe's 1949 Cadillac Sixty-Special ZOOMS past.

INT. COTTAGE (IDYLLWILD) - LATER

Rustic. Fireplace. No TV or phone. Door UNLOCKS/OPENS. The CARETAKER (60s) steps back with the door as Joe and Marilyn, both dressed casual, step inside. They look around like wide-eyed kids. She now sprints upstairs, excited. Joe watches her until she is gone.

INT: KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

He has opened the fridge to find a bottle of champagne, a note tied to its neck. He grabs the bottle, opens the note: "Joe and Marilyn, May you have every happiness. All Our Best, Julia and Loyd Wright".

MARILYN (O.S.)

Dad?!

JOE

In here, Baby!

Rushed FOOTSTEPS.

MARILYN

The bedroom has a balcony and a fireplace!
I wonder how much Loyd paid for this.

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

INT: COTTAGE - DEN - DAY

He studies the billiards table, fixes on a shot, takes it: the cue ball SLAMS the ball INTO a pocket. She sticks her tongue out at him. He grins.

She studies the table, takes a shot: the cue ball takes a leisurely "stroll". Fed up, she slaps the ball she meant to hit INTO a pocket. He laughs.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

They walk/TALK. She then SPRINTS ahead, shovels snow on him. He gives CHASE, gathers snow/forms a ball, throws, HITS her square in the back. She stops, turns slowly. As if on cue, they gather snow, form balls, have a good old-fashioned SNOWBALL FIGHT.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

They sit at a table, eat dinner, drink the champagne, enjoy the roaring fire. A radio is ON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO)
In other news, the newest members of the
Baseball Hall of Fame were announced this
morning in Cooperstown, New York.

He stops eating, listens.

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)
Yankees catcher Bill Dickey, Giants first
baseman Bill Terry, and Braves shortstop,
the late Walter Maranville.

Announcer CONTINUES. He is disappointed.

MARILYN
You 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.
(impish)
That must really just bust their balls.

He cracks up.

MORNING

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.

She sleeps in bed on her stomach. He lays awake beside her,
transfixed. He kisses/moves down her slowly. She stirs.
Then in one motion, he FLIPS her onto her back.

She snaps awake. Frightened yet excited by his brute
strength, she reaches for him. He smiles, comes to her.
She clings to him as he kisses/caresses her, MURMURS "sweet
nothings" in PALERMO SICILIAN, making her giggle. She then
suddenly freezes, almost-catatonic.

MARILYN
(convincing herself)
I'm gonna be a good wife. I'm gonna make
the best wife.

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

SCREEN FLASHES WHITE. FADE UP INTO:

INT. YOMIURI BUILDING (TOKYO, JAPAN) - LOBBY - DAY

PRESS CONFERENCE at Yomiuri Shimbun, Asia's top newspaper. They sit together in separate chairs. She eats the attention 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?

They share a look. She then turns to the Reporter.

MARILYN
No comment.

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

MARILYN
(prim)
I'm buying a kimono.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL (TOKYO) - 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

In a slinky dress, Marilyn waves at SCORES of CHEERING TROOPS as she walks onto the stage, totally in her element. A SPLINT on her right thumb, her wedding ring is off.

Now at the mic, she PERFORMS the 1922 song "Do It Again".

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE AUDIENCE PIT

A SOLDIER readies to take her photo with the lens cap on his camera. Singing STOPS. FOOTSTEPS. His jaw drops.

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

Wedding ring on, she stands next to a SIGNAL CORPS OFFICER operating a radio. He nods as he gets through, hands her the receiver, flips a switch.

INSERT: EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

SOLDIERS listen to the Public Address speakers.

MARILYN (OVER PA SPEAKERS)

Do you still love me, Joe? Miss me?

JOE (OVER PA SPEAKERS)

Yes. Of course I do.

They try 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.

INT. ITAMI AIR BASE (ITAMI, JAPAN) - HANGER - NIGHT

A glum Joe watches as POLICE struggle to contain the MOB behind the barricades as Marilyn exits the PLANE on the TARMAC, waves to everyone. MORE POLICE then form a flying wedge, and escort her inside to him.

Though clearly under the weather, she is positively giddy. He feels her forehead and throat, clinical.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
For the first time in my life, I feel
like a movie star! Oh, Joe, it was so
wonderful! You've 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.

MARILYN
Bronchitis! I had to stay in bed the
rest of the trip! I couldn't even go to
the Kabuki!
(long beat)
It was so crazy! We had to leave the
plane through the cargo hatch! They even
smashed in the hotel windows!
(impish)
Oh, know what they call me? "Honorable
Buttocks-Swinging Actress".

They laugh. They reach the CONDUCTOR (50s) and his "co-
pilot", a mean-looking CHOW. She goes to pet the dog.

CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR
You should never pet strange dogs.
Especially chows. They might bite.

MARILYN
Dogs never bite me. Just humans.

She pets it, then notices the brass bell beside him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Can we ring the bell?

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

MAN (O.S.)
Hey, Marilyn!

They turn around. The MAN who said her name turns to his
PARTY: "It is her!". As if on cue, the PASSENGERS CHARGE.

Little Joe jumps in front of her and FIGHTS them off, leads
her out and onto the STREET.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DEN - 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!

He stands before her, upset yet concerned.

MARILYN
You just hate it 'cause 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 - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

An EXECUTIVE talks to REPORTERS as HAL SCHAEFER (28; wuss) sits at a piano and Marilyn sits on a chair arm. She wears a new wedding ring: a diamond/platinum "eternity" band.

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

He motions at Schaefer.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
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*". Dressed like a slutty Carmen Miranda, she is surrounded by MALE DANCERS. A MAN with a clapboard BLOCKS her face. He CLAPS the board, startling her. Bell RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER LANG (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. Playback ENDS. She is chagrined as PEOPLE race over to her.

INT: OFF-SET - MINUTES LATER

Watching, Joe is disgusted. She goes to him, limping. She hugs him, but he tightens his body. Rejection crosses her face. She kisses his cheek, as if to make it all up to him. On cue for the umpteenth time, a PHOTOGRAPHER approaches.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hey, Joe? How about a picture of you and Marilyn?

She poses, big smile, but Joe scowls, makes him back off.

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

He turns to the VOICE, smiling. ETHEL MERMAN walks over to him. They've been pals for years.

JOE
How are you?

ETHEL MERMAN
You know how it is.

They smile/nod.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hey, Joe? How about a picture of you and Miss Merman?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (V.O.)
Joe knows he will always come first with
me. Everything else is second.

INT. NORTH PALM DRIVE HOUSE (BEVERLY HILLS) - DEN - DAY
Luxe. Marilyn's piano in a corner. TV ON. BELL. Joe
turns his head, gets up wearily, walks to the door.

MARILYN (V.O.) (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: FOYER/EXT. WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He OPENS the door to find a GROUP of TEEN BOYS.

TEEN BOY #1
Is Marilyn here?

JOE
No. She's at the studio.

TEEN BOY #2
Do you know when she'll be back?

JOE
No.

TEEN BOY #3
Can we come in and wait for her?

He SLAMS the door.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - CONTINUOUS

Marilyn sits with a REPORTER.

REPORTER
Does Joe want to act or produce?

INT. NORTH PALM DRIVE HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Joe sits with sportswriter JIMMY CANNON (44; gruff).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. NORTH PALM DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

A TOUR BUS crawls down the street.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Don't think it's easy work, Jimmy, acting
in the movies. She works like a dog.
It's hard work!

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

A TOUR GUIDE talks, then points to his left at Tudor-Style
house 508 NORTH PALM DRIVE.

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

EXT. NORTH PALM DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

TOURISTS poke their heads OUT of the tour bus windows with
their cameras and 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

Doing the ground-raw-liver-in-the-glass-of-tomato-juice
routine again, she is piqued, to the Reporter's delight.

MARILYN
I've 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, either. But
Joe loves it. That's his idea of real
fun. Staying home and watching
television.

INT. NORTH PALM DRIVE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cannon tosses him an "innocuous" question.

JIMMY CANNON
Is she a good cook?

INSERT: EXT. CASTILIAN DRIVE HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT (1952)

A happy Marilyn serves an eager Joe dinner: the pasta is like straw, the sauce is watery, the greens are limp.

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

He smiles at her, then digs in. CRUNCH!

BACK TO SCENE

He fidgets at that misadventure, then brightens.

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

INT: DEN - DAY

Joe sits with Inez, who holds a sheet of paper.

JOE
She's making millions for those monkeys and they're paying her peanuts!

She nods, agreeing, then READS:

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

They CONTINUE as Marilyn walks down the stairs in her "birthday suit". Inez notices, nudges him. He half-turns, glances at Marilyn, then waves a hand, dismissive.

JOE
Aw, she's just showing off!

Inez shakes her head slowly.

INT: MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

TV ON. His side is spotless. Hers looks like a bomb hit it. Doped, she is at a vanity, smears cold cream on her face. He enters from the BATHROOM, having cleaned it.

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)
Hello!

A MAN'S VOICE OVER the phone. His eyes now fix on her.

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

An uncomfortable Schaefer speaks to a REPORTER.

HAL SCHAEFER
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.
She is a wonderful girl and kind to us
all. I am embarrassed by the whole thing.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BUNGALOW - DAWN

Door BUSTS OPEN. A MAN finds Schaefer comatose.

EXT. SANTA MONICA HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRY - LATER

Brand talks to REPORTERS.

HARRY BRAND
A nervous collapse due to overwork.

The reporters nod to each other cynically.

INT. NORTH PALM DRIVE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They sit at opposite ends of a long table, eat dinner in
angry silence.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks up, stares a hole right through her.

JOE

Why? You screwing him, too?

He stands, wanting to buy the despair now etched on her face, but can't. He throws his napkin down, storms out. She buries her face in her hands, CRIES.

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 am looking forward to it very much.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE (GREENWICH VILLAGE, NY) - DAY

TEEN BOYS mill about. CREW MEMBERS enter/leave.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Joe didn't come along with you, huh?

MARILYN (V.O.)

No.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Did he see you off in Hollywood last night?

MARILYN (V.O.)

Oh, yes.

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)

You brought your stylist, your make-up man, your drama coach. All this, and no Joe.

MARILYN (V.O.)

Yes. Isn't that a shame?

She pops her head OUT of a SECOND STORY WINDOW. The teen boys see her, go predictably NUTS.

TEEN BOYS

Marilyn, I love you! Marilyn, give me a kiss!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She blows them a kiss. They "reel"/"clutch" their chests.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - SECOND STORY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a full slip, she kneels on a mattress and waves. Natasha is off to one side, watches, amused. Then...

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

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

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

Fabled pub. A BARTENDER waits on Joe.

JOE
Ginger ale, please.
(senses disbelief)
I don't drink.

BARTENDER
How do you live?

Joe grins. WALTER WINCHELL takes the seat next to him.

WALTER WINCHELL
Scotch on the rocks.

BARTENDER
Yes, sir, Mr. Winchell!

He prepares their drinks as Winchell "notices" Joe.

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

Joe scoffs. They are served. Joe nods his thanks.

WALTER WINCHELL (CONT'D)
I'm going over to Lexington.

Joe knows where he's headed, shakes his head.

WALTER 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 THEATRE (NEW YORK) - SIDEWALK - LATER

"*THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH*". Marilyn (in the dress), co-star TOM EWELL, and production manager SAUL WURTZEL (52) huddle.

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

She nods, hesitant. Wurtzel turns to the CREW.

SAUL WURTZEL (CONT'D)
Okay, Billy wants to run a rehearsal!

Wurtzel leaves. Everyone scrambles. Whitey comes to her. She opens her fist to him: her wedding ring.

LATER

PEOPLE BUZZ as Joe and Winchell arrive. Joe finds himself next to AMY GREENE (24; urbane) as Greene sets up. He zeroes in on Marilyn, who turns to him; their eyes lock.

She breaks her gaze, walks with Ewell, looks down, steps on the grate. The fan blows the skirt OVER her head. Ewell tries to pull it down as BILLY WILDER confronts him.

BILLY WILDER
(Austrian accent)
You damn fool! Don't you know you're
ruining a million dollars worth of free
publicity?!

She steps off the grate, then back on. The breeze blows the skirt up AGAIN... and AGAIN... to the delight of the FANS, the PHOTOGRAPHERS... and Marilyn herself.

Joe is numb. Winchell grins. Only Amy senses Joe's state.

AMY GREENE
It's just a movie. It's not real life.

He turns to her.

JOE
I understand that. But that's my wife
showing her panties.

As if on cue, a REPORTER approaches him.

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

Joe ignores him, leaves.

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

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

INT: HALLWAY - LATER

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORTH PALM DRIVE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Inez has opened the door for JERRY GIESLER (67; crusty) and HELEN KIRKPATRICK (23; proper). REPORTERS and NEWSREEL CAMERAMEN are camped out on the FRONT LAWN.

JERRY GIESLER
Good day, I am Jerry Giesler.

He gestures at Helen, who holds four "bluebacks".

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

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

He ushers Helen in. Inez CLOSES the door. Helen climbs the stairs. Phone RINGS. Inez GROANS, stressed-out. Giesler doesn't notice.

JERRY GIESLER
The charges will be innocuous. The usual "mental cruelty".

Inez nods, weary. He then shakes his head.

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

He then sees Joe in the DEN on the sofa, smoking, watching TV, enveloped by his belongings.

INT: MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Marilyn sits at the vanity, an opened Bible before her, as Giesler paces the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY GIESLER

Once we reach the roses, that's when --

She bursts into SOBS. He sighs, walks over, gives her a hankie and a fatherly pat. She sees Joe's reflection in the mirror, freezes. Giesler takes the hint, leaves.

He comes to her with a glass of orange juice, insists she drinks it; she does. He squats beside her. She goes to speak, but he holds a hand up; he wants to do the talking.

JOE

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

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

EXT. NORTH PALM DRIVE HOUSE - FRONT YARD/DRIVEWAY - LATER

Led by Reno, Joe runs the gauntlet of MEDIA.

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

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

NATASHA LYTESS

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

INSERT: EXT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - LOT - DAY

Wilder talks to a REPORTER.

BILLY 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 talks to a REPORTER.

ROY CRAFT

She had a flamboyant reputation when they
got married.

BACK TO SCENE

Joe and Reno reach Reno's car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY CRAFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When you build a home behind a slaughter
house, 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 your new home?

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

REPORTER #3
Are you coming back?

Joe continues walking.

FRONT LAWN - LATER

Giesler and Marilyn stand before a group of microphones.

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

REPORTERS shout QUESTIONS as she BREAKS DOWN. Flashbulbs.
SCREEN GOES WHITE. FADE UP INTO:

INT. AIRPLANE (FLYING)/FIRST CLASS - DAY (FEBRUARY 1954)

Joe and Marilyn sit together, very much the lovebirds.

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

Interrupted, they find Maj. Gen. CHARLES CHRISTENBERRY (58)
now before them. He smiles, then talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 general over to ask if she'd be willing
 to go to Korea to entertain the troops.

Joe and Marilyn now 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 HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

He sits with a sympathetic Anne and Mary. After a pause, he
 raises his massive hands.

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

Anne and Mary react to this epic self put-down.

MARGARET HOHENBERG (PRE-LAP)
 (Hungarian accent)
 It wasn't the first time. Was it?

INT. MARGARET HOHENBERG'S OFFICE (NEW YORK) - DAY (1955)

A frumpy Marilyn slouches in a chair across from MARGARET
 HOHENBERG (54; maternal). Marilyn nods slowly.

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

She enters. Joe is on the sofa. She runs to him, ecstatic,
 but STOPS when he holds up a magazine to her: a photograph
 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-I don't know. It was j-just publicity.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the "ever", he HITS her so hard, she SLAMS into the floor. He storms out. She TREMBLES, too-stunned to cry.

WALTER BLOMBERG (PRE-LAP)
You wanted her 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. WALTER BLOMBERG'S OFFICE (NEW YORK) - DAY (1955)

Joe sits, broods. Psychiatrist WALTER BLOMBERG (63; fatherly) sits across from him.

WALTER BLOMBERG (CONT'D)
Nor could you conciliate the fact that the actress performing the demands of her profession was also your wife.

INT. HOHENBERG'S OFFICE - DAY

Hohenberg points to Marilyn's left hand in a photograph of the wedding, when she is about to kiss Joe.

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

Marilyn takes this in, stunned.

INT. WALTER BLOMBERG'S OFFICE - DAY

He broods some more as Blomberg lays down some harsh truth.

WALTER BLOMBERG
When she refused to forgo her career, you lashed out at her for deceiving you when it was you who had deceived yourself all along.

He looks at Blomberg, struck.

JOE (PRE-LAP)
Don't ever be critical. Forget ego and pride.

INT. CAR (PARKED)/EXT. VANDERBILT AVENUE (NEW YORK) - DAY

He 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 emerges from THE HOTEL CHATHAM. He greets her with a big grin.

INT. JOE'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. PARK AVENUE - LATER

They talk as he stops the car at a red light.

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

HORN. They turn to the SOUND. The TRUCKER (40s) beside them gives a thumbs up. They react, confused. The Trucker points at their car radio. She turns it ON.

ANNOUNCER (OVER CAR RADIO)
... of the Baseball Hall of Fame are:
Yankees outfielder Joe DiMaggio...

Announcer CONTINUES as she SHRIEKS in delight/HITS him on the shoulder. He reacts with relieved disbelief.

INT. THE ACTORS STUDIO (NEW YORK) - NIGHT

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

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

INT. CBS NEWS (NEW YORK) - MASTER CONTROL - NIGHT

"PERSON TO PERSON". A tense Marilyn with Milton and Amy Greene talk to EDWARD R. MURROW remotely.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Be friendly toward her friends.

MASTER CONTROL OPERATOR
They ought to forget Marilyn and sign Amy Greene instead.

The STAFF around him nod/HUM in agreement.

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

Joe escorts Marilyn to the PREMIER of "*The Seven Year Itch*".

JOE (V.O.)
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

She storms out of the BIRTHDAY PARTY he's thrown for her.

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

Shor approaches a befuddled Joe.

SHOR
Aw, 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 PARK (NEW YORK) - DAY (1956)

Marilyn strolls with ARTHUR MILLER.

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 now walks ahead of him,
wicked grin. PEOPLE come to her, BUZZING.

INT. 444 EAST 57TH STREET, #13E (NEW YORK) - DAY

White-shoe. Miller DIRECTS the MOVERS.

Wearing glasses and a thin gold wedding band, Marilyn
unpacks a box, a BASSET HOUND at her feet. She removes a
book: Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of
Elizabeth. She opens it, reads the message Natasha wrote.
Her eyes harden. She DROPS it in the bin beside her.

An ASSISTANT hands her a Marilyn Monroe Productions check,
dated August 1, 1956, to Mary Slattery Miller for \$16,000.
Check memo: "Alimony". She grabs a pen, signs it.

INT: LIVING ROOM - LATER

Miller's daughter JANE (12; tomboy) and Marilyn watch MOVERS maneuver her piano in.

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

INSERT: INT. HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD) HALLWAY - DAY (1934)

Marilyn (then 8) is held back by a MAN (60s; refined) as she watches TWO AMBULANCE MEN remove a RAVING Gladys.

BACK TO SCENE

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

JANE MILLER
Can I play it?

Marilyn snaps out of her reverie, looks at her, nods. Jane sprints to the piano, sits on its bench, PLAYS.

BOBBY MILLER (O.S.)
Marilyn, what's this?

Miller's son BOBBY (9; wonk) walks over with the "eternity" wedding ring. Struck, she takes it from him.

MARILYN
I was married to this man before I married your father. He gave it to me.

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

Miller smirks as he takes the ring, inspects it.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)
I'll be, they are real. "Procured" for him by one of his many admirers, no doubt.

She snatches it from him.

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

He is taken aback by her outburst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR MILLER

You're the one who goes on about what an ogre he is.

She's stopped in her tracks, suddenly sad.

MARILYN

He loved me.

She walks away. Bobby and Miller share a look.

PHOTOGRAPHER (PRE-LAP)

Smile, Joe.

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

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes Joe's photo. He smokes, sits on the edge of a desk, *The Little Prince* on it, talks to a REPORTER. His modern flat has a patio and more books.

REPORTER

You're looking good, Joe.

JOE

Haven't had an 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

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

Ever get tired of being recognized?

JOE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT: Photographs of Joe escorting VARIOUS WOMEN - Marilyn look-a-likes - to NIGHTCLUBS, PARTIES, etc.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Hear you're seeing Miss America.

INSERT: Photograph of MARIAN McKNIGHT (19; semi-Marilyn look-a-like) being crowned Miss America of 1957.

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Didn't she do a Marilyn routine to win it?

BACK TO SCENE

He raises his hands: "Whoa!".

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

The Reporter buys it. The Photographer raises his camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Smile, Joe.

He smiles. The flashbulb pops.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL (NEW YORK) - ROOM - DAY (1959)

Marilyn is in bed, Miller beside her. With them is OB/GYN MORTIMER RODGERS (61; sober). Miller rises, kisses her forehead. Rodgers OPENS the door. He and Miller leave.

INT: HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Miller steps out. Rodgers CLOSES the door after them.

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

Rodgers is floored by Miller's warped insensitivity.

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

Rodgers senses he's getting nowhere.

INT. PIED-À-TERRE (NEW YORK) - NIGHT

PARTY. Strasberg and wife PAULA (50; ghoul) tend to their GUESTS in their book-stuffed flat. Miller is surrounded by the crème de la crème of the THEATER WORLD. As he CHATS, Marilyn stomps over to him.

MARILYN
Get my coat! We're leaving!

Miller EXCUSES himself meekly, leaving them shocked. Before an OLDER MAN can say anything to her, she turns on him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
You think I shouldn't have spoken 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 - THE POLO LOUNGE - DAY (1960)

PRESS PARTY for "*LET'S MAKE LOVE*": Marilyn, Joe look-a-like YVES MONTAND, FRANKIE VAUGHAN, WILFRED HYDE-WHITE, MILTON BERLE, GEORGE CUKOR, "BUDDY" ADLER.

Miller and Montand's wife SIMONE SIGNORET sit with Marilyn, who gulps champagne and throws herself at Montand. Miller is upset by this, but Simone is blasé.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW - DAY

In the mink Joe gave her, a drunk Marilyn stands before Montand, who has opened his door. She lets the mink drop.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Art Deco pub. "BUNNY" GARDEL (45; brassy) enters, a small DOG in her arms. The snooty HOST confronts her.

HOST
You cannot bring that in here, Miss.

MARILYN (O.S.)
Is there a problem?

Marilyn, SHIRLEE STRAHM (28; petite), AGNES FLANAGAN (57; doughy), RALPH ROBERTS (41; hulk), and Whitey follow Bunny. The host does an immediate 180.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST

Oh, no, Miss Monroe! No problem at all!

He leads them to a table with menus on it, leaves. They sit. Marilyn turns to her posse, wicked grin. Laughter. Being a megastar definitely has its advantages.

A GIRL (20s) serves them water. Whitey ogles her. Marilyn shoots him a nasty look; he reacts: "What?".

MARILYN

You're married! Cut it out!

He knows not to argue. She now sees something AHEAD of her, rises slowly. Whitey/the others are puzzled.

BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A MAN sits on a stool, nurses a drink. She peeks around his shoulder discreetly, then registers shock.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Joe!

Indeed. Joe turns to her VOICE, registers shock.

JOE

Marilyn! What are you doing here?!

MARILYN

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

JOE

My flight is on layover.

They share a goofy smile, neither believing this. He jumps to his feet, holds out a stool. She declines. A BARTENDER comes over. She looks at Joe's glass.

JOE (CONT'D)

(re: his drink)

Ginger ale.

She smirks, turns to the Bartender.

MARILYN

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

The Bartender nods, then becomes hesitant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER

Miss Monroe? We're not supposed to do this, but my little girl...

She smiles, understanding, then points at Joe.

MARILYN

You do know who he is, right?

He smiles, shows her the cloth napkin Joe signed to "Ricky". The three chuckle as the Bartender puts a cloth napkin on the counter, then hands her a pen.

BARTENDER

Would you please make it out to Debbie?

She nods as she signs. The Bartender THANKS her as he takes the napkin, leaves. She turns to Joe.

MARILYN

The first time anyone ever asked me for my autograph was at the premier of "*The Asphalt Jungle*". I had to ask him how to spell "Marilyn". I didn't know where to put the "i"!

They laugh. He sits back on his stool.

JOE

Tom said you came by the restaurant.

She nods, blanches a bit.

MARILYN

We were in San Francisco for the weekend and found ourselves in the neighborhood, so I decided to drop on by and say "hi".

She waves: "Hi". He grins. She points at his mouth.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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

He chuckles. She then notices something else.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

And you're getting a bald spot.

She taps on his head a few times. He chuckles again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 Seriously, you good. You look so good.
 Don't tell me how I look. I look like
 death. I feel like death. Arthur and
 Huston just want to keep me alive long
 enough to finish their stupid movie.
 (cheery)
 So, how's everybody?

He nods, thrown by the 180.

JOE
 Fine, fine. Betty and her husband have
 welcomed a baby boy. Tommy is in the
 Navy. Vincent just turned ten. And
 Rosalie turns twelve next month.

She reacts: "Aw!".

JOE (CONT'D)
 As for me, for the past two years I have
 been in the employ of Valmore Monette and
 Company. We are a food brokerage. The
 leading supplier to post exchanges.

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

MARILYN
 Whoa! *Vice-Presidente Ejecutivo!*

He grins. She notes the address on the card.

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

JOE
 Southeast of Richmond. Home of the
 Smithfield ham. The motto of Smithfield
 is: "Ham, History, and Hospitality".

She reacts: "You're kidding?". He nods. She returns the
 card, but he raises a hand: "Keep it".

MARILYN
 How's Joey?

JOE
 He hasn't told you? He begins Yale in
 the fall.

Stunned and delighted, she turns to her table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Guys! Joe's son's going to Yale!

Everyone (except the dog) reacts. She grabs his arm, points her posse out to him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Bunny does my body make-up; Shirlee, my dresser; Agnes, my stylist; Ralph, he's, well, Ralph. And you know who that is.

He 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 he got lost.

MARILYN

Where we are? No way.

He shakes his head in disgust. She shifts gears.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I saw you on television. What was that goop you were pushing? "Brillo"?

He breaks into a self-conscious grin.

JOE

Brylcreem.

She strikes an exaggerated POSE "as" him.

MARILYN

"Works for me".

She chuckles as he shakes his head a bit.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I did a commercial. About a couple of years before we met: "This is the first car I have ever owned. I call her Cynthia. She is going to have the best care a car ever had. Put Royal Triton into Cynthia's little tummy. Cynthia will just love that Royal Triton".

It's now her turn to wince as he chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Well, we all have our cross to bear.
(long beat; bright)
So... how's Miss America?

He smirks a bit.

JOE
We were co-workers. Nothing more.

She scoffs as he raises his hands: "Honest".

JOE (CONT'D)
First of all, she was already seeing the
young man she has since married.

MARILYN
(mock disgust)
Oh, God, you're such a Boy Scout!

He grins.

JOE
Even were that not the case, she 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 with his reply.

He checks his watch, then stands. He produces his wallet,
pays the bill, shoves the wallet into his back pocket. He
then places a hand over hers. She gives him a tiny smile.
He smiles, leaves. She watches him go, sad.

EXT. DRY LAKE BED (LYON COUNTY, NV) - DAY

"THE MISFITS". A doped Marilyn sits as Whitey works on her,
the CREW fumes, and PHOTOGRAPHERS snap away.

Miller watches this, aged beyond his years. He now turns to
INGEBORG MORATH (34; the anti-Marilyn), a camera around her
neck. It's clear they are intimate.

NEAR DUSK

Marilyn watches CLARK GABLE bundle his pregnant wife KAY (44; elegant) into his Mercedes 300SL, kiss her, CLOSE her door. A lost vision of her life with Miller.

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

STUDY is empty, except for a photo of Marilyn on a wall. On the bed in the adjacent MASTER BEDROOM are TABLOIDS: "Clark Gable Dead"; "Movie's 'King' to be Father"; "Widow Blames MM's Delays, Antics for Death".

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

INT. PAYNE WHITNEY PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC (NEW YORK) - DAY

WARD for the most-seriously disturbed. Intense yet controlled, Joe walks up to the DESK NURSE.

JOE
I want my wife.

She maintains her cold, clinical professionalism.

DESK NURSE
We can not release any patient without authorization by the attending physician.

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) - HALL - DAY

He sits in a chair, agonized. Door OPENS. A DOCTOR (40s; genial) steps OUT. Joe looks up at him.

INT: ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Cheery. Bathed, Marilyn sits at a window. Door OPENS. She turns to the SOUND, puts herself on display. Joe enters, tries to smile. She smiles, offers her hand. He walks over to her, takes it, sits with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Did the doctor tell you what they want
to do?

MARILYN
Vitamin shots.

She makes a face, not happy.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Yuck!

He has to smile. She then goes near-catatonic.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
"You are an evil child!"

INSERT: HOUSE - KITCHEN (VAN NUYS) - DAY (1936)

The face of a FOSTER MOTHER (30s; worn) is twisted in rage.

FOSTER MOTHER
Evil and wicked!

BACK TO SCENE

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Spring training home of the New York Yankees. In uniform,
Joe 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 - NIGHT

Modest yet fancy. He stands, holds a phone.

JOE (ON PHONE)
The TV deal with Strasberg fell through.
The picture flopped. You're feeling
sorry for yourself. Now, you come down
here or I'm coming up there to get you.

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

She has disembarked from the plane, holds a case.

MARILYN
I'm here. Happy?!

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

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

She shoves the case into his gut, annoyed. He laughs.

REPORTERS (O.S.)
Joe! Marilyn!

REPORTERS approach. She turns to them, then CHARGES.

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

He gets between her and the FREAKED OUT reporters, tries to
CALM her. The still-freaked out reporters leave.

INT. TAMPA INTERNATIONAL - TWA VIP LOUNGE - MINUTES LATER

He escorts her in. She smiles as Little Joe (now 19) and
George and his WIFE (50s; doughy) approach.

GEORGE SOLOTAIRE
We have been beside ourselves with worry.
One day, Joe tells us everything is fine.
The next day, we hear they put you in a
straight jacket.

Her fleeting reaction confirms this, then she smiles.

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

Joe nods, confirms. Laughter. She now links an arm through
Little Joe's. They tag behind Joe and the Solotaires.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE JOE
He had to tell you!

MARILYN
He didn't tell me anything. He didn't have to.
(beat)
So... as your way of getting back at him and your mother for not being
(over-the-top)
the world's greatest parents ever
(normal)
you flunk out before they throw you out. Is that "the plan"?

She looks at him, hard. He stares at the floor.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Sure, they'll be upset, but they'll get over it. 'Cause they won't be the ones who have to live with throwing a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity away.
(long beat)
You hit those books, you straighten up and fly right, and I'll be at your graduation, front row center.

She gives a "WHOOOP" as if he were receiving his diploma. He smiles. She now 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 laughs.

EXT. BEACH (REDINGTON BEACH, FL) - DAY

They sit under a canopy. He smokes. Her eyes are closed, tongue out. He looks at her for a long pause, baffled, then shakes his head. He now sees something.

JOE
Why, look, darling. Mortals.

She closes her mouth/opens her eyes, looks at him, then to where he is pointing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

And they've come to worship.

She turns to him, smiles.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

How sweet.

He grins. Now besieged by BEACH GOERS and MEDIA, she raises a hand up to them.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Please, please. No autographs. Just money. Thank you.

He chortles in reaction.

REPORTER #1

Are you getting back together?

MARILYN

We're just friends.

REPORTER #2

No reconciliation in the works, Joe?

JOE

We're friends.

He then gives a PHOTOGRAPHER the "RASPBERRIES". She laughs.

EXT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD - DAY

They and Yankees manager RALPH HOUK (41; crusty) watch a ROOKIE IN the BATTING CAGE. She watches the increasingly-mortified Joe watch the Rookie.

MARILYN

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

He breaks into a grin in spite of himself. Houk looks at him: "Want in?". He nods. Houk signals to the Rookie. He pulls his World Series ring off his finger, turns to her, drops it in her now-open hands.

JOE

Remember, you asked for it.

She gives an incredulous scoff as he leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATTING CAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Rookie gives Joe his bat, leaves. He steps in the batter's box. He sees her, now at the other end of the cage, "hides" behind the bat. She cracks up.

He assumes his stance. A ball LAUNCHES from the pitching machine. He HITS it, it SLAMS into the net near her. She jumps, excited, as he CRUSHES ball after ball.

EXT: PLAYERS' ENTRANCE - DUSK - LATER

They leave to find some BOYS milling about.

JOE
Sorry, boys, Mickey left an hour ago.

The boys GROAN in disappointment.

JOE (CONT'D)
Come back early in the morning, 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
I'm not a baseball player.

They chuckle, walk to the waiting DRIVER/car.

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

He breaks into a knowing grin.

JOE
So, you do know about the game.

She shrugs sheepishly.

JOE (CONT'D)
And you had heard of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
Well, it wasn't as though I was living
in a cave. But the name didn't mean
anything to me.
(ribs)
It still doesn't.

Chuckles. After a pause, he takes a deep breath.

JOE
I have got to ask. What the hell did you
ever see in Miller?

A slew of emotions cross her face. Finally...

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

He takes that in.

BOB HOPE (PRE-LAP)
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Good
evening and welcome to Jackpot Praying.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT (NEW YORK) - DEN - NIGHT

ON TV: "33RD ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS" hosted by BOB HOPE. He
sits on a sofa as she walks over, letter in hand.

MARILYN
Kay has invited us to her ranch.

He stands. She smirks as she hands it to him. He reads it.

JOE
I told you she wouldn't hold you
responsible for Gable's death.

He can tell she still blames herself.

BOB HOPE (ON TV)
I didn't realize there was any
campaigning at all going on until I saw
my maid wearing a Chill Wills button.

She laughs, then sees he has no idea what Hope is JABBERING
about. She springs up, sprints to a pile of "trades". As
she rummages through the "trades". Nearby is a script,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"*The Jean Harlow Story*", on top of the envelope it was sent in, note taped on it: "I hope they don't do that to me!".

She grabs the Variety and Hollywood Reporter she's looking for, returns to him. She hands him the Hollywood Reporter, which she has folded back.

MARILYN

There are Oscar campaigns. And then there's the train wreck John Wayne unleashed onto an undeserving world.

The page she wants him to look at has a drawing of a steam locomotive, "*The Alamo*" written under it. He READS:

JOE

"It's up to Oscar"?

MARILYN

He even got a bunch of mayors to declare an Alamo Day in their towns. But that wasn't good enough for

(mock East Appalachian accent)

"Cousin Chill".

(normal)

He hired Sheilah Graham's ex-husband to plug him. I can't pronounce the man's name to save my life, but his nickname is "Bow Wow".

He MOUTHS "Bow Wow?", incredulous. She now flips through the Variety she's holding, hands it to him. He READS:

JOE

"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 at his reaction.

JOE (CONT'D)

What have I been saying all these years?

MARILYN

"Sharks, phonies, and leeches". Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

She grimaces, but she knows he's right.

LATER

The "ACADEMY AWARDS" CONTINUE, CYD CHARISSE and TONY MARTIN at the podium. Marilyn prattles on about "*The Alamo*".

MARILYN

The insinuation was what really bugged me:
 ("as" John Wayne)
 "If you don't vote for my movie, then
 you're a commie, fascist, pinko!".

JOE

(re: the impersonation)
 Hey, not bad.

Back ON the TV, Cyd Charisse now OPENS the envelope, removes the card inside, reads it.

CYD CHARISSE (ON TV)

And the winner is... Russell Metty for
 "*Spartacus*".

Marilyn gives a SHOUT as RUSSELL METTY is SHOWN ON TV making his way to the stage, then half-turns to Joe.

MARILYN

He shot "*The Misfits*".
 (beat)
 Do me a favor? When Liz Taylor wins,
 stop me from jumping off the roof.

Joe scoffs.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

See, now that's where
 (mock East Appalachian accent)
 "Cousin Chill"
 (normal)
 went wrong. "Bow Wow" should have him
 come down with pneumonia and nearly die.

He scoffs again.

LATER

They eat delivery as the "ACADEMY AWARDS" CONTINUE.

MARILYN

... I looked down and there was this rip
 in my dress!

JOE

Let me guess. Borrowed from the studio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods, then becomes animated.

MARILYN

Not just my career, my life flashed before my eyes! I began to cry and these girls came over and tried to console me and the seamstress came over and sewed it up. Then Fred Astaire called my name. I walk out on the stage to present my Oscar and dead silence. Not a single person clapped. I was too terrified to notice at the time but one of the girls said to me later, "Nobody clapped for you" and I then immediately knew why: Johnny had died that past December. They haven't invited me back since.

He shakes his head, disgusted, then turns to her.

JOE

Do you want to know what I am thinking right now?

She chuckles, knowing exactly what he's thinking.

BOB HOPE (ON TV)

... lovely Jane Morgan to perform from "*High Time*" Best Song nominee "*The Second Time Around*", which I'd like to dedicate to Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe.

LAUGHS/APPLAUSE OVER TV. She laughs as he shakes his head. She then clutches her right side in pain.

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

In bed, Marilyn awakens to find Joe at her side.

JOE

Gallbladder. Doc says you can have no more fried foods.

She is not a happy camper. He smiles, sympathetic.

MARILYN

Hey, thanks... for being here.

JOE

You did the same when the ulcer had me laid up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

On a bed table is 4" "Happy Birthday" cake topped by a "40" candle. He winces as she puts a party hat on him. She now gives him a small box. He opens it: a gold watch fob.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I received no calls or messages. You
were my only visitor.

MARILYN (V.O.)
You sound surprised I even bothered. Of
course I was gonna come see you. You
were still my husband, you big jerk.

He READS the message on the fob (from The Little Prince):

JOE
"It is only with the heart that one can
see rightly".
(long beat)
What the hell does that mean?!

She rolls her eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

MARILYN
Sorry I was such a lousy wife.

He gestures: "It's all right", but she babbles on.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I have always been deeply-terrified to be
somebody's wife since I know from life one
cannot love another, really.

JOE
You assumed some things about me, I
assumed some things about you, and we
both wound up letting each other down.

The admission makes him depressed, lost in thought. She
senses this, takes his hand. He turns to her.

INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - GALLERY - DAY

A Maltese PUPPY scampers across a carpet, reaches a pair of
feet at a sofa. Marilyn (owner of the feet) picks him up.
She sits with her half-sister BERNICE MIRACLE (42; plain).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

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

(long beat)

Joe and I had broken up but we were still seeing each other. Anyway, Frank told him 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 over to Sheila's to "catch us in the act". But we were on the fourth floor. Frank told Joe that 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 just hilarious. Joe's, like, real dignified, and he hates to be embarrassed. He must have let Frank have it, but good!

MAE REIS (56; dour) enters with a cake-sized box.

MAE REIS

Marilyn, the new Italian restaurant across the street sent this over.

Marilyn makes introductions.

MARILYN

Bernice, this is my secretary, Mae. Mae, this is my big sister, Bernice.

(re: the box)

It's probably poisoned. Throw it out.

BERNICE

(Upland South accent)

Why would anyone want to poison you?

Marilyn turns to Bernice, suddenly icy.

MARILYN

People hate me.

Marilyn turns to Mae.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Throw it out!

Mae leaves with the box. Bernice is floored.

INT: MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

At a window, Joe and Marilyn notice FOUR REPORTERS watching her building from ACROSS the street.

MARILYN

When I was twelve, Mother wrote me about Robert and Bernice; Robert died when I was seven. Bernice sent me her photo and I sent her mine and we began to correspond.

She walks to a dresser, PULLS out a drawer, grabs an item from inside it, CLOSES the drawer, returns with a photo.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

She sent me this photograph of Mother. She was fifteen, about the time she got pregnant with Robert.

He is genuinely stunned.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I was with this family. They decided to return to Louisiana and wanted to take me with them, but Mother said no. I was so angry. Why didn't she want me to have a family? Then when Bernice wrote about how her father kidnapped her and Robert and took them to Kentucky, I realized I was all she had left and I was so ashamed of myself for being so angry.

He takes that in. They now turn to their "friends". He points at them from left to right:

JOE

Herald, Mirror, Daily News, Post.

She shakes her head, points at them from left to right:

MARILYN

No, no. Newsday, World-Telegram, Journal-American, Times. The Times guys always look like they just shit their pants.

He bursts out laughing.

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

Upscale. Christmas PARTY. RALPH GREENSON (50; paternal yet arrogant) OPENS the door to find Joe and Marilyn. She holds a gift basket, waves with a flourish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
¡Feliz Navidad!

She half-turns to Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
This is Dr. Greenson.

Greenson's wife HILDEGARD (48), son DANIEL (24), daughter JOAN (21) approach/GREET them.

RALPH GREENSON
Mr. DiMaggio, my wife, Hildegard, our children, Joan and Daniel.

They are awed by their guest. Joe grins/shakes their hands.

INT: GREENSON'S STUDY - LATER

Joe and Greenson stand at a glass door which leads to the BACKYARD, where Marilyn and the other GUESTS eat/TALK. In the swimming pool is a rowboat.

RALPH GREENSON
It's where I do all my most-profound thinking.

JOE
Why don't you use the can?

Greenson scoffs, walks to his desk. He gestures for Joe to sit, but he shakes his head. Greenson sits.

RALPH GREENSON
Marilyn is what I term a "borderline paranoid addict".

INSERT: INT. MARILYN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Joe comes across a notebook on a desk, reads what she wrote in it: "I will not be punished for it or be whipped or be threatened or not be loved or sent to Hell to burn".

RALPH GREENSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Such people have a distorted self-image, which manifests itself 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 in to deep depressions, and attempt suicide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

RALPH GREENSON (CONT'D)
By having her in my home, I hope to
create an environment to alleviate her
anxiety and provide her a foundation to
build on her sense of self-worth.

Joe takes that in.

JOE
What treatment you are engaged in is
between yourself and her. All I ask is
you do not 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.

He senses that Joe is a man you do not cross.

INT. BEVERLY-CARLTON - STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

SAME place Marilyn was living at when she met Joe. They
decorate a Christmas tree as Maf (the puppy) frolics.

JOE
I have never understood your reliance
on these psychiatrists.
(quickly)
I saw Blomberg only because you sent me.
(grudgingly)
And, yes, were I you, I would have left
me, too.

Struck by the admission, she smiles in vindication.

MARILYN
Thank you! Thank you!

He playfully throws a fistful of tinsel at her. She laughs.

INT. CAR (MOVING)/EXT. BUNDY DRIVE (BRENTWOOD) - DAY (1962)

Joe and Marilyn sit in the back as EUNICE MURRAY (59; dowdy)
drives. Seeing PEOPLE via the windows, he slouches.

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) - WALKWAY - LATER

They stand at four ground pavers with a coat of arms and the words "*Cursum Perficio*".

MARILYN (O.S.)
It's supposed to mean "I ran the good
race". Neat, huh?

INT. FIFTH HELENA DRIVE HOUSE - LATER

Excited, she leads him through the one-story Mexican. He scrutinizes every inch. Mrs. Murray holds a handbag.

MARILYN
And it has walls!

He half-turns behind him to Mrs. Murray.

JOE
Good for a house to have walls.

Mrs. Murray smiles/nods.

EXT. FIFTH HELENA DRIVE HOUSE - BACKYARD/HILL - LATER

She holds the handbag, looks out. He 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 she said, "Will you please get off the premises?". Why can't people be more generous with each other?

He now finds himself holding one handle of the bag as she finds/puts on her glasses, then finds/opens a notebook.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
City National will give me a fifteen year mortgage at six-point-five percent interest if I put down five-thousand and my salary for "*Something's Got to Give*" and my share of "*Some Like It Hot*" up as collateral. I'm not sure how much of the five Gs I can come up with. And it needs work. And it's a Mexican house, so it has to have Mexican furniture. And I gotta get the neighbors checked out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes in the "checklist". Finally...

JOE
Is that all?

The way he SAYS that 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 who boards Howard informed
Topping they would not do so this year.
But the team's hotel in Saint Pete is
whites-only. So, I told him: Hold camp at
Lauderdale and I'll put all the guys up.

MARILYN (V.O.)
You are a bleeding-heart liberal!

JOE (V.O.)
Bite your tongue!

She LAUGHS.

INT. LIMO (MOVING)/EXT. FLORIDA STATE ROAD A1A - LATER

They sit in the back, look out the windows.

MARILYN
Arthur married that photographer Saturday.
(long beat; tiny)
She's pregnant.

She bursts into SOBS. He puts a consoling arm around her.
97.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - LATER

She carries the case she shoved into his gut the year before. A PORTER pushes her baggage behind them.

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?!

INT: GATE ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

They turn to each other as PEOPLE notice them/BUZZ.

MARILYN

Now, be a good boy and don't do anything
I wouldn't do.

JOE

What wouldn't you do?

MARILYN

I'll think of something.

He grins. They kiss. She turns/walks through the gate, climbs the stairs to her PLANE on the TARMAC. He watches her, his smile turns to concern.

INT. CONTINENTAL HOTEL (MÉXICO CITY) - BALLROOM - DAY

In a green Pucci dress, she sits/drinks champagne while virtually-engulfed by the MEDIA. Publicist PATRICIA NEWCOMB (31; college-type), hairdresser KENNETH BATTELLE (34; hip), and Mrs. Murray hover nearby. REPORTERS hold their recording devices inches from her while some PHOTOGRAPHERS zero in on her crotch.

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

19TH ANNUAL GOLDEN GLOBE AWARDS. At a table, she struggles to her feet as the AUDIENCE APPLAUDS her. Among the things she found in México was JOSÉ BOLANOS (26). An alleged 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. UNITED STATES NAVAL SUPPORT ACTIVITY (CAPODICHINO, NAPLES, ITALY) - BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

He is swamped by LITTLE LEAGUERS who thrust balls, gloves, etc., at him. He signs everything as quickly as he can.

INT. PALACE OF SIXTUS V (VATICAN CITY) - STUDY - MORNING

He and George are received by POPE JOHN XXIII. Joe drops to one knee, kisses the Papal ring, rises. 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. LIMO (MOVING)/EXT. PICO BLVD (LOS ANGELES) - PRE-DAWN

She sits in the back, clutches a pillow. She now sees a sign as a large building comes into VIEW: "20th Century-Fox Film Corporation". She smashes the pillow INTO her face.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - MARILYN'S TRAILER - LATER

In costume, she sits at a vanity, sniffles/gulps pills. Whitey and Agnes work on her. Paula Strasberg, who holds a script, FEEDS Marilyn her LINES.

INT: SOUND STAGE - OFF SET - LATER

"SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE". She is escorted to the set by Whitey, Agnes, and Paula as PHOTOGRAPHERS circle her. She now casts her eyes upward, like a saint moments before her martyrdom, to find GRIPS in the RAFTERS staring down at her, daggers in their eyes.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

She is ON the phone, Maf beside her. Patricia, ON another phone, does DAMAGE CONTROL.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
(trying to soften the blow)
They... t-they... fired me?

INSERT: INT. HOTEL BALTSCHUG KEMPINSKI (MOSCOW, SOVIET UNION) - STUDIO SUITE - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Five-star. He sits on the edge of the bed, on the phone. St. Basil's Cathedral can be seen from his window.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
I've been sick! I can't be sick?! Liz Taylor's in Rome screwing Richard Burton and driving Fox into the fucking hole, but I'm the enemy! I'm always the enemy!

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DUSK

He holds a box with Russian lettering, RINGS the doorbell. She OPENS the door, looks at him, SLAMS it. He stands there, baffled, then shakes his head.

He turns to leave when the door OPENS. A frazzled Patricia peers around it. He is surprised to see her. She steps OUT, leaves the door ajar slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICIA NEWCOMB

George Cukor vented his spleen to Hedda Hopper. He said 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 lighting and at bad angles. As far as he's concerned, she's finished, she'll never work again. Being the "kind soul" she is, Hedda sat 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, then he gave her a shot; he said it was vitamins.

(long beat)

Do you know Mrs. Murray has been working for him for years and Marilyn's new lawyer, Rudin, is his brother-in-law?

He shakes his head, genuinely surprised.

PATRICIA NEWCOMB (CONT'D)

It was Greenson who urged Marilyn to hire Rudin to be her "personal representative" and drop Wasserman before Wasserman could drop her. Joe, Lew Wasserman handled Marilyn personally. Wasserman handles no one personally. He had no intention of dropping her!

(senses his alarm)

All she knows is he pulled her through "*The Misfits*" after she got herself so messed up, no other doctor would go near her.

(sudden emotion)

I'm afraid Cukor's right. I don't...

He places a hand on her shoulder, calming her.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Empty. A defeated Marilyn PLAYS her piano, Maf beside her. FOOTSTEPS. Joe comes over, pets Maf. Door CLOSES. He tries to make eye contact. She STOPS. He offers her the box. She takes it, opens it: a "mother" nesting doll.

INT: HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

Carrying his travel bag, he looks in on her and Maf as they sleep in her BEDROOM, leaves the door ajar slightly.

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

INSERT: INT. MARILYN'S 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, emotional.

JOE
Never. I will never leave you.

BACK TO SCENE

He closes his eyes as the memory floods him.

INT: GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

He sleeps. A hand nudges him. He springs up, startled. Marilyn (owner of the hand) jumps a bit in reaction. Maf hops up beside him. He gains his bearings, pets Maf.

INT: SUN ROOM - LATER

Maf eats. She is at the table, in thought. He enters - showered, shaved, in new clothes - holding two plates of hot food, two mugs of coffee, and utensils.

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 as he puts the utensils, plates, and mugs on the table, then sits beside her.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
After I was assigned "*Millionaire*", I learned Betty Grable had been cast and I got scared 'cause Zanuck had decided she was "used up" and I was to take her place. But she was wonderful to me. She said to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 me, "I've had mine, honey. Go get yours".
 (long beat)
 One day, she had to leave 'cause her
 little girl had a fall. The next day,
 she thanked me. "For what?", I said.
 And she said, "You were the only one from
 the studio who called about Jessica".
 (long beat)
 All the money she made for those pricks,
 and not one of them could take five
 minutes out of their stupid lives to call
 and ask about her little girl. Not
 Zanuck. Not Skouras. Not even anyone
 from "Millionaire". Nobody.
 (longer 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 gonna happen to
 me. They weren't gonna 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.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FIXING THE HOUSE:

-- INT. GAINNEY CERAMICS (LA VERNE) -- Owner JOHN GAINNEY (45)
 shows them his ceramic vases, planters, etc.

-- INT. PILGRIM FURNITURE (WEST LOS ANGELES) -- Owner EARL
 SHERO (50) shows them around, as keen on whom his potential
 clients are as he is on making a sale.

-- EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD -- Maf "helps" him move a
 tree into a freshly-dug hole as she plants flowers in the
 planters. A hummingbird feeder hangs nearby.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stocked with food, they PREPARE dinner.

JOE
 I have been hearing the rumors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

PARTY at the HOME of lawyer ARTHUR KRIM with the crème de la crème of the ARTS, ENTERTAINMENT, and POLITICAL WORLDS.

In the infamous "skin and beads" dress, a tipsy she finds herself sandwiched between JOHN and ROBERT 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 with queenly rage.

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 him.

MARILYN

Will you let me live my life the way I
want?!

JOE

I would if you didn't keep asking me to
get you out of these messes you keep
getting yourself into!

Pause. She gives an exasperated YELL, stomps out.

INT: LIVING ROOM - LATER

They sit on a settee, drink coffee. Maf eats the leftovers.

MARILYN
I got a letter from a girl. She's dying
of cancer. She's only fourteen years old.

JOE
Oh, dear God.

MARILYN
She asked for a photo of me and Maf. So,
I called my photographer friend Eric.

She points at him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
My very-happily married photographer
friend Eric.

He scoffs, knowing she's needling him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
We did the shoot at the Beverly Hills,
and Maf got medieval on the carpet.

She looks at Maf.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
You cost me seven-hundred and fifty bucks,
you little shit!

He reacts at that figure as she shifts gears.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Know what I'm gonna start doing? I'm
gonna start entering Marilyn Monroe look-
a-like contests.
(quickly)
I gotta pay the bills somehow!
(beat)
Charlie Chaplin entered a Charlie Chaplin
look-a-like contest. He came in third.

JOE
That sure as hell bodes well for you,
now, don't it?

They laugh. He now notices a postcard on the table.

JOE (CONT'D)
You received my postcard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

I have every thing you have ever sent me.
Every card, every letter, every present,
every note. I even have your pajamas
around here somewhere.

He shakes his head.

JOE

(a laugh)

I don't know what prompted me to do that.

MARILYN

I said to Mrs. Murray, "I think he'd like
to move in".

Chuckles. He now notices a notebook on the settee, puts his
cup down, grabs it. She tries to grab it from him, frantic.
He holds it out at arms' length, grins.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Please, Joe! It's just a bunch of crap!

JOE

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?

MARILYN

Yeah, and it stinks!

JOE

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

He has lost her completely.

JOE (CONT'D)

I have always wanted to learn to paint.

She bursts into incredulous laughter. He rides it out with
his trademark dignity as he closes the notebook.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

He holds the door for her and Maf. They walk.

JOE
Never gets easier. I don't dare presume
what the families are going through.

MARILYN
You feel so helpless. People think you
should, like, solve everything 'cause
you're big and famous and it never occurs
to them that you're just human like them.

They reach the edge of the hill, take in VIEWS.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I ran into Jim's brother and his wife.
They invited me to their home for dinner.

INSERT: March 1953 Photoplay opened to the article "Marilyn
Monroe Was My Wife" by JAMES DOUGHERTY.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I said, "How much is it going to cost me?".

BACK TO SCENE

MARILYN (CONT'D)
They looked at me like I was nuts. I
thought it was a legitimate question.
(long beat)
Why do you put up with me?

He thinks she's kidding, then realizes she's not.

JOE
Long answer: of all the people I have met
since I left home to play for the Yankees,
you are the only one who has ever truly
accepted me for myself. Short answer:
I... am a glutton for punishment.

MARILYN
We have a winner!

They crack up, then she becomes morose.

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? What's the point?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

The point is... we're here.

She looks at him, is struck by this pearl of wisdom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

They remove each others' clothes in slow, gentle foreplay, culminating into lovemaking, achingly tender, each needing to complete the other. Suddenly, her eyes fly open in a panic. 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.

MORNING

They lay in bed asleep. His arms around her, her head on his chest, they look like a pair of innocent children.

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

MARILYN

Oh... Maf.

She drops her head back onto his chest.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Having opened the gate, he walks to her. She stands by his rental car, sad. He runs a hand up the side of her face. Maf then darts OUT to her; she picks him up. Joe pets him. He gets in the car, CLOSES the door, STARTS it. As he BACKS OUT, she moves Maf's paw at him, waving goodbye.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

What I want to say is what the world really needs is a real feeling of kinship. Everybody - stars, laborers, Negroes, Jews, Arabs - we are all brothers.

INT. THE POLO LOUNGE - BOOTH TABLE - DAY

She pokes at a grapefruit as she sits with a REPORTER, who snickers at her "Kumbaya" sentiment.

REPORTER

Do you have any fantasies?

She becomes irritated, yet goes along.

MARILYN

My fantasies are too-intimate to be revealed in public.

REPORTER

Do you have any nightmares?

MARILYN

My nightmare's the H-Bomb. What's yours?

He is taken aback.

INT. LEXINGTON HOTEL - JOE'S SUITE - DAY

Box stamped "Valmore Monette & Co., Smithfield, Virginia" on his desk. He holds the gold watch fob she gave him.

JOE (ON PHONE)

What are you doing Monday?

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)

You know I can't think that far ahead!

(beat)

What's the matter, can't get laid?

He shakes his head as she CRACKS UP.

JOE (ON PHONE)

I quit my job.

INSERT: INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - SUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She sits at the table, drinks a Bloody Mary, wired. Before her are enough pill bottles to open a pharmacy.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)

What? I thought you liked your job.

JOE (OVER PHONE)

I enjoyed my work very much. But I have been living out of a suitcase since I was seventeen. I am forty-seven now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

He anticipates a mature reply. Instead...

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
Can't get laid, huh?

He can't help but chuckle as she CRACKS UP again.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
(high)
Oh! I know what I'm doing Monday!
(bravado)
I must go to Fox and beg forgiveness.
(despondency)
Levathes says he will replace Cukor, but
only if I get rid of Paula.

EXT. MAURCIERI HOUSE (BRENTWOOD) - PATIO - DAY

JOHN MAURCIERI, wife JOAN (both 30s), their TWO DAUGHTERS eat. He glances up the hill buttressing his yard, sees Marilyn looking down on them. A truly ghostly figure.

John and Joan share a look. They resume eating/ignore her. She backs away slowly until she is gone.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(defeated)
Why must I have to fight all the time?
I'm so tired of fighting. I don't want to
fight anymore.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Murray springs up in bed, senses something is wrong.

INT: HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Robe over her gown, she walks cautiously toward a closed door. A phone line runs under it and a LIGHT is still ON. She approaches, raises a hand to knock.

INSERT: INT. ROOMING HOUSE (LOS ANGELES) - DAY (1928)

Gladys (then 27) holds a pillow, stares ahead, robotic, toward a crib where Marilyn (then 2), is asleep. She puts the pillow OVER her baby.

SCREEN GOES BLACK. SFX: TELEPHONE RINGS. FADE UP INTO:

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

On the end table is a silver Tiffany presentation box: "Old Timers Game / Candlestick Park / San Francisco, California / August 4, 1962". In bed, Joe awakens, finally grabs the phone beside the box.

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

A stoic Joe walks, accompanied by a WORKER (30s).

INT: MORGUE - MINUTES LATER

Wall of stainless steel drawers. The Worker grasps the handle of #33, PULLS: a BODY covered by a sheet, soiled, tags tied to toes in need of a pedicure.

He walks to its right as Joe steps up to its left. The Worker lifts the sheet to show him the face. Joe looks down. His immediate agony confirms it's Marilyn.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)
Miss Monroe's first husband, Los Angeles Police officer James Dougherty, was informed of her death while on patrol. "I'm sorry", he said. Her last 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) - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Modest. Phone RINGS. Door OPENS. Bernice and her husband PARIS (50; sincere) enter. She ANSWERS the phone. Shocked, she hands the receiver to him, enters the KITCHEN, turns the radio ON. She and Paris share a look.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Mrs. Clark Gable said she went to Mass this morning and prayed for the star.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Actress Elizabeth Taylor said she was very sad and deeply shocked. Actress Jan Sterling, whose late husband Paul Douglas starred with Miss Monroe in the film "*Clash by Night*", said: "It's a terrible waste of life and a great loss to this industry. I feel that everyone is a little responsible for it". Dancer Gene Kelly said he spoke to Miss Monroe three days ago: "She was in excellent spirits, very excited about her future projects. I just don't understand".

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

POLICE SEAL the house as Patricia walks Maf OUT.

REPORTER #3 (V.O.)
 Billy Wilder, who directed Miss Monroe in "*The Seven Year Itch*" and "*Some Like It Hot*", commented: "Maybe she was tough to work with. Maybe she wasn't even an actress. But it was worth a week's torment to get those three luminous minutes on the screen". Darryl Zanuck, former 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". The Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* intoned: "Marilyn Monroe was a victim of Hollywood. It gave birth to her and it killed her".

She now confronts the PRESS swarming the place.

PATRICIA
 Keep shooting, vultures! Keep shooting!

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

CLARENCE PIERCE (49; couth), GUY HOCKETT (51; drab), AARON FROSCH (38; genial), MILTON RUDIN (41; thug), at a table, stand as Bernice and Inez enter. Joe comes to Bernice.

JOE
 Had I known you could get here so soon, I wouldn't have begun to handle things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNICE MIRACLE
I'm thankful you have. We need you.

They embrace then break. He then half-turns, motions at
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. He leads the
women to the table, seats them. He and other men sit.

CLARENCE PIERCE
Before we proceed, Miss Monroe interred
her guardian Grace Goddard with us.
Mrs. Goddard is with us as her aunt, to
whom we understand Miss Monroe was very
close, is with us, as are Mrs. Goddard's
parents. However, we understand your
mother's parents are at Rosedale. Would
you prefer to have Miss Monroe interred
with them?

Bernice, who had been holding up, is getting overwhelmed.

BERNICE MIRACLE
Uh, I-I don't... I... we were driving all
weekend in a car with a broken radio. The
whole world knew about it before we did.
(long beat)
No, no. Here will be fine.

Pierce nods. Frosch now addresses Bernice.

AARON FROSCH
My sincere condolences. Marilyn was more
than a client. I think she was one of the
most remarkable people who has ever lived.

Rudin nods. Bernice smiles warmly at both. Frosch now
opens a folder before him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON FROSCH (CONT'D)
Marilyn was deeply in debt. Her Irving Trust, Excelsior, Bowery, and First City National accounts have a combined balance of four thousand, two hundred, four dollars, sixty-seven cents. However, her City National account has a negative balance of four thousand, two hundred eight dollars, thirty four cents. Last week, the State of New York filed suit against her for back taxes.

Joe, Bernice, and Inez are stunned.

INSERT: INT: CASKET ROOM - LATER

Joe has an arm around Bernice's shoulder as Hockett shows them and Inez several caskets.

AARON FROSCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There are enough funds to pay for a modest service, but not enough to continue to provide for your mother's care at Rockhaven Sanitarium.

BACK TO SCENE

Inez is now really stunned.

INEZ MELSON
That's impossible! We set up a trust in nineteen fifty-three for Mrs. Eley's care! How can there be no money?!

That hangs in the air. Bernice turns to Frosch.

BERNICE MIRACLE
You know she wanted to change her will?

MILTON RUDIN
Ma'am, my wife's brother was Marilyn's psychiatrist. There is no easy way to put this. She should have been in an institution. She asked me to change her Will, but I wasn't convinced that she was of sound mind.

(long beat)
You can contest, but if you lose, the previous Will will take effect, leaving Arthur Miller with the bulk of the estate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNICE MIRACLE

I don't care about the money. My sister is dead! I didn't even know I had a sister until I was nineteen. Me and Paris just got married and I was pregnant with our daughter. One day, I received a letter from Mother. Long. Rambling. She was in Norwalk and everyone had it in for her. She wanted me to get a hold of some lost relation I knew was long dead and get her out. "By the way, you have a baby sister. Her name is Norma Jeane and she's twelve years old".

(long beat)

I read that... and I cried and cried.

Joe takes her hand.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - ENTRY - LATER

Joe escorts Inez and Bernice to a waiting cab.

INEZ MELSON

It's all my fault. I should have kept her on. But I told her, "You've gotten too big for me".

He takes Inez's arm, assures her she is not to blame.

BERNICE MIRACLE

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

As money is tight, I would like to pay for the crypt and the casket both.

She looks at him, startled.

BERNICE MIRACLE

You don't have to.

He begins to break.

JOE

I have to.

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

He enters as Hockett and his WIFE (50s; doughy) do their best to handle the RINGING phones. Inez and Pierce walk over to him. Pierce hand him a sheet of paper.

CLARENCE PIERCE
A list of the personalities who have
requested to attend the service.

INSERT: The paper with the list of NAMES.

Frank Sinatra	Hedda Hopper	Milton Berle
Dean Martin	Louella Parsons	Walter Mirisch
Ella Fitzgerald	Lew Wasserman	Marvin Mirisch
Sammy Davis, Jr.	Gene Kelly	Harold Mirisch
Rock Hudson	José Ferrer	Patricia Lawford

BACK TO SCENE

Joe produces a pen, crosses every name off. Pierce takes the paper, surprised, but tries not to let on. Inez now hands Joe a note.

INEZ MELSON
We found this in Marilyn's desk.

He takes the note, reads it.

MARILYN (V.O.)
"Dear Joe. If I could only succeed in
making you happy

INT: CHAPEL - NIGHT - SAME

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, to make one person completely happy.

INT: ROOM - MORNING

He sits beside an opened bronze casket, stares at Marilyn, his eyes red from weeping.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Your happiness means my happiness".

Very long pause. Whitey enters quietly, puts his case on a table. He then produces a bottle of gin/takes a slug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITEY

What a hell of a birthday.

He opens the case, begins to prepare the make-up.

JOE

I keep expecting her to wake up.

He stops. Joe turns to 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

Plaque: "Grace Goddard / Beloved Sister / 1895-1953". A pair of men's shoes STEPS ON it hurriedly.

Helicopters BUZZ above as POLICE handle TRAFFIC and CROWD CONTROL, NEWS CREWS set up as Winchell DIRECTS REPORTERS.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS building a skyscraper stop to watch. PEOPLE in an OFFICE HIGH-RISE look OUT their windows.

EXT: CHAPEL - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Little Joe, in Marine dress blues, stands next to Joe, who shakes each MOURNER'S hand, THANKS him or her. Anne and Mary waddle up. Anne grasps Joe's hands in hers.

ANNE KARGER

You were the only good thing that ever happened to her. God bless you.

He is overcome. Anne and Mary enter. He gathers himself as other MOURNERS follow. He shakes their hands, THANKS each of them. As Rudin walks past, Joe BLOCKS him. Rudin turns on him with righteous fury.

MILTON 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 stained-glass windows.

THIRTY-THREE PEOPLE - including Patricia, Whitey and his FAMILY, the Greensons, Frosch, Rudin, George, Ralph Roberts, Agnes Flanagan, Inez and her HUSBAND, Mrs. Murray, Mae Reis, and Paula Strasberg - sit in the pews. Joe and Little Joe sit behind Bernice and REVEREND FLOYD DARLING (40s).

LEE STRASBERG (O.S.)

Marilyn Monroe was a legend. In her own lifetime, she created a myth of what a poor girl from a deprived background could attain. For the entire world, she became a symbol of the eternal feminine. But I have no words to describe the myth and the legend. I did not know this Marilyn Monroe.

AT THE PODIUM

Strasberg struggles to get the words out.

LEE 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.

LATER

Little Joe, REVEREND ADOLPH SOLDAN (80s), and the PALL-BEARERS (including Whitey and Pierce) mill OUTSIDE. Joe stands at the open casket, stares at Marilyn.

LEE 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".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN IN THE CASKET

Dressed in the Pucci dress she wore in México City, she looks like a doll. He bends over her.

LEE STRASBERG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For the country to which she has gone, we must all someday visit.

JOE

I love you... I love you... I love you.

He kisses her tenderly.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - CORRIDOR OF MEMORIES - LATER

Service is over. He looks around, lost. He turns to the CRYPT where she has been placed. He waves goodbye. He now walks away, past the PHOTOGRAPHERS shooting him, past the ON-LOOKERS held back by SECURITY.

Winchell sees him, RUNS after him.

WALTER WINCHELL

Joe! Joe!

Joe ignores him, continues to walk.

FADE TO BLACK

ON BLACK: The Los Angeles County Medical Examiner ruled Marilyn's death a probable suicide.

Joe had a half-dozen red roses delivered to her crypt 3 times a week "forever". The order was canceled in 1982 without explanation.

He was the only major figure in her life to not speak about her publicly or capitalize on their relationship.

He died on March 8, 1999 at his Bal Harbour, Florida home and is buried at Holy Cross Cemetery (Colma, California). Delivering the eulogy, Dominic DiMaggio stated that his brother had everything except the right woman to share his life with.

He never remarried.

FADE OUT.

END