

## PLAY SYNOPSIS

The Last Hour Kills is a one-person play about Marilyn Monroe on the last day of her life. The actress must make a believable Marilyn Monroe

### THE LAST HOUR KILLS-

Marilyn Monroe's Final Day

by

WILLARD MANUS

Every minute wounds.

The last hour kills.

--anon.

(THE STAGE IS DARK. WE HEAR MARILYN MONROE'S VOICE)

MARILYN

The reason I called this press conferences is to announce my forthcoming marriage to the Attorney General of the United States, Robert F. Kennedy....

(LIGHTS UP. WE ARE IN MARILYN MONROE'S BRENTWOOD BEDROOM. IT IS THE AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 4, 1962.

THE SMALL ROOM HAS A BED, A FEW CHAIRS, A CLOSET, A NIGHT-TABLE, STACKS OF PAPERS AND BOOKS. DRAPES OBSCURE TWO BACK WINDOWS AND KEEP OUT THE DAYLIGHT. THE DOOR TO THE ROOM IS CLOSED. THE FEELING WE GET IS ONE OF ISOLATION AND CLAUSTROPHOBIA.

MARILYN AT 36 STANDS BY THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CLOSET, CHECKING OUT VARIOUS DRESSES IN THE DOOR-LENGTH MIRROR. SHE'S CLAD IN A WHITE ROBE. HER FEET ARE BARE, FACE UNMADE, HAIR MUSSED WITH A DARK PATCH SHOWING IN THE BLONDE.

DOZENS OF PILL BOTTLES ARE IN EVIDENCE AS WELL AS NUMEROUS BOTTLES OF UNCORKED DOM PERIGNON CHAMPAGNE.

SHE SELECTS A DRESS AND HOLDS IT UP BEFORE HER AS SHE TURNS AND FACES THE IMAGINARY PRESS CORPS. HERE AND THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE PLAY THE ACTRESS PLAYING MARILYN WILL IMITATE THE VOICES OF ALL OTHER CHARACTERS)

(REPORTER) "What do you think it'll be like being the First Lady of the Land, Marilyn?"

"It'll take some getting used to --being a lady, that is."

(REPORTER) "Will you mind playing second fiddle to Bobby?"

"As long as I can still keep fiddling around. Seriously, fellows--I won't mind giving up my acting career. A happy marriage comes before everything."

(REPORTER) "Do you think it's proper that the President's wife should be a sex symbol?"

"If I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some other things we've got symbols of."

(SHE BLOWS A GOODBYE KISS AT THEM)

"Interview's over, boys. President Sukarno of Indonesia's been invited over to have dinner with us tonight."

(REPORTER) "Didn't you once have a fling with him, Marilyn?"

"He is a Muslim and has eight wives. I wouldn't do anything to make him be unfaithful to that many women!"

(RETURNS TO CLOSET, CHUCKING DRESS OVER THE TOP OF THE DOOR AND STUDYING HERSELF IN THE MIRROR AGAIN)

God...look at you! No wonder Bobby's trying to dump you. You're old. You're an old fat pig! (LAUGHS) If I knew I was going to live this long, I would've taken better care of myself!

(PICKS UP A PILL BOTTLE AND SHAKES IT. NOTHING. PICKS UP ANOTHER AND ANOTHER...ALL EMPTY)

Shit!

(FINDS ONE THAT STILL RATTLES)

Thank God!

(SHE WASHES DOWN A PILL WITH CHAMPAGNE, THEN TURNS TO AN IMAGINARY FRIEND)

Don't let me down now, Jeanne. My housekeeper and secretary are out shopping and I'm expecting a visitor. (GIGGLES) How'd you guess? He snuck into town earlier today and is coming over this afternoon.

Of course I'm excited. Wouldn't you be?

But I'm a wreck, a fucking wreck. I haven't slept in days. Seconals don't do it for me any more. I'm drowsy but I can't sleep. I feel like shit! Bring me some picker-uppers, will you, sweetheart? You only live a few blocks away. Be a good pal and help me out.

I need to be vivacious for Bobby. He likes bright, intelligent women. I need to make him fall in love with me all over again.

Stop talking like that! He will marry me, dammit! (BEAT) Of course I know he's Catholic...and a politician--what'dya think I thought he was, a Las Vegas chorus boy?

But I've had every man I ever wanted--and I'm going to have him, too. You'll see. I'm going to win him back. Right here, in this room, on this bed.

(SHE PUTS ON A RECORD, ARTIE SHAW'S "BEGIN THE BEGUINE," AND STRETCHES OUT ON THE BED, VOICE BECOMING A BREATHY WHISPER AS SHE SEDUCES BOBBY)

Look, Bobby...this is how I posed for the nude calendar shot...just like this. On red velvet...turning this way and that..."Golden Dreams," they titled it. I got 50 bucks for the session. The photographer played this very same record on his phonograph. It put me in such a sexy mood...just like the mood I'm in now. I want to make love to you, Roberto. I want to be the girl in your golden dreams, your wet dreams. I want you to take me right now, with the music playing on and on...Ohhhhhh, it's so nice when you do that....so very, very nice! (LAUGHS) I just love to turn men on!

(SITS UP, BECOMES COLDER AND MORE CALCULATING)

Why don't we fly down to Juarez in the morning. I know this judge there--he handled my divorce from Arthur Miller. He could do the same for you--divest you of Ethel, just like that. And then he could marry us. Two for the price of one! A real bargain!

(SCOWLING)

OK--forget Mexico. Use your own lawyer. But just do it! Make me your wife, the way you promised.

Did you hear me, Bobby? I want a ring. I want to be Mrs Robert F. Kennedy!

(LISTENS, THEN HER TONE CHANGES, BECOMES ANGRY AND VENGEFUL)

Goddammit, if you try and dump me, you'll be sorry. I'll call a press conference and tell the whole goddamn world about our affair--and the one I had with Jack, too.

You can deny it all you want. I've got proof, mister. I had a private eye come in and bug the house. First he sniffed out all the other bugs people had planted here. Know how many he found? A dozen! Can you imagine that? Some of your enemies turned this place into a roach motel! But my guy got rid of all those bugs and planted a few of his own.

I've got tapes of all the conversations we ever had together. I've got them, Bobby--a record of everything that went on between you and me and Jack: personal stuff, political stuff... and lots and lots of pillow talk!

Don't give me that blackmail shit! You're the one who's played dirty! You haven't called me in weeks. You won't come to the phone when I call. Where do you get off thinking you can treat me like that?

I've dealt with guys a lot tougher than you --guys like Darryl F. Zanuck and Harry Cohn. They make you and Jack look like the Bobbsey twins!

I'm warning you. I'm not bullshitting. I'm going to blab about everything--how Jack knocked me up and made me have an abortion. That's on tape, too, all the sordid details. Think he'll ever get re-elected if the American public ever found out about that?

(SHE TURNS AWAY AND OPENS THE BOTTOM DRAWER OF THE DRESSER, BRINGING OUT A TOY CRADLE AND BABY DOLL)

MARILYN

Hi, baby lamb. Don't cry, pet. Mommy's here. Mommy will always be here for you. Mommy will never leave you...never, never, never... You're so beautiful, baby lamb. You're the most beautiful baby in the whole wide world and your mommy loves you so much...so very, very much...

(SHE HOLDS THE DOLL CLOSE, PRESSING IT TO HER BOSOM)

Nothing bad will ever happen to you. Nothing...

(SHE KISSES THE BABY, REPLACES IT IN ITS CRADLE AND PUTS IT AWAY)

Where was I, doctor? Oh yes...Jack Kennedy. We go way back together. I was his mistress for 10 years--10 years!

He used to come out to Los Angeles on political junkets. We'd drink and walk on the beach, stay at a motel. We used to visit nude beaches together, me in this crazy red wig, him in a fake beard, sunglasses and a Boston Red Sox cap. As famous as we were, we were unrecognizable from the neck down.

I never once opened my mouth, never betrayed him. Yet when I got pregnant he wouldn't even let me have our love-child.

Sex to him was nothing--the equivalent of a cup of coffee, a piece of pie. It was different with Bobby, though. He really did care for me. (TURNING) Didn't you, Bobby?

(ANOTHER PILL, MORE CHAMPAGNE)

Stop telling me about Ethel! To hell with her and her seven children! Fuck those seven dwarfs! You said your marriage to her was dead. You said it, not me!

You confided in me. You told me how you felt about politics--McCarthy--Bay of Pigs--Castro--Jimmy Hoffa--

We were close, real close--I made you happy, you said. I made you feel better than you've ever felt in your life.

(SHE STANDS, GOES TO HEADBOARD, LIFTS UP ITS LID, AND FISHES OUT A SMALL PACKAGE FROM THE HOLLOW)

MARILYN

I'll make you happy again--you'll see. I'll win votes for you, too. I have lots and lots of fans--they'll back you if I become your wife. And if you do win the '72 election I'll be a good hostess -- Who wouldn't come to dinner at the White House if I invited them?

We'll have fun, Bobby--wonderful fun, going round the world, representing America. The President and

the Showgirl. What a team, what a kick. We'll even have Khrushchev eating out of our hand. He came to visit me once--on the set of "Can-Can," which was a risqué movie to him. I guess there wasn't that much sex in Russia.

Khrushchev was fat and ugly and had warts on his nose. He liked me, though. He smiled more when he was introduced to me than for anybody else. He squeezed my hand so long and hard I thought he would break it. But it was better than having to kiss him!

(PUTS TAPES BACK IN HIDING PLACE, PUTS NEW RECORD ON THE PLAYER-- FRANK SINATRA SINGING "ALL OF ME." SHE SINGS ALONG WITH IT, SEDUCTIVELY)

"All of me, why not take all of me...You took the part that once was my heart, so why not...why not take all of me?" (ETC.)

(AS SHE STRETCHES OUT ON THE BED AGAIN AS IF TO RECEIVE BOBBY, SHE FINDS SOMETHING UNDER HER PILLOW--A PLAYSRIPT)

Oh my God, the play. The play!

(JUMPS UP, PACES AROUND, PLAYSRIPT IN HAND)

Mr Strasberg, Lee--tell me straight--do you really think I can play the part of Anna Christie? (BEAT) You mean it? Yes, of course I remember the scene I did from it at the Studio. I did pretty good work, didn't I?

But doing the play on Broadway is something else. Those New York critics are tough--they'd chew me up--

You really think so? It's always been my dream to act on

Broadway. But acting is such a struggle for me, I'm one of the world's most self-conscious people--such a goddamn scairdy-cat.

(PICKS UP SCRIPT AND READS FROM THE PLAY)

MARILYN

(ANNA'S VOICE) "Gimme a whisky--ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby."

(BARTENDER'S VOICE) "Shall I serve it in a pail?"

(ANNA'S VOICE) "That suits me down to the ground."

(MARILYN FLICKS A PAGE OR TWO AHEAD)

MARILYN

(ANNA'S VOICE) "The joint I was in out in St Paul got raided. That was the start. The judge gave all us girls thirty days."

(BREAKS OFF)

Jesus, listen to you. You're slurring the words, you can't even speak right!

(CROSSES TO THE MIRROR AGAIN)

MARILYN

How could you play a 20-year old? You look a hundred, Norma Jean. You should audition for one of the witches in "MacBeth!"

Gotta go on a diet! Start exercising again. Get off the goddamn pills!

(SHE GRABS A COUPLE OF PILL BOTTLES AND FLINGS THEM AWAY.)

OPENS ROBE FOR A LOOK AT HER BREASTS, HER BODY, INSPECTING IT MINUTELY)

MARILYN

I'm fighting woman's greatest enemy--gravity! (LAUGHS) Gravity's winning!

(IMITATES A REPORTER) "Marilyn, do you wear a brassiere?"

(HER "MONROE" VOICE) That's a nearsighted question.

(HER OWN VOICE) Lili--that's who I should talk to. She keeps her body in such perfect shape. She's older than me and is still the most beautiful woman in the world!

(TURNS AND ADDRESSES LILI)

MARILYN

Remember when we first met? I was only 19. You were working in that club on Sunset Strip: Lili St Cyr--"The Anatomic Bomb!"

(LAUGHS) The Anatomic Bomb!

You were so beautiful, Lili--so incredibly blonde and beautiful. You did that elaborate striptease, coming out in a giant champagne glass.

(MARILYN RECREATES THAT LILI ST CYR STRIPTEASE, WITH MORE EMPHASIS ON THE TEASE THAN THE STRIP. SHE WORKS AT IT WITH A LOT OF SPIRIT AND HUMOR, REALLY GETTING INTO IT)

You shed one glove...then another...tossed your furs...threw a hip...flashed a thigh...wiggled your bottom... and

smiled over your shoulder...

(BREAKS OFF DANCING)

It was the most sensual thing I've ever seen. That's what I wanted--to be like you--to have that kind of sex appeal!

Lili, you made everyone fall in love with you--men, women, even me! God, did I have the hots for you! And when we went to bed, you taught me so much. Everything I learned about lovemaking I learned from you!

I've always followed your advice. "Be free," you said. "Sex is sex, it has no rules or boundaries. If you like someone, what's the difference if it's a man or woman?"

I've always remembered that. I've tried to be free--I have been free! I've loved whoever I wanted, wherever I wanted -- and it's been wonderful!

(HER EUPHORIA SUDDENLY EVAPORATES)

You're such a liar, Norma Jean. Sex has always been a disaster for you. It's broken up every marriage, every relationship you ever had. You've cheated on every man or woman you ever loved. Why do you think you're alone at 36?

(SHE GRABS A HANDMIRROR AND SWITCHES ON ITS RING OF LIGHT IN ORDER TO STUDY HERSELF INTENTLY)

You did it all to yourself. You blame things on your mother, the orphanage, the people who fucked you over when you were just starting out. But in truth you messed up your life yourself.

You're still doing it. You knew it was crazy to go on sleeping with the President of the United States. And then his brother, the Attorney General. Only a headcase would do that.

But that's what you are, a headcase. A meshuggener.

(BIG LAUGH)

Hey, I still remember my Yiddish! Arthur's father and mother used to teach it to me, when I went to their house for dinner.

"Shnur," that's what they called me. "Daughter in law." Not to be confused with "shnurrer," though--a moocher.

"Pipek." (SHE GIGGLES) Bellybutton.

"Yenteh." A female blabbermouth. That's me--Marilyn the Yenteh.

What else? Oh, yes--"shpilkes." Pins and needles. (GIGGLING AGAIN) Great language. Such good times, there in Brooklyn. Helping Arthur's mother to cook chicken soup, kugel and gefilte fish.

I converted to Judaism when I married Arthur--atheistic Judaism, anyway. It was my decision, I really wanted that marriage to work.

Arthur was such a good writer, such a principled man. I was there when he was called on the carpet by the witch-hunters. I told him, "Don't let those congressmen push you around. Stand up to them!"

Funny thing was, just before the hearing began, its chairman, Francis Walter, told Arthur they'd go easy on him if he'd persuade me to pose for photographs with him. What those politicians won't do for publicity--they're even worse than starlets!

Arthur wrote a movie called "The Misfits" for me. Another dumb blonde part! It made me so mad. He

couldn't understand why.

Tennessee Williams would've understood. What a difference between him and Arthur. Tennessee could write women from the inside, Arthur could only describe them, from the outside.

He's never written a love scene in his whole life!

Still, when I met him it was like running into a tree! You know, like a cool drink when you've got a fever. Arthur reminded me of Abraham Lincoln--my favorite man of all time!

(SHE SITS ON THE BED AND TAKES HOLD OF HER BIG TOE)

Arthur sat and held my toe and we just looked into each other's eyes for the whole evening. My toe! It was the sexiest feeling in the world!

(SHE BRINGS OUT THE BABY CRIB AND DOLL AGAIN)

I wanted a baby by him. A child, a child. My very own child.

My first pregnancy didn't last two months. So I rested and I waited. We tried again. Bingo! By then I was working on a movie. There were a lot of tough scenes and those goddamned hot lights and cold nights, so I flew back to New York to be with Arthur. It was right before Christmas...excuse me, Rabbi--Chanukah. That's when I lost the baby. My baby.

Help help help. I feel life coming so close when all I want is to...

(CUDDLES THE DOLL)

Sweet baby lamb, would you like me to sing you a song? I'll sing you the one my Mother used to sing to me when I was small:

"Good night and sleep repose

Whenever you lay your head

I hope you find your nose!"

(PUTS THE DOLL DOWN)

How could you hope to give birth, Norma Jean? A woman who's had 14 abortions can't expect to conceive. You wrecked your insides, bitch.

Fourteen abortions...

Fourteen....

(BEAT) What? What was that, doctor? My mind wandered off.

Why didn't I take precautions? (SHRUGS) Well, I think sex should be spontaneous...natural...

Why didn't I just go ahead and have one of those babies when I was younger?

Well, I was trying to make it as an actress. You couldn't be a mother and a starlet in those days. You had to be ready when a job came up. (AFTER A BEAT OR TWO) Also, to tell you the truth...the real truth, I think that deep inside I have always known I was crazy. Like my mother..and her mother before her. All the women in my family were nuts. Schizos. Count 'em, One, two, three! I'm as loony as they were.

Look at me now, playing with dolls. "Baby lamb!" You loony, loony girl, Norma Jean. You headcase. You meshugener.

(REACHES FOR PILL BOTTLE, WASHING A PILL DOWN WITH CHAMPAGNE)

It also explains why I'm living alone. No man can live with me when I'm like this, popping pills, never sleeping, hiding from the world.

Men don't want to marry Norma Jean Baker, they want to marry Marilyn Monroe! The Goddess of Love, the Queen of Desire, the Supreme Sex Symbol!

(SHE CROSSES TO CLOSET, COMES OUT WITH THE LOW-CUT, PLUM-COLORED, SEQUINED GOWN SHE WORE IN KOREA FOR THE TROOPS, AND WRIGGLES INTO IT)

Korea! 1954! They flew me by helicopter to the front lines. Ten shows in four days. The guys went crazy over me. 65,000 soldiers cheering for me, fighting over me.

(SHE STARTS TO SING "DO IT AGAIN," BREAKING OFF ALMOST IMMEDIATELY)

They wouldn't let me sing it that way. I had to change it to--(SHE SINGS IT)--"Kiss me again," because some General thought the original was too sexually suggestive. As if sex wasn't just what the boys needed!

Korea was the best thing that ever happened to me. I'd sung in public before, but never before so many people. And never in that way.

You see, any good-looking girl singer can project the sex part of her act--the hip-rolling, boob-showing stuff that Lili St Cyr used to do. But the trick is to surprise people, come in with something new. Lili couldn't do it, but I could--I could project sex, then flip it on its head, laugh at it, make it funny, make it human.

(SHE DEMONSTRATES WITH SOME STANZAS OF "DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND")

See? Sex alone doesn't do it. Being beautiful doesn't do it. You need to play against what's in everyone's mind. Startle them. Tickle them with the unexpected.

(SHE SINGS MORE, MAKING THE SONG BOTH SEXY AND FUNNY. THEN SHE TURNS TO SOMEONE ELSE)

"Joe, you never heard such cheering."

(JOE'S VOICE) "Yes, I have."

Of course Joe Dimaggio had; he was the best baseball player of his era, maybe the best one ever.

(HIS VOICE) "Don't take the cheers that seriously, because I know from my own experience that they can turn to boos."

I didn't listen, of course. I thought the cheers would never end.

I was also having problems with Joe. We were supposed to be Mr and Mrs America, but behind closed doors we were fighting all the time.

(SHE STEPS TO AN IMAGINARY SUBWAY GRATING AND RELIVES THE FAMOUS "SKIRT SCENE" FROM "THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH")

It started when I did the skirt scene in "The Seven Year Itch." I had to stand over a subway grating and react when the wind machine below blew my white skirt over my head. (SHE DEMONSTRATES) It was two a.m. but four thousand New Yorkers were watching--including Joe.

They went crazy when it happened, because I had on these filmy panties. One guy yelled, "Cheez, Marilyn, I thought you wuz a real blonde!"

Joe went crazy when he heard that. He grabbed me and dragged me to the trailer and made me change my underpants.

(HIS VOICE) "I hate Hollywood, the way they treat you."

"Joe, it's only a movie."

(HIS VOICE) "I hate the way men are always looking at your body."

"Why shouldn't they? Who do you think I am--Mother Hubbard?"

Joe hated showbusiness. Hated what I did for a living. Wanted me to become a San Francisco housewife, go shopping and make lasagna with his sisters.

He was a straight arrow, though. A good man. I should never have left him. He'd never knock a girl up, then refuse to admit he was the father.

(WHIRLS AND SCREAMS) You fucking son of a bitch, Jack. You fucking cocksucking coward!

(BACK IN CONTROL) I just couldn't communicate with Joe. (PICKS UP BOOKS) Joe, listen to this:

"True love is visible not to the eyes, but to the heart, for the eyes may be deceived."

(JOE'S VOICE) "What the hell's that mean?"

(SHE PUTS BOOK DOWN) "What's it mean?" Jesus Joe...For chrissake...You poor dumb fucking jock!

(BEAT) Poetry. Poetry tips the tree of life.

My two best friends are poets. Hardly anyone's ever heard of them, but I care about them so much--Norman and Hedda Rosten.

They live in Brooklyn in this tiny, simple apartment where they hold informal poetry readings. Whoever shows up is handed a book and expected to read aloud.

The first poem I had to read was Yeats' "Never give all the heart."

(REMEMBERING IT) "Never give all the heart, for love

Will hardly seem worth thinking of

To passionate women if it seem

Certain, and they never dream

That it fades out from kiss to kiss;

For everything that's lovely is

But a brief, dreamy, kind delight.

Oh, never give the heart outright, for they, for all smooth lips can say,

Have given their hearts up to the play.

And who could play it well enough

If deaf and dumb and blind with love?

He that made this knows all the cost,

For he gave his heart and lost."

(BEAT) "For everything that's lovely is but a brief, dreamy, kind delight."

(SHE PICKS UP THE HANDMIRROR AGAIN)

Yeats was right. Joe, too. I turned 36 a few months ago. Whoever heard of a 36-year-old ingenue? A 36-year-old sex goddess?

Goddess. God-esss. Ssssssss.

(REPORTER'S VOICE) "Marilyn, what do you have on when you go to sleep at night?"

"Nothing but the radio."

Go to New York, Norma Jean. Give up being a sexpot. Become a stage actress.

(PICKS UP THE PLAYSRIPT AGAIN)

Lili... I need your help again. I've been offered a chance to appear on Broadway--but I've been on suspension from the studio--I haven't worked in a long time--and--and I had this abortion a few months ago. My body's falling apart, Lili--my spirits are so low--I can't sleep, no matter how many pills I take! You've got to help me get my act together again.

(JUMPS UP AND PACES AROUND, UPSET, ANGRY)

Lili can't help you, dammit! She's a stripper, not an actress.

(LOOKS AT PLAYSRIPT AGAIN)

MARILYN

(ANNA'S VOICE) "Gee, I sure need that rest! I'm knocked out...but I ain't expecting much from him. Give you a kick when you're down, that's what all men do..."

Men, I hate 'em...all of 'em! And I don't expect he'll turn out no better than the rest!"

(FLINGS PLAYSRIPT AWAY)

MARILYN

I can't do it. I'll screw it up! They'll run me out of New York!

(PACES AROUND IN ANGUISH. THEN TURNS TO ANOTHER FRIEND)

MARILYN

Marlon---I've been asked to play "Anna Christie" on Broadway. It's the chance of a lifetime--Lee got it for me. But you know me--I'm always so scared. But maybe--maybe if I could read with you once in a while--and if--if maybe you could coach me a bit?

I'd pay you, Marlon--the way I used to pay Lee's wife to coach me.

I know you don't need the money--but I'd rather pay because it's such a big favor--and you're such a great actor, why should you bother with the likes of me--?

(LISTENS)

MARILYN

Oh, Marlon--it's so nice of you to say that! You don't know how good that makes me feel!

Give me an exercise.

Ok, ok...good, good...

(SHE GETS A CHAIR, COMES DOWN STAGE AND SITS)

Recall a critical emotional experience? (BITTER LAUGH) Which one?--I've had so many.

(CLOSES HER EYES TO CONCENTRATE. THEN:)

I was sixteen...Doing a modelling job in Oregon. I went to visit my Mother...She'd had another nervous breakdown and had to leave her film editor's job in Hollywood. She went up to Portland...To this cheap hotel where nobody knew her...

I...I went to the hotel. I'd brought some presents with me--a scarf, some perfume--chocolates.

Gladys was living on the top floor--near the toilet in the hall. It was the cheapest room, I guess. When I went in I could smell the piss smell--strong piss--and the stale air in the room. She never opened the windows. Her smell was in the air, too--I mean, you know, her natural smell. It reminded me of home--when we were together--the good times--sitting over supper--listening to her talk about her work--what piece of film she'd cut that day--she was a good cutter, y'know--one of the best--all the studios brought her work, they trusted her--even though she was a woman--she was tough and competent--but--but had these mental problems--they got worse when she gave birth out of wedlock to me--my father wouldn't help her--wouldn't acknowledge I was his--she didn't take him to court, though--toughed it out on her own. She was proud, too proud, I think--and having to bear all these problems alone proved too much for her -- her mind cracked--she had to be put away--I was sent to live with a foster family--

But anyway--there she was, in the hotel room--sitting in a rocker in this pale grey light, her hands in her lap--looking so old --stooped---sad--

I tried talking to her--cheering her up. "Hey, ma, I'm getting work as a model now. I think I can make a living at it! And look what I brought you--hope you like the scent!"

I opened it--waved the stopper under her nose. Smell of Lanvin mixing with the smell of piss, the smell of all the other old lonely people who'd lived in this grey room and the smell of her and the institution she'd just come from--and the smells I remembered from home, the chemicals she worked with in the lab--and the red raw look of her hands--the hands she'd made a living with all her life but would never use in that way again, because she was too far gone to get better, she didn't even say anything that day, didn't thank me for the chocolates, didn't try on the scarf--just sat there rocking back and forth in this squeaky rocker--rocking back and forth in the greyness, the silence of that godforsaken hotel room in Portland, Oregon....

(SHAKEN, MARILYN BREAKS OFF, SITS RECOVERING. THEN LOOKS UP AT BRANDO, TEARS OF GRATITUDE IN HER EYES)

Do you really mean that, Marlon? (SHE GIVES HIM HER HAND) Do you really think I have the ability to become a gr--gr--great act--act--actress--?

Listen to me, I--I'm stuttering--I'm all in pieces.

Maybe Method acting is wrong for me. It puts you in touch with your feelings, all right--but those feelings can consume you, burn you out, like a candle. I've always lived too close to my emotions, lived too much off them--

Anyway, you've really helped me. You've given me such courage, the courage to go on. It's incredible that an actor of your stature could feel that way about me, unlike Laurence Olivier who, when we did "The Prince and the Showgirl," kept giving me the dirtiest looks even when he was smiling at me--

But we've had nothing but good times together, right, Marlon? Love you, you know that, even if we hardly see each other any more--

It would be marvelous if I could meet with you once or twice a week--do a few scenes from "Anna." You could play Mat Burke--the Irish sailor who falls in love with her--

(GETS UP AND DOES BURKE) "If I was believing--that you'd never had love for any other man in the world but me--I could be forgetting the rest, maybe."

(HER OWN VOICE) Look at that, I even remember his lines! Who said I can't remember lines?

(TO BRANDO, OVERJOYED) You'll do it, you will? Oh, M--M--Marlon--Marlon--Marlon--!

(SHE CELEBRATES WITH ANOTHER DRINK OF CHAMPAGNE)

MARILYN

Here's to it!

Here's to Marilyn Monroe, now playing on Broadway in Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie."

(STARTS SINGING "GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY." SHE'S UP HIGH, HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE)

"Give my regards to Broadway, remember me to Herald Square

Tell all the gang on 42nd St. that I will soon be there"...(ETC)

(THEN A WAVE OF FEAR AND DESPAIR HITS HER, MAKES HER STOP SHORT)

MARILYN

What's the matter with you? Are you nuts? How could you think you'd ever take New York by storm--the original tits 'n ass girl? The misty, helpless blonde everyone in the business loves to put down.

(THROWS HERSELF DOWN ON THE BED IN A BURST OF SELF-LOATHING)

MARILYN

They're right, of course. I'm not an actress, I'm some kind of freak, a joke.

(USING HER BREATHLESS LITTLE-GIRL'S VOICE)

MARILYN

"I don't know why you sailors are always getting excited about sweater girls. Take away their sweaters and what have you got?"

(MAKING A FACE)

MARILYN

Agggh, how could you, Norma Jean? How could you say things like that without throwing up?

You can't keep on playing Baby Doll.

You're getting old. Your tits are beginning to sag. You've got a double-chin. Your face is puffy. You cunt, you've spent so much time on your knees, you can't stand up!

Inside, you're empty. Cold. You can't feel anything any more. You've used up all your feelings. You're dead. You're empty. You're nothing.

(ERUPTS WITH RESENTMENT AT THAT)

MARILYN

No--no--what am I saying? Remember what the doctor said--you musn't get stuck on self-hate. Self-pity. Climb out of that black hole you put yourself in! You are a worthy person!

And don't forget what Dame Sybil Thorndike said on the set of "The Prince and the Showgirl."  
(IMITATING HER) "This little girl is the only one who knows how to act before a camera."

She said that--Dame Sybil Thorndike! (LAUGHS) She also described Laurence Olivier to a T--"a perfect little bitch."

(ANOTHER LAUGH) And that's just what he was, a perfect little bitch.

MARILYN

No need to worry--Jeanne'll be here soon with a bagful of goodies. Pick-me-ups and put-me-downs!

(SHE SINGS SOME LINES FROM THE SONG "Who Put the Benzidrine in Mrs Murphy's Ovaltine?")

(LAUGHS AGAIN, BUT THE LAUGHTER GOES INTO TEARS)

MARILYN

In life we weep at the thought of death. In death, we weep at the thought of life.

That's the dilemma, isn't it--that's the worst thing about being human...the knowledge that, no matter what, you've got to die..

But it's nothing to be afraid of. Remember the lines Arthur gave Clark Gable in "The Misfits?" (IMITATING CLARK GABLE'S VOICE) "We've all gotta go sometime, dying's as natural as living. A man who's afraid to die is afraid to live."

I am not afraid. I am not!

(TURNS AND BECOMES MISS CASWELL IN "ALL ABOUT EVE")

MARILYN

"Now, there's something a girl could make sacrifices for...sable!"

(MAN'S VOICE) "Sable or Gable?"

"Either one!"

(REFLECTIVELY) When I was a kid I used to keep a photo of Gable tacked to my wall. I fantasized that he was my secret father.

He was one of the finest men I ever met. He was the King. We worked well together in "The Misfits," but I gave him a hard time. I gave everyone a hard time. I was wrecked on booze and drugs. My marriage to Arthur fell apart there in that Nevada desert.

I couldn't sleep. I could hardly move. Everyone kept waiting on me. Waiting. Gable damn near went nuts, but he never got angry with me for blowing a line or being late--he was a gentleman. The best. He died ten days after we finished shooting. I went into an even bigger depression, thinking I had somehow hastened his death.

(PICKS UP PILL BOTTLE, SWALLOWS LAST OF CONTENTS.

HEARS SOMETHING THAT STARTLES HER)

What's that? (RUNS AND PEEKS OUT ONE OF THE BACK WINDOWS) Shit! Why didn't he call first? (RUSHES BACK TO MIRROR) How can I face him like this?

(GOES TO HEADBOARD, LIFTS LID, CHECKS TAPES, SLAMS LID DOWN)

MARILYN

Think, Norma Jean--think!

What would Lili do at a time like this? If she really wanted to nail a guy, make him hers forever, what would she do?

(SHE REMEMBERS. TURNS AND CROSSES TO THE CLOSET, GOING INSIDE IT. HER ROBE IS TOSSED OVER THE DOORTOP.

COMES OUT A MOMENT LATER CLAD IN A FUR COAT AND HIGH HEELS.

GOES TO BEDROOM DOOR AND WAITS, CLUTCHING THE COAT TIGHT AROUND HER.

THEN WHEN CHIMES SOUND AND DOOR OPENS, LETTING IN A FLOOD OF SUNLIGHT, SHE WHIPS THE COAT OPEN AND STANDS WITH SPREAD LEGS, FLASHING A SEDUCTIVE SMILE)

MARILYN

(COQUETTISHLY) Hi, Bobby. What brings you here? Would you like to come in?

(A BIG BAWDY LAUGH)

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

(LATER THAT EVENING. A HEAVILY DRUGGED MARILYN LIES ON THE FLOOR, PROPPED AGAINST THE BED. SHE IS WEARING HER ROBE AGAIN.

SUDDENLY SHE GIVES A SCREAM AND COMES OUT OF A TORTURED SLEEP, SITS GASPING AND SOBBING, TRYING TO RECOVER HER WITS. FINALLY, IN A VOICE THAT IS RAVAGED)

I--I had this dream, doctor. This awful dream...

(LISTENS FOR A FEW BEATS) All right, I'll try. (TAKES A BIG BREATH) I..I'm in this circus..a bareback rider. I'm wearing a tight, skimpy costume, one that clings to my body, pushing my boobs up. It's so tight I can hardly breathe.

I'm riding a beautiful white horse and I'm all in white. The spotlight is white. White white white everywhere. And as I gallop around the ring, standing up, bouncing up and down...the crowd goes crazy.

They scream, they cheer, they whistle...and hang over the stands trying to touch me as I ride by. "No, no...you'll frighten the horse...be careful!" But they don't listen. They keep grabbing at me, trying to pull my costume down, touch my body.

Finally the horse does get frightened. He rears up, front legs flailing, lashing out at the mob. He hurts some people...women and children scream...there's blood everywhere.

I'm knocked off the horse, hands start clawing at me, they're tearing my clothes off, my panties! Somebody grabs hold of my hair--they're trying to yank my hair out! I run...run...out of the circus tent, down the midway, past the food stalls, the rides, the merry-go-round, the shoot the shoot...

In the darkness beyond the circus I find an open cart, the kind they transport the animals in. I crawl in...cover myself with hay and shit...hide in the stink and mess. I either sleep or pass out...then this scratching noise comes, this scratching at the cage...

I peek out and see this...this thing...half-man, half-monster...body of an animal but face of a man. I know the man but can't quite decide who it is. He stares at me, breathing hard, poised in a kind of crouch... Then something shines in the dark--a blade? a needle?--and he reaches toward me.

He may be smiling. I scream myself awake.

(SHE SHUDDERS WITH REVULSION AND SITS STILL FOR A BEAT OR TWO. THEN SHE LOOKS UP AT THE DOCTOR AND SMILES)

I'll bet you never heard one like that before, doc. A dream within a dream, I'm gonna have to pay you double.

Who do I think the "thing" is? Why, Otto Preminger of course! (LAUGHS) Nah-- John Huston.

(SHE IS STARTLED BY SOMETHING. PICKS UP THE PHONE)

MARILYN

What? What did you say?

Who is this--who? Is that you, Ethel? Is it? Well let's get something straight. I didn't ask to have an affair with your husband. He came on to me!

(THE PHONE GOES DEAD. SHE PUTS IT DOWN, LOOKS AROUND.

THE ROOM IS HORRIBLY MESSED--CLOTHES, PAPERS, DRAWERS DUMPED AND STREWN EVERYWHERE.

MARILYN CLAMBERS TO HER FEET, STANDS BLINKING, TRYING TO FATHOM WHAT HAPPENED.)

Where is everybody? Eunice? Pat?

(GOES AND PRIES OPEN LID OF HEADBOARD, PUTS A HAND INSIDE. COMES OUT WITH THE TAPES)

MARILYN

Thank God!

(RETURNS TAPES TO HIDING PLACE, LOOKS ROUND AT THE ROOM)

You son of a bitch, Bobby. Couldn't you at least have cleaned up when you were done?

(GRINDS HER TEETH AND RUNS HER TONGUE OVER HER LIPS, FIGHTING DRY MOUTH. LOOKS FOR MORE PILLS BUT FINDS ONLY EMPTY VIALS)

Shit! Shit!

(CLUTCHES HER HEAD)

I'm going to gave a brain hemorrhage!

(SLUMPS DOWN ON THE BED)

Joe...Joe...I really need you, baby. I'm in deep trouble. Bobby was here earlier. What time? I don't know--I've lost track...

I thought we could patch it up between us. I figured we'd make love again and it would be all right...that things would go back to normal...

But--but he right away started calling me names. "Crazy bitch." "Fucking cunt."

I realized then that I'd never loved him, not the way I did Jack. Bobby's mean--he's rough. But Jack--Jack is special. When he walks into a room--he lights the place up. He's magnetic...attractive...overwhelming...

He'd never call me those names--never.

Bobby tore the place apart--and he roughed me up too, Joe. TOUCHES A BRUISE ON HER THIGH) He

hurt me, goddammit!

But he didn't get the tapes. He couldn't find them.

He's going to come back, though. I'll bet you anything he's going to come back with some of his boys.

What should I do, Joe? Stay here? Run?

But if I run, where would I go? They're probably watching the place. They'll grab me and take the tapes from me.

But if you come and stay with me, they'll be afraid to do anything. They can't push you around.

You'll do it, won't you, Joe? Of course you will, when have you ever let me down?

Remember when you got me out of that nuthouse?

(JOE'S VOICE) "Release her or I'll tear this hospital down, brick by brick."

You're a man, a real man...the rock of Gibraltar. If only

you could understand a simple fucking poem.

(ANOTHER POEM COMES TO HER)

MARILYN

"Oh father, whose voice I hear in the winds

and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me!

Hear me now.

I am a man before you,

One of your many, many children.

I am small and at times very weak.

I need your strength and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty, let my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunsets."

You can understand that one, can't you, Slugger?

Joe...Joe...Wake up! (BITTER LAUGH) Fell asleep watching the ballgame again.

(SUDDEN CRY) Come get me, Joe! Wherever you are, come fast and help me! Something terrible is about to happen! I think they're going to kill me!

(GRABS AT HER HEAD AGAIN)

Oh Jesus--Jesus!

(LOOKS DESPERATELY FOR SOME PILLS)

I can't be out, I can't--!

(REMEMBERS SOMETHING AND GOES TO DOOR, OPENING IT.  
FINDS A BULGING PAPER BAG OUTSIDE)

Jeanne--! Jeanne--! God bless you--love you, girl!

(PULLS A FULL BOTTLE OF PILLS OUT AND RATTLES IT AROUND)

Mother's little helpers!

(TAPS SOME PILLS OUT IN HER HAND AND POPS ONE DOWN  
AFTER ANOTHER, FOLLOWED MY A MOUTHFUL OF CHAMPAGNE.

THEN SHE SITS DOWN AGAIN, RUNNING A HAND THROUGH HER  
HAIR)

(IMITATING GEORGE SANDERS IN "ALL ABOUT EVE") "This is Miss Caswell. Miss Caswell is an actress. She is a graduate of the Copacabana School of Dramatic Art."

"All About Eve" was the film that did it for me. I only had a small part, but I stole my scenes by making every moment count. Darryl Zanuck was so impressed he signed me to a long-term contract.

"Just wanted to thank you," I told him as I left his office, "and to let you know that I've sucked my last cock."

(LAUGHS AND PLAYS ANOTHER RECORD--SINATRA SINGING "IN  
THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING." SHE TURNS TO  
SINATRA)

Frankie, you're still friendly with the Kennedys, aren't you? Do me a favor--get in touch with Bobby. Tell him to call it off--and to make Ethel stop calling me. Tell the whole family to call their dogs off.

I wouldn't marry Bobby now if he asked me. He's a pig. Fuck him. He can have the goddamn tapes--but he's got to apologize to me first, Jack too. I want to hear it from both of them.

I don't need them. I'm a better person than they are.

You'll do it, won't you, Frankie? Maybe not, though. You used me too, didn't you?. You got me to party with your gangster pals. First I thought you were just being macho--showing me off to the boys.

Then I realized you were setting me up. Your pals wanted to get something on Bobby and you came through for them.

Don't argue, we both know it's true. You helped the Mafia wire Peter Lawford's house and then mine so they could get some ammunition against the Kennedys. I could've gone public with this a long time ago, but I didn't because I still loved you, you dago son of a bitch.

You're the sexiest thing around with your bedroom voice and bedroom eyes. Remember the time I showed up at the Copa without a reservation? There were no tables, but you stopped singing and told the waiter to let me sit at the edge of the stage. You sang to me--only me!--the rest of the night.

(SHE SINGS ALONG WITH HIM FOR A LITTLE)

Nobody moves me the way you do and you said you loved me with all your heart, but you still fucked me over, Frankie. You used me the way the Kennedys used me.

What is it about all you men? Why do you need to leave your footprints on me?

Well Bobby's not going to do it. I'm ditching him, get it? I'm giving him the old heave-ho--and then--then I'm going off to New York to appear in a play.

(FINDS THE PLAYSRIPT AGAIN AND READS)

MARILYN

(ANNA'S VOICE) "Aw say, what's the matter? Cut out the gloom. We're all fixed now, ain't we, me and you?...Come on! Here's to the sea, no matter what! Be a game sport and drink to that! Come on!"

(SHE ALSO DOES THE OLD MAN, CHRIS, WITH SWEDISH ACCENT)

MARILYN

"Fog, fog, fog, all bloody time. You can't see where you vas going, no. Only date ole devil sea--she knows!" (LAUGHS) "Dat ole devil sea--she knows!"

(BACK TO HER OWN VOICE AS SHE LIFTS CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE IN A TOAST)

MARILYN

Dat ole devil Eugene O'Neill! He knows!

I'll stay in New York and just work on the stage. No more movies, no more bimbo parts. I'll be just a working actress. I'll hang out with other actors and writers and poets--Norman and Hedda, especially. People who are artists, not celebrities. Real people, good people. People who don't care about power or money or fame.

I'll get a small apartment, under my real name. Norma Jean's place. "Come on over for spaghetti. Sure, bring a friend...bring two friends. We'll have a singalong, we'll play strip poker!"

I'll put on weight, a little, not a lot--just enough to play character parts. Fun parts, the good parts. I'll grow old and zoftig gracefully. I'll give up the sex thing and become calmer, wiser, happier. I'll be the big sister,

everybody's favorite aunt. I'll become cranky and stooped and shake my walking stick at people! I'll be the greatest tragic actress the American theater has ever known!

(ANOTHER SWIFT MOOD SWING. HER JOY AND CONFIDENCE  
EVAPORATE. SHE PUTS BOTTLE DOWN AND DROPS HER HEAD IN  
A KIND OF PRAYER)

MARILYN

One step at a time, Norma Jean. Do Anna first. Do her well. Make O'Neill proud. And Lee! And Marlon!

To earn their respect--that's all I want. You can have the star treatment--the adulation--just give me the respect of my peers, dear God.

That's all I want--all I ever wanted--

(A NEAR-WHISPER) "Make me ever ready to come to you with clean hands,

a pure heart, and a straight eye,

so that when life fades as the setting sun,

my spirit may come to you without shame."

(SHE STRETCHES OUT, AS IF ON THE COUCH AT HER  
PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE)

Before we begin our session today, doctor, I've got a joke for you. How many psychiatrists does it take to change a lightbulb? One--but he has to want to really change!

(LAUGHS) Sorry, sorry about that. (BEAT) What's that? My father? Well, what can I tell you. He never married my mother, y'know. And he just disappeared on her when she got pregnant. When I finally began to make money as an actress, I hired a private detective to track him down. He found him, too.

I called him. "This is Norma Jean," I said.

He didn't say anything, but I could hear him breathing, hard. "Gladys's daughter," I added. He waited a minute...A long, long minute...And then he hung up on me, without a word. Without a word!

I suppose you're right. I've looked for him in just about every man I've ever loved, though it's not that simple, either. I mean, the very first man who ever took me seriously in Hollywood wanted to be my father, in a way.

His name was Johnny Hyde, one of William Morris' big guns. He was 30 years older and 5 inches shorter than I was. He was a classy guy, very powerful and rich. He had a big heart, but was very ill. The doctors had given him a year to live.

He left his wife and family for me. And he transformed me from a badly dressed, kinky-haired, no chin, a little better than ordinary looking Norma Jean Baker into Marilyn Monroe.

He begged me to marry him, promised to leave me part of his fortune. I liked him. I slept with him. But I didn't love him. He was obsessed with his masculinity. When we made love, I had to put on this display of ecstasy. But it was just so much acting.

It's funny how things work out. Johnny Hyde adored me. I rebuffed him. I adored another man, the director of music at Columbia Pictures, Fred Karger. He was no father figure. He was my age, so handsome. I thought he not only hung the moon, but was the moon! He rebuffed me.

"You cry too easily," was his explanation. "That's because your mind hasn't evolved. Compared to your tits, it's embryonic."

Then he really rubbed it in, saying he wouldn't marry me even if I got a Ph.D. in Renaissance art.

"I keep thinking of my son," he said. "If we married and something happened to me, it would be bad for him."

"Why?"

"It wouldn't be right for him to be brought up by a woman like you. It would be unfair to him."

(SHE SITS UP AND PUTS ANOTHER SINATRA RECORD ON)

MARILYN

"A woman like you." Hey, Freddy, fuck you, I became a lot more famous than you did. And some pretty terrific writers have entrusted me with their lines: William Inge, Terence Rattigan, Billy Wilder, Joseph Mankiewicz, Arthur Miller. I've held my own with some heavyweight thinkers, too. Like who? How about Albert Einstein?

You don't believe me, of course. But it's true--we met and talked several times. I even made it with him. (SEXY GIGGLE) He was wonderful in bed. I asked him to explain the theory of relativity, but he couldn't catch his breath. (LAUGHS) Look what he gave me.

(SHE PICKS UP A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH AND READS THE INSCRIPTION)

MARILYN

"To Marilyn, with respect and love and thanks. Albert Einstein."

"Respect!" Respect, Freddy. A word you know very little about!

OK, doctor, so Einstein was old enough to be my father. So what? I've fallen passionately in love with men of all ages, all nationalities. Like Yves Montand, the French actor who came to Hollywood to star with me in "Let's Make Love."

Yves was really an Italian--and a Jew, too, real name Ivo Livi. Takes one to know one!

He had been one of Edith Piaf's lovers. She discovered him, taught him how to sing and act, made him a star. He had this good, warm, low voice that makes women melt. Imagine if Joe DiMaggio could sing--that's Yves. He's a strong, simple guy, very straight. Does a helluva softshoe!

He was married to Simone, you know, the film star in Europe. She was complicated, clever, good in the kitchen. We cooked pasta together. My fantasy was that she and Arthur would run off together, for intellectual and political reasons. In the

end it pretty much happened that way. Yves and I were left alone together. Steam heat!

(SHE SINGS ONE OF HER SONGS FROM "LET'S MAKE LOVE," "MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY," THEN BREAKS OFF MIDWAY)

MARILYN

Look at you, making notes, doctor. Don't make too much of the song, it's just a Tin Pan Alley thing, not a dissertation on the Oedipal complex. See? I've read my Freud. I'm living proof of his remark--"anatomy is destiny."

You shrinks get on my nerves anyway. All you talk about is being normal and adjusted. Adjusted to what? Being a housewife? Having children? Being monogamous?

How the hell can I belong to one man, when all men want me? How the hell can I be like other women, when other women aren't like me? I fought like hell to rise above the pack, the thousands of other starlets competing for Hollywood jobs. I made it--I got to the top of the heap. What do you expect me to do, give it all up? Quit when I'm ahead?

I made myself an artist. Now I am an artist. I've triumphed! Why do you want to take that victory away from me?

(SHE WHIRLS AND BLOWS KISSES TO AN UNSEEN LIVE AUDIENCE, CRYING OUT TO IT)

MARILYN

Did you like it? Oh thank you, thank you...I feel so wonderful...And that's all I ever wanted, to feel wonderful! I love this, love being a star, belonging to the public and the world.

I can't complain about anything. I've slept with the two most famous politicians in Washington, the two most famous Italian-Americans, our best actor, a couple of movie studio heads, the most powerful agent in Hollywood, a dozen leading men, the boss of the Mafia, the most beautiful woman in the world, and the man who invented the atom bomb!

And that's just for starters!

(IMITATING PHOTOGRAPHERS' VOICES) "Marilyn, Marilyn--can we have some shots? Pose for us, will you? Please pose for us!"

(SHE STRIKES ONE PROVOCATIVE POSE AFTER ANOTHER FOR THEIR BENEFIT)

Is this what you want, boys? This? That? More of this? (SHE WHIPS HERSELF UP INTO A EUPHORIC, GIDDY STATE) Some more titty? A little more haunch? What about some tush?

(SHE WALKS ACROSS THE STAGE WITH HER FAMOUS HIP-ROLLING GAIT)

How long have I been walking like this? Since I was six months old.

What kind of fur am I wearing? Fox--and not the 20th century kind.

What was that? What inspired me to study acting? (BEAT) Seeing my own pictures.

(SHE JOINS IN THE LAUGHTER OF THE IMAGINARY PRESS CORPS, ENJOYING HERSELF HUGELY.

(THEN A NOISE STARTLES HER, RETURNS HER TO THE PRESENT REALITY)

MARILYN

What was that? (CROSSES TO WINDOW) Who's out there?

Christ!

Eunice! Pat! Goddamn it, why haven't you come back?

Where is everyone?

Why have you abandoned me? What did I ever do to you? I've only hurt myself, not other people!

Why have you all forsaken me? Why why why?

(PICKS UP A CHAIR, RUSHES TO DOOR AND PROPS IT AGAINST IT)

MARILYN

Joe, hurry--hurry!

(TO THE HEADBOARD FOR THE TAPES, WHICH SHE JAMS IN HER ROBE POCKET.

SHE KILLS MOST OF THE LIGHTS.  
GRABS A BOTTLE OF PILLS AND POURS CONTENTS INTO HER HAND.

STARTS POPPING THE BARBITUATES DOWN IN A FRENZY,  
FORCING THEM DOWN WITH CHAMPAGNE. THEN BREAKS OFF  
AND FLINGS THE BOTTLE AWAY)

What the hell are you doing? They wouldn't dare do anything to you! You're Marilyn Monroe!

They just want to scare you, make you give up the tapes.

(A FIGURE LOOMS UP IN HER PANICKED, DRUG-FOGGED MIND)

Who's that? Shit! What are you doing here, doctor? Did I send for you?

Who did then?

I don't need any more pills--got all I need. From a friend.

Who are you working for? Me or them?

I don't want an injection. Don't want to sleep now. Joe's coming for me. Joe's taking me away from here, away from Hollywood.

We're going to New York. He has friends there, so do I--not just ballplayers either. Real people.

Teachers...hairdressers...poets.

Poets know more about life than shrinks do. You'll never know a tenth as much about human nature as Shakespeare does.

Or O'Neill.

I'm going to play O'Neill. On Broadway.

I'm going to New York tonight, with Joe. We're taking the redeye out. He's coming for me. He always does. He never lets me down. Never.

Put away your needle, doc. I don't need it. I'm fine now. You can say goodbye to Bobby for me. And you can say goodbye to the prez.

(A POUNDING ON THE DOOR IS HEARD. MARILYN CRIES OUT  
DEFIANTLY)

MARILYN

No--no--no!

(MORE PILLS. THE ENORMOUS DOSAGE HITS HER, MAKES HER  
ALMOST THROW UP. SHE FIGHTS OFF THE NAUSEA)

You're too late, you motherfuckers--too late!

(FORCES DOWN MORE CHAMPAGNE)

(ANNA'S VOICE) "Aw, stay, what's the matter? Cut out the gloom. We're all friends now, ain't we, me and you? (RAISES BOTTLE) Come on! Here's to the sea, no matter what! Be a game sport and drink to that!"

(THE POUNDING GETS LOUDER) "Come on!"

(DRINKS HARD. HER VOICE IS BADLY SLURRED NOW AS SHE DOES CHRIS THE SWEDE.) "Fog, fog, fog, all bloody time. You can't see where you vas going, no. Only dat ole davil sea--she knows--"

(WEAKLY) Only dat ole devil sea, she knows--"

(WE HEAR THE MUFFLED, MOURNFUL WAIL OF A STEAMER WHISTLE.

THE POUNDING ON THE DOOR CONTINUES.

MARILYN BRINGS OUT THE TINY CRIB AND BABY AGAIN)

Don't cry, little pet, nothing's going to happen to you. Mommy's here and she'll take care of you, just as she promised. Nobody will ever hurt you, baby lamb, nobody nobody nobody. No need to cry. You just go back to sleep, there's a good girl, there's a very good girl...

(SINGS THE LULLABY) Good night and sleep repose

Wherever you lay your head

I hope you find your nose...

MARILYN PUTS THE DOLL DOWN AND CROSSES TO THE CLOSET, PULLING A DRESS OUT AND PUTTING IT ON.

THE DOOR TO THE ROOM IS BROKEN OPEN. A HUGE SHADOW IS SILHOUETTED ON THE BACK WALL--THE MONSTER FIGURE FROM HER NIGHTMARE.

MARILYN IGNORES IT AND FISHES OUT A PLATINUM WIG FROM THE NIGHTSTAND DRAWER AND PUTS IT ON. SHE THEN GOES TO HER MAKEUP TABLE AND MIRROR AND SLAPS ON SOME COSMETICS. WHEN SHE TURNS AND FACES THE AUDIENCE, SHE HAS BECOME CANDY KANE IN "SOME LIKE IT HOT."

PICKS UP A UKELELE, CALLS OVER HER SHOULDER.

Roll 'em!

SHE PERFORMS THE "RUNNING WILD" NUMBER FROM THE MOVIE.

HER JOYOUS SPIRIT AND DAZZLING SENSUALITY SHOULD FILL THE THEATER...AND MAKE THE MONSTER SHAPE BEGIN TO FADE ON THE BACK WALL. SOON IT DISAPPEARS.

WHEN THE NUMBER ENDS, SHE LOOKS OUT AT THE AUDIENCE IN A FINAL, TRIUMPHANT POSE. SHE IS MAGNIFICENT. SHE IS HOT. SHE IS MONROE.

HOLD A SPOT ON HER SMILING, RADIANT \_EXPRESSION.

BLACKOUT.

IN THE DARKNESS WE HEAR A LAST, MOURNFUL CRY OF THE STEAMER WHISTLE.

THE END