

JOE AND MARILYN

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FADE IN:

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

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

INT. CHASEN'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

CLOCK on wall: 9:00. March is about to have a coronary. He grins AT the person sitting across from him O.S.

MARCH
She's always late. She's late for everything.

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

March and the OTHERS at the table watch the Man get up, head for the door, then STOP.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE

MARILYN MONROE (25) stands against a wall: insecure, unorthodox, and gorgeous.

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

MARCH
Miss Monroe, this is Joe DiMaggio.

Yes, that JOE DiMAGGIO (37): traditional, precise. Yet his patented stoicism can't hide the fact he has just been struck-dumb by the vision now before him.

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

INT. CHASEN'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

The others TALK as Joe and Marilyn sit together, eating. Each steals shy glimpses of the other: the attraction is strong. She then turns to him, noticing something.

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

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

INT. CHASEN'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

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

MARILYN

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

She turns to Joe as she gets to her feet.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

It was nice meeting you.

He springs to his feet, startling her.

JOE

May I see you to the door?

EXT. CHASEN'S - PARKING LOT - MINUETS LATER

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

She grits her teeth as they approach a 1950 Pontiac Catalina Deluxe Coupe. She opens her purse, digs for the keys.

JOE

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

MARILYN

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

JOE

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

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

Marilyn DRIVES, stares ahead. Joe stares ahead.

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

Marilyn stares ahead. Joe stares ahead.

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

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

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

Marilyn turns ONTO IVAR AVENUE. The HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER SIGN CRAWLS UP the WINDSHIELD. Joe fidgets.

JOE

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

She is filled with happiness, but doesn't let on.

MARILYN

It's a lovely night for a drive.

He nods. They both stare ahead.

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

Joe listens to Marilyn intently.

MARILYN

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

(frantic)

"You can't do this to me! He isn't just anyone!"

He has to chuckle at that. Pause.

JOE

He said you didn't want to meet me.

She blanches a bit.

MARILYN

Well, you know, athletes? Slick hair. Checkered suits. Pink ties.

JOE

Sorry to disappoint you.

She grins. Pause.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

MARILYN

And you wish you had just kept right on going!

He grins/shakes his head as she chuckles.

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

It's now Marilyn's turn to hear Joe 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 seldom happens. I have this friend, George Solotaire, who pries the girls loose when I tire of 'em.

MARILYN

Is Mr. Solotaire in town with you?

He nods. She takes that in.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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

JOE

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

She is stuck by the compliment he has just paid her.

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

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

JOE

I saw your picture.

MARILYN

Which movie was it?

JOE

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

He tells by her REACTION she doesn't remember. He produces a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING of Marilyn "at bat" with TWO CHICAGO WHITE SOX PLAYERS. She takes a quick glance, winces.

MARILYN

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

JOE

Not quite. The best I ever got was General MacArthur or Ethel Barrymore.

(beat)

You're prettier.

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

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

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

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

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

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

March meets Marilyn as she locks her car.

MARILYN
He struck out!

He gives an incredulous grin as she walks away.

INT. BEVERLY-CARLTON - STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Hello?

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

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

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

JOE (OVER PHONE)
Tomorrow evening, then?

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

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - DAY

Marilyn eats with her manager INEZ MELSON (50s) matronly, and burly make-up man "WHITEY" SNYDER (30s). She reads her tax returns as she slides a plate of GROUND RAW LIVER into a glass of TOMATO JUICE, stirs, takes a gulp, winces.

MARILYN

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

WHITEY

That's because I have a better agent.

Marilyn sticks her tongue out at him. He chuckles.

INEZ

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

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

WHITEY

So, when are you seeing him again?

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

MARILYN

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

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

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - DAY

Joe is ON the phone.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)

Do you want to take me out to dinner
tonight?

He smiles, somewhere between elation and disbelief.

INT. THE WINDSOR - EVENING - LATER

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

MARILYN

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUDGY MAN

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

Joe gives an annoyed grin as he signs the napkin.

JOE

Look, I am just a man.

Joe gives him the napkin, shakes his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)

And it's nice to meet you, too.

Joe watches 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 laughs, then STOPS. It throws him, but he tries not to let on. Pause. She now points at a RING on the third finger of his left hand.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

What's that?

JOE

It's my first World Series ring.

He pulls it off. As he drops it into her hand, their fingers touch. They blush.

INT. PERINO'S - DINING ROOM - EVENING

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

He turns to Marilyn, who gives him a shrug. They eat.

JOE

Did you always want to be in the movies?

MARILYN

I can't think of a time when I didn't. I mean, the idea there was a world outside that didn't have a thing to do with the movies never even occurred to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
me until I was sixteen. That's when I
got married.

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

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

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

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

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

HOWARD HAWKS (O.S.)
And... cut! Print it.

She looks nervously to her right at

NATASHA LYTESS

(40), stern, standing OFF SET. She gives a haughty nod.

MARILYN

beams like a child receiving her mother's approval.

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

She and Natasha meet at a chair. On it are an envelope and
the April 7, 1952 issue of *Life*, MARILYN ON THE COVER.

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

NEAR SOUND STAGE ENTRANCE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN AND NATASHA

observe the O.S. HUBBUB.

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

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

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

SOUND STAGE - OFF-SET - MOMENTS LATER

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

ENT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - BACKLOT - LATER

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

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

She reacts with a HOP, giddy.

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

Her giddiness suddenly gives way to chagrin.

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

He can't argue with that. Pause.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

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

She is struck by the burst of cynicism. Pause.

JOE (CONT'D)

Who was that with you?

MARILYN

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

He mulls that over.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

People make up stuff about you?

He is thrown by the question, then nods.

JOE

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

MARILYN

And it doesn't bother you?

JOE

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

MARILYN

(takes that in)
"They don't mean to hurt you, just use you".

He stops walking, turns to her.

JOE

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

She smiles to herself, conceding "defeat".

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - LATER

Joe flips the lights ON, escorts Marilyn in. Sure enough, on a table are PLAQUES and TROPHIES. He points them out:

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

He grabs/opens a wood box: eight diamond/10K gold RINGS.

JOE (CONT'D)
 The rest of my World Series rings.

He points to a large TROPHY behind the others.

JOE (CONT'D)
 That was presented to me by Babe Ruth.
 Do you know what the Colonel offered
 Babe Ruth for the nineteen thirty-five
 season? A buck. A single dollar. And
 all the man did was save the game.

(pause)

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER - JOE'S SUITE - MORNING

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

BELL CAPTAIN
 Mr. DiMaggio? The lady's cab will be
 here shortly, and, as instructed, the
 fare will be charged to your bill.

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

MARILYN
 No! I can take the bus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Nonsense.

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

JOE (CONT'D)

The number to Yankee Stadium; the 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's baffled, not used to being treated like she matters.

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

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

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

JOE (PRE-LAP)

You did what?!

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

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

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)

I just wanted to make sure he didn't take out any ovaries!

JOE (ON PHONE)

The appendix ain't nowhere near there.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

JOE (OVER PHONE)
What?!

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

No response. Pause. Now calm, he grows alarmed.

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

BACK TO INSERT

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

EXT. BEVERLY-CARLTON - CURB - NIGHT

Marilyn, ZONED OUT, locks her car.

INT. BEVERLY-CARLTON - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

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

EXT. NORTH HARPER AVE (NORTH HOLLYWOOD) - DAY

Marilyn and Joe approach a modest HOME. Door opens, and out waddles ANNE KARGER (60s). Marilyn runs to her, they hug.

Marilyn then YELLS in delight as Anne's grand-kids, BENNETT (13) and ANNE (12) DAUBREY, race out, tailed by their mom, Anne's daughter, MARY DAUBREY (30s). Group hug.

INT. KARGER HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

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

ANNE

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

Mary nods.

MARY

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

ANNE

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

MARY

"She's ignorant". "She's infantile".
"She's needy". "She's common".

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

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

MARILYN

What have you been telling him, Nana?

Anne pats her arm, matronly.

ANNE

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

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

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

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

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

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CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Let's just go where the day takes us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEL AIR COUNTRY CLUB - SWIMMING POOL - LATER

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

MARILYN

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

He turns to Joe, then she does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

MARILYN
Sad. But true.

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

LITTLE JOE
How do you know about all these places?

MARILYN
I was born here.

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

MARILYN
(scoffs)
Yeah, right?

They chuckle. Pause.

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

She doesn't know how to respond to that. Pause.

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

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

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

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

He takes that in. She brightens suddenly.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE JOE

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

MARILYN

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

She executes a crisp salute. He smiles. Pause.

LITTLE JOE

What's it like being a movie star?

She has to think about that for a long moment.

MARILYN

You know, I don't know. I really don't
know. When I'm not on-set, I'm at
rehearsals or in classes or in post-
production or doing publicity. Ten
hours a day, five days a week. And I
wonder why I'm anemic.

(sudden enthusiasm)

But I love it. I love it. I get to
pretend. I get to be somebody.

He nods. They now notice PHOTOGRAPHERS ACROSS from them.

Joe points AT the photographers as he confronts a POOL
ATTENDANT.

JOE

Who allowed them in here?!

The Attendant shakes his head, having no idea.

JOE (CONT'D)

Clear them out or I will!

The Attendant USHERS them out.

Marilyn is stunned, but Little Joe is excited by Joe's "take
charge" mode.

DOROTHY (PRE-LAP)

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

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

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

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CONTINUED:

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

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

PEARLSON

The Bel Air Country Club, correct?

Joe can't believe what he's hearing.

JOE

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

Pearlson turns to Wright, ready to talk deal.

PEARLSON

Loyd, we are asking for full custody, a thousand dollars per month child support, and a stipulation that all future visits between Joseph and Mr. DiMaggio are to take place in Mrs. Schuster's home.

DOROTHY

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

JOE

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

DOROTHY

And Miss Monroe's attorney is representing you because you and she are "just good friends".

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

WRIGHT

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

JOE

Money is not the issue.

Everything STOPS. Joe turns to her.

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CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

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

DOROTHY

What do you want, my congratulations?

(beat)

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

JOE

Then, why didn't you marry one of them?

(explodes)

Because they weren't Joe DiMaggio, that's why! And the fact I was pulling in twenty-five grand a year didn't hurt, either!

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

WRIGHT

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

DOROTHY

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

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

INT. BEVERLY-CARLTON - MARILYN'S APARTMENT - DUSK - LATER

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

MARILYN

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

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

JOE

She's taking me to court. Mr. Wright says no judge will find for her. I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)
 wish I shared his confidence.
 (long beat)
 My parents were married fifty years. I
 couldn't make mine last five.
 (longer beat)
 I am the only one in my entire family
 to have ever been divorced. Do you
 have any idea what a stain that is?

That hangs in the air.

MARILYN
 It's not your fault. Your life is
 nothing like theirs.
 (beat)
 And if Loyd says she has no case, she
 has no case.
 (long beat)
 Now, are you going to help me? Or are
 you going to stand there and feel
 sorry for yourself?

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

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Closed French doors REVEAL a ROOF DECK with 360° VIEWS of
 SAN FRANCISCO, including the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. Room is
 tidy: FAMILY PHOTOS, MEMORABILIA, and a TOY TRAIN LAYOUT.

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

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Little Joe and several KIDS PLAY Cops to Marilyn's Robber.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'd make a really kooky mom.

BACK TO SCENE

His smile tells her otherwise. He lays down, wraps his arms around her. She feels completely safe. They close their eyes. Long pause. His eyes then snap OPEN.

JOE
I smell bacon. And coffee.

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

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

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

MARIE
About time you sleepy-heads showed up.

He nods at her: "Morning".

MARIE (CONT'D)
Don't forget, Boy Scouts at one.

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

JOE
Marilyn, Betty. Betty, Marilyn.

She sits next to a starstruck Betty. Joe grabs Betty's HOMEWORK, reads it as he goes to the coffee maker. Betty turns to Marilyn.

BETTY
Are you really Marilyn Monroe?

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

They smile. Marilyn then thumbs AT Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
What's it like having him for an uncle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY
Oh, he's a nice uncle.

Marie half-turns to Marilyn.

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

Chuckles. He returns the homework to Betty.

JOE
Three and four are the other two factors of twelve.

A chagrined Betty grabs a pencil/corrects as he hands a mug of coffee to Marilyn, who smiles at him. He returns to the coffee maker as Marilyn pets the cat.

MARILYN
I wish I could have a pet. But I'm at the studio from practically dawn to dusk. It would be at the apartment all alone by itself all day.

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

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

JOE
Will you sit down, already?!

MARIE
All right, all right!

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

TOMMY (PRE-LAP)
It's Uncle Joe!

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

Working class, with a VIEW of COIT TOWER.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Tommy, this is Marilyn.

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

ROSALIE
Uncle Joe!

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

JOE (CONT'D)
Princess!

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

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

He looks at Rosalie.

JOE (CONT'D)
Are you my princess?

Rosalie beams at him. He smiles/kisses her on the cheek as MIKE and TOM DiMAGGIO, Mike's wife MAMIE, Tom's wife LEE (each in their 40s) enter. Tom points AT Joe.

TOM
Something's wrong. You're happy!

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

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

Marilyn and they exchange GREETINGS.

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

JOE
The christening is Sunday.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Would you like some help cleaning up?

MAMIE

Oh, I'd sure appreciate it.

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

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

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

MIKE

Ma and Pop came over from Sicily; they knew no English. Us kids didn't know English until we got in school. Once, Joe was called on by the teacher in class. He said the wrong thing in English and the other kids laughed at him. So, he just went into this shell. When Dorothy walked, it killed him. But you'd never know it.

Marilyn takes that in. Long pause.

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

AN "IT'S IT" BAG

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

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

She cracks up. Joe shakes his head, beside himself.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DOCK - DAWN

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIANNI

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

JOE

Mike has formed a cooperative with some fisherman around the Bay, and they are actually giving these boys --

He thumbs AT the cutter.

JOE (CONT'D)

a run for their money.

The old men nod. They now notice...

MARILYN

walking dreamily, carrying a picnic basket.

LUIGI (O.S.)

You have fallen in love with a very beautiful girl.

SAL (O.S.)

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

GIANNI (O.S.)

What a piece of ass!

END SUBTITLES

JOE

REACTS. The old men laugh; he shakes his head. He grins as she comes to him, slides an arm around her waist.

JOE

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

He INTRODUCES her to them IN SICILIAN. They are charmed. He waves at them/SAYS "goodbye"; they leave. The old men nod to each other in approval.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - LATER

Joe STEERS a 35' mahogany SLOOP. He gestures for Marilyn to take the helm. She shakes her head. He reassures her. She puts one hand on the wheel next to his tentatively, then the other. He lets go. Her eyes widen as she realizes she's actually steering, and JUMPS up and down, excited.

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

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

JOE

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

MARILYN

(surprised; intrigued)
Did you... sing and dance?

JOE

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

She cracks up as he shakes his head, embarrassed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RENO

Nancy has been pestering us for a baby brother ever since she found out there are 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. Pause.

RENO

How did it go with the Archbishop?

Joe sighs/shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

The weight of his dilemma sinks in.

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

JOE (CONT'D)
Have you seen Marilyn?

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

INT. DIMAGGIO'S - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe enters, looks around.

JOE
Baby?

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

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

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

EXT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL (SANTA CLARA) - MORNING

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

INT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL - LOUNGE - MINUTES LATER

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

AT A TABLE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLADYS

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

(sudden fear)

Do you know why they put me here? I voted for the Socialists by mistake. That is why I am studying to be a nurse. The Army needs me. I must prove that I am a patriotic American.

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

MARILYN

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

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

Gladys now scrutinizes him for a long moment.

GLADYS

Are you Catholic?

JOE

(puzzled)

Yes, ma'am.

Gladys RECOILS in terror.

GLADYS

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

Marilyn takes Gladys's arm to reassure her.

MARILYN

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

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

A burly yet cheery ORDERLY puts a TRAY before Gladys: boiled potatoes; spaghetti with sauce; bread with butter; milk. She digs in, delighted. He turns to Joe and Marilyn.

ORDERLY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLADYS

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

Marilyn smiles her thanks. The orderly nods, leaves. After a pause, Gladys turns to Joe as she points at Marilyn.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

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

She taps on the magazine.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

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

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

GLADYS (CONT'D)

You do know she is a bastard? Charles Stanley Gifford was a bastard, and his child is a bastard.

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

GLADYS (CONT'D)

I am ready to return to Norwalk now.

MARILYN

(flustered)

B-b-but you hated it there.

GLADYS

(irrational rage)

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

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

GLADYS (CONT'D)

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

EXT. AGNEWS STATE HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - LATER

Marilyn walks toward the TRAIN DEPOT - swamped by terror, rage, shame, and guilt - quickly as Joe finds himself struggling to keep up with her.

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

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

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

COTTEN

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

She scoffs.

COTTEN (CONT'D)

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

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

HENRY HATHAWAY (O.S.)

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

COTTEN

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

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

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

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

HATHAWAY

Sit down! You're going nowhere!

CRAFT

Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Brand --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HATHAWAY

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

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

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

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

MARILYN

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

He knows the story. He leans over to her.

HATHAWAY

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

(deadly serious)

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

She nods quickly, shaken.

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

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

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

MARILYN

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

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'll have you know that for the sake of
(over-the-top)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 propriety
 (normal)
 I have checked into --

She hands him the bottle and the magazine, opens/digs into her purse, produces a HOTEL TAG KEY, reads the tag.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 the Sherry-Netherland.

She cranes her head to see into his room.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 Was I interrupting something?

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

JOE
 No!

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

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

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

JOE
 You have first base, second base.

MARILYN
 I know where you are!

JOE
 You mean, where I was.

She points to the middle of the field.

MARILYN
 Center.

JOE
 That's right. Center.

They share a smile.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - TV STUDIO - LATER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

CREWMAN (O.S.)
 Found it!

Joe now notices she is GONE. He SIGNALS to George to follow
 her. George nods, leaves.

A CREWMAN

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

INT. TOOTS SHORE'S - BOOTH TABLE - LATER

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

SHORE
 Everything good, Clipper?

JOE
 Everything is fine, Toots. Just fine.

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

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

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

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

Down to her slip, she turns to her right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 What's that supposed to be, strong and
 silent?! Say something!

JOE

sits on a sofa arm, mesmerized. He gives her a boyish grin.

JOE
 When are you going to marry me?

MARILYN

shakes her head, disarmed.

He holds out a hand. She gives him a rueful smile as she comes to him, takes his hand. He pulls her to him, then loses his balance. They FALL BACKWARDS on the sofa.

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

CHRISTMAS PARTY. Marilyn stands at a BUFFET, serves herself tiny portions, as if she has no right to be there. HARRY BRAND (50s), Fox's slovenly Head of Publicity, now moves beside her, serves himself huge portions.

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

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

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

BRAND (CONT'D)
 Marilyn, it's me, Harry. The all-
 seeing, all-knowing czar of the Fox
 promotional machine. The man who made
 a certain orphan girl America's newest
 sweetheart.
 (an aside)
 Yeah, only the public can make a star.
 Whatever.
 (long beat)
 Anyway, I know Joe bolted from your
 love nest exactly three weeks ago. And
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAND (CONT'D)

I further know he hasn't so much as given you a jingle since returning to the warm embrace of his loving family
(beat)

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

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

Marilyn - in a LOW-CUT dress, a "Miss America Grand Marshal Parade" BADGE pinned on her - poses with FOUR SERVICEWOMEN before a PHOTOGRAPHER, who stands on a ladder. She DIPS.

MARILYN (V.O.)

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

BACK TO SCENE

BRAND

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

She takes this in as he leaves.

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

Marilyn DRIVES, feeling utterly alone.

EXT. CASTILIAN DRIVE (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - LATER

Mediterranean bungalows tucked behind modest wood fences.

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

INT. CASTILIAN DRIVE HOUSE - DEN - MINUTES LATER

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

She puts the bag on the floor next to a phone, pulls a business card from the purse, picks up the phone, dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (ON PHONE)

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

(long beat)

I wish to break the lease.

(beat)

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

(pained; comes up
with a "reason")

I need to be closer to the studio.

(long beat)

Yes, I can be by Saturday morning.

(long beat; a laugh)

Merry Christmas. Thank you. Goodbye.

She hangs up/SIGHS. She picks the bag up, enters the

KITCHEN

puts the bag on the counter, opens the fridge, puts the bag in, grabs a BOTTLE of RUM, closes the fridge.

She walks through the DEN, kicks off her shoes as she takes a gulp of rum. She then NOTICES...

A SMALL CHRISTMAS TREE on a table, a card at its base.

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

JOE

enters from the PATIO, huge grin on his face.

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

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

"Give your hearts, but not into each others' keeping. For only the Hand of Life can contain your hearts".

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

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

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

"And, stand close, but not too close together. For the pillars of the Temple stand apart".

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

Marilyn READS from The Prophet as she and Whitey walk.

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

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

She shoots him a look. He gives her a grin. She closes the book/carries it under her arm.

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

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

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

Whitey and a STYLIST work on Marilyn, in a lamé gown. She gazes into the mirror, psyching herself up to be "Marilyn Monroe". Phone rings. Craft picks it up.

CRAFT (ON PHONE)
Craft. Publicity.

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

CRAFT (CONT'D)
It's Joe.

She SIGHS, 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 as George and Shor play POKER.

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

(CONTINUED)
38.

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

She is gripped suddenly by an inexplicable RAGE.

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

She SLAMS the receiver down as everyone REACTS in shock to her outburst -- even Whitey.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY

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

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

Door opens. He brightens -- until his SHOES and SLIPPERS FLY AT HIM, forcing him to DUCK. Door slams.

He stands there, golf bag in his arms, clothes hanging on him, totally befuddled. He SIGHS, knocks.

She opens the door, still pissed. Yet the sight of him makes her melt. He responds with a boyish grin.

EXT./EST. HOTEL RIVIERA DEL PACIFICO (ENSENADA, MEXICO) - EARLY MORNING

Lavish stomping grounds of the rich and famous, featuring a string of HACIENDAS on the PRIVATE BEACH. The FLAG OF MEXICO peeks out from behind the hotel "Bell Tower".

INT. HOTEL RIVIERA DEL PACIFICO (ENSENADA, MEXICO) -
HACIENDA - BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Posh. Double doors REVEAL a PATIO, and the PACIFIC OCEAN just steps away.

Joe sleeps. Marilyn, in one of the shirts she threw at him, climbs on the bed/straddles him. He AWAKENS, sees her, greets her with a smile of pure joy. She smiles.

MARILYN

Heard the latest rumor about me?

He shakes his head.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'm a female impersonator.

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'll do anything you want. I'll be anything you want. Just don't say goodbye.

Moved beyond words, he draws her to him.

EXT. HOTEL RIVIERA DEL PACIFICO - HACIENDA - PATIO - LATER

Joe, in boxers, and Marilyn, still in his dress shirt, sit at a table, eat a gourmet BREAKFAST/drink coffee.

She grabs the May 25, 1953 *Life* off the news-cart next to them, she and Blondes co-star JANE RUSSELL ON THE COVER.

JOE

And you were paid how much?

MARILYN

Can't you just be happy for me?

He gives an exasperated SIGH.

JOE

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

She is thrown. Finally...

MARILYN

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

He cracks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BELLHOP

walks on the beach quickly, holding a SMALL ENVELOPE. He reaches the patio, hands it to Joe, leaves. Joe opens the envelope, removes a TELEGRAM. They read it.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING - LATER

Joe and Marilyn are met by a somber Tom.

TOM

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

(with difficulty)

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

JOE

Any reporters come around?

TOM

There was someone here from the *Chronicle*.

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

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

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

JOE

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

Mamie smiles gratefully through her tears.

ROSALIE

Uncle Joe? Is Daddy in Heaven?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ROSALIE
And the angels?

JOE
(sudden emotion)
And the angels.

MARILYN

looks on, tears in her eyes.

EXT. HOLY CROSS CEMETERY (COLMA) - DAY

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

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

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

Joe and Marilyn lay side-by-side in bed. Long pause.

Sensing he is about to break, she draws him to her. He clings to her, his shoulders heaving with SOBS.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - COURTYARD - DAY

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. APARTMENT (HOLLYWOOD) - HALLWAY - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
42.

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
Butch, your father is here.

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

She turns to Joe.

DOROTHY
How are Mamie and the children?

JOE
As well as can be expected.

DOROTHY
Please give them my best.

He nods. There is something between them still, clearly.

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

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

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

DOROTHY
Be good for your father.

LITTLE JOE
I will.

They hug/break. Little Joe sprints OUT and DOWN the hall,
excited. Joe turns to her. They exchange smiles.
Reconciliation in the works?

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH (WAIKIKI, HAWAII) - DAY

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
43.

CONTINUED:

JOE
Uh, how do I put this?

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

Joe points at him: "Bingo!".

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

Joe escorts him inside the cottage.

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

Little Joe nods dutifully.

EXT. BANFF AVE (BANFF, CANADA) - DAY

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

INT. PARIS TEA ROOM (BANFF) - DAY

Mom-and-Pop ice cream parlor. A glum Marilyn, tailed by
Natasha and Whitey, take a table. PATRONS gawk. Whitey
grabs a menu. After a pause, Natasha turns to her.

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

He turns to/points at Natasha.

WHITEY
You, lady, are a snob!

Natasha turns on him.

NATASHA
Where were you when Harry Cohn released
her because she would not indulge him?!
Where were you when Fred Karger stomped
on her heart?! Where were you when
Johnny Hyde died, and all Hollywood
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA (CONT'D)
blamed her?! Were you the one who had
to save her after she took all those
sleeping pills?!

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

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marie and her sisters - NELL HELQVIST (50s), MAMIE JACOBSEN (40s), and FRANCES PETROMILLI (40s) - sit at the table, eating cake, smoking, drinking coffee. A TV is HEARD O.S.

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

FRANCES
What does he expect? Honestly?

MARIE
She keeps promising him she'll quit.

MAMIE
Yeah -- when pigs fly!

They shake their heads/roll their eyes.

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

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

More head shaking. Joe enters, opens the icebox.

NELL
May I offer some advice, dear brother?

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
45.

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

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

JOE

What the hell were you doing on a raft?!

DOCTOR

The ligaments appear to be torn.

Joe winces in empathy.

MARILYN

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

Joe mulls that one over. She senses his disapproval.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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

JOE

You owe her nothing! You owe nothing to nobody!

MARILYN

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

She takes his hand. He looks at her.

EXT. BANFF NATIONAL PARK - DAY

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

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

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

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

INT. HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - DEN - NIGHT

Mod. GENE KELLY moves past his GUESTS, who PRAISE him on a great SHINDIG. He opens the door to find Marilyn.

KELLY
Darling! Where's Joe?

They exchange pecks on the cheek.

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

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

They laugh. He closes the door, ushers her in. BUTLERS serve them canapés and champagne. She takes a big gulp.

KELLY
I hear Wasserman wants you to jump to MCA.

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

KELLY
Welcome to The Club, kiddo!

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

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

MARILYN
Wasn't I just --

She strikes an exaggerated "glamour" POSE.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
the picture of sophistication?

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

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

He thumbs over his shoulder.

GREENE
She's a couple of drinks behind me.

EXT. GENE KELLY'S HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

Marilyn smokes as she and Greene sit on a bench.

MARILYN

Whitey and Natasha are ready to kill each other. They want me to choose, but I can't. Natasha is my teacher, and Whitey is my pal; I need them both.
(long beat)

Then, there's Joe. He hates the girls I play; he says they're sluts.

(imitates Joe; mocks)

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

(long beat)

What am I going to do?

GREENE

Make your next movie with Chaplin.

She looks at him, thrown.

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

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

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

Oozing with power. Doors swing open. Marilyn enters.

DARRYL ZANUCK (O.S.)

Marilyn, Marilyn!

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

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

ZANUCK (CONT'D)

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

She fidgets.

MARILYN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His face twists into sheer incredulousness.

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

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

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

Pure rage fills her eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Terror swamps her.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Joe points the Woman out to Marilyn.

JOE

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

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

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

MARILYN

They don't look a thing like us.

He HUMS/nods in agreement.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL/MCALLISTER STREET - DAY

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

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

MARILYN

Wait! I forgot my coat!

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL - CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

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

(CONTINUED)
50.

CONTINUED:

A flummoxed CHARLES PEERY (30s) is besieged by REPORTERS. On a bench ACROSS from him is Marilyn's COAT.

PEERY
I forgot to kiss the bride!

Everyone laughs.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE ROAD 243/SOUTH CIRCLE - DAY

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

INT. COTTAGE (IDYLLWILD) - DEN - LATER

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

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - LATER

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

MARILYN (O.S.)
Slugger?

JOE
In here, Baby!

RUSHED FOOTSTEPS O.S.

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

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

INT. COTTAGE - DEN - DAY

Joe teaches Marilyn BILLIARDS. He studies the table, fixes on a shot, takes it: the cue ball SLAMS a ball into a POCKET. She sticks her tongue out at him. He grins.

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

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

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

She STOPS. He STOPS. She turns around slowly. As if on cue, each gathers snow/form balls, engage in a good old-fashioned SNOWBALL FIGHT.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

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

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO)
The newest members of the Baseball Hall
of Fame are --

He stops eating, listens.

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

Announcer CONTINUES. He is clearly disappointed. After a pause, she leans forward, impish.

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

He cracks up.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
52.

CONTINUED:

He kisses/fondles her hungrily, MURMURS "sweet nothings" IN ITALIAN; she GIGGLES. She clings to him, his completely. She then FREEZES suddenly, almost-catatonic.

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

He BREAKS, runs a hand on her cheek, CALMING her.

SCREEN FLASHES WHITE.

FADE UP INTO:

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

PRESS CONFERENCE. Joe and Marilyn sit together. She eats it up; he is ill at ease.

AMERICAN REPORTER
Marilyn, do you really want six kids?

JOE
Hey, you should ask me about that!

Laughter.

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

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

MARILYN
No comment.

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

MARILYN
(prim)
I'm buying a kimono.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

Ornate. Joe sits with an American REPORTER.

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

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

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

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

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

IN THE AUDIENCE PIT

A SOLDIER readies to take her picture with the LENS CAP ON his CAMERA. SINGING/MUSIC STOPS. FOOTSTEPS O.S. He lowers the camera, this LOOK on his face.

MARILYN (O.S.)
Honey --

She squats/leans forward, flicks the lens cap off.

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

He nearly faints as his COMRADES go NUTS.

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

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

INSERT: EXT. DAEGU AFB - COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

SOLDIERS listen to the PUBLIC ADDRESS SPEAKERS.

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

JOE (OVER SPEAKERS)
Yes. Of course I do.

They try desperately to suppress their laughter.

BACK TO SCENE - MINUTES LATER

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

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

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

INT. ITAMI AIR BASE - HANGER - MINUTES LATER

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

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

He looks right at her.

JOE
Yes. I have.

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

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

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

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

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

MARILYN
Dogs never bite me. Just humans.

She pets it. It slobbers all over her.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Hey, can we ring the bell?

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

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

They turn around.

(CONTINUED)
55.

CONTINUED:

A MALE TOURIST

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

LITTLE JOE

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

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marilyn sits in a chair like a petulant child.

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

She rolls her eyes.

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

JOE

paces before her, upset, yet clearly concerned.

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

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

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

She runs out.

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

Wedding ring on, Marilyn sits on a chair arm as an EXECUTIVE talks to REPORTERS. At a piano is HAL SCHAEFER (20s), wuss.

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

He motions to Schaefer.

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

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

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

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

It claps, STARTLING her. Bell RINGS O.S.

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

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

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

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

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

JOE

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

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

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

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

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

JOE
How are you?

ETHEL
You know how it is.

They share a nod/smile.

(CONTINUED)
57.

CONTINUED:

PHOTOGRAPHER

How about a picture with Miss Merman?

He grins, leaves Marilyn. She watches the Photographer take photos of Joe with Ethel, deeply-hurt.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

Joe knows he will always come first with me. Everything else is second.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - COMMISSARY - DAY

Marilyn sits at a table with a REPORTER.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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

INT. HOUSE (BEVERLY HILLS) - DEN - CONTINUOUS

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

JOE

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

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX COMMISSARY - CONTINUOUS

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

REPORTER

Does Joe want to act or produce?

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

Cannon's question has Joe irritated.

JOE

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

EXT. PALM DRIVE (BEVERLY HILLS) - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

A GUIDE TALKS, points to his left.

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

EXT. BUS (MOVING)/PALM DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

TOURISTS poke their heads OUT the windows, take pictures.

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

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX COMMISSARY - CONTINUOUS

Marilyn now betrays irritation, to the Reporter's delight.

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

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

Cannon tosses Joe an innocuous question.

CANNON
Is she a good cook?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

He smiles at her/digs in: CRUNCH!

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

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

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

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

She nods, reads:

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

He points TO an item.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
60.

CONTINUED:

JOE
Eh, she's just showing off.

Inez shakes her head slowly.

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

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

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

Phone rings. He grabs the receiver.

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

WALLA OVER PHONE. His eyes now fix on her.

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

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

An uncomfortable Schaefer speaks to a REPORTER.

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

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

A MAN BREAKS DOWN the door to find Schaefer on the floor,
COMATOSE, PILLS and a BOTTLE of WHITE-OUT beside him.

INT. SANTA MONICA HOSPITAL - LOBBY - MORNING - LATER

Brand talks to REPORTERS.

BRAND
A nervous collapse due to overwork.

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

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

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

MARILYN
I told Alfred I am not finishing the recordings until Hal recovers.

He stares a hole through her.

JOE
Why? You screwing him, too?

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

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

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

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

EXT. TOWNHOUSE (GREENWICH VILLAGE) - DAY

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

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

MARILYN (V.O.)
No.

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

MARILYN (V.O.)
Oh, yes.

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

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

Marilyn pops her head OUT of a SECOND STORY window. The fans see her, go NUTS. She blows a kiss to a FAN: he ACTS as if he's been "hit" by "it".

INT. TOWNHOUSE - SECOND STORY - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a slip, Marilyn kneels on a mattress, waving and laughing. Natasha is off to one side, watching, amused.

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

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

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

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

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

BARTENDER
(incredulous)
How do you live?

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

WINCHELL
Scotch.

BARTENDER
Yes, sir, Mr. Winchell!

Winchell feigns noticing Joe.

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

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

WINCHELL (CONT'D)
I thought you didn't come with her.

JOE
I didn't. I arrived this afternoon.

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

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

Joe shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)
63.

CONTINUED:

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

Joe shakes his head again, more-emphatically.

EXT. TRANS-LUX THEATER/LEXINGTON AVE - LATER

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

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

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

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

WURTZEL
Okay, Billy wants to run a rehearsal!

Wurtzel leaves; the crew SCRAMBLES. Whitey comes to
Marilyn. She opens her fist to him: her wedding ring.

EXT. TRANS-LUX THEATER/LEXINGTON AVE - LATER

FANS sitting in bleachers BUZZ as Joe, lead by Winchell,
finds himself standing next to Milton Greene's urbane wife,
AMY GREENE (20s), as Greene, to their right, SETS UP.

Joe zeroes in on Marilyn, who, as if on cue, turns to her
left. Their eyes lock.

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

She breaks contact, and walks with Ewell. She then looks
down, as if noticing the sidewalk grate, steps on it. The
fan BLOWS THE SKIRT OVER HER HEAD. Ewell tries to pull the
skirt down as BILLY WILDER runs up to confront him.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

Joe FREEZES for a long moment, then walks away.

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

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

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER

YELLING/HYSTERICAL CRYING are HEARD from SUITES 1105 and 1106. Awakened GUESTS, in PJ's and bathrobes, open their doors, peer down the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

GIESLER
I am Jerry Giesler.

He gestures at Helen.

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

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

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

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

She nods. Geisler then shakes his head, befuddled.

(CONTINUED)
65.

CONTINUED:

GIESLER (CONT'D)

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

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

JOE

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

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

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

GIESLER

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

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

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

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

She opens her mouth to speak, but he holds up a hand. For once, he wants to do the talking.

JOE

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

(beat)

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

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

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

Led by Reno, Joe runs the gauntlet of MEDIA.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA

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

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

Wilder talks to a REPORTER.

WILDER

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

INSERT: INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - OFFICE - DAY

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

CRAFT

She had a flamboyant reputation when they got married.

BACK TO SCENE

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

When you build a home behind a slaughterhouse, you don't complain when you hear the pigs squeal.

REPORTER #1

Where are you going?

JOE

San Francisco.

REPORTER #2

Is that going to be you new home?

JOE

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

REPORTER #3

Are you coming back?

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

JOE

No. I will never be back.

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

Geisler and Marilyn stand before a cluster of microphones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIESLER

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

REPORTERS SHOUT QUESTIONS at her. She struggles to answer them, but BREAKS DOWN. Flashbulbs.

SCREEN GOES WHITE. FADE UP INTO:

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

Joe and Marilyn sit together, very much the lovebirds.

JOE (V.O.)

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

Interrupted, they turn to find MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES CHRISTENBERRY (50s) before them. He smiles, then TALKS.

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

and they sent some general over to ask if she would be willing to go to Korea to entertain the troops.

Joe and Marilyn look at each other.

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

Marilyn looked at me and I looked at her. I told her to go ahead if she wanted to.

INT. KARGER HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

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

JOE (CONT'D)

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

HOHENBERG (PRE-LAP)

(Hungarian accent)

It wasn't the first time. Was it?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marilyn nods slowly, confirming.

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

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

JOE
Who is he?!

The TONE of his voice PANICS her.

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

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

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

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

BLOMBERG (PRE-LAP)
You wanted Marilyn for the same reasons
any other man would want her. But you
did not want her to be that way for any
other man.

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

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

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

INT. OFFICE OF DR. HOHENBERG - DAY

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

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

Marilyn takes this in, stunned.

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

Joe still broods as Blomberg lays down some harsh truths.

BLOMBERG

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

He looks at Blomberg, struck.

JOE (V.O.)

Don't ever be critical. Forget ego and pride.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Talk from the heart. Be warm, affectionate, and love.

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

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO)

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

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

INT. ACTORS STUDIO (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

MASTER CONTROL OPERATOR
Fox should forget about Marilyn, and
sign Amy Greene instead.

The STAFF around him nod/HUM in agreement.

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

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

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She is a fine girl, and remember how
unhappy you made her. Happiness is
what you strive for, for her.

INT. TOOTS SHOR'S (CLOSED) - LATER

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

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

A befuddled Joe is approached by Shor.

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

He turns on Shor. Shor just crossed the line, and he knows
it. Joe now STORMS OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Marilyn strolls with ARTHUR MILLER (30s), self-righteous
nerd. After a pause, she then turns to him.

(CONTINUED)
71.

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Hey, you want to see me be "her"?

He's puzzled. She STOPS, closes her eyes. When she opens them, she is "Marilyn Monroe".

She walks ahead of Miller as PEOPLE come to her, BUZZING.

INT. 444 EAST 57TH APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY (1956)

Two bed/two bath in exclusive SUTTON PLACE. VIEW of the EAST RIVER. MOVERS carry boxes IN as Miller DIRECTS them.

Marilyn wears glasses and a thin GOLD BAND on the third finger of her left hand. She unpacks a box, a BASSET HOUND at her feet. She removes a BOOK: Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth by William Hazlitt. She opens it, reads the MESSAGE NATASHA WROTE inside. Her eyes harden. She drops it in the trash bin beside her.

An ASSISTANT hands her a typed 8/1/1956 CHECK - "Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc. Marilyn Monroe, President. Milton H. Greene, Vice-President" - made out to MARY SLATTERY MILLER for \$16,000. Check MEMO: "8/56 ALIMONY". Marilyn grabs a pen, signs it.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - DEN - LATER

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

MARILYN

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

JANE

Can I play it?

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

BOBBY (O.S.)

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

She snatches it from him.

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

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

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

MARILYN
He loved me.

She walks away. Bobby and Miller share a reaction.

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

Marilyn, in bed, COMES OUT of anesthesia, Miller beside her.
With them is gynecologist HILLIARD DUBROW (40s).

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

INT. DOCTOR'S HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dubrow is floored by his warped insensitivity.

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

Dubrow senses that he's getting nowhere.

PHOTOGRAPHER (PRE-LAP)
Smile, Joe.

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

FLASHBULB goes OFF as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of Joe,
who is sitting on a pine desk.

His modern abode features a terrace and BOOKS. With the
Photographer are TWO REPORTERS. Joe breaks out a pack of
Camels, lights up.

REPORTER #1
You're looking good, Joe.

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)
Guess that means I'm satisfied.

REPORTER #2
How do you get your kicks these days?
You used to get your thrills out of
baseball. You get any out of business?

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

REPORTER #2
Ever get tired of being recognized?

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

Joe raises his hands: "Whoa!".

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

They buy it. The Photographer raises his camera again.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Smile, Joe!

Joe FREEZES/smiles.

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

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

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

MARILYN
Get my coat! We're leaving!

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

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

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

The Older Man is blown away.

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

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

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

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Art Deco watering hole with VIEWS of the SIERRA MOUNTAINS.

BUNNY GARDELL (50s) brassy, enters, a small STRAY DOG in her arms. The snooty HOST confronts her.

HOST

You cannot bring that dog in here, Miss.

MARILYN (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

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

HOST

No, Miss Monroe. No problem at all!

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

MARILYN

I just love doing that!

Laughter. Being a megastar definitely has its advantages.

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You're married. Cut it out!

He knows not to argue. She now NOTICES something AHEAD of her O.S., stands. Whitey/the others are puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE BAR

A MAN sits on a stool, nursing a drink. Marilyn peeks around his shoulder discreetly, then is STUNNED.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Joe!

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

JOE

Marilyn!

He jumps to his feet.

JOE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?!

MARILYN

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

JOE

My flight is on layover.

They exchange goofy smiles, neither one believing this. He holds out a stool for her, but she declines. She now notices something different about him.

MARILYN

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

He chuckles sheepishly.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You're getting a bald spot.

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Seriously, you look good. You look so good. Don't tell me how I look. I look like death. I feel like death. All Arthur and Huston care about is their stupid movie. They just want to keep me alive long enough to finish their stupid movie.

(catches herself)

Sorry.

He nods, sympathetic. Pause.

JOE

Has Joey told you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
Told me what?

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOE
Maybe it got lost.

MARILYN
Where we are? No way.

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

JOE
(re: his drink)
Ginger ale.

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

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

The bartender nods, leaves. She turns to Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I saw your television commercial. What was that stuff you were pushing?
(needles)
"Brillo"?

He breaks into a self-conscious grin.

JOE
Brylcreem.

(CONTINUED)
78.

CONTINUED:

She strikes an exaggerated POSE.

MARILYN
"Works for me".

He shakes his head as she chuckles.

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

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

He produces/hands her a BUSINESS CARD. She reads it.

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

He grins. She notes the address on the card.

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

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

She looks at him, incredulous. He nods sheepishly.

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

MARILYN
Well, Arthur wrote it. It's based on a
short story he did for *Esquire*. It's
hard to explain; there's no real plot.
Basically, I play this girl who comes
to Reno to get a divorce, and this auto
mechanic, who's played by Eli Wallach,
introduces me and my landlady, who's
played by Thelma Ritter, to his buddies,
and they're played by Clark Gable and
Montgomery Clift. And all of us go to
Eli's house. Then, I go with them to
look for mustangs, and I lose it when I
learn that they are rounding them up so
they can sell them for dog food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

He has to shake his head/smile.

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

MARILYN
Where's your sense of adventure?

JOE
You took it all out of me!

She cracks up. He surprises himself with his reply. He then looks at the CLOCK on a wall. She watches him produce his wallet, pull a bill out, set the bill on the counter.

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

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

The Misfits. Marilyn, DOPED, sits as Whitey WORKS on her, the CREW fumes, and PHOTOGRAPHERS snap away.

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

EXT. DRY LAKE BED - NEAR DUSK - LATER

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

MARILYN

watches, a lost vision of her life with Miller.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - DAY (1961)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the bed in the ADJOINING BEDROOM is a NEWSPAPER, November 17, 1960: "Clark Gable Dead; Movie's 'King' to be Father; Widow Blames Marilyn's Delays, Antics for Death".

Marilyn, DOPED, soiled, in a robe, stands at an OPEN WINDOW, trying to psych herself to jump.

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

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

JOE
I want my wife.

DESK NURSE
We cannot release any patient without authorization of the treating doctor.

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

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

She - and the STAFF - get the message.

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

Joe sits in a chair, agonized. Door OPENS O.S. A DOCTOR (40s) steps out of a ROOM. Joe looks up at him.

INT. COLUMBIA-PRESBYTERIAN - ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Cheery. Bathed, in a gown, Marilyn sits at a window. Door OPENS O.S. She turns toward the SOUND, smooths her hair, putting herself on display.

Joe walks over, tries to smile. She smiles, offers her hand. He takes it, sits with her.

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

MARILYN
Vitamin shots.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

FOSTER MOTHER
Evil and wicked!

BACK TO SCENE

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Spring training home of the New York Yankees.

INT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD - CLUBHOUSE - LOCKER - DAY

Joe changes into his uniform as he speaks to REPORTERS.

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

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

Modest yet fancy. Joe stands, holding a phone.

JOE (ON PHONE)
The TV deal with Strasberg fell through. The picture flopped. There is talk as to if you will ever work again.
(beat)
You're feeling sorry for yourself. Now, you either come down here or I'm coming up there to get you.

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

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

MARILYN
I'm here. Happy?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

REPORTERS (O.S.)
Joe! Marilyn!

REPORTERS approach. She turns, CHARGES AT them.

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

They are FREAKED. Joe gets between them and her, tries to assure her, but she shakes her head, almost-catatonic. The reporters, still freaked-out, leave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
So... as your way of getting back at
your mom and dad for not being
(over-the-top)
the world's greatest parents ever,
(normal)
you flunk out before they can throw you
out. Is that the "plan"?

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Sure, they'll be upset. They'll wonder
where they went wrong. But they'll get
over it. Because they're not the ones
who'll have to live with throwing a
once-in-a-lifetime opportunity away.
You will.

(long beat)
So... you hit those books, you
straighten up and fly right, and I'll
be at your graduation, front-row-center!

She gives a WHOOP as if he were receiving his diploma. He
nods/smiles. She then points at him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
And no more kicking footballs through
the dorm hall windows.

LITTLE JOE
I was practicing my field goal kicking!

She cracks up.

EXT. BEACH (REDINGTON BEACH, FL) - DAY

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

JOE AND MARILYN

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

JOE
What are you doing?

She turns to him.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

JOE
Why, look, darling. Mortals.

She looks at him, then at where he is now pointing.

MARILYN
And they've come to worship.

She looks back at him, smiles.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
How sweet.

He grins. They are suddenly besieged by FANS and REPORTERS. She raises her hands up to them.

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

Joe has to chuckle.

REPORTER #1
Are you getting back together?

MARILYN
(overly-cheerful)
We're just friends.

REPORTER #2
No reconciliation in the works, Joe?

JOE
We're friends.

He then sees a PHOTOGRAPHER aiming at him, gives him the RASPBERRIES. She laughs in reaction.

EXT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Joe, in uniform, Marilyn, in a scarf and sunglasses, and the Yankees' crusty manager, RALPH HOUK watch a ROOKIE take his CUTS in the BATTING CAGE.

She watches Joe watching the Rookie with growing chagrin.

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

(CONTINUED)
85.

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

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

He scoffs in spite of himself.

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

JOE

Remember --

He drops it in her now-open hands.

JOE (CONT'D)

you asked for it.

She gives an incredulous scoff as he leaves her.

BATTING CAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Rookie gives Joe his bat, leaves. Joe steps in the batter's box, sees her. He CROUCHES behind the bat, as if afraid of getting hit by a pitch. She cracks up.

He grins at her as he assumes his stance. A BALL LAUNCHES from the machine. He HITS it; it SLAMS into the net near her. She JUMPS, excited, as he CRUSHES pitch after pitch.

EXT. MILLER HUGGINS FIELD - MAIN ENTRANCE - DUSK - LATER

Joe leaves with Marilyn to find some BOYS milling about.

JOE

Sorry, but Mickey left an hour ago.

The boys GROAN in disappointment.

JOE (CONT'D)

Come back tomorrow, and I will see to it that each of you gets his autograph.

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

MARILYN

They have no idea who you are.

JOE

They have even less idea who you are.

MARILYN

Well, I'm not a baseball player.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

JOE
So, you do know about the game.

She nods sheepishly.

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

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

He grins. She then looks around, struck by the EERINESS.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Look at this place. It's like Custer's
Last Stand. They must have found out I
was coming.
(over-the-top)
"Batten down the hatches! Hide the
children! Ahhh!"

JOE
(a laugh)
"Hide the children".

Chuckles. Long pause.

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

She is thrown. Finally...

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

He takes that in.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - DEN - NIGHT

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

BOB HOPE (ON TV)

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, good evening and welcome to Jackpot Praying. This is the historic occasion in which the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences decide which actor and actress has the best press agent. No, it's a whole new thing. I didn't realize there was any campaigning at all going on until I saw my maid wearing a Chill Wills button. But it is exciting. We have more candidates here than the Congo. And I use the comparison advisedly for, for the past month, Hollywood has made Katanga Province look like Pasadena. I wouldn't say feeling has been running high, but if The Alamo doesn't win, they may do it over again live... right here.

JOE

sits on the sofa; Marilyn lays across it, head on his lap. She can tell he has no idea what Hope is JABBERING about.

MARILYN

Being the over-grown Boy Scout you are, I assume you wasted three hours of your life watching The Alamo.

He shakes his head. She giggles wickedly, springs up, walks over to a pile of magazines, grabs some, returns. As she flips through a Variety:

MARILYN (CONT'D)

There are Oscar campaigns. And then there is the boondoggle John Wayne unleashed on behalf of his little opus.

She find the page, hands it to him. He READS:

JOE

"It's up to Oscar"?

MARILYN

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

(beat)

But that wasn't good enough for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)
(mock Texas accent)
"Cousin Chill".
(normal)
He hired his own press agent. I can't
pronounce the man's name to save my
life, but his nickname is "Bow Wow".

JOE
"Bow Wow"?

She grabs a *Hollywood Reporter*, flips the pages, finds the
page, hands it to him. He reads:

JOE (CONT'D)
"We of The Alamo cast are praying
harder than the real Texans prayed for
their lives in the Alamo for Chill
Wills to win the Oscar as Best
Supporting Actor. Cousin Chill's
acting was great. Your Alamo cousins".
(mortified)
Oh, good Christ!

She cracks up in reaction.

MARILYN
I didn't mind him shoving his obnoxious
little opus down everyone's throat; it
was the insinuation:
(IMITATES John Wayne)
"If you don't vote for my movie, you're
a commie-fascist-pinko!"

JOE
(re: impersonation)
Not bad.
(long beat)
What have I been saying to you all
these years?

MARILYN
"Sharks, phonies, and leeches".
(exaggerated)
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah,
blah!

She grimaces, but she knows he's right.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - DEN - LATER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
I pegged Peter Ustinov. But Shirley
Jones?

She GROANS in mortification.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Do me a favor? When Liz Taylor wins,
stop me jumping off the roof.

He chuckles.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
See? Now that's where
(mock Texas accent)
"Cousin Chill"
(normal)
went wrong. He should have come down
with pneumonia. Or announced he's got
cancer and has six weeks left to live.

He scoffs. She gets up, walks to a desk, pulls out a
drawer, removes a letter, returns, hands it to him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I got a letter from Kay. She's invited
us to her ranch.

He reads it.

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

Her REACTION tells him she still blames herself.

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Kill me... just kill me.

He scoffs.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Did you ask him why we have gall-
bladders to begin with?

He shakes his head.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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

He smiles at the joke.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks... for being here.

JOE

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

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

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

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

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

I received no phone calls or messages.
You were my only visitor.

MARILYN (V.O.)

You sound surprised I even bothered.
Of course I would have visited. You
were still my husband, you big jerk.

He reads the inscription:

JOE

"True love is visible not to the eyes,
but to the heart, for the eyes may be
deceived". What the hell does that
mean?!

She rolls her eyes/shakes her head.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Sorry I was such a lousy wife.

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)

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

He has no idea where this is coming from.

JOE

Well, if memory serves, I wasn't much of a husband.

MARILYN

You were better than I deserved.

He shakes his head. She takes his hand. He smiles.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - DEN - DAY

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

MARILYN

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

(beat)

Joe and I had broken up, but we were still seeing each other. Anyway, Frank told Joe I was seeing a woman. A man, that would have been bad enough, but a woman? Joe went nuts! He found this goon, and they went to where I was visiting my friend Sheila to try to "catch us in the act". But we were on the fourth floor; Frank told Joe we were on the third floor. They broke down the wrong door, and scared this poor little old lady half to death!

(laughs)

She sued! Joe had to pay her seventy-five hundred dollars! Frank thought the whole thing was hilarious! Joe's, like, real dignified, and he hates to be embarrassed. He must have let Frank have it -- but good!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAE

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

Marilyn notices Mae, makes introductions.

MARILYN

Oh, Bernice, this is my secretary, Mae.
Mae, this is my big sister, Bernice.
(re: the box)
It's probably poisoned. Throw it out.

BERNICE

(Appalachian accent)
Why would anybody want to poison you?

Marilyn turns to Bernice, icy.

MARILYN

People hate me.

Marilyn turns to Mae.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Throw it out.

Mae leaves with the box. Bernice is floored.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe and Marilyn stand at a window. FOUR REPORTERS watch her
building from ACROSS THE STREET.

MARILYN

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

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)

She sent me this photo of Mother: she
was fifteen, around the time she became
pregnant with Robert.

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)

There was this family I was living
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

They turn to their "friends". He points from left to right:

JOE
Herald, Mirror, Daily News, Post.

She shakes her head, points from left to right:

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

He bursts out laughing.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

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

Marilyn is ASLEEP in bed. He bends OVER her, kisses her
repeatedly. He finally, unwillingly, BREAKS, leaves.

INT. P.J. CLARKE'S (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

Upscale pub. Marilyn, in a DARK WIG and TIGHT DRESS,
enters. Almost at once, she makes eye contact with THREE
middle-aged BUSINESSMEN at the BAR.

INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

PHOTOS of JOE taped inside a closet. Door UNLOCKS/OPENS
O.S. STUMBLING O.S. Marilyn enters, BLOODIED, dress TORN.
She speaks to "him" as she rips the wig off her head.

MARILYN
Have to go on business! This is what
you get! This is what you get!

She THROWS the wig AT "him".

FADE TO BLACK. SLOW FADE UP INTO:

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

Upscale. CHRISTMAS PARTY. RALPH GREENSON (50s), paternal yet arrogant, opens the door to find Joe and Marilyn with a gift basket. She waves a hand with a flourish.

MARILYN
Feliz Navidad!

She half-turns to Joe.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
This is Doctor Greenson.

They shake hands. Greenson's wife HILDI (40s), son DANIEL (20s), daughter JOAN (20s) approach; Marilyn GREETs them.

GREENSON
Mr. DiMaggio, my wife, Hildi. Our children, Daniel and Joan.

Used as they are to celebrities, Hildi, Daniel, and Joan are awed by their guest. Joe smiles/shakes their hands.

INT. GREENSON HOUSE - STUDY - LATER

Joe and Greenson stand at a sliding glass door, which leads to the BACKYARD, where Marilyn and the other GUESTS eat, TALK. IN the SWIMMING POOL is a ROWBOAT.

GREENSON
(re: rowboat)
It's where I do my most-profound thinking.

JOE
Why don't you use the can like everybody else?

Greenson scoffs, then walks to his desk.

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

GREENSON
Marilyn is what I term a "borderline paranoid addict". Such people have a distorted self-image, which manifests as highly-impulsive, erratic, and self-destructive behavior. They are addicted to attention. They are sensitive and empathetic. In extreme cases, they hear voices, fall into deep depressions, and attempt suicide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASHBACK: INT. MARILYN/MILLER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Joe comes across a NOTEBOOK on a desk. IN it, Marilyn WROTE: "I will not be punished for it or be whipped or be threatened or not be loved or sent to Hell to burn".

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

Joe takes that in.

JOE

What treatment you are engaged in is between you and her. All I ask is that you make no move to have her committed without my consent. She will not end up as her mother and the rest of her people. I will not allow it.

Greenson senses that Joe is not a man you want to cross.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (BEVERLY HILLS) - LATER

SAME PLACE Marilyn was living at when she met Joe. She and Joe decorate a CHRISTMAS TREE as Maf frolics.

MARILYN

Did he tell you how crazy I am?

She IMITATES a COO-COO CLOCK. He shakes his head.

JOE

I have never understood your reliance on these psychiatrists.

(quickly)

I went to Blomberg only because you sent me. And, yes, were I you, I would have left me, as well.

She is struck by this admission.

MARILYN

(vindicated)

Thank you! Thank you!

He throws a fistful of TINSEL at her playfully. She laughs.

INT. CAR (MOVING)/EXT. BUNDY DRIVE (BRENTWOOD) - DAY (1962)

Joe and Marilyn sit in the back. DRIVING is EUNICE MURRAY (50s), dowdy. Seeing PEOPLE, he slouches. Marilyn notices.

MARILYN
Oh, Joe! All you have to do is hide
your nose!

He looks at her in reaction as she cracks up.

EXT. HOUSE (FIFTH HELENA DRIVE) - ENTRY - LATER

Joe and Marilyn's FEET stand at FOUR PAVERS in the ground which bear a COAT OF ARMS and the WORDS "*Cursum Perficio*".

MARILYN (O.S.)
"*Cursum Perficio*". It's supposed to
mean: "I ran the good race". Neat,
huh?

INT. FIFTH HELENA DRIVE HOUSE - LATER

Marilyn leads Joe excitedly by the hand through the one-story Mexican, a mini-me of Greenson's. He scrutinizes every cranny. Mrs. Murray follows, holding a handbag.

MARILYN
And it has walls!

He half-turns to Mrs. Murray.

JOE
Good for a house to have walls, don't
you think?

Mrs. Murray smiles/nods.

EXT. FIFTH HELENA DRIVE HOUSE - BACKYARD/HILL - LATER

Marilyn holds the handbag, looks out. Joe joins her.

MARILYN
I was looking at this house, and a man
came out, and he was very friendly,
very helpful, and he said: "I want you
to meet my wife". Well, she came out
and she said: "Will you please get off
the premises?". Why can't people be
more generous with each other?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)
City National will give me a fifteen
year mortgage at six-and-a-half percent
if I put five-thousand down now, and my
salary for Something's Got to Give and
my share of Some Like It Hot up as
collateral.

(sheepish)
Well, uh, I'm not sure how much of the
five G's I can come up with.

He nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
And the house needs work.

He nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
And it's a Mexican house, so it has to
have Mexican furniture.

He nods.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
And I have to have the neighbors
checked out.

JOE
Is that all?

The way he says 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 boarding Elston informed
Topping they would not do so again this
year, but the team's hotel is whites-
only. I told Topping if he broke the
contract and held camp at Lauderdale, I
would put all the guys up at my place.

MARILYN (V.O.)
You are a bleeding-heart liberal.

JOE (V.O.)
Bite your tongue!

She CHUCKLES.

INT. LIMO (MOVING)/EXT. FLORIDA STATE ROAD 1A - LATER

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

MARILYN

Arthur married that photographer
Saturday. She's pregnant.

She BURSTS into tears. He puts a consoling arm around her.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE-HOLLYWOOD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATER

Joe and Marilyn walk as a PORTER pushes her baggage.

MARILYN

When they finally make me a mother,
they have my children hate me! Why
can't they have them love me before
they find out I'm their mother?

GATE ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

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

MARILYN

Be a good boy. And don't do anything I
wouldn't do.

JOE

What wouldn't you do?

MARILYN

I'll think of something.

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

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

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

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

Five-star. 19th Golden Globe Awards. At a table, Marilyn
struggles to her feet as the AUDIENCE APPLAUDS her.

Among the things she found in Mexico was JOSÉ BOLANOS (20s).
Allegedly a screenwriter, his oily hair and skin-tight pants
betray him as the Z-grade gigolo he is. He GROPEs her slyly
as she stands. She's so FAR GONE, she doesn't even react.

EXT. NAVAL SUPPORT ACTIVITY NAPLES (CAPODICHINO, ITALY) -
BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Joe is swamped by LITTLE LEAGUERS who thrust balls, gloves, etc., at him. He signs everything as quickly as he can.

INT. PONTIFF APARTMENT (VATICAN CITY) - STUDY - DAY

Joe and George are received by POPE JOHN XXIII. The Pope clasps Joe's hands in his, smiling.

George, a Jew, has been backing away until he's off to one side. The Pope surprises him by bounding over, and giving him a big hug. Joe and the Pope's ASSISTANTS laugh.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - MARILYN'S TRAILER - DAY

Marilyn, in costume, sits at a vanity, SNIFFLING, gulping PILLS. Whitey and Agnes Flanagan work on her as Paula Strasberg, holding a script, FEEDS her her LINES.

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

Marilyn is escorted by Whitey, Agnes, and Paula as PHOTOGRAPHERS circle her, shooting. She casts her eyes upward, like a saint moments before martyrdom, to find GRIPS in the RAFTERS staring at her, daggers in their eyes.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Marilyn, ON one phone, sits on a twin bed with no headboard, Maf lays next to her, as Patricia, ON a SECOND PHONE, paces the floor, doing DAMAGE CONTROL.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
(trying to soften the blow)
They... t-they... fired me?

INT. HOTEL BALTSCHUG KEMPINSKI (MOSCOW, SOVIET UNION) -
STUDIO SUITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Five-star. Joe sits up in bed, on the phone. ST. BASIL'S CATHEDRAL can be SEEN through his window.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
(anger; self-pity)
I've been sick! I can't be sick?! Liz Taylor is in Rome, screwing Richard Burton, and driving Fox into the fucking ground! But I'm the enemy! I'm always the enemy!

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DUSK

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

As he turns to leave, the door opens. A frazzled Patricia peers around it. He is surprised to see her. She steps out, closes the door softly.

PATRICIA

George Cukor vented his spleen to Hedda Hopper. He told her Marilyn should have been fired weeks ago: she couldn't focus; her work was shit; she accused him of trying to destroy her by shooting her in bad light and at bad angles. As far as he's concerned, she's finished, she'll never work again. Being the "kind soul" she is, Hedda promised him she'd sit on it until Friday -- so the whole town would be talking about it on Monday!

(beat)

Greenson was here. He lectured Marilyn on how he's sticking his neck out for her. He then gave her a shot; he said they were vitamins.

(beat)

Mrs. Murray?. She's been working for Greenson for years. And her new lawyer, Rudin, is his brother-in-law! Greenson "suggested" she hire Rudin as her "personal representative", and dump MCA before MCA could dump her. Joe, Lew Wasserman handled Marilyn personally. Wasserman handles no one personally. He had no intention of dumping her!

(senses his reaction)

All she knows is Greenson pulled her through The Misfits after she got herself so messed up, no other doctor would touch her with a ten-foot pole.

(sudden emotion)

I'm afraid Cukor is right. I don't...

He places a hand on her shoulder, assuring her.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Empty. Sheets for drapes. A defeated Marilyn PLAYS her PIANO, Maf beside her. Door OPENS O.S. FOOTSTEPS O.S. Joe comes over, pets Maf. Door CLOSES O.S.

He takes a knee, tries to make eye contact. She STOPS, turns to him. He offers the box. She takes it, OPENS it: a "MOTHER" NESTING DOLL. She pulls it apart: a "CHILD" DOLL.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

Joe looks in on Marilyn and Maf as they SLEEP in her BEDROOM. He leaves the door ajar slightly.

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

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

He closes his eyes as the memory floods him.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

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

Marilyn is STARTLED. Maf JUMPS UP beside him; she sits on the floor. He gains his bearings, smiles. She smiles.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - SUNROOM - LATER

Maf eats as Marilyn sits at the table, in thought. Joe enters - showered, shaved, in new clothes - with two plates of hot food, utensils, and two mugs of coffee.

JOE
Mrs. DiMaggio made certain that each of her five sons would be able to whip up a meal with whatever happened to be on hand. Otherwise, you would have to go begging for your breakfast.

MARILYN
I've had to do worse.

He takes that in. He puts the utensils, plates, and mugs on the table, sits beside her. Long pause.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
After I was assigned How to Marry a Millionaire, I learned Betty Grable had been cast, and I got scared because
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Zanuck had decided she was "used up", and I was to take her place. But she was wonderful to me. She said: "I've had mine, honey. Go get yours".

(long beat)

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

(beat)

Everything she did. All the money she made for them. And not one of those pricks could take five minutes out of their stupid lives to pick up the phone to ask about her little girl. Not Zanuck. Not Skouras. Not anyone from Millionaire. Nobody.

(long beat)

That's when I began to hate them. When I began to see that you were right. And I promised myself it wasn't going to happen to me. They weren't going to make me play The Girl over and over until they decided I was "used up".

That hangs in the air. He pushes her plate and mug toward her. She finally picks up a fork. They eat.

INT. GAINNEY CERAMICS (LA VERNE) - DAY

Owner JOHN GAINNEY (40s) shows Joe and Marilyn his modern ceramic vases, jugs, planters, bird feeders, etc.

INT. PILGRIM FURNITURE (WEST LOS ANGELES) - DAY

Owner EARL SHERO (50s) show Joe and Marilyn around, as keen on whom his potential clients are as he is on making a sale.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Maf "helps" Joe move a small shade TREE into a freshly-dug hole as Marilyn PLANTS flowers into ceramic planters. A HUMMINGBIRD FEEDER and a WILD BIRD FEEDER hang nearby.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stocked with FOOD. Joe and Marilyn PREPARE dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
I have been hearing the rumors.

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

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

A TIPSY Marilyn - in the infamous "skin and beads" DRESS - finds herself nearly-sandwiched between President JOHN F. KENNEDY, and Attorney General ROBERT F. KENNEDY.

MARILYN (V.O.)
I don't see how it's any of your business.

JOE (V.O.)
Anything that concerns you is my business.

BACK TO SCENE

She turns on him 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 AT him.

MARILYN
Will you let me live my life the way I want?!

JOE
I would if you didn't ask me to get you out of these messes you keep getting yourself into!

Pause. She gives an exasperated YELL, stomps OUT.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

NEW everything: furniture, drapes. Joe and Marilyn sit on a settee, drink coffee. Maf eats the dinner scraps.

MARILYN
I spent my birthday at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Maf decided to get medieval on the carpet.

She looks at Maf.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
You cost me seven-hundred and fifty bucks, you little shit!

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)
You know what I'm going to start doing? I'm going to start entering Marilyn Monroe look-a-like contests.

He looks at her again: "You're kidding?".

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I got to pay the bills somehow!
(beat)
Charlie Chaplin once entered a Charlie Chaplin look-a-like contest. He came in third.

JOE
That sure as hell doesn't bode well for you, now, does it?

They laugh. He then notices a DIARY on the table. He puts his cup down, grabs it. She tries to grab it. He holds it out at arms' length, a growing smile on his face.

MARILYN
Please, Joe, it's just a bunch of crap!

JOE
(intrigued)
What kind of crap?

MARILYN
(a laugh)
Crap I don't want anybody looking at!

He brings it to him. She tries for it once more, but becomes resigned to her "fate". He opens/reads it.

JOE
This is poetry, right?

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
Yeah, and it stinks!

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

He has lost her completely.

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

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

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

LIGHTS from the kidney-shaped SWIMMING POOL DETAIL the yard.

Joe holds a French window open for Marilyn and Maf. She walks to the edge of the hill. He joins her.

MARILYN
I ran into Jim's brother and his wife the other day. They invited me to their house for dinner. I asked: "How much is it going to cost me?" They looked at me like I was nuts. I thought it was a legitimate question.
(long pause)
Why do you put up with me?

He is thrown.

JOE
You asking me --

He points at Maf.

JOE (CONT'D)
or him.

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

MARILYN
You, silly!

He takes a BREATH, then...

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

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)
have met since I left home to play for
the Yankees, you are the only one who
has accepted me for myself.
(beat)
Short answer: I... am a glutton for
punishment.

MARILYN
We have a winner, ladies and gentlemen!

They crack up. She then suddenly becomes despondent.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
People die every day. Terrible things
happen in the world every single day.
And life goes on like nothing's
happened. Does anything matter,
really? I mean, what's the point?
What's the damn point?

JOE
The point is... we're here.

She looks at him, is struck by that pearl of wisdom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Joe and Marilyn remove each others' clothes in slow, gentle
FOREPLAY, culminating into LOVEMAKING, achingly tender, each
needing to complete the other.

Suddenly, her eyes fly open, SUDDEN PANIC. Like lightning,
he moves above her.

JOE
I'm here, Angel. I'm here.

His kisses and touch CALM her. They break partially. Like
the child she is, she reaches up and grabs his nose. He
breaks into a chuckle. She giggles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN

Oh... Maf.

She drops her head back onto his chest.

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

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

Maf darts out to her. She picks Maf up; he pets him. He gets IN the car/STARTS it. As he backs out, she moves Maf's paw up and down, waving goodbye.

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)

I just want to say that if I'm a star,
then the people made me a star. No
studio. No system. But the people.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POLO LOUNGE - BOOTH TABLE - DAY

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

REPORTER

Do you have any fantasies?

MARILYN

(sheepish)

My fantasies are too-intimate to be
revealed in public.

REPORTER

Do you have any nightmares?

MARILYN

My nightmare is the H-Bomb.

(beat)

What's yours?

He is taken aback.

INT. LIMO (MOVING)/EXT. PICO BLVD (LOS ANGELES) - MORNING

Marilyn sits in the back, clutches a PILLOW. Long pause. She now sees a SIGN as a large BUILDING comes into VIEW: "Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation".

She smashes the pillow INTO her face, as if trying to suffocate herself.

INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - PETER LEVATHES'S OFFICE - LATER

Wearing glasses, Marilyn sits across from Production Chief PETER LEVATHES (50s), prick. FOUR DRAFTS of Something's Got to Give on her lap, she reads from/compares each draft.

After much BACK AND FORTH, he lays down the law.

INT. V.H. MONETTE (SMITHFIELD, VA) - OFFICE - DAY

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

JOE (PRE-LAP)
What are you doing Monday?

MARILYN (PRE-LAP)
(upset)
You know I can't think that far ahead!

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe holds a PRESENTATION BOX: "Old Timers Game, Candlestick Park, San Francisco, California, August 4, 1962".

JOE (ON PHONE)
What's the matter?

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
Patricia slept all night, but I
couldn't sleep at all! And Larry
Schiller came over and --

JOE (ON PHONE)
(INTERRUPTS; alarmed)
Whoa, whoa! Back up! Who?!

FLASHBACK: INT. 20TH CENTURY-FOX - SOUND STAGE - ON SET - DAY (MAY 1962)

Something's Got to Give. Marilyn frolics in a SWIMMING POOL NAKED as LARRY SCHILLER (20s), punk, and two PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOOT AWAY, none of them believing their luck.

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Larry Schiller. He was one of the
photographers on Something's Got to Give.

FLASHBACK: EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

Marilyn tends to some plants as Schiller APPROACHES her, and shows her a PAPER he wants her to sign.

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

MARILYN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
He wanted me to sign off on selling his
photos to *Playboy*.

She YELLS at Schiller what she TELLS Joe over the phone:

MARILYN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
"My body?! Is that all I'm good for?!"

BACK TO SCENE

JOE (ON PHONE)
(pained)
You know that's not true.

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

Marilyn sits at the table, drinks a Bloody Mary, WIRED. She has enough PILL BOTTLES before her to open a pharmacy. She doesn't buy his response. Pause.

JOE (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
You haven't answered my question. What are you doing Monday?

MARILYN (ON PHONE)
Why? You can't get laid?

BACK TO SCENE

He shakes his head as she LAUGHS.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
Where are you?

JOE (ON PHONE)
I'm home. Me, Vince, and Dom took part in a ball game for charity.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
How did you do?

JOE (ON PHONE)
I went oh-for-four. Dom got a hit, and saved the family honor.

MARILYN (OVER PHONE)
You sure they got the right DiMaggio in Hall of Fame?

JOE (ON PHONE)
Yes!

BACK TO INSERT

(CONTINUED)
110.

CONTINUED:

She CRACKS UP, then suddenly STOPS, now despondent.

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

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

John and Joan share a LOOK. They resume eating/ignore her. Marilyn BACKS AWAY slowly until she is GONE.

MARILYN (V.O.)

Fox has agreed to replace Cukor, but they want me to get rid of Paula.

(long beat)

Why must I always have to fight? I'm so tired of fighting. I don't want to fight anymore.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Mrs. Murray SPRINGS UP in bed, senses something is wrong.

INT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Murray, robe over her gown, walks cautiously toward a closed door: a LIGHT peeks under it; a PHONE LINE runs under it. She approaches, raises her hand to knock.

FLASHBACK: INT. ROOMING HOUSE (LOS ANGELES) - DAY (1928)

Gladys (then 20s) holds a PILLOW. She stares ahead, robotic, toward a CRIB where Marilyn (then 2), is ASLEEP. Gladys moves the pillow OVER her baby.

SCREEN GOES BLACK. TELEPHONE RINGS. FADE UP INTO:

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

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

JOE (ON PHONE)

Hello?

HYMAN ENGELBERG (OVER PHONE)

Mr. DiMaggio? You don't know me, sir. My name is Hyman Engelberg. I am Miss Monroe's personal physician.

Engelberg CONTINUES. Joe can't grasp what he's hearing.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER - CORRIDOR - LATER

Joe walks, stoic, accompanied by a WORKER.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER - MORGUE - MINUTES LATER

WALL of stainless steel DRAWERS. A HAND grasps the handle of DRAWER #33, pulls, REVEALING a BODY, covered by a sheet, soiled, TAGS TIED to toes in need of a pedicure.

The worker walks to its right side as Joe walks to its left. The worker lifts the sheet. Joe looks down: it's Marilyn.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

Miss Monroe's first husband, Los Angeles Police Officer James Daugherty, was informed while on patrol in North Hollywood: "I'm sorry", he said. Her third husband, playwright Arthur Miller, was quoted as saying: "It had to happen. I don't know when or how, but it was inevitable".

INT. MIRACLE HOME (GAINESVILLE, FL) - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Modest. Bernice and her husband PARIS (40s) enter. She ANSWERS the phone. Shocked, she hands it to him, walks into the KITCHEN, turns the radio on. They share a LOOK.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

Mrs. Clark Gable said she went to Mass, and prayed for the star. In Rome, actress Sophia Loren burst into tears. In Gstaad, actress Elizabeth Taylor said she was very sad and deeply shocked.

(beat)

In Paris, Billy Wilder, who directed Miss Monroe in The Seven Year Itch and Some Like It Hot, said: "Maybe she was tough to work with. Maybe she wasn't even an actress. But it was worth a week's torment to get three luminous minutes on the screen". Also in Paris, Darryl F. Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, stated: "I disagreed and fought with her on many occasions, but, in spite of her temperament, she never let the public down".

EXT. MARILYN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

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

(CONTINUED)

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REPORTER #3 (V.O.)

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

She now CONFRONTS the PRESS swarming the place.

PATRICIA

Keep shooting, vultures! Keep shooting!

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

JOE

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

Marilyn's New York attorney, Mr. Frosch. Her Los Angeles attorney, Mr. Rudin.

Bernice, Frosch, and Rudin nod to each other. Joe leads the women to the table, seats them. He and the men then sit. Frosch addresses Bernice.

FROSCH

Mrs. Miracle, words cannot express our shock. Marilyn was more than a client. She was one of the most remarkable people we have ever known.

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

FROSCH (CONT'D)

Marilyn was deeply in debt. Her accounts at Irving Trust, The
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FROSCH (CONT'D)
Excelsior, The Bowery, and First City National 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. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - CASKET ROOM - LATER

Joe has an arm around Bernice's shoulder as Hockett shows them and Inez several CASKETS.

FROSCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There are enough funds to pay for a modest interment. But there are not enough funds to continue to provide for your mother's care at Rock Haven.

BACK TO SCENE

BERNICE
You do know she wanted to change her will?

RUDIN
Ma'am, my wife's brother was Marilyn's psychiatrist. There is no nice way of putting this: she should have been in an institution. She asked me to change her will, but we felt that she was not of sound mind.

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

This sends an already-overwhelmed Bernice near breaking.

BERNICE
I don't care about the money; my sister is dead! I didn't 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 got a letter from Mother. Long. Rambling. She was in Norwalk, and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNICE (CONT'D)
everyone had it in for her. She wanted
me to contact some 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".
(beat)
I read that... and I cried and cried.

Joe takes her hand.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - GROUNDS - LATER

Joe escorts Inez and Bernice to a waiting cab.

INEZ
It's all my fault. I should have kept
her on, but she had gotten too big for
me.

He shakes his head, assuring Inez she is not to blame.

BERNICE
Our minister offered to fly out with me.
I should have accepted. How am I ever
going to tell Mother?

They reach the cab. He turns to Bernice.

JOE
I would like to pay for the casket and
the crypt both.

BERNICE
You don't have to.

JOE
(sudden emotion)
I have to.

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

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

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

NAMES ON PAPER, WITH NOTATIONS:

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

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

Joe produces a pen, CROSSES EVERY NAME OFF. Pierce takes the paper, surprised, but tries not to let on. He then hands Joe a note-sized piece of paper.

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

He gives Joe the note; he reads it.

MARILYN (V.O.)
"Dear Joe. If I could only succeed in making you happy --

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - CHAPEL - NIGHT - LATER

Joe enters, walks half-way up the aisle, stops.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
then I will have succeeded in the biggest and most difficult thing there is, that is, making one person completely happy".

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - ROOM - LATER

A large fan oscillates. Marilyn, dressed in the Pucci dress she wore in Mexico City, lays in a hand-carved bronze casket. She looks like a doll.

Joe places into her hands a spray of pink roses. And a HEART-SHAPED velvet RING BOX.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"Your happiness means my happiness".

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - ROOM - MORNING

Joe sits beside the casket, stares at Marilyn, his eyes red from weeping. Very long pause. Whitey now enters quietly, puts his make-up case on a table.

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

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

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

JOE
I keep expecting her to wake up.

Whitey stops. Joe then looks at him, breaking.

JOE (CONT'D)
But she ain't never going to wake up, is she, Whitey?

Tears come to Whitey's eyes.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - GROUNDS - LATER

TOMBSTONE: "GRACE GODDARD BELOVED SISTER 1895-1953". A PAIR of MENS' SHOES STEPS OVER IT hurriedly.

HELICOPTERS buzz. POLICE handle TRAFFIC and CROWD control. NEWS CREWS set up at various points.

Winchell DIRECTS REPORTERS. MEN building a skyscraper NORTHWEST of the park have stopped to watch. PEOPLE in a high-rise ACROSS THE STREET look out their windows.

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - CHAPEL - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Little Joe, in Marine dress blues, stands next to Joe, who shakes Mae Reis's hand, THANKS her for coming. Anne Karger and Mary Daubrey follow. Anne grasps Joe's hands in hers.

ANNE
You were the only good thing that ever happened to her. God bless you.

Joe is overcome. Anne and Mary go in. He gathers himself as other MOURNERS follow. He shakes their hands, THANKS each for coming. As Rudin walks past, Joe BLOCKS him. Rudin turns on him with righteous fury.

RUDIN
You have no right to do this! You're keeping out all of Marilyn's friends!

JOE
Were it not for those "friends", she wouldn't be where she is.

Rudin is struck.

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - SERVICE CHAPEL - LATER

Modern. Sun streams through the stained-glass windows.

THIRTY-THREE PEOPLE - including Patricia Newcomb; Whitey, his WIFE, and DAUGHTER; the Greensons; Frosch; Rudin; George; Ralph Roberts; Agnes Flanagan; Inez and her HUSBAND; Mrs. Murray; and Paula Strasberg - sit in the pews. Joe and Little Joe sit behind Bernice and REV. FLOYD DARLING (40s).

STRASBERG (O.S.)

Marilyn Monroe was a legend. In her own lifetime she created a myth of what a poor girl from a deprived background could attain. For the entire world she became a symbol of the eternal feminine. But I have no words to describe the myth and the legend. I did not know this Marilyn Monroe.

AT THE PODIUM

Strasberg struggles to get the words out.

STRASBERG (CONT'D)

We gathered here knew only Marilyn: a warm human being, impulsive and shy, sensitive and in fear of rejection, yet ever avid for life and reaching out for fulfillment. I will not insult the privacy of your memory of her - a privacy she sought and treasured - by trying to describe her whom you knew to you who knew her. For us, Marilyn was a devoted and loyal friend. We shared her pain and difficulties and some of her joys. She was a member of our family. It is difficult to accept the fact that her zest for life has been ended by this dreadful accident.

INT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - SERVICE CHAPEL - LATER

Empty. Little Joe; REV. ADOLPH SOLDAN (80s), who is conducting the service; and the 6 PALLBEARERS (including Whitey and Pierce) mill OUTSIDE, near the door. Joe stands at the open casket, stares at Marilyn.

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

I cannot say goodbye. Marilyn never liked goodbyes. But in the peculiar way she had of turning things around so that they faced reality, I will say "au revoir".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN IN THE CASKET

Joe bends OVER her. He kisses her tenderly.

STRASBERG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For the country to which she has gone,
we must all someday visit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - MEMORIES SECTION - LATER

The mourners disperse as the service ends.

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

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - GROUNDS - MINUTES LATER

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

WINCHELL (O.S.)
Joe! Joe!

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

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

TITLES UP: On August 17, 1962, the Los Angeles County Medical Examiner ruled Marilyn's death "a probable suicide".

Joe had a half-dozen red roses delivered to Marilyn's crypt three times a week "forever". The order was canceled without explanation in 1982.

Unlike James Daugherty, Arthur Miller or others who knew or claimed to have known her, he never spoke about Marilyn publicly or wrote about their relationship.

He died on March 8, 1999 of complications from lung cancer surgery, and was buried at Holy Cross Cemetery in Colma, California with other members of his family.

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

He never remarried.

FADE OUT.

END